

**ARIZONA
NATIONAL
PIONEER
RANCH HISTORIES**

Volume XII



**Arizona National
Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman**

Volume XII

***Compiled and Edited by*
Arizona National Pioneer Stockman
and
Arizona National Livestock Show**

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The purpose of the Arizona National Livestock Show is to promote agriculture with the profits going to youth scholarships.

The publication of Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories Volume XII helps promote this effort of public awareness and education of future leaders while recording the involvement and spirit of the original pioneer leadership of our industry.

Thanks to Danny Freeman, ANLS Living Pioneer President, for his hard work in rounding up members and their histories. Most of all, thanks to all of the Pioneers who have laid the way for agriculture in Arizona. My hat is off to you!

Tom Rolston

President

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

Preface


The Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories are not only a chronicle of the background of the livestock industry, but a special part of this state's actual history. This state began with those who rode the range, homesteaded and raised cattle and continues today as one of the West's most "Western" states.

It is through these histories that we continue to record these ranching activities and the heritage of the cattle industry. Through the years it has been the pleasure of the Arizona State Cowbelles to host the Arizona National Pioneer Luncheon and be able to assist in finding and helping to record these ranch histories. Prior to losing our special friend and chairman of the Arizona Living Pioneer Livestock Association, Betty Accomazzo, our job was a limited one. But with her passing, it has taken on a new meaning with many of our Cowbelles having to fill the shoes she wore. No one person has yet been able to keep it all together as she did.

With the continued support and determination of Danny Freeman and the Arizona State Cowbelles as well as the dedication of the staff of Arizona National Livestock Show office, especially Miriam Loughhead and Jody Yeager who find time from their busy schedules to prepare, edit and condense these histories, we will continue to publish future volumes. We rely on the Arizona National Livestock Show, the Arizona Cattle Growers, the Arizona State Cowbelles and numerous other volunteer groups and individuals to continue the gathering of these histories, and to those who contribute to the book fund for the printing of future volumes.

It is with great pride that we Cowbelles feel honored to continue to support this wonderful endeavor, and we will continue to aid in keeping this dream of Betty's alive.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Doris French". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Doris French

President


Arizona State Cowbelles

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Curtis J. and Nora M. Ritter

Kirkland, Arizona

The Ritter Ranch dates back in history to 1868 when Jacob Ritter established his headquarters ranch along the old freight road – between Prescott and Ehrenburg – about five miles south-east of what is now Hillside, Arizona. There, he started the since well-known upside down Tee  brand with some 80 head of Shorthorn cattle he had brought from California.

Jacob Ritter, born December 17, 1834, in Illinois, had moved to the Texas Panhandle as a boy with his parents who went into the cattle business near Amarillo. There, he had grown up and in 1958 had married Mary Elizabeth Chowning of Amarillo. Intrigued by stories of fabulous wealth on the West coast, he and his family joined the Simmons party in their own covered wagon in 1864 and set out for California. They passed through Prescott and Kirkland Valley enroute. After a short stay in Prescott they continued on to settle in the mountains east of San Diego, California.

California was not to his liking, so he returned to Kirkland Valley in 1868 where he started and ran the Tee brand until 1906, when he sold out to a syndicate and retired to live with his son, Will, near Kirkland.

Jacob Ritter was my grand father. He and grand mother, with their family, settled southeast of Hillside at the foot of what is now Ritter Mountain. There was a large Yavapai Indian encampment close by. Jake, as he was called, brought a herd of cattle from California, and these cattle were the beginning of the famous Tee  Cattle Ranch. This was one of the first, if not the first, successful cattle ranch in Yavapai County. This was possible because of an understanding between Jake and his Indian neighbors. All earlier attempts to raise cattle in this part of Arizona Territory had failed because the Indians were

still at war and they killed cattle and ranchers as well.


Grand father's herd increased until there were Tee cattle running over most all of Yavapai County. The increase was so great the the Ritters could not brand all of the calves and several of the later successful ranches in the county got started with long-eared Tee yearlings.



This was the exciting ranch life my father, Ed Ritter, was born into in 1885. He was born in Prescott and grew up on the ranch and in the Indian camp along side of the Ehrenberg-Prescott freight road. At an early age he was given a very big, long, heavy 45-90 rifle. This gun was so heavy and awkward he had to carry a forked stick so that he could aim and shoot it. His older brothers then bought him the first 22 caliber rimfire rifle any of them had ever seen.


He was so excited over the new gun that he had to take it and show it to all of his Indian friends. While showing it off he placed the end of the gun on the top center of his bare foot and some how pulled the trigger shooting himself through the foot. He started to cry and was sternly reminded by the squaws that children were not allowed to cry no matter how badly they were hurt. His reply was that he was not crying because it hurt, he was crying because he was sure when his father found out that he would take his new gun from him. The wound was just stinging a little and a few drops of blood were coming from the bottom of his bare foot. One of the squaws told him not to worry, they could fix it so his father would not know. He was barefooted and often would step on thorns or sharp rocks, so no one would think much about him limping. He agreed, and they heated an iron ram rod red hot and ran it through his foot!

The pain was really bad, but he made it home and had to tell his father what had happened. His father said he thought he had learned a lesson and let him keep his new gun. I could tell many more stories of his growing up, but better get along with my story.

My father, Ed Ritter, met my mother, Nellie Grace Miller, at Thompson Valley, now Yava, Arizona, in 1905. She had come to Phoenix, Arizona shortly after 1900 to nurse her brother, Curtis Miller. They were from Barrackville, West Virginia. He had come to Phoenix with TB and got so ill that Nellie had to come to his aid. After a long hard time he did recover and my mother came to Thompson Valley to stay with a friend, Lillian Morgan, also from West Virginia. She was teaching in the local school.

Ed and Nellie were married in Prescott June 5, 1907. At that time there was a train that ran from Prescott to Mayer, and they took this train and spent their honeymoon at Mayer. They returned to Hillside to work for the Tee  outfit. My mother traveled many miles in the round-up cook wagon or often on horse back as she did the cooking for the outfit. After my older sister, Edna Grace Ritter Lange, was born in 1908 she often carried her horse back from camp to camp.

By 1909 my father and mother had moved to the present home-site as the great Tee  Ranch was being nibbled down to a much smaller size by homesteaders and other settlers. The original Tee  brand had been sold in 1906 to an eastern syndicate and was run by my uncle Wayne Ritter.

My father and uncle Will Ritter had managed to obtain and hold a part of the original ranch. Also they had bought the Judge Kirkland Vee Vee  brand, and they operated the ranch with it. In 1912 they brought the first polled Hereford bull into Arizona. They bought him from a ranch near Colorado Springs, Colorado. In 1916 they brought registered bulls and cows from Iowa starting the first registered polled herd in Yavapai County. They built the herd up to 200 head of mother cows.

I was born November 6, 1916. This was also the year my folks bought a 32 volt Delco light plant. We had the only electric lights I ever saw in our area

for many years.

My younger sister, Alta Rose Ritter Towne, was born in 1920. We both went to school at Kirkland. I even went my first two years of high school at Kirkland, we had a class of four. I graduated from Prescott High School in 1934, and our class had almost one hundred students.

After high school I drove a truck and worked in the local mines. While working at the Yarnell Mine, Nora M. Spillers and I were married. The date was July 3, 1936. Nora, like myself, is a native-born Arizonan, born of a native-Arizonan. She was born April 15, 1919 at Miami, Arizona. Her mother, Malvina Spillers, is a member of the pioneer Mormon Hamblin family, was born near Safford, Arizona. She lives in the Arizona Pioneer Home at Prescott and this year, 1990, celebrated her 90th birthday.

Nora's father, Fred Spillers, was a member of the pioneer Spillers family of Texas. He came to Arizona when he was 16 years old. He was a miner, farmer, cattleman and worked on some of the big Arizona cow outfits.

My father passed away in 1939. Late in 1941 I came to work with my mother and uncle Will on the ranch. We continued to use the Vee Vee ^V brand. Our older son, Jake, and younger son, Tom, were raised on the ranch.

Curtis Jacob Ritter II (Jake) is a forester in Roseburg, Oregon. Thomas Edward Ritter and his wife, Phoebe, live across the road from us in the old original Ritter Ranch house. He is a court reporter for Judge Hancock in Prescott. The boys still operate part of the old ranch. I think this makes the ranch the oldest one-family operation in Arizona.

Nora and I built up the registered polled Herefords back up to 50 head of mother cows. We entered a bull in the first Arizona National Hereford Show held in Phoenix. I always bragged that he won first place in his class. I still have the blue ribbon somewhere. I don't usually tell that he was the only one entered

in his class that year. However we were quite proud of our registered and commercial bull sales through the years.

I was a member of the Kirkland school board for 30 years and a member of the state minerals resource board for seven years, five years as chairman. I have been chairman of the Triangle Natural Resource Conservation District for 25 years, and chairman of the Cocopai Resource Conservation Development for several years. I was president of the Arizona Association of Conservation Districts for three terms, and am still a member of the state executive committee.

I am proud to have been able to serve my country in the Armed Forces. I am a World War II and Korean Veteran. I have been a private pilot for many years and still get a thrill out of flying a small plane.

Nora and I have been able to spend many happy days traveling in Mexico and hope we may be able to continue to travel.

Last but not least, we are proud of our five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Grandchildren are: Pamela Lane Ritter Shaw, Wendy Lee Ritter Kenson, and Keri Nell Ritter Shaw. Great-grandchildren are: Tyler Austin Kenson, Cameron McGregor Shaw, Dillon Ritter Shaw, and Dallas Daniele Kenson.

Our two youngest grand children are Curtis Jacob Ritter III and Brandy Elizabeth Ritter – these are offspring of our eldest son, Curtis J. Ritter II (Jake).

Dave Hopkins

Camp Verde, Arizona

My father, Nott Hopkins, a Kansas farm boy ran for and won a parcel of land in the Oklahoma Strip, then traded the parcel for a team and wagon. The new owner of the land struck oil on the parcel and became very rich.

Soon after that event my father and mother, Lucy Hotchkiss Hopkins, and their small daughter, Bessie, moved to Strawberry in 1896 and lived there for a while with his uncle, Jim Hopkins, who had been there for a while and was well established with a ranch stocked with cattle.

Strawberry is a small community of ranches nestled in the pines on the Arizona Mogollon Rim a few miles north of Pine.

Soon they had their own log cabin in Strawberry with a herd of cattle. It was here in a log cabin that I was born on July 21, 1902 with Mrs. Frances Peach in attendance. My brother, Jim, and three sisters: Lydia, Lily, and Effie Dot were also born there. Father worked for other ranchers and on occasions would carry the mail on horseback to Camp Verde to make ends meet and pay taxes.

When salt was needed for his cattle, he would lead a pack mule on a trip to Camp Verde and dig a load of salt at the local salt mine, load his mule and return home.

When I was four years old I was kicked in the cheek by a horse, was a big gash. Travel was by horseback or wagon in those days and Hank Peach, son of Frances, saddled up and hit the Crook Trail to Camp Verde for a doctor. By the time the doctor arrived, the wound had begun to heal, so he stitched the raw edges together without the benefit of anesthesia. That hurt! The doctor's charge was \$20, and my father paid him with his last \$20 gold piece.

Typhoid fever struck a devastating blow to my family in 1909 when I was 7 years old. My father, sister Bessie and brother Jim were struck down by the dreaded fever at the same time. All the work caring for the sick and the small children fell on my mother. She took care of them day and night. There was no doctor available nearer than Globe, Arizona. Bessie and Jim recovered, but my father's condition deteriorated and he died, still a young man at age 35. He was hauled away in a wagon with the driver sitting on top of the coffin wearing a slicker as it was raining as he drove away. A very sad sight for those of us left behind as we had no means of attending the funeral that was conducted by Walt Randall in the Pine, Arizona cemetery. A nice marker for his grave was made by a local stone mason.

After father's death my mother could see she could not make it there and raise six children. She decided to move to Camp Verde and loaded the belongings into a covered wagon driven by Earn Fuller. She and the girls rode the wagon and Jim and I followed on horseback with Hank Peach who helped us drive a few head of cattle to the Verde.

We went by the Crook Trail which was dangerous with steep grades and snake-like twists. One place was so bad that it was called "The Devil's Wind-Pipe". The first night out from Strawberry we camped by a pond. Next night was spent at Salmon Lake. Don't know to this day where it got its name, because there has never been a salmon in it. We were on the road three days and arrived at Clear Creek where we stayed a year and attended the Clear Creek school.

