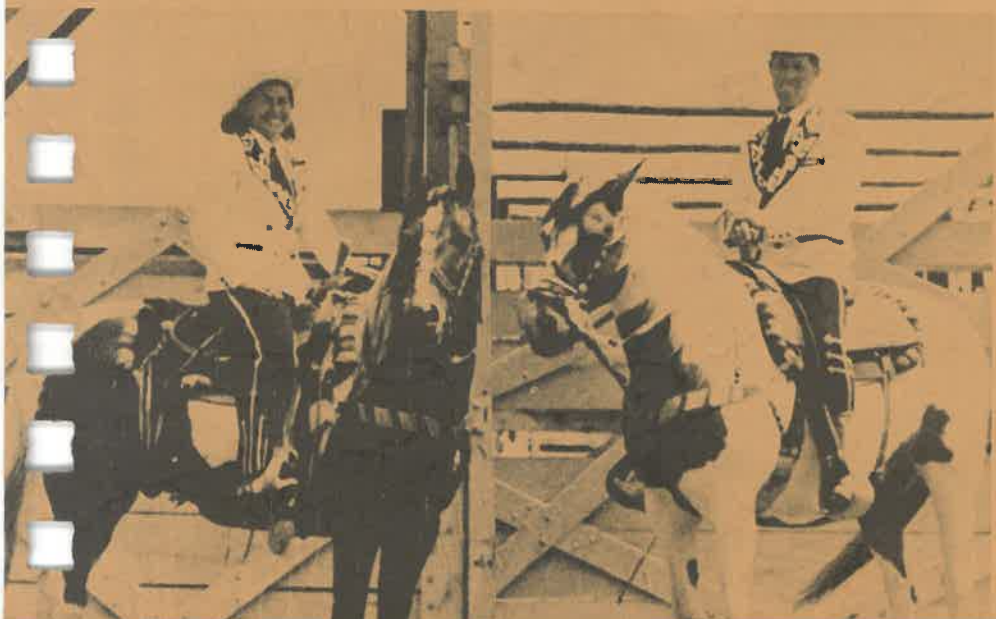


Volume XI

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.



**Arizona National**

**Ranch Histories  
of  
Living  
Pioneer Stockman**

**Volume XI**

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

JO ANN YEAGER

COPYRIGHT 1990

ARIZONA NATIONAL

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Volume XI of the Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockmen is a memorial to Betty Accomazzo.

Betty understood the value of recording stories of Arizona's pioneer ranching families. She knew that reflection on where we have been helps us to understand where we are and where we want to go.

The Arizona National Livestock Show is honored to cooperate with the Pioneer Stockmen in producing this volume. Our appreciation goes out to all the writers for sharing their stories with us and with future generations. Jody Yeager has again provided staff support for the book. Emily Oswald willingly volunteered to type the stories.

We hope you will enjoy many hours of reading Volume XI.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Tom A. Rolston". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial "T" and a stylized "R".

Tom A. Rolston  
President  
Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

## PREFACE

Last year, 1989, we didicated Volume X to Betty Accomazzo. This year, 1990 we didicate Volume XI to her memory. She died May 16, 1989 and we all miss her so much. Many times in her writings she told about cattlemen and cattlegomen being true Americans and the "salt of the earth". How true. Betty, herself, was a true American and she certainly was the salt of the earth as well. When she set out to do something she did it, come what may. Her determination and persistance always paid off.

At the annual Arizona National Livestock Show and Arizona Cowbelle's luncheon to honor Pioneer Stockmen and Women on December 30, 1988, Betty was there pulling her share and more and doing her best to hold up even though she was deathly ill at the time. She loved these affairs and the people involved.

It happened that our president, Harold Thurber, was not in attendance and neither was Port Parker, the First Vice President. What to do -- the group elected the Second Vice President, me, their 1989 President. I felt honored and still do to be your president. I was new to the governmental and administrative side of the organization and still am. But Betty, in her eagerness to help, started me off with excellent suggestions.

I was rocking along and not worrying because Betty in her own ambitious way was working to get ranch histories lined up for Volume XI when, lo and behold, the Arizona National Livestock Show office called and told me about her passing away in May.

Subsequently I had several telephone conversations and some written correspondence with Jody Yeager. Jody had worked closely with Betty the past few years on the Ranch Histories and knew what should be done. She said she would continue to help this year but would not promise anything for next year. I told her that with Betty's prior work I thought I could get enough stories for Volume XI, and we did.

Emily Oswald volunteered to type the stories and get them ready for the printer.

We are indebted to Jody and Emily for stepping forward and helping out when it was most needed. Jody and Emily were happy to do this because of their past friendship to Betty.

What I love about the ranch histories, not only in Volume XI but in all issues, is the individual writing style of the many authors. Each is different but interesting. One doesn't have to be a polished writer to write about his or her experiences.

Read and enjoy the stories in Volume XI and think of Betty Accomazzo while doing so, knowing that each story was written in her memory.

Preface written by  
Danny Freeman, President  
Arizona National  
Pioneer Stockman  
December 29, 1989

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEERS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
MYRON H. "Boo" ALLEN.....	45
JOHN BABBITT.....	123
CHARLES M. BENNETT.....	170
GRACIOUS BIRDWELL.....	186
CHARLES MONROE COCHRAN.....	235
HESTER M. COCHRAN.....	238
RAY CUMMINS.....	158
HERSCHELL DOWNS.....	97
KEL M. FOX.....	5
MARSHALL & BILLIE HARTMAN.....	101
ESTHER LEE CHERRY HENDERSON.....	54
RALPH HOOKER.....	18
CHET & JUANITA HOWELL.....	83
THEONE LAMB.....	22
A.L. "Shorty" LOVELADY.....	38
FRANK & STELLA LYONS.....	240
FAY & ELLIS "Tulley" MOORE.....	113
NORMA GUTHRIE NIX.....	204
ROSS H. PERNER, JR.....	41
FRANK POLK.....	32
FLOYD V. SASSER.....	165
COSTANTINO SAVOINI.....	133
MARIE H. EDWARDS SHAW.....	243
CHARLES E. "Gene" & DELLA F. SMITH.....	1
KEITH STORM.....	109
WILLIAM R. STORM.....	105
BOYD TENNEY.....	142
WALTER & FAY WILTBANK.....	129
YAVAPAI RANCH TOUR 1984.....	196
BAR H	
V-7	
PERKINS	
BAR HEART	
PIONEER MEMBERSHIP.....	246
COVER IDENTIFICATION.....	250



CHARLES E. (GENE) SMITH AND DELLA P. SMITH

Prescott, Arizona


As told to Danny Freeman  
October 27, 1989

Gene Smith was born in a cow camp on the banks of the Canadian River 30 miles north of Amarillo, Texas. His father, Herb Smith, was a working cowboy on the LX Ranch. One might say that Gene literally has been a cowboy all his life!


Gene was born on November 20, 1904 and came with his family to Flagstaff, Arizona in 1917 when he was 12 years old. Soon, Herb Smith had a job on Babbitt's CO Bar CO Ranch as a cowboy and worked there a number of years. Later, he became Livestock Inspector for the Flagstaff area.

During the 1918 spring works Gene worked as a horse wrangler for the CO Bar. He stayed on with the Babbitts to cut and stack hay in the Fort Valley area with a hope of getting on as a cowboy the next spring. It happened! When the works started in the spring of 1919 he hired out as a cowboy on the big CO Bar Ranch with his own string of horses -- he was now a full-fledged cowboy at the age of 14! He continued working there for a total of 17 years. He served as wagon boss for about 4 years in the 1920's.

Next, in March, 1935 he went to the Long Meadow Ranch in Williamson Valley northwest of Prescott. The Wilsons owned the Long Meadow then and were raising purebred, registered animals of three breeds: Hereford cattle, Thoroughbred and Arabian horses. He stayed on the Long Meadow for 9 years. After that he worked in construction for a few years in Prescott. Next, he was

at the Yolo Ranch  at Camp Wood and the Cofer Ranch on Burro Creek.

Late in 1948 he went to work as foreman for Jim Filor who owned the Yolo at that time. He remembers the winter of 1948-1949, "It was a rough and cold one. It started snowing on Christmas Day in 1948 and held on for quite a while." Jim Filor and his family were killed in an airplane accident. After that the ranch had several owners: Western Farm Management, and Mrs. Coffee who later married Gil Beck. Gene loved the Yolo and stayed there until he retired in 1969.

Upon retirement Gene and Della bought a home in Chino Valley and moved in on May 1, 1969. They still live there. Soon after landing in Chino Valley he went to work for Bert Campbell who owned the Wineglass Ranch  near Paulden. Campbell sold the ranch to Ron Jolly in 1980 and Gene stayed on to help out. Finally in 1983, Gene retired again -- he commented, "This time it's permanent."

Della F. Maxwell was born on May 29, 1910 at Lovington, New Mexico. Della said, "My father, Owen D. Maxwell, brought his family in a covered wagon from New Mexico to Prescott in 1916 -- this took two months. I was six years old. He homesteaded northwest of Prescott on August 9, 1916 between Williamson Valley and Walnut Creek. We called our place "Mud Tanks". This area is now a part of John Kieckhefer's K4 range. They call our old place "Big Muddy". My father and mother had six children: two boys, Dowton and Virgil; four girls, Stella, Della, Mattie and Mamie.

"My father was a cowboy, a well driller and also built earthen tanks



on various ranches.

"In 1931 I married Lester L. Johnson and we lived on the Cross U + U Ranch out towards Camp Wood. We were there 4 years. Lester was a good roper and at the annual Prescott Frontier Days rodeo he teamed with Jake Koontz in the team roping events. Les was killed on July 22, 1935 when a horse fell on him. Soon after that the Cross U was sold to Chuck Lakin of Tolleson.

"Gene and I met in July, 1936 and were married on December 18, 1936. He was working on the Long Meadow Ranch when we got married. On December 18, 1986 we celebrated our 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary."

For 31 years, 1938 to 1969, Della worked as a nurse in the old Yavapai County Hospital, Arizona Pioneer Home and the Yavapai Community Hospital. The next 20 years, 1969 to 1989, she has worked as a home nurse going to people's homes when and where needed. She is still doing this even though next May 29, 1990 she will be 80 years old! To date she has been doing nursing for 51 years.

Gene and Della Smith have two daughters: Rose Charleen Smith Ryer, born February 12, 1946. Charleen is now a beauty operator in the Verde Valley. She has three children: two girls and a boy, Toni, Tiffany and Trenton.

The Smith's other daughter is Cheryl Yvonne Blanton, born May 20, 1952. She and her husband, Perry Blanton, live on the X Bar One Ranch near Valentine, Arizona. Cheryl has one daughter, Rafael Robin Cox.

When the Smith girls were in school Della had a home on Grove Avenue but went to the Yolo Ranch about every weekend to be with Gene. She added,

"I loved my work as a nurse and I loved to be on the ranch when I could."

KEL M. FOX

Munds Park, Arizona

Born in Connecticut, raised in New York, I was 13 before I learned to work cattle.

Tho it is almost 60 years ago, I can remember the exact day my life-long love affair with cattle started.

It was a hot morning in July, 1926. My companion was a handsome, 6'4", pencil-thin young cowpoke named Bob Bates.

We must have made quite a contrast. I was only a little over five feet and could not have weighed over 115 pounds soaking wet.

Our mission was to gather a bunch of cows a neighbor, Dutch Dickison, had put in the Robbers Roost Pasture, on the south side of Woods Canyon.

On the ride over from Clay Park, where we lived, we had to pass a pretty little cienega, known locally as the "Woods Ranch". Little did I realize I would one day own the place.

The ride went well, and, when it was over, I decided cowboying was the life for me.

These were heady days for us and for most Americans. The stock market had begun its frenzied climb, and politicians were prophesizing prosperity without end.

My father, who was a real estate speculator, had recently sold a property for a huge profit. That summer he was investing some of the profit in building a luxurious camp at our summer headquarters, a camp he would call "Foxboro".

He and his partner, Frank Gyberg, were also expanding their cattle operation, which Father had purchased four years earlier.

No one could have guessed, in 1926, that seven years later, the ranch would be tottering on the brink of bankruptcy.

The Great Depression had taken a fierce toll. Dad and Gyberg had been forced to sell all but a small remnant of their cattle. Father and mother had lost their home and moved in with relatives. The Fox and Gyberg partnership was dissolved, with Gyberg taking our winter headquarters at Cornville as his share.

Things were so tough my father was tempted to accept an offer of \$6,000 cash for our Forest permit and 320 acres of dry farm land near Sedona. It was a good thing I talked him out of it. The dry farm land alone brought the family over a million dollars in later years, thanks to the rise in Sedona area land values.

The future looked bleak when I graduated from college in 1935 and assumed management of the ranch. We owed a lot of money, had no cattle and no credit.

But I had no sooner landed at home than I got the first of many lucky breaks in life. Universal Films chose Foxboro as the site to make a movie. Feeding and housing the crew brought in \$10,000 in just one week!

The Forest Service was threatening to cancel our permit if we did not pay \$2,500 in fees and penalties. I used some of the movie company windfall money to get them off our backs.

I spent the first winter in a 10x12 shack built by one of the homesteaders on the 320 acres near Sedona. Constructed of sheets of metal nailed to a framework of cypress poles, it could, as one wag put it, be "colder than hell in the

winter and hotter than blazes in the summer: "

My total income that first year, aside from the movie money, was about \$450, most of it gleaned from the sale of cattle missed during the big roundup two years before. Several old bulls brought  $1\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$  a pound (about \$20 per head). Some skinny, half-wild cows went for  $2\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$ . Ray Cowden paid me 5¢ a pound for some calves.

Things were looking grim, when I got another lucky break.

Jim Ralston, an old family friend, had long been associated with Babbitt Brothers' Apache Maid Ranch, our big next-door neighbor. Now, in the spring of 1936, the ranch was being sold to W. L. Mellon, Jr., a Pittsburg millionaire. Jim's share came to \$6,000. Knowing I had a range, but no cattle and no credit, he offered the \$6,000 to get me started up again.

We began restocking that fall, our largest single purchase being 100 head of cows at \$30 per head from Bruce Brokett's V-V ranch.

Jim and his lovely wife, Rose, spent 10 years on the 2 only leaving to establish a little outfit of their own. During those years he taught me most of what I know about cattle.

Now came another break -- in the person of Kenneth Wingfield, who asked if I would be interested in joining him in buying the Apache Maid. We wound up doing so, my share being a big piece of country between our old outfit and Stoneman Lake, plus that beautiful, little cienega I had coveted ever since seeing it 20 years earlier.

We didn't take long in moving our operating headquarters from Foxboro to the new ranch. Over the years I have built several log homes on the property,

including the place in which I live.

Of all my lucky breaks, the best came last. Here is how it happened.

In the fall of 1949 we had the cattle gathered and ready to ship when it began to rain. The storm continued for 4 days, ending up with 15 inches of snow.

With all their feed gone, the cattle were very restless, circling the pasture in an unending line.

By this time the gates were all under water, so we cut the fence and let them out. A month later we picked them up on the Jack's Canyon portion of our winter range, and later shipped from the winter headquarters to the railroad yards of Clarkdale.

Returning home later that afternoon, after loading cattle out all day, I happened to see two girls standing under the portico of a store building in Cottonwood. One I knew. The other was a girl I heard about -- from my friend, Jim Ralston. Pulling into the curb, I introduced myself. That second girl, a beauty of Irish-Norwegian ancestry, became my wife and companion of 40 years.

All because of an unexpected snow storm!

Patty took to working cattle like a duck takes to water. She was especially fond of cutting cattle in a corral, always afoot. The buyers and truckers used to marvel at how easily she bossed those cattle around. And anyone who has worked at our brandings or shippings will attest to her mastery of the culinary art. I'll match her against any cow country cook in Arizona!

It hasn't been all smooth sailing for Patty and me and our boys, Geoff and Grady. No ranch is without its ups and downs.



Then there was the great snow storm of December 1967. Seven feet at the Woods Ranch (luckily, we were living in Camp Verde at the time). Five feet on House Mt., where the bulk of the cattle were. Fortunately there was a lot of browse, so our losses (8 cows and 25 calves) were minimal.

The big loss was in fences, smashed by the weight of the snow. Virtually all fences above 6,000 were destroyed. It took me and a hired man, working every moment we could spare, six years to rebuild these fences.

We did not have them finished when another cataclysm hit: a storm that produced 8 inches of rain in 16 hours. This was the infamous Labor Day storm that took 23 lives in Central Arizona. Raging floodwaters topped our corrals, destroying the scales, washed away several miles of fence, and, worst of all, tore gaping holes in 9 stock tanks. We had to work overtime to get things in shape to ship that particular fall.

Over a long life I've had more than my share of outside interests, including 4 terms in the Legislature and service on several state boards and commissions. But my one true love (aside from Patty) down through the years remained the ranch. I sold the permit after 50 years, but still live at Woods Ranch and still enjoy a day in the saddle.

CHARLES M. BENNETT

Scottsdale, Arizona

"Many years ago my wife and I were born", Jo in Wisconsin on May 30, 1906, and I arrived May 20, 1904 in suburban Boston - Medford, Massachusetts. At that time, neither one of us expected that we would live in Arizona on the Diamond 2 Ranch near Wagoner.

Shortly before Pearl Harbor Day in 1941, Jo and her then husband, Ben Alexander, bought the Diamond 2 Ranch from John Osborne, who was a well-known and successful cattleman. John Osborne came from Kansas and eventually became foreman of the Chiricahua Cattle Company CCC owned by the Boice family. The CCC consisted of most of the Apache Reservation and ran from Rice almost to Bylas, east to west; and on the south from the Gila River north to the White River Reservation on the northern boundary. This was and is some of the best ranch country in Arizona.

The Boices trailed approximately 1200-1500 cows from Texas to Arizona after leasing the Apache Reservation from the government about 1912-1915. My figures and dates are taken from hearsay of some 60 years ago, so are subject to correction.

The reason for the above is that John Osborne, after leaving the CCC bought the  $\dagger S$  (Cross S) from Bill Young (Globe), held it for several years, then sold the Cross S and bought the Diamond 2.  $\diamond 2$

Paul Carney, a world champion bronc rider became the foreman for Ben Alexander and ran the ranch for several years. Later on, after the war, Paul

joined his brother in a construction company and left the Diamond 2.

I was discharged from the Navy after the war and headed for Arizona. Because of spending a good deal of time in Arizona before the war, I had decided that I wanted to live there. Being a rodeo roper was the most important thought in my mind at that time.

Having been born in suburban Boston, my background was hardly one that produced ropers. However, being introduced to horses as a youngster, I eventually joined the Massachusetts National Guard Cavalry and became very friendly with another local chap who shared my desire to go West and be a cowboy.

After a three-month friendship, we decided to carry out our fondest desire. In April, 1924 we took the train to Chicago - but decided we were not seeing much of the West - so decided to hitch-hike to our destination; which was Cheyenne.

There were really no highways across the country at this time, only the DLD (Detroit, Lincoln and Denver) and OLD (Omaha, Lincoln and Detroit) as I recall, and not much paving. The automobile business was in it's infancy, and people who owned cars couldn't and didn't do much long-distance driving in those days. However, most drivers were curious when catching up with two young fellows. They were kind and considerate, and generally stopped and offered help of one kind or another, such as sleeping in their barns or working for a few days. We eventually arrived in Cheyenne on May 19, 1924 - the next day I was 20 years old and ready to start a new life.

Through an employment agency, we took jobs with the 2 Bar Ranch,

formerly a big cattle outfit out of Wheatland, Wyoming. They are now in the sheep business.

Hearing about Frontier Days, we decided to quit the 2 Bar and go to Cheyenne and see Frontier Days, which we did. After watching the rodeo for two days, I decided I would become a roper.

Walking back to town after the rodeo, we were offered jobs by a rancher (Harry Farthing) which we gladly took. We earned \$40 a month and started to learn about being a cowboy.

In those days, many ranchers were strictly against roping cattle, because the cattle could be injured and suffer a considerable weight loss. Having acquired a rope, I was extremely anxious to learn how to use it.

Eventually, I learned that ropers from the south - Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma were the best ropers. This was probably because of excellent weather conditions as compared to the severe winters and wind in Wyoming - so I picked Arizona as my eventual home.

Within a couple or 3 years I arrived in Globe and got a job with CCC (known as the Cherry Cows). This was real cowboying! We each had our own bedroll and a mule to pack it; and about 4 or 5 cow horses. There was a cook for the 10 or 12 cowboys and the jigger boss - who was a great guy named Shorty Caraway. The range was good - lots of water, good grass, lots of mountains and rough country, but an exciting life for a cowboy - especially for me, because we had to rope cattle to gather them and on top of that, the company furnished the rope.

After several months of this, I felt qualified to rodeo. So, I returned

to Wyoming and joined friends I had made previously and went to a few rodeos. Within a year or so, I acquired a reasonable amount of skill and began to win. However, at this point purses were a pittance compared to today, so rodeoing was part-time and fun, as well as a needed experience.

Soon World War II appeared and, being a single man, I enlisted in the Navy.

After the war, I returned to Arizona. Ben Alexander had passed away during the war, but his widow, Josephine, had moved to Arizona and the Diamond 2 permanently.

Some 2 years later, Jo and I were married and I ran the Diamond 2 until 1959, when we sold it to a California buyer.

The Diamond 2 without doubt is one of the best ranches in Arizona. Climate, water and reasonably good rainfall were the important assets.

I loved ranching and immediately began various improvements over the years, such as holding pastures, developing water and building tanks wherever a wet spot indicated a reasonable amount of water. We built a new reservoir to take water from the river (Hassayampa) to irrigate a former barren field. We put in scales and sorting corrals for shipping. We began raising horses to compete in the quarter horse races and horse shows which were becoming popular.

Several of us horsemen including Ralph Feffer, Jeb Stuart, Bob Kleckhefer, Tom and Jack Finley, Sonny Walker, Lonnie McFadden and others got together and formed the Arizona Quarter Horse Association. In due time the AQHA started horse shows in Prescott, Phoenix and Tucson. From match races in Prescott to full fledged meets in Phoenix Fairgrounds. Tucson, Sportsman Park and Thomas

Road at 63rd Street.

With a new young son becoming school age, we decided to sell the ranch and moved to the Valley in 1959. Our oldest children were through school, some were married, but all had other interests at this time. We were all so proud of the Diamond 2, which was home to all our children.

Over the years, we made many friends in Prescott, Wickenburg and Phoenix. We entertained many of these friends at the ranch many times - "but not all at once!"

Probably our greatest experience was shortly after July 4th, about 1951 or 1952. A fire started in the NE area of our ranch, within a few miles of Crown King. Charlie Mayer, my good friend and loyal foreman, Baldy (Baldemero Resendez) and I rode up to our camp at the base of Horse Mountain to survey the fire and to see what different directions it was spreading.

Firefighters were brought in by the Forest Service, mostly to contain the fire. We started a backfire to keep it from coming over a couple of hills to the ranch, which was quite successful. Overall, it was a "good fire", clearing out much worthless brush, etc. Within a few days after the fire was under control, it began to rain. From this day, we measured 13.5 inches of rain by early September.

The various canyons, Blind Indian, Minneha, etc. ran so much water that emptied into the Hassayampa, that the river came up to the bridge over the highway in Wickenburg. Every afternoon, if anyone was riding, he must be on the north side of these canyons by early afternoon, or he couldn't get home. We had heavy showers daily and the creeks were too deep to cross.



The rain washed much top soil off the hillsides. Various uprootings of brush, scattered burnt trees, etc. surged down these canyons to the Hassayampa. It was a marvelous experience and sight. Needless to say, cattle did very well.

Over the years, I established a system of no cows over 8 years of age or bulls over 5. We bought lots of cows and calves at sales at Calva and wherever we found the beautiful big cows that were remnants of the CCC.

Over the years, because of forest regulations, we pastured cattle at Parker, Congress, Kingman, Snowflake, Paulden, Patagonia, etc.

During our ownership of the Diamond 2, we made friends of many people in the cow business. Friends such as Ray Cowden, Bill and Twain Clemens, Roy Hays and family, Carters, Coopers, Kleckhefers, Whiteheads, Tommy Walker, Jack Dew, Kemper Chafins, Walkers, Minotto, Ralph Hooker and ad infinitum. Mike Stuart, Elzy Pike and so on.

#### ON CHERRY COW RANGE

Leading wild cattle was a new experience to me. During the winter, we had no organized drives. Instead we scattered out over the area we were camped in - sometimes in two or threes or alone. Whenever we saw fresh tracks, we followed them and if we found the cattle, we caught and tied all we could. Then we'd go back and lead one at a time to a tree. We would tie them to the tree with a necking rope, always tipping the horns or dehorning them, especially bulls or big steers.

A day or two later, each man would go back to a cow or steer that had been tied to a tree; always on a gentle and preferably big horse who had been

used as a lead horse. This was the tough part, getting close to the cow (or steer) and putting a lead rope on the horns, while the horse was indicating his distaste at having a cow try to hook him. The cow was tied by the horns to the tree as close as possible, so her head would be pretty sore after butting a tree for a couple of days. Then, snubbing the cow up to the horse and your leg and knee, as close as possible - the cowboy and cow started for camp. There was generally quite a "rodeo" for a little while, but as a rule, the cow found it easier to go along, following the horse peacefully. Giving the cow a little slack usually helped till the cow would walk along behind the horse to a pasture or trap, where the cow was turned loose with other cattle.

Memory gives me names of some of the cowboys working for the CCC at that time: Arch Chilwell was the foreman, Shorty Caraway the jigger boss, Rufus Sykes (former cowboy) the cook (better pay), Shorty Johnson, George Bylas (Indian), "Old Man" (Cecil Paddock), Roy (Rigdon) Heglin, Beetle (Doodle or Beetle Bug) Henry Rowden (Old Rowden) and some I don't remember. Afterthought - Frank Young, Bill Wheeler, Jess Gatlin.

These were outstanding cowboys with lots of experience. Just being with them was a great education for me - plus their companionship for nearly a year.

One story I recall was about R14. (Indians were given brand names. They branded their cattle with this brand and were known by this brand name.)

R14 was a very successful cattle rancher on the White River Reservation around the World War I period. With good cowboys (all Indian) he was able to build up a pretty big herd and I'm sure many long-eared calves became part of

the R14 herd.

Also, when told about the First World War and the sale of Liberty Bonds, R14 joined the group and bought \$50,000 of them, so the story goes.

During the spring of 1928 or 1929, we were camped at Warm Springs when President Coolidge came out and dedicated the Coolidge Dam - which was only 10 or possibly 20 miles from where we were camped.

At Warm Springs, we enjoyed the bathing and chance to wash some clothes.

Punching cows in Arizona and Wyoming is totally different: cattle in Wyoming are pretty gentle, whereas cattle in the Arizona mountain ranges can get pretty wild. This becomes fun plus hard work in gathering them.

## RALPH HOOKER

Prescott, Arizona

Charlie Hooker, the only father I ever knew, got word that his sister had given birth to a little boy and for financial reasons could not raise him. Did he want him? Yes, he did. The boy, named Ralph, was born in Cleburn, Texas on January 28, 1904 and three days later arrived in Jerome, Arizona where Charlie Hooker met the train and claimed his little boy.

At that time my father owned the Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch near Mayer. I grew up on the ranch and became a fairly good cowboy. For high school I attended the Harvard Military School in California where I graduated in 1922.

I worked on the Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch a few years after finishing high school until my father died in June, 1926. I then helped my mother run the ranch. But mother got worried and wanted to sell the ranch because we were in a severe drouth period, cattle were starving to death. We had 80 acres in alfalfa at the ranch which helped save a few head.

Charlie Colcord bought the ranch for his brother, Bill, who came out of Oklahoma. Colcord kept the ranch only a short while until he sold it to John Norton who was a vegetable grower in the Salt River Valley. Norton held it for a few years and in 1929 sold to Chick Orme. Orme started the Orme Ranch School on the ranch in 1929 and the School and ranch are still going strong to-day and is owned by his heirs, chief of which is Chick's son, Charlie.

My wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Buzan. She was born in Tucson but raised on her father's ranch in the Aravaipa Creek country. We got married

in 1942 and have one daughter, Joan, now married to Wayne Clark. Their son, our grandson, is named Cody and is 20 years old.

From 1931 to 1942 I leased and managed the Hassayampa Hotel in Prescott, but I still wanted to ranch. In 1942 I bought the Cienega Ranch northwest of Prescott. We lived in town as it was too far for the little baby to live on the ranch. Ranch headquarters were 60 miles from Prescott.

This was a big ranch, the odd sections were railroad land and the even sections were National Forest lands. I had a 500 head permit on the Forest and I could run another 500 head on the deeded land. I used it as a steer ranch. I bought my steers mostly from Mexico but a few locally. I'd buy in the spring and hold them over until the next fall, about 18 months. Then, I'd buy more and start over again.

Buck Russ was my agent. He'd locate cattle for me then I'd go look at them and buy if the price was right. One time I bought a bunch at Laredo, Texas. They were good cattle. The owner said if I wanted more he'd have more in a week's time. I was notified and went to look at them. They were good cattle but he was asking \$20 a head. I had to turn them down because my banker told me I had paid too much for the first group at \$18 a head.

The Cienega Spring is at the extreme southern end of the ranch and doesn't really help much to water the ranch cattle. Besides the spring the ranch had two dirt tanks which held water the year round most years. The Cienega Spring water was just running down the draw and crossing over to a neighbor's piece of land.

One day, an old man from Seligman got me off to one side and said, "Boy, that water still running down the draw to the neighbor? Leave it run there for

three years and the neighbor will claim it and you'll have to let it run to him." Soon after that we cleaned out the old ditch and extended it to 3 miles to the Seligman road, crossed it, and turned the water into a newly constructed dirt tank. When we first turned the water into the new ditch it took it a week to get to the tank at the end.

The ranch needed more water so I gathered up all the capital I could and hired a catman to build some dirt tanks; he built 4 big ones -- all on patented ground. The summer rains came that year at the usual time and in the usual amount and filled all 4 tanks to run over the spillways. But in 30 days they were all dry -- they were in limestone country and it takes forever for tanks to seal in that kind of country. My capital was gone and I still had very little water. Earlier I had drilled a well near the north end of the ranch which turned out good and served that part of the ranch very well. That's where Jim and Joan Miller lived when Jim was Ray Cowden's foreman.

The big Cienega Ranch, nearly 7 townships, was mostly all open country. It was fenced on the outside boundary and that was all except at the north end near Charlie Greene's ORO Baca Float Ranch and the Double O Ranch a half township was fenced.

Neighbors I had were J. R. Williams, the cartoonist, on the south; south and east was Kieckhefer's K4 Ranch, also on the south was John Hunt; ORO to the west and the Double O on the north.

The big ranch had lots of trees, however, the northern part was pretty good grassland. At first we drove the cattle north over the Double O to market at the railroad shipping pens in Seligman, a distance of 10 miles. When



Phil Tovrea bought the Double O he stopped ranchers from driving their cattle across his ranch. The main ranches doing this at that time were the ORO and Cienega. After that we began trucking our steers to market.

My brand on the Cienega was Lazy J Bar h. Jim Miller owns that brand today and uses it on his horses. Jim was Ray Cowden's foreman for many years when Cowden owned the Cienega Ranch. My wife owned a few head of cattle when we had the ranch and her brand was E Bar H E-H.

In 1946 I sold the Cienega Ranch to Ray Cowden and the next year went in partners with an old friend, Gene Weiland. We started up a Western clothing store on West Gurley Street across from the County Court House. We called it the Westernaire and it did well. Gene died about 1965 and I sold the business in 1969 or 1970 and retired. Since retirement I have kept interested in activities at the fairgrounds like the rodeo, Smoki, horse racing and the County Fair.

My father was active in the Fair Association and it was natural that I be, too. I was on the board of directors for a number of years and served as president in 1952. Another highlight of my life is being a long-time member of the Yavapai County Sheriff's Posse and serving as Captain of that group in 1951.

My father and I used to be members of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association and I belonged to the Yavapai Cattle Growers' for several years. I served one term as Representative in the Arizona State Legislature in 1940's and enjoyed it while there but one term was enough for me.

(This was typed from a tape recording of Ralph Hooker made by Danny Freeman on August 15, 1989)

## THEONE LAMB

Cherry, Arizona

My great grandfather Joseph Lamb came to Mesa in 1880. Louis Edwin my grandfather was the oldest of this large family. Joseph and his boys were all teamsters. Louis helped his father when he was 17 years old. He married Lottie Hakes of Mesa in 1885. They took the Honeymoon Trail to St. George, Utah which took them 3 weeks.

Louis and his brothers, Sid and Vic started running cattle in the Superstition Mountains. He lived at Goldfield where he did some prospecting. He and his father-in-law had some mining claims which they later sold. He bought 80 acres east of Mesa. The family lived there and farmed and dairied until 1905. That year he sold this acreage and moved with a group of families - including his in-laws to Bluewater, New Mexico. After arriving there, they all took out homesteads.

Bluewater is quite a large valley but it needed water for irrigation. The settlers all got together with their teams and scrapers to make a dam about 10 miles above the valley. There was a point where 2 drainages came together and made the head of the Bluewater River. This point was about 100 feet wide. The bottom of the dam was 100 feet across and tapered to 20 feet at the top. It made a good dam but they did not allow for the 2 streams to back up for a mile each way. It gathered a lot of water and was a good deal for a few years. But a stormy year came along and the dam washed out.

All the farms were badly washed out. My father and grandpa had planted a sizable acreage in cabbage. They thought that it could be shipped to the

surrounding towns. The railroad had just been completed nearby. But when the place was flooded, it covered the cabbage with mud. I have heard them say that they made several barrels of sauerkraut. Imagine that went a long way.

In 1926 the government put a cement dam in the same place. Bluewater Lake is a beautiful spot now. There is quite a settlement there where they cater to fishermen and campers. But the water is mostly used for irrigation in the valley and some issued to Grants - the city.

My father, Louis E. Lamb, Jr. was about 20 years old when they moved to Bluewater. Shortly after that move, he went back to Mesa and married his sweetheart of many years, Eunice Brundage. He worked for ranches around Bluewater and built up a small spread of his own. I was born September 16, 1910 - the third of 9 children.

He moved back to Mesa when I was 5 years old. He tried farming and dairying for a few years but the cooler weather drew him back to Bluewater. Each move that he made was with a team and wagon. After a few more years in New Mexico - we moved back to Arizona. He bought 80 acres near Tolleson, most of it was raw land. He planted it to barley the first year. This farm bordered on the desert and the rabbits were so thick that they would come in at night and eat most of the grain. The next year he planted alfalfa, milo and 5 acres of cotton.

About this time there were 5 of us kids. Dad said that if we would help raise and pick the cotton, we would buy a car. So with the first bale of cotton we bought a new 1924 Model T Ford. I think we got \$500 for the cotton and that was what we paid for the car. It was a touring car with isinglass curtains. The curtains soon got busted out and from then on it was an open air taxi-cab.

The learning to drive was quite a deal. No one knew how to drive the car. My Dad and Mother and older brother Edwin were all learning. One day when everyone was working, Mother didn't want the car to sit in the sun. She decided to drive it under a shed that we had there. She got it in there all right but she couldn't stop it. Went right through the other side - smashing the windshield and banging the car up some. We drove the car without a windshield for several months. Then we got a 1926 Ford. But still had a horse and buggy.

We lived in Tolleson and milked a little bunch of cattle for about 4 years. Then Bluewater struck my Dad again. This time it was still team and wagon. He had bought and traded for twelve 2 and 3 year old colts. At this time horses were cheap in Arizona. So with team and wagon and colts we started back to New Mexico. My sister Niona and I went along to help my Dad drive the wagon and the colts. It didn't take long before the colts started getting sore-footed. The big job was to get shoes on them. Each time we camped, my Dad would shoe one or two. Shoeing an unbroke horse isn't any easy job but he finally got them all shod. It took us 3 weeks to get there. This time we stayed in Bluewater 2 or 3 years.

We moved back west of Phoenix. My Dad, Edwin and Niona milked 20-25 cows for the Ernest Dairy. They would start at 8 in the morning and milk till noon. Then repeat it in the evening. I had a little job at this time. One of the delivery men took me along to take the bottles to the doors of the houses. I would work one side and the driver would jump out on his side. This job started at 4 in the morning. He would get me back about 8 o'clock in time to go to school. I would ride a bicycle about a mile to Murphy School. I think I was

getting 50¢ a day - the first money I ever made. But the job didn't last long. My folks thought that was too early for me to get up and rush to school.

After my Dad worked there for awhile, John Ernest sold his dairy. The buyer had the pick of 100 cows. My Dad bought the other 100 for \$100 a head to be paid out at \$200 per month. We rented 160 acres from Betty Accomazzo's father-in-law. This place was near the Fowler School. His wife had passed away and his 2 boys were around 10 or 12 years old. I think we paid him \$125 a month. That was about 1927. That is how we got in the dairy business. There were only about half of these cows milking but as they started freshening we soon were milking about 80 head. The kids helped to milk before and after school.

We found a place for sale north of Mesa that we could buy for \$200 a month. So we moved our cows to Mesa. That place wasn't too good for alfalfa and pasture. By this time the bank had taken a number of farms back from the cotton farmers who went broke. We bought a place from the bank south and east of Mesa. It was 160 acres all in alfalfa at \$100 an acre. We could still pay for it at \$200 a month. We lived on this place for 4 or 5 years.

Our next move was east of there and south on the Baseline Road. About this time Edwin had just returned from a mission for his Church. He got married and I was thinking of getting married too. So my Dad divided up our cows. He gave us each 17 head. We stayed on this place and my Dad moved to a place east of Casa Grande. About 6 months later, I married Margaret Clement who was raised in Mesa. This was in 1932. Margaret and I raised 7 children, 2 boys and 5 girls. Maurice is dairying in Missouri and Leonard who has completed 20 years in the

Air Force is living in Las Vegas, Nevada. My oldest daughter is teaching school in Provo, Utah. Another lives in Eagar. The other three girls live in Gilbert.

We stayed there about 2 years. Times were pretty tough then. I mortgaged my cows and bought 13 cows and a bull from the Creamery for \$30 a head that they had repossessed.

About this time Edwin had a chance to buy 60 acres south and east of Gilbert. I looked around and found 40 acres south of Mesa with the railroad going through it - leaving  $37\frac{1}{2}$  acres of farmland. I could buy it for \$4000. I went to the Creamery to see if I could borrow money on my cows as I needed \$500 for the down payment. After appraising the cows, they would allow me \$495. The realtor said that he would give me the \$5 and I could pay him from my next milk check. And, by golly, he held me to it.

I paid this place out at \$275 a year and \$106 a year to a loan from the F.L.B. The place was in cotton at the time I bought it. But I plowed it up with 2 plows and 3 horses on each plow. I borrowed a team and broke 2 colts for Jess Shumway and my team. But we got it plowed and planted. This place was a very good place for alfalfa. The cows that I milked averaged 6 gallons a day. Of course milk was cheap - about 6¢ a gallon. But with a lot of hard work I soon paid everything off.

While I dairied I always fooled around with horses. I got to breaking a few and was paid \$10 a month for riding them. I got a chance to rent some desert land south of Apache Junction. There were about 13 sections in this block. The land had been homesteaded by a bunch of colored people. I would give them \$10 a quarter-section to the ones I could find. Most of them had proved up on it



and moved away. Charles Weekes had most of the desert on the north side of the highway.

I would run cattle there in the spring when the grass was green from about January to June. But I could keep my horses there all summer unless it got too dry. I had to fence the highway for 8 miles because the stock were getting killed by so much traffic. I paid 10¢ a piece for posts from the Indians. I had a boy hired that could set about 1/2 mile of posts in 2 days. I could roll out and stretch that much wire in one day. So every other day I would catch up with him. We would take a Dutch oven and start a batch of beans with some bacon or salt pork. We could put them on our fire and by noon they would be cooked. We both thought that was pretty good eating.

I would take cattle from the dairies and care for them while the feed was good. When the grass dried up, I would take the cattle back. This was the young stock that the dairies would like to get away from their place for a while.

After a few years the County wanted to sell this land as the homesteaders were so far behind in their taxes. Alfred Nichols had a place on the desert too. We went to the County and offered them \$2 an acre and they took it - 600 acres in all. We started running the place together. We could run about 1000 head in good times. His well and the well I had on the rented property gave us plenty of water.

Then we bought 2 sections of land on Black Mountain near Oracle Junction. These 2 sections were the last homesteads let out by the government. Mr. Mognett and his son got them and proved up on them. As they lay in the center of the Murray ranches, they wanted to buy them from us. They offered us 10 sections

near Bagdad. Nichols wanted this trade but I didn't. We traded with them. I took the desert ranch near Apache Junction and he took the 10 sections near Bagdad. That ended our partnership.

My brother Joe wanted me to go in with him and buy the 15 Ranch. It lies south of Superior and east of Florence - 15 sections. It bordered the San Pedro River on the south. There wasn't much water on this place. There were 2 or 3 tunnels and the river. This river was so boggy that we had to run a fence along the bank to keep the cattle out. There were just a few water-gaps that we could water in. We got this place from Harold Sorg. We gathered about 60 head of mares and colts and sold them for chow. There were some pretty good horse colts we kept. We finally gathered all of them. Also killed a lot of wild burros. We put about 100 head of cattle on this place. This was about the time I was dealing for the ranch at Cherry. Joe's father-in-law wanted my interest, so I let him have it.

Shortly after that I started selling the desert land. Apache Junction country was building up so. It was hard to keep the cows there - people would cut the fences and cattle were on the highway and everywhere. I got around \$100 an acre for that land.