We arrived in Clear Creek in September, 1909 and settled in a house that Ed Wingfield let us have. The neighbors were all very nice to us. Next year mother sold her remaining cattle in Strawberry to Arthur Heath. She then bought a hotel from Bob Wingfield in Camp Verde across the street from the

Sutlers store that Bob Wingfield owned.

Meals were served family style and supplies were bought from W.G. and R. W. Wingfield at the Sutlers store. Week day meals were 35 cents, Sundays were special with cream cake and home-made ice cream for 50 cents. My job was turning the freezer and helping Jim keep a supply of wood in the kitchen for the stove.

In 1914 mother married James D. Bailey, a Forest Ranger at Beaver Creek. The hotel was sold back to Bob Wingfield and the family moved out to the ranger station. I was 12 then. This was a perfect place for a boy to grow up. I hunted quail and rabbits in the hills and fished in Beaver Creek.

The first school we kids attended from the Beaver Creek Ranger Station was located at the present settlement of McGuireville. Jim was the driver and drove a team to a two-seated buggy; he always drove at one speed, high gallop. The track led down the Blue Grade, past Montezuma's Well and on to the school house. Mother provided a quilt for the ones in front and another for those sitting in the back, plus substantial lunches for all. Our teacher was Mrs. Eula Bourne who was usually known as "Sister" Bourne.

The next year the school was at Walker Creek, and I got there on horseback. Mrs. Bourne was the teacher. The school burned down that summer and was moved to the Fredericks place near the Finnie Ranch. Our teachers there were: Ruth Diamond, Harold Blome and Mrs. Bourne.

When my step-father decided to leave the Forest Service and go into ranching the family moved from the Ranger Station to a house near the Fredericks place. It was there that my little half-sister was born, Betty Bailey. Mother told me to go get the doctor at Camp Verde and said, "Don't go by the Langdon kids' place!" She knew if I saw the Langdon kids I might forget what I was sent to do. I didn't forget, I delivered the message to Dr. John Taylor and he

drove a car to our place and got there before I made it home horseback.

At the Ranger Station and on Beaver Creek we finished growing up so to speak. Bessie married and Jim started working away from home and soon I was to follow suit. When we were ready for high school my mother moved back to Camp Verde. Soon the girls were ready for college and my mother moved to Tempe, where they went through college and Betty Bailey, the new member, could also go to school.

Jim and I worked together in 1920 to help in the first survey to Irving on the Fossil Creek road. That road was then the worst road in Arizona! After that I worked on various ranches in that area. Once I was fired from the Pitchfork Cattle Co. as round-up cook because they said I was "no good at it".

In September, 1924 I met Charles Fowler at a Long Valley dance. He was in charge of U.S. Customs Service based in Nogales, Arizona. This is how I met him. Brother Jim and I were working for the Pitchfork Cattle Co. and we rode a few miles to Mormon Lake to a dance, and there we met a nice young lady, Miss Fowler. We both enjoyed swinging her around the hall. I invited her to bring her family and come to the roundup wagon the next day for dinner where my brother, Jim, was the cook.

Next morning at breakfast Jim told me he had to go to town and for me to take care of the pots until he came back. He saddled up and left. Shortly she showed up at the chuck wagon along with her mother and father and another relative and found me working as a cook. Well, I got busy, washed the breakfast dishes, cut steak and made coffee for the crowd. They all ate and I took time out from my cooking duties to take Miss Fowler for a short horseback ride. She told me that her father was Collector of Customs at Nogales, Arizona. As soon as we got back to the wagon I asked him for a job and he said he'd give me the first one that opened up.

He held true to his word and in December, 1924 I went to work with Customs at Yuma patrolling out of San Luis the border between Mexico and Arizona. My pay was good at \$150 a month, which enabled me to help the family in Tempe. Soon they were all through school and could provide for themselves.

My assignment at San Luis was to intercept smugglers who were packing in liquor and other merchandise or contraband on horses. I patrolled the area on horseback, by car and sometimes on foot. I learned to speak, read, write and interpret Spanish pretty well. I enjoyed my work very much.

I have never owned a ranch but have worked on many. I have had a brand since before 1924, first the 7H, the later /≡ at Nogales. This brand was given to me by Carlos Ronstadt of Tucson.

In 1929 I married Vera Parker of Scottsdale and we raised four children: Louise, Audrey, Marilyn and James David. James David now is right around 50 years old. Soon after getting married we moved to Los Angeles where I worked for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. testing tires on the highway. I tired of this and in 1936 went back to work for Customs in Nogales. I went back to patrolling the border but soon border patrols were abandoned and I was appointed Customs Inspector at the port of entry in Douglas.

In 1943 I suffered a fall from a horse, was a severe injury. I was riding fast when the horse hit a line knocking me off and breaking my femur (thighbone) in three places. Thinking back to all the isolated places I rode on border patrols, I was amazed that this, my most serious accident, happened in Douglas and I was in the hospital in seven minutes!

I was placed in traction for 16 days before Dr. E.W. Adamson did an open reduction surgery. He put in metal plates and steel screws and then put me in a cast from my arm pits to my ankles, a body cast. Recovery was slow, it was

two years before I could return to work. Today, with all the metal in my body, the alarm goes off when I go through airport security check points.

I was in the hospital for nine months and the cost was \$1100. That compares to \$6000 for ten days a few years ago for knee surgery. What would nine months in a hospital cost today?

I retired from the Customs Service in 1960 and moved back to Camp Verde and bought part of the property my family had once owned. For many years I enjoyed packing and camping out. I did this until 1977 when my last mule died. I packed into Clear Creek Canyon and Buck Horn Springs. I took three mules: one to ride, one for bedding and one to pack with food. I'd be gone from two weeks to a month at a time. I loved to be out doors where the air was fresh.

My thrills come now from gardening and gathering wood from the river bottom for heating my home. Of course I enjoy visits from my children and grandchildren and especially from my little great granddaughters, Megan and Katie.

I am proud of some old branding irons I have collected over the years. I have them displayed outside my house under a beautiful old black-bark mesquite tree. These old brands come from ranches that were once active in the Verde Valley. They are huge and very heavy. I have a few old spurs as well.

One last thing I have done – my headstone is already made and is in Prescott waiting for the final date to be inscribed. I am in no hurry to add the last date. You readers will have to wait for the rest of the story.

Edna Ritter Lange

Prescott, Arizona

I was born October 8, 1908 at the Mercy Hospital in Prescott, Territory of Arizona. My father and mother were Ed and Nell Ritter who lived on the Ritter Ranch just west of Kirkland. I have one brother, Curtis, who still lives on the home ranch, and one sister, Alta Rose Towne, who lives in Peebles Valley.

I went to school in Kirkland through the 9th grade, then to Phoenix Union for my sophomore year. The Northern Arizona Normal, at that time, took junior and senior high school students and allowed them to live on the campus and finish high school there. The normal school was up-dated to a Teacher's College later. I stayed there until I received my teacher's certificate.

My first teaching job was on the St. Augustine Plains in western New Mexico in the fall of 1928. I went over there from Flagstaff with two teachers who were teaching in Horse Springs, New Mexico, near where I would be teaching. They had two Pinto horses, a beautiful white collie dog and an old red pickup truck. The girls rode the horses. I drove the truck and took the dog and went ahead. I would make camp and have something to eat when they came along.

I was to board with a family while there. I arrived the day before school was to start. There were five children in this family. Four of which were school age. I thought I would like to see the school as I had been told it was a new one. The children were anxious to show me, so we walked a section mile and came to this little one-room building. When I walked in, I was quite shocked when I saw the only thing in the building was an "old" broom standing in the corner. I begged and borrowed until I had a pretty nice room. The children had to furnish all their supplies and books at that time. I did not have many students, but went

from first through tenth grades.

This was an interesting time for me, the country was strange, it was odd to be able to see so many miles without a hill or a tree, now and then I would see a wind mill. I would awaken at night hearing a strange "clacking" sound and later I found it was cattle going to water. Their hooves were so long, due to no rocks, that the toes would cross each other as they walked. The horses did not have shoes, they only trimmed the feet. The tails on the horses were so long they dragged the ground and when it rained they got big mud balls in the ends.

I had to take New Mexico State History and school law. I did this by correspondence. When I finished I drew my first pay check. I received \$90 per month!

One time I decided to go to Albuquerque. I persuaded one of the ranchers to take me to Magdalena and from there, I rode a freight train to Socorro where I could catch a passenger train on into Albuquerque.

Magdalena was, at one time, one of the largest cattle shipping points in the west. While I was teaching one of the last large herds come by my school. There were many hundreds of cattle, it took them from before daylight until dark, as of course they were strung out and not in one bunch. They came from central east Arizona and central west New Mexico.

I enjoyed my year in New Mexico, but the next year I got a job in Chino Valley, Arizona. Charley Lange, whom I had known casually for some time, came to call on me and after a bit we were married in Prescott in 1929.

Charley's dad, Otto Lange, owned the P Bar **P** Ranch just south of Prescott with the range dropping over and down the Bradshaw Mountains to Milk Creek where the winter camp was. Mr. Lange, at the time we were married, ran the ranch with three of his sons: Walter, John and Charley. Mrs. Lange had a home in town (Prescott), so some younger children could go to

school, Iola, later Mrs. Elzy Pike, and Bob. That left me the only woman at the winter camp.

While on the P Bar we had two sons born: Charles R. and M. Dean. Needless to say, these boys became a bit spoiled by the uncles and grandad. One day when they were about three and four, they were in the yard with their grandad shooting BB guns, using one of the old cabins as a target. I looked out and saw smoke coming from a cabin (cabins were lined with cardboard and had big cracks). The boys had run out of BB shots and grandad had been breaking off kitchen match heads to use.

We bought a homestead east of Yarnell and we called it Black Water, I don't know why. There was no road in, we packed everything in on mules. It had belonged to an old lady and her son. There were three cabins and a little barn. All materials having been packed in. A creek ran from up on the mountain through the area. There was a bit of level land on each side of the creek and scattered along on this were fruit trees, beautifully planned so that from early spring until late fall there was fruit ripening.

Times were hard then, money was scarce. Charley cowboyed for neighbors and hunted lions for the Government. The not so unusual story of no rain in Arizona caught up with us in the 1930's. We, with many other people, sold cattle to the Government for ten dollars per head, they in turn had them shot and buried.

We sold our Black Water place and went to work for Millard Stillman, who came out from New York and bought half of Nels Puntenney's S Bar S (S on shoulder, Bar on ribs and another S on the hip). This ranch had 1000 head of cows and several of Nels' famous NP horses. This was a good ranch. It lay on the head of the Verde River, east of the railroad tracks in the Paulden, Chino Valley area.

We has a son, Ralph, born while we were on the Stillman Ranch. They also had a son born while we were there. This was a very good ranch and was a pleasure to work there. Charley did a great deal of roping, both calf and team, while we lived there. Mr. Stillman decided to sell the ranch, so we went looking for another job.

We went to work for Dan C. Gainey, a jeweler from Minnesota. He had an old ranch on the Santa Maria River and a great deal of undeveloped land joining the McCormick Ranch north of Scottsdale. The Gainey Ranch now is a very well-known home and resort area.

We stayed with Mr. Gainey until much of the development was done; wells, alfalfa fields, a few buildings and a herd of pure-bred cows. Mr. Gainey had some very fine Arabian horses in Minnesota, but he was never able to interest Charley in them as working horses. One of the highlights for me while there was when Mr. Gainey came out from Minnesota and said, "Edna, don't you think this place looks really bare, why don't you order us some trees?" The surprise was, he meant grown trees. The trees came and by the end of the week there were tall palms at the entrance, eucalyptus going down the lane, various shrubs in the front yard, grapefruit trees with fruit on in the back yard – that was fun, fun, fun!

By this time Charley decided he would like to go to Oregon. So we spent a summer just touring around central Oregon. We found a place we liked, so Charley asked his younger brother, Bob, who had married a girl from New York who really liked ranching, to come up and see if they would be interested in it. We were all thrilled with the streams that were all about. They all had water in them. They decided to buy it. It had a lot of farm land, winter range and a beautiful summer range that was all meadow with streams going through it. It was high in the mountains and there were 600 cows went with this, horses

not so good. This was about fifty miles east of Prineville which is the center of Oregon. Our Post Office was Mitchell. Our two older boys graduated from High School at Mitchell, then each volunteered for a four-year hitch in the U.S. Air Force.

Bob and his family decided to go back to California, so they sold the ranch. We stayed in Mitchell for a while where Charley served as the town marshall. That was a fun time for him. We left Mitchell and went to the Fossil area where we leased the Prairie Ranch from Dr. Donald Nichol森, from Portland, Oregon. The Prairie Ranch was a wonderful ranch, it consisted of several old homesteads combined. There were many acres of wheat land, some alfalfa and meadows. A good range and a herd of cows, very good Herefords, also many acres of timber. There was a picture in the house of an old combine with 32 horses hitched to it. The old combine was still there in an old barn. The house and barn area had at one time been an old stage stop. It was a beautiful old house with a wonderful kitchen with so many cupboards and so much work space and several bedrooms. It was a well-insulated house, so was easy to keep warm. I did get very upset when we first went there (where ever we went, I always did the cooking) because those old "dirt farmers" demanded three meals a day, at 6, 12 and 6. Cowboys only ate two meals, an early breakfast and a good meal whenever the day's work was done.

While in Oregon I taught school many times as it was isolated and was hard to keep teachers, and I was available. The first time I taught there a teacher had stayed two weeks and walked out, this class had 21 first graders and each was the baby of the family. It was not hard to understand why she walked out. We stayed on the Prairie Ranch for seven years. Our youngest son graduated from High School and then stayed on the ranch with us. The oldest son, when finished with the Service, went to Veterinary School. Charles has had a clinic

on Eagle Island near Boise, Idaho for many years.

Dean apprenticed as an electrician, got his journeyman card and worked in the Coastal area for many years. Ralph, in his later years became an expert well driller. While we were on the Prairie Ranch we were active in the Cattleman's Association and Cowbelles. I was secretary of the Fair Board for several years. Charley and Ralph did a lot of roping, that was their favorite pastime.

Dr. Nichol森 decided to sell the ranch, so we took our horses to Idaho and left them there with Charles. We went to California where Charley worked for a while, then decided he really wanted to come back to Arizona. Charley's brother, Walter, had run the Bogle SV Ranch for thirty years and was ready to retire, so we took that job. This was a large ranch, measured in townships rather than sections or acres, it extended from the Big Sandy over the Aquarius Mountains to Burro Creek. A part of it joined the ORO or Baca Float Grant.

My job on the Bogle Ranch was to cook, buy the groceries, keep the camps supplied, take injured or sick cowboys to the doctor, check to be sure the wind mills were working and above all, try to make each and every one happy. The building at headquarters was beautifully located with an unsurpassed view over looking the deep cut of Francis Creek on the the Mohon Mountains. While the work here was hard, with the usual long hours of a ranch, it was also a fun place to work.

The Bogles were wonderful people to work for, they just asked that you take good care and never interfered with the way you did things. We were with Bogles for eight years. Charley then felt he was no longer able to put in the long hard days on horseback. Our son Dean and his family came down from Oregon and took his dad's place. Dean is still on the ranch, but Bogle sold it and then it was sold again. In a few years it is hard to tell, perhaps there will be no more

big ranches.

We left the Bogle Ranch and leased a little farm from the Cyprus Bagdad Mine on the Big Sandy and put a very nice mobile home on it. There was enough pasture for Charley to have his horses and a few cows which kept him busy and made him happy. We stayed on the Sandy for eight years. Charley became quite ill while on a little hunt with his grandson, Tim Lange. Our lease was up at this time, so we sold our house and as our eldest son wanted us to come to Boise, we stored our things and stayed a bit with Ralph. Ralph then took us to Boise.

Charley did not improve in Idaho as we had hoped he would. Our son Ralph died suddenly on the fifth of January, 1989 and that was very hard for Charley and he continued to worsen. I decided, because Charley so much wanted to come back to Arizona, to bring him back. We had only been home two nights and one day when he died on the 9th of October, 1989.

I took care of things that needed to be done and then came to live at the Arizona Pioneers' Home in Prescott, making a full circle. This is a very good place to be, and I feel very much at home and satisfied.

Chuck Sheppard

Prescott, Arizona

My grandfather, Charlie Sheppard, and grandmother, Mattie (Mullens), with their family of 4 boys and 3 girls, came in a wagon from Texas to Globe, Arizona in 1897. My father's name was Horace but everyone called him "Shep". Soon after arriving in Globe the boys spread out. My father went to Mayer and worked a while on the Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch. There he worked with Giles Goswick and George McDonald.

My father's brother, Lee, worked with Roy Hays on the Billingsley Ranch at Congress and Date Creek. "Spud", another brother, worked in a mine at Crown King and on March 14, 1912 was caught in a blizzard while hunting and froze to death. The other brother, Frank, ranched south of Globe.

My mother's parents, Henry and Georgean Young, arrived on a train from Alabama to central Arizona and later moved to Globe.

Horace Sheppard and my mother, Georgia Young, met and married in Globe where my dad worked on several ranches.

While they were on the 3 Bar Ranch I was born on April 15, 1916. R.M. Grantham, a neighbor, drove my mother in a wagon from Roosevelt to the hospital in Globe.

My dad homesteaded, in 1918, on Mescal Creek southeast of Globe and proved up on it. It was 21 miles south of Cutter and beyond the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation. Other ranches in the area at that time were: Bar F Bar, owned by the Oldles; 5L Ranch, owned by Grantham and Zee Hayes; the Cross S, owned by John Osborne.

John Osborne bought the upper end of the Cross S, and dad worked for him on that ranch. Osborne later owned the Diamond Two Ranch at Walnut

Grove. Dad worked with Tom Blasingame on the 5L Ranch owned by Zee Hayes; Lynn Mayes was foreman at the time. My brother, Lynn, was named for Lynn Mayes. Blasingame later worked on two large old-time outfits in the Texas Panhandle, the Matador and JA Ranches. Zee Hayes bought the lower end of the Cross S for 1900 head, but they gathered 5,000 in two years. 4,000 were wild and had to be led out. The other 1000 cows were gathered with gentle hold ups.

When my dad homesteaded that "starve-out" ranch he packed my sister and me on a pack mule to get there. I was two years old at the time.

My dad was noted for two things: riding bucking horses and catching wild cattle. This was "straight up and straight down" kind of country, and it was here that Shep raised his family. While in that area dad worked on neighboring ranches breaking horses and catching wild cattle. That's where I learned to be a cowboy. I became a rodeo cowboy because I had no other way of making a living. In later years I was asked why I became a rodeo cowboy, my answer was, "To keep from working."

My parents divorced when I was about 6 years old. I went to live with my mother at Hayden where she was cooking in a boarding house for \$100 a month. She sent me to a Military school at St. Katherine in Anaheim, California. After two years in California I came back to Arizona and went to school at Hayden.

In the meantime my father married again and I went to live with him. I remember I was in the 3rd grade in 1926 and went to school in Six Shooter Canyon; my teacher was Josie McEuen, who later became Mrs. Hugh Bennett. Hugh owned a ranch at Ft. Thomas. He was one of the greatest professional bulldoggers I have ever known.

My brother, Lynn, was born in Globe in 1926 and is ten years younger

than I am. He was born when we were living on dad's ranch at Pioneer on the Pinal Mountains south of Globe. The area was covered with many small mining claims at that time.

Lynn grew up and became active in Gila County politics: was County Supervisor for about 15 years and served on the State Highway Commission for about 12 years. He now owns dad's old ranch at Pioneer. This ranch joins a ranch owned by Bud Webb.

By the 9th grade I was back in school at Hayden. That year an epidemic of Spinal Meningitis broke out and the school was closed for a while. I then went to work on the Bar F wrangling horses on the San Carlos Indian Reservation.

In 1932 I decided to go see my mother in northern California at Hayfork. The Depression was in full swing and jobs were few and far between. I was young, 16, and had 35 cents in my pocket when I caught a freight train out of Phoenix. I was promptly booted off at Wickenburg and it took me two weeks to get to Hayfork. It didn't take one long in those days to grow up; you learned real fast to fight and protect what little was yours.

Jim, my step dad, had a dairy and I went to work for him milking cows. As I finished milking a cow I would ride her out of the barn. There was one old cow I never could get out the gate on. Milk production fell off drastically until one day Jim came home early and saw what was causing the decrease in milk. Needless to say that was the end of my fun.

In those days ranchers brought in their wild horses and bulls to town before the rodeo and paid a dollar a head to try them out. I would ride as many as possible in a day in order to make enough money for my entry fees for the upcoming rodeo.

It was at Hayfork at the age of 16 that I entered my first rodeo. That is,

the first time I ever paid entry fees to enter. I didn't do very well, but I loved the action and excitement.

I rodeoed around in the small towns of California a couple of years. With my small rodeo earnings and odd jobs now and then I survived. But I was learning.

I got lonesome for Arizona, so in 1934 I came back and entered the Florence junior rodeo's calf roping and bareback bronc riding, and won both events. That was the first time I had ever roped calves in competition. I didn't even own a horse, I borrowed one from Charlie Whitlow.

The first calf roping horse I could ever call my own was in 1941 when Marshall Flowers gave me a gelding called Delarpo. He sure wasn't much to look at and most people would have called him half-broke. You had to plow-rein him to turn cattle. But after I roped a hundred head of practice calves on him, he developed a stop you wouldn't believe. He would hardly check behind cattle till you started down and then he just disappeared in the ground. I had to put skid boots on him front and back to keep him from skinning all four fetlocks. He was a great roping horse.

I was interested in the Cowboys Turtle Association (CTA) from the beginning when it was organized in 1936. I joined them in 1937, and my CTA number was 180. After that I entered only those rodeos sanctioned by CTA. The name was changed in 1945 to Rodeo Cowboys Association (RCA) and in 1975 was renamed PRCA, Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. My RCA and PRCA number is 68.

The Prescott rodeo was first sanctioned by RCA in 1948. I never competed there until 1949. That was a good rodeo, and I won the saddle bronc riding that year and again in 1954.

When I was rodeoing full time I competed in five major events: saddle

bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, bulldogging, calf roping and team roping. Later I entered and won money in wild cow milking. I was World's Champion team roper in 1946.

1963 was a good year for me. That year I won wild cow milking and named All Around Cowboy at Prescott. I also won the All Around at Tucson and went on to the RCA National Finals Rodeo. That was the only time I ever got to the Finals as a contestant, but I did serve as a judge for several years. I also served on the RCA Board of Directors for ten years ending in 1958. In those days I wasn't trying to be champion, I was just trying to make a living.

Some of my team roping partners through the years have been Mel Potter, Shorty Lovelady, John Cline, Dell Haverty, Tom Ramsey and in recent years have been my son-in-law, John I. Kieckhefer, and Charlie Lewis, my grandson. For the past 40 years I have team roped in the Prescott Frontier Days rodeo. The last time was 1989 when I was 73; I roped with my grandson, Charlie. We didn't win anything but had fun.

On October 1, 1940 I married Gwen Carter of an old-time ranching and rodeoing family at Walnut Grove. Her parents were Cort and Stella Cartwright Carter. We'll celebrate our 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary this fall. Until our two girls got old enough to go to school Gwen and the girls would go with me. Rodeoing is a hard life even for a single man, but for a married man it is a challenge.

Gwen and I were very happy when our two girls were named Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo Queens: Stella in 1959 and Lynda in 1965, and were especially proud when Stella's daughter and our granddaughter, Jairi Lewis, became First Attendant to the Rodeo Queen in 1979 – twenty year after Stella was Queen.

We bought a house in Prescott in 1950 and have lived in Prescott or

nearby ever since. In 1950 I started a saddle shop in Prescott, and there I designed a special "Chuck Sheppard" tree for ropers which is still in use today and is made by Ryon's of Fort Worth, Texas. Ryon's tell me that the saddle is still popular and is one of the best selling saddles they sell. They send me one free every few years which I appreciate. These saddles are sought after by ranching cowboys as well as those contesting in rodeo arenas.

In 1951, while still rodeoing, I purchased my father's old ranch on Mescal Creek from Sandy Van Winkle. The swinging H ^I H brand went with the ranch. The first year the feed was up to the stirrups and cattle prices were 38 cents a pound. The next year prices took a big drop. The next 8 years was a drought. Somehow I was able to hang on to the ranch and sold it in 1960, along with the swinging H brand.

I retired from full-time rodeo competition in 1956 after 24 years of a rough, tough, exciting life of a full-time pro-rodeo cowboy. I was 40 and still in good health and had had no serious injuries. I just thought it was time to slow up a bit.