While I had the desert ranch near Apache Junction, I had a little bunch of horses and 20 or 25 mares. If I could raise and break the colts at 2 years old, I could get between \$100 and \$150 for them. That was more than I could get out of a cow. The horses could stay on the desert the year around unless we had a very dry year. Then I would have to buy pasture in the Valley for a while. I had acquired about 100 head of cattle at this time. The cattle could stay on the

desert only about 5 months. Between the desert and my place at Mesa I had to buy quite a bit of pasture. This must have been between 1941 and 1954. I sold this bunch of cattle a little before I moved to Cherry.

April 1, 1955 I moved to the A Ranch in Cherry. This place had a 220 head permit on the National Forest. I bought it on a contract that was to be paid off in 10 years. But with a forest fire in 1956 and the year of the big snow in 1967 that knocked down 35 miles of fences. It took 2 years to get the fences repaired. And 16 years to pay off the mortgage. Lions and bears got pretty bad too. I trapped 2 bears but one got away. Joe Caldwell killed 4 bears in one year - ran them down with his dogs.

In the fall of 1955 - the first year that I was in Cherry - I sold the calves for 20¢ a pound. That was the cheapest we sold them. This ranch had a lot of springs that needed developing. I would carry a sack of cement and build a catchment and with 20 - 30 feet of plastic pipe and some kind of trough, I could catch quite a bit of water. These troughs were mostly old tin storage tanks that I could get. I would cut them in two or three sections, drag them down to where I wanted them and put in a cement bottom. I developed about 20 springs. So with Ash Creek running through the middle of the ranch, the place was pretty well watered. Ash Creek had water part of the year in different places. The Forest Service said that this place was one of the best watered places around.

The Forest allotment was called the Bottle Allotment. There were 3 brands on this ranch. The A Bar A, the Lazy YP YP and the Flag β. I brought my Double E EE brand from Maricopa. I would brand A for 2 or 3 years and then the YP for 2 or 3 years. In that way I could determine the ages

of the cattle more or less. Always branded the horses **3E** .

The year of the fire in 1956, the Forest was going to have me take the cows off for 2 years. The Ranger worked with me and I was able to keep them here. We dug 2 tanks and put in a cross-fence so that the cattle could not get on the newly-planted grass that had been sowed by plane. Maurice and two of my daughters put in 6 miles of this fence. That was the summer that my family stayed on the ranch with me. To build this fence, I had to carry all the material in with pack-mule. I kept carrying posts and wire while Maurice drove the posts and stretched the wire. The girls would tie the wire up.

After we got the cross-fence finished, Maurice moved to Missouri. His wife's uncle bought a place there and wanted him to take care of it. Since then Maurice has gotten in the dairy business and is still there. He has raised his family there - 5 girls and 2 boys.

In 1961 Kay McKinlay and I were married. She rode with me most of the time on the ranch. We could work this ranch without any help except at branding and a month it took to gather the cattle at round-up. This took about 30 days in the spring and 30 days in the fall. We would hire one or two cowboys then.

This ranch had a history of changing owners quite often. It had 5 owners in the 10 years before I bought it. I ran it for 17 years and sold out in 1971. It has changed hands 4 times since then. I guess I have done many things - ran a dairy, broke horses, run race horses and ran a riding stable at Jokake Inn. Also packed dudes to the Superstition Mountains for the Lost Dutchman Mine.

At this writing I am almost 79 years old. I have 7 children from my first marriage to Margaret Clement - 2 boys and 5 girls. At last count we have 30

grandchildren and 31 great-grands.

## FRANK POLK

As told to Danny Freeman

August 17, 1989

Frank Polk was born in a little place called Dogtown just outside of Louisville, Kentucky on September 1, 1908 and came to Phoenix just after World War I, probably in 1919 or 1920. His stepfather was a barber and moved around a lot. Soon they were in Prescott and then back to Phoenix. He remembers he stayed in school long enough to graduate from the 8th grade at the Monroe School in 1923. In that school, at the same time, were Kemper Marley and Sam McElhaney; both became ranchers when they grew up.

After the 8th grade the family moved to Mayer and Frank liked that little school there because the students all came from families of cattlemen, cowboys and miners. But they went back to Phoenix after a short stay in Mayer and Frank enrolled in the big Phoenix Union High School. He and Barry Goldwater were in the same English class there. Frank didn't like that big city school and "played hooky" every chance he got to go to the stockyards to help cowboys ship cattle. He liked cattle and horses. Soon school authorities came to talk with Frank's mother to have her make sure Frank went to school. That didn't help much because before the end of his freshman year in high school he quit school and wandered down the Gila River to be a cowboy. He thought if you weren't a cowboy you weren't anything.

Frank was good at training animals. As a kid of 12 he performed with a trained burro at the State Fair and at age 14 he was paid to do tricks at the Prescott Rodeo. He was billed, "The Educated Burro and the Talking Kid".

Other times he trained mules, pigs and dogs. He loved animals and loved working with them.

Frank Polk was an adventurous individual and liked to be on the move; he didn't stay at one place very long at a time. At age 16 he was working on the Yolo Ranch at Camp Wood and continued to be a clown in local rodeos. After Prescott Frontier Days in 1926 he went up to Grand Canyon to work as a mule packer at the age of 17. The next February he wanted off to make the rodeo in Tucson but his boss said no. He quit and went anyway.

In 1927 he hired out as a cowboy on the Horseshoe Ranch in Bloody Basin owned by the Ryan brothers; the Ryans had bought the ranch from a loan company. Prior to that Bill Coburn owned the Horseshoe ranch but lost it to the loan company. Bill Coburn was a half brother to Walt Coburn, the Western writer.

Frank loved those care free days as a young cowboy gathering wild cattle on the Horseshoe. With gusto in his voice and happiness on his face he recalled this exciting experience. "One day we were driving a bunch of wild cattle out of the brush to a hold-up spot when an old steer broke out from the rest and I took after him because you had to get him immediately or you'd lose him and the rest would scatter before you got back. I'm a left-handed roper. I roped him quick. A few seconds later Floyd Orr's right-handed thrown rope went over the top of mine around that old steer's neck. He hadn't seen me throw my rope -- we were both surprised. We had a time. The other cowboys ahead had seen what had happened and after they got through laughing came to our rescue and held the herd up until Floyd and I could get our ropes off that steer and headed him back to the rest of the cattle."

In 1928 he was back in Phoenix working for Doc Pardee who was running the Biltmore Stables near Camelback Mountain. Earlier as a kid Frank had worked for Pardee when Pardee was running race horses at Prescott.

The next year, 1929, he took a job as packer at the Rainbow Lodge on the Navajo Indian Reservation where he met the Rockefeller family from New York who had come out to see the sights in Arizona.

In 1930 he ambled over to Hollywood, California where he worked in pictures when horses were needed. It was in 1930 in Hollywood that he first met Tom McBride. Tom later was champion saddle bronc rider at Prescott in 1934 and 1936.

Frank recalls the filming of "Cimarron" in the 1930's. "Tom McBride and I were riding horses in that picture. When a rider was bucked off I'd offer to trade horses, I did that 3 or 4 times. In the big land rush scene there were about a thousand head of horses with riders plus 400 wagons and buggies. It was a mad thing to do". Andy Jauregui was another bronc-riding cowboy in the movies at that time. Later Andy was a stock contractor for Prescott and other rodeos.

Frank tired of movie-making and came back to Arizona where he found a job wrangling dudes on the Remuda Ranch at Wickenburg. He stayed there 3 or 4 seasons -- meaning winters. He also rodeoed as much as he could in Arizona towns during this period. His specialty was saddle bronc riding.

In 1934 and 1935 he worked as a dude wrangler at Castle Hot Springs in southern Yavapai County. He liked being a dude wrangler because the work was light, people congenial and the pay was good.

In 1935 he took off for Reno where he continued to work on dude ranches. Then back to Hollywood to make more pictures; back to Nevada.










Working as a dude wrangler he learned to be a pretty good guitar player and singer of cowboy songs -- so good that in the late 1930's he was able to get on "The Ranch Hour" at KOY radio station in Phoenix when Jack Williams was master of ceremonies. (Williams later was governor of Arizona.) Then off to Nevada again.

He came back to Arizona in 1941 and worked for Minor Bishop in Round Valley in Mohave County. He was there a year or two then to the Chet Cofer Ranch on Burro Creek. The year of 1943 found Frank Polk at Madeline Jacobs' ranch on Kirkland Creek at Yava gathering Brahma cattle -- they were wild and the country was brushy and rocky!

Next, to the Spider Ranch in 1944, owned by Mr. Leeds and managed by Fred Cook. Then to the CV's in Big Chino Valley in 1945. He was there when World War II ended. Frank had tried to enlist but the Army classified him as 4F. He went back to Reno in 1946 to stay this time for 13 years. During this period he learned to do wood carving -- mules, cowboys, miners, Indians. Later he incorporated them into slot machines which he called one-arm bandits. Some of those machines are still around but privately owned by collectors.

In 1959 Polk came back to Yavapai County and began working as a cowboy on the Harold James' Deep Well Ranch just north of Prescott. Then on to work for his cowboy friend, Travis Heckle, who was running the Muleshoe and SH Ranches in the lower Kirkland Creek area and Santa Maria River country.

Frank cowboyed all over; he was a good hand but liked to move around a lot. He cowboyed in Yavapai, Coconino, Mohave, Maricopa and Pima counties. Some of the ranches he worked on in Yavapai County were the Yolo .

7 Up  , Greene Cattle Co.  , Kieckhefer  , CV's  ,  
Dumbbell  , Nick Perkins  , and more.

When he was tired, unemployed or getting over a drunk he'd go spend some time with his best friend, Dave Hill, on the 7 Up Ranch at Camp Wood.

He showed up in Tucson in 1960 doing cowboy work on various ranches and that's when his knee went bad and he had to quit the rough cowboy work. While in Tucson he became re-acquainted with George Phippen, a well-known Western artist. Frank said, "It was George Phippen who got me interested in bronze work." In fact, George first talked with Frank in 1959 when he was working for Harold James. So, when his knee went bad he took George's advice and looked seriously into doing bronze work. He felt he could do it because he was a good wood carver. That's when he began spending full time at making bronzes and he became very good at it. Today he is a well-known sculptor.

In 1967, he became a charter member of the Cowboy Artists of America, a very prestigious organization limited to 25 or 26 members. Frank is now listed as an Emeritus member and enjoys it.

In films Frank worked with Tex Ritter, Slim Pickens and other Western stars. He did "Hellorado" with John Wayne in Old Tucson. Besides Hollywood and Tucson he worked in pictures at Lake Tahoe, Kanab, Utah and on the Navajo Indian Reservation. He'd go to other places as well when called to do so.

In September, 1970, Frank married a long-time friend he knew as a young man. Both had been married before. When his old bronc-riding, movie-making friend, Bill Chick, got them together at Farmington, New Mexico, it took only a month for them to tie the knot.

Mary's maiden name was Cooper, her father was John Cooper; she grew up on her father's ranch on Mint Wash between Prescott and Williamson Valley. As young people they dated and danced a lot together but somehow drifted apart but both were happy when they got back together in 1970. Mary gave Frank almost ten years of happiness before she passed away on March 19, 1980.

Another happy time for Frank came in 1984 when he was asked to serve as grand marshal of the Grand Entry at Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo. He was 75 at the time. This recognition and honor pleased him greatly and to show his appreciation he was on hand for each of the eight performances to carry out his official duties as Grand Marshal.

Frank lives alone in his home in Mayer -- the old Mayer State Bank building. It's roomy and cozy and he loves it and has been there about 20 years. He is a well known sculptor and has won many prizes on his bronzes. For the past several years he has had a lot of sickness and arthritis and in 1984 had to stop sculpturing but still sells pieces already cast when he needs groceries or medicine. "I'll get back to sculpturing one of these days", he said.

All through Frank's long cowboy and artist career he has had a problem with alcohol. He has it under control now and credits Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) for straightening out his life. "And a higher power helped, too", he said.

SHORTY LOVELADY (A. L.)

Dewey, Arizona

I was born in Texas, according to my birth certificate, in Colorado City, August 1, 1910. I don't remember that place, the only place I remember is San Angelo, in Texas, that's where we left. I was six years old when we came to Arizona. We came on the train and we landed in Tempe in 1916. There were quite a few Texans on the train. My father got a job driving an ice wagon. He worked at that quite a while, then we went to Blythe, California with quite a few others to raise cotton. They all pooled their money and went over there and stayed two years. They all went broke and came back to Prescott, Arizona in 1920. I have been in Yavapai County most of my life since then.



I went to school in Prescott, Miller Valley School, and I had a job in the summertime for 50¢ a day with Doc Pardee. That's where I got the name "Shorty". I wasn't quite big enough to get on the horses, and he had to help me, so he called me Shorty.

Later on, my father had a livery stable in Prescott. That is where McIlvain has their Chrysler dealership now. The livery stable was called "The OK Corral". He had a wood yard, feed yard, a little bit of everything in the livery stable. We had that for four or five years, and then he bought a ranch out of Prescott. He didn't have that for very long. He had a partner. The partner took the land and my father took the cattle and dissolved the partnership. We then bought a place down at Congress and moved down there. I went to work at the O-X Ranch there for two years. Then the next two years after that, I worked for the D-G Ranch. OX DG

In 1929 I went up on the Arizona Strip. I had a little place of my own up there for a while. It was open country. I had only two sections and I couldn't keep the sheep off. The Utah sheep would come in there in the wintertime so I sold my place to a sheep man and came back to Prescott.

Then I went to work in Phoenix for Doc Pardee. He had the stable at the Biltmore Hotel. I worked there for nine winters. Then I bought some property at Paradise Valley and started out on my own down there. I had some saddle and riding horses. I boarded horses and broke horses there, and one thing and another until World War II.

During World War II, I joined the Armed Forces and served four years. During these four years, 14 months were spent in active combat with General Patton's Third Armored Division in Europe.

On my return home and after receiving my discharge at Fort Bliss, Texas, in El Paso, Fannye met me. On our way driving back to our home in Phoenix, I told her I was going to, as soon as I get my health straightened out, buy a cattle ranch in Arizona. I then bought a ranch at Hillside, Arizona. We were there until it sold in 1960. I bought the ranch from Everett Bowman. He sold us the  brand. At that time he wanted to retain the Heart-Cross brand. We used the  brand on our ranch.

After the first year I bought some Brahma bulls and crossbred my cattle and kept all my crossbred heifers and went back to Hereford bulls. Then we had quarterbred calves. We had about 50 sections with about 400 cows on the place. We finally got it fixed up like we wanted it. It was good cow country, I thought. I liked that country. We had lots of water on our place. We had

pretty good luck with it. The land got too high to run cattle on it so we sold out and went into the horse business.

We raised some thoroughbred horses for several years. We were pretty lucky with our horses. We bought our first mare in Pomona, California from Rex Ellsworth in 1954. We tried to breed to the best horses we could. Our first colt was a stake winner. We kept our fillies and we finally wound up with five mares. We had, I think, four or five stake winners out of the whole bunch. We sold some horses for a good price at the Selected Yearling Sale at Del Mar.

We raced in Omaha in the summer, then back to Del Mar. We went to Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Golden Gate, then back to Phoenix in the wintertime.

We bought a place in California, thirty acres, and made a horse ranch out of it. We didn't like the climate, so we only stayed there two years. All of our horses were California bred.

Then we got so we couldn't travel with our horses or do anything ourselves, so we just sold out and retired. We have one horse left that we pay board bill on all the time, that's all we have. We are retired and don't do anything now.

My wife, Fannye, was asked by the Cowboy Turtle Association directors and president to become their first hired secretary of their association. She resigned from the Arizona State Industrial Commission from a position she had held for five and a half years to accept the job. She resigned as soon as the war ended, since she had promised to do this as soon as the war was over. Later the office was moved to Denver.

In 1986 Fannye was elected to the National Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association and Western Heritage Association Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

ROSS H. PERNER, JR.

Chino Valley, Arizona

I was born in Sierra Blanca, Texas on September 9th, 1915 to Ross Hart Perner and Molly Maude (Love) Perner, the second child of that union. My maternal grandfather was a cattleman who owned extensive land in and around Sierra Blanca.

Shortly after I was born two of my uncles gave me a little gray Mexican pony. I've had from one to twenty horses ever since. We lived on our ranch for a few years. Dad was a big cattle ranch lover and he had become well known as such, and when a group of ranchers bought the Double Circle Ranch out of Clifton, Arizona they hired dad to run the outfit. It was a big outfit that branded seven or eight thousand calves a year. It was located on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation and took in part of the Fort Apache Indian Reservation to the north. We went there in November, 1927. They branded © on the left ribs. There were a lot of wild cattle on this ranch. There were no roads on that part of the Reservation at that time. Every thing was moved in by pack animals, mostly mules.

I went to school on Eagle Creek for three years and we would work for the ranch in the summer. They paid my brother and me \$30 a month.

The ranch worked an average of eight men, a horse wrangler and a cook. The pack outfit as it was called, stayed out the year around with ten days off for the 4th of July and Christmas.

Dad bought a ranch from Jesse Pearce in 1934 and moved to Snowflake. There we branded Z Slash A **Z/A** left ribs. I spent time there at the Double Circles.

While there I met Saralee Crabb. We were married on June 27, 1937 in Phoenix. Sally, as we all call her, was the youngest daughter of Abbie Keith, a long-time Secretary of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. In December of 1937 we moved to Seligman where I went to work for the Arizona Livestock Company. At that time it was the biggest cow outfit in Arizona. When they put in for BLM land they had a million and quarter acres of base land. They branded VVV on the left jaw, ribs and hip. We branded about 7000 calves a year.

They pulled out the wagon in the spring about the first of April with about 10 men, a cook and horse wrangler. They would have about 70 horses in the remuda. The wagon was pulled by 4 mules. The wagon carried 12 bedrolls, all the groceries, horseshoes, shoeing outfits, a rope corral, branding irons, vaccines and other incidentals. The wagon would be out about 10 weeks in the spring just branding calves and moving cows to the summer country at the same time. We would gather the steers and take them to the steer pasture where they were kept until fall.





The wagon pulled in about the 10th of June and then the ranch would cut down to about 6 men. They would brand the young horses and ride them for a couple of months. These young horses would then be turned out in the pasture with the bulk of the geldings for the winter.

The fall wagon would pull out in September to put the cows back on the winter range and ship the steers, old cows and bulls, etc. There would be about 3500 steers to ship. They were sold to a buyer at the ranch. About a 1000 head at a time would be gathered and shipped at a time. They were weighed and shipped on the railroad. After the work was done in the fall the wagon would pull in and



the horses would be turned out for the winter. The men would be laid off and a small crew of men would be left to man the camp and take care of the cattle for the winter.

Back to personal things -- my wife, Sally, and I had two daughters, Sharon Patricia "Patty" and Bonnie Karen. This was a good outfit to work for but it wasn't good for a family man. There wasn't enough time, very little time, to spend with Sally and the girls. When the chance came for me to get a job where we could be together I took it. The next years were spent working with Hereford show cattle and small outfits. Every time we would get a chance to get a few days off we would head to Seligman to visit the ranch. Our son, Ross H. Perner, III, was born at this time while I was working for Rancho Sacatal near Douglas.

In 1952 we got a chance to get back into range cattle, going to the Double O Ranch south of Seligman. They branded  right hip,  right shoulder, and ran about 800 mother cows. This ranch was about half of the old Double O Ranch. The ranch was bought by John Norton who got the east part and Mr. Hall got the west. The east part was one hundred and one thousand acres and the west part one hundred and forty thousand acres. When the ranch was sold in 1956 both the east and west parts were bought by the new owners and we took the fence out between the two and ran it that way. The new owners branded  left ribs. They called it reverse  Drag.

I would like to say something about Sally's mother, Abbie Keith, because she helped me so much and all the people she touched. She was a good helper in raising our children and educating them. She was Secretary of the Arizona Cattle Growers and would help me with ranch supplies as well as finding men when I

needed them. The most remembered of these men was Lloyd Turner who was my right hand man for 11 of the 14 years I was at the Double O Ranch.


In 1966 the ranch sold again and I applied for and got a job from the Arizona Livestock Board as a brand inspector. They sent me to the Prescott area where I worked for some of the best ranchers I had ever known. I retired from that job in 1982.

Sally and I live in Chino Valley on our two acres, but the memories that I have of working on the big outfits are real good. Maybe everybody thinks he or she lived at the best time of the cattle business, if so, I am no different. I wouldn't change a thing if I could.


You'll notice I didn't give the names of the owners of the ranches where I worked. Reason is that I thought they were mine while I was there.

MYRON H. (BOO) ALLEN

Phoenix, Arizona

My grandfather, P. J. Hill, was associated with livestock all of his adult life. He came to Arizona in 1879 with a herd of Triangle Dot  cattle belonging to the Dorsey family of the Texas Panhandle/Clayton, New Mexico area. In 1885, between Geronimo raids, my mother was born at what was then known as Sanders Station.

When my older brother and I were quite small, grandfather gave each of us a horse, Billie and Chapie, which of course grandfather kept with him. Billie was mine, and I only met him once, on a pack trip from upper Hermosilla, New Mexico over the Continental Divide to Diamond Creek. Billie didn't have much trouble unloading an 8 year old kid.

The first roundup I was on was at age 12, when Frank Bryant, who owned the OT ranch, took me with him to bring back strays from the Circle Cross  roundup. Billie O'Neil was the Circle Cross wagon boss and asked that I stay. I rode with them for 4 days. The Circle Cross ranch was the property of Oliver M. Lee in southern New Mexico.

Much to the disgust of my father, I worked summers and holidays for Mr. Bryant until graduating from high school. The summer of 1931 I worked for A. B. Cox on the YLE Bar YLE. Summers and holidays of 1932-34 I worked for the Circle Cross outfit.

During the summer of 1934 I had a temporary appointment with the Forest

Service on the north Kaibab. When this job ended in September, I returned to the Circle Cross where preparations were under way to move cattle to old Mexico because of the drouth. While gathering cattle, Mr. Lee came to the camp and asked me how many engineers would I need. It seems the Taylor Grazing Act had been passed and all fences on government land would have to be torn down unless an association of stockmen could be formed and a grazing district established. Mr. Lee said that "too much blood had been shed fencing the ranches and none were going to be torn down." With myself and two engineers, maps were made, the district approved, and the first permits were issued in the Mesa District, New Mexico of the Division of Grazing, now BLM.

2,200 head of cattle owned by 5 ranchers were driven to El Paso, Texas and shipped to the Santa Domingo Ranch for pasture. Upon returning to El Paso I had the offer of 5 jobs with the government. While on the Kaibab I had taken the Junior Range Examiner exam (Civil Service) and was now on the list of certified eligibles. The day after Thanksgiving, 1934 I met with Major Fleming of the Soil Erosion Service, Department of Interior, and agreed to work on the Gila District with headquarters at Safford, Arizona.

The Soil Erosion Act was passed in 1933 setting up an agency in the Department of Interior to experiment and develop methods and means of stopping erosion of agricultural lands and repairing or restoring land where possible. This work was to continue for 5 years and was financed with funds from the various land management agencies. CCC camps were to be established to do the proposed work and to provide jobs for young Americans. In April 1935 the Conservation Act was passed changing the SES to Soil Conservation Service under the Department of

Agriculture and including private lands in the study.

My job as range technician was to help make a vegetative survey and topographical map of the assigned area. To do this we had the Fairchild aerial photos of 1933-35. Our area covered the Gila River drainage above Coolidge Dam. An extensive survey was made first, using 5 range men. Four of them used pickups to cover the area accessible to vehicles and I followed with 2 horses covering the rough country and establishing watershed boundaries.

The Gila District was allotted 27 CCC camps. Before any work could be started, ranches in the camp area had to be contacted, work plans made, and cooperative agreements signed. This was the rangeman's job. I began in Silver City - Lordsburg area and, as the Gila District was expanded, worked on ranches in the Sulphur Springs Valley, Douglas, Bisbee, San Pedro River, Vail and Superstition Mountain areas. Some of the ranches we worked with belonged to Cureton Bros., Van Meter, McGrath, Charles Fuller, C. C. Martin and Tom Gee in New Mexico; Harry Day (Lazy B), Elmer Stevens, W. T. Saunders, Gene Seely, A. R. Spikes, William Ellsworth, Bryce Brother, Ed and Marian McCuen and Joe Cueto in the Safford area; William Davis, Ralph Cowan, Bill Stevenson, Floyd Kimball, George Stevens, Frank Moson, Jim Finley and Jack Speiden (the J6 Ranch) in Cochise County.

In planning various water developments, Stewart Robison, engineer, and I designed what we called a "charco" disilting-type of stock water tank. The first one was built on the Charles Beach ranch at Vail and was a success. This type of tank was used widely in the Holbrook area. Frank C. Brophy was the type who didn't bother with F.D.R., but wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt about his

erosion problem. After all was completed, Mr. Brophy was pleased with the work and carried on some projects for the rest of his life. We made a lasting friend of him. One good thing about the SCS program was that it taught many people the benefit of and how to use good maps.

With the 5 year experimental program having come to an end, people and equipment were dispersed to the respective land management agencies. On November 1, 1940 I was transferred to the Division of Grazing - Phoenix office. My first job was to gather data for a grazing fee study. The next job was at Kingman where help was needed in settling allotment boundary lines. In determining one line between Lane Cornwall and Clyde Cofer we rode for 4 days in the rain. After the fourth day they said "draw where it should go on the map, and we will sign it."

1941 and 1942 were good filaree years in the Kingman area.

One job on the Arizona Strip was gathering data for a hearing on Pigeon Canyon. Slim Waring and I rode the canyon for 3 days. Each night it would snow and the wind would blow the next day. After the hearing was completed, Slim bought the grazing rights in Pigeon Canyon.

In May of 1941 I was transferred to the Arizona Strip with headquarters in St. George, Utah. We used to laugh at the fact that a Jewish dentist, in the CCC camp, and I were the only gentiles in town. By the spring of 1942, I was the only Division of Grazing employee left on the Strip District. Secretary Of Interior Harold Ickes froze me on the job with the understanding I would help the movie industry in using Interior lands in making movies.

One job in progress was fencing between the sheep and cattle allotments.

This was difficult, as war restrictions were hard on the sheep operations and many were changing to cattle. There was also a large population of wild horses. Days would be set to gather horses and hog farmers would come and take them for feed, benefiting two situations at one time.

Water was a stock problem on the Strip. Gypsum layers would cause failures or else the tanks were so shallow they would be dry just when needed. Introduction of the practice of salting tanks, building deep tanks then plating them with surface soil, and use of the disilting tank helped improve the water problem.

One day Alec Finley, Lee Esplin, Tom Jensen and I drove up to the Jensen Tank. Quite a number of cattle were there, and after looking them over I went and closed the water lot gate. They wanted to know why, and I told them to doctor a yearling steer with screwworms in his head. None of them knew what I was talking about. They had never seen screwworms. We doctored the steer with sheep dip.

One of the biggest improvements at this time was the building of scales and shipping corrals at three points so that calves could be sold. Prior to this, stock had to be held and driven to the railroad or cows had to be driven with the calves and then the cows had to be driven back. It had been the custom to take a 10% death loss, but with the advent of the scales it was soon apparent that numbers were increasing.

In 1940 a count of cattle in the Clayhole area was made. Sixteen users were running in common the area around Clayhole Well, it was pretty badly beat out. In 1945, after fencing some areas, another count was made. About half

way through the work, Lee Esplin started cutting out cows. His father Dave wanted to know why Lee was cutting out all of the good breeding herd. Lee said they had too many cattle, that the 10% death loss they had been figuring had resulted in increases since the scales and shipping corrals had gone in place.


A. T. Spence had bought holdings in the Sand Hills above House Rock Valley. He acquired the use of the government remount stud "Bartender". The stud had been kept up and well fed and was prone to charge anyone that approached his pen. One day in Kanab, Utah Spence contacted me and asked if I knew where Tom Jensen's farm was located. He had loaned Bartender to Tom and was afraid the stud might have given trouble. We went to the farm and found Tom using the stud to sow grain. He had a gunny sack tied around his head to keep the seeds from getting into his ears. Mr. Spence had nothing to say.

After 7 years on the Strip, longer than anyone before me, I was transferred to the Safford Grazing District on December 8, 1947.

The Safford office had been closed for over 2 years due to lack of funds and personnel. The district clerk had been on the job 2 months before my arrival. She briefed me on conditions, and priorities were set to be worked around the normal regular procedures. The first job was a new set of district maps. The former tenant had let his dogs play with the old ones. We started with a set of work maps. The clerks would check the files and place office data on the new maps, then it was my job to correct errors in the field. During the next 9 months I contacted every licensee in the district.

The Soil and Moisture (S&M) program had been neglected. After a 2 week



review by a W. O. team, it was their opinion that 95% of the experimental work done by the SCS was a failure and not to be repeated. My job was to prepare a comprehensive S&M program to be submitted to Washington for review and possible funding. Using my previous knowledge of the country it was determined to work on a smaller scale area for demonstration purposes before working on larger drainages. Railroad Wash on the Lazy B Ranch  was selected. Harry Day, the owner, was contacted and the plan discussed. He was agreeable. He and I went to work on a detailed plan locating each type of work, structure or method of treatment and the priority of each. Then Martin Buzan, range technician from the State office, was called in and he helped to prepare the final plan for submission to the W. O.

Approval was finally given and funds allotted. We had enough money for one structure. Bids were requested and the lowest bid was \$2,700 more than I could find anywhere. I went to Harry Day and explained the entire problem. He said "you want me to put up the \$2,700." It was either that or quit. He said he could never in his lifetime get that much paid back. Mrs. Day, who had been listening to us, spoke up and said she would put up the money. The program was started which in time was the subject of tours by people from all over the world.

After the first work was completed and tested, Mr. Day and I went to the Southern Pacific Railroad, explained the plan, and since they were a beneficiary of the work we advised them to contribute to the program. They honored the request, that being the first time to my knowledge that a railroad had contributed to this type of program.

In 1952 the Section 15 lands in the Safford area were added to the District.

This included some 250 leases, most of which were action cases. After protests were settled, some 120 lessees remained.

On June 10, 1964 I was transferred to the Phoenix District as acting District Manager until the new District Manager arrived. After showing him the ropes I was moved to the State office in charge of planning, programming and budgeting. I was in that position until December 27, 1973 when I retired after 42 years of accredited Federal service.

The day after retiring from Government service I went to work for Bob Carlock who owned Page Land & Cattle and was President of Aztec Land and Cattle Company, Limited.

My first job was to file statements of claimant on the waters of the Hicks Ranch at Globe, Arizona under the new Water Rights Registration Act. This was new legislation that required several meetings with the State Land Commissioner and his representatives. In all, some 4 new acts were passed requiring water filings. This required most of my time to start with.

While working with ranchers on water filings, I was repeatedly asked if I could do other work. When Mr. Carlock was asked about this he replied that we could do anything I was capable of doing. As a result, during the last 15 years I have done about everything that pertains to buying, selling and managing a ranch, including the settling of disputes and misunderstandings between ranchers and various State and Federal agencies.

With regard to my personal life, when I was less than six months old my older brother hung the name of "Boo" on me, and it has stuck ever since.

I have been married two times. The first marriage was to Betty Lusk, a

widow of Silver City, New Mexico, who had a young son William. He was legally adopted. Later we adopted a daughter, Mary Ann, who is now Mrs. James Barnes of Silver City. This first marriage lasted only 9 years and ended in divorce. Bill, after 20 years in the army and a successful career with Phelps Dodge Copper Company, was recently named Director of the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board.

In January, 1948 I married Deletta Grose. Her grandparents had homesteaded north of Williams, Arizona and received patent #95 from the Federal Land office. They are both buried in a cemetery west of Williams. Her father, M. F. Grose, was a range rider for the Santa Fe Railroad until 1904 when he became a brakeman until 1970 when he left Arizona.

Deletta helped me in many ways, often acting as a hired hand without pay on several trespass cases. She passed away in 1980.

I still work for Page and Aztec on assigned cases and hope to continue to do creditable service until the Boss of the Roundup says its time to go.

## ESTHER LEE CHERRY HENDERSON

Dewey, Arizona

My great grandfather Samuel Cotton Dickinson came around the "Horn" to San Francisco during the Gold Rush days of 1949. He was born September 16, 1827 so he was twenty-two. It is said he made a stake and returned to his hometown and married. His first wife died leaving him with a small son, Charles, born 1853. He later married a widowed younger sister of his first wife, Nancy Green. Nancy had been widowed when her new husband had jumped off a freight wagon on to a nail and later died from blood poison.

Samuel and Nancy had six children, Margie Ann, Frank Lee, William G., Alfred, Edward and May. I don't know all the places they lived, but my grandmother, Margie Ann, was born in Iowa in 1862. Then they moved to Missouri. When my grandmother was 13 her parents joined a wagon train from Humansville, Missouri in April 1875 bound for Arizona.

They reached the Verde in October and began looking for a place. They decided to move to Cornville where they had a small farm and the first Post Office there.


The first of the Backs came to the United States in the early seventeen hundreds, but we won't go into all that. We will start with my grandfather, William Beriman Back, his father Henry Back was born in Mercer County, Kentucky and his mother, Mildred Asher, too. They moved to Missouri and my grandfather was born there in Harrisville, Cass County, Missouri in 1858, the seventh of 8 children. His parents died in 1867. William (called Bill) went to Colorado quite young, and worked his way back and joined the wagon train that was

leaving Humansville. They arrived in the Verde Valley October 12, 1875.

Grandfather went to work for the Marr brothers, Joe and Dan, who had the big cattle ranch on the Verde.

William Beriman Back and Margie Ann Dickinson were married in 1878. They lived and worked on the Marr place for a few years. Mildred the oldest child was born there in 1879 and Fred was born in 1881.

My grandfather Back traded a wagon and team to a man who had settled on the Montezuma Well ranch, then my grandfather homesteaded it and proved up on it.

Five children were born on the ranch, Harry Wales Back, Bertha, Jennie Lee, Jessie Lee, twins, and William Lee Back. Mildred Back married Granville Fain (Dan) - they had one son, Norman. Fred married Rose Allen of Cherry - they had one daughter, Evelyn. Harry married Maggie Hough - they had one son, Basil. Bertha died in 1905, Jennie died in 1907. Jessie married Norval N. Chery - they had 3 living children - Esther, Agnes and Clifton. William (little Bill) married Mae Cox of Camp Verde - they had 2 sons, Carl and Gail. Grandfather owned where Lake Montezuma is and where the Rimrock Dude Ranch was and most of the land in between. Grandfather had a permit for 400 head of cows. He branded the Hat Brand .

He raised mules he sent to Missouri for a Jack, and had large mares. He had an orchard and sold fruit in Flagstaff, as well as lard, jams and jellies. My mother said he fattened hogs so fat they couldn't stand.

When my mother and her sister were born Grandfather found Mildred, the oldest, going down the road with a satchel, he said "where do you think you are

going, Missy." She said "well its bad enough to take care of kids when they come one at a time, but when they go to coming two at a time, I'm leaving."

The Montezuma Well ranch was sold in 1947 to the government for a National Monument.

Jessie Lee Back and Norval N. Cherry were married June 17, 1907 and lived in Camp Verde. My Dad worked for his Dad then.

I was born in Camp Verde, Arizona March 16, 1910 in a little white house on the edge of the Parade ground of the Fort, about 11:00 a.m. My folks said, just in time to spoil everyone's dinner. I never did believe in being late for a meal!


I was born with a veil and was a blue baby, also had a hernia. Mrs. Fredericks was the one who attended a lot of births in Camp Verde, so she was the one with my Mother; and seeing I was blue, she hurriedly pinched a hole in the veil and tore it from my face - therefore I cannot see into the future (an old superstition says if the veil is lifted properly up over the face, one will be able to see into the future).

I was the third child in the family, my folks had lost a little boy and girl before me. I guess I was really a worry to my folks - I had six weeks' colic and yellow jaundice (the older ones called it 'yeller janders'! The folks took good care of me but I kept ailing so Dr. Coit Hughes told them to take me out in camp, let me get dirty or I wouldn't live. That is when my life on a ranch began at 2 years old.

My Father was born in Arkansas, November 11, 1885 to Spencer Clifton Cherry and Viola Murray West Cherry. They moved to Oklahoma Territory, then

later on to Eddy, New Mexico (now called Carlsbad). They came in a wagon train about 1895. Dad said it was a long, hard trip. They had to stop because of illnesses and deaths. One time on the Great staked plains of Texas to bury Mrs. Shepherd (her son came to visit my Dad when we lived in Bumble Bee). My grandfather had been through the Verde when a young man, so after they lived in Eddy a few years, they brought their goats and came to the Verde arriving in 1897. My Dad stayed in Bloody Basin with the goats, when he was 13 years old for 3 weeks by himself and his 2 dogs. They treed a lion while there. Dad told of seeing and going through an immense Indian ruin there. He said there were large pottery jars and small ones sitting around. He said he never thought of taking anything or bothering any of it.

When Dad was 16 he drove a 16 hitch team wagon from Globe with a huge turbine in it for Fossil Creek. He used a jerk-line.

My grandfather Cherry had goats when he came to the Verde, then he sold them and had a cow ranch on the Mogollon at Harris Park. He ran the  Triangle Jay E Six Brand and my Dad worked for him from herding goats in Bloody Basin, faming and freighting; but now he was to be a cowboy that he had always wanted to be. He worked for his Dad with the cattle and had his horse ranch too. Dad and Irvin Walker owned horses and I think Dad sold out to Irvin.

He went to work for the Babbitts and Teddy Thurston on the Apache Maid ranch after my grandfather had sold the Harris Park ranch to Giles Goswick. My mother stayed in Camp Verde most of the time, but when the Doctor told them about my health she moved to the Old Cliff Place in the spring. (Faintly remember finding colored Easter eggs in an old stove so it must have been spring.) The

folks said I looked in that old stove every day for a long time expecting more eggs!

My mother was cooking for the men that summer so had a hard time watching me and my dog. There was a corral full of broncs near the house, they kept me fascinated. Mom said she couldn't keep me away from those horses so when the men came in from riding Dad found me tied to a pine tree by a 30 foot rope. He was so mad that Mom would do that to me! Next day when they came in I was hobbled! They always put hobbles on the horses to keep them from straying so Mom tried them on me. We followed all the rodeos that summer (I have stereoscopic views of camps, etc.) When the folks moved back to Camp Verde that fall I was gaining weight and was sun tanned.

I had 2 dogs by this time and a couple of ducks the cowboys brought to me. Mom said I would go to the barn yard with my pets. I would sit down and one pup would stay with me and the other one would chase the ducks - then he would bring them back to me and the other pup would chase the ducks while the tired pup stayed with me.

Three or four cowboys would stay at our house during the winter in Camp Verde, they teased me and one day I threw a fork at Frank Waldrip. He was one of my favorite people too, but he and Whitey Montgomery were telling me they were going to eat all the pudding. I got spanked and taken from the table. I learned not to throw silverware at the table. They brought me so much punchboard candy I got sick and had to be taken to the Doctor in Jerome. Teddy Thurston had a car so he took us to Jerome. I got no more candy for a while. Some of the boys hitched my dog to my little express wagon and put me in it. The dog ran away, the wagon turned over. I cried, the dog ran under the house and got the wagon



stuck. Two cowboys worked quite a while to get my dog and wagon from under the house.

Christmas was always special. All the cowboys, Irvin Walker, Frank Waldrip, Whitey Montgomery, Ben Keithly and any others that weren't married and had no family, come Christmas Eve they showed up - we had a tree and candy and a Santa rang bells outside. Everybody sang, visited and played games with me. My favorite was play bear so when Frank came in he dropped down on his hands and knees and growled. My eyes bugged out and I ran. When Mom found me I said "I don't like big bears." My life went on like this until just before my fourth birthday. I had a baby sister, Agnes Vivian, born January 26, 1914. She was blond, blue-eyed. I had brown eyes and what hair I had was white. The cowboys called me "Bally" and cotton top. I never knew for sure why they called me "Bally". Ab Fain used to call me that and I got so mad at him, so at the Pioneer Picnic, September 17, 1989 when I saw Allen Walker who is 93 and knew me when I was little, he said "Golly, here's that little bally kid." I said, "Allen, why did you guys call me Bally, was it because you kept me crying all the time or because I didn't have much hair." He said "cause you didn't have much hair" so now I know.

We had community Christmas trees at a Church in Camp Verde. The one I remember - I was about four and a half years old was a huge tree all it up with candles, no electric lights then, and had toys hanging all over it and piled under the tree. Santa called each one's name and we had to go up front and get our gift. I got a cowboy doll. The parents of course had taken the gifts with our name on them.

I didn't get to go to school until I was 6 years old so by September I was six and a half years old and started to school. Three weeks later on September 26, 1916 my brother all eleven and three quarters pounds of him arrived. He was named Norval Clifton. I made two grades that year. I also reported to my folks that I was the teacher's, Mrs. Derricks, favorite because she made me sit by her. The real reason was I would get up from my seat and go "help" some other kid do something. Even making "spit curls" where you spit on your hair and curl it around a pencil, pull the pencil out easily and you have a curl.

When my brother was a year old I was in the second grade; we moved to a ranch on Cherry Creek in 1917. Dad had bought the ~~JK~~ (Jay Dee Kay) Ranch from Kip Ralston. Judge De Kuhn had lived there. He had the ~~JK~~ brand on his cattle. He was also a Justice of the Peace and Josie De Kuhn was the Postmaster. They had built the house.

I was in the second grade - the Wombacher kids walked from their ranches and I joined them when they came by our house. We lived on the north side of the road just as you start down Cherry Creek grade. Lou Wombacher and Lee Wombacher places where Carl Hance ranch is now. The Allens, the Sessions and the Hendricks' kids all went to school and everyone was related but Don Guttry and I.