In September, 1957, I started training and showing Quarter Horses for Bob Kieckhefer north of Prescott. Then in 1960 I went to work as manager of the K4 Ranch in Big Chino Valley and Walnut Creek. The ranch was owned by John W. Kieckhefer, Bob's father. I was manager until 1972 when John I. Kieckhefer took over. John I. is Bob's son and my son-in-law. He married my second daughter, Lynda. I'm still with the ranch but have my own cattle and run them on the old John and Charley Matli Ranch in Williamson Valley which I leased in 1982. Near my home, I also lease land around Willow Lake owned by the Chino Valley Irrigation District. My biggest problem on the ranch is the off-highway vehicles running over fences and having big beer parties.

My job on the K4 is mostly looking after the Quarter Horses, 50 mares


plus about 50 others, total of 100. I have a financial interest with John Kieckhefer in the horses. I used to train the young horses and then sell them. Now I just sell them young and unbroke. They go mostly to PRCA ropers.

Two of my horses have become world champion rope horses voted in by PRCA cowboys. I raised them: George Richards' horse, Snip, won the team roping event at the National Finals Rodeo in 1978 at Oklahoma City; Mike Beers' horse, once owned by Tom Stuart, won the world title in 1985, the first year NFR was held in Las Vegas, Nevada.


I still help on the two K4 roundups held each year, spring and fall. 

Here are some of the brands my father and I have used over the years:

Father's main brand was the YO 

At one time I owned the swinging H brand 

I use the Zee Cee brand on my cattle now 

About 1960 when I went to work on the K4 Ranch Cort Carter, my father-in-law, gave Gwen and me the Three T brand . I use this brand on the horses that John Kieckhefer and I own together.

One of my biggest thrills and enjoyment came to me in December, 1985 when I was inducted into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. The honor became even more dear to me when I heard that my old friend, Charlie Bennett, former owner of the Diamond 2 Ranch near Walnut Grove, nominated me for the honor and recognition. I shall remember that occasion for the rest of my life.

I have had a full life with much happiness and some sorrow. I'm satisfied. But I wouldn't want to live my first 24 years over as I couldn't stand it twice in a row. That Depression and growing up was something! However, my last 50 years have been a life of fulfillment doing what I like. A man can't ask for any more than that.

Nellie LeDona Rush Moore

Congress, Arizona

Nellie LeDona Rush Moore was born March 3, 1907 on the Wilson River near Tillemook, Oregon.

In 1917, when Nell was ten years old, her family moved to Arizona and settled near Aguila. Nell's family was the first to try deep well irrigation farming in the area.

Nell, her sister, Meda, and her brother, Jack attended school in Aguila. One of Nell's classmates was Kearney Moore, whom she later married.

While Nell's family was ranching and farming near Aguila, her father acquired gold fever and began to prospect every chance he got. One day, Nell's brother, Jack, found a rock layered with gold in the shape of a maple leaf. So Nell's father named his mine the Gold Leaf and put his teenaged children to work. They dug a 200 ft. shaft. Nell remembers that they would have to turn the winch 584 times to get the 500 pound ore bucket to the surface. To pass the time while they were turning the winch, they would take turns reading from a wild west magazine.

Nell married Kearney Moore on January 30, 1930. They lived on Kearney's father's ranch near Wagner and helped him work cattle. Later when they were expecting their first child, Nell and Kearney moved back to Aguila so they would be closer to a doctor.

Nell and Kearney bought her father's place near Aguila where they raised cattle and trapped wild horses to sell.

When World War II started Kearney joined the Navy. While he was away, Nell helped with the war effort by trapping predatory animals, such as coyotes and bobcat, for the government. During the winter she trapped in the

Aguila area, and in the summer she trapped in the Ashfork-Williams area. Nell was one of the leading government trappers in the state of Arizona.

After World War II, with irrigated farming well established throughout the area, Kearney and Nell sold their land in Aguila and bought the ranch near Congress, Arizona. Nell says they had 200 head of cows, and she had given each one a name!

She didn't like to ride horses, but she could do more with a pickup truck and a little hay than the most skilled cowboys.

Nell's roundup dinners were legendary. Cowboys volunteered to work just so they could enjoy Nell's cooking. Her son, Roy, says that you couldn't get them to move for at least three hours after they ate however. Nell is still an excellent cook today.

Even though Nell always said she would rather build fence than do housework, both the fences and the house were always in top condition.

She was an excellent shot with both rifle and pistol, and one of her favorite pastimes was deer hunting. She got her deer almost every year until she was eighty-one. At that time, Nell hung up her guns because she wanted to leave a few deer for her grandchildren.

Nell is currently 83 years old, and she still lives in Congress. Occasionally she travels around the ranch with her son, Roy. She still enjoys seeing the cattle, the wildlife, and the places where she spent so much time throughout her long and productive life.

Mary Elizabeth McDonald Lyons



Lake Montezuma, Arizona

My ancestors have been in Arizona for quite awhile, and associated with the cow ranching business in one way or another ever since. My paternal grandparents and great-grandparents arrived in 1876 and 1878 in the Pine-Strawberry area, and started a sawmill operation with a few cattle on the side. The great-grandparents eventually moved back to California, but Grandad Mc continued in the lumber and cattle business until his retirement at 80 plus years at which time he sold his cattle permit and cattle to his daughter and son-in-law Lena and Dave Murdock of Camp Verde. He sold his lumber interest to his eldest grandson and moved to California where he died at 96 years of age.

My maternal grandparents homesteaded in Strawberry Valley in 1896 where they branded 7/C the seven-slice-C brand on the right ribs of cattle. In addition they seemed to have had goats (heaven forbid) in the Fossil Creek area. After the death of her husband in 1909 my grandmother sold her holdings in the Strawberry area and moved to the Camp Verde area.

After working on the Stehr Lake and Childs Power Plant Flume project (now APS) my paternal grandparents also migrated to the Camp Verde area. Thus my parents met at Northern Arizona Normal School in Flagstaff as students. At that time, students were admitted after completing the ninth grade in public school. Dad was working part-time in the railroad yards in Flagstaff to pay for his schooling, and Mama was a great socializer and loved to dance. Dad was an excellent dancer and thus they met and romance followed.

Joseph Noel McDonald and Bessie Corrine Hopkins were married in Flagstaff, Arizona in 1912 and I, Mary Elizabeth McDonald, was born in

March, 1914 in Flagstaff. This marriage did not last long. Dad continued with the railroad until his retirement, but Mama followed a ranching interest. She, with me in tow, returned to a ranch on the Mogollon Rim – the   (M Diamond, H Bar V) which wintered in the Verde Valley. I don't remember a lot about these years, but bits and pieces remain clear. She worked one summer for Robert and Flora Finnie at the Soda Springs Ranch, and I remember going with Mr. Finnie in a wagon to the peach orchard. It seemed like miles then, but now the distance is less than a half mile. Mama worked at the bank in Camp Verde one winter and my grandmother baby-sat me. Grandmother had a little girl a year and a half younger than I that I enjoyed being with. However I resented it very much that if Betty cried when her Dad left, she was left alone to cry as long as she wished. If I cried when Mama left I was disciplined severely.

Then in the spring and summer of 1918 when I was four years old, Mama got a job with the Forest Service as fireguard on Baker's Butte. Then the tower was made of logs with an open top. Small peeled saplings made a railing around the platform and in the middle was a small circular table affair with a map of the area attached. This tower, of course, was taller than any of the surrounding trees. At the base, nailed to a tree, was a telephone – one of the old kind that you cranked by hand, and each person on the line had a different ring, such as three longs and one short, one long and two shorts, etc. Of course, anyone on the line could listen in on anyone else's call if they wanted to. Down the hill a way was our cabin. A small one-room log cabin with one door and one small window. In back of the cabin was the water supply – a large galvanized covered tank filled from the tin roof of the cabin. We slept on the floor. Mama had taken the old family dog, Bob, with us for protection as well as some kind of pistol. One night after we had gone to bed, Old Bob, who slept in the cabin with us, really raised a ruckus. Mama was afraid to go out, and wouldn't let Bob out, but

next morning she found where some animal had been scratching around, and she decided it was a bear.

We had taken a supply of groceries with us, and Bill Brown, the ranger at Long Valley, was supposed to replenish our supply as needed. However different family members and friends had come to keep us company at various times and our food supply was nearly exhausted. Mama had called Mr. Brown several times for supplies but to no avail. Finally we were down to canned tomatoes – we had canned tomatoes for breakfast. On the way up to the tower that morning we saw a turkey hen and her young sitting on a low branch not far ahead of us. The young were about the size of chickens and would make a delightful change from canned tomatoes. Mama readied her pistol, took careful aim and fired, but all the turkeys flew away. Along about noon, here came Ranger Brown up the hill with our mail. Mama asked him to stay for lunch which he did. Mama was apologizing for the meagerness of the meal, when I piped up with, "Yes, but we'd have had turkey for dinner if Mama could have hit it." Needless to say, when we were alone again I was lectured about my untimely remark. Turkey hunting wasn't allowed then – no season at all.

We were on Baker's Butte when the Milk House Point fire broke out. Mama had called it in, firefighters were dispatched. It went on for several days, and each day Mama kept calling in that the fire was spreading, getting closer and closer to the tower. Mr. Brown kept assuring Mama not to worry, we were in no danger, etc. But there we were afoot and alone with the fire less than half a mile away and the butte nearly encircled with fire. An old trapper we knew, Mr. Blodgett, who had been conscripted as a firefighter, heard of our plight and came by late one evening on his horse. We took off for Long Valley Ranger Station which today is six miles as a crow flies from Baker's Butte. With only one horse, at first we took turns riding, but somewhere along the way I fell

asleep and woke up next morning in bed with the Brown children. This fire, the Milk House Point fire, was the biggest fire of its time. It burned completely around Baker's Butte but did not consume the tower or our cabin. The area not fifty yards from the tower was in ashes.

Next year, Mama again applied for a fireguard job, and I still have the letter from the Forest Service saying that her application was not accepted as no females were being accepted. Jobs were being held for returning servicemen. This was 1919.

In 1921, after nearly a year in California where I started school, Mama married Irvin Walker of the M Diamond ranch. Mama went to the County School Superintendent in Flagstaff to get some books and taught me at home. Irvin insisted I should know the multiplication tables through the 12's and all the common fractions. I had trouble with 6×12 and 8×8 , so I named two of the milk pen calves who were about my only playmates 72 Johnny Bull and 64 Dandy. I still don't have trouble with my "times tables". Every week or so Mama and I would ride over to the Beaver Creek School where the teacher would hear me recite lessons, but best of all I got to be in the Christmas program. I still have one of the handwritten "programs" we children made. Next year Mama and Irvin decided Mama should move to Camp Verde for the school year and Irvin would stay at the Pest House for the winter with frequent trips to Camp Verde to keep stove wood supplied. In summer we all moved to the Poor Farm east of Long Valley, a three day wagon trip.

During these years I learned to ride about anything with four legs and to do most of the tasks associated with ranching. Mama did her bit and I learned a good bit of needle work, though tatting always escaped me. We were very poor so the three of us, Mama, Irvin and I did all the gathering, branding, butchering and fence work; I remember one time when we were branding, Mama was

holding the herd on a point, I was roping and Irvin was tying the calves down and branding. Let's say I've never been a great roper, but I was never allowed to swing my loop. It always had to be a underhanded overhead loop in the herd. It had gotten down to one calf that was smart about ducking under its Mom. Irvin got very frustrated with my failures and procedures and proceeded to show me how it should be done. He got on his horse, built his loop, threw and caught the cow around the horns. She got on the fight with his maneuvers to remove the rope, charged his horse, caught a horn in the buckle of his flank cinch and broke a horn. With my help we got the cow down, got the rope off, and Irvin roped the calf. He never again mentioned the incident, but I never forgot it. I must have been 13 or 14 at the time.

School days passed fairly uneventfully in Camp Verde, though I did get expelled one time for not telling on a classmate. It was the custom in those days for the entire high school to play hookey on April Fool's Day if it fell on a school day. A list of picnic items was passed around for different ones to bring and the entire student body spent the day along the Verde River climbing trees, making forts or playing games. During school hours the list came to me. I marked my name off, put the paper on the corner of my desk and gave the wink to the next one on the list who happened to be a boy. The boy picked up the paper but the teacher who was on the lookout for such called him to her desk. On the way he slipped the paper to someone else and appeared innocently at her side. When she inquired what was on the paper, of course he didn't know. She couldn't find the paper but knew I had passed it to the boy. She asked me who it was for and I wouldn't tell her. She told me to go home and not come back until I was prepared to tell. Arriving home early Mama demanded an explanation and got the truth. She sided with me that I shouldn't squeal on a friend and took the case to one of the school board members. We had our day


off and picnic and I was reinstated in school, but we all had to make up the time we were out – after school.