We lived there 3 years and at that time Dad worked for Bob Perkins when Bob owned the Bar J H brand ~~JH~~ on the Verde side of Mingus. He would always try to come home on weekends, we had no near neighbors so Mom was alone with 3 little kids all week right beside a highway. It was during World War I and lots of things were happening. I think the first words my brother learned were "turn

out light." It was scary when cars went by or sometimes they stopped and we could hear them talking so Mom always turned the lamp very low or blew it out. Dad was home one time in 1918 and we had all been asleep, the dog growling and horses snorting in the corral woke Dad - he got up and went to the door and spoke to the dogs and pretty soon they quieted down. The next morning when the mail man came by he told us Mr. Mullican had been shot. He and his boys had camped at the foot of Cherry Creek and hobbled their burros for the night. The next morning they were setting breakfast when a Mexican showed up. After breakfast Mr. Mullican took his rifle and went to look for his burros, the Mexican followed and pretty soon the boys heard a shot. After their Father failed to show up they looked for him and found him dead. Evidently the Mexican had thought the old man was going to try to shoot him. They found out later the Mexican had been working for a Mr. Boden below Humboldt - he had stolen \$100 and left horseback. We always thought he had stopped at our place to get a fresh horse.

While we lived in Cherry I learned there was no Santa. The big girls were anxious to tell us younger ones so when I asked Mom, she explained and asked me to help get ready for "Santa" for my little sister and brother - well that soothed the hurt a little. We, my sister and I, both got jointed baby dolls. Dad filled all the sox, even one for our dog.

The second and third grade class in Humboldt recently asked me to tell them how things were when I went to school so I'll put this in here since it might interest someone later. As I said before, we walked to school and we all took our lunch. Weather permitting we gathered on the banks of a wash near school to eat. We nearly all had boiled eggs, which we cracked on our heads to show how tough we

we were (now we say Macho\_. Then we had biscuits or homemade bread and bacon or roast beef or a piece of chicken, cookies or cake, jelly and fruit, and of course when school started everyone had gardens so we had yellow pear tomatoes. In winter and cold weather we ate inside. There were 15 to 20 in school and one teacher. We played Annie over, steel sticks, fox and goose, London Bridge, hop scotch and ring-around-a-rosy. There were no swings, slides or other playground equipment, no T.V., no radio, no electricity, no buses and no hot lunches. The kids in Humboldt said they would not like to go to a school like that.

Our Grandparents in California always sent us a crate of oranges and they were stored in one of the north bedrooms to keep cool and to this day when I pass by the orange display in a store and smell the oranges I get a flashback of those Christmases and the good oranges!

We had to carry water from a spring, up a hill to our house, for all our uses - washing, cooking, drinking and bathing. One time my sister and I were getting water and we saw something pretty and shiny by the edge of the pool. I didn't know what it was and had never seen anything like it before so we yelled for "Mom". She came in a hurry to see what the commotion was - it was a rattle-snake, it had just shed and was shiny and pretty.

We had a garden too. The folks gave us some peanuts to plant to keep us out of their way. We grew a lot of peanuts.

We fed the milk cow and some other old cows, chopped sugar beets - great huge ones. My Dad hauled hay, grain and beets and groceries from Camp Verde with a wagon and team up Cherry Creek grade. He also built a round cedar post

corral. Cut every post and snaked them (dragged) to the road to load in the wagon - a long, slow job.

We kids had chores to do too. I made a pack saddle out of an orange crate and tied it on our dog. Then Agnes and I would get wood and load it on our pack horse! We had seen Dad loading salt, etc. So monkey see, monkey do! We made a nose bag (feed bag) out of a salt sack, like the ones the men made out of grain sacks for the horses and we put bacon, biscuits, cookies or meat in the bag and hung it on our dog like the horses had their grain.

We had hunting parties every fall. Our Grandparents came from California and brought friends, George Miller and family came, and the Guttry daughter and husband, Bruce Thompsons and others all came to hunt deer. Mrs. Jack Guttry, Winnie, was a Hudson from the Cienega, and so was Mrs. Miller and George Miller, was of the Miller Brothers who built the old stone corral on Ash Creek to corral horses as they were in the horse business.

Dad sold the Cherry Ranch to John Boyer and we moved back to Camp Verde. Dad drove the stage from Camp Verde to Dewey. He had an Oldsmobile commercial truck. He had mail and hauled passengers too. Some of them were scared spitless on the crooked Cherry Creek grade. They wanted to get out and walk. Dad had injured his back and had blackout spells so after a year of driving he took 3 months off and we went to California to take osteopathic treatments. We stayed at my grandparents and I went to school in Santa Ana.

After we came back from Santa Ana Dad finished his contract with the mail stage, and then got a job as Livestock Inspector in Mayer. We moved there in time for my sister and I to start school in September. We had to cross Big Bug

and sometimes it was high so we moved again to a house owned by Johnny Martin, owner of the Water company in Mayer. We were there a year or two when Dad went into partners with W. J. Martin (some called him Jeff, but my folks knew him as Billy). He had married Edna Marr a girl from Camp Verde, and Billy used to live there too. Our brand was **L-Z**. That's when I really began to learn to ride. I had to bring in the milk cows, ride out to the flagged areas that the sheep were supposed to stay out of, but sometimes didn't. I learned to ride in the rough country in Black Canyon from the old town of Canon (as it was called then - now it's called Black Canyon City) to Cleator and Middle Turkey Mesa over to Cordes County, Antelope Falls and Black Mesa, where the Freeway is now. We used to chase wild horses there and catch them to break for us to ride. There were some pretty nice horses there at times. We had a pretty Palomino with red mane and tail, another pretty Bay Pacer and several others, sorrels, roans, whatever you wanted. There was lots of burros there then too, 30 or 40 in a bunch. They used to chase the calves and killed a few.

That's when I met Clara Champie Cordes. We used to ride up there in Turkey Creek and have big round-ups, then bring our cattle back home. I stayed with Bill and Lizzie Cordes and Clara and Fred when we were riding. Also rode with Jack and Floyd Orr, the Pughs, the Schultz's and others.

Dad gave me a big old red sorrell named Buster. He was a good horse - all I had to do was give him his head and he'd watch those cows if one was too slow, he'd nip her on the tail, if one was getting out of the herd, he'd turn her back so I thought I was sitting pretty; but Dad watched me a few times and gave me another horse, one I had to stay awake on and pay attention to what I was doing. I did get

to ride Buster once in a while on day herd, which Jack Orr and I and some of the other young ones or older, always got to do, much to my disgust. I liked to chase those buggers out of the brush and see a little action!

Our first school house was an old adobe building converted to a school room. It was on the bank of a wash and was said to be the old stage coach stop run by the Snyders, parents of Lizzie Cordes, who by the way made the very best taffy candy I ever tasted! The school burned a year after we started school there and destroyed about 5 tons of cottonseed, not processed cake but real seed with cotton still sticking to it, that's what they were feeding cattle then in 1922. It was just before Christmas so we had a long vacation. Bumble Bee at that time was across the big sand wash, east of where it is now. There was Jeff Martin's store with a dining room built on the back of the store. They built another room back of that for our school room. We had about 12 desks. Lucille Etter from Flagstaff was the teacher. There was a small cabin for the teacher, a bunkhouse and a barn and our house, that was Bumble Bee. About a mile down the road was Jeff Martin's home. We had three Martin children, Joe, Vernon and Enid, two Page children, Bob and Rolene, two Fosters, Floy and Maggie, three Cherry's, Esther, Agnes and Clifton, Willie Daniels and Lillian Swaggert, Charles Dryden and two Nelson children, Jack and his sister, I can't remember her name. Every recess we played baseball, a real baseball - not soft ball. We also had sports, relay races, broad jump, high jump, etc., and every weekend I rode. Ethel Compton from Flagstaff was our teacher.

Where Bumble Bee is now, used to be one of the areas we had flagged for the sheep not to get on. We were on a sheep drive - Clyde McDonald was the



deputy to ride the trail to keep the sheep moving. It was my job to jump on my horse bareback every morning before school and check the 2 flagged areas. Young Joe Basset, we called him Jody, use to come visit Harry Keith, watchman at Richinbar Mine. We would race our horses up and down Old Black Canyon highway. While we were there three years we killed a lot of rattlesnakes, 4 in our yard and a rabid coyote bit a dog of Clark's at the Hidden Treasure. He ran all the way from Hidden Treasure at the foot of Antelope Hill to Arasta Creek just a little north of Canon back up to our house. When our dog, Judge, saw him, he came into the yard, but when the dog got near our Overland car, Judge ran out to run the dog off, but they got in a fight and Judge was bitten. He wouldn't let us kids near him. Dad finally tied him up after 14 days, and in 7 more days he went into convulsions and Dad had to shoot him. It was awful - we loved that dog. We buried him and put a tombstone of board with the name "Judge" burned on it.

Dad sold his partnership back to Jeff Martin and we moved back to Mayer. We moved into a house of Lou Gruwell's. His children, Dorothy, Jerry and Pat rode their horses, so I rode one of three horses we kept and finished out the school year, eighth grade in Mayer.


We had kept 3 horses when we left the ranch. Dad drove a truck with all our stuff on it. Mom drove the Overland with the little kids and odds and ends. I got to move the horses. I left real early for Mayer. Years later my brother-in-law, Ed Jones, told me that he and some of the other road workers had passed me on Antelope Hill as I was cooling my horses back. He said they remarked how unusual to see a girl do something like that. I laughed and said "Ed if you





had my Dad, you learned to take care of your horse." The horse's name was Monkey - I led Peanuts and Popcorn. Both horses we had caught out of the wild bunch.

Dad and Mom decided they had better stay away from ranches for a while. I was ready for high school so some friends of Dad's told him they were hiring at the Clemenceau Smelter and he put in his application. Meanwhile, we stayed at Mayer until they let him know, and I learned to dance. Dad and Mom both liked to dance. They had a good cowboy friend, Harvey Hance, and he came to visit us. He was famed as a waltzer, so he taught me to waltz. Oh yes, they still waltzed when I was fourteen. They had dances at Dewey school house. We would get there at sundown and every lady brought stuff to eat. There was a huge barrel of coffee on the camp fire. We danced until sunup, went home and slept all day. There was a lot of us younger ones - we would dance around and blow the kerosene lights out and all the ladies sitting around the room would talk about us "ornery" younguns. That's when I met my future husband, but I didn't know that then - I was fourteen and he was seventeen.

Dad was notified he could go to work, so he left us to stay with friends until we had a house. We finally got a house - kind of small - so Dad added our name for a larger house which we got in the spring of 1925. As we were packing to move over on Main Street in Clemenceau, my sister, Agnes, took ill with rheumatic fever. She was ill for 2 months, in bed all the time. She contracted lobar pneumonia and had a heart hemorage when the pneumonia broke. She passed away in May, 1925. That was the first death I had known in my family.

We had started to school in September of 1924. I was in the ninth grade, Junior High. We went to Clarksdale to High School on a bus in 1926. Then in 1927 Dad bought another cow ranch on Cherry Creek again. He bought the Lazy Y P  from John Boyer. We moved to Smelter City and rented a house from Pete Valazza so us kids could go to school. We went to Cherry every weekend, and back for school every Sunday. Finally in 1928 my brother went to school in Cherry, seventh grade. I stayed with friends in Clemenceau to finish my senior year, still going to Cherry every Friday and back to school on Sunday. We had a Dodge commercial truck and would haul hay or ride on weekends and a lot of times we would go to dances at Camp Verde or parties at the school house or someone's house in Cherry. We had a lot of fun - when we butchered we would have everyone on Cherry come for a rib roast over a big camp fire.

Dad sold some cattle to Barney York in 1928 in Williamson Valley. I was still going to school so Dad hired Perry Henderson to help gather the cattle. He brought 2 bucking horses, Cannonball and Specialest, from the Nels Puntney ranch in Chino. I graduated in May, 1928 and moved home in time to help. We drove the cattle cross-country - the first stop was the  Ranch, now the  (Fain's) where we stayed all night and drove to a dance in Dewey. Then up early to resume our drive. It took us 4 days - York and some of his men met us and took them over. That is when I met Perry. Then the 4th of July, I decided to ride in the parade so I rode my horse to Prescott and stayed with the Peach girls. I won a prize for riding the farthest. I stayed home until the fall of 1929 when I went to work in Prescott. I worked at Woolworths and Penneys - Woolworths was \$10 a week - Penneys, \$15 a week. I went to Lillian Edwards Business College at night

when it was in the old brick building next to Checkers. Later it was a cleaners and various other things. Now it is offices.

I stayed with a friend from California the first year. We paid \$24 a month for our room, from a Mrs. Thomas who had, I believe, the old Dr. McNally home. It was a two-story and stood where Memory Chapel is now.

My folks decided to rent a small apartment from Christys who had a store on Montezuma so my brother could stay with me and go to high school. I worked at various jobs and went to Lamsons Business College, over the Sun Drug store on Cortez. This was 1930. Perry and I had been going together all this time. He had a string of bucking horses and took them to Long Valley, Payson, Morman Lake, Prescott, and he had rodeos at the ranch every year.

We were married April 10, 1931 in Flagstaff, and I moved to the ranch where I have been for 58 years this year (1989).

We shipped the horses to Winslow for that 4th of July - then we drove them to Long Valley, Payson, Snowflake, Morman Lake, Flagstaff, Williams, Seligman and Kingman and then we would take them to Phoenix for pasture in the winter. Nearly every weekend there was a little rodeo at various places all over the Valley - Chandler, Florence, Buckeye, etc. Where Scottsdale is now the filarie would be knee high and the horses got fat and sassy. We took them to Wickenburg for a rodeo at Jack Burden's guest ranch. Harry Knight, Smokey Snyder and a lot of other top riders were buked off our horses. We pastured at Forepaugh near Aguila too. Keep this in mind - we drove those horses down the highway, not a freeway, sometimes cross-country on old roads or trails if there was water and corrals. There were no campers and trailers then. Perry made a

rack for our pickup and put a brown canvas over it. It made a nice camper and a place for the boys to get in out of the rain which it always did at Long Valley. There were no coolers to keep ice, meat, etc. in so we had to use stuff that wouldn't spoil - like corned beef - we used a lot of that and eggs, bacon, potatoes and beans, canned fruit, and of course we always had Dutch oven biscuits. Perry was a good biscuit builder!

We had a tent and Perry made a chuck box like we used to have in chuck wagons on roundups - had shelves and a place for everything, and a lid hinged at the bottom to make a table. We always had a tarp to put up as a roof over our work area. Of course when we were on the road we didn't pitch tents, etc. - slept on the ground. We had a homemade horse trailer - everyone's was home-made then.

We had many boys work for us - driving horses, helping catch them up for the rodeo then loading them in the chute and helping saddle them. In camp they helped gather wood and other chores around the camp. Mickey Contreras, Lyman Tenney, Dick Tatum, Slim Boyer and Jim Magee were our regulars, but others went with us too - at different times, Bill Crawford, Joe Skurak, Jo Flieger, Howard Triplett, Shorty Allard, Frank, Larry and Gene Finley, Sid DeSpain and others.

We had very few accidents for all the years we drove those horses. One horse broke his neck in Ashfork, one got run into when we met the train at midnight in Prescott when the horses were shipped from Grand Canyon - his leg was broken. Perry came all the way home to get a gun to kill him, Little Man of War. He was a good horse. One time they were moving the horses across Salt River (near Laveen)

and had 22 head stuck in quicksand. They worked 10 hours getting those horses dug out, but we didn't lose one.

I would drive the pickup and trailer with all the saddles, halters, flank cinches, ropes, beds and groceries and when we were on the road I'd drive about 8 miles and wait for the men to give them a drink or something to eat. One time we were coming home and planned on camping down Fossil Creek where the road turns to go to Verde Hot Springs. It was raining in Pine and Strawberry so I decided to go down Fossil Creek grade to the camp ground and get out of the rain. Sure enough, it wasn't raining there so I waited and waited - no horses. Finally, I stopped a car - it was the Stage from Payson to Camp Verde. My cousin, Basil Back, was driving. He said he had seen the horses up on top of Fossil Creek at Strawberry. I had to pack up and turn around and go back up Fossil Creek grade. When I got back on top it was dark but Perry had built a fire by the side of the road and was waiting so we camped that night in a barn at Fullers' place.

When we could find them we always bought peaches and brought them home to can. Sometimes we would have 2 weeks between rodeos. I would can peaches, beans, etc. from the garden and wash all the boys clothes and ours and get ready to go back to the next rodeo. Those were the days we ironed shirts too! The men would be busy baling hay, overhauling equipment, fixing fence, etc. before we left again.

In 1936 they had a contest for ladies at Morman Lake. I rode Cannonball, one of Perry's bucking horses, an **NP** horse. I won the contest and got a box of groceries. I rode in the parade nearly every year in Prescott, up to 1936.

Helen Cherry our oldest daughter was born April 14, 1937. She got to

rodeoing in June, then after the 4th we started our trek to the summer rodeos. Helen slept in the till of a footlocker in the tent or with us on the ground when we were traveling. That year I didn't win the contest. I rode one of Lawton Champie's horses, and he was a rough "son-of-a-gun".

Every year we did the same things until 1943 when gas was rationed - it was during World War II. There was talk of not having a rodeo that year in Prescott. John Thompson who was on the Board of Directors of the Northern Arizona State Fair Association offered to be chairman if Perry Henderson would be arena director. Perry usually had the Dewey Rodeo the last Sunday in June, the week before Prescott Frontier Days, but they decided that it would be better to not have the Dewey Rodeo and keep the rodeo at Prescott going so Perry was arena director that year. They had a pretty good crowd. I helped take entries that year, and that year there was an addition to the Henderson family - Martha Jane was born October 28, 1943.

A lot of the smaller rodeos canceled during the war, gas was hard to get and contestants were fewer and we lost some of our helpers to the Army so we didn't travel around with our horses as much. We still took them to Prescott, and had our Dewey rodeo.

Perry quit bronc riding in 1945, and sold most of his horses to Joe Lambert.

We bought Bill Felders range west of Dewey, all deeded ground, and Perry had homesteaded a section and proved up on it in 1932. We had also bought a section from Dan Gilliland and a quarter of a section from neighbors. What with the Henderson original homestead, some state leases and BLM, we had more work to do at home - plus, we now had 2 deep wells we could irrigate with so Perry

was raising alfalfa and baling hay, besides the corn and permanent pasture.

We were interested in range improvement, as well as upgrading the cattle, so when Perry was approached about burning brush and reseeding by some University of Arizona Range Management people, he accepted, and we burned a section of brush. The fire got away and went onto forest land. Two years later we had a more controlled burn and the fire was contained. Both times drop seed love grass and some grama grasses were sowed by plane. We got an excellent return. The first year we didn't graze, and the grass grew 3 feet high. It was beautiful! I have slides showing the first and second burns.

We were interested in 4-H also. I had a group of sewing and cooking. Perry did the livestock and Martha had 3 grand champion steers. Elmer Young was their leader then. Helen got a lot of blue ribbons in the Home Ec and sewing division. When she was in 4-H we didn't have the agriculture division out here yet. After the agriculture division was added, Perry sold quite a few 4-H calves and they all placed, for by this time, Perry had built the cattle up and we had good calves.

We sold the west side of our range, where Blue Hills is now, in 1955 to Ackerman. Development was starting then in this area.

Perry was active in Soil Conservation and served on the board for several years. He was a member of the Yavapai County Sheriffs Posse for a long time, and member and a President of the Farm Bureau. We were charter members of the Agua Fria Community Church Congregational. We were active in all community projects.

Helen graduated from high school and married Verde (Bud) Cain on



June 17, 1955. December 19, 1956 our first grandson, Perry Scott Cain, was born.

Perry furnished cows and calves for the Frontier Days, took care of our cattle and worked at the race track when the Sheriffs Posse took care of it. Of course, all this time I cooked for never less than 8, took part in the plays we women of Humboldt and Dewey put on, joined P.T.A. and hauled kids to basketball games in Bagdad, Camp Verde and Flagstaff. We were happy, busy people and always enjoyed friends around. The Sheriffs Posse men would come out and help roundup and brand every spring, and then we would have a big "calf fries" dinner. (To this day, I've never eaten one.)

We had open house every Christmas Eve since 1936. Tom and Jerry's and hot tamales were served.

Martha was elected Future Farmers Queen in 1960 so Perry and I took her and her attendant to Tucson for the State meeting of the F.F.A. Her attendant was Jeanne Trammel. We went by Jo Flieger's and visited him. We had our fall roundups, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Then in February of 1961, Perry was ill. He had to have surgery for colon cancer. A week later he passed away, March 10, 1961. He is buried on the ranch where he had come when he was 3 years old. His mother and father are buried there too, and now his son-in-law, Bud Cain, is there.

In 1945 my mother passed away while in California. She died on my birthday, March 16th. Perry was buried on March 15th, and my Dad died March 15, 1970 so I'm always apprehensive when March arrives.

The first time Perry rode in the Frontier Days he was 18, and rode bareback



horses. He started having the Dewey Rodeo in 1927. It was held in front of the corral and barn. Cars made the fence and it was mostly bareback and saddle bronc riding. They even had a bucking mule and some steers. From then on he had a rodeo every year in the flat above the house where he built some chutes. The last one was held in 1961 and the money went to the Yavapai Sheriffs Posse for the scholarship fund in memory of Perry.

Martha was still in high school in 1961. Helen and Bud lived in Cottonwood where Bud worked for the phone company. We had a new granddaughter, Lori Lee, now too. She was born November 10, 1960 so Perry got to see her. He was real proud of his grand kids!

Perry's brother, Bill Jones, was living with us, and his mother was 86 years old and nearly blind so there was still work to do. I hired a Mr. and Mrs. Fields to help on the ranch. Bud came over and helped with the riding and roundup. In 1962 Bud quit the phone company and came to work for me. They moved to the Felder house.

Martha had graduated in 1961 and went to Lamsons Business College in Phoenix - coming home Friday and going back on Sunday. We put miles on the station wagon, then I bought a pickup and she drove back and forth.

After she finished the business college, the girls and I took a vacation, and, of course, the 2 grand kids. We went to Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, San Francisco, Cal Poly and our relatives in El Monte and Santa Ana. On January 26, 1963 Martha married Pete Woolsey in the church in Humboldt that we helped start.

Perry had kept a diary every year for close to 30 years. I would look

through it so we knew when he had weaned calves, branded (usually on Mothers' Day because then his brothers all came home to help) or when to grease wind-mills, what size the leathers were for each mill - just a lot of little things that come up on a ranch. How much feed was bought, how much we needed, etc. Bud contracted cows and calves to Frontier Days for calf roping and wild cow milking and took care of the cattle. I took care of the business, worked at Sam Hill's in Prescott and took care of Perry's mother. We were blessed with another granddaughter, Perl Jo Woolsey, on August 17, 1967.










Then December, 1967 we had that snow storm with a capital S! Bud tried to take a pack horse with medicine and groceries to Blue Hills' families. Planes dropped hay for stock and wildlife. The snow covered our fences. Then we had a little rain and more snow. Days afterward Bud got hold of a snowmobile so they could get around better. Virgie and Andy Carroll from the Carroll Mine were rescued and brought here. They spent Christmas with us. My ducks and geese flew south and some of them ended up on dinner tables in Humboldt! We shared groceries. A neighbor came to clear our road around the house and out to the highway. He broke our water line and the tank drained. We had to melt snow for water. It was a hectic 2 or 3 weeks, but we still had our Christmas crowd! We had 30 miles of fence to rebuild.

Then in September of 1968, while Bud and Perry were practicing for a father and son roping in Cottonwood, Bud's horse fell on him. He was severely injured and had to be taken to Barrows Neurological Center where he was in a coma for 6 weeks. He was in the hospital over 2 months. I kept Perry and Lori, and Helen stayed with Bud.

That fall we had to hire some help. My son-in-law, Pete, came to help, and Schell Dunbar sent a man out as he knew we needed help. He was Buck Jensen and worked here for 6 months to help get fences repaired and cattle fed during the winter.

Perry's great grandfather, Rev. James C. Bristow, his wife and family and Perry's grandfather, James W. Human, and his wife, Mary Evangeline Bristow Human, had all been in the wagon train that left Humansville, Missouri (named for James Human family) in 1875. They arrived in the Verde October 12, 1875, and immediately had a church meeting under a big cottonwood tree on the Verde River. It was conducted by Rev. James C. Bristow and for many years after there was a meeting held every year called "The Tree Meeting". All gathered, had picnic dinners and services. I remember once when we went they had a big barrel of lemonade! They also had baptizing.

Perry's mother, Martha Jane, was born October 27, 1875. The first white child born there where they settled in Middle Verde. Cottonwood was called Upper Verde, and Clear Creek area was Lower Verde; and of course Camp Verde then was Fort Verde. Called "The Fort" by everyone. Martha Jane grew up there. She married William Alfred Jones when she was 16. They had 4 little boys, when he died in 1901. Jane, as they called her, worked for several families and then she moved to Faugh Mine. A thriving mine then, just below north of the Blue Monster Mine of later years, on Cherry Creek grade. There was a big boarding house run by one of the Hudsons from the Cienega and Jane worked there. She met Jackson Henderson there. He was a freighter and wheelright from Springfield, Missouri. He had been in Mexico at the time of Pancho Villa's uprising and had

Colonel Green out of Mexico, then settled at Arivaipa. He was born about 1855 in Springfield. He registered the Circle X Cross  brand in Cochise County, then he came to the Verde and freighted. Jackson and Jane were married in the John DeKuhn house on Cherry in June, 1906. It was the same house we lived in when we first went to Cherry in 1917. Perry was born April 4, 1907 in Middle Verde on a little farm where the intersection of the road that goes to Cottonwood and the one that goes to Camp Verde, where the bridge crosses the Verde River. They lived there, and Mr. Henderson freighted. He transferred his brand to Yavapai County. They lived there 3 years, then decided to move to Dewey in 1909. They first lived on the old Dillard place, across from the Blue Hills Market now. They then homesteaded this place where I live now, and moved here in 1910. They used the  brand on their cattle. When Perry was 16 they had the  Half Box 6 recorded for him. Perry's half brother, William O. Janes, had the  brand. Then when Bill and Perry were partners in cattle in 1949, they recorded the  brand for the partnership. Martha Woolsey now has the  brand; Perry Cain and his sister, Lori, have the  brand; and Helen Cain has the  . I still have the  .

On July 22, 1969 our grandson Gerry Rube Woolsey was born in Prescott.

Perry's mother, Martha Jane Henderson, died September, 1969. She was 94 and had lived here since 1910. I took care of her here at the ranch with help from Helen and the rest of the family. She is buried on the hill where Perry is. Jackson Henderson died July 3, 1930.

Bud was better now and could take care of the work on the ranch. Helen worked at Safeway, then was secretary at Humboldt School for 12 years.

After the big snow storm, it took us a year to repair and rebuild our fences. Bud still had ropings and races at the old rodeo corral, and still furnished calves to Frontier Days for a few years.

My Dad, ~~Noval~~ Cherry, was living in the Pioneer Home, and out here a lot of the time. He passed away March 15, 1970. After his death, I took a trip to West Virginia with friends. Helen and Bud were taking care of things here. They had built a new house so lived just across the road from me.

May 7, 1971 Buckley E. Jensen and I were married in Phoenix. He was working at Knotts Berry Farm driving 6 horses to a stagecoach so we went to California for a few months. One of Perry's cousins stayed at the ranch to take care of my dogs, etc. We came home in time for the annual Christmas party.

Bud and Helen bought the ~~NE~~ cattle, and we divided the ~~NB~~ as Bill wanted out of the cattle business.

When Mrs. Henderson passed away, we had to sell her part of the ranch as there were 4 heirs. Bill wanted to sell his part, too, so that left me with all of Perry's part. We pastured cattle - some on partnership basis. Then in 1974 we sold all the cattle to Jack Fletcher. We took a trip to Alaska. We had a new pickup and camper so we drove there. It was a beautiful trip. When we came back we bought some more cattle. Buck won first place 2 times with calves we took to the calf sale at Hays' ranch. We sold some 4-H calves.

We then decided to take another trip. We bought a travel trailer and went to Idaho, Utah, Page, Lake Powell and the Grand Canyon. When we returned Buck put in permanent pasture and we raised some horses - sold some

of them. I have one Palomino mare left. He bought some Long Horns, but he began feeling bad about 1983. We found he had cancer and he passed away November 7, 1985.

I had both knees replaced in 1980. I haven't ridden horses since then, but otherwise get along fine.

I am a charter member of the Yavapai Cowbells, and was their first secretary. I am a member of the Board of Directors for the Yavapai Cattle Growers. I was their secretary for several years. I have served on the Soil Conservation Board, Farm Bureau secretary and treasurer, and on the F.H.A. as a member and chairman. I was a member of the Hospital Board for several years also. When Perry passed away, he was serving on the A.S.C. Board when Harry Irving was in office, and they asked me to finish out his term. Then I served on the Welfare Board for a couple of years. I served on the election board in Humboldt from 1938 to 1972 and worked on the Draft Board.

I have 2 daughters, 4 grand children and 3 great grand children. Helen and Martha both have homes near me. I have given each grand child 5 acres - after all, there is no new ground being made and they might want to build some day.

Perry Cain works for S.R.P. and is married to Bonnie Wegge from Prescott Valley. They have a little boy named Chance Henderson Cain. Lori Van Horn and husband Randy live in Prescott. They have 2 children, Deanna Lee and Tanner Cain. Peri Jo Woolsey Frank lives in Dewey with her husband, Matt. Rube Woolsey is in his second year of college and participates in many rodeos and ropings. He is going to school on a rodeo scholarship. He lives at Chandler during the school year.

Helen's husband, Bud, passed away January 28, 1989, and is buried on the hill with Perry and the rest of the family.

I still pasture cattle and horses, make gallons of apple butter from our trees and love to go places! Helen, Martha and I went to Hawaii in 1986. I have many more things to do and places to go so if I can't get a driver's license after I'm 90, I will get a motorized wheel chair. So, if you see someone coming down the road in a wheel chair, it's me going some place! Now I must stop and go sort apples and contemplate my future.

P.S. After I wrote this, I had a lot of questions asked of me - like what did you and your folks do for entertainment and how did you put up food, etc.

Of course we had no radios, T.V., etc. so evenings after work was done, we played checkers or Old Maid cards for the younger ones. My mother always read to us until I was old enough to read. My folks bought us a lot of books - I still have most of them. My folks told us stories, sang songs, like "After the Ball", "Two Little Girls in Blue", "The Haunted Falls", "Billie Venero" and many more. I learned to play cribbage.

We canned vegetables, dried fruit, dried beef for jerky. Perry's mother told me when she was young, people cut pumpkins in rings and dried them, hanging them on rafters in their houses. They also dried tomatoes for soups and stews. She said they saved all five gallon cans that sorghum, syrup and kerosene came in. They cut the top out, cleaned them good, then put the fruit they had cooked into the cans and soldered the lids back on. String beans were dried and sometimes pickled in salt brine. Of course everyone made sauerkraut and hominy, cabbage, turnips, potatoes, onions, etc. were put into a root

cellar, or a hole dug back in a bank and covered over.

Feed sacks, flour sacks and sugar sacks were made into clothing, curtains, etc. Nothing was ever wasted - the backs of men's shirts made children's clothing, aprons, etc. Any scraps left from blue jeans, shirts or dresses, went into quilts.

People didn't eat then as they do now. Cornmeal mush was a favorite evening meal in the wintertime. Nearly every family had a milk cow and chickens. Sour or clabber milk was an evening meal sometimes in summertime. Then of course on Holidays there was "good cookin" for "good eatin". Things people don't know about any more - chicken and dumplings, spoon bread, Yorkshire pudding, all kinds of pickled peaches, cucumbers - dill and sweet - jams, jellies, suet puddings, huge baked hams, home grown, jerky gravy with hot biscuits, son-of-a-gun stew, etc. All homemade and made from scratch, and other goodies too numerous to list.



## CHET AND JUANITA HOWELL

The following is a brief record of the career of Chet and Juanita Howell, who were professional western trick riders and trick ropers in the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's, and "lived in Arizona all the years that we could", by Juanita Howell.

It was their marriage, on horseback, at the fair and rodeo, in Centralia, Washington on August 9, 1936, that Chet and Juanita Howell combined their careers, into a team, and began offering their acts of trick riding and trick roping to professional rodeos in both the United States and Canada.

Their marriage was a feature of the night show. Louise and Montie Montana were their matron of honor and best man.

Chet and Juanita finished the season working for an Oregon rodeo stock contractor, who furnished them with horses to use in their acts. This contractor, Max Barbour, only had bookings in Oregon that fall, and cold weather came early there, so Chet and Juanita spent that winter in California.

Chet was born in San Jose, California on February 5, 1913. He was not born on a ranch, but he must have been born a "Little Cowboy". In the earliest pictures his mother has of him, he was wearing a cowboy hat and boots. Chet's father died when Chet was only 3 years old, and his mother never married again, but Chet had a cowboy friend and role model, in the person of Frank Dean. Frank lived near Chet in San Jose, and was a professional rodeo trick rider and trick roper.

With Frank's help, Chet trained his horse "Birdie" to do tricks and learned trick riding and trick roping. He also played the guitar and sang cowboy songs,

and was sometimes featured at local theaters.

Also, by the early 30's Chet was riding bulls and saddle broncs at California rodeos.

Before their marriage, Juanita, who was born in Sturgis, Michigan, on December 24, 1910, was trick riding and riding relay races in California for stock contractor, Bill Boren, of Modesto, California. Juanita Hackett, her name then, was entered in the Ladies trick riding contest in 1935 at the Tex Austin Rodeo at the Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles. That was where she first met Chet Howell, who was a contestant at the rodeo, also.

A circus cowboy named Art Boden was there to hire cowboys and cowgirls for a wild west show he was taking to Japan.

He hired Frank Dean, and Bernice Hoppe, and Chet Howell. He also wanted to hire Juanita Hackett and her mother, whose show name was "Prairie Fawn". Juanita didn't want to go without her mother, and her mother had recently retired and married a California man, and had no interest in going. So Juanita continued working for Bill Boren.

Although Juanita was born in Michigan, her maternal grand parents had homesteaded in Hayden, Colorado in the early 1900's. The homestead was in 2 parcels, and one deed was signed by the President, Woodrow Wilson, in 1920, and the other by Calvin Coolidge in 1928. Juanita hopes this gives her a little claim to western heritage, along with her mother being born in California, since Michigan can hardly be considered western, in any sense.

Juanita's mother, who was divorced from her father, had first introduced Juanita into the world of "wild west". Fawn, as she was known, was a performer

on the Jack King Rodeo and Wild West Show. She persuaded Mr. King to let her bring Juanita along to the show so Juanita could learn to "be a cowgirl". Juanita was with the show in 1931, 1932 and 1933. Her mother left the show in 1932, after she suffered a broken arm, that didn't heal properly. She had been riding a saddle bronc, and was "bucked off" causing the injury. In 1934 Juanita joined her mother in California, and soon was riding relay races at California Rodeos.

When Chet got back to the "States", after the close of the show in Japan, he toured part of the season with the Al G. Barnes Circus. He left the circus at Modesto, California, and went back to riding barebacks, bulls and saddle broncs at rodeos. As he followed many of the Bill Boren rodeos, he and Juanita became better acquainted.

By the summer of 1936, Chet and Juanita were considering marriage, if they could plan a way to make the transition. At the Centralia Fair and Rodeo, Montie Montana heard that they were contemplating marriage, although no date had been set. Montie, being the showman, that he still is, persuaded Chet and Juanita and the Fair Committee, on the idea to have the wedding as a feature of the night show on August 9, 1936. No one was too hard to convince, and the committee handled it all. They had announcements printed, flowers delivered, a reception with a wedding cake, and even invited them both to select wedding gifts from their stores.

Now back to the winter of 1936 in California. Chet's mother was glad to have her "cowboy" back home for a while anyway, although she knew now he had chosen the trail he would follow from then on.

Chet had taken his trained horse with him to Japan and sold it there, so they bought horses to train for trick riding and trick roping and proceeded to train them in the big yard at his mother's place.

Chet's friend Frank Dean and Bernice Hoppe had married while in Japan, also as a feature of the show in a horseback wedding. They were very helpful to Chet and Juanita and the four of them shared their plans and dreams for the future. The horses Chet and Juanita bought left a little to be desired though. Chet's horse was O.K., but Juanita's was just a mustang, not at all mean, but real "scarey". However by the spring of 1937, they were trained. In regular show-biz fashion, Chet found an ad in the "Billboard" magazine, wanting trick riders and trick ropers for the Jack Hoxie Circus, who would bring their own horses to use. In no time at all, the Howells were on their way to Tennessee to join the circus.

It was a real "fun" circus, really more like a wild west show, as the cowboys and cowgirls shared equal status and billing with the circus performers. However, the circus "folded" in June, and the Howells bought another "Billboard" magazine.

This time there was an ad for trick riders and trick ropers to join the Cole Bros., Ken Maynard, Clyde Beaty Circus. Again with their own horses to use. The Howells had another job. Although the mustang was no problem on the Hoxie circus, on this bigger circus, she found bigger scarey things to spook her. She sometimes gave Juanita more thrills than Juanita gave the audience, and the manager said they really had plenty of well-trained horses the Howells could use, and suggested sending the mustang and the pinto horse to the circus winter quarters

for the duration of the season. The Howells, especially Juanita, were happy to oblige.

The winter of 1937 found the Howells back in San Jose with different horses. Chet bought a well-trained mature horse from Buff Brady, Senior, a well-known trick rider, and a good, gentle, fast running mare for Juanita. They were soon ready to book rodeos and fairs for the 1938 season. Juanita made new costumes to match of bright-colored material, with fancy trimming, and sent their first advertising material with pictures of their acts to the fair list published in the "Billboard" magazine. That year they managed to book 11 rodeos, and entered contests at Cheyenne, Wyoming in the trick riding and trick roping events. To their surprise and delight, Chet won second place in the trick and fancy horse catching event, and Juanita won second place in the ladies trick and fancy riding event.

Six of the rodeos Chet and Juanita performed at during that 1938 season were in Arizona. Chet fell "head over heels in love" with Arizona. The dry climate was ideal for roping, as any roper will agree, and the owner of the Chandler rodeo arena invited them to use it for practice any time. Juanita discovered she had a cousin, Arlene Holland, living in Chandler, which "was the frosting on the cake", as far as she was concerned. The cousin and her family never tired of watching the Howells practice. Needless to add, the Howells mailing adress that winter was Chandler, Arizona.

In 1939, the Howells booked 26 Fairs and Rodeos, although one of them in Minot, North Dakota for Milt Hinkle did not "pay off". Juanita had heard similar reports of rodeos promoted by Milt Hinkle, while she was on the wild

west show, and advised Chet against the Minot booking. However, Chet thought he could surely trust the rodeo committee, but apparently they paid Hinkle, and he was the only one liable to pay off

In 1940 and 1941, it was a total of 22 rodeos and fairs worked each of those years. One of those that stood out in the Howell's minds was the McAlister, Oklahoma prison rodeo in 1941. During the rodeo, someone announced it had been reported that a bomb had been planted under the grandstand. Luckily, it turned out to be a false report. However, the event of the year that overshadowed any personal event was the bombing of Pearl Harbor. So far, however, rodeos had not been adversely affected, so the Howells just kept on "rodeoing", but wondered "for how long?".

While at their 18th rodeo in 1942, which was at Ogden, Utah, tire and gasoline rationing went into effect, and that put an end to their unhampered traveling. Luckily for the Howells, Ogden was the location of the Utah Quarter-master Depot, and workers were in demand at that time. In so much demand, in fact, that the Howells were promised time off to honor their nearby contracts, if they would take employment at the depot. Luckily the Howell's ten remaining bookings were not very far from Ogden, so they were happy to oblige.

Chet went to work in the telephone warehouse and Juanita started working as a teletype operator in the Signal Section of the depot.

This arrangement didn't last too long however. Chet found himself in the Army effective April 3, 1943. That turned out to be his occupation until February 1946, when he was honorably discharged. However, luck hadn't completely forsaken Chet. General Talbot, who was in charge of the depot,

asked that Chet be returned to serve at the depot. The request was approved, and Chet returned to Ogden and was put in charge of Guard Dog Training, so the Howells were able to perform at nearby rodeos once more.

However, on May 15, 1944, Chester received orders to depart for the Asiatic Pacific Theater, where he arrived, his records show on June 4, 1944. That did put an end to his rodeoing, for the time being, however, Juanita still worked a few close-by rodeos by herself, as well as working with other trick riders at the Ogden rodeo.

In the meantime, Chet had managed, somehow, to take a few of his ropes in the army with him, and he was able to keep in practice some, by entertaining fellow soldiers. He even sent back a picture doing one of his feature tricks of jumping through the loop while standing on the saddle of the horse, which in this case was an oil drum with pipe legs and a broom head. This picture was published in the "Buckboard" December, 1945 issue, a magazine published by the Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Juanita had also gotten her share of publicity. She was presented a "Certificate of Merit" by General Talbot, for a suggestion she made that the door of the administration building, at the depot, should be remodeled to open outward in case of emergency. A picture of the presentation of the award, in front of the door, was published in the Utah Quartermaster Depot Victory News, dated December 18, 1942.

On September 1, 1943, the Mounted Guard Force, which was an auxiliary to the Military Police of the U.S. Army, began hiring women as mounted guards. Juanita transferred to that section, and rode a horse inside the fence

line of the government reservation, until November 16, 1945, when she, and the other guards were honorably terminated due to the end of the war.