In 1931 I graduated from Flagstaff High School and entered college in Flagstaff that summer. Come fall term, I transferred to college in Tempe. During the fall term all this school work became uninteresting, and in January of 1932 I married Jack Boaz, a young man from Kansas, who had helped build an allotment fence for Irvin, the first allotment fenced off in the Beaver Creek District.

If you remember, this was in Depression times and jobs were hard to come by. Jack picked up what odd jobs he could, cleaning irrigation ditches, putting up hay, breaking horses, and spring and fall roundup cowboying jobs. At first we lived in one of the original adobe "tourist" cabins Bill Back had built at the Montezuma Well. This cabin was about 14 X 16 with three little windows, all screened, one door, but all were covered with a roll up canvas. A tiny wood cookstove, a small table, two wooden benches and a corner and post bedframe made up the furniture. This was fine, but Jack's sister from Kansas came out to live with us, and his buddy from Kansas who had helped build fence was also without work, so the four of us made do. Jack and Everett slept in Everett's camp bed in a leanto, and Frances and I slept in Jack's camp bed on the corner and post bedstead. We took turns bathing in the Montezuma Well ditch behind our cabin, which fortunately maintained a 78 degree temperature both winter and summer. Frances soon got a job as maid at the Soda Springs Guest Ranch and Everett got on for awhile at the Beaver Creek Guest Ranch, and we were on our own. After awhile, Jack got a job as farmer at the lower ranch of the V Bar V Ranch, and we were in the money. He borrowed a car from someone, and we went to Phoenix where he bought a 12 X 14 tent, a very small cookstove and some chairs and a table. As I remember, the tent cost

\$25.00 and the other stuff about \$20.00. Once back in the Verde he got some lumber and screen which cost another \$25.00 and we had a house with a floor! He built up the sides, laid a floor, made a frame, nailed the screen over the top of the frame, front and back, and stretched the tent over it. The tent could be rolled back in summer. The summers get hot in the Verde Valley.

That fall Jack got a job as school bus driver at Beaver Creek School. During all this time I didn't do much except learn housewifely chores on a very limited budget. It was still Depression time. Next winter 1933-34 Jack and a friend started goat roping and horse racing at McGuireville. We caught a bunch of wild goats, had a couple of horses we could run, and with finesse arranged other matched races. I was small and light and learned to jockey. Racing was great fun, but unfortunately I became pregnant which ended my jockeying career. Our daughter, Jacquelyn, was born in July of 1935.

In 1936 W.L. Mellon, Jr. bought the Apache Maid Ranch which mainly branded , and Jack was one of the first hands he hired. Come August, the ranch cook had taken a few days off, gotten drunk and failed to return. Besides, they were putting up hay. Jack suggested I could cook for a few days, so I, with a 13 month old baby, started my cooking career. A cook I was not, but it didn't matter as most of what I had to cook was beans, biscuits and potatoes. I had one talent – I could make good light bread. Larry Mellon was a social person, so we had lots of company. I leaned to stretch a meal from six regular hands to as many as 40 on short notice. During the following three years I cooked for ranch hands plus company, did the laundry and ironing for the regular ranch hands and kept the ranch house plus Larry's quarters clean for \$40.00 a month.

Larry bought the Fort Rock Ranch southwest of Seligman in 1939 and sent Jack there as foremen. My four year old daughter and I trailed along as moral support. The old Fort Rock house was a two story affair built of thick

tufa-stone. All walls were from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet thick and it had five fireplaces. These were the best fireplaces I have ever seen – they never smoked and they gave off lots of heat. None of the doors or windows fit so with the slightest breeze windows rattled and shook and doors swung open or closed – sort of creepy at times. Our first winter there, Larry had the house remodeled and modernized, at least part of the house – the back part. We got a bathroom, linoleum on the floors, a butane cookstove, cabinets, sinks and drainboards in the kitchen, plus the addition of an enclosed back porch-laundry room. A new Delco plant in the garage initiated me into the wonders of electrical appliances. What a joy!

I continued cooking for the ranch hands at Fort Rock, for free, until World War II started. After all, my husband was foreman and received a higher salary. Also, it was easier to hire an over-aged camp cook than it was a mediocre cowboy, so I became that cowboy. My daughter had her own horse and could ride very well for a 5 or 6 year old. Her horse, Skipper, would follow on the heels of two horses that Jack or I had, so when we rode in brush or rough country, one of us rode one of those horses and Skipper kept on his tail no matter what. When she was six and entered school in Seligman, we boarded her with friends and brought her home on weekends. This system worked great and I got paid cowboy wages until peace was declared.

A car accident in the late fall of 1946 brought an end to my cowboying days. Doctors told me I had one chance in a thousand of recovering, so I had to devise something else to do with my life. Jack and I were divorced, and I returned to the University of Arizona to get a teaching certificate.

While visiting friends and former co-workers on their ranch at Blue, Arizona, I met a ranch hand who worked for McKeen's on their New Mexico-Arizona ranch. We were married and I continued teaching. We bought a small

place on Blue River, but this arrangement of him in one place and me in another most of the time didn't work out. We were divorced in 1955. I continued teaching but moved back to jobs in Yavapai County. During the spring and fall roundup as well as during summer vacations both Jackie and I helped my folks until Irvin sold the ranch in 1963. For awhile I kept a horse and pleasure-rode several times a week, but he became old and disabled and had to be destroyed. In 1976 I retired from teaching and now live in Lake Montezuma, Arizona. I still have my saddle, bridle and spurs but doubt I could get on a horse if one were available.

Lee P. Murphy

Prescott, Arizona

My life began on December 29, 1898, when I was born on a small ranch in the Williamson Valley area northwest of Prescott, Arizona (know then as Mint Valley), to Cynthia (Allred) Murphy and Henry Lee Murphy. I have lived my entire life in Yavapai County (91 1/2 years).

My father, Henry Lee Murphy, migrated with a wagon train from Court County, Missouri to the Big Chino area. He settled in Big Chino with a family named Snow before settling on the Mint Valley area ranch that he ran under the **X/M** brand. In addition to myself, my family consisted of my sister, Lillie Cook, twin brothers (Lloyd and Floyd), and a younger brother, Jim. My sister, one of the twins (Lloyd), and myself are the only living members left of our immediate family.

When I was five years old my family moved from Mint Valley to a ranch in Government Canyon on the eastern outskirts of Prescott. This area now consists of private homes, but I believe that Boyd Tenny still owns a small part of our old ranch.

In 1907 we moved to a ranch on Clear Creek east of Camp Verde. Three years later, in July of 1910, my father was murdered by a bushwhacker who shot him off his horse. I was 11 years old at the time. My mother moved our family back to Prescott and went to work at the Congress Hotel (where the Hassayampa Inn is today) to support the family. Since we lived in the Thumb Butte area, she had to walk 4-5 miles to work each day.

I attended Washington and Lincoln schools in Prescott, Clear Creek school on the Lower Verde and later, Tin School near Granite Mountain west of Prescott.

At the age of 12, I started working on various jobs. One was on a ranch where Willow Creek dam stands today, north of Prescott. Another was in Cornville herding brood mares for a rancher named Winecoop.

When 14, I worked for a transfer company out of Jerome hauling scrap iron from the mines to Clarkdale with six big Missouri mules on a freight wagon. I had a friend who also had six big mules and, at times, we would team my mules with his using a jerkline to pull extra heavy loads.

I also worked, during my teen years, on the Graver Ranch at Walnut Creek, the LO Ranch (during World War I) now owned by Johnny Hunt, and the Yolo Ranch at Camp Wood.

Upon recovering from the Flu and a 10-month illness requiring lung surgery, I started my first ranch on Sycamore Creek located northwest of Prescott at the headwaters of the Santa Maria. I was 18 years old and started with a herd of cattle that I had built up on the Sierra Vistas. I ran this ranch under the **V/V** and Spike S **\$** brands. In addition to running my own ranch during and after the depression, I managed the Diamond and Half ranch for Will Shay and Jerome Eddy, respective owners. This ranch was originally owned by Charlie Mullen who lost it shortly after World War I ended. Managing these ranches required our living at the Bar-U-Bar and Rancho Moano headquarters. I ran mostly Hereford cattle with some Durham blood on my ranch in Sycamore, and accomplished my ranching tasks with family members and some help from the neighbors. Hired help was required on the ranches I managed due to their size.

We always had plenty of stock water on all the ranches I owned and managed. Forest permits and State leases were utilized by most of these ranches, in addition to the deeded lands, for supplemental grazing.

In 1936, I traded the Sycamore Ranch for the adjacent Woods Canyon

Ranch, and in 1941 bought the V Dot **V** ranch located at the lower, south end of Skull Valley from Harry Irving. I sold this ranch in 1944 to Dick Denny and moved into Prescott. Dave Jenner is the present owner of this ranch.

In attempting to move to Prescott, we found it difficult to either rent or buy a house. Fred Schemmer, who was President of the Board of Directors of the Fair Association, told me that there was a vacant house on the Fairgrounds, but that the job as Caretaker went with the house. I took the house and the job, working there for four years.

In 1949, I was appointed State Livestock Inspector for the Prescott/Chino Valley area. I built a home on Schemmer Drive and moved from the Fairgrounds. I later sold the home on Schemmer Drive and built another home in Chino Valley. When I retired as State Livestock Inspector in 1967, we moved onto our present property on Williamson Valley Rd. This was the year of the biggest snow storm I have ever experienced before or since. I continued to work as Deputy Inspector under Ross Perner, Jr. until 1969, at which time I turned 70 and decided it was time to quit for good.

At times I enjoyed my job as Livestock Inspector and at other times, hated it. I was on call 24 hours a day inspecting cattle, horses, feed lots, slaughter houses and dairies. Never did sheep – Sheep came late during Ross Perner's era. The inspection job is a lot different now in that ranchers make most of their own inspections. I wonder about that!!

I didn't rodeo much except for the little ones at Skull Valley, Kirkland and the Diamond 2 Ranch (owned by James Minotto) at Walnut Grove. I tried the big one at Prescott a few times. I remember in 1917 I tried saddle bronc riding in Prescott, thinking I was pretty good. In those days the champion could win \$1000, which I sure could have used, but was bucked off after a couple of jumps. Johnny Dobbins from Bakersfield, California was the champion that

year. The last time I was on a horse was in 1978, while helping my son, Robert, when he was running the spider Ranch near Fair Oaks, northwest of Prescott. I was pushing 80 at that time.

I am proud to be a charter member of the Yavapai Cattle Growers which was organized in 1932. Back in 1933, in support of the American National Livestock Association, 79 calves were donated by ranchers including myself. Our goal was \$1000. The 79 calves were bought by Ray Cowden at \$11.00 each. Friends of the ranchers pitched in to make up the difference in order to reach our goal of \$1000. Norman Fain and myself are the only ranchers living that participated in that calf donation.

The Yavapai Cattle Growers celebrated their Golden Anniversary with a Banquet on March 6, 1982. Forty-three long-time active members were given Certificates of Appreciation. I am proud to be one of the 43 members who received this recognition. About the time I retired as Livestock Inspector (about 20 years ago), I was awarded a Yavapai Cattle Growers life time membership, for which I feel very honored.

During my life time, I have experienced many memorable events. A couple that come to mind were shared with the late Gail Gardner. One was during Prohibition when Gail and I were camped together gathering wild cattle in the Cooper Basin area west of Prescott. One day we were riding along with a wild steer in tow, when we smelled a hide-burning odor. As we got closer, we discovered a Moonshine (whiskey making) still. Gail wanted to keep moving, but I said, "Lets tie up the steer and go sample the wares," and we did, as well as fill a bottle to take along. We then went back to get the tied-up steer??? As a result of this episode, Gail later wrote the poem, "Moonshine Steer". Gail became famous for this poem as well as another poem about 'tying knots in the devil's tail', entitled "Sierry Petes".

Bob Klenda, Prescott saddle maker, hand tooled these two poems on heavy leather plaques and presented them to me as gifts. Gifts I truly value.

Another time, Gail and I had plans of traveling from Skull Valley to Kirkland to attend a dance. On the way, we met Jay Gist (Gail's future brother-in-law) who had a bottle of Moonshine. After several drinks with Jay, we decided that roping and riding all the cattle we could find would be more fun than dancing.