Juanita was happy of course, as everyone was, that the war was ended, but she was also happy that riding a horse in the bitter cold weather was over as well. She missed the Arizona winters she and Chet had experienced, in and near Phoenix, in the years prior to 1942.

Since one of the white horses, the Howells used in their acts before the war, was getting pretty aged and the other a little unsound, Chet and Juanita, both started the 1946 season with new pinto horses. During the trick riding act, at their third rodeo of the season, a photographer jumped out in front of Juanita's horse and frightened the horse with his flash bulb. The horse swapped ends and headed the other way so fast that Juanita was thrown off the side of her horse, with her foot twisted in a strap. As a result she suffered a sprained ankle, and was not sure for a time if she could get back into the saddle.

That rodeo was at Hayward, California at the Harry Rowell Ranch, which was not too far from where Juanita's mother was living in Santa Cruz. Since there was a little unbooked time before the next booked rodeo, Juanita's mother played nurse, and hot-packed the ankle. It was well enough for the next rodeo, by wearing an elastic bandage.

Before heading home the Howells had performed at 30 rodeos, and 22 in 1947. Before heading out again in 1948, they made a down payment on 40 acres, near Phoenix, so they would have a place in Arizona to come home to.

The Howells averaged 25 rodeos a year, for 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951 and 1952, and had burned the mortgage on their farm.



Juanita started looking ahead and realizing that working at rodeos was not earning them any Social Security, she advised Chet that she was going to stay home and become a wage earner. Chet found that hard to believe, and decided to head out on his own, if he had to.

He had to. Juanita was firm once she made up her mind. She was able to get various temporary typing jobs to keep employed. Chet did go out alone in 1953, 1954, 1955. It wasn't easy for him to get someone to ride for his roping at every show. In 1955, before he headed out, as the other years too, Juanita would ride for his roping practice. This particular year, he was in a hurry, and didn't feed or exercise the horses before he saddled up for their practice. Since Juanita had a steady job by then, they had bought a home closer to the bus line. Apparently, some neighbor children had been teaching the horses bad tricks. At the first touch of the spur, Juanita's horse bucked her off onto some very hard ground and broke her ankle.

After taking Juanita to the doctor, and seeing that she could walk O.K. with crutches, he headed out anyway. Chet's tours, however, got shorter and shorter, and he got interested in improving the farm, so he also retired, except for nearby rodeos, of course. They worked at Prescott, Arizona for the second time in 1958. Chet was close to having enough service at the Postal Service to retire, but he died of a heart attack, on Juanita's birthday, December 24, 1973.

Juanita worked on her job for the State Department of Employment Security until December 1975, when she retired with full benefits at age 65.

In 1971, Chet changed the farm, from a farm, into a number of fenced irrigated pastures, with set-ups for mobile home pads to rent. Until then, he

had leased the land out to be farmed by others, who either planted cotton or alfalfa. When they planted alfalfa, they sometimes grazed it off with sheep and/or cattle, before they finally cut it for hay. Chet sure liked the sight of that. He would probably have been a rancher, if he could have. He always did refer to the farm as a ranch, which was California practice.

After Chet died, Juanita kept wondering what to do with all their rodeo costumes and equipment. In 1978, a partial answer to the question, came in the mail from Montie Montana, Jr., wanting to buy their trick riding saddles to use on his "Buffalo Bill Wild West Show". Juanita was most happy to oblige. The show was booked in Janpan in the fall. Later Juanita received a letter from him stating, "We're on our way to Japan, and I'll always feel good about the idea that we're using Chet and Juanita's saddles in our show". Juanita replied, "I feel good about it too".

Juanita still had a closet full of their costumes, all of which she had personally designed and made on a little portable Singer sewing machine, equipped with a ratchet handle to use when there was no electricity available, while enroute, and between rodeos.

In December 1980, Juanita received her first letter from Don Bell, an old-time cowboy, who was writing articles for western magazines. He wanted pictures and printed copy to use for some articles. Some of the articles, with pictures, appeared in "The Western Horseman", November, 1981; "The World of Rodeo & Western Heritage", December, 1981; and "True West", March, 1986 issue (which was the Texas 150th Anniversary issue).

It also turned out that Don Bell, as early as 1983, had nominated Juanita

for induction into the National Cowgirls Hall of Fame, in Hereford, Texas. By mail dated December 11, 1985, Juanita was notified by Margaret Formby, the president of the board, that she had been selected by them for induction on June 21, 1986. They also wanted pictures, publicity material, costumes and memorabilia for a personal display, behind glass.

Earlier in 1985, and again thanks to Don Bell, Juanita had found a home for many of their pictures, publicity articles, costumes and memorabilia, at the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, D. C., for their National Museum of History, so her earlier concern for what to do with these items was being abated.

The induction ceremony of the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame, and Western Heritage, took place at a luncheon at the Country Club. It was part of a three day affair, which included a Ranch picnic reunion, and the Rhinestone Roundup, a dance, entertainment and a silent auction of articles donated by local businessmen.

This Hall of Fame has only been in existence 15 years, but they induct three cowgirl honorees, and three Western Heritage honorees each year, so that adds up to a lot of famous western women.

Juanita was not only proud to become a part of this group of honorees, but thrilled to find how many of them she knew, or had known. Among these honorees of Juanita's acquaintance are: Betty Kruse Accomazzo, who was a 1983 Western Heritage Honoree, from Laveen, Arizona. She was honored for being a gifted historian, who authored and researched a book on Arizona's first early ranches, and was an officer in the National and State Cowbelles. Her death on May 16, 1989, was a great loss and felt by many, including Juanita.

Karen Womack Vold, a 1978 Cowgirl Honoree, a former Arizonian, and a popular trick rider, performed along with the Howells, at the Prescott, Arizona rodeo, as late as 1958, and is now a rodeo producer, along with her husband.

Margie Greenough Henson, a 1978 Cowgirl Honoree, of Tucson, Arizona, honored for being the only lady bronc rider for many years in Jack King's Wild West Rodeo Show in the 1930's...one of the famous family known as the "Riding Greenoughs..."

Juanita, while on the same show with Margie and her husband Chuck and baby Chuck, Jr., used to baby-sit Chuck, Jr. while his parents performed.

Vivian White Dillard, 1985 Cowgirl Honoree, of Warner, Oklahoma, won World Championship, Madison Square Garden, Fort Worth, Cheyenne. She also won the Ladies trick riding contest at Cheyenne, in 1938, the year Juanita won second place.

Nine other inductees, Juanita has performed at rodeos with are: Alice Greenough Orr, Mary Williams Park, Vera McGinnis Farra, Lucille Mulhall, Fay Johnson Blessing, Fay Blackstone, Tad Lucas, Alice Adams Holden and Gene Craig Creed.

Two other honorees from Arizona are:

Nel Sweeten Cooper, Kirkland, Arizona, who homesteaded her ranch over 60 years ago.

Doris Siebold, Patagonia, Arizona, a ranch-bred teacher and noted author of "Culture of the Southwest",

After all these years, it is heart warming to have so many western

women honored. They are each a story unto themselves. The cowboy halls of fame, started much earlier.

Juanita's and Chet's honors haven't stopped at Hereford, Texas either. Since then, the newly opened Gene Autry Museum and Western Heritage in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, California, have requested and received a matching set of Chet and Juanita Howell's trick riding costumes, as well as pictures, spinning ropes, etc.

Although Juanita has been retired now from Rodeo over 30 years, and retired from her wage earning job for the State, 14 years, she still keeps active in local affairs. She is a 27 year member of the Order of the Eastern Star, a member of the Neighborhood Church, a participant in the yearly South Phoenix Festival of Thanksgiving, and helps, when she can, with the distribution of the "Back to School Clothing Drive", which provides a new set of clothes to poor children to start school in the fall, so they won't be tempted to "drop out".

Her participation in the South Phoenix Festival, now, is mostly riding in the parade, and manning a bazaar booth at Fair day. She rides in the parade, usually on a float with other "Past Queens" as they are called, of the annual "Ms. South Phoenix Pageant", of which Juanita was the winner in 1981. The contest was for ladies 60 years and older, and had 4 categories: to wear a dress that was in style when the entrant was 20 years old; also to model a bathing suit; an evening gown, and perform a talent. Of course Juanita did some rope spinning for her talent. Not too much, "just enough to keep them wanting more", as the old show biz saying advises. (They didn't have to know that was all I could still do, with my arthritis and age and all, did they?"

Juanita asks.)

In 1986, although she had still been renting the fenced and irrigated pastures, with Mobile home pads, that Chet had "going", Juanita sold Chet's "Ranch", as he always called it. Neighbors on both sides had turned industrial, in a big way, and it was the only way to go. The area got too noisy for the tenants, who had moved there for the "peace and quiet", so Juanita just sold it to one of the neighbors, who both wanted it.

Juanita is proud that Chet and Juanita Howell were included in the book, "World's Oldest Rodeo", by Danny Freeman, published by Prescott Frontier Days, April, 1988.

## HERSCHEL DOWNS

Born October 2, 1912 at Liberal, Kansas

Herschel Downs is the son of Alonzo C. Downs and Lula Potter Downs.

In 1916 the Downs family moved to Colorado to homestead, near a little town of Elder.

After spending 6 years in Colorado, in 1922 they moved back to southwest Kansas, near the town of Elkhart. This is the place that Herschel spent his growing up years, on a farm. After spending most of his younger years riding the stock of his father's farm, he decided to take up rodeoing, so in 1934 he left to start a rodeo career.

In 1934 Herschel, Ken Hargis, Earl Simmons, wife and baby, and a boy by the name of Sheldon, loaded up for Colorado and the rodeo life.

They toured around the Denver area and other places in Colorado, then left for a little place called Akron, Kansas. After getting to Akron they discovered that instead of a rodeo, it was supposed to be a wild west show, but the people that were supposed to put it on didn't show up, so they asked the few cowboys that had come to participate to stay and help gather some stock together and put on a rodeo. At this rodeo Herschel acted as the clown, which was a first for him. A lady at the boarding house found him an old clown suit left from a circus. It wasn't a great show, but the people of Akron seemed to enjoy it very much and as for Herschel, though he did his clown job well, he decided to end his clown career on this one experience.

After this they moved around following the rodeos and finally came to Pueblo, Colorado. It was at this show that Herschel saw his first Brahma Bulls.

His first impression was that they were big and awkward and he wouldn't have any trouble riding them; till after he made his first draw, which was McCarty, and Elliott's top bucking and fighting bull, number 18. After his attempt at riding number 18, he discovered he had overlooked something about riding Brahama bulls. On his first, but very short ride, he found that these bulls were neither slow or awkward. Herschel went on to ride a total of 5 Brahama bulls at this show and was real happy to win a first and a second in day money.

After rodeoing about 3 months, at a show in St. Louis, he decided it was time to add Bare Back Riding to go with the Bull riding, and managed to do pretty good at that too. After this rodeo they went on to Omaha, then to Oklahoma, where he had already made his ride on a mount money steer and started to step off and broke his leg. After spending the winter recovering from this, he went back to rodeoing. They went back across Colorado and around, winding up in Arizona that winter.

After getting to Arizona, he worked for Irvin Walker, then the Dude Ranches on Beaver Creek and the surrounding ranches in that country, making some of the rodeos in the southern part of Arizona on his days off, then on to Prescott for the 4th of July Rodeo in 1936. Herschel participated in all of the 4th of July Rodeos in Prescott from 1936 through 1945. He won bull riding in Prescott in 1942.

After arriving in Arizona, he worked at the M Diamond Ranch, Brockett's Ranch, Thunder Bird Ranch and T Bar S Ranch, then went on to Seligman and worked for the Fort Rock Ranch and the Double O Ranch. After this he went to work for Western Farm Management Company, on several different ranches that they managed.



It was after Herschel came to Arizona that he met and became a very good friend of Perry Henderson, who was a stock contractor and rancher at that time. He felt that Perry was one of the best men that he had ever met, and was the greatest Bronc rider ever.

Herschel married Barbara Boyd in 1938, and in 1946 they bought a ranch at Blue, Arizona. They had one child, a son, Michael Boyd Downs, born in 1947. Herschel and Barbara were divorced in 1953, at which time he bought her share in the ranch and continued to own and live on this ranch on Blue River ever since.

In 1947 Herschel met the great lion and bear hunters, Dale and Clell Lee. He started going out hunting with them and got so interested that he bought a pack of hunting dogs and took up hunting on his own. Herschel helped Dale and Clell with their hunting parties when they needed it and in 1952 he went to Mexico to help them with a party of Jauguar hunters. In later years Dale spent quite a lot of time here, hunting out from the ranch and training hound dogs. Herschel, Dale and Clell remained good friends and hunted together until both Clell and Dale passed away.

In July, 1954 Herschel married Ramona Rehurek. They have 2 daughters, Debra JoAnn Downs, born February, 1956, and Mona Lorraine Downs, born May, 1957, who both grew up to be top ranch hands. In 1975 Debbie was stolen away by Brian Jennings, a nice young man from Tonto Basin. They own a ranch on the Verde River now. He was able to hang on to Mona until 1987, at which time she was stolen away by another very nice young man from Springerville, William Scott Bunnell. They are working for Herschel on the ranch on the Blue.

Herschel is a charter member of the National Cattlemen's Association. He spent quite a few years as President of the Apache Forest Advisory Board. He is a member of the Arizona State Cattle Growers' Association, and has been on several of their committees, and he is a member and past-President of the Greenlee County Cattle Growers Association.

To sum up his 43 years on the Blue River Ranch:

He feels that most of his years have been happy ones, he has done what he wanted with his life, owning a ranch and raising Herefords. It's a rough country, but a good country to raise cattle. Herschel is still very active with the work on the ranch and has only his daughter and son-in-law to help. He feels that he has been happy in Arizona and that Arizona has been very good to him.

(Ramona Downs with the help of Herschel wrote this Ranch History of Herschel Downs on August 8, 1989.)

## MARSHALL AND BILLIE HARTMAN

Prescott, Arizona

Marshall was born on April 7, 1913 in the home of his great aunt, Liz Marshall, near the town of Dillon, Colorado to Nettie and George Hartman. George Hartman spent his entire life ranching in Colorado.

Rhoda May Hartman (Billie) was born in a little town called Redcliff, Colorado, to Rhoda and Adrian Reynolds, March 16, 1915. When she was quite young the family moved to Eagle, Colorado where her father owned and published the local newspaper.

Billie graduated from high school at Eagle and later went to the University at Boulder, Colorado. Then she spent some time as a legal secretary, and then worked for her father on the newspaper.

Marshall spent his growing up time on a ranch in Eagle, Colorado. After finishing high school in 1932 he worked at various jobs that included sawmill work, ranch work and even cooking in a large restaurant at Grand Junction, Colorado. In 1935 Marshall's dad and an uncle by marriage bought two ranches near Wolcott, Colorado, and Marshall entered into a partnership agreement with them.

Billie and Marshall were married November 12, 1939, and made their home at the ranch near Wolcott. The partnership broke up in 1944, and then Marshall and his father bought a ranch near Hayden, Colorado. (This fall, 1989, they will celebrate their 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary.)

On January 1, 1946 Marshall and Billie took over the management of the San Rafael Ranch in Santa Cruz County, Arizona which was owned by the Greene

Cattle Company under the supervision of Charlie Wiswall who lived in Cananea, Sonora, Mexico where the company owned large land holdings and had a large cattle operation. Billie was hired as secretary and bookkeeper. The Hartmans took over from Tom Heady who had been managing the ranch.

The cattle company had registered Hereford cattle on the San Rafael Ranch mainly to supply bulls for their ranches in Mexico. They maintained a herd of about 850 registered cows.

After the Hartmans were there about a year and a half, the Greene family decided it best to break up their large ranch holdings in Mexico, Arizona and California. The Greene children by then were all grown men and women. Bill Greene, the oldest son, and his mother, Mrs. Charlie Wiswall, retained all the holdings in Old Mexico, while the other children took all the land and property in the United States.

When the ranch split up, they quit shipping bulls to Mexico so there had to be a market created for some 400 Hereford bull calves. Marshall realized this to be a problem so he selected 300 of the best cows to be the registered herd and turned every thing else into a commercial cow and calf operation. Needless to say, this was one of the best commercial herds around at that time.

Marshall began showing both feeder steers and breeding cattle in the Cow Palace in San Francisco, California, Los Angeles Livestock Show and the Phoenix Show, winning four consecutive champion car loads of feeder calves at the Cow Palace Show and six consecutive championships on pens of 5 and 10 feeder calves at the Phoenix Show, and 4 consecutive championships on pens of three registered Hereford breeding heifers.

Marshall helped establish the Phoenix Livestock Show, and Bud Webb and Marshall made up the first Feeder Calf Committee. This is now the Arizona National Livestock Show.

Marshall and Billie's oldest son, Frank, was born in 1945 at Hayden, Colorado, and was about six months old when the family moved to the San Rafael Ranch in Santa Cruz County, Arizona. The two younger sons were born in Nogales, Arizona -- David in 1947 and Mike in 1951.

The Hartmans experienced some interesting times while on the San Rafael Ranch. In 1952 the movie "Oklahoma" was filmed on the ranch. The family received free tickets to the Premier Showing in Hollywood; they went and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Throughout the showing the young sons commented several times, "Remember when that happened?" The comments and whisperings embarrassed their mother.

The ranch was used another time as a movie set when John Wayne filmed his movie, "McClintock", there.

Marshall and Billie bought a ranch at Kremmling, Colorado in 1957, and later sold it to a New York banker.

In 1966 Marshall bought a half interest in Ray Cowden registered Herefords. The name was changed to Cowden Herefords. In about 1978 Ray sold the ranch to the Ruskin family of Phoenix, and in 1980 Marshall and Billie bought a home in Prescott.

For many years Hartman was active in the Arizona Cattle Growers and Yavapai Cattle Growers Associations. He is still a member of the Yavapai Cattle Growers and served as its president in 1971.

After graduation I had to work at the ranch and also work as a carpenter in town. It was while I was helping build a packing house for E. P. Sandler that I met his daughter, Thelma. It was love at first sight for both of us and we were married in 1937 by Reverend E. A. Anderson, and we have had many happy years together.

We worked for E. P. Sandler a few years at the Sandler Packing Company, then bought him out and ran it ourselves a few years before selling it.

Our daughter, Virginia, was born in 1939 while we were living at the Packing House. After we sold the Packing House I worked full time as a carpenter. We lived in town awhile but we moved back out to the ranch so we could better take care of the cattle. In 1974 I retired from carpentering so I could devote full time to the ranch.

When Pastor Smyth came to Prescott he led me to the Lord to become a Christian. He spent many happy hours at the ranch helping me ride and roundup. We sure do miss him.

I have done a lot of carpenter and repair work at the Prescott Baptist Church; I get joy and satisfaction in seeing so many people being able to use and enjoy the things I have built there.

My wife, Thelma, wrote the following before she passed away on February 21, 1988:

#### THELMA STORM

My father and mother both came from farm families, mother from Kimmundy, Illinois and dad from Perryville, Missouri. They both went to St. Louis for work, where they met. Dad was a butcher and mother a tailor and milliner. At that

time women's hats were mostly handmade.

I was born December 16, 1909. I had a sister, Virginia, who was born December 7, 1914, and died in 1921 from diphtheria.

In February 1916 dad came to Arizona to join his chum. They met in Phoenix. The chum went to Ajo to work in the mines. Dad heard of a job in Prescott, which he got. Mother and we children arrived in Prescott the 23rd of May, 1916.

Mother was a Baptist and went into the local church at once. Dad and we children went with her. Dad was converted and baptized in 1916, and I joined the church in 1921.

In 1926 dad bought into a meat packing company in Phoenix. We moved there and after graduation from high school I attended one year at Grand Island Baptist College in Nebraska. While there mother had cancer surgery. The next year and half I attended Redlands University in California.

In January, 1931 I quit college to go home to take care of mother who was dying from cancer. After her death, dad sold his part of the packing house in Phoenix, and we moved back to Prescott.

Dad opened a packing house on Iron Springs Road, and after a few successful months he was burned out. Later he built another one on U. S. Highway 89 and Willow Lake Road. It was here Keith and I met and were soon married. It has been a happy marriage. We have a daughter named Virginia Sue.

Most of my life has been in Prescott where I have been active in the church. For a number of years I worked with the young people, teaching and sponsoring their activities. I was also active in the choir until thyroid and

heart surgery interfered.



## FAY AND ELLIS (TULLEY) MOORE

By Fay Moore

My husband, William Ellis (Tulley) Moore, was born January 2, 1909, in Cleburne, Texas. His father was John Robert Moore from Madison, Iowa. His mother was Clara Lee Wooten from Cleburne, Texas. There were 11 children in the family, five girls and six boys. They left Texas in the fall of 1912 and came to Arizona. They had a farm and ran cattle along the Gila River. The children went to school at Hubbard, Arizona, and later at Thatcher, Arizona. Tulley later went to Eagle Creek and worked for the various ranchers there.

I, Fay Moore, was born in Clifton, Arizona, April 23, 1909. My father was Fred Stacy from Iola, Kansas, and my mother was Mary Laney from Luna, New Mexico. There were 10 children in our family, two girls and eight boys. We lived on the HL ranch until January 1911, then moved to LUE ranch. I attended school at the ranch in Clifton.

Tulley and I were married in Greenlee County Courthouse, July 1, 1930 by Judge Dave W. Ling. He was an old friend of my father, and when he finished the marriage service he turned to me and said, "Fay, when I tie a knot it stays tied. See that this one does." It has.

Tulley was working for Fred Fritz that year and out in camp with the other hands so I stayed with my folks. Whenever they were working at the XXX's Freddie would send Tulley down to get me and I would stay there.

In 1931 we moved to Clifton. Tulley got a job building fence for the Forest Service. I was expecting our first child. He was born May 30th.

We named him Fred Ellis Moore. When he was about two months old he became very ill. The doctor advised us to get him out of the heat in Clifton. At that time there were no coolers or air conditioning, so I took him to my folks ranch and Tulley stayed in Clifton to finish the job.

After Tulley finished his fence job, he went back to work for Freddie Fritz. In 1933 we moved to a ranch owned by Freddie. It was called the Bell Place as Bob Bell had owned it. It was very isolated, about 24 miles from the nearest highway, Highway 666. There were so many rattlesnakes there that we were afraid to go outside after dark. We killed three rattlers the first morning we were there. We screened a long porch that was built the entire length of the house so Fred would have a safe place to play. There was a nice orchard there and a good field of alfalfa.

When Tulley cut the hay we really had to be on the watch for snakes, and sometimes he'd cut one up with the mower. We raised a good garden and lots of chickens, and of course we had our milk cow so we got along very well despite the Depression that was going on.

During the time we were at the Bell Place, Tulley got a temporary job hunting and trapping for the Biological Survey. He bought one trained dog from Arthur Cloudt. We had three untrained dogs so Tulley started out with the four of them. It didn't take the three untrained dogs long to find out what it was all about, and the four of them made a good team. I used to love to watch the dogs when they were on the trail of a lion. They worked so differently. Tulley was on two months probationary period so he really got busy. The job paid \$200 a month which was for that time a very high paid job. I took Fred down to stay with my

folks. He was delighted. He had my younger brothers to play with there. I went to camp with Tulley up on Horse Canyon. The horse pasture there was up on a steep mountain. We made a trade that we could take turns cooking breakfast and wrangling horses. We had a Shepherd dog so when it was my turn to get the horses I'd sit down and wait for him to bring the horses down. Finally, Tulley got suspicious and followed me one morning. After that he cooked breakfast every morning as the dog, Showboy, wouldn't get the horses for him.

We put in a lot of long, hard days hunting and when the weather got cold, we went back to the Bell Place. One morning Tulley started out to look at some traps he had set by a lion kill. He told Fred if he caught a lion he would get him a jar of peanut butter when he went to town to send in his report. That evening when he came in he told Fred he'd have to get him two jars of peanut butter. He had two traps set by the kill and he had a lion in each one of them.

Tulley did very well with the hunting job and when it ran out he was tied with Ernest Lee, second from the top. Giles Goswick was ahead of him by one lion, I think. Tulley had been hunting 8 months, the rest of them 12 months.

When the hunting job ran out, Tulley went back to work for Freddie. Duke Richardson was also working there.

We stayed at the Bell Place until we bought our present ranch from Cliff and Pearl Martin. We bought it in January of 1937, but we didn't move up there until April of that year. Mr. Richardson was farming the place at the time.

A day or so after we got there I couldn't find Fred. I hunted and hunted for him. Just as I began to panic, he came strolling in. He said he'd been visiting the next door neighbors. I didn't know we had any. There was a family

who worked for the CCC camp living just around the bend from us. Their name was Layton. Now we call the place where they lived Layton Canyon.

When we moved our cattle to the ranch, we drove them up the river from my dad's place. Bill Slaughter helped us bring them up. It took us two long, hard days, and I was glad to get home with them.

Since there were no roads at the Bell Place, all of our stuff had to be packed out on mules. Tulley and one of my brothers took 12 mule loads of stuff up the river. On one mule they had my treadle sewing machine on one side and a big crate of chickens on the other side. We laughed when they unpacked that mule. One of the hens had laid on the way up and the egg was not broken. There were no pastures at the ranch so we had to keep one horse tied up to wrangle the others. Also, there was no electricity, no phone, no running water in the house and no gas heat. Tulley said we had running water. A whole river of it. But it still had to be bucketed to the house.

We had left Fred with my folks while we moved the cattle, so when we went back after him we borrowed my dad's car to take some things up to the ranch. When we returned it we bought ourselves a 1934 Ford pickup. We drove it ten years, then sold it for as much as we had given for it. I had never learned to drive, so while Tulley was up on the summer range with the cattle I would put Fred in the truck so I wouldn't run over him, and I would drive round and round the yard. Finally, I ventured out to the road and by the time Tulley came home I was driving all over the place.

We had a very nice family who lived a little way up the river from us. They were Lee (Colonel) Haynes and his wife Lillian. When we came to the

ranch they had two little boys and later had two more. They lived close enough that our boys could play together, which was nice. We've never had better neighbors or friends than they were.

Fred started school the year we moved to the Blue. His teacher was Gertrude Songer. She was a sister to Katharine Lee. I had already taught Fred to read, write and his numbers so he did very well and liked school. The school house was close enough that he could come home for lunch and he liked that. He graduated from the eighth grade on the Blue, then took his high school by correspondence course. Later, after he was grown and working for Phelps Dodge, he went to EAC in Thatcher. He says now that he learned a lot in the school of hard knocks.

When we first went to our summer range on the White Mountains, the country all looked alike to me, a big cienega surrounded by trees and then more of the same. I had no idea where I was, but when I decided to go back to camp, all I had to do was pitch my horse a little slack. He sure did like camp.

In 1942 we had another son, Kenneth Berl Moore. He was born in the Morenci Hospital, May 31, just eleven years and one day after Fred. While we were waiting for him to show up, we rented a house from Isabel Fernandez, and Tulley went to work for Phelps Dodge. When Kenneth was about three weeks old, Tulley quit his job, and we went out to my folks ranch. We stayed there a few days and then went home.

Unlike Fred, who traveled very well, Kenneth hated to go anywhere in a car. However, when Tulley hitched the team to the wagon, Kenneth was ready to go. He called it, "The Work Team Wagon." When Tulley plowed with the

team, Kenneth liked to ride one of the mules and hold onto the manes. When he was a year old my dad came up and helped Tulley build a log camp cabin up on the mountain. He put a window in the front of the cabin about six or eight inches off the floor. He put a thick, wide board at the bottom and rasped it down smooth. Kenneth could sit there and look out at whatever was there.

In 1944, Tulley went to work for the State Highway Department. He and Si Richardson were stationed at Strayhorse during the summer, then they sent Tulley to Greys Peak for the winter. Fred was going to school and trying to keep feed and salt out for the cattle. Kenneth was little, and I just couldn't keep up with it. I got Tulley to quit and come home. It didn't take much urging.

In 1946, after we got the cattle moved out, Tulley and I both went to work for the Forest Service. They put us on PS Lookout. We had a little two-roomed house to live in. It was pretty up there and I enjoyed it. Kenneth found a horned toad up there and I explained to him that it was our friend because it ate flies, scorpions and other bugs. One day some of the men came up with the water truck. Kenneth told them the toad was his friend. Pretty quick he grabbed a rock and killed the toad. One of the men said, "I thought he was your friend." Kenneth said, "I did too, but I didn't like the way he was looking at me."

In 1947, the Forest Service sent us to the Hannagan Meadow station to answer the phones there. In those days there were no radios. There was a phone in each lookout tower and Hannagan was the central for all of them. Kenneth had a good time there catching chipmunks. I answered the phone, Fred and Tulley went to fires.

Tulley drove the school bus a couple of years, and I janitored the school house. I made enough to buy myself a washing machine. It was a Maytag machine with a gasoline motor. We had to get water out of the river to wash with it. Louise Bowman brought her washing down from Whispering Pines one day and we got a laugh out of Ed. He grabbed a bucket and would ride his horse out to the river, dip up a bucket of water, and ride back. He spilled more than he got to the washer. Ed didn't believe in doing anything he couldn't do off the back of a horse.

When my youngest brother, Jim, was ready for the eighth grade, he came up and stayed with us and went to school. He and Fred had a wonderful time that winter. The graduates that year were Jim and June Oliver.

The fall cattle were a pretty good price so we decided to sell enough to pay the ranch out. Two of my brothers, Ed and Jim, came up to help drive to Alpine. Tulley, Fred, Ed, Jim and my Uncle George drove the cattle. I took the truck. It took us two days to get there. We sold to Walter Bonheim. We were mighty glad to get home, but we were also glad to be out of debt. We also had some cattle left on the range. This was in 1941 before Kenneth was born.

The year Fred was in the eighth grade, the teacher, Edna Snyder, took pneumonia and was unable to teach. Bill Marks came down and hired me to take her place until she recovered. So while Fred and I went to school, Tulley took care of Kenneth at home. One day Johnny Brown came down while I was at school. Kenneth was out wading in the irrigation ditch and Tulley was in the house asleep. After that Johnny came down every day to help keep an eye



on Kenneth. The graduates from the school that year were Fred and Frankie Lou Hodges.

Kenneth's first teacher was Katharine Wolfe. He went to school on the Blue for three years, then due to family illness, I moved to Clifton and he went to school there. He finished the eighth grade and graduated from high school in Clifton. After graduating, Kenneth went to Phoenix and started working construction there with Fred. Fred started a company there, Mercury Constructors, and they kept pretty busy with it.

Fred married Joyce Bennett and they had two children, Fred, Jr., (Stoney) and a daughter, Mary Ann. Stoney now has three kids of his own, two girls and one boy. Mary lost her first child, but now she has a boy and a girl.

Kenneth married Carolyn Baker. They have three children, a boy, Ken, and two daughters, Linda and Diane. Ken and his wife Colleen have two boys and two girls. Dianne has a little stepdaughter and new one coming up soon. Linda works for the Postal Service in Phoenix and is not married.

Tulley and I worked at Hannagan Meadow until the spring of 1951. At that time one of my brothers and his wife had a pair of twin boys, Dennis and Douglas Stacy. They had a four year old brother, David. Their mother became ill, so I took the boys home with me. We were taking cattle to the mountain one spring day, and it was snowing straight down, and the Forest Service men were there to count the cattle onto the range. In those days we drove the cattle up. I had to put some pillows in a lettuce crate and set the crate on the truck seat and put the babies in it. I had taken a lunch along and I wondered



why the Forest men didn't come to eat. When I looked around, there they stood looking through the truck window watching the babies play.

The twins have spent a lot of time with us through the years. Now they are grown with families of their own whom we enjoy very much. They love the ranch and now do all the ranch work for us. We couldn't make it without them as we are not able to do the work any more.

Tulley went to work again for the Arizona Highway Department in 1957. We were at Strayhorse first, then they sent us to Greys Peak. We stayed there until 1974, then we moved to Clifton and worked at 3-Way camp for a year. Tulley retired in 1975.

A few years before he retired, we had bought Mother Fritz's home in Clifton. We had fixed it up and really enjoyed living there. In 1983 while we were at the ranch, we had a flood in Clifton that practically ruined the town. We had four and one-half to five feet of muddy water in our home. Everything was ruined.

At that time Kenneth was working for Wyman Construction in Alaska. He gave his renters notice and when they moved out of his house in York Valley we moved in. This was December 19th. In the meantime, while we waited for the renters to move out, we lived with Doug and Charlene. The baby then was Kambrah and she really was a cutie.

Fred and his present wife, Sylvia, have a registered Hereford ranch at Willcox. They have built a beautiful home there. Fred works for Tanner Construction Company in Phoenix, and Sylvia works for Honeywell there. So they only get to ranch on weekends.

Kenneth and his wife, Rondi, live in Scottsdale. He also works for Tanner Construction Company as does Fred's son, Stoney.

I know very little about the history of our ranch. I have been told that the man who owned it, Snyder, got in an argument with his brother-in-law, George Thompson, and Thompson killed him. His wife, Jenny Snyder, apparently finished proving up on the place as the patent is made out to Jenny May, formerly Snyder.

A few years ago we had the pleasure of meeting and visiting the lady for whom the original house was built. She was Ida Balke of Reserve, New Mexico. Her son Clifford and his wife brought her over to see the old place. It was interesting to hear her experiences while she was living there.

We have been blessed with a lot of good neighbors and friends on the Blue, and it is a pleasant place to live.

## JOHN BABBITT AND THE CO BAR

by Shawn Cameron

(Reprinted from the July, 1989 ARIZONA CATTLELOG with permission of the Arizona Cattle Growers, John Babbitt and Shawn Cameron.)

"Pardon me if I lead the way", said John Babbitt. One hand gripped a plain brown leather briefcase. The other carried the morning newspaper. He smiled and spoke a greeting to those he passed as he strode to his office at the end of the hall.

His room on the second floor of the San Francisco Street office building in Flagstaff is similar to those around it, and yet this room is special. The long, narrow room has had the same occupant for approximately 40 years.

At the opposite end of the door, darkly printed floor to ceiling draperies, new in 1959, are now drawn permanently to each side of the small window. The beautiful wood desk before it is neat and organized. The high ceilings and walls are painted white and sparsely adorned with old photos and artwork. However, these framed treasures relate a visual story of northern Arizona's history through the lives of the Babbitt family. They encompass a century of involvement, and leadership, in mercantile and ranching business.

The Babbitt's Arizona story began in Flagstaff in 1886. Enticed by stories of ranching opportunities in the west, William and David Babbitt left their home and businesses in Cincinnati, Ohio to explore the "possibilities" of New Mexico and Arizona. New Mexico was unsuitable so the two brothers continued on. When they stepped off the train in Flagstaff they decided to stay.

They were full of ambition and wasted no time getting started. It was not long before they invested almost all their finances in 1,200 head of cattle that had recently trailed out of Kansas. Excited about their purchase, the young cattlemen created a brand to identify their animals. It represented their Cincinnati, Ohio roots -- the CO Bar CO .

Unfortunately disaster struck and the cattle market fell drastically the following year, destroying all profits. Rather than accept defeat, the Babbitts decided to diversify. David turned to his Cincinnati experience and opened a sash and door business. Now they were established in two ventures that provided products in great demand to the growing territory -- meat and building supplies. Over the years the two businesses proved to be a good marriage.

"Sometimes the cattle business would keep the stores open," John said, "and other times it was vice versa."

In 1889 David became permanently established in the mercantile business by building the Aspen, San Francisco Street building. This is the present location of the Babbitt office headquarters for their mercantile and ranching businesses.

Not long after William and David arrived in Flagstaff they were joined by their brothers Charles, "C.J."; George; and Edward. John's father, C. J., would later join William in playing an important role in the Babbitt cattle business and trading company.

C. J. married a hometown Cincinnati girl by the name of Mary Verkamp. C. J. and Mary were settled in Flagstaff when their son John George was

born on May 19, 1908. It was this child that would later continue, and make prosper, the ranching interest of William and Charles.

John attended elementary and high school in Los Angeles because his mother was bothered by Flagstaff's high elevation. During the summers, however, he would return home to the Arizona mountains. After high school, John went to college at several locations: Georgetown in Washington, D. C., Loyola in Los Angeles, and Santa Clara College. Finally, he attended a business college in Boston where he met and married Elizabeth "Betty" Quimby. With the same ambition of his father and uncles, John went into business for himself by operating a small brokerage company.

"At that time, though, things got very tough here at home," said John. "Dad sent a wire asking me to come home."

So the decision was made to leave. In a single afternoon in 1934 John and Mary packed their bags and left Boston for Arizona.

When he arrived, John had a great deal to learn. Once again he became a student under a variety of experienced teachers or managers. For a number of years John worked with Victor Watson who managed the Babbitt's Arizona Live-stock Loan Company and helped manage the CO Bar Ranch. John's business background served him well and he was able to fill Watson's shoes when the veteran manager later resigned.

Around 1942, George's son, Herbert Babbitt, left as CO Bar manager and John stepped into that position.

John has been characterized as a strong, quiet individual who gets the job done without calling attention to himself. He is "quick to give credit

where credit is due."

"I took over largely with the help of a very wonderful foreman named Frank Banks," John said. "He was a very knowledgeable person."

At that time the ranch ran approximately 10,000 head of cattle and was almost one third larger than today. Today's operation runs east from the Little Colorado River almost to Highway 180 at the Grand Canyon. It goes south from the Navajo Indian Reservation and South Kaibab Forest to the Coconino National Forest. The Cataract Ranch is part of the Babbitt operations and is located 14 miles west of Highway 180 near the Grand Canyon.

When John took over CO Bar management a new era for the ranch began. Together John and his foreman made many improvements during their approximately 30 years together. Water systems were developed through pipeline and storage tank additions. Pasture fences were also improved.

Although John was never a "cowboy" he was considered a knowledgeable "cattleman." He always did his homework.

"He and Frank worked hand and glove," said Bob Nimmons, an officer in the Babbitt Trading Company for 30 years.

"They worked as a team to improve the ranch," Nimmons said. "Banks was a slow, methodical thinker. John would make a suggestion to him and then he might not hear from Banks for nine months on the subject. Then one day Banks would say, 'I've been thinking about what you said...'"

Nimmons believes one of John's strengths was his ability to choose the right person for the right job. "I never saw him make a bad choice," Nimmons said.

Just as the new management of the CO Bar was getting underway a twist of fate redirected John's future. John's brother, Jim, died in 1944 while serving a seat in the Arizona Senate. John was appointed to fill his term. In 1946 he was elected to a term of his own and later became Senate President. While serving his appointed term, John clashed head-on with a powerful coalition determined to close Arizona State College at Flagstaff. John showed a rare exhibition of anger by lashing out personally at the anti-Arizona State College forces.

The Senate President asked John to apologize to those he may have offended. The new senator replied he would have to think about it overnight. John did. The next morning, true to his word, John stepped forward and said:

"Mr. President, I have given this matter careful thought, and I have decided that, in view of the circumstances, I have no reason to apologize to these gentlemen!"

Loud cheers arose from the floor and gallery. Arizona State College did not close. Today the administrative center of Northern Arizona University is dedicated to John Babbitt.

The demanding life of politics began to wear on John even though he felt a sense of satisfaction in his accomplishments. In 1950 he retired from the Senate but went on to spend 16 years on the Arizona State Board of Regents. He also served on the board of directors for Valley National Bank and Mountain Bell.

John always maintained an active role in the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association and served two terms as president.

Reflecting back, John comments that the Babbitts have gone through some tough times in their businesses and their private lives. John and Betty lost a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, through sickness and son John George, Jr. in a vehicle accident while they were yet young adults.

But life goes on.

Today a grandson, Billy Cordasco, has an office down the hall. He is "learning the ropes" from his grandfather and other experienced teachers. Billy plans on making the cattle business his future.

In 1984 John formally retired as CO Bar ranch manager but he retains a respected position on the board of directors of ranch operations.

John Babbitt's office hours are still dependable. He comes in daily from 10 A.M. to 12 noon. Commitment and dependability must have something to do with a successful 50 years in cattle ranching with the Babbitt's CO Bar.

Editor's Note: The present CO Bar Ranch is made up of privately-owned land, state leased land, and National Forest permits. The carrying capacity varies from year to year but usually averages about 3,000 head.

Through the years John Babbitt has been active in numerous organizations. He loves to help his fellow man and the ranching industry. In addition to the responsible positions he has held on many committees and boards he served one year, 1953, as president of the Arizona Section, Society for Range Management.



## WALTER AND FAY WILTBANK

by Fay Wiltbank

(Reproduced with permission of the Blue River Cowbelles and the author from "Down on the Blue", published in 1987.)

Walter Wiltbank was born in Eagar, Arizona on July 1, 1910. That is where he spent his early years and attended elementary and high school. He attended Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah for one year.

I was born in Ramah, New Mexico on September 29, 1912. My family moved away from there before I went to school. I went to grade school in Utah, then we moved to Round Valley where I went to high school and met Walter. (Round Valley is the name of the valley that encompasses Springerville and Eagar. The high school is Round Valley School.)

We were married May 23, 1932. We had four children. Our daughter, Margine, and three sons, Walter Leroy "Bud", Emer Joy, and Ellis Whitney.

In 1935 we bought the Sulzberger Place, which is just down the valley from Sprucedale. Mr. Sulzberger was 94 years old then and lived to be 110! Sprucedale is northwest of Beaverhead on Beaver Creek. The Pattersons owned Sprucedale. They were getting old and weren't feeling well, so they asked us to buy it. We felt that we shouldn't get into debt because we had just bought the Sulzberger Place. However, they kept insisting that we try it for just one summer and that we could sign a note for a down payment, which we did.

The Pattersons had gotten into the guest ranch business by trial and error. They had the old homestead cabin that they had been using for a granary.

Somebody came along when it was raining and wanted to stay in the granary, so the Pattersons let them. From that time on they built more cabins. They built the one just across the creek and the little one behind the main house that we call the "Fir".

They had built the big cabin on the hill not long before we bought the place. I don't know how long they operated it as a guest ranch. When we bought it from them, we ran it similar to the way they did. We had housekeeping cabins, but we would also feed the guests if they wanted us to. The Pattersons ran a few horses and we did, too. But over the years we built and renovated 9 more cabins. Four of those cabins came over from the town of Maverick. Instead of sending out 3 or 4 horses, we finally were sending 30 or 40 horses.

In 1959 or 1960, the Manesses wanted to move off the mountain to let their children go to school. We bought their mountain range and also their range down on the Blue. The Blue country was so rough and far out of the way from Sprucedale, it was hard to work both places. After we worked the cows here, there was always the Blue to work. Also, it seemed that every time we were down there someone was either sick or got hurt, which caused us to work short-handed.

Walter broke his collar bone there. He was riding a half-bronc and carrying a roll of wire on one shoulder and a fence pounder on the other. The wire touched the horse and it threw him. That left the two boys to gather alone. Another year Emer cut his knee badly on a broken glass bottle. While traveling, he had to stand up in the back of the pickup, then he would have to put his

stirrup down real long because he couldn't bend that knee. Another year Bud got the intestinal flu or something that made him very sick, so they were short-handed that year, too.

We kept the winter range on the Blue for a couple of years. When Tully Moore traded his summer range on the mountain for our winter range down on the Blue, we were very happy to do so, then we didn't go down there anymore. It made it a lot easier for Walter just to gather cows on the mountain and not on the Blue, too.

We always enjoyed the neighbors on the Blue. Clell and Katharine Lee and the Colemans and Herschel Downs. They were always nice people to work with and we still enjoy working with them. Whenever they find our cattle they let us know, so they are fine neighbors.

We operated Sprucedale for forty years. We had been only a few days into the season in 1980 when Walter passed away. With the good help I had, I ran it for one year alone. I was responsible for seeing that things went well in the house and was responsible to see that the wranglers were all right in the corral. One year was enough for me so I retired.

Walter loved Sprucedale and we were determined to keep it in the family. Emer and Esther left their businesses at the =K Ranch and moved to Sprucedale. They are running it much as we did except for improvements here and there. They are younger and they're going on from where we left off.

Walter and our oldest son, Bud, built the =K (Double Bar K) Ranch near the PS Ranch across the West Fork of Black River.

Margine's children, Bill Bunnell and Cathy Bunnell Bawden and Cathy's

husband Kenneth Bill Bawden, have taken the =K and turned it into another guest ranch much like Sprucedale and are doing a good job of it.

Our son, Ellis, has bought the cabins from Beaverhead Lodge and has moved them down the creek to the Cleveland Homestead and is going to make another guest ranch. The Pattersons might be surprised to see what they started! Our son, Bud, teaches school in Snowflake and helps run the cattle part of our ranch. I am enjoying retirement on our winter ranch which is the old Hayrock Ranch between Springerville and St. Johns.

## THE HISTORY OF COSTANTINO SAVOINI

(Tape recorded by Tom Savoini, grandson, on March 20, 1987.)

Costantino Savoini was born August 9, 1903, in Borgomanero, Italy, to Lorenzo Savoini and Rosa O'Marini, the tenth of twelve children, ten sons and two daughters.

He attended school through the sixth grade. At the age of twelve, he went to work in a factory, his job consisting of making bullets to be used in the war; his salary was four lire, or about \$1.50 per night, for his 6:00 pm-to-6:00 am shift.

After the war ended, he worked for his older brother, Pascuale, who managed a hotel in Napoli, Italy. The family received a letter from another brother, Santino, who had left Italy years before. Santino was part owner of a dairy in Clarkdale, Arizona. The letter requested that Battista Savoini, who was four years older than Costantino, come to America to help Santino in the dairy business. Battista was twenty years old at this time and very much in love; he refused to go to America. Costantino was getting very restless with his job at the hotel and asked if he could go in Battista's place. His father was very much against his leaving Italy, and even refused to come see him off. Costantino left with his brother's papers after the names had been changed.

In 1920 Costantino Savoini left Genova, Italy, for America. He was seventeen years old, scared, and unable to speak the language of his new country.

He boarded the Conte Di Savoia, a ship weighing 15,000 tons. The first, second, and third class passengers totaled about 700 people. Costantino

traveled third class, and his ticket cost about \$120.

The ship docked for the first night in Napoli, Italy. Then it crossed the Mediterranean and stopped in Gibraltar, where it spent the night after refueling and loading coal. They then crossed the Atlantic, taking approximately sixteen to twenty days.

Costantino landed in New York at the end of those twenty days "sick, all the way, seasick." For inspection and health reasons, he had to spend a couple days aboard the ship. He was then taken to Ellis Island where he waited for four days for the \$300 to arrive from his brother Santino. After receiving the money, he was able to purchase his train ticket from New York to Clarkdale, Arizona, for \$99.

His cousin, Giuanin, had come from Italy with him and was also supposed to travel on the train to Clarkdale. He explained to Giuanin that Santino had sent enough money for both of them. But Giuanin replied, "Oh, no, if my uncle wants me to go, he's got to send the money to me." He did not travel by train with Costantino to Clarkdale because he refused to accept any of the \$300.

After Costantino arrived in Clarkdale, his brother once again wired money to Giuanin. Giuanin ended up spending five extra days on Ellis Island, washing windows in New York City during the days and returning to Ellis Island for the nights.

Before Costantino boarded his train, he was given two large bags filled with cheese, salami, bread, fruit, etc. -- enough food for three or four days. Because he was so worn out, once he got on the train, he put his lunch bags

up above him and immediately fell asleep. He didn't know how long he was asleep; but after awakening, he reached for his food, only to find his bags completely empty. It was a train full of immigrants, and everyone on it was as hungry as himself.

On the train was a man with a basket around his neck full of small food items for sale, so Costantino was able to purchase grapes, pop, bananas and crackers. Each time he purchased something, he gave the man a dollar. The man gave him back change each time; at the end of five days, all of his pockets were bulging with change. He had no idea of the value of American money or what the change represented.

He got off the first train in Chicago. There he sat in the depot while it was "raining like hell, everyone staring at everyone else." After a while, a big gal came along and said, "come on", putting all his stuff in a wagon pulled by horses. They were taken to another station to get on another train.

He stayed on this train until he arrived in Ashfork. There the conductor came over and signaled to him "off." It was 8:00 at night. He stayed there for quite a while, when finally someone came over to him and told him to get on the next train.

He was on this train for perhaps forty-five minutes when the conductor again said, "off here," and he got off. It was very dark. Costantino was at the Drake Station on the 10th of November.

He was full of lice from his stay on Ellis Island. He sat on a bench, going outside every once in a while to put his ear to the rail to listen for the train. He stayed there all night waiting for daylight to come.

Early in the morning a fellow came up to him and said, "You are an American? No; French? No, Italian? Yes!" The man ran inside to check his name with the operator of the telegraph and confirmed that Costantino was an Italian, like him. This kind man then took him to breakfast, and knowing that Costantino was very weak and tired, he gave him his cabin to sleep in. Because he knew he was full of lice, Costantino laid on the floor instead of the bed. The fellow looked in and asked why he was on the floor, and Costantino told him that he was not used to sleeping in beds. The man took him to lunch, and then Costantino waited until 4:00 pm for the train for Clarkdale. After the train arrived, a man came up to him and said, "Cos, Cos, Costantino." "Yes," he answered. The man tried to make him understand him and hugged Costantino. "Don't worry," he said. "You're home now."

The train they took to Clarkdale had only one passenger car; the other cars were all freight cars. He was getting his first look at the area around Clarkdale. He saw many cows and said to himself, "They look like hell. The only reason they are standing up is because they have four legs." This was his first impression of a dairy.

They arrived at the Clarkdale station the 11th of November, Armistice Day, World War I. His cousin was waiting for them in his pile of junk, a Ford.

It took twenty-five minutes to arrive at Santino's home. As he walked in the door, his brother turned to him and said, "Jesus Christ, I sent for a man, and they send me a boy." After a few minutes they asked him if he was



hungry, and he said no. Costantino looked around and then asked, "Have you had a fire here lately?" "No, why" they replied. "Well, I see you live in a tent." "No," they said, "This is a house." He then went to bed in a small room, weak from his very long trip.

The next morning he got up and Battista Fornara, his cousin, started showing him around the place. He looked around and said to himself, "If I had the guts and the money, I would go back home right now."

They put him to work milking cows, giving him \$60 a month, plus room and board. Milking the cows started at 1:00 am; then they bottled the milk and fed the cattle. At 10 or 11:00, they would rest until lunch at 12:00; then back to milking the cows again, finishing at 5 or 6:00 in the evening. Dinner was at 6:00 pm and then he was ready for bed. One o'clock in the morning came pretty fast.

Once Costantino got mad at his brother and said, "I don't like milking cows; I want to go to the mine and work." His brother's reply was for him to stay there with him or return to Italy. He warned Costantino that he would see to it that he would not get a job in the mine, and he would send him back home if he had to. Santino knew about the conditions in the mines, and Costantino did not. Costantino worked very hard. Sometimes after coming home he didn't shave or clean up. He was even growing a beard when Santino said to him, "You look like a pig -- shave and clean up." Costantino yelled back, "What for? We get up, milk cows, work and go to bed. We don't ever go out."

He worked with his brother Santino for one year. In 1922, Santino returned to Italy to be married and turned his part of the dairy over to Costantino

Savoini and Battista Fornara -- there were six partners all together. Santino sold his part to them for \$5,000, the agreement being that if they were successful, they would pay him the \$5,000; but if they were not, and the money was lost, he would lose also. They were successful and paid Santino his money.

Santino, his brother, had given him his start in America.

Costantino was married to Leonita Gilardi on October 25, 1924, in Prescott, Arizona. Battista Fornara, his partner and cousin, was also married in a double ceremony to Florida Gilardi, Leonita's sister. Aquelina and Rocco Villiborghi, the uncle and aunt of Leonita and Florida, gave them a beautiful wedding dinner. They returned home at 6:00 pm to find the other partners bringing the cows home. Costantino walked into the milk house, where they processed the milk, and saw that his partners had set up a huge table of food -- a big surprise party was to take place in their honor. Angelo Fornara, a brother to Battista, had bought a barrel of wine. They drank and ate, lamenting until the wee hours of the morning.

At the age of twenty-one, Costantino Savoini was living in America, part owner of a successful dairy business, and married to a lovely woman, a happy man.

### More About Connie Savoini

by Danny Freeman

After an interview with Connie and his eldest son, Joe,  
on August 3, 1989.

In 1939 Connie Savoini and his partners and cousins, brothers Battista and Angelo Fornara, purchased the 40-acre Newman Orchard just south of Prescott on U.S. Highway 89 and established the Hassayampa Dairy with

100 milk cows, mostly Holstein.


As Tom mentioned previously Connie Savoini and his cousin, Battista Fornara, married sisters. Add to this, Battista's brother, Angelo, married a third sister, Elvezia, and you have the complete picture. This has been a close-knit family, and why not? -- when two brothers and a cousin marry three sisters and all live in one house with a grandmother.

The three couples with their children built a 3-story home with 18 rooms on the property near the milking barn and moved from the Verde Valley to the new setup in 1940. They started daily deliveries of grade A milk and cream to individual households, grocery stores, restaurants and hotels. The business prospered and the families became well-established in the community.

Living in the "Big House" as it was and is known affectionately by family members and friends were Connie and Nita Savoini and their three sons, Joe, Jim and Art; Battista and Flora Fornara and their three sons, Charlie, Louis and George; Angelo and Elvezia Fornara and their two children, Ann and Robert. These families have made great contributions to the community the past fifty years.

The three couples and their eight children made their home in the Big House with the girls' mother, Margherita Gilardi, until the children were grown and married.

In 1952, with the financial backing of Connie and other family members, a new venture was started in Big Chino Valley called the JCJ named after John Olsen who had married Ann Fornara, Charlie Fornara and Joe Savoini. This was mostly an irrigated farm with some rangeland at the edges. For 20 years


this ranch served as a farm, a commercial feedlot, and as irrigated pastures for cows, calves and steers. Also, several Salt River Valley dairymen sent young heifers to the ranch for pasturing and maturing. The brand used on the JCJ Ranch was Lazy Backward T 7  7 on the right shoulder. This ranch was sold in 1972.

The Hassayampa Dairy sold its cattle in 1959 and the milking barn was remodeled and added to to make a first class grocery store called the "Hassayampa Market". When the children married and the older folks retired, the family-run store went out of business in 1979 and the building was converted into other uses. Charlie Fornara went up the road a piece and began a "Convenience Store".

In 1963 Connie and his three sons started a modern feed store on Iron Springs Road where they also sell tack and Western clothing. This has become a very popular store for shoppers throughout Yavapai County.

At the Big House where 15 people once lived there are now only four. The eight children are married and live elsewhere but close by; Angelo Fornara died in 1958; grandmother Gilardi died in 1986 at the age of 100; and Nita Savoini passed away in 1988. The four left are still a loving family and call the Big House home. Even so, the Big House becomes very much alive at times of family celebrations. Tea and coffee is still served every afternoon at 4:00 o'clock to family members and friends who want to drop in.

Connie missed his cows but did not want to get back in the dairy business. "Store business is fine", said Connie, "But I missed my cows." So, in 1969, to get back with cows he and his three sons, all college

graduates, purchased the range grazing lease of the Coyote Springs Ranch in Lonesome Valley a few miles northeast of Prescott. This is a cow-half operation of crossbreds using Hereford and Charolais cattle. This ranch has been an outlet for the family to again get out in the open to care for the cattle when things get too hectic in town. Here, Connie has been able to spend all the time he wants on the ranch caring for the cattle even though the sons and their families, friends and hired help, at times, furnish most of the hard labor needed. The brand used on this ranch is backward C lazy S  on left hip. The state brand book calls it a crescent C lazy S.

Since coming to the United States from Italy in 1920 Connie Savoini has been associated with cattle in one way or another for almost 70 years, forty years or so with dairy cattle and after that, range beef cattle.

At age 86, six days after the interview, Connie said, "I have had a good life with my family and my cows. I love Prescott and Arizona and am very proud to be an American citizen."

## BOYD TENNEY

### Life Story "Ranching"

I was born at Stanley, Arizona, on the San Carlos Indian Reservation, on June 22, 1915. They say I weighed 14 pounds at birth. The nearest neighbors were eight miles away.

Mr father, Nathan O. Tenney, and my mother, Myrtle Wear Tenney, both came from Pioneer ancestors with ranching backgrounds.

My father was the son of Samuel Benjamin Tenney, who, with his brothers, Ammon and Will, and their father, Nathan Cram Tenney, arrived in Arizona in 1878, and first established Tenney Camp, now known as Woodruff, Arizona.

Previous to that, the Tenney family had arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1852, among the early Mormon Pioneers.

When they were just getting settled in 1856, they were called to move to California to establish a Mormon Colony there. My great-grandfather, Nathan Cram Tenney, helped lay out the original town boundaries of what is now San Bernardino, California. He was also called to be the first Mormon Bishop there.

The family prospered very rapidly through hard work and dedication to their Church callings.

In the late 1860's and early 70's, the word came from Brigham Young to leave their possessions and return to Utah, to be of assistance for whatever might come, because of the coming of Johnson's Army to Utah.

Nathan Cram Tenney's wife was sent ahead with one of the best Mexican

drivers and team. Two hours after she arrived in Cedar City, Utah, she gave birth to a son, named Samuel Benjamin Tenney, who is my grandfather.

During the five years of living in southern Utah, the family had many challenging experiences.

In 1862, Nathan Cram and his son, Ammon, established a ranch at Short Creek, Arizona. They were the first white settlers there. They lasted only three years and had to move because of Indian raids. They barely got out with their lives.

Samuel Benjamin Tenney, at the age of seventeen, married his fifteen year old sweetheart, Lora Isebele Brown from Kanab, Utah. They soon moved to Arizona. Samuel and his brothers brought a herd of cattle along.

After establishing Tenney Camp, they traded their holdings for a ranch just over the New Mexico border, and later moved to Luna, New Mexico, where my father, Nathan O. Tenney, was born.

The family did whatever they could do to survive. At age fourteen, my father carried mail on horseback from Luna, New Mexico to Springerville, Arizona.

My grandfather became a partner in the horse business with Marion Lee, and I believe, Ted Lee's father or grandfather.

It was at St. John's, where my great-grandfather was killed trying to settle a dispute between two warring groups. A stray bullet killed him while he was crossing the street.

Upon returning from a two year Mission, my grandfather moved his family down on "The Blue", where they raised Angora goats for several years.

At the ranch on "The Blue", his oldest son, Will, died suddenly, when he was 20 years old. It was during the winter and they put his body in a box, packed it with ice, and put it on their best mule, and packed it to the railroad, twenty miles away, where it was taken to Thatcher to be buried.

It was at Thatcher that they met Oscar Webster, with who they made a deal to run Angora goats on the mineral strip that had recently come up for lease from the Indians.

My grandfather, William Green Wear, came from Texas with his wife, Sarah Jane Boyd. His father died when he was quite young, and he lived with relatives while he was growing up. He soon hired out with a big cattle company known as the Duees Brothers (I hope I have spelled that correctly.)

At the age of twenty-one, he became their foreman and had many experiences while establishing himself with the men.

He supervised the driving of a large herd of cattle to the Kansas railroads over that famous Chisholm Trail. After ranching several places in Texas and raising a large family, he joined with other families to drive cattle into New Mexico and Arizona where most of the cattle were sold.

He later settled in Southern Arizona and sold his last ranch at Sunset to my father, N. O. Tenney in 1917.

When I was about a year old, my father decided he wanted to get out of the goat business and get a cattle ranch. He moved over to High Creek, in the Sunset area where he homesteaded, and started dry farming and running cattle.

Those were very challenging years for my parents. Drought, along with low prices for cattle finally forced them to sell what cattle they had in



order to pay some of their debts.

It was during one of those dry years, as a six year old boy, I remember each day, my older brothers would take a sack of cotton seed cake, which was in large pellets, and go out and feed the hungry cattle. One morning I asked them if I could go feed the cattle. They were glad to let me do it as it had become quite a chore for them. They put me on Old Paint, one of the best saddle horses we had, and then they left a rope on the saddle.

After feeding the cattle, I thought I would rope a calf while I was there, though I don't know how I would have ever got the rope off him, had I caught him!

Old Paint knew more about catching a calf than I did. As he turned one way, following the calf, I leaned in the saddle the other way. The cinch was quite loose, and off I went, saddle and all. My foot got caught in the stirrup. That scared Old Paint. He started dragging me. In those few moments, I was sure I was going to be killed. Finally, my foot came loose, and the only damage was to the side of my head, which was scratched and bleeding. I was very scared!

During part of the school year of 1924, we moved to Thatcher to find whatever work we could. I remember going out and picking cotton in the fall.

In 1925, we moved back to the ranch and my father drove a school bus that year. Things were getting worse for my parents. After school was out, my father was in Thatcher. My brother, Delbert became very ill and had to be taken to the hospital in Globe.

In the meantime, my father's old friend, Oscar Webster, invited him

to ride up to Prescott. They camped out at the forks of Copper Basin Road and White Spar Road, where Woody's Market is now located.

They commented on what a wonderful goat ranch could be located in the mountains looking up towards Senator Highway and the "P" Mountain area.

The next day, Oscar Webster went to Skull Valley to sell some Billy Goats to Aubrey Gist, one of the big goat men of Yavapai County. There were more Angora goats in Yavapai County than any other County in the West, which included Texas.

While sitting on the benches at the Court House, my father got the idea to go across the street to the Bank of Arizona, and talk to the bank manager, Mose Hazeltine, to see if he knew of any way he could buy a goat ranch.

At that very moment, Alvin Stuckey was already in the bank, asking if the banker knew where he could find a man to go partners with him on a goat ranch he was buying. The ranch he was buying was just southeast of town. This was the same range my father had seen the night before! Mr. Stuckey owned a herd of goats at Bumble Bee, Arizona, that he needed to move.

Within a few hours, Dad had made a deal with Mr. Stuckey to become partners with him. My Dad didn't have any money to put into the deal. This was early in June 1925. My Dad returned to Sunset. We had to be on the road to Prescott with three wagons and a school bus to move us there. We had two 3 year old horses that had never been trained to pull a wagon, saddle horses and two mules to take with us.

My mother was still at the hospital in Globe with Delbert. My older sister, Nayedene was the only other one that could drive the school bus.

The rest of my family consisted of my older brother N.S. and another older sister, Opal, myself and one younger brother, Lyman, and four younger sisters, Ninbelle, Endora, Edythe and Pearl, who where all under eight years old. I was nine years old at that time.

Within two weeks, we were packed and ready to go on the 350 mile trip to Prescott. Nayedene drove the school bus, and my Dad and older brother each drove a wagon where the newly broke broncs were hitched to a gentle horse.

Opal and I were assigned to drive the team of mules. We always brought up the rear.

It took us almost a week to arrive in Chandler at Uncle Dave Lamoreaux's farm, where the animals were given good feed and rested for three days before going on to Prescott.

As we went through Phoenix, we attracted a lot of attention. I was glad to get out of town. My Dad decided to go up the Black Canyon rather than through Wickenburg and Skull Valley as it was shorter.

It took us four days to make the trip, which included the axle on the bus breaking.

The house that was here on the ranch had been used for a cow barn, so we all helped clean it up to make it liveable.

Within two days, we were on our way back to Bumble Bee to bring a herd of goats to Prescott, which took three days.

We had to take turns herding them and the first night it rained all night long. We were a tired bunch when we arrived at Government Canyon, where

our first set of corrals were. My brother, Delbert and I, with some help from other family members, herded goats all summer. My mother went to work at the V. A. Hospital for \$20.00 a week, to help keep food on the table.

When school time came, my Dad hired goat herders so that we could go to school. We had to get jobs for after school to help out with the family expenses and take care of our own needs.

The first job I got was cleaning a yard on Mount Vernon Street for Mrs. Hazeltine. That job paid me 50 cents, which was a lot of money for a ten year old boy. Mrs. Hazeltine was very kind, and learning of my needs, suggested that I try selling newspapers, which I did. That was the beginning of paper routes for the Tenney boys, which is now in the third generation.

My Dad soon bought two more ranges; one at Wilhoit, and one at Skull Valley. In my school summers, I would go to Skull Valley to herd goats. The goat shed was on the other side of a big wash from the cabin.

One time in early August, just after the goats had been sheared, a heavy rain storm came up. There was a big Walnut tree in the creek on the opposite side from the shed. Joe Lopez, a very faithful herder, and I, were taking care of the goats. A few nights before, I had dreamed that a wall of water came down that wide wash and picked that big tree up and washed it down the stream.

When Joe and I got to the cabin, there were about 20 goats underneath that big tree. We hurriedly pulled them out one by one, and put them on the bank, which was about 20 feet high. When we got the last goat out, here came that high wall of water about 20 feet high, coming down that creek.

The creek was about 75 feet wide and it picked up that tree and washed it down stream about 50 yards.

After graduating from high school, and being gone two and a half years on an L.D.S. Mission, I returned to work, first for my Dad, and then for Merle Allen, in his feed store.

By that time, Mr. Stuckey and my Dad had made another trade and Mr. Stuckey owned the old ranch. He was getting up in years and was hiring help with his goats. After work hours and weekends, I would help him, as I knew what to do and he needed my help.

On April 10, 1939, I married Rachel Teeple of Firth, Idaho, whom I had met in El Paso, Texas. We both had served as L.D.S. Missionaries. That was the greatest thing that has ever happened to me.

We have had 50 wonderful years together with all the challenges of raising a family and making a living.

Coming from an Idaho farm, her Dad had given her a cow the year before. We decided before we were married, we would bring the cow to Arizona to start our cow herd.

After a short honeymoon, we went on to Idaho with my pickup and trailer. We brought the cow 800 miles back to Arizona. That cow raised ten calves before she got so old that we had to sell her.

After our marriage, I soon found myself trading a few cows after working hours. I realized we really wanted to get into the ranching business. In the meantime, I kept helping Mr. Stuckey when I could, because his health was failing. We made a deal for me to buy the ranch on time, and lease me his goats.

In 1941, we found ourselves back on the home ranch, which was a dream coming true. At the same time, my brother-in-law, Everett Goodman, sold me the feed store. I found myself with two businesses to care for, which meant long hours, involving the whole family from the time they were five years old and after. We were blessed with eight wonderful children; John, Diane, Carl, Jeanine, Harold, Dennis, Merle and Ronald. They were all born within the first 16 years of our married life.

Being this close to town, they had the best of two worlds; the rough life and the city life, with great opportunities to excel in many fields.

I had to hire herders to take care of the goats. Joe Lopez, who had previously worked for my Dad, went to work for me, and was a very faithful employee. We were running 2,000 head of goats on "P" Mountain, which required two herders. One rainy day, Joe failed to come into camp that evening. Early the next morning, we went looking for him. We found him at about 10:00 am. He had gotten under a cedar tree for shelter, and lightning struck the tree and killed him. As he fell, the bandana around his neck caught on a limb and held him up. It was a great loss of a good employee and friend.

Later, I hired a fellow and we only knew him as "Red". He had been an electrician in Texas and had gotten electrocuted and had lost his right arm and left leg. He could do everything including saddling his own horse. He was still in great pain from his injuries. As a result, he drank liquor all of the time. Even half-sober, he was a good goat herder. We gave him a gentle horse to ride, that we called "Old Blue".

We soon found him riding Old Blue on Whiskey Row to buy liquor.

Old Blue got lost and the next day we hunted all over town to find him. A time or two of finding Old Blue, "Red" would be so happy, he would go back to Whiskey Row to celebrate because he found him.

It was during the Frontier Day celebration, I got a call at the feed store from a bartender on Whiskey Row, asking me to please come and get my horse. He said that "Red" had him inside the bar, and that the patrons were buying liquor by the quart, getting up on the counter, and Old Blue was drinking it as fast as they would stick the bottle in his mouth. When I got there, I was afraid they would get him so drunk that he would fall down in the bar. After that I told "Red" that he would have to move on.

I hired other herders until the War broke out, then they all got better jobs, working in the war industry.

Meat was put on ration and you had to have stamps to buy it, except goat meat. The Ordinance Depot was opened up at Bellemont, near Flagstaff. They were hiring a lot of Indians, but were having a hard time keeping them, because they couldn't supply them with goat meat. They contacted me and I made them a deal to furnish them with 50 goats a week, for the period of one year. That was my way of getting out of the goat business and getting into the cattle business. I didn't have a slaughter house. I used a cedar tree with long branches to hang them on, and then would deliver them in a non-refrigerated truck at about 3:00 in the morning.

After I slaughtered my herd, I bought goats from other goat ranchers who were trying to get out of the goat business, because of the labor problem. I bought a small herd of milk goats and started buying baby calves and raising them.

One evening when we were all in a hurry to get off for a school graduation, someone didn't shut the gate tight. About 10:00 pm, when we were coming through town, there were a lot of our milk goats in front of the Saint Michael's Hotel. I thought it was funny. My wife didn't think so.

I soon had a cow herd to eat all of the grass on the range. I just got my herd established when I realized that the price of cows had gone up to 8 cents a pound, and calves to 16 cents a pound.

Being anxious to get out of debt, I figured if I sold the whole herd, I could pay off my ranch. I was sure prices would never be high again.

I soon found myself trading more cattle and at one time or another, I believe I have bought cattle from half of the ranches in Yavapai County.

My brother, Lyman, had been down to the Goodwin Ranch, about 17 miles northeast of Wickenburg, on the Hassayampa River. He learned that Mrs. Goodwin, a widow there, was about to lose her ranch. There was a remnant of cattle there to be gathered. Seeing that Mrs. Goodwin was about to lose everything, I made her a deal to buy her ranch.

We were able to get two hundred steers from Ben Joy of Kingman for pasture on Goodwin Ranch, and leasing Morales Ranch. The steers were bought at 17 cents per pound and sold a year later for 23 cents per pound, which made us a good profit. This was in 1957. In 1962 I sold the ranch and was looking for another ranch to buy.

During the Christmas holidays at the Goodwin and Morales Ranches, we were working cattle. My son Carl, and Richard and Allan Perry, and Rick and Vicki Patterson, my nieces and nephews, were helping at the Morales Ranch.



When we finished branding, it was necessary for Endora (Patterson) and I to take the two pickups and go around by Wickenburg, then 17 miles northeast to the Goodwin Ranch, on the Hassayampa, which was a two hour drive.

The kids were to ride the horses across country to the river and then up the river to the ranch. On the way to the ranch, they took the wrong trail, and wound up at dark in a canyon that was bluffed up. They couldn't go any further. It was dark, so they tied up their horses, and slept on their saddle blankets. At daylight they found their way out of the canyon. I went out all night looking for them, but couldn't find them. The next morning, I back-trailed them and saw what happened. It was a good experience that has been shared with their own children often.

My good friend, Ammon English, showed me a ranch 47 miles northeast of Kingman, which we called the Hackberry Ranch. It was owned by Peterson and Mullins. I felt the price was right, but they wanted a mortgage on my Prescott ranch for double security on the balance. I turned them down. Six months later, they came back to me and wanted to take my original offer. By that time, I had other ideas and offered considerably less money, and they took it. We owned that ranch for 12 years, even though it was 175 miles from Prescott.

I spent many Saturdays working at the ranch. The entire family came on special holidays to help. By this time, we had two married children and four others were in college. They brought their girlfriends and boyfriends along. Ron Naegle, from Vernon, was Jeanine's boyfriend. He was a top hand, and I loved to work with him. They were married soon after.

Eleven months after Jeanine and Ron were married, he died from a brain

tumor. It was a great loss to everyone who knew him.

Harold brought Kitty Leinbach from Florida, and Dennis brought Sandy Davis from South Carolina. Both of these wonderful girls became our daughters-in-law.

Early one summer day, I arrived at the ranch to find that the cattle on top of the mountain had been out of water for four days. I tried driving them off with the help I had, but they were too thirsty to drive. At 9:00 pm I called my good friend, Leonard Neal, and asked him if he could send me some help, as I was in deep trouble. At daylight the next morning, five of his grandsons, and their friends were at the ranch with their horses, to help me. The boys were a great help in moving that herd of 150 cattle.

At the Hackberry Ranch it was good to have my two younger sons who were still in high school, helping me a lot. They camped out for about a week, building a boundary-line fence. To get to the job, they had to go 25 miles by pickup. By horseback it was only three miles from the ranch up a steep trail. Towards the end of the week, Rachel and I decided to check on them. We went to the ranch, and then went on horseback up that steep trail to their camp. We got in camp about an hour before they came in. Rachel, as usual had a big supper cooked for them. When they came in, we could hear Merle singing before he got to camp. When he came in sight, he had a huge rattlesnake hanging around his neck which he had killed that day. This really surprised his mother. More surprising to the boys was the fact that their mother had ridden up that steep trail in order to visit with them at their camp. She seldom rode horses, but there was always a big delicious meal at the ranch

or out on the range during round ups. Another time, Ron corralled some wild cattle by himself while the ones I was trying to corral got away. He was very pleased with his success.

In 1964, my friend Ammon English, told me about a load of calves that were for sale at Chloride, and also that the Smiths wanted to sell their ranch. I told him I was interested in the calves, but not the ranch. They were exceptionally good calves, and I could see that it was a very good ranch. The Smiths made me an offer on the ranch that I couldn't pass up. We operated the Chloride ranch for five years, and then sold it to Billy Hamilton who had leased the McKuen ranch, just north of us.

The town of Chloride was right in the middle of the ranch. As soon as I bought the ranch, the people of the town indicated they would like to get the town fenced off from the cattle. I told them that I would furnish the material if they would do the fencing.

Pat Patterson, a long-time mining man and good businessman, learned that Mohave County had taken up some fencing in the southern part of the County. He persuaded the Board of Supervisors to furnish the material and do the fencing. He was another great friend.

In 1973, I sold the Hackberry Ranch to a Mr. White from Utah. We hated to move away, but it was the wise thing to do. The family were all getting married and moving away. About that time, I became involved in operating the Church Welfare Ranch on Mingus Mountain. It had been purchased from Ken Chilton.

Mr. Dannerbeck, who owned the Quail Springs Ranch just south of

the Church Ranch, sold me his cattle and range permits. With my brother-in-law, Pat Patterson, operating the Cottonwood Feed Store, we figured it was a wise move. I later sold my interest in the ranch to Pat and he sold it to the Church to make a bigger Church Ranch.

In 1975, I bought the Cross S Ranch in the Walnut Grove area. Charlie Schott bought the headquarters, and I operated the entire ranch for two years. Again, the family enjoyed coming to the ranch. The upper part of the ranch was at Palace Station on the road to Crown King.

After two years, Charlie Schott decided he wanted the ranch, and again, he made me an offer I couldn't refuse. I had to move some of my cattle from the Cross S Ranch. I learned that the George Medd Ranch had been sold near Stanton, to Bob Michaels who had come from Los Angeles. I made a deal with him to run my cattle on the ranch, as they weren't ready to stock it. I am still running cattle there.

For the past 30 years, I have leased the Yavapai Hills range north of Yavapai Hills subdivision.

Ranching has been good to us, and if we had to do it over again, I don't think we would change anything. Wherever we have ranched, we have found wonderful neighbors who have become great friends. Among these are the Shelleys, who formerly owned the Hozoni Ranch, the Coopers, who have been our neighbors three different times, the Morales at Octave and Congress, the Frank Hunts at Truxton, the Leonard Neals at Kingman, the Havasupi Indians at Peach Springs, the Pattersons and Mayberrys at Chloride. Bill and Keith Storm, and the Fains are good neighbors in the Yavapai Hills and

Diamond Valley areas. The Wayne Porters in Heber, George and Rick Goswick and Cort and Arden Carter at the Cross S Ranch and the Whiteheads, and Tanner and Woody Grantham at Stanton are also good neighbors. All of these people have contributed a lot to our lives.

In 1961, I was asked to run for the House of Representatives on the Republican ticket. I was surprised when I won. I knew very little about legislative work, but soon learned what need to be done. I recognized that there were great opportunities to be of service.

After serving two years in the House, there was an opening in the Senate, and I was encouraged to run, and I won. Moving to the Senate, I found that there were only two Republicans there. We were the minority in the Democratic majority.

In 1966, the Legislature was reapportioned and District One was created. This included most of Yavapai and Mohave Counties. I was successful in winning my seat in the Senate. I served a total of eighteen years in the Senate serving in many key positions. I was the only Republican outside of Maricopa and Pima Counties in the Republican majority for many years. Those legislative years were wonderful years, and a great opportunity for service.

I would like to thank Danny Freeman and Brenda Hobbs for helping me compile, and Donna DuRee for typing this story of the Tenney family and our history of ranching in Arizona.

RAY CUMMINS

Rimrock, Arizona

I was born in Spokane, Washington, January 8, 1911. When I was somewhere around  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years old, we went to Plummer, Idaho to prove up on a homestead. My Dad got a job clearing the right-of-way for the Southern Pacific Railroad, this being around 1914. Later my Dad bought a steam tractor and grain separator or thresher machine and covered miles and miles of grain fields in Idaho and parts of Washington. They had two wagons hooked together in tandem. One was the cook wagon, the other for dining. My Mother and another lady did the cooking.

At this time I was still quite young but I remember going to dances on a sled pulled by four horses, two at the wheel and two ahead. The sled was a wagon box about half full of straw, then in summer they put the wheels back on.

The dance hall must have been seven or eight miles from home. I think it even had a kitchen. Everybody took food and danced 'till long toward morning. Stayed all night and went home sometime the next day. I would always go to sleep going and coming, listening to the bells jingling as the team trotted along.

My hair was kinda long and curly and blond with a tint of gold. I think my Mom wished I'd been a girl. One Halloween she put a dress on me made out of crepe paper. I won a prize. Everybody thought I was a girl.

Sometimes in the summer we would go to Lake Coeur d'Alene and do some fishing.

When I was around  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , it was getting time to put me in school so back to Spokane we went, in my Mom's first car. She was just learning to drive and at one place it "flew the track" on her and took down a row of some farmer's fence posts. The wire hadn't been put on yet. She got it back in the road. Didn't seem to hurt the car much. The body of those old cars was pretty tough but every few miles you would have a flat. The tires didn't have the stuff in them they have now and the roads were just wagon roads.

Back in Spokane, my Dad went to work in the railroad shops. My Mom worked here and there as a practical nurse. By this time it was getting around 1917 and my Dad got drafted into World War I. My Mom, 26 years old, died of pneumonia soon after. There was nobody to take care of me so I was put in a Children's Home. It wasn't an Orphan's Home as these kids' mothers or dads or whoever wasn't in the army or dead had to pay so much a month to be there. It was called the Spokane Children's Home. My Dad quit paying so they put me to work. Every morning they would take me to the laundry down in the basement where I turned a hand-operated washing machine. Lots of kids and employees died there during the flu epidemic. I was the only one that didn't get it.


One day in November, 1919, I was sent for to come to Arizona to live with my Aunt Minnie and Uncle Frank Wingfield. Aunt Minnie was my Mom's sister. Their half-brother, my Uncle Douglas Newbould, came with me. We arrived Clarkdale, Arizona by train at night. The next morning we walked to Cottonwood and after awhile met a guy from Camp Verde with a Model T flat bed truck. His name was Jim Davidson. We rode to Camp Verde with Mr.

Davidson and he introduced us to Lyle Young. Lyle was about 11 years old I would guess. He and Uncle Doug walked and Lyle let me ride the horse which he had ridden into town. We had to cross the Verde River two times to get to Uncle Frank's and Aunt Minnie's ranch. Lyle's folks lived about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles north and this family had been long-time friends with the Wingfields. Uncle Frank and Aunt Minnie were friends to everybody up and down the Verde Valley.

I think about those times growing up there on the ranch and of Uncle Frank and Aunt Minnie having me come to live with them and all they did for me. It would be impossible to put a price on it.

There were eight of my cousins, I made nine. They were as close to me as brothers and sisters. Harry, Mildred, Vincent and Gale have passed away, leaving at this time, Elva, Louis, Edgar, Roger and of course me, Ray Cummins.

During those years growing up on the ranch, Uncle Frank worked mighty hard paying for the ranch and keeping us kids in food, clothing and in school. Aunt Minnie cooked over a hot wood stove for us all and for the hired help with no refrigeration or cooler. We finally got butane and Uncle Frank bought Aunt Minnie a new butane cook stove. Then a few years later we got electric power by making a deal with Arizona Power Company to set the power poles. Gale was the instigator of that.

My first job at cowboying was with Uncle Frank and his oldest son, Harry. We had to ride from the ranch (which is now called Fort Lincoln Estates) to Cottonwood Basin. It was a fifteen mile horseback ride. We would drive the cattle to the mountain in the spring to the Hoe Ranch  near Long Valley,



then back to the winter range in the fall. Those drives had no chuck wagon, only a pack horse or two. There were times when it wasn't much fun due to gnats, storms, stampedes, etc. But now I wish I could do it again. I've shared campfires with some of the best cowboys that ever hit this valley. A lot of them are gone now.








You know to be any kind of a cowboy you've got to know what that old cow is thinking and maybe you can save yourself and your horse an unnecessary big chase. My Uncle Frank Wingfield taught me that, especially when we would be holding a herd. He would say, "Ray, you've got to stay awake. You see that old cow over there? She's thinking to make a break. Just ease over there and push her back." It sure worked.

I would like to quote a part of a letter which Uncle Frank wrote to his brother-in-law, Charlie Calloway, around 1950. "Charlie, I still think of the times we gathered the Diamond S § cattle and drove them to Flagstaff. Some of those old moss heads, many of them ten or fifteen years old, had never been rounded up on their lives. I finally bought the remnant and you can guess what a time I had getting them out. I had to catch, tie up, and lead out many of them."

Uncle Frank was referring to the year 1898 when the Diamond S herd was shipped to Kansas. A poem by Charlie Calloway told of this particular drive. \*

Uncle Frank's brands were WF , Bar JH JH , and J Up and J Down J J .

His brother, Dave Wingfield, branded with S Bar S— , T Bar S  $\frac{H}{S}$  ,

Double E  , H Lazy H  , Y Seven  , and Quarter Circle Bar  . His brother Jim Wingfield used Bar One Bar  and others. At one time the Wingfields owned the Diamond S  and Hatchet  brands.

Most of my cowboy days were spent with Uncle Dave and his son, Kenneth. According to some notes taken from Dave Wingfield's diary in which he mentioned my helping were these entries: May 1938 drove cattle yearlings, cows and calves, from Eden Ranch to the mountains. Had two stampedes - one at the Wire Corral and another at Salmon Lake.

April 1939 I split shakes for cabin roof at Lost Eden. Built fence around Mont's Tank.

April 1940 Kenneth and I dug a cistern for their new home at Lost Eden. Also built fence on Blue Ridge.

May 1940 unloaded 1500 head of cattle from the train in Flagstaff and drove them to Pine Tank. Took a good part of two days. Other cowboys on the drive were Hank Peach, Bill Goddard, Jim Wingfield, Dave Wingfield, Kenneth Wingfield, Terrance Rice, Walter Wingfield and Bud Bristow.

Bud showed us boys how to put the drive in motion - what to do and what not to do. There are only three of us left from that drive: Kenneth, Terry Rice and me.