I have enjoyed life as a cowboy, rancher and livestock inspector. I have seen a lot of changes around here. Some I am not so sure about, but I guess that is progress.

I have two sons, Robert and Bill; a daughter, Lilly Nard; my wife, Jo, of 46 years and a stepson, Clifford Wiser. I am pleased with my two sons – they have cowboyed and managed ranches all around Yavapai County. Robert is retired, but Bill is still going strong, working for Dave Jenner in Skull Valley and riding much of the same country I rode as a young man. My daughter reigned as Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo Queen in 1947, and is presently employed by the Prescott National Forest Service on the Chino Valley Ranger District.

I am happy my children, including my stepson Cliff, live nearby so that they can drop in to see me often.

Margaret Preston Bourdon

Show Low, Arizona

I was born in Pima, Arizona, September 26, 1913. My grandfather, Thomas Preston, fought in the Civil War as a Confederate soldier. After the war he took his family, along with other migrating families, to Minnesota. In 1885 he converted to the LDS church and moved to Pima. My father wasn't quite one year old. My mother was born in Colonia Juarez, Mexico, leaving there at the age of eighteen, during the Pancho Villa raids and later met my father in Pima.

I was the oldest of eight and after completing the tenth grade went to Gila Jr. College, then a church school, where I finished the eleventh grade. In August 1930, Roger Foster (nicknamed Hodge) and I eloped to Lordsburg, New Mexico, with Houston Hinton and Gwen Moody where the four of us were married. We had three children, Phyllis Joyce, Jerry Lynn, and Roger Preston Foster. Their father died in 1943 at the age of 34. I was 29, and the children were 11, 10 and 4 at the time.

With some financial help I enrolled at Lamson Business College in 1941, at Phoenix, Arizona. Before I completed the course, my cousin's husband, David Kimball, arranged for me to have an interview with Governor Osborn. I was given a job at Arizona Highway Patrol. As a result of a Civil Service Test, taken while at Lamson, I was hired at Williams Field in 1942. Because of my husband's illness it was arranged for me to transfer to the Ninth Service Command Library that was being started at the old Indian School in Phoenix, then after my husband's death in 1943 I transferred to the Ninth Service Command Unit 1921 which was a supply depot for installations training in the desert out of Phoenix.

It was there I met William R. Bourdon who while on duty in the South

Pacific lost his wife in 1945 and was subsequently assigned to SCU 1921 as the Executive Officer and I was his secretary. We married a year later on March 1, 1946, and after one year in Phoenix we moved to Bill's Silver Creek Ranch in 1947.

William R. Bourdon (Bill) was born in November 14, 1894, at Red Lake Falls, Minnesota. He attended public school and part of high school there, and finished in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.


He served on the Mexican Border during the Pancho Villa campaign and later, after completing officers training, went overseas as a second Lieutenant in 1918.

He was wounded during the Somme Offensive near Forges Wood on September 26, 1918, but returned to active duty in time to participate in two major battles, being gassed only four months after suffering his first wounds. He earned the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre, along with other military citations. He was sent to Fort Whipple Veterans Hospital near Prescott in 1921 to recover from lung damage caused by mustard gas.

He completed his education at the University of Southern California in 1924 and went to work for the Citizens National Bank in Los Angeles. He returned to Arizona in 1927 to take over the Silver Creek Ranch as manager. In 1933 he bought the ranch from heirs and added homesteads he purchased to build a fine working ranch.

When WW II began, Bill returned to the Army, entering the Military Police as a captain. Promoted to major in 1943 and to lieutenant colonel in 1946, he served in Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines.

I don't know the number of cattle had – it varied from year to year. His winter range was in the lower desert near the Little Colorado River. He put in five electric pumps on wells in the Hay Hollow area and developed 500 acres.

He also put in wells with electric pumps at a farm area he had traded for near Shumway and developed more land for alfalfa and corn used for winter ensilage. His summer range was east of Snowflake and Show Low in the White Mountain foothills – much of his range was forest permits and state leased lands. He had several brands, but his main one was W Anchor .

In addition, he developed an excellent trout hatchery at the headwaters of Silver Creek, in partnership with Dick Robertson, a fisheries specialist. In recent years it was sold to the Arizona Game and Fish Commission.

In 1936 he was elected to the Arizona House of Representatives – the only Republican in the Legislature. He was State Chairman of the republican Party in 1947. In 1954 he was elected to the State Senate and served two terms. He was elected state commander of the American Legion in 1940 and national vice commander in 1952-1953. He was Grand Master of Arizona's Grand Masonic Lodge in 1964. He also served as President of the Grand Canyon Council of Boy Scouts and was a member of the Show Low Rotary Club.

Bill's two children by his former marriage are Bill Jr. now deceased, and Barbara Callahan. Barbara's husband retired from IBM and they are living in Bellingham, Washington.

My children are Phyllis Joyce Fisher, her husband, Don, is with AT&T and they live in Glendale. My son Jerry and his wife operate a feed store in Taylor, Arizona, and Roger is with the Arizona Game and Fish Commission and lives in Show Low.

I served as President of our local Northern Arizona Cowbelle group and President of the State Cowbells in 1952-1953.

In 1966 Bill sold the ranch and we built a home at the Show Low Country Club. Bill died in 1973 and three years later I sold the large home and built a smaller one nearby. We both enjoyed playing golf while we were able. I

don't play anymore but enjoy playing Bridge with the Navapache Hospital Auxiliary Marathon from September to May. In addition I play once a week with another group. I belong to the White Mountain Woman's Club – having served as their second president in 1965-1966.

I keep busy doing yard work in the summer and doing things with my children and grandchildren and friends. I have done a lot of traveling with Bill and in recent years have gone to Australia, an Alaskan tour with friends and in 1986 took the Halley's Comet Amazon Cruise.

My long trips are over but I do enjoy taking shorter ones and visiting with family and friends.

Clarence Richmond (Dick) Denny

Skull Valley, Arizona

I want to start my story back a long time ago with my great-grand-father, William H. Denny, Sr., who was born in 1825. It was early in March, 1863, that he and his family joined a group at Quincy, Illinois to head west to the Territories. He was born a Northerner and had married a Southern Belle, a close relative of General Braxton Bragg. The Braggs were of aristocracy from England and looked down on my great-grand-father, a commoner, born north of the Mason-Dixon line. The Braggs proceeded to disown the daughter who had married out of her class.

By this time the Civil War had started and people believed it would be a long and bloody war. Great-grand-father did not want his children fighting each other, some as Northerners and others as Southerners. The best way to avoid this was to head west to Territory country and the gold fields of California. He had been west a couple of times so he knew something about the trails to the West.

The group bought gun powder, tobacco and coffee, items that could be traded to the Indians for safe passage through their country. They went to North Platte on the Platte River in Nebraska Territory and formed a unit of 45 wagons to travel together with my great-grand-father as the scout. My grand-father, William H. Denny, Jr., told this story to us kids many times. He was 14 years old at that time.

The wagon train had problems but the people managed to solve them one way or another. Their first encounter with Indians happened one day west of North Platte as the wagons were going up a long slope. Children riding in the wagons got bored and learned to jump off and play behind as the wagons kept

going. Often times they might be as far as a hundred yards behind then would run fast and catch up and scramble into the wagons. This was fun they thought. This day all of a sudden two Indians rode up behind the kids and let out a big yell. This scared the kids and they started running as fast as they could to get back to the wagons and safety. The Indians began laughing so hard that one rolled off his horse.

As scout great-grand-dad rode ahead to locate water and feed for the livestock and find places to camp for the women to do their laundry and the men to make jerky from deer and antelope they had killed. They'd rest up a few days and then go on.

The afternoon the kids got scared by the Indians, great-grand-dad was called to investigate and thought the two Indians had had their fun and would not bother any more. The wagon train continued up the long slope in a westerly direction. Great-grand-dad then rode to the head of the wagon column to scout some more. Soon, many horses could be seen coming over a rise. They could be seen along the skyline, silhouetted against the western sky. About a thousand Indians were trotting slowly towards the wagons. Grandfather told us that was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

The Indian procession stopped and great-grand-dad ordered the wagons to stop. He then walked his horse out to meet the Chief who was coming alone towards him. Each was carrying a white flag indicating they wanted to talk peace. The two leaders met and said a few words and used some sign language. Each then turned to go back for reinforcements. Each then came back to the spot with two more men, two Indians and two from the wagons. The Indians brought a large buffalo hide so all six could sit on it while talking and smoking a long peace pipe. The wagon train wanted safe passage on to California without trouble from Indians. The Indian chief asked what the whites had to

trade for the favor. A deal was struck as to how much tobacco and coffee the Indians wanted.

By this time it was nearly dark. About 200 Indians came close by and set up camp and then came to the wagons to put on a dance to entertain members of the wagon train. The women made cookies to share with the Indians.

The white were driving a herd of horses and grazed them at night. This night they were put in a rope corral. The chief said they could be let out to graze and he and his warriors would watch them and bring them back the next morning, but great-grand-dad said, "No, they would stay in the corral all night." Next morning the chief volunteered to furnish a couple of braves to see the wagon train safely through the next day's travel.

A week or so later they had another encounter with some Indians. One day grand-dad went with his father to slip up on and stalk antelope they had seen. They wanted to get closer so the shot wouldn't miss. Here came a couple of Indians riding hard upon them. Grand-dad jumped on the horse behind his father and they took off in a high lope to outrun the Indians. But the Indians were gaining. Soon they approached the top of a small hill and as soon as they got over the crest they turned the horse sharply to the right and jumped off and hid in some tall grass and stayed real quiet. They waited for 15 or more minutes and heard nothing so they proceeded back to camp. This was the closest call they had with Indians on the whole trip.

The group made it to Austin, Nevada, a rip-roaring mining camp at that time. They got there just as winter was setting in and stayed until spring. Prices were very high, sugar at \$150 a hundred pounds and potatoes were \$100 a sack. Great-grand-dad was a professional cigar maker so he made cigars and the kids sold them on the streets and saloons that winter. They survived. When spring came they headed for Oregon. They heard that the California gold mines had

petered out, so they changed their plans. They heard that there was lots of work in Oregon cutting timber for railroad ties, railroads were coming in.

They got to Oregon without mishap and stayed several years around Goose Lake and Klammath Falls. Here, they accumulated 1500 cows, 6,000 head of sheep and 250 horses. One winter was very severe and they lost most of their livestock. Horses made it best. They saved only about 35 cows, 400 sheep and perhaps a hundred horses. It was time to look for a warmer climate.

Hiram Martin and William Denny, Sr. were friends in Illinois and made the trip to Oregon together with their families. While in Oregon I guess they got itchy feet. Anyway, the two made a few trips to California and Arizona looking around. The first time they came to Walnut Creek, Arizona was in 1878. They lingered for a while and then came again about 1880. After that especially hard winter in Oregon the Denny's decided to migrate to Walnut Creek and join their friends, the Martins, who had moved to Walnut Creek. By this time grand dad had married Annie Belle Martin while the families were living in the Goose Lake country in Oregon. They had a daughter, Maude, before they left for Arizona.

Hiram Martin brought his family to Walnut Creek in 1881. William Denny followed with his family in 1882.

When great-grand-dad wandered around in Arizona before moving here he crossed the mighty Colorado River at Hardyville west of present day Kingman where Bullhead City is today. Another time he crossed the river at Bonelli Crossing north of present day Kingman which now sits at the bottom of Lake Meade.

The Denny family was still together when they left for Arizona. They decided to cross the Colorado River at Bonelli Crossing. Grandfather was a grown man by now and married. He was a good swimmer. They had an old

mare, Pokey, that was also a good swimmer so they put grand dad's brother, Frank, on her because Frank could not swim.

Grand dad's brother, George, and sister, Hattie, were also in the party but stayed in the wagon and were ferried across. Grand dad told Frank when you hit deep water and the mare starts going down you slide off behind and grab her tail, she will swim out with you on behind.

They started the horses about 150 yards up river from where they wanted to come out on the other side because the current was so swift and high. This was early in the spring of 1882 when the Colorado was at flood stage. They plunged in and everything was going just fine, perfect. Pokey was swimming right along with the other horses following. When Pokey got about 50 yards from shore she hit a terrific whirlpool and was swept under, Frank and all. Down she went, straight down. She made three or four spins and when she came out she was swimming in the same direction as when she went down. The other horses did the same. This was strange!