Well, I've left my mark up and down this Valley and up on the Mogollon Rim. I lost my right arm about a year after I got out of the Army while putting belt dressing on a conveyor belt.

My last job was at the Bar D Ranch for Jim Benedict, feeding his prize

Simmental cattle and the job of security.

I am now retired and married to a fine lady and wonderful artist, Bettie Jean. I have a son, Jon, from my first wife who died a few years ago. Jon and his wife, Mary, work for the Tongas National Forest in Juneau, Alaska. This year in August they treated us to a trip to Alaska. They have a 182 Cessna airplane and it was quite a thrill when they flew us over those snow capped peaks and glaciers. What a beautiful, different world up there.

I am now seventy-eight years old.

\*The following poem by Charlie Calloway  
presented by Ray Cummins

#### A POEM BY CHARLIE CALLOWAY

In the Eighties I started riding with John Hicks  
Henry Wingfield and old Bill Dick  
Bill was the leading cowboy of the West  
I was a tenderfoot, but doing my best.

The range was wide open and free to roam  
With tent and slickers, we were at home.  
When we found water for horse and man  
We baked the bread and opened the can.

With other punchers, Charles Harbeson and Morris,  
We were ranging on the Mogollon forest,  
Later John Bristow came on the scene,  
He baked the bread and I warmed the bean.

Charlie Wingfield was always called the "kid",  
When there was work on the farm, he always hid.  
But out on the range, he went with speed,  
And if riding old Croppy, he was in the lead.

During drouths and depressions, many herds were sold  
And the moss-covered punchers had gotten too old.  
Then Ed, Bill and Frank came on the drive,  
With this younger generation, things began to thrive.

We shipped the Diamond S        herd in Ninety-eight,  
They went to Kansas, clear out of the state.  
Lightened and grazing and we had better feed,  
And better still, they improved the breed.

Some of the best business men of the western land  
Once were cowboys that handled the brand  
Some have passed on to another range  
Spirit never dies, they have just made a change.

With range allotment and better prices for cattle  
The cowboy of today hasn't got such a battle.  
Handling and marketing has changed all around  
His stock is now fattened and sold by the pound.

The Hollywood cowboy with his guns ablaze  
Is not the puncher of the early days.  
He is imitating the outlaw of the mining town  
Where opposing factions were often found.

Those early punchers, always ready for the round-up call  
Worked together for the benefit of all  
We still have a feeling that will never depart  
To all those old punchers deep down in our heart.

Written by C. C. Calloway

FLOYD V. SASSER

Prescott, Arizona

I was born April 14, 1903 in Potawato County, Oklahoma and my first recollections are when I was about six or seven years old when we lived on a farm 8 miles from Purcell, Oklahoma. Our neighbor, Bill Troup, and my father had a falling out over a bull. We lived in Indian Territory where no liquor was sold but across the river from Purcell in Lexington, liquor was sold and Troup went there every week and got drunk. In those days people traveled by wagon and team every Saturday to town to buy supplies. Bill Troup bragged, whenever he had witnesses with him, that he was going to beat my dad up. Bill and my dad traveled the same roads back and forth. My dad was sick with tuberculosis at this time and he bought a derringer special pistol and said if old Bill Troup jumped him he would kill him in self defense. He never carried out his threat, but I still have the pistol that he carried to kill Bill Troup with.

We farmed in Washington until we moved to Purcell, about two miles from school, so we children could attend school. Father farmed and had some cattle on pasture. We lived about seven miles from where he had range pasture. He bought cattle from farmers that had a few cows and in those days we did not know what stock trailers and pickup trucks were. We shipped the cattle to the Cassidy Livestock Commission in Oklahoma City. Dad would neck two or three head together to drive them. One day he brought a cow and calf over across the South Canadian River. The next day that cow started back with her calf -- she crossed the river but the calf would not. My dad tracked the old cow to the river -- she was going back home!!

Father's health continued to fail and in those days the cure for tuberculosis was to change climate. The Doctors advised him to go to another climate and about 1912 or 1913 we moved to Mesa, Arizona. This proved too low for my father so the family stayed in Mesa where the children went to school and my dad went on out to California. He did not find relief there so he then went to Tucumcari, New Mexico. There, we grew a little garden and peddled the vegetables in a wheelbarrow. The Church sent a Mexican girl to help my mother with the housework. My father was bedfast now and my brother next to me got typhoid fever and mother took care of them both. The Mexican girl did the housework and helped with the cooking.

My father died in 1913. My brother was still very ill with typhoid fever and after dad died my mother called her brother, Luther Smith, in Oklahoma to come help. We got a Pullman for my brother and moved back to Purcell on a small farm that had some land in cultivation and some grassland. My mother bought two or three cows and we rented farmland out to mother's brother, Fred Smith, but we kept the grassland and gradually got a few more cows. We carried milk on our way to school in gallon buckets to customers. We also made butter and on Saturdays my mother would take this to town and sell to Rainbow Grocers where we bought food and supplies. I remember we could not supply the demand for butter.

My brother and I went to school but one part of town was colored people only. We had to go through this part of town to get to school. I recall one time two Negro girls and their brother met us in the road. We went barefoot most of the time so my brother and I were carrying our shoes! These two girls

had their brother try to whip us -- we ran toward home but after a little ways the Negro boy caught my brother and had him down -- I took one of my shoes and beat him over the head -- he soon had enough --- end of that deal!!

In those days it was quite segregated and they had a sign outside Norman, Oklahoma for coloreds, "Don't let the sun go down on you here!"

I recall my father and George Eaton building us a new house and they saw a bunch of men coming over the hill 400-500 yards apart -- like an army. My father asked what they were doing and they said a Negro had abused a white woman the day before, they had caught him and put him in jail but he had broken out and the whole town was looking for him. When they found him they were going to sound the fire alarm in Purcell -- in one hour they would then burn him in the courtyard. They found him about 4 o'clock under a house in Purcell and they gathered up wooden boxes to burn. His wife begged for him, but they told her they would give her the ashes. My father had worked some of the coloreds in the fields and after that incident some of those coloreds wanted father to buy their homes -- they wanted to leave!!

We milked a part of the milk from the cows and let the calves have the rest. We kept the calves in lots during the daytime and sent the cows to pasture. As mentioned before, it was the custom for the folks to go to town on Saturday for supplies. My uncle was farming the cultivated land and they had two sons -- one my age and one boy younger. We were not allowed to run calves around in the daytime; but, like all kids we did not always do what we were told. One Saturday when our folks were in town we went to the lot to ride the calves. We caught a bull calf weighing about 450 pounds with horns about 2-1/2 inches

long and after the cousin my age and I argued over who was going to ride him, we drew straws! My cousin won -- he was going to get to ride the calf!! The calf threw him forward, he got hit in the mouth and broke one of his front teeth. The evidence was out -- we got in trouble when our folks got home and they put a gold crown on my cousin's front tooth. He had that gold crown the rest of his life until he passed away in 1987.

As I mentioned before, liquor was not sold in the territory where we lived but bootlegging was going on. One day just before the 4th of July (in those days most people had a big picnic on the 4th) I was going to the pasture to get the cows to milk and found the dirt disturbed around the brush. I looked and found pure grain alcohol buried there!! As I remember I took two bottles back to the house and told the folks, they went back and found three or four more bottles. I imagine the fellow who buried the liquor there was surprised to find it gone!

When we worked the fields mother had to go with us to get us to work! We would take corn and wheat to the mills to have it ground and the mill would keep some of the cornmeal and flour in exchange for the grinding. During World War I we had to turn in all flour to the main office where they were issuing bread cards and such. The flour rationing never bothered us because our main evening meal was cornbread and milk except when we had company. A lot of people who did not like cornbread really complained. Those times were hard but all us kids sure learned to work and how to stay out of meanness. We were not involved in athletics because we had to get home to do chores.

My mother would go to the cotton field with us to pick cotton. I would



pick beside her and she would pick twice as much as I would.

We had to walk south to school and many times in winter when a Northerner came up the temperature would drop 30 to 40 degrees and we had to walk into the wind coming home in the evening. I remember a lot of times my mother baking bread and as we got near home we could smell the bread -- when we got home we would dive into the light bread with our homemade butter!!

About 1918 a family, by the name of Damron, moved from Norman, Oklahoma to farm just across the road from where we lived. The Damron house was about 1/2 mile on the other side and we passed it on the way to school. In the process of their moving in, I saw my wife-to-be standing up in front of a buckboard driving a team with furniture and household goods. Her dad was in a wagon behind her -- she was about eighteen months older than I. She had four brothers and one sister. She was next to the oldest. Her older brother was in the Navy because he had lied about his age in order to get in. The first day they went to school, the girl I later married ran and caught up with me to find out where the rooms were at school. As time went on we all walked together and then in time she and I began to walk together. Her dad noticed we were walking together and told her to quit walking with me -- but we solved that problem!! There was a hill about 1/4 mile from her house, we would walk together till there, then she would drop back with the other children and I'd continue on ahead of everybody.

In January 1920, my grandfather, grandmother, two of their sons, my mother and we seven kids decided to move to Arizona. My mother's oldest brother lived in Phoenix. My grandfather and mother ordered a 40 foot boxcar,

loaded all our personal belongings, farming tools and seven head of horses and mules. My mother's oldest brother came with the boxcar with the stock and the rest of us came by passenger train. We arrived on January 14th. We unloaded the boxcar on South Central in Phoenix at an unloading dock and I drove a team of mules and a wagon up Central Avenue to Missouri Avenue (about 6 miles) with some of our belongings. We went to my uncle's home on Missouri Avenue and 7th Street. In the process of loading the boxcar in Purcell, my two uncles and I left our home with one team and wagon to go eight miles to my grandfather's place to get another team and wagon, two mules and a horse. It snowed and drifted all day. The wind was blowing when we got there and we started back with two wagons, two teams and three head of stock. About 4 o'clock, I broke a coupling pole but we got it repaired about dark six miles from home. I was driving the lead team and one of my uncles was riding and taking the stock, my other uncle was driving the other team and wagon. As I mentioned, snow was deeper in the cuts than anywhere. We had not gone far until I could see from the light of the moon that my team was pulling hard. I called my uncle and told him something was wrong -- my team was pulling too hard. He came up, looked, and said, "Nothing wrong, go on", so I started on. I started on but did not get far before my team began to foam under the harness; I called again that my team was playing out -- he came back and looked again, and said again, "Nothing wrong, go on", I started on. About fifty yards farther the front axel was pushing snow out in front of the team. We had to cut a barbed wire fence to go around the drifts to get home. We got back home about 2 A.M. the next morning -- that was the

first big snowstorm I was ever in.

After settling down at my uncle's place in Arizona my grandfather bought 40 acres at 24th Street and Camelback Road. I don't remember the exact situation but my mom took 15 acres, I took 5 and that left my grandfather with 20 acres. I had left cattle in Purcell, Oklahoma so I sold them to get the down payment. The land cost \$600 an acre; I later sold my 5 acres for \$500 an acre for cash so I could buy land northwest of Glendale. A big shopping center is on the corner of my mother's former 15 acres -- I don't know what's on mine!!

My uncle, Luther Smith, was farming near Phoenix. I rode a bike to Phoenix Union High School from Missouri Avenue. I took all my subjects in the morning and then worked for my uncle in the afternoon. He had bought a team of mules that was onery and I had to drive them. I remember coming home one day and seeing a big cloud coming from Tolleson; I had been in other storms and knew what to expect. I harnessed the mules and took them to the field but didn't hitch them up -- I just stood in front of them and watched the storm come, then I started back for the corral. I got them back to the corral and unharnessed just before the storm hit -- it hailed in Tolleson but just rained at my uncle's.

Gladys Damron and I corresponded after I left Purcell. We decided through letter-writing to get married, so, I went back on a visit early in September, 1921 and courted her a little -- to Church, etc. She had been a Christian 5 years and I had been a Christian 11 years -- Church was not new to us. We got married September 21, 1921 and came back to Arizona to settle

down and farm.


The first thing we did was to organize a Sunday School. I knew Mrs. Wilson on the Madison School board and asked permission to start a Sunday School in the old Madison School. We got permission and on October 16, 1921 eighteen people assembled. I had not attended regularly since moving to Arizona since the Church was six miles away. The Sunday School grew and became Madison Baptist Church which is still located in northeast Phoenix.

We had nothing! I had the 5 acres and rented some adjoining land -- we continued to live and farm at 24th Street and Camelback for six years. My wife drove teams and cultivated. I did the hoeing and irrigating. In 1922 on the 22nd of September our son, Keith, was born -- one year and one day after we were married. Our daughter, Betty, was born on September 17, 1926.

In 1927 it was beginning to get crowded around Camelback so I sold my acreage and moved to northwest Glendale where I bought twenty-four acres of land with a dairy barn on it. I had a few cows and got a few more until we built up to where we were milking about twenty-five cows. I rented 160 acres just across the road from where we lived and continued to farm and had my small dairy herd. The depression came along in early 1930's and butterfat got down to 13 cents a pound and would not pay for the grain the cattle were eating. I owed \$1,200 on the cattle to my grandfather, which previously was owed to Valley National Bank. His milk cow tested positive for brucellosis and he wanted a family milk cow. I owed him interest so I priced him some of the cows from \$40 to \$55 -- I had paid about \$150 per cow -- He did not buy one. He lived near my mother and told her he wanted to help me but I wanted too much

for my cows! There was an auction on Grand Avenue and I knew the auctioneer, Bob Wall, so I called him and told him to come up that I was selling out my dairy. He came and looked the cattle over and gave me a price. I asked him when he could sell them and he set the date for Friday, October 13, 1933. I told him to run radio ads and do the best he could -- I stood to lose \$100 a head. There was not much parking space around our place but the cars were 1/4 mile along the road from all the people who came to the sale.

When all was said and done, I still owed my grandfather \$400. One fellow, who talked the whole time he was watching the cows being milked kept saying, "This thing is going to get better -- you're making a mistake." I listened to him and then I said, "Now I'll tell you what I think. A bunch of heifers don't require grain and I have plenty of pasture. I can replace these cows with 2-1/2 yearling heifers." The man said, "That just might work."

I went to the Production Credit Association in Phoenix and talked to Louis Gallon who was the head of the Credit Association. I borrowed enough money to buy twenty-five yearling heifers for the purchase price plus \$400 to pay off my grandfather. I branded the cattle FS  right shoulder.

My neighbor was a member of the Dairy Association and I was pasturing fifty Holstein heifers for him. I told him I was looking to purchase twenty-five straight breed heifers and would he ask if any members were interested in selling. In a day or two he came down and asked me if I wanted to buy the fifty heifers I was already pasturing. I told him I was interested, but I would have to obtain additional financing to purchase the 50 heifers. My neighbor said, "That would be no problem. The guy who has the mortgage on the heifers

is the same guy loaning you money -- Louis Gallon." We worked out a deal -- he wanted \$18 a head, I wanted to pay \$15 a head, so we split the difference and I paid \$16.50 a head for fifty heifers. Immediately cattle began to pick up so I sold a few undesirables and started building up the herd.

In about twelve months my neighbor came down early one morning as I was harnessing my team and said he wanted to sell his dairy herd. I was interested but I told him I would have to obtain financing and I did not know if I could get the land lease transferred over to me. My neighbor said that would be no problem since the fellow who owned the 160 acres was the same fellow I was renting my 160 from.

I went back to Louis Gallon and told him I wanted to buy a dairy herd. I bought two teams, tools and the cows! I took those fifty head of young milking age cattle and built the herd up to eighty. Two men were milking thirty cows apiece twice a day and one man was milking the extras and doing the feeding. This continued for a few years then I got tired of dairy farming and sold it all out. I began to buy old cows, range cows and cull cows to eat my feed. This was my first experience with range cattle but not range land.

I recall about a year later, a friend who bought cattle for Maricopa Packing Company and I traveled together in the fall. He bought a load from Fain Cattle Company, loaded the cows and then we drove to Camp Verde. He was going on to Show Low. A young man was at the station and he asked if we were buying cattle? I said we were buying and he said his family had cows and some bulls they wanted to sell. I asked him if we could see them before dark and he said he thought we could. Just before dark we crossed

what is now I-17 to talk about buying cows. We stayed for supper and I bought some cows. After supper my friend had to get to Show Low by daylight so we started on. After a couple of hours I took over driving to Show Low and we arrived at the ranch about daylight -- I went to the bunkhouse and went to bed -- my friend went to look at the cattle. While there we heard about a carload of cows for sale nearby so I went to see them and bought them! I had bought 400 head altogether laid down in Glendale for 6 cents a pound. I also bought cattle from Mr. Reeves on the Flower Pot Ranch near Camp Verde. They were delivered to Mayer, weighed, and then shipped by rail to Glendale. I bought one load from the Bensch brothers at Mayer to be shipped to Glendale. Next, I bought 3 carloads of cattle at Holbrook to be shipped to Glendale. My daughter and I took the cows from the stockyards and brought them home.

Many of those old cows had just had their calves taken off. I counted the cows after we got them home and found that one cow from the Mayer shipment was missing. I notified the cattle inspector. In three or four days he called -- he had found the cow -- she had gotten into a pasture with milk cows near the stockyards -- she was going back to her calf!! The fellow wanted damages which were more than she was worth. He wanted payment for his barbed wire fence and the pasture feed she had eaten for 2 days! A lot of people are afraid of range cattle and he was no different! I told him I would pay something, but not more than \$40 -- that was all I paid for her!!!

I went to Holbrook the next morning to receive 3 loads of cattle. I was told a section crew would help me load when it was time. A section

crew member said it was time to load, so we did -- we had to tie up the bulls in the cars and then load the cows. Then, someone else from the railroad came by and said it was too early to load the cattle, unload them....so we did....then reloaded them later.

After getting the cows to the Valley I fed them dry feed and pastured them -- it was in and out of the dry lot all winter. Evans-Laird Cattle Company had all the land from where Metro Center is now to Rock Springs and some of the land up on the mountain. It had rained during the winter and the desert was like a carpet with heavy filaria and Indian wheat which is good feed. I talked to Evans-Laird and asked them if they would pasture the cattle. They said they would, so I drove 400 head out and put them on that pasture -- it never rained another drop -- the feed dried up. In May there was a total of 7,000 head on pasture. When we went to gather the cattle as it came time to hold them up in the area we were holding them, the ground became so torn up it was like flour. I sold the cows for \$.10 a pound, I got 125 calves off them, and I made enough off the calves to pay my pasture bill! That was my first experience with range cattle.

During that time I bought old cows from the Yolo Company that they were culling as undesirables. I was moving the cows on the road from 59th Avenue to 67th Avenue. This was during the war and there was an auxillary war field north of Glendale. I met an Army caravan taking troops into north Glendale and the fellow driving the pilot car blew his horn and just kept blowing it. The cattle scattered through a nearby cotton patch! Cotton was flying everywhere! I finally got them back together and we continued on.



On October 20, 1940, I had surgery at St. Joseph's Hospital on 4th Street. On the Sunday before going home on Tuesday they stood me up to X-ray my lung and when I got back to bed I began having pain in my left leg. I called a nurse, she called a night supervisor, the night supervisor came and said she would call the doctor. They came back and put a canvas tent with light bulbs over my leg and then gave me a shot to put me out. All I had was chipped ice and 7Up for three days -- a blood clot had lodged in my left groin and the whole leg was black. The next morning my wife came to see me after getting our daughter off to school and I hardly knew her. They put on special nurses and I had them nearly a week. One morning about 4 o'clock I asked an elderly nurse if she thought I could go home -- she said a flat, "No." I got no encouragement from her. About 7 o'clock A.M. a young nurse came on duty and I asked her if she thought I might be able to go home. She said, "It wouldn't hurt to try." About 9 o'clock A.M. the Doctor came and I asked him if I could go home. He said I could if I went in an ambulance and had a private nurse with me during the day. The young nurse that had been taking care of me agreed to go to my home and take care of me -- I had her call an ambulance and I called Gladys not to come down but to order a hospital bed, I was coming home. The first night I was home we started looking for my medicine and pain pills and could not find them -- the next morning I asked my nurse if she slept well, she said, "Yes", I told her she should have had my sleeping pills, my pain pills, and my medication.

After a month I still could not walk fifty feet without my leg swelling. I continued to go to the doctor regularly. On May 15, 1941 the doctor told me,

"...never do another days work in my life." That was a shock!! I was farming about a section of land and had one man who had been with me since 1933. We had the crop started so we had to go ahead. Doctor told me to lease out my land and get rid of the half section I had leased. Because of the intensity of the problem, I took him at his word. I notified Bill Pickrell who was running an investment agency for out-of-state land owners that I was quitting farming. I gathered the crop and then leased my land out.

During the time we lived in Glendale, my wife and I were quite involved in the First Baptist Church. She was a deaconess and I was a deacon. During World War II I taught the young men's class and I bought a wooden eagle with a 4-foot wingspan from tip to tip, and a way to hang names on it. I had 50 servicemen's names hanging on it during the War. I had a florescent light wired direct so the eagle would be lit day and night. Our sanctuary was hexagon in shape and when you entered the Church you looked across the room to the lighted eagle. After the choir entered the choir loft the congregation stood in silent prayer 1 to 2 minutes and then we had audible prayer for the young men and their families.

When the War was over our pastor brought a message, "The Light That Never Went Out." There are two servicemen and their wives who still visit me regularly.

My interest in the War was very intense since I had a son and son-in-law in the service.

I have served on many different boards during my lifetime such as our Church board, as a director of the Purebreed Breeder's Association of Arizona,

the State Dairy Improvement Association, and the Glendale School Board. As chairman of the school board it was my job to present the diplomas to the graduating class during the war. There was a ruling by the government that when young men graduated, they had to report to the draft board soon after. As I presented diplomas I felt so very near to the young men I choked up. I told them that I did not know all the young men personally but I said they were all friends of mine because they were going to defend my country.

When rationing began in World War II the rationing Board had no office to work in so they put the people in a hall at the Arizona State Fairgrounds. Everybody had to go to the Fairgrounds to buy anything (gas, car prices were set here, etc.) I was raising hogs and cattle in Glendale and I went to apply for gasoline for some equipment. People were sitting in chairs waiting their turn. I was sitting there listening to the head of the rationing board saying his speech which he had memorized and gave the same speech no matter what!! I told him I did not need his story -- I had a son and son-in-law in the service and some of my farm lands were helping to build Luke Air Force Base. If I can get what I need to farm so I can provide food for the war effort okay -- if not, I can feed myself and my family with no problem.

I requested a tire for my hog trailer. The fellow wrote on the requisition for the man to give me a re-capped tire. I said, "No, if I had a flat some where with hogs loaded in the trailer I would lose all of them in the heat." The man finally gave me a new tire.

A friend of mine was buying livestock for the Maricopa Packing Company and he went down to get some gasoline. A colored man was in front of him

applying for something. The rationing board member tore up the application and threw it in the waste basket. The rationing board member grabbed for my friend's application but my friend jerked it back and told him if he didn't like the looks of his application, give it back, don't throw it away!

About this time a neighbor asked to know if I were interested in running for Maricopa County Supervisor. I told him, "No."

One year Roy Hays pastured cattle close by my farm and I met him and Tom Rigden. One day Roy asked me if I might be able to look after the cattle for him. I agreed to. About two years after meeting Hays and Rigden, and five years since my surgery, they knew I liked the cattle business so they told me that Charles Hines had bought the Muleshoe Ranch 40 miles southwest of Prescott and he wanted to lease the range land out but wanted to keep the good buildings for his use. Rakestraw had previously owned the ranch and had built some apartments up on the hill and a swimming pool. Rakestraw's health broke so he sold the ranch to Charles Hines. Roy Hays had told Hines I might be interested so I got in touch with Hines. Hines said if I was interested to bring a horse and we'd look over the range. Tom Rigden said he would go with me so we went up, looked at the ranch, stayed overnight, and I made a deal with Hines to lease the land for 5 years. I told Mr. Hines he should put a "right to sell" clause in for his own benefit because the romance might wear off before the 5 years were up and he might want to sell -- sure enough! In 20 months the ranch was sold. I moved the cattle back to Glendale where I sold most of them but kept about 40 calves.

In March, 1948 Ed Locklear, an attorney in Prescott, called me and told

me that the Clarence Jackson ranch at Kirkland was for sale. By this time I felt that my health was such that I could run an outfit. The Jackson place had 600 head, which was too big for me, but my brother-in-law said he would go into partnership with me if I would run the ranch. We went up to the ranch about 4:00 in the afternoon and spoke with the foreman, Mr. Gibson. He told us he had talked with widow Swanee Jackson, not an hour before, and she said the ranch was not for sale. We went into Prescott and talked to Ed Locklear about how it could be for sale one hour and not the next!! The next morning we started back to Phoenix.

I had previously bought cattle from Matt Lee so I decided to stop in and see him on the way home. When we arrived Mrs. Lee said, "Where have you been? We have been looking for you." When I asked her why, she said they wanted to sell me the ranch. Matt was out gathering cows but we waited for him to get home and when he got home he said the same thing as Mrs. Lee had said earlier. Matt told me he had an offer for \$100,000 cash, I told him that was too high. There were not too many cattle, and the ones that were there, were run down. We finally worked out a deal and headed back to the lawyer's office that afternoon. Ed Locklear wanted to know what we were doing back so soon and Mr. Lee told him he had just sold me his ranch. We got the preliminary papers drawn up that afternoon and made an appointment to come back Tuesday and close the deal. Matt Lee was 78 years old then and Mrs. Lee was 80 years old. The Lee's rented a house in Kirkland. There was no rain that summer and I had very few cattle to sell. Mrs. Lee met Earl Evans one day and asked him if he thought we were going to make it. He assured her we would make a go of the

ranch. She was very disappointed -- they wanted the ranch back! After a month or so the Lee's moved to Prescott.

In the winter of 1948-1949 a snowstorm hit. I had cattle up on the mountain above Wilhoit and we had to move them off because of the depth of the snow -- it was belly-deep to a horse! That was the second major snowstorm I was in.

The ranch at Kirkland had a forest permit for 85 cattle six months of the year from November 15 until May 15th. I recall one year on the 14th day of May Tom Rigden, one of his men, myself, a fellow and his wife who worked for me, and Keith Quail, a lawyer from Prescott trailered our horses to Wilhoit to gather the cattle. We spread out on both sides of the White Spar highway. Soon after we started it began to rain which soon turned to snow. When we got around the mountain to Glen Oaks we were wet to the skin. There was a mining prospector's cabin there so we all went to the cabin, got warm but not dry. We decided that we would go home as we had seen only 2 cows of the 85 head there -- they were all bushed up!

As we were going single file down that mountain Tom Rigden asked Keith Quail if there was any kind of a law-suit that a man could sue for getting another man out in a snow storm to gather cattle. Keith Quail said he better get somebody that had more sense than to wear a straw hat and ride a quilted saddle in a snow storm or he would not get very far.

My wife was to meet us in Wilhoit at noon for lunch. She was there with the lunch and I told her to go back home and put some more wood on the fire -- we would be there!

Tom Rigden, Roy Hays and I worked together quite a bit and I would like to say that I never had better neighbors.

We worked the ranch from 1948 until the fall of 1959 when we sold to Mrs. Katherin Dumont. My wife and I decided to retire and we moved to Prescott. I tried to get into the real estate business but had no luck. I told everybody that I could not drive it and it did not bawl so I was not satisfied.

We bought a house on Meadowridge Road, then traded it for a ranch near Mayer where I ran 100 head of cattle. We had another small house in Prescott which we moved into. I commuted to the ranch at Mayer from 1960 until 1972.

On December 13, 1967 it began snowing and it snowed almost continuously until December 23rd. I had the ranch at Mayer then and I had to hire a D7 Caterpillar tractor to go in and get some of the cattle out. I lost about ten percent of my cattle. That was the third big snow storm of my life.

On August 26, 1970 about 2:30 A.M. my wife got real sick and I took her to the hospital. When we got her there she was all but unconscious and they put her in intensive care immediately where she lapsed into unconsciousness almost at once. About 5:00 A.M. Dr. Phillips told us to go home, nothing could be done. I had an appointment with a cattle buyer that morning so I went down to Mayer and told him I could not show him the cattle that I was going back to the hospital. When I got to the hospital she had passed away. She had a check-up a few days before and everything appeared to be okay then. Because her death was sudden we allowed an autopsy which found that a blood vessel in her heart had broken and they also found cancer on one kidney; the doctor said the cancer would have been impossible to detect before it had gotten too bad to do anything about.

That helped to lighten the hurt of losing my wife. Gladys and I were married 48 years, 11 months and 25 days.

After my wife passed away our Church called a new pastor. Reverend Morris Yokum came as the new pastor of First Baptist Church of Prescott. His family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one son, and his mother-in-law, Ruth. Sixteen months after my wife passed away Ruth and I were married on December 18, 1971. We live in the home my first wife and I built.

I continued to run the little ranch at Mayer for about another year. My daughter and son-in-law did not want me to sell it; but I had no desire or incentive to continue ranching in Mayer. I sold it to Bill Gates.

Next, I bought a ranch on the Verde River from the Monroe's. I tried commuting from Prescott to the Verde Valley. This was not working, so I sold it. I tried to retire again!

In 1975 my son-in-law, Barden Riggle and daughter, Betty, and I went in partnership and bought the old Irving Walker Ranch at Camp Verde. It was quite run down. We built some good corrals, improved the house, then in 1979 Barden got sick and we decided to sell the ranch. We sold it to Cecil Billingsley.

My son, Keith, went into the Naval Air Corps right after graduating from high school staying in until after the end of World War II. He loved flying. Upon his discharge he came home and began farming in the Salt River Valley farming my land and some other that he leased. He did very well and is now retired.

Cattle ranching was the thing I wanted to do most all my life; but my wife and I felt that our children and Church were very important. Therefore, it was important to be near a school and a Church. Because of these beliefs, I



I did not get the opportunity to get into ranching until after my health broke.  
But I loved it while I was in it.

Floyd Sasser, Friday 13th, October 1989.  
Typed by my granddaughter, Marianna Riggle.

## GRACE JOHNSON

(The next two Histories of Grace Johnson Birdwell are reproduced with permission of the author and the Blue River Cowbells. They are from "Down on the Blue" published by the Blue River Cowbells in 1987.)

My father came from Illinois and my mother was from New Mexico. I was born in Pinos Altos, New Mexico on July 7, 1895.

We (Bill Johnson and Grace Johnson) came to Blue River when I was 18 years old (1913). We bought the improvements on a little place down the river from a man by the name of Manville Hodges. (Later known as the Ed Cole Place.) I think it was about 30 acres. It had a nice little house on it. That's where we started. I lived there by myself for 3 years and proved up on the place. (Bill was away working for George Balke.) That's what it took at that time to prove up on a place.

I drug my wood off the hill lots of times by the saddle horn. I carried water for the house up a steep bank. We had no running water. We had to carry water in buckets.

I had some milk cows and some saddle horses so I rode a lot. I was happy there living on the little homestead. It was just like a dream. Then there were no roads and it was pretty rough traveling up and down the river. So we didn't see very many people.

There were lots of fish in the river and I liked to fish, and I would fish very often. Another thing I liked to do was climb the hills and hunt rocks which I did very, very often. I had friends there who would go with me. There were lots of good people that lived on Blue River and we were all friends and

we all visited a lot in those days. Every Saturday night we'd have a dance and a party at somebody's house. We would go to first one house and then the other. And we all enjoyed ourselves and everybody at that time were friends, good friends, and I just loved all those people on Blue River, especially Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who had the post office. They were all such good and sweet people and they were all so good to me.

It was hard for me living there with Bill gone all the time. So there were lots of things happened. That was a short cut through the country and there were lots of outlaws and hard characters traveled that trail. We used to be a little afraid sometimes, but nothing or nobody ever bothered me one bit in the world. And I'll tell you the country was pretty wild.

When we left there we moved up the river farther and bought another place which was a better place than what we had there. We had a nice orchard and we had plenty of land to raise feed for our horses and our cows. And then we had a permit and we had cattle and we got fixed so Bill didn't have to work away from home anymore. He could stay at home so we all just stayed there and worked. We all loved it and enjoyed it.

When my little brother, Buster Ross, was staying with us, he and I were out on a trap line. All at once he hollered and said, "Get your gun and come quick. I've got the biggest thing up there you ever saw." So I got my gun and went up there with him and there was a big old wolf. He stood way up high and he had two great big yellow eyes. So I didn't know how well I could shoot so I told my little brother, he was only 10 years old, I said, "You get on your horse because if I shoot him out of that trap he's liable to be pretty

mad." So he got on his horse and I took aim by a tree and pulled the trigger and boy, I hit him right between the eyes and down he went! We skinned him and took him home. He took the scalp and sent it off and he got \$50 for it and he took the hide and sent it off and he got \$12 for it so he made a pretty good deal on that situation.

We kept on trapping and we caught lots and lots of things and he stayed with me all winter. When he went home that spring he had quite a little roll of money. He had to go home to help Mama and Papa so he never did get back to stay with me anymore.

When we lived at that ranch and got all straightened up I went up to Diamond Rock, which was a lodge in the mountains. I ran it for a man by the name of Fred Black for several years.

During that time we had 2 wonderful daughters, which I raised on the Blue and at Diamond Rock. (Polly and Sis.) They grew up to ride horses and love the mountains the same as I did. We had a great time at Diamond Rock and we had a great time at the ranch. It was all beautiful and all good. My children were very happy at both places and we all long for the Blue even today.

There used to be a lot more water in the Blue than there is now. There was enough water that at one time the miners in Clifton floated their logs down the river to Clifton from the Blue. They cut the logs up above the Box and floated them clear to Clifton. Not only was there more water, but it wasn't so rocky. There are a lot more boulders now. There used to be lots more land. Willows grew along the banks, not so many cottonwoods and big trees the way it is now - just willows. But now it has grown up so thick with big

trees you can hardly get through it. It isn't at all the way it used to be. I guess that's what happened to the water. In fact it dries up sometimes in the summer lots of places. It didn't used to ever, ever do that. We used to have plenty of water in the ditches for our cattle, for our farming, and for everything. We just took the irrigation water into the ditches out of the river.

There used to be lots of wild turkey and lots of game of all kinds. The wild turkey used to come in and graze in our field. They used to come in and pick the corn off the stalks and another thing, there were lots of bear. They used to come in our orchard and get our apples. There was a cellar in back of the house. Once a lion jumped on the cellar then onto the house and walked back and forth one night when the children and I were there alone. It kinda' scared us. The next morning we could see its big tracks in the snow. I guess he must have been very big. He sounded like a horse walking on the roof!

My husband, Bill Johnson, was raised on the Blue. He wasn't exactly born on the Blue. I think he was born in Springerville, but he grew up on Blue River. In fact there are landmarks yet of the old homestead where they lived just north of Johnson Canyon where the present school is located. There's one apple tree growing there that's way over a hundred years old. It is west of the road and east of the river. The flood has washed around and over it, but every summer, so far, it's had green leaves on it. It used to bear apples, but we haven't seen any apples on it for a long time. But Bill spent his whole life, nearly, on Blue River working cattle around the country there close so he was really a native of Blue River.

We had some neighbors that lived above us. A couple of old bachelors.

They came there and located and homesteaded and built them a log house. Their names were Tom Williams and Al Bishop. They lived there for many years, I guess. They were there when I went there and they stayed there a long time after I got there.

There used to be, like I said, lots of water in Blue River. One time the bachelors had a big team of horses and a wagon. There was a box canyon (Jackson Box) up there where the bluffs come together. They were coming through that canyon one winter when there was a lot of ice and snow stacked up. They got down in the snow and ice and drowned one of their horses. Now days there isn't water enough to make ice that bad, but then, they had a lot of trouble.

The first plane that landed in Blue River has been about 50 years ago. There were some people from Tucson, a man by the name of Jim Veazy. I forget who the other man was, but they were looking for some place to hunt. They were flying over the country looking around. They saw our field and they thought it was big enough to land their plane. They just landed on the field. We were so surprised because, Lordy, that was the first plane we'd ever seen on Blue River! They came over to the house and talked to us and told us all about what they wanted to do. They got some horses and rode around to locate some hunting ground.

When they got ready to take off they couldn't because there were some big trees in their way. They had to cut down several trees in order to get going again. Everybody went to help them cut down the trees. Then everybody was standing around looking, seeing the plane take off.

When they first got in the air, why Jim thought it would be a good thing to just kinda' swoop down and scare these people that were all standing out there looking. So sure enough he did (here Grace laughs at the remembrance). He ducked down right close to them and scared them all. Anyway he got out and got away but that was the first plane that ever came to Blue River. I don't remember the exact date.

There used to be lots of ranchers on Blue River; good sized ranches with quite a few cattle. There used to be lots more land. Now the floods have taken all the dirt away until it's just a rocky boulder bed. There were lots of fields and lots of orchards. At the Rafter H place there was a nice big orchard that had all kinds of fruit on it and at the Y—'s (Y—Y) there was lots of fruit.

There just aren't the cattle there used to be. (Forest Service has cut down on the allotment.) There was open range and nobody fenced and everybody just let their cattle run. The cattle from all ranches ran together. Everybody worked together in the fall to gather their cattle and get them off to the railroad in Magdalena, New Mexico. They rounded them up and sold them once a year. That was the only place they had to sell them then.

It took ten days to make the drive from that part of the country to Magdalena. It would take lots of men. They would have a chuck wagon and they would have a cook and they would have lots of people to help drive the cattle because everybody who had cattle in the herd went with them. It took them 10 days to go and it took 4 days, I think, to come back. Everybody would load their wagons down with groceries and things for the winter, then everybody came home and kinda' took it easy through the winter. The next spring they

all had to go to work again. Then the next fall they'd have to make that trip all over again.

Sometimes they would get in bad storms and it would be quite a chore going to Magdalena across those plains with the wind and snow blowing. Anyway they did it.

Now the people take their cattle in trucks to market. The cattle don't mix together as in the old days, when the owners had to separate them at the railroad.

Now the ranchers also take their cattle to the mountains by truck. Each rancher is given an allotment and the cattle have to stay within that limited area. In the summer, in those days, the cattle took care of themselves. When the weather began to get warm the cattle found their own way to the mountain pastures and when the weather turned cold they came back down to the warmer canyon.

The first good roads we had on Blue River were built by the CC's. That was a program that President F. D. Roosevelt had in the late 30's. They built roads all over the country. We didn't have many roads before that and they were very bad. The (CCC) opened many places. They stayed there, I think, a couple of years. That was during the great depression and so many people didn't have anything to do (for a living), so they took them out in these camps and put them to building roads and fixing the country side with dams to stop the floods from washing away the roads and ditches. It was certainly a big help and we've had pretty good roads ever since.

Later Bob Birdwell and I were married. When Bob and I moved away from



the Blue we moved to the 6K6 Ranch about 30 miles above Clifton and there we stayed for 19 years. About 20 years ago, 1966 approximately, we bought a house in Springerville, Arizona. We still have that house and live in it in the summertime. A few years ago we bought a place in Safford, Arizona where we live in the winter.

#### JOHNSON-BIRDWELL

by Grace Johnson Birdwell over the phone to  
Katharine Lee (1986)

Grace's parents, Louis and Lilly Ross, were from Glenwood, New Mexico. They had five boys and five girls who were: Charlie, Louis, Bill, Leo, and Buster (the little brother in the wolf story), and Grace, Bessie, Alemeda, Myrtle and Ruby.

When Grace was 18 (1913) she married Bill Johnson in Silver City, New Mexico. According to Grace, Bill was born in Springerville, but his parents were living on the Blue and returning there. The location was across the road and a little above the present location of the Blue School in the mouth of Johnson Canyon. There were some apple trees standing there, but the house has long since been destroyed and at this writing one tree remains. His parents were Susan and "Cedar-Top" Johnson, the only name anyone can come up with.

When Grace and Bill were first married they lived at Alma, where Bill worked on a ranch belonging to George Graham who was married to Bill's sister, Mattie. Then Mr. Graham bought another ranch, the "Hook and Line," near Coolidge Dam so Grace and Bill lived there as Bill continued working for Mr. Graham. Grace said there were too many rattlesnakes and scorpions in

that area to suit her so they moved back to the Glenwood area.

All of this must have happened in a year's time because in December of 1913 they went to Blue River by horseback, across the mountains via Bear Valley and Ladron Canyon (pronounced by many old-timers 'Latharone', which is how it sounds to Anglo ears when the Spanish 'r' is rolled and the 'd' has a slight 'th' sound, CBC). In places they encountered snow up to their saddle skirts. They came so that Bill could work for George Balke, who at that time, with his wife, Etta Cosper Balke, was living at the mouth of Steeple Creek at a place known as the RNH Ranch.

They were homesteading the first place below the Box, which is now known as the Cole Place. There are no houses there and it has reverted back to the Forest Service. Manville and Laura Hodges had lived on the place for about a year and had begun the homestead, but they gave it up and moved on top near Nutrioso at the double cattle guards, just above Nelson Reservoir. Their old windmill still stands and spins to this day - 1986.

One of Grace's main fishing buddies was little Tommy Cosper, who was just a little boy at that time. They would often take their lunch and go up Grant Creek fishing. That was quite a little distance from where both of them lived.

The George Balke home was new then and all the Cosper children were at home on the Y-'s. Frank and Lula Hodges had built their new house opposite the mouth of Grant Creek.

It was while the Johnsons were living at the Cole Place that Grace went to Luna to have her first child, Polly. Polly was born in Luna, New Mexico on March 8, 1923.

Polly, Mrs. Marlon Getzwiler, now lives on a ranch near Gila Bend, Arizona. She served 22 years as an Arizona State Senator. Her children are Billy Lou, Bill and Joe. Polly flies her own plane.