Frank lost his hold on the tail in the whirlpool and when he came up he was splashing and thrashing around, about to drown. Grand dad was on the bank by now and threw him a coil of rope; luckily it hit him in the head and he grabbed it and was pulled safely to the bank. That episode was very exciting at the time but also very grave because Frank could have drowned had he not caught the rope when he did. They crossed the river with about 120 horses.

The Denny family arrived at Walnut Creek, north of Prescott, in the spring of 1882. My father, Clarence Denny, was born there on November 22, 1882. He went to school at Walnut Creek until the 4th grade when the family, mother and kids, moved to Prescott so the kids could attend school there.

The family built a house at Walnut Creek and grand dad planted an orchard where the Forest Service Ranger Station now stands. The old Denny

fireplace chimney is still standing and some of the apple trees are still there and bearing fruit after nearly a hundred years.

One day, in the fourth grade at school on Granite Creek in Prescott, Clarence Denny got tired of school and quit and rode a little gray mare back to the farm on Walnut Creek. My grand dad was grubbing out a 20-acre field for crops when he looked up and saw Clarence riding up. He told his dad he was through with school. His dad was glad to see him but sorry he had quit school. He didn't argue with him much, didn't think it would do any good. "Fine", he said to Clarence, "I'm grubbing out this twenty acres you can just get to grubbing with me." Which he did.

Dad never went back to school. But he learned to be a good cowboy and horseman and cowman too. He loved horses and so do I. An old Jew fellow owned the old DL Ranch or Cienaga Ranch then and that was the first ranch my dad worked on for pay. Lon Young was foreman. Lon was a brother to Tot and Roy. Clarence Denny was 18 years old when he hired out at the Cienaga breaking horses. Dad worked there for two years with two Yaqui Indians, Rafael Brackamote and Ramon Stargill. They were excellent horsemen and my dad learned a lot from them.


One evening at the wagon after a hard day's work near the end of the fall roundup, dad was very hungry and loved the grub the cook prepared – beef, beans and sour dough biscuits. He took two helpings and for dessert took two big biscuits and covered them with Tea Garden syrup.

After the works were over that first year before winter set in Lon Young and the Jew fellow talked over plans for the next year and who Lon wanted to keep in the cow camps over the winter.

Lon Young told dad later that the old Jew fellow questioned Lon's judgement in keeping Clarence that winter to break a few colts. Lon bragged on

Clarence and his ability to work with horses. But the Jew fellow said, "Yes, but he eats so much." Dad would tell this story and just laugh and laugh – "he eats so much!"

My dad owned cattle since he was 11 years old and bought his first ranch when he was 20. His first ranch was the 7UP at Camp Wood. In 1911 at age 28 he married Isabelle Brown. The Browns owned the Forest Rock Ranch west of Seligman. My mother's father raised horses in California and selected matched teams for buggies and surries. He also was good at repairing buggies when they broke down. He came to Fort Rock, a stage stop on the old toll road from Prescott to Hardyville on the Colorado River, in 1876. When the railroad came through that country in the early 1880's the stage line was shut down and the land at Fort Rock became eligible for homesteading, so he homesteaded it and went into the cattle business.

The ranch south and west of Fort Rock was owned by Dan Bacon. His brand was Cross U . It extended all the way to Round Valley in Mohave County. The windmill at Round Valley was the only well in that part of the country at that time. Dad worked for Mr. Bacon for two years and saved his money. Bacon wanted to sell the ranch and had it on the market for a year; no takers. He then tried to sell to dad. Dad said he didn't have any money. "Yes, you do, two year's wages." Bacon said, "You can have it for that as a down payment and I'll give you five years for the rest." So, dad bought the ranch with cattle and the Cross U brand. At that time dad was making \$40 a month. He had saved about \$900.

Dad knew the ranch and knew it was a good ranch with the number of cattle on it that Mr. Bacon said were there.

He went to Prescott and borrowed operating money from Mose Hazeltine at The Bank of Arizona. He needed money to keep things running. Dad had

been thinking about building a holding pasture to hold big steers a while before they were shipped. One day he was riding on the Prescott-Seligman road when he saw a man walking. He stopped and visited with the man. His name was Frank Gyberg and he was looking for a job. Dad hired him to build the fence for the holding pasture that winter. He and Frank became good friends and remained friends for many years. Later Gyberg became a well established rancher at Cornville in the Verde Valley.

Dad was living at the Cross U when he met my mother at Fort Rock. Later, in 1915, he bought that ranch from the Browns, and put it all in the Cross U. He called the enlarged spread the Fort Rock Ranch. That's where we lived when I was growing up.

I was born while my parents were living on the Cross U. I was born on August 14, 1913, in Prescott, in the old Mercy Hospital on Grove Avenue. I was named Clarence Richmond Denny but my family and friends have always called me Dick.

I graduated from Seligman High School in 1932 and wanted to go on to college but there was just no money. The country was in a deep Depression. Dad told my brother, Jim, and I if we stayed with him to get the ranch paid out he would stake each of us to something for his own. Times were tough, so, we stayed.


Times were tough all right. We lived in town five days a week for us kids to go to school – then back to our home at Fort Rock on weekends and summers. I remember in high school I broke wild burros for Cole Campbell, a big sheepman, for 50 cents a head and chopped wood for my school teachers for 25 cents an hour. I'll never forget those hard times.

After I graduated from high school and decided to stay with dad on the ranch he gave me a check book at age 18 and turned the cattle over to me. He

told me to hire and fire and be boss of the cattle and he would be overall boss over everything. He gave me \$50 a month and in two year's time I had saved \$1120 and bought some cows from a homesteader. Dad said I could run my cows with his. That's how I got started in the cow business.

In 1938 dad sold the Fort Rock Ranch and went north to Hyde Park and bought the Number Five Outfit. This he called the Denny Livestock Co. which included me and my brother, Jim, four years younger. He set the Company up with \$10,000 in shares.

I married Dixie Rader in 1937. We stayed on the Hyde Park ranch until 1942 when I sold my interest and came to Prescott to work in real estate with Charlie Mayes and Joe Heap. I handled the stuff outside of Prescott, ranches, etc. I worked there for three years and got my own real estate license. I sold ranches and cattle and became involved with cattle commission offices in California. I shipped cattle all over the state. I got hooked up with the Valley National Bank in 1943 to help finance some of the land and cattle deals I came across. I shipped cattle from Arizona and California to the Platte Valley Commission Co. at Fremont, Nebraska for sale to farmers. They would buy 40-50 head and feed them out on their farms in winter with corn and other feed stuffs. I usually shipped from 500 to 1,000 head to Nebraska every year.

I bought my first ranch to keep in 1948. It was at the lower end of Skull Valley. Not much range but several acres of good bottom land, enough to run 200 head of cattle. There is where I acquired the W Triangle brand  which I used there and in Australia. Now, my son, Richard, uses it in Skull Valley on the Bar U Bar Ranch to brand his registered Quarter Horses. Our other children are Gary, deceased, Isabelle, Jim and John. John is the professional baseball player.

The fall of 1948 I had a call from Ray Cowden to meet him and talk

about buying cattle. At that time I did not know Ray, I had heard of him but had never met the man. He asked me if I wanted to sell the contract on some cattle I had just bought in California. I wasn't sure if I wanted to sell or not. I wasn't sure because I had an option of ten days on some pasture. Ray knew where my cattle were because he knew the ranch next to it. They were in the San Jose area. He then asked me if I'd like a partner on the cattle. I said I probably would if it were the right partner, and asked, "Who would he be?" "Me", he said. That was a surprise. So, we became partners on that bunch of cattle in December and I went ahead and leased the ranch in California. I had 1500 head in that bunch. Feed was good and the cattle were getting fat so I contracted early for delivery in June.

I sold those cattle June 15 and called Ray to meet me in Phoenix and I'd split the profit with him. The cattle brought \$200,000 and I had the check. He met me at the airport. It was a good deal and I was anxious to tell him about it. He had an office on East Van Buren and we headed there. I kept waiting for him to ask about the cattle and prices, and the money I had gotten out of them. He said nothing about the cattle, kept talking about other news, etc. Finally, we were nearly to his office, I couldn't wait any longer. I said, "Ray, I guess you want to know how the deal turned out in California?" "No, not really", he said. "What do you mean", I said. "I'm not your partner anymore," he said. That stunned me. I couldn't believe it.

He went on to tell me that Cliff Clements was his bookkeeper and had been for 19 years. "Every once in awhile I run into a deal like this and I give it to Cliff. I gave him this deal for a Christmas present. Whatever it is it will be your Christmas present," he told Cliff. It was a good deal because we made \$66,000 profit and half of it would go to Cliff. Ray said that was all right. That was in 1949 and that was the one and only time Ray Cowden and I were

partners.

I started going blind in 1938. I had glaucoma. My eye sight just gradually began to get worse. I lost my vision in 1957 and was declared legally blind in 1958. That was the year Dixie and I separated. By that time I was doing very well in contracting cattle and selling ranches. But I had to quit on account of my eyes.

At the time the divorce was final I paid her off with half of what I had. I broke about even after paying off what I had borrowed. About this time I got religious and read the Bible a lot, before I went blind. I found I had made some mistakes so I began to go straight and it helped me spiritually and financially.


The Bible said, "Keep my laws and judgements and whatever thou touches thou will prosper." This is true. So, I paid my tithes and in a year's times I was able to sell my place double the price I at first priced it.

One day in 1960 Watts Collier knocked on my door, I didn't know Watts then, and he asked if my ranch was for sale. I said it was at the right price and I told him what I wanted for it. He said he had a man who was interested and would get back to me. In the meantime he put \$10,000 down to hold it. He came back the next day and offered me \$30,000 less than my asking price. I said no I'd take not a penny less than my asking price. The next day he came back and we went to town to close the deal. Dave Jenner bought about two-thirds of my Skull Valley ranch. I then went below on what was left and built a new house on the hill. I sold that part in 1980 to Mary Ann Cramer.

In 1962 I went to Australia to a special eye doctor who had cured many people of glaucoma. I had already had five eye operations by this time and he told me if I had come to him before any of the operations that he could have saved my eye sight. But I hadn't so we had to make the best of it. I was in the hospital there in Sydney for 23 days. Leslie Rose was my nurse and I fell in

love with her. She came to America in 1963 and we got married. We have four children: Michael, Christine, Marietta and Donata. Donata is the youngest and turned 14 last week on August 8th. All my children are good athletes, especially, Donata. She has records in track meets in Australia in running, jumping and throwing the javelin and discus.

We ranched in Skull Valley and raised Quarter Horses. My son, Richard, learned a lot about horses during this time. He is a good trainer now. He married Laural Walker who had been active in 4-H Club work. I have known Laurel's mother, Sissie Walker, since she was a teenager growing up as Sissi Minotto on the Diamond Two Ranch at Walnut Grove.

We went to Australia in 1980 and bought a small ranch near Toowoombah, Queensland. We raised cattle and Quarter Horses. I applied for my W Triangle  brand and got it. They had never seen a brand like that in Australia. Funny thing I used W Triangle in Australia and my son, Richard, uses the same brand here on his horses.

I hated to leave Australia but the area was too moist and I developed a nerve problem that made large lumps at the ends of my nerves all over my body. They itch and hurt at times. My doctor thought a drier climate would help. So, I came home to Prescott in 1988. The climate has helped but I sure notice when the rainy season starts because my lumps begin to act up.

Clarence Denny sold the old Denny Livestock ranch at Hyde Park in 1961 to a conglomerate. A lot of it is now sub-divided – they ruined a good cow ranch.

Great-grand-dad lived to be 93; grand-dad lived to be 99 and my father, Clarence, also lived to be 93. Wonder if I'll make 90?

Last week I sold my last horse in Australia. Interest in Quarter Horses is waning there. Feed and care are getting to be too expensive. Same seems to be

true in this country. It used to be fun raising Quarter Horses. Now, too many dollars are involved.

I'm not sure if I'll ever go back to Australia. I'm getting along fairly well here and would hate to make a change. If I went back I'd have to take a lot of pills and dope for my nerve problem. I'd hate to do that.

Phoebe Angeline (Dugas) Teskey

Mayer, Arizona

In 1876 two events happened that influenced the lives of many people. My father, Frederick Willard Dugas, at age 5, moved with his family by covered wagon from San Francisco, California to Prescott, Territory of Arizona. That same year on August 12 at Whitney's Point, New York twin girls were born to the Holt Showers family from Belfonte, Pennsylvania. In 1901 the tiniest twin, my mother, Gertrude Holt Showers, moved on account of her father's health, to the Todd Ranch southeast of Mayer, Arizona Territory. There she met and married Fred Dugas.