About 1924 they bought a ranch from Billy Martin, Cliff's brother, farther up the river, just above the mouth of Nolan Canyon. They piled everything into a wagon and set out. The new ranch was a much bigger and better place. It is now owned by the Quinslers and Miss Tafel.

A doctor came down from Reserve, New Mexico to deliver their second daughter at the new ranch. She is Virginia "Sis" Johnson Becker. She was born on the Blue on July 21, 1926. Sis is married to Gustav Becker. Gus is from the famous Becker family of Springerville, Arizona. His parents were Eddie and Annie Becker. He has two sisters, Louise Becker Nunn, who lives in Albuquerque, and Margaret Ann Becker Harper, who lives in Springerville. Their brother, Ernie, was killed in an airplane crash many years ago. Gus owns a bulk gasoline plant in Springerville and their son, Gustav Robert "Bud" Becker, works with him. Sis owns Becker Realty and their daughter, Gracie Ann, works with her. Gracie Ann has a son, Dallas.

Grace's favorite recipe is Vinegar Pie. She said it was the favorite of the pioneer women coming in covered wagons across the plains. They used it frequently because they had no ingredients to make other desserts.

Grace is now 91 years old. She and her husband, Bob Birdwell, live in Safford in the winter and in Springerville in the summer. Grace said, "I have loved life and loved living - the work and all!"

## YAVAPAI RANCH TOURS

The 1984 Ranch Tour was sponsored by the Yavapai Cattle Growers and the Prescott Chamber of Commerce. The ranch histories presented here were written by the respective ranch owners prior to the tour.

### THE BAR H RANCH

The Bar H Ranch was put together with a dream and plenty of sweat. My dad, Claud Aiken, moved to this area in 1905 when he was 12 years old. The family moved to Arizona from Marfa, Texas where his father and uncle operated a stage stand. They kept the horses fed and shod, and the women cooked for the passengers and stage hands.

My mother, Hazel Swiger, moved to Jerome Junction in September 1910 from Bellingham, Washington. She was eight years old. They came to dry farm because of pictures of lush gardens and corn fields which had been sent to them by friends. (Must have been a wet year.)

Mom and Dad were married in 1920 and homesteaded this place in 1928. Dad took up a grazing homestead, which was 360 acres and Mother picked up a relinquishment on a homestead which joined it. In order to fulfill the requirements to obtain title to the land or 'prove up on it' they had to live on both homesteads. Consequently, this house stands on the line with half on one homestead and half on the other.

Dad worked at whatever jobs were available while adding to his holdings by buying a little piece of land here or there, another at a tax sale, picking up homesteads from people who wanted to sell or trading. This ranch is comprised of totally deeded land. Dad always said, "Someday this land will be worth a

lot of money. They are making more people but they aren't making any more land." What foresight!

Besides cowboying for other ranches, he cooked, worked as janitor at the County Courthouse, was trail guard and pump man for the sheep trail. I remember he worked for the WPA and helped paint the schoolhouse. Meantime, he looked after his own little bunch of cattle and raised a huge garden, which he irrigated many times by lantern with a pump powered by a little gasoline motor.

Mother canned hundreds of jars of tomatoes, string beans, peaches, pears and applesauce, as well as jams, jellies, relishes and sometimes catsup. They also gave produce away by the washtub full.

Besides all this, Mother did laundry to supplement the family income. Water was carried in buckets, first from a spring below the barn, later from a well with a hand pump up on the hill. (When I could carry a bucketfull in each hand without slopping my shoes full, I thought I was pretty big.) The water was heated outside over a wood fire and the washing was done in a gasoline powered Maytag washing machine. I might add she ironed with sad irons heated on a wood range until the day my Dad came home with a Coleman Gas iron! A great improvement but hotter than the Halls of Hades to stand over and iron all day.

Artesian water was discovered in Chino Valley in 1930. A few years later Dad scraped together enough money to drill an irrigation well. It was artesian and an alfalfa field was planted. The hay was mowed and raked with a team of horses and at first the hay was stacked. Then he hired it baled,

but still mowed and raked by a team of horses and put into shocks by hand with a pitch fork. Later, he acquired tractors and a baler. Then he baled his own hay but he also did custom work and baled other people's hay as well.

If every a ranch was built on the proverbial shoe string, this one was. I have always said, "Dad didn't even have the shoe string." He did have a good head, a driving ambition and a terrific amount of enthusiasm for whatever he did. He was chore boy, hunter, prospector, farmer, sheepman, cowboy and rancher. He was also a kid at heart. Anything he did he gave it his all and he had a zest for life that is hard to beat. He made kites for his kids, taught us to spin tops and play marbles. He played baseball, took his family on picnics, to rodeos, taught us to swim and hunt. He stitched up horses, dogs and chickens, if the need arose. Was a backyard veterinarian or whatever my and my Mother stood beside him in whatever he did, and worked as hard or harder than he did keeping the house in order and the family clean and fed. There were two of us girls, but the house was always full of boys and men working for us. Men who needed a job and a place to stay. Boys who might otherwise been delinquents if Dad hadn't taken them in and given them a job. He had a way with kids and a soft spot in his heart for the underdog. It was great growing up around him for his enthusiasm was catching. He made fun out of hard work.

Mrs. W. J. Wells (nee Betty Lo Aiken)  
May 30, 1984  
Chino Valley, Arizona

## V SEVEN RANCH

The V Seven Ranch was at one time part of the M. A. Perkins Ranch. Austin Nunn worked for Mr. Perkins from 1915 to 1928. His uncle Jim Nunn had helped the Perkins' with their cattle drive from Texas to this country in 1900. During the time Mr. Nunn worked for the Perkins' he purchased the ranch and the V Seven cattle. It is my understanding these cattle had belonged to Mrs. Perkins.

In 1928, after his marriage to Annie Jaggard, on July 18th of that year, together they homesteaded the property where this house stands.

Other than about three sections here at the ranch, the V Seven cattle ran on National Forest. The permit does not join this pasture and is on down the Perkinsville road. It is called the China Dam Allotment. It goes to and across the Verde River.

We purchased this ranch in 1952 at which time the Nunns moved into Chino Valley. Mr. Nunn died in 1965 and Mrs Nunn lived until last year. She was 94 at the time of her death and had a very sharp mind.

Mrs. W. J. Wells (nee Betty Lo Aiken)  
May 30, 1984  
Chino Valley, Arizona

## THE PERKINS RANCH

This ranch, known today as the Perkins Ranch, was first started by Baker and Campbell in 1876. The irrigation ditches with water rights for the fields were established in this year. For many years, hay was hauled by wagon to Prescott for the horses which pulled the fire department wagons and for the livery stables. This ranch was known then as the Baker and Campbell 76 Ranch

or just the 76 Ranch which was their brand made like this 7 .

Marion Alexander Perkins wanted to leave Texas because the state passed a homestead law that only eight sections of land to be homesteaded. He decided it wasn't enough land so he was going to move farther west. Marion came to Arizona and talked to Baker and Campbell about purchasing their open range rights. A deal was made and he returned to Texas to prepare for a move.

On July 5, 1898, M. A. Perkins, his family, and several of his neighbors began what ended up a two-year cattle drive from Texas to central Arizona. They started with a herd of 1500 head of cattle between them. When they reached an area between Holbrook and Winslow, Arizona, they ran into trouble with Alkaline poisoning. M. A. also heard that Baker and Campbell were trying to back out of the sale so he returned his cattle to Luna, New Mexico. Later the following year, he finalized the sale of the Baker and Campbell open range rights, returned again to Luna, where his cattle were pastured until late summer, and then continued the cattle drive once more. The Perkins family arrived here at the 76 Ranch with their herd of cattle in November of 1900. This ranch is now known as Perkinsville.

Marion A. Perkins had six children, three girls and three boys. There was Robert, Marion N., Ben, Valeria, Katie and Fannie. The two oldest girls contracted scarlet fever after playing with an old blanket left behind by a hobo and died.

On March 15, 1903, M. A. Perkins accepted the position of second vice president of the Arizona Cattle Growers. Also in 1904, M. A. was elected to



the Territorial Legislature of Arizona until it became a state. He then served twice as a representative in the Arizona State Legislature.

The Santa Fe Railroad honored the Perkins' family by naming their rail siding "Perkinsville" after them in 1912. At one time, there was a post office, small store, and a school at Perkinsville.

On June 30, 1927, Marion A. Perkins died. The ranch was divided between his children and Marion N. Perkins (Nick) retained the Perkinsville area. In 1923, Nick married Evelyn E. Duncan who had been a school teacher in Williams, Arizona. They had four boys: Marion, Jr., Ben, Tom and David. Nick, as his friends knew him, was responsible for building Taylor Cabin, a very unique cabin in the heart of Sycamore Canyon. Sycamore Canyon, another part of the Perkins Ranch, is the most primitive area west of the Mississippi River. It is considered a wilderness area today. Nick spent most of his time living in the remote places on his ranch with his beloved cattle.

Evelyn Perkins bought the TFH *TH* brand soon after she and Nick were married. At a later date, we purchased the Bar P *-P* brand from the Fannie Perkins estate. These are the two brands used today. Evelyn taught school in a one-room school house at Perkinsville. She was a charter member of Yavapai Cowbells, deeply involved in geneology, archeology, and in the study of southwest heritage.

Evelyn Perkins passed away in February of 1970, Nick passed away in July of 1975. Their son, Tom, inherited the Perkinsville area of the ranch from them -- the third generation.

Tom married Margaret Seigert in 1954 and they have six children; Debbie,

Evelyn, Cyndy, Tom, Mike and Danny. He has done many improvement the ranch such as drilling wells so the watering of cattle can be spread out, improving fences and upgrading the cattle. His breeding program consists of good Hereford cows bred to top Brahma bulls and an excellent bunch of calves are sold to buyers to be fattened into choice beef. Tom has been a member of the Forest Advisory Board and has served on Federal Lands' committees. He wants to help preserve the quality of not only his ranch, but others in Yavapai County. He is also president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers, and Margaret is president of their women's organization, the Yavapai Cowbelles.

The Perkinsville Ranch has been in our family since 1900. It is a heritage we are all proud of and hope we can continue. Thank you for coming out.

Tom Perkins

#### BAR HEART 1984 RANCH TOUR

At one time the Bar Heart Ranch covered an area from Williams to the Verde River. The part "above the Rim" was summer range with winter range "under the Rim." In 1911 George Barney held a Temporary Homsteader's permit for over a 1000 head. He sold to Shea and Goodwin in 1915, and it was held by them until 1935. Historical names of the area appear in the holdings of smaller permits over the year; names like Ochoa, Brazil, Perkins, King Merritt and Putteney. For some years the Ashfork Livestock Company held a seasonal sheep permit that was later converted to cattle.

In 1954 the ranch was sold to Sam Steiger who in turn sold to "Doc" Chapman in 1960. Ownership then passed to Tom McNeely, Bill McCullough and the present owners, David R. Gipe and partners, in January of 1978.

SIZE: 73 Sections of National Forest Land  
400 Acres Deeded Land  
400 AU'S

OPERATION: Cow/Calf

MARKETING: Cattle shipped to feedlot in Yuma and marketed  
as finished fat cattle ready for slaughter

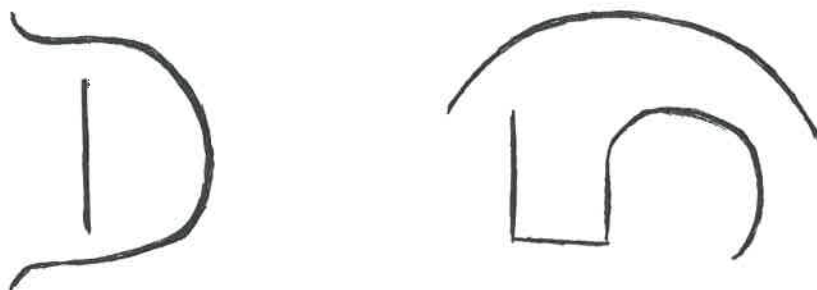
FOREMAN: John and Bonney Herron

BRANDS: Flying D is most used brand  
Quarter Circle Lazy Five

The Bar Heart Brand that came with the ranch is really a backward or  
reverse E Lazy Heart , we no longer use it as it is a very large  
rib brand.

There is a brand built into the stone fireplace of the main ranch house,  
. We know nothing of its history, but is probably the original Bar Heart.

David R. Gipe,  
May 9, 1984.



## NORMA GUTHRIE NIX

Norma Guthrie Nix is a writer, historian, poet, mother and a rancher's wife who loved the ranching life. It was in a small lumber house built by her father that she was born in Mesa, Arizona on November 8, 1901.

Norma was blessed to have a strong and rich heritage. Her father was Loren Vaughn Guthrie. He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and moved to Mesa at the age of sixteen. He was a good, kind and gentle father. Norma says, "If ever I was to be corrected he would sit me down and talk to me, always in a spirit of love. He would show me how I could do better." Vaughn was known as quite a friendly person and was loved by all. He loved to hunt and go camping, but most of all he enjoyed being with his family. He was a very loving and affectionate father who had a great concern for his children. Throughout his lifetime he did many things to earn a living -- he worked in the mines in Goldfield, Arizona, sold real estate, was an insurance agent, a notary public, landscaper and Justice of the Peace.

These words describe Loren Vaughn Guthrie so well: "Mr. Guthrie will never be rich; if a needy man ever comes into this town and asks for a meal, Mr. Guthrie sends him to the best restaurant with an order for the best meal they have and pays for it himself; and besides, there is not a friendless dog or crippled cat in town that does not know him. He brings scraps in his pockets for them and sometimes buys milk and meat for them."

Norma's mother was Winnifredrica Johnson. She was born in Spring Lake, Utah. When she was only 14 years of age she drove a team of horses and wagon to Mesa. Winnie was a very happy person who enjoyed life to its

fullest. She loved gardening, cooking, handiwork and most of all her service to her family and friends. At one point in her life she was a midwife and loved helping bring new babies into the world. Her examples of wisdom, patience and kindness made her great. Her greatest joy came in raising her nine children which, in those days, was miraculous considering her too often limited ways and means.

Norma was the seventh child. Her oldest sister Susabell was a perfectionist. Norma always admired her and wanted to be more like her. Eugenia was a soft-spoken sister, and Norma loved her because she was so kind. She even bought Norma a ukelele and encouraged Norma to do what was right. Loren was the ever-teasing brother. He was very good with words. He wrote excellent letters and poetry. Zina and Norma were very close sisters. Norma felt she could always talk to Zina. In later years Zina would sew for Norma and her children. From the time they were kids Norma remembers her sister Marva as being so kind and good to her. Marva could be a little outspoken at times but Norma says, "Whatever she said to me -- it generally needed to be said!" Norma had a good relationship with her brother Carl. He was so good looking and was such great company. Virginia was a quiet sister but so friendly and sweet and she and Norma got along fine. Jim was a very out-going brother. He suffered through many trials in his life and Norma always felt that he was a very special brother.

Norma's family was a very hard working and industrious family. They had several ways of earning money. Norma remembers shelling almonds, packing grapes, cleaning homes for neighbors, picking peaches and picking long

staple cotton. It was hard for Norma to pick the cotton because she was so short and the cotton stalks were so tall. She had to put the big sack around her shoulders and neck and then pull it behind her. What a task -- especially when they only got paid 4 cents a pound.

Norma's early childhood was typical of the children of the early Mesa pioneers. Her family worked hard but they also played hard. There were many times when they would sing around the piano, eating popcorn and pulling taffy. Norma describes her childhood memories best in a poem she wrote:

BUT MOST OF ALL, I REMEMBER

The gray stone house on the avenue,  
The biggest house with the nicest view,  
The prettiest yard, the tallest trees,  
My memories are made of these.

The smell of home-made bread and cakes  
The like of which, no Bakery makes.  
The warmth of Home and fire'place,  
The joy it was to run and chase;  
Play "Run, Sheep Run," or "Hide and Seek,"  
With "Hide your eyes, no fair to peek."  
The neighbors up and down the street,  
The baseball games we played to beat;  
"Hop-Scotch, Marbles, Duck-on-the-Rock,"  
"I'll race you tonight around the block."

The peppermint that grew so wild  
Along the ditch, with fragrance mild,  
And often when more tempting fare  
Meant kitchen drudgery to prepare,  
With home-made bread and butter thick,  
A peppermint sandwich I would pick,  
And then with book I'd spend the day  
To read, and dream the hours away.

The old piano-box that stood  
Across the drive'way, filled with wood;  
With coal and kindling and piled up chips  
We gathered in with frequent trips

For fire'place and old black range.  
That now would be a thing quite strange.

But oh, to be a child again,  
To go back to those days of when  
We froze our backs or roasted shins,  
And popped pop-corn for friends and kin.

Or dreamed our dreams alone at night.  
Before the embers glowing light.  
Dreams and fantasies indeed,  
That filled a young girl's growing need.

The warming oven in the stove,  
I'd always think of as I'd rove  
And come home hungry as a bear  
To find such tempting victuals there.  
Potato slices, thick, we'd fry  
On the black, back, farther-most "eye,"  
About half done, a little salt,  
Was better than a chocolate malt!

In the pantry the crusty bread  
Often to my downfall led,  
As "snitching" currant jelly rare,  
A scolding often "curled my hair!"  
In memory now there seems to be  
Something about that old pantry  
That never can be quite forgot,  
Where jelly, pies, and bread so hot  
Were ours to chose, and eat our fill,  
Such a memory lingers still  
To make me wish for just one minute  
I could return, and stand there in it.

The dining table, oval, long,  
Accommodating such a throng,  
Father, Mother, Sisters, Brothers,  
Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, others.  
Talk of food that Mama cooks;  
Tempting dishes; hungry looks!  
To fry, to stew, to boil, to bake,  
Was BEST when "Mama used to make!"

Oh the happy hours we spent,  
The air with fun or quarrels rent,  
But childish ones so soon forgiven  
For fear we wouldn't get to Heaven!

The bedrooms--there were three of those,  
And often crowded--goodness knows!  
But always there was the big back porch  
That meant many times we'd march.

Out in any kind of weather  
To make down beds for staying together.  
Cots or triple "bundling" beds,  
Upon the floor we'd lay our heads.  
Sometimes an even "Baker's Dozen"  
Included many a favorite cousin.

The Cellar--such a place was this  
To conjure memories of pure bliss,  
And with my every present book  
I'd descend to this secluded nook  
And soon be over OCEANS WIDE  
With KNIGHT or PRINCE, or CHARGER RIDE  
To WORLDS AFAR, to CASTLES HIGH,  
Then hours later, with a sigh  
I'd come to earth--at Mama's wishes,  
It was my turn to do the dishes.

I remember with passing years,  
And with as many falling tears,  
The fruit that lined the cellar wall,  
In gallon jars, or jelly small.  
Apples, grapes, peaches, pear;  
Plum preserve, and quince was there;  
Apricot jam, blackberries for pies  
That Mama made, and Oh the sighs  
For just another little slice,  
Such a TREAT to be served twice!

I'm sure I was not mindful then  
Or helpful as I could have been.  
Thinking mostly of my own need  
To sleep, to dream, to play, to read.  
Forgetting all the toil worn hours  
That now with past remembrance towers  
To punish me with scalding tears  
And longing for those distant years;  
To ease a little of the pain;  
To help dear Mama once again;  
To make it up to her someday  
For all I failed her "Yesterday."



I remember Dad's Roses fair,  
That grew for love and tender care;  
His shrubs and trees; his way with things  
Of Nature, now Memory brings  
Remembrance of the Orchid Tree,  
A Spring-time pictured Symphony.

The olive trees, how I recall  
The olive trees, the trees still small  
But grown enough for fruit to "cure,"  
But not for tasting--that was sure!  
Gathered to be put in lye,  
Washed and soaked in brine, we'd sigh  
As left to "cure"--we in turn  
Stirred and stirred the old crock churn.  
Soon the days of waiting passed,  
And we could take a bowl at last  
And fill it to the very top,  
And eat until we'd nearly "pop."  
A favorite pastime of the past,  
When olives vanished much too fast.

Such food!--such bliss you'll never know  
Until an olive tree you grow  
And gather olives by the score  
Or maybe so a bushel more,  
Then with my Mother's recipe  
Cure olives so delectably.  
Such briny morsels once we shared,  
Leaves nothing now to be compared.

Mama's garden--there was row after row,  
With all the fun to watch it grow,  
Carrots, onions, tomatoes, peas,  
A few flowers to attract the bees,  
Radishes, -- parsley I thought was for rabbits,  
I eat it now and remember the habit  
I had as a little willful child,  
When Mama's feelings I often "riled"  
By saying I hated that awful stuff.  
Now I can hardly get enough.  
And often as "parsley potatoes" I stir,  
I wish she knew, I think of her.

There were turnips and beets in that garden so gay  
And some kind of vegetable we had each day,  
Lettuce and spinach and sometimes chard,  
But I remember how Mama worked so hard.

Up at dawn and long before,  
    Getting ready for each chore;  
Putting the cereal on to cook,  
    While to the garden she would look  
To see how many weeds had grown  
    To threaten seeds that she had sown.  
Stooping, bending, weeding, hoeing,  
    Never stopping, always going;  
Chickens to water, chickens to feed,  
    Then back to the garden again to weed.  
Into the house there was breakfast to get,  
    Feed Ginger and Snip, the Fox Terrier pets;  
Dress the little ones as a rule;  
    See the others off to school.  
Make the beds, do the dishes,  
    No need to complain, no time for wishes;  
Air the bedding, dust the rugs,  
    No time for Dad or foolish hugs;  
Washing, ironing, sewing too,  
    Tending little ones the long night through,  
Mending, mopping stairs and floors,  
    Washing woodwork, windows, doors,  
Oh the words, how sad and true---  
    Mama's work was never through.

Dad's fruitful orchard I've already mentioned,  
    Though not the way I had intentioned,  
At least not canned and with a label,  
    Ready for Mama to set on the table!

Such a very fine orchard it was,  
    Defying some of Nature's laws  
That said some things just would not grow  
    In Mesa, Dad proved it wasn't so!  
Delicious apples, a walnut tree,  
    Though not a nut did we ever see.  
We had oranges and lemons--and buzzing tunes  
    Of the bees in kumquats, nectarines and prunes.  
Figs and pomegranites bordered our land,  
    And often when we got out of hand,  
We cut our own pomegranite limb,  
    To punish "her" or maybe "him,"  
Or maybe "me," as often the case,  
    I would fall from Mama's "grace!"

Oh, to be a child once more,  
    Helping Mama as never before,  
To take from her shoulders some difficult task,

This seems such a little thing to ask;  
To lighten her burdens and let her know,  
Heedless we were, but we loved her so.  
Young and carefree as we were,  
We could have done more things for her.  
We could have made her work more light,  
I remember how tired she'd be each night  
While I had been playing or reading all day.  
As if life was meant to be this way.  
As if for all Mama had to do,  
I was another burden too.  
Though in the love she had for me,  
To her I never seemed to be.  
I sigh and cry for the past in vain,  
I can't really help her again.  
I can't call back a single year,  
Or check each falling, useless tear.  
My only comfort must always be  
Remembering the things Mama did for me  
That now I never can repay.  
Tears often wash the heartache away.

I remember the orchard shade  
That peach and plum and pear tree made;  
The almond trees not meant to climb,  
But furnish almonds most sublime;  
The quince trees and the apricot  
That always seemed the favorite spot  
For Star--our beautiful Bossy Cow  
To whom Dad made a solemn vow  
That each of us must learn to milk  
Her--or others of her "ilk."

I never will forget the day  
It came my turn, the usual way  
Equipped with milk-pail on my arm,  
Knowing I would come to harm,  
I none the less most bravely tried,  
The while tears down my cheek did slide.  
Squeeze--Squeeze--the feeble splashes  
Were mostly from my dripping lashes,  
As on the milk stool there I trembled,  
My courage, pride and hope dissembled.  
As so defenseless then I sat,  
Dad just said, "Well, that is that."

How often have I wished that he  
Had soundly reprimanded me,

And kept me there for half the night  
    To see I lost my silly fright,  
And learned to milk a cow alone,  
    And know the Joy of splashing foam.  
But gentleness was such a part  
    Of Dad who had the biggest heart;  
The kindest manner; the most patient way  
    To help us grow from day to day.  
He took my milk-pail and gently said,  
    "Run along "Peggy" it's time for bed.

The many nights--with summer's heat,  
    We slept outdoors, with cot and sheet  
With citronella by our side  
    To take mosquitoes "for a ride."

I remember each break of day  
    Being awakened by the spray  
From water hose in Mama's hands,  
    To hear her say, "My Lands!"  
"I need someone to sort the clothes,  
    I need some help--goodness knows!  
Get up at once you lazy bones."  
    Stretching, yawning, with "put on" moans,  
With tousled heads and sleepy eyes,  
    And such indignant, injured sights--  
"Gee Whiz, Mama--you want to choke us?  
    Golly, why did you go and soak us?"

Oh surely as these words I pen,  
    I wish for things that might have been;  
To find a long lost willful child  
    Running thoughtlessly so wild--  
To stop her heedless, carefree way,  
    And teach her things I know today,  
Not learned from books of "ships and ocean,"  
    But remembrance of Mama's love and devotion.  
Shown in the songs she sang so well;  
    In the stories and rhyme she used to tell;  
We never tried on "our laurels" to rest,  
    With Mama "helping" us to do our best.

To tingle legs once in a while;  
    To scold and follow with a smile;  
To reprimand sometimes quite stern;  
    She only hoped to help us learn  
That life is more than fun and play--  
    Rebelliously I'd often say,

"This old man--do I have to stir?  
Golly couldn't Gean help her?  
It didn't take her near as long--  
And Susabelle never did anything wrong--  
Anyway it was Marva's turn  
The beds to make--and Zina's to churn--  
It was Virginia's day to dust and sweep--  
So many soiled clothes all in a heap!  
Gee! do I have to sort them all?  
I'd rather sew on a carpet ball--  
Mama pays a dime for one THIS BIG!  
Oh Marva--bring me a fig  
Before I starve--so much work  
Has made me hungry as a Turk!"

I remember as if today  
The Buick--a wonder "Horse Power Shay,"  
With funny gear shift in the door,  
(I never thought of us as poor,)  
Rich we were with such a dad  
WHO SEEMED AS IF HE ALWAYS HAD  
Time to take us for a swim,  
Or to go camping with Mama and him.  
Off to Blue Point--a chosen land  
Of chaparral and desert sand;  
Of shrubs and cactus, shade and stream;  
A place to hunt, to fish, to dream.

Rich we were--so rich indeed,  
Money seemed our second need.

Dad taught us how to make our beds  
Of chaparral boughs--we'd lay our heads  
Beneath a spangled star-studded sky,  
And watch the moon go drifting by--  
Safe and snug--the night sounds made  
A heavenly chorus--we weren't afraid  
For Dad was there--his vigil kept  
For us--and so content we slept.

I remember the mornings gray  
When Dad was up to slip away  
To hunt or fish long before Dawn,  
And we would slumber peacefully on.

I remember one special day,  
I shot a lizards tail away,

And then took careful aim at the head  
Of a beautiful humming bird--and shot him dead.

I buried him there in a sheltered place,  
With aching heart and tear-streaked face--  
Often I think of that little bower,  
Covered with desert grass and flower.  
Why did I kill so lovely a thing?  
Time doesn't take away the sting  
Of a way-ward impulse long gone by,  
Or still my silent wishful cry  
That a bright-splashed colored humming bird,  
Somehow--my repentance heard.

I remember the campfire flames,  
The childish fun; the hilarious games--  
The walks we took to the swinging bridge  
Where sheep crossed over to mountain ridge;  
The small stream flowing by our camp  
The flickering gasoline lighted lamp;  
The beans that were our daily fare  
With biscuits--Dutch Oven Style, to share.  
Sometimes there was quail and dove.  
Mama said hunting was Papa's first LOVE--  
Sometimes he'd hunt beyond all reason,  
And get fined for shooting out of season,  
Or killing more than the legal limit,  
Didn't dampen Dad's "Ardor" for a single minute.

I remember how sad the day  
When Papa would come to camp and say  
"Vacation's over--it's time to roam,  
Now we must be getting Home--  
Maybe we'll come again next year,  
So 'Peggy' dry that big old tear."

Soon all packed with bedding and supplies  
And trying to stem both tear and sighs--  
"Goodbye Blue Point," we'd laugh and shout--  
We'll be back next year for camping out!"

Then how wonderful Home would seem,  
With butter, eggs, milk and cream,  
Pies, puddings, cakes and meat,  
And a real bath to get clean and sweet!  
(I remember the Out house small  
That just to think about at all

Reminds me Time and Distance lent  
To this alone--no rosy tint  
Or longing for the good old days--  
Give me Modern Bathroom Ways!)

I remember the kitchen sink,  
The dishes I washed would buy a "mink!"  
High they were stacked as a daily rule  
And had to be faced--after school.

I remember the old black kettle,  
BIG and made of iron metal,  
Filled with water on to boil  
The clothes from dirt and stain and soil.  
The miles--it seems--of long clothes line,  
The tablecloths from which we'd dine;  
Sheets, shirts, dresses--flying the breeze--  
The row of favorite apple trees,  
With apples green and sweetly tart  
That caused a failure of the heart,  
For often picking fruit still green,  
And often eating "sight un-seen"--  
We many times did squeal and squirm  
To find a tenant--"Mister Worm!"

Just for a tast Oh now I sigh,  
Or fill a crust for apple pie,  
Sure I do not mean the worm,  
Just the apple, sweet and firm!

I remember Mama's sacrifice  
So we could have things especially nice;  
The hours she spent to sew or press  
The ruffles on a little dress.

The hours of anxious watchful care  
With faith that God would answer prayer;  
The strength; the courage not always known,  
And pride for us, in her face shone.

The hours with pain too great to bear  
She suffered--and we were unaware.  
Now years later I've come to know,  
Love makes Mothers act just so.

The gray stone house on the avenue,  
The biggest house with the nicest view,

The elm tree by the corner walk,  
The whispering grass that seemed to talk,  
The ivy growing on the wall,  
The Parkinsonia so tall,  
Mama and Papa--a house full of "US"  
Love and faith--an occasional "fuss,"  
A time to wander--a place to roam,  
Forever my HEART calls THIS PLACE HOME.  
  
The prettiest yard, the tallest trees,  
HEAVEN and MEMORIES are made of these.

June, 1956

Norma says that she had a very close and loving relationship with both of her parents. She says, "I though they were perfect!"

Norma was always so proud of her pioneer ancestors. Those who crossed the plains in wagons, pushed handcarts and helped to colonize the Salt Lake Valley, Southern Arizona and even Northern Mexico.

Benjamin F. Johnson was Norma's maternal grandfather. She was only four years old when he died but through reading and hearing stories she came to know and love this great man whom she called Grandpa.

In an article written by Bert Fireman of the "Phoenix Gazette" he tells of the contributions of Benjamin F. Johnson to the state of Arizona. He states, "Benjamin F. Johnson had the determination and character to make an important and lasting contribution to Arizona's economy and growth. He was one of the first nurserymen in the territory and can be credited without dispute, with making fruit growing a major industry in the years following his arrival at Tempe in 1882." The crops he is responsible for are peaches, apricots, grapes, almonds and many more. His small crops developed into orchards covering hundreds of acres.



Benjamin F. Johnson was a colonizer, a legislator, doctor, missionary, industrialist and patriarch. He was also a great friend to the Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith. The story is told when Benjamin was a young man he had been captured by a ruffian horde called an army led by General Clark. For eight days he was kept under guard at a camp fire in freezing weather with no shelter from the cold winds by day or night. His only bed was a few boughs between his body and the snow. With no cover of any kind, his only warmth came from the campfire he carried logs to. He endured many insults and such abuse and no food was ever offered him. He was kept from starving by the pity of the negro cook.

While sitting on a log one day a man came to him with rifle in hand saying, "You give up Mormonism right now or I will shoot you." Benjamin gave him a very decisive refusal. The man said, "I'll kill you now." He deliberately took aim and pulled the trigger but no explosion occurred. He swore in a terrible way saying he had used the gun for 20 years and it had never misfired before. He prepared the gun with fresh priming and aimed and fired a second and third time with the same result. With the fourth try, firing point blank at Benjamin, the gun burst, killing the man. A man standing nearby was heard to say, "You had better not try to kill that man!" His life continued to be threatened. It seemed those who tormented him would have been satisfied if only he would deny his religion, but his religion, honor and loyalty were more important to him than his life.

While colonizing in Arizona Benjamin became acquainted with Judge Charles Hayden who often came to his home to discuss religion. He invited

Benjamin to his home on many occasions also. He was a great friend of Judge and Mary Hayden and he was acquainted with many outstanding and prominent people not only in Tempe and Mesa but in Mexico, Canada, Salt Lake City, or wherever his travels took him.

There are so many things to admire about Benjamin F. Johnson--his great faith and courage, his pride in learning and self-education, his humility, his ability to forgive those who have wronged him and his deep and abiding trust in his Heavenly Father to see him through all of life's trials. There is a certain charm about some people--a gift or attraction, an elusive quality, a magnetism that can never be denied. This was true of Benjamin F. Johnson.

Norma loved school. She says she wasn't an outstanding student, and her grades weren't that great but oh, how she loved school. She attended Lincoln, Irving and Franklin Elementary schools. Her favorite teacher was her fourth grade teacher, Miss Alexander. She tells the story of when she was in Miss Alexander's class and Miss Alexander had to leave the room, she chose Norma to take over and be in charge during her absence. Miss Alexander was so impressed with Norma's ability to run a classroom that the next day when Norma arrived at school, she found a box of chocolates on her desk!

Her best friends during grade school were Dulcie Wallace and Deta Urrea.

During Norma's days at Irving School she recalls one particular day when she began to feel very sick. She had a temperature and her head was aching terribly. She thought that school would never end. When she got home her mother called Dr. Benjamin Moore and he came right over. He examined

her, and said, "Mrs. Guthrie, get this child on the kitchen table. If I don't operate she might die--she has fluid on her lungs." Norma says she can still remember her mother scrubbing her right side with soap and water and the smell of ether the doctor put on a cloth and then over her nose. It took Norma a very long time to get well from her surgery. The first thing she remembers eating after her surgery was toast, milk, green onions and animal crackers!

One of Norma's greatest pleasures in life has been that of reading. She says, "I thought it was wonderful when I learned to read and I read a great deal. All my life this has been one of my happiest times--to lose myself in a good book. We had a set of "The Books of Knowledge" and I think I read them all. We had other books of adventure and excitement and danger on the high seas. We had books by Jack London, O. Henry and great western stories by Zane Grey."

Norma attended high school at Mesa Union High School. She loved her high school days. She enjoyed learning and being involved in many activities. She especially loved being in plays and operettas. In one particular program she played her ukelele and sang in a grass skirt made of fringed burlap. During her high school years she held the offices of secretary and treasurer. Her high school days were filled with good and fun-loving friends--some of whom were Beulah Williams, Amy Riggs, LaRee Kleinman, Jane Hibbert, Valarie Menhennet, Sam Nelson, Leonard Millett, Ellsworth Menhennet, Hugh Hemperlee, Gail Brimhall, Nate Skousen, Winifred DeWitt, Phyllis Brizee, Dan and Jess Skousen with Mabel Morris being her dearest friend.

Norma attended two years of college at Tempe Normal School from 1920

to 1922. Her college years were full and exciting. She studied to be a teacher because her family had encouraged her because of her love for school. She stayed in the East Hall Dormitory her first year. Her room mother was Mrs. Ridennour. Even though she was a strict room mother Norma says that they managed to climb out the windows and stay out late. Another thing they would enjoy doing is having "midnight feeds" with friends and roommates.

Sororities were a big thing Norma's first year of college. Ira Payne was the sponsor of Clionians. Norma was chosen to be part of their group and she loved every one in the group. The initiation ceremonies included holding on to the old Tempe Bridge!

One of Norma's favorite teachers in college was her gym teacher, Sally Hayden, sister to the illustrious Senator Carl Hayden. She was strict Norma says but she was very jolly and everyone loved her.

Her second year of college Norma's parents decided they could not afford the \$25.00 amonth dorm fee and so Norma moved back home.

During her college years she worked part time in her father's office. He was a Justice of the Peace. She would type his letters with the "hunt and peck" method. She also accompanied him many times to the courthouse in Phoenix where he would file his papers. She would sit out in their old black Buick Sedan and look up and see the prisoners.

Norma was active in music and drama during these years. She even learned to play tennis. Her music teacher was Mrs. Garrett. She loved music and was in several plays. She loved to attend dances at the Wallflower Club which were held in the basement of Old Main Gym at Tempe Normal.

In 1920 Norma met John Garnett Nix. John was the son of William Alfred Nix and Rhoda Emmaline Maddox from Texas. His family moved to Arizona in 1918. John was a star basketball player and track runner at Tempe Normal. He was called "Nix" and "Big Boy" because he was so tall and so good looking. Norma tells the story of meeting and marrying John this way:

"I graduated from Mesa High in the spring of 1920. I was 18 years old. My parents decided to send me to Tempe Normal to get an education to become a teacher. I was to stay in the dormitory with Mable Morris, a very dear friend. As the time came closer for school to start, a crowd of us girls decided to drive to Tempe to see what the school, grounds and dorm, were like. There were four or five of us in a stripped down Ford. When we got to Tempe, we drove through the beautiful grounds and finally ended up at the football field. A bunch of the boys were at the corner of the field. We drove up and started a conversation, I remember some one said something about John Nix. I said, "Yes, where is this big boy, John Nix? I've heard so much about him I'd like to meet him." A big, tall, good looking fellow turned around and said, "I'm John Nix." And that's the way we met. It was not long before we were dating. We, with other couples, used to buy cokes and peanuts at "Pops" and climb the Tempe Butte and dance in the old gymnasium. John was a great basketball player and a star on the track field.

We never missed a chance to be at every activity and went together for three years before we were married on July 24, 1923 in Florence, Arizona. We both graduated from Tempe Normal. I had taught a year at Franklin School in Mesa and John had gone to Phoenix College for a year. After we were

married, we rented an apartment on East Van Buren close to Phoenix Union High School. John worked as a mechanic in the Jack Silva garage on West Jefferson for six or eight months, but before long we moved back to the ranch where we lived until 1974.

Our first home on the ranch was an old adobe house. It is believed that this old home served at one time as a stage coach stop. There was no electricity or running water piped into the house. We used an apple box to set a bucket of water in for our drinking water. In our back yard not far from the door was our pump and deep water well which was gasoline powered. I soon had one of the first Maytag gas powered washing machines in our area. It was kept out in the back yard with two large square metal tubs that sat on a bench rain or shine. It wasn't until 1940 that we built a modern home with a large yard, garden and pecan trees, etc., that I had an electric Maytag washing machine. We did however, in the old adobe home soon have electric lights and a stove for cooking.

At first we took our baths in a big round wash tub. Later a bathroom was built on and we had indoor plumbing. John's sister, Sis, had a water heater installed with a big black range that I cooked all our meals on.

John's father passed away May 31st, 1929 and his mother died January 3rd, 1935. After his mother's death, John bought the ranch for \$200.00 an acre from his brothers and sisters.

John decided that he wanted to get back into farming so he and his brother Henry took plowing contracts for a year or two. Soon John began renting land and farming it for himself. Then when his Dad's health failed,

he began farming on the Nix ranch. The Nix ranch has one of the oldest water rights in the Valley going back to the 1870's or 1880's. It was an exciting place to live. Lower Buckeye Road was the road to the St. Johns Indian Reservation near Laveen. On Saturday night wagon loads of Indians who had celebrated a little too much in town would go by in a noisy procession. Often the family would wake up on Sunday mornings to find several wagons of Indians sleeping off the effects of the night before. John hired Indians from the Reservation to work for him as irrigators and farm hands. Cal Redbird worked for John for many years. He was the son of Ida Redbird, the famous Indian potter and basket weaver. John and Norma had several pieces of her work.

In the early days, Lower Buckeye Road was the route of the stage coach going into Phoenix and the stage going from East to West passed this way. The story was told that in the 1880's the stage was robbed. The sheriff caught some of the robbers but did not recover the gold. One of the robbers was supposed to have been hung in one of the back rooms of the old adobe house. In later years this room was used as a bedroom and the children sometimes thought they heard a groan in the night but it was probably only the wind in the mesquite and umbrella trees prevalent on the ranch in the early years.

One of the captured robbers said they had buried the gold by an old cottonwood tree that stood on the west side of the land until the late 1940's. Many times men came with Geiger counters, divining sticks asking if they could search and dig for the gold. John and Norma always allowed them but if anyone ever found the gold they never offered to share it. As late as 1977 a group came and said they had been shown in a dream where the gold was



and wanted to look for it.

Norma remembers John and his father using teams and later big heavy tractors to clear the land and often irrigating the land to leach the alkalai out of the soil. She said after John bought the ranch from his brothers and sisters that no one could ever say John got the land at a small cost. He paid dearly for every hard earned acre. He would come in from a hard days work, and Norma would meet him outside the back door with a broom to sweep away the dirt and dust clinging to his clothes.

It was in these early years of being a new wife and young mother that Norma started her never-ending hobbies of collecting antiques and writing poetry. Both of these hobbies have brought her and many others much joy. In 1943 she wrote the following poem about her hobby of collecting salt and pepper shakers.

#### MY HOBBY

My Hobby began on the day that I married  
For in each apartment that John and I tarried  
No shakers of pepper or salt could we find  
And since we must eat--we really did mind.  
We had some nice showers and presents indeed,  
But never a shaker to shake on our feed.

It was then I decided--in my desperation  
Some day I would have them, from state and from nation.  
I'd have enough shakers to put on the table  
To serve all my friends from Mary to Mable.  
And if there were extras I'd put them away  
High on the shelf--to make a display.

Now one day, we moved to a place of our own,  
By this time my mother decided to loan  
Us a pair--till we found some.  
But somehow time passed,  
And 'twas 17 years later before we got them at last.



By bringing some home to place there in style  
With others as gifts to look at and smile  
And get so much of joy and fun--  
Soon our daily tasks were done,  
For when we are sad or when we are blue,  
Even when discouraged too--  
My "Cottles" seemed to say, "Cheer Up"  
And the "Rooster and Hen" say "cut it cut,"  
And the "Teddy Bears" say "We'll do the growling"  
And the little "Yaller Pup" says "We'll do the howling"  
And the "Gingham Dog" and the "Calico Cat"  
Simply refuse to watch a spat!

So my Hobby is truly a Hobby indeed--  
But it's one that I find fills my kind of need.  
Funny little objects of doll or of bird--  
Or humans and things of which you have heard.

There's a covered wagon--the donkey is slow  
But I'll save gas--and tires you know,  
I have a ship to sail the seas  
A lighthouse - a hive, with honey and bees.  
I've a colored porter and even a maid,  
But my china boy puts them all in the shade.  
I have dodo birds, and love birds too,  
I've two S. and P. that travel thru.

Rationing won't be a problem for me--  
I've a wagon, a ship and horses you see.  
I have pine trees for lumber, I have eggs I can beat.  
There are lanterns--I suppose I could use them for heat.  
I have pumpkins, and onions cucumbers and corn  
I have fruit--there are oranges and pears I can't scorn.

I have two Ferdinands--I could kill them for beef  
And the hide I could take and make shoes for my feet.  
I may travel, and eat--as in pioneer day;  
And riding a Hobby is the easiest of way.

My family all wonder if I could be wrong  
Especially where dinner has waited so long.  
And with so many shakers to bring joy and fun,  
They can't understand why we never have one  
That's in the right place full of pepper and salt  
Oh don't blame my Hobby--it's really my fault!  
Usually there isn't a pair to be found  
With so many shakers all sitting around.

But the trouble I've found, with my shakers so fine,  
I never can find a pair--with which to dine.  
And the cry that is heard, more than any other  
Is, This shaker is terrible! Oh, where is mother?  
Can't you do something? For goodness sake--  
This Hobby full shaker--refuses to shake!

Written March 15, 1943

John went into the sheep business for several years. He had buck and ewes shipped in crates from Texas. However, his sheep operation was not large enough to be highly successful and he turned to the dairy business. He bought the Angus Davies' herd and began his career as a successful dairyman. He had three different dairy herds, mostly Jerseys and Gernseys. One time he went to Midland, Texas, and bought an outstanding herd and had them shipped out by train. He sold out three times, the last time in 1958. At one time he was one of the largest milk producers for Borden's Dairy. He also had in his herd the Borden's Arizona "Elsie" the cow. His dairy cattle were high producers and several times were the highest butterfat producers in the state. John was one of the Valley's first dairymen to purchase an electric milking machine when he put in a DeLaval Milking Machine.

The children all helped on the dairy, milking the cows, testing the milk, cleaning the barns, going after the cows, riding the hay wagon and stacking the hay. They loved the life on the ranch and have all said they wished their own children could have experienced it.

Norma says that raising a family on the ranch was an ideal way to raise a family with all the work, friends and fun the ranch life provides. The ranch life was a very organized life with washing on Mondays and ironing always on Tuesdays, cleaning on Saturday and going to Church on Sundays.

Cooking meals was quite a chore. Norma is still famous for her fried chicken, Christmas caramels, orange nut date cake, enchiladas, sour cream devils food cake and her homemade vanilla ice cream has yet to be equaled. She could really put on a spread and loved doing it.

Norma centered her life on her husband and children. She did whatever she needed to do to support John in all aspects of running the ranch. In her words, "My house was my castle and my children my jewels."

Norma enjoyed ranching life no matter what it brought her way. Whether it was growing crops, helping to run a very successful dairy, or being in the cattle business--she loved it all. She loved the challenges that came her way and met them with great patience and endurance.

She loved the summer trips to Montana with her husband John and son David to buy cattle and to rodeo. This is when she really started collecting antiques. Her beautiful home today exemplifies that of a true collector.

Life on the Nix Ranch was never dull or boring. Norma recalls the incident when all the horses got out and ran all the way to the Salt River. She also said that without the help of their Mexican laborer Jesus Gomez the horses would never have been retrieved.

The Nix Ranch was famous for hay rack rides and barbecues. The children and neighbors also enjoyed the big auctions when John sold out his dairy herds. Ten auctioneers came and put up a large tent like a carnival. The Mormon Church Relief Society put on a huge barbecue. Actually it was a big social gathering. For weeks after the children enjoyed imitating the auctioneers with "What am I bid," and "Who'll give me five?"

John and Norma's children attended the Riverside school when it was a three-room schoolhouse and they were all involved in the Riverside community activities. They also enjoyed all their neighbors through the years--the Cloverdales, Halls, Weedons, Coppingers, Mrs. MacDonald, the Gavettes, Godberes, Stewarts, Roberts, Medicovishes, Yamamotos, Hammans, Nelsons, McEwens, Reeds, Lowes and Coboses.

Throughout Norma's life she has been a very active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (Mormon) Her dedication to her beliefs are shown through her many years of service in her church and community.

She held many important positions in the Young Women's and Women's organizations of her church. One of her greatest contributions was her writing of Roadshows or musical plays to be put on by the youth. These were so outstanding that she still receives requests for the scripts today. One of the highlights of her writing came when the headquarters of the church in Salt Lake requested that a script be written for a play to be used worldwide. Norma along with her daughter Jeanne Wright wrote the play, "A Blue Ribbon Affair" which played throughout the world.

In the early 1940's Norma received a Certificate of Merit for services rendered to men and women in the armed services during World War II by the Phoenix Community Services Center.

It was in 1962 that her beloved husband John had a terrible accident. He was trying to help a neighbor retrieve a calf when his horse stumbled and fell and threw him off. John hit his head and was hurt so bad that they didn't think he would live. He slipped into a coma and didn't come out of it for two

weeks. He had suffered a severe brain contusion. His recovery was long and tedious and required the constant attention of Norma. John never fully recovered. It was only because of Norma's devotion, patience, endurance, and support from their children that he progressed as much as he did. The doctors often said that it was because of Norma that John recovered at all.

In 1974, John and Norma moved to Mesa, Arizona. John passed away in 1982. She continues to this day to teach and counsel others through her many examples of good living. Her memory is flawless. She loves and enjoys people. She loves visiting with her sisters, friends and family.

One of the highlights of Norma's life was a trip to Hawaii in 1985 for her 84th birthday. She was so excited and surprised. She says, "Only you who have been to the Islands can ever truly know the beauty there that filled me with wonder. The flower fragrance, the lush growth, orchid leis, waterfalls, volcanoes, craters, the warmth and friendliness of the people are all a wonder to me."

Norma and John had seven children, five of whom are still living. Their oldest son, John Carl Nix married Margaret Stewart. They have three children--Cheryl Dawn, John Wayne and Patricia. Johnny joined with his father in the ranching and dairy business.

Margaret Jeanne Nix married Jack Wright. Their children are John, Jeanine, Joy, Julie, Jim and Jack. Jeanne was a school teacher for a few years and later opened several dance studios in the east Valley.

Cheryl June Nix married Edwin Long. Their two girls are Cheryl Ann and Carolyn. Cheryl taught school for 37 years, spending 30 of it in the

Washington District in Phoenix.

Mary Louise Nix married Jack Elliott. Teri Lou, Debra, Danny and Jana are her children. Mary Lou worked for Motorola and the Mesa Public schools.

David Nix married Vonice Blair. Their children are Carl, Lisa, Pam, Darren and Grady. David was in the ranching and cattle business and spent many hours rodeoing with his father.

Norma is very proud of her posterity. She has five children, 20 grand children, 58 great-grand children, and four great-great-grand children.

Norma's life has been devoted to her husband, children, church and community serving whenever and however she could. She was blessed with many talents which she so willingly shares with others. Her poetry and writings have entertained and delighted so many for so long.

Her life today continues to be an inspiration to many. Her philosophy of life hasn't changed much over the years. She wrote "My Philosophy of Life" on May 8, 1940:

My Philosophy of Life is that there is no royal road to anything. We were born into this world that we might learn to live with, and be of service to, our fellow men. I do not believe the world owes us a living. We were given an intellect and physical body, we were all born free and equal and if we strive hard enough, and have a great enough desire, we can overcome any obstacle or handicap which blocks our way.

Many great men and women, the world over, and since time began, have overcome physical or worldly handicaps of blindness, lameness, paralysis,

poverty and so forth--and today one of this number stands at the head of our nation.

I believe that "that which we persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the thing has changed, but that our power to do it has increased." (Heber J. Grant) It is up to each one of us as individuals to make our own way in the world; to try each day a little harder to be of more service to someone; to remember that if at first we do not succeed to try and try again.

I believe there is only one thing in this world that can whip you or me and that is--yourself or myself.

I believe in being honest and true and charitable, and I believe that the troubles which come our way are really golden steps among the wooden ones, in the ladder to fame or success. I believe they are like the tests in the classroom--each one we pass helps make the next one that much easier.

And so my philosophy of life, weighed, measured, and added is this--there is no royal road to anything; there is no such word as luck it is all pluck and stuck; hard work, desire, and determination will overcome any obstacle. Service to Mankind is after all reward enough in itself, for "that which we send into the lives of others returns into our own." My philosophy includes honesty, truthfulness and charity, for without these I would be as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal"--the embodiment of nothing.

In conclusion I leave you this thought by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

The heights of great men, reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.



Norma's success were of a quiet nature. She set an example of strength in character, thought and deed. She followed the straight path. Either a thing was right or wrong, and she always chose the right. Her sense of humor and quick wit saw her through many, many trials. She had great faith in the Lord and His power. This is a life that has spanned 88 years. Any lesson we would ever need to learn we could learn by looking at her life.

If we need a lesson in patience and compassionate service, just think of the hours, weeks and years she spent caring for her husband John--helping him to learn to walk and talk and many other things after his accident. She spent twenty years caring, nursing and attending to his every need.

If we need a lesson in loving others, think of the unconditional love she has rendered to all. She has never said an angry word, spoken unkindly of anyone and has forgiven anyone that has ever wronged her. She is a person without guile.

If we need a lesson in cheerfulness, think of her quick wit and fun sense of humor. Think of her stories, poetry and teasing ways and how she is always good for a smile and a laugh.

If we need an example of faith--think of the faith she exemplified during the loss of her two children. Those were heart breaking and soul rendering times for her but she continued in faith knowing that all things were for her good.

If we need a lesson in developing talents, think of her as she sat late at night after her daily chores were done--children in bed--writing her thoughts so often in the form of poetry.



If we need a lesson in appreciation we must look to her for she appreciates all aspects of life--especially the beauty of God's creations. She has always loved nature and has never taken it for granted. She loves growing flowers and takes great pride in the plants that surround her home.

If we need a lesson in encouragement then we need only think of the many times and the many ways she has given support and an encouraging word to friends and family as they struggle through life's battles.

So many lessons she taught simply by the life she lived. She is loved by so many--especially her family. The following words are excerpts from a Tribute given to her for her 87th birthday from her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"I have constantly been amazed at your strength in dealing with problems that have come into your life."

"I want to thank you for setting such high standards and helping us to live up to them."

"If I had to single out your two greatest strengths I would say, generosity and patience. You are generous to a fault and patient beyond belief."

"Thank you for the traditions you have given us. The happy times of life are built around traditions and you have given us so many."

"I think of all your great qualities and there are two that come to mind. The first is your abilities as a mother. You've always shown unconditional love to all your children regardless of their individual circumstances. You will not allow anyone to criticize other members of the family."

"Your life has not always been sunshine and rainbows, and yet you seem to weather the worst with grace and beauty."

"You always taught me correct principals and then set the example to go with it."

"Her optimism and cheer have been a light to many."

"I have learned to rely on that steadiness of purpose and unconditional love that Norma gives to all."

"I remember all the bedtime stories you would read to us at night and I remember how you would kiss away the pain when I got hurt."

"Thank you for being there when I needed someone to talk to and put a smile on my face."

"If someone were to ask me to describe Grandma Nix in one word it would be--"Perfect!"

"I personally have never seen her angry, cruel, or ever say a negative word towards someone, even when they truly would be appropriate and she would have the right to say them."

"She seems to bring out the best in us."

These words of tribute sum up what she has been able to accomplish during her lifetime. Norma Guthrie Nix has truly left a great legacy.

Written and compiled by:  
Norma Nix, Joy Arnett and Jeanne Wright

## CHARLES MONROE COCHRAN

Charles M. (Charlie) Cochran was born in Marathon, Texas on August 12, 1912 into a ranching family in the heart of the Big Bend country of West Texas. Charlie moved with his mother, father and sister to Southern Arizona while still a young child. His father worked as manager of several ranches in Southern Arizona, among them the Walter Pusch ranch, headquartered at Steam Pump I, now the location of the Garrett Electronics plant area. Later he moved to Tom Peters' P-Y ranch in the Baboquivari Mountains between King's Anvil ranch and Carlos Ronstadt's Santa Margarita ranch, and adjacent to the Buenos Aires ranch, all in the Sasabe, Arizona area. Charlie grew up on these ranches, living and attending school in Tucson in the wintertime.

Charlie attended Miles Elementary school, Roskrige for the middle grades, Tucson High School and the University of Arizona. At the University he majored in Animal Husbandry in the College of Agriculture, studying under Professor E. B. Stanley, Dr. E. L. Scott and Dr. W. J. Pistor. He played football both in high school and the University, where he was captain of the team his senior year. He was graduated in 1937.

In college he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta social fraternity, Chain Gang, Traditions Committee and Blue Key. He was Cadet Colonel of the ROTC regiment, from which he received his commission. A highlight of his senior year was the trip, as a member of the Livestock Judging Team, to the Kansas City Royal National Livestock Show, where the team competed against students from the major Agricultural Colleges in the country.

After graduation Charlie was employed by the Agricultural Extension Service as County Agent-at-Large, working under then Director Charlie Pickrell. His first assignment was assistant to E. S. Turville, Yavapai County Agent. In the fall of 1938 he was transferred to Phoenix as County Agent-in-Charge of 4-H work in Maricopa County.

He was married to Hester McNeely on September 3, 1938. They had two children, Charles Wm. and Susan, both of whom graduated from the University of Arizona. Charles Wm., a mechanical engineer, lives in Salt Lake City, Utah, and works for a medical research laboratory designing medical equipment for use in the pediatric field. Susan and her husband, Alan Krieg, with Charlie's two grandsons, Brent and Damon, live in Tucson, where Susan teaches at Rincon High School and Alan at Pima Community College.

Charlie was called to active duty in the big call-up in 1940, reporting to Luke Field near Phoenix for duty in the Army Air Corps at the pilot training facility. He had further service at Gardner Air Field at Taft, California, Douglas Air Field at Douglas, Arizona, Marana Pilot Training Field at Marana, Arizona, and Castle Field, Merced, California. He was released from active duty in 1946 and returned to their home in Phoenix. He managed Tremaine Feedlot for Western Farm Management Company for a time, and then worked for Charlie Wetzler as manager of the Lizard Acres Feedlot at Surprise for a number of years. He then moved to Wall's Livestock Supply as field representative for Arizona and New Mexico, retiring in 1980 after twenty-six years in that position.

Charlie was very active in livestock circles throughout Arizona, working with the livestock interests in many county shows as well as the various annual livestock sales in the State. He was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association for many years. He was the first chairman of the Junior Division Committee, later serving as Feeder Steer Committee chairman, and on the Board of Directors for the Arizona National Livestock Show.

Charlie was well known as the "Ramrod" at the annual Los Charros del Desierto ride in Southern Arizona, in which many well known cattlemen and public figures throughout the West participated. He "ramrodded" this operation for twenty-six years, and upon retiring from this activity was made an honorary member of the Los Charros organization. He also participated in the Elkhorn Ranch ride sponsored by the owner of the Elkhorn Ranch, the present name of the P-Y Ranch on which he was raised, the area on which as a boy he punched cows with his father and several well known Mexican vaqueros of the time.

Charlie was also well known among U. of A. lettermen as the master mind and chief mixer of the famous "moose milk" of the annual Letterman's breakfast held at each homecoming of the University. He steadfastly refused to divulge the secret recipe of this mix until very shortly before his last illness and only then to the replacement "mixer" for this event and the new Ramrod of the Los Charros ride.

Charlie served as a member of the College of Agriculture Alumni Council Board of Directors from the time of its inception until his death on September 15, 1989. He was buried at Memory Lawn Masoleum in Phoenix.

## HESTER M. COCHRAN

Charlie's wife, Hester, was born in the small town of Jackson in southeastern Missouri, May 19, 1913. Her family moved four years later to Dexter, Missouri, a town half in the reclaimed swamp-land bordering the Mississippi River and half on Krollie's Ridge in the foothills of the Ozarks.

Hester's "agricultural background" consisted of helping maintain a large vegetable garden which practically fed the family in the summer time, and roaming the woods with her parents and three sisters. They gathered "greens" for the table in the spring, blackberries from the farm fences in the summer, and walnuts, hickory nuts and persimmons in the fall. At age fifteen, Hester and her family moved to Tucson, Arizona as a result of illness of her mother and older sister. There she met Charlie at Tucson High School, and they remained good friends throughout college years. She learned a bit about animal husbandry by typing Charlie's term papers.

After being graduated from the University of Arizona in 1936, she returned to Tucson High School as an English teacher until her marriage to Charlie in 1938. The summer before their marriage Charlie was visiting with his former Aggie professor, Dr. E. L. Scott, who had left U. of A. in 1937 to establish Western Farm Management Company in Phoenix with another U. of A. professor and two other well known agricultural men in Salt River Valley. Scotty and Charlie decided Hester would make Scotty a good secretary when they came to Phoenix after their marriage.

Hester's agricultural education became intensive under Dr. Scott's

tutelage. When he helped found the Arizona National Livestock Show in 1948, it naturally followed that Hester became its first secretary, she and Al Pote concocting its first catalog. Her office that first year consisted of a table in the barn, warmed only by an electric heater Scotty swiped from a newborn calf at his Suncrest Hereford Ranch on east Indian School Road.

When Lee and Pearl TePoel came from Denver to become manager and secretary, respectively, of the Show the following year, Hester retired to "domestic engineering", but continued to serve on Show committees for a number of years and remains a member.

## FRANK AND STELLA LYONS

Interviewed by Rose Coleman

Frank "Pappy" Lyons was born on July 14, 1907 in Silver City, New Mexico. His parents were Clarence and Mamie Rose Lyons. Clarence was from Massachusetts and Mamie was a native of Silver City. In 1904 they were married in Silver City. Clarence died in 1909 when Frank was only 2 years old. Frank left home at the age of 14 and went to the Hugh McKeen Ranch to ask for a job. When asked what he could do, he said, "I don't know. I could probably ride broncs and wrangle horses." They put him to work. In a very short time he was punching cattle. He spent most of his time in line camps. A lot of the time was spent alone with 2 cow dogs. He considers the McKeens his second parents since he worked for them for over 30 years. (From another tape given to the Coors: He spent a lot of time in the line camps during the winter, most of the time alone. A few line camps had cabins, a few had tents, but one where he spent a lot of time had only an overhanging rock for shelter.)

The cattle were very mild then and there were no fences from Alma, New Mexico to the Blue River. He caught, roped, and tied many a wild cow. He spoke often of "Winter Cabin," "Charley Moore," "Bear Valley," "Smoothin' Iron," all were line camps. He had one particularly good horse in 1927 by the name of "Firefly." His best dog EVER was "the Old Man." This dog's mother was a hound and the sire a "traveling salesman!!"

Frank worked for Pete Hanks on Blue River from about 1935 or 36 for a few years. He went back to New Mexico where he worked on the Shelley Ranch. In 1942 he went in the Army. He was stationed in Africa and was out



in 1945. In the early 1950's he worked for Herschel Downs, who had then bought the Hanks' Ranch. Soon after this he married Mary Boaz. (From another tape given to the Coors: When Frank and Mary were married at the Downs' Ranch some of the men thought that he should be shivareed, which was a custom in those days. DeWitt Cospers, Herschel Downs and Billy Marks got him out of bed and carried him down to KP Creek where they dunked him. Billy Marks fell on top of him, but that didn't slow down DeWitt and Herschel. They just kept going with a foot in each hand. They must have gotten a little rough because he still has some scars on his back from that little escapade.) He worked for Mary's parents, the Walkers at Camp Verde for 2 years. He and Mary purchased the Hale Place, which had been sold to John McKeen. They paid \$4,100 for 92 acres. Frank and Mary were not married too long.

In 1958 he went to work for the Forest Service as a Forest Technician and Trail and Fire Suppression. He built many tanks with 2 work mules and a fresno. He was probably one of the last to work mules this way. He used a blade affair, hooked up behind mules, to clean trails. In 1959 he and Stella Gaffery were married. He retired from the Forest Service in 1976. Although he had only 18 years with the Forest Service, the government granted him a 20-year retirement because of the 2 years with the Army.

Since retiring he has helped local ranchers on occasion. He also acquired a wood lathe on which he makes lamps from juniper, cedar and aspen wood. He is also talented in making small wind vanes of wood and other clever novelties.

He loves to dance and, at age 78, still outlasts the younger ones.

Stella was born in Modesto, California. Her parents were John and Musa

Don Carlos Hand. John was from Illinois and Musa from Missouri. They were married in Oregon. Her father was a gardner for the city of Modesto.

Stella has seven children by her former husband, John Gaffery. The children are: Richard, Arleta, Arzella, Clara, Jackie, Donald and Frances. John Gaffery who was born in Modesto, died in 1955. There are 20 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The Lyons purchased land just below the road across from the Quinslers. There they have a nice little place which is kept neat and clean on the outside as well as on the inside.

## MARIE H. EDWARDS SHAW


My parents each married and lost by death their partner. My father had six children when he was widowed, the youngest was two years old. My mother had three children. A baby who died about a month after it's father, leaving her with a six year old girl and a four year old boy. She returned to the home of her parents, on a small farm in Dent County, Missouri. Life was very hard. She did any job that came along; inside or outside with farm work. Her father plowed, etc., with four legged horse power, walking behind the plow. She picked cotton, carded and spun thread and wove carpets. Also carded cotton to pad quilts. Tops and bottoms were often small scraps of material pieced together. She plucked the soft feathers from breasts of geese. Made pillows, and feather beds (mattresses) to sleep on.

When her boy was 13 and my father's youngest child was 16, my father, William A. Harder and mother Sarah Susana Shelton Smith were married July 1911. I was born July 11, 1912 near Darien, Missouri. My father worked a saw mill. When I was a year old we moved to Louisiana. Two years later we moved to Arkansas. Some of the boys were still at home and did not like Louisiana. After a couple years they wanted to move from Arkansas so went to Vanita, Oklahoma. My sister, Pauline was born in Arkansas in 1915. I started to school in Oklahoma. I was a second grader when my parents and two of the boys, who were married by that time, moved to a farm nine miles from Durango, Colorado. There was a large reservoir from where water flowed to irrigate farms in the valley. In winter the ice would be thick and strong enough, people drove teams of horses, pulling a wagon, with sled runners instead of wheels, out on the ice; sawed blocks of ice which were hauled to each families' ice house (an ice house was a building where saw

dust was packed around the blocks of ice so they could be dug out and used in summer for making ice cream, etc.) My father was a wheat farmer; we also had two or three dairy cows, pigs, and turkeys; and wonderful gardens, with delicious strawberries, and gooseberries. In those days we raised most of our own food. A flour mill close by made flour out of our wheat, cornmeal out of our corn. I learned to milk a cow when I was 13. After it snowed and my father could not do field work; my mother saddled a work mare and I rode behind the saddle to school. After school she picked me up; snow, belly deep to a work horse. When Pauline started to school we walked 1 1/2 miles. Before snow fell a neighbor loaned us a gentle pony to ride to school; tied him in a shed then and rode home.

December 1926, my parents, Pauline and I left Colorado for Cochise, Arizona. Arrived after a week or so. I was an eighth grader. Graduated from Pearce High, May 1931. Stayed with a half sister and took one year post graduate in commercial subjects at Whittier High, in Whittier, California. Six weeks secretarial college there. The depression was on; even good experienced secretaries had no job. I kept house for a family in Taft, California and clerked in Montgomery Wards in Bakersfield, California. I returned to Cochise, Arizona to be near my aging parents, to help when needed. November 1937 I married Ben F. Edwards to live and work on a ranch nine miles from my parents. Ben, his brother Tom and their Mother Nettie had moved to the ranch 1 1/2 years before. We had no electricity, no running hot water. Used kerosene lights, wood stoves for cooking and heat, no refrigerator, not even an ice box. Coolers had not been heard of. We did have necessities but paying for land and cattle did not have much money or energy for entertainment. A majority of the ranchers owned a few acres and leased most of what

they referred to as "our Ranch". We had six sections of especially good grassland, all deeded with quality registered Herefords. Our seedstock was Rancho Sacatal, Milky Way, Hoopers and other registered Hereford owners.

In Ben's history, volume VI, page 111, he referred to selling bull calves to 4-H youngsters to show at the fair and should have said steer calves. Did sell bull calves to ranchers. Because Tom and Ben were partners, I kept five of my cows when Ben and I were married; still had five when the ranch was sold. Tom kidded me saying "she used a long rope" or would not have had the best five on the ranch. My brand is  . We could not buy land and registered cattle and raise children too. When the land was paid for I was 50 years old so we had no children. We worked with youngsters and I still buy banners for champion animals at the Cochise County Fair at Douglas. In those days a ranch wife helped pull sucker rods out and put them back in wells over 300 feet deep; drive pick-ups taking animals to veterinarians, milk cows, plus regular house wife's jobs. In my spare time I substituted at Pearce, Dagoon, and Cochise post offices. I was a census enumerator in 1940.

Ben died June 21, 1982. On December 30, 1983 I married Richard J. Shaw, who had retired from the U of A in 1969. We live on the ten acres Ben and I kept when we sold the ranch to Horizon Land for a subdivision in 1962. I keep two cows to eat weeds around the barn, etc. It is necessary to feed them daily except a few weeks during the rainy season. I also have calves to put in the freezer. Cows are kept in excellent condition for people to look at as they drive along the road to Cochise Stronghold.

# P I O N E E R M E M B E R S H I P

Accomazzo, Della, Avondale, AZ	Chapman, Ida, Phoenix, AZ
Adams, Lloyd, Dagoon, AZ	Chappell, Ralph, Shattuck, OK
Aguire, Enrique, Red Rock, AZ	Charles, Mattie, Phoenix, AZ
Ahlquist, L.V., Higley, AZ	Chatfield, Cora, Willcox, AZ
Allen, Myron, Phoenix, AZ	Chavez, James, Phoenix, AZ
Allert, Ted, Ila Camp Verde, AZ	Cheatham, Areta, Laveen, AZ
Anderson, Ocie, Phoenix, AZ	Cheatham, Leonard, Laveen, AZ
Anderson, Lynn, Peoria, AZ	Cheatham, Edna, Laveen, AZ
Babbitt, Josephine, Flagstaff, AZ	Childers, Rose, Phoenix, AZ
Babbitt, John, Elizabeth G. Flagstaff, AZ	Choate, Betty, Cochise, AZ
Balke, Alameda, Safford, AZ	Christiansen, Ada, Douglas, AZ
Barnett, Joseph, Sun City, AZ	Claridge, George, Thatcher, AZ
Barney, Elsie,	Claridge, Orson, Duncan, AZ
Barrow, Mable, St. David, AZ	Clark, Joseph, Willcox, AZ
Beebe, Charlotte, Willcox, AZ	Clark, Elvis, Mary Globe, AZ
Bennett, Mike, Cochise, AZ	Clements, Margaret, Phoenix, AZ
Bennett, Charles, Scottsdale, AZ	Cline, Roxie, Tonto Basin, AZ
Benton, Edward, Sonoita, AZ	Cline, John, Phoenix, AZ
Bergier, Laura, Patagonia, AZ	Clinton, Joe, Mabel S. Hereford, AZ
Betts, Floyd, Kathryn	Cochran, Charlie, Hester M. Phoenix, AZ
Billingsley, Kester, Sun City, AZ	Cole, Gwendlyn, Safford, AZ
Bingham, Floyd,	Conley, Ethel, Buckeye, AZ
Birdwell, Robert, Grace Safford, AZ	Conley, Grace, Patagonia, AZ
Blair, Oscar, Safford, AZ	Conway, Lula Jane, Tonto Basin, AZ
Bojorgues, Albert, Bullhaed City, AZ	Cook, Mark, Willcox, AZ
Boss, Roy, Douglas, AZ	Cook, W. L.,
Bouldin, Annis, Glendale, AZ	Cook, Thomas, Florence ,
Bowman, Jewell, Jewell C. Safford, AZ	Cooper, Nel, Kirkland, AZ
Bozarth, Asa, Prescott, AZ	Cordes, Claire, Glendale, AZ
Braden, Ella, Tucson,, AZ	Cordes, Henry, Mayer, AZ
Bradshaw, Eva, Hereford, AZ	Cornelius, Paul, Phoenix, AZ
Brimhall, Joseph, Florence M. Taylor, AZ	Coryell, Jim, Sally Douglas, AZ
Brooks, Lula Mae, Cave Creek, AZ	Crosby, George, Florence Mesa, AZ
Brooks, Gladys, Phoenix, AZ	Gull, Georgia, Douglas, AZ
Brown, Bud, Isabelle Mayer, AZ	Gummings, Ray, Rimrock, AZ
Brown, Salena, Payson, AZ	Curry, Eldora, Casa Grande, AZ
Browning, Polly, Willcox, AZ	Darnell, Kate, St David, AZ
Bryant, Charles, Isabel L. Pinedale, AZ	Davies, Bernie, Tempe, AZ
Bryce, A. J., Pima, AZ	Day, Harry, Duncan, AZ
Burden, Sophia, Wickenburg,, AZ	Day, Charles, Tucson, AZ
Busby, Alfred, Valley Farms, AZ	DeConcini, Ora, Tucson, AZ
Butler, Vinson, Springerville, AZ	DeLa Ossa, Rosamel, Patagonia, AZ
Byrd, Zelpha, Willcox, AZ	Downard, Al, Geneva Glendale, AZ
Caldwell, Lois, Douglas, AZ	Downard, Al (Col.), Geneva Glendale, AZ
Cardon, Bartley, Tucson, AZ	Downs, Herschel, Blue, AZ
Carpenter, John, Chandler, AZ	Dryer, Snow, Glendale, AZ
Carson, Loren, Kingman, AZ	DuBoise, Jessie, Willcox, AZ
Carter, James, Thelma Mesa, AZ	Dumont, Katharine, Kirkland, AZ
Carter, Stella, Kirkland, AZ	Duncan, Carl, Kingman, AZ
Carter, Earl, Vera Kirkland, AZ	Eads, Clara Barfoot, Douglas, AZ

Edwards, Marie, Cochise, AZ  
 Eicks, John, McNeal, AZ  
 Eicks, Beulah, McNeal, AZ  
 Eicks, Gertie, Douglas, AZ  
 Elkins, Mark, Ina Blue Water, NM  
 Ellison, Buster, Globe, AZ  
 Enzenberg, Oscea, Sonoita, AZ  
 Erickson, Maxine, Bisbee, AZ  
 Escalada, Joseph, Nogales, AZ  
 Escapule, Joe, Tombstone, AZ  
 Eslick, Rhaeta, San Diego, CA  
 Evans, Myrl Pyle, Payson, AZ  
 Evans, A.A., Ethel Gilbert, AZ  
 Fairchild, Florence, McNeal, AZ  
 Fitzpatrick, William, Higley, AZ  
 Flake, Cerda, Mesa, AZ  
 Fletcher, Pete, Wickenburg, AZ  
 Flieger, Jo, Oracle, AZ  
 Foote, Gerald,  
 Foremaster, Lindau,  
 Foremaster, Phillip, St. George, UT  
 Fox, Kel, Muds Park, AZ  
 Freeman, Danny, Prescott, AZ  
 Frerichs, W. F., Hazel C. Phoenix, AZ  
 Fritz, Kathleen, 1896 Phoenix, AZ  
 Gardner, B.A., Willcox, AZ  
 Gardner, Eudora, Kingman, AZ  
 Gardner, Gail, Delia 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, Mary, Phoenix, AZ  
 Glenn, Marvin, Eva Margaret Douglas, AZ  
 Godard, Frank, Camp Verde, AZ  
 Gomez, Floyd, Casa Grande, AZ  
 Good, Joe, Ruth Douglas, AZ  
 Goswick, Merl, Mayer, AZ  
 Green, Laura, Sedona, AZ  
 Greve, James, Clara E. Phoenix, AZ  
 Grounds, Howard, Kingman, AZ  
 Haby, Margaret, Willcox, AZ  
 Hammond, Jr., Olander, Edna Sonoita, AZ  
 Hamrick, LaVon, Phoenix, AZ  
 Hancock, Avy, Cornville, AZ  
 Hardy, Mrs.,  
 Harris, Helen, Patagonia, AZ  
 Harrison, Frank, Tucson, AZ  
 Hartman, G., Rhoda M. Prescott, AZ  
 Hatley, Virginia, Willcox, AZ  
 Haught, Mae, Payson, AZ  
 Haught, Flora, Payson, AZ  
 Haynes, Ethel,  
 Hellbusch, Cecil, Aurora, CO  
 Henderson, Ester, Dewey, AZ  
 Henness, Kelvin, Louise Casa Grande, AZ  
 Herridge, Mittie, Kingman, AZ  
 Hinton, Bert, Ft. Thomas, AZ  
 Hittson, Virginia, Globe, AZ  
 Hodges, Lou-Ella, Rinrock, AZ  
 Holder, Babe, Payson, AZ  
 Holt, Raymond, Kingman, AZ  
 Hommas, Lottie, Tucson,, AZ  
 Hooker, Ralph, Prescott, AZ  
 Hopper, Dale, Scottsdale, AZ  
 Houser, David, Melba 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, Sophia,  
 Johnson, Ethel, Vail, AZ  
 Jones, C. A., Myrth Payson, AZ  
 Jones, Mildred, Phoenix, AZ  
 Jones, Curry, Kingman, AZ  
 Josh, Norman, Tucson, AZ  
 Joy, J., Marjorie Blue, AZ  
 Kambitch, William, Rodeo, NM  
 Kambitsch, Edith, Pearce, AZ  
 Kambitsch, Rudolph, Pearce, AZ  
 Kaufman, Fred, Beulah ,  
 Kellam, Emmett, Mary Haulapai Branch, AZ  
 Kelley, Josie, Globe, AZ  
 Kendall, Gladys, Tombstone, AZ  
 Kennedy, Vernon, Francis Duncan, AZ  
 Kennedy, Ruth, Phoenix,, AZ  
 Kimball, Irene, Douglas, AZ  
 Kimble, F. C., Douglas, AZ  
 Kite, Luther, Chino Valley, AZ  
 Kleck, Jess, Phoenix, AZ  
 Kolbe, Walter, Helen Tempe, AZ  
 Krentz, Stuart, Phoenix, AZ  
 Kuykendall, Kate, Les Elfrida, AZ  
 Lamb, Edwin, Gilbert,, AZ  
 Lamb, Theone, Dewey, AZ  
 Lamoreaux, Ruth, Chandler, AZ  
 Lann, Sr., Burell, Chandler, AZ



Laman, 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, Laura Patagonia, AZ  
 Lindsey, Eunice, Tombstone, AZ  
 Lockwood, Sara, Globe, AZ  
 Logsdon, Bill, Fay Kingman, AZ  
 Long, Marshall, Buckeye, AZ  
 Lovelady, A.L., Dewey, AZ  
 Luger, Douglas, Tumacacori, AZ  
 Lund, Miles, Mesa, AZ  
 Lund, W. Gry, Catherine 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, Janet T. 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, Archie, Tolleson, AZ  
 Miller, Allen, Philena H. Snowflake, AZ  
 Miller, Clara, Prescott, AZ  
 Miller, Leroy, Youngtown, AZ  
 Mills, Andy, Willcox, AZ  
 Mills, Marion,  
 Mills, Elton, Prescott, AZ  
 Mills, Clarence, Edna V. Yarnell, AZ  
 Mitchell, Grace, Prescott, AZ  
 Moody, Edwin,  
 Moore, Ellis, Faye 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, William, Pine, AZ  
 Neal, Leonard, Kingman, AZ  
 Neily, Otto, Edna 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, Port, Ella Sedona, AZ  
 Parker, Fay, Patagonia, AZ  
 Parnell, James, Geraldine Phoenix, AZ  
 Patton, Minnie, Skull Valley, AZ  
 Pavey, Jaunita, Kingman, AZ  
 Pehl, Luke, Chino Valley, AZ  
 Pemberton, Henry, Pearl Prescott, AZ  
 Pendelton, James, Nogales, AZ  
 Percy, Raymond, Pearl Peoria, AZ  
 Perner, Jr., Ross, Chino Valley, AZ  
 Pfluger, Peter, Buckeye, AZ  
 Phillips, Eula, Duncan, AZ  
 Pieper, Josephine, Winslow, AZ  
 Potter, Kittie, Clifton, AZ  
 Prochnow, Raymond, Marie 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, Leona 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, Geniva S. Sun City, AZ  
 Russey, Bill, Chandler, AZ  
 Sanders, Armon, Myrtle 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  
 Sedgwick, Cabot, Nogales, AZ  
 Serven, Frances, Tucson, AZ  
 Sexton, Anna, Skull Valley, AZ  
 Sharp, Reginald, Springerville, AZ  
 Sharp, Dora, Prescott, AZ  
 Sheppard, Mildred, Buckeye, AZ  
 Shilling, Irene, Pearce, AZ  
 Skousen, K.K., Chandler, AZ  
 Sly, L. A., Buckeye, AZ  
 Smith, Rocky, Blanche Cochise, AZ  
 Smith, Ted, Rose Hereford, AZ  
 Smith, Lois, Phoenix, AZ  
 Smith, Charles, Della F. Prescott, AZ  
 Sproul, Irene, Douglas, AZ  
 Stacey, Lillie, Clifton, AZ  
 Stevens, George, San Carlos, AZ  
 Stevens, Mildred, Safford, AZ  
 Stevens, Earl, Tonto Basin, AZ  
 Stoddard, Olive, Sonoita, AZ  
 Stone, Helen, Laveen, AZ  
 Storm, Keith, Prescott, AZ  
 Storm, William, Prescott, AZ  
 Stradeling, Anne, Patagonia, AZ  
 Stratton, Raymond, Snowflake, AZ  
 Stringfield, Garnet, Prescott, AZ  
 Sweikart, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ  
 Swyers, Gladys, Patagonia, AZ  
 Talley, William, Estella M. Kingman, AZ  
 Tatum, S., Margaret Patagonia, AZ  
 Taylor, Richard, Valda May Payson, AZ  
 Taylor, Leona, McNeal, AZ  
 Teskey, Phoebe, Mayer, AZ  
 Thomas, George, Lois "Burnell" Bowie, AZ  
 Thomas, Herman, Pinedale, AZ  
 Thompson, John, Grace L. 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, Faye 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, Frances, Bisbee, AZ  
 Walker, Allen,  
 Walker, Dixie, Tucson, AZ  
 Waring, J. D., Mary V. Flagstaff, AZ  
 Wear, Bessie, Willcox, AZ  
 Webb, Virginia, Rim Rock, AZ  
 Weekes, Charles, Violet M. Bagdad, AZ  
 Weiler, Edward, Laveen, AZ  
 West, Lavern, Show Low, AZ  
 Wetten, Walton, Patagonia, AZ  
 Whelan, Rosalia, Patagonia, AZ  
 White, L. C., Edith E. 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, Sophie Wicklup, AZ  
 Wiltbank, Fay, Eagar, AZ  
 Wood, Bill, Phoenix, AZ  
 Wright, Arthur, Duncan, AZ  
 Yarbrough, Myrtle, Kingman, AZ  
 Yourgules, Juan, Patagonia, AZ  
 Zaleski, Bessie, Frank Bisbee, AZ  
 Zorrilla, Jesus, Thresa Clifton, AZ

12/12/89

C O V E R

FRONT - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

KAY & THEONE LAMB, Dewey  
NORMA GUTHRIE NIX, Phoenix  
CHARLES M. & HESTER M. COCHRAN, Phoenix  
JUANITA & CHET HOWELL, Phoenix  
RAY CUMMINS, Rimrock

INSIDE BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

WILLIAM R. STORM, Prescott  
KEITH STORM, Prescott  
CHARLES M. BENNETT, Scottsdale  
ESTHER LEE CHERRY HENDERSON, Dewey  
MARSHALL & RHODA MAY "Billie" Hartman, Prescott  
HERSCHELL DOWNS, Blue  
MYRON H. "Boo" ALLEN, Phoenix  
STELLA & FRANK LYONS, Blue  
BOYD TENNEY, Prescott

BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

FRANK POLK, Mayer  
FLOYD V. SASSER, Prescott  
RALPH HOOKER, Prescott  
FAY WILTBANK, Eagar  
MARIE H. EDWARDS SHAW, Cochise  
CHARLES E. "Gene" SMITH, Prescott  
JOHN BABBIT, Flagstaff  
KEL M. FOX, Munds Park  
ROSS H. PERNER, JR., Chino Valley  
COSTANTINO SAVOINI, Prescott  
A.L. "Shorty" LOVELADY, Dewey