Mary and Louis Dugas, my grandparents, had moved from Prescott to the area where Dugas is today on Sycamore Creek. Their family consisted of two daughters and two sons. They brought a wagon and team, a good Hereford bull, a few head of good Hereford cows and Red Durham cattle, also some chickens. They bought the land from Sine and proved up on the property which later became the base for Dugas Ranch. They raised and sold vegetables, tobacco, eggs, milk and butter to neighbors, miners and the McCabe and Blue Bell Mines. They planted fruit trees, peaches, pears and apples, and Grandma's roses were the sweetest you ever smelled. I also still raise some of them.

My father, Fred Dugas, herded cattle for his dad with full responsibility from the time he was 14 years old. Part of the year he herded oxen for the sawmills in Mint Valley. He continued ranching here and homesteaded the area. He courted and married Gertrude Showers, a niece of Todd, a neighboring rancher. I still have the buckboard Mom and Pop drove in to Prescott to be married on March 11, 1903.

On January 10, 1914 I was born, greeted by my parents, Fred and

Gertrude Dugas, a sister, Evelyn, and a brother, Alfred. My sister had a more eventful birth as at that time Mom and Pop had been running a boarding house and store for the teamsters and local ranchers since 1908. Evelyn arrived right at dinner time and Pop showed her off to all the teamsters.

APS and Pop had a contract to feed the power company men for a dollar a day for three squares. APS was installing the powerline from Childs to Poland Junction to service the mines and towns of the area. In addition to the boarding house, the store was open day and night. This continued through 1918 when the present Dugas ranch house was built. In 1925 the Post Office was built onto the house when a Forest Ranger, Paul Gray, organized and requested a post office for the area. The pay was cancellation and 3% thereof at Dugas. There were 22 boxes and mail was delivered by horseback twice a week. Before that time neighbors coming from Mayer would bring the sack of mail for the area ranchers.

Mom, Pop and Evelyn were all Postmasters for years and I helped them. However, Pop and I spent most of our days riding. Dandy, my horse, took good care of me whether bringing in the cows or riding to school. One day Pop shot a chicken out of a tree and Dandy bolted. Pop hollered "Whoa" and old Dandy stopped with my head just inches from a malapai boulder. I was hanging upside down in my right stirrup. (Pop did have to holler twice at Dandy tho!) I was three at that time.

From the time I was 4 or 5 years old I would take Dandy and bring in the milk cows from up on the mesa about a mile away. By the time I was 7, Pop had me believing it was wonderful to be able to milk the cows. On through the years I did take pride in my herd of milk cows as some were so trainable and smart that they would stand in their own corner of the corral and wait their turn to be milked. The cats were always there waiting for me to squirt them a stream

of milk which they caught in the air. Old Chocolate was my favorite. She would never mess in the corral and she would scoff at the cows that did. She would roll her eyes like some high-fallutin' woman!

I started grade school in the old school house on the bank of Big Sycamore Creek because most of the children were up in that area. In 1924 school was held at Dugas in the old school house on the hill. There had to be 8 students to warrant a teacher for an accommodation school. It was difficult to keep teachers as some of the kids were hellions and abusive toward the teacher. So for part of the year I went to school in Mayer in the old red brick building. I graduated from the 8th grade at the Dugas School in 1927. School was held there at the Dugas Ranch until 1929. The Orme family came later and got the desks to start their school.

Orme was along Ash Creek and about a half way point when driving the big herds to Cordes siding of the railroad and later to Mayer to the railroad. These were the shorter drives as Pop used to drive to Ashfork or Maricopa to sell his cattle. The ranchers had area roundups and then herded their cattle together for the drive to the railroad. For spring and fall roundups when the range was still open (unfenced) most all the cattlemen would hear by word of mouth the date they would start gathering the cattle. We would start a mile or so from our ranch and drive north to meet the Cienega Boys bringing cattle from their area. I was sent up Ball Hill about when we thought they'd be coming over. I wasn't far off and we tore off that mountain! I would head a cow and calf and Pop caught and tied it. I rounded up another pair and Pop and another guy caught and tied them. They branded and put them in with the rest of the herd. There were sure some moss horns that came over the hill, some that had missed several roundups. They had to change their original brand from 7 to **7** in 1905 because some neighbors were changing it to **J**. We also brand **9D** and **D/M**. I

didn't often get to go all the way on the Big Drives. I helped to the half-way point and then had to come back home to do chores. At 2 AM one morning after riding back from roundup, I heard this noise at the door. I pulled the curtains back and in the moonlight was this guy at the door messing with the latch string. I didn't say anything. Pop had always said "If a feller heard you lever a shell in or if you shot, it would sure scare him." Since Mom and I were alone, I got Pop's saddle gun from under the bed and shot into the orchard. He hollered "It's me, it's me!" I said, "Who's me?" "Jack James' brother." (Jack James worked here at the ranch but was on the cattle drive.) Anyway this guy worked here for a while before going back to Michigan. He wrote to me and I promptly wrote back and said "You'd better stay in Michigan where the girls don't shoot at you!"

During roundup one time Larry Hessian roped a longhorn steer and got kicked tying him up. He held his teeth and the guys asked, "Do they hurt, Larry?" and he replied, "How the hell can they hurt when I have 'em in me hand?!"

When I was 11 years old Pop traded for a nice horse for me. We got Baby for a cow and calf worth about \$80 then. We got some good horses out of the herds of wild horses we rounded up. A lot of wild horses ran out here. Dusty was one of the best ones and I rode him for years. I broke a lot of horses for the ranch and for neighbors. Many are still vivid in my mind. Some say I was born astride a horse but I did leave the ranch and my horses long enough to travel with Mom by bus to the 1933 World's Fair. That was one big, long trip. Before that I'd been to Prescott or Mayer in the wagon and the Hupmobile. Prescott was a two day wagon trip. I remember I hadn't been to Prescott for 5 years one time.

The Depression years were hard on everyone. Many lost their ranches.

Cornelius "Colonel" Teskey came West from Pittsburgh in 1925, at age 17, right after high school. He left behind family and a chance to go to Chiropractor School on a scholarship. His love of the West was deeply engrained because after he returned for a visit to Pittsburgh the next year, he hopped a train West and never visited the East again. He had his dog "Buddy" sent out to him. Colonel ranched down on Sycamore Creek on the Agua Fria and Big Bug Creeks where he and Bob Allen were partners. He rode up and down Sycamore to see me. My cousins, the Todd Boys, would lay booby traps because they knew Colonel would be riding home in the dark. The courtship lasted in spite of all the tricks my cousins pulled, and Colonel and I were married on October 9, 1938.

Colonel worked the ranch but also worked in the Manganese Mine. His partner wasn't able to help much on the ranch anymore so I did a lot of the riding. Colonel was off on Sundays and would often enjoy staying with the kids while I rode. We had a daughter and two sons, Trudy, Bret and Fred, born in 39, 42 and 44 respectively.

Colonel quit the mine as we had to help more and more up at Mom and Pop's at Dugas. As the years went on it became a necessity for someone to stay at Dugas, so Colonel was often up there working and I was on the Big Bug place with Trudy riding the bus to school. We were back and forth so much that we sold the Big Bug place and moved to Dugas Ranch and continue running it. We also bought a place in Mayer so we could send the kids to school, there was no bus to the Dugas Road then. I lived in Mayer a good share of the school year and Colonel was running the Ranch.

In the 50's Teena Bensch lost her husband so I was hired to run her B-B Ranch. This was close to Mayer so it worked fairly well with the kids school

schedules. Teena would pick up or take the kids to school as necessary. Eventually Teena sold the B-B which is now Spring Valley. Our kids were older and we could get the school bus to come out to the Dugas Road turn-off so we now lived at Dugas all year around.

We, as a family, all participated in the Yavapai County Fair with our horses, shetlands, and shetland mules. Colonel exhibited his big Jack in the reining and roping. I broke the shetlands and shetland mules for the kids to ride for sale. Old Cap was a Champion Morgan Stallion Colonel had bought in 1929. He sired many horses in Yavapai County. I showed him in the classes at the County Fair and used him a lot for range riding and roundups.

In more recent years we did not have the hired ranch hands we once had so Pop, Colonel and I and the kids worked the ranch. Mom and Pop both died in 1957. A few years later, Colonel became ill with Parkinson's Disease. He continually went down hill and took a lot of my time and care until he passed away in 1988. During those years my riding and ranch work was limited but now I am back riding, checking the cattle and helping with roundups.

I am also able to get away from home now and go to Cattle Grower's and Cowbelle meetings where I enjoy the friendship, the discussions of ranching problems and the reminiscing.

There have now been six generations of the family enjoying Dugas Ranch over the last 113 years and hopefully many more to come.

Ezekiel B. (Zeke) Taylor

Cottonwood, Arizona

I was born in Phoenix, Arizona January 31, 1913. My parents were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor. My father came to Arizona from Kansas in 1885. In 1893 he married Florence May Newman who had come to Arizona from John Day Valley, Oregon, in 1887. The Newman family brought with them 150 head of Roan Durham Cattle and 75 horses. Both the Taylor family and the Newman family were Pioneers of Northern Arizona. After their marriage my parents were in livestock raising as well as some farming. At one time they pastured horses and cattle in Sycamore Basin.

When I was 2 years old, my parents homesteaded at Beaver Creek where their brand was **XO** . The following pages are about my life as a cowboy leading up to becoming a cattleman and other occupations later.

The Association Wagon and the Round Up From 1926 to 1932

On the 28th day of May in 1926, I went to work at the Apache Maid Ranch for James T. Ralston.

My dad had died on March 10, 1922, at Beaver Creek. He left a small herd of cattle branded **XO**, and the **XO** Ranch on Little Dry Beaver Creek. Today that place is known as the **D** headquarters. I was only nine years old at the time. My mother moved to Camp Verde, where she could work and make a living for her six children and send us to school, the older ones to high school. That move left the ranch and cattle unattended, so at the age of 13, I asked my mother to talk to Jim Ralston, who owned the Apache Maid Ranch about letting me work there for my board and room so I could look after the **XO** cattle. Jim agreed, so I was on my way to becoming a big cowboy. Never had I dreamed of

being called at four o'clock in the morning to wrangle horses or of the miserable lips I would get riding by the hour in the sun, or of fighting off the damn gnats by the millions in the spring of the year in that cedar country. They would nearly chew your ears off.

The Association was made up of several ranchers for the purpose of working cattle on the open range, which spread over approximately 1,000 square miles.

The Association Wagon was a big, heavy-duty chuck wagon pulled by four good mules and was driven by the round-up cook. That Spring, the cook was Charlie Mulligan, one of the ranchers, who had a homestead at the foot of Round Mountain and a small herd of cattle branded **H-S**. He did the cooking as his share of the round-up work, plus wages. He was a good dutch-oven cook and could really handle those dutch ovens.

The wagon had a big chuck box on the back end with a lid that let down to make a table for the cook to use preparing meals. All cooking was done in dutch ovens on coals from an open fire.

In the chuck box, he kept salt, pepper, spices, baking powder, matches, tin plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons, etc.

In the front of the wagon were large cans of shortening, 100 lb. sacks of beans, two or three sacks of potatoes, 100 lb. sacks of flour, 100 lb. sacks of sugar, plenty of salt pork for bean seasoning, flats of dried apples, prunes, peaches, apricots and raisins, 10 lb. cans of coffee, canned milk, canned tomatoes, corn, peas, rice, onions, jams and jellies, great big cans of Tea-garden syrup, and many other things too numerous to remember.

Tea-garden syrup was a most delicious syrup, thick and smooth. It was brown, but didn't taste like maple. It had a kind of vanilla nut taste. The darn Log Cabin syrup people bought Tea-garden Co. and discontinued making it.

Too many people were buying Tea-garden instead of Log Cabin.

In the wagon were also branding irons, horse shoe nails, shoeing outfit, hobbles for hobbling the horses at night and anything else we might need.






















We ate three times a day and at every meal there was fresh meat. The meat supply was kept up by butchering a beef whenever needed. The care of the meat after it was butchered was very important. It was always hung up on a tree limb at night to chill. In the morning, it was wrapped in a heavy canvas and placed between two thick opened-out bed rolls to keep the chill in and protect it. It kept real good that way and was sure good eating! The beef offal such as liver, heart, kidneys, brains, sweetbreads, marrow gut, butcher's steak, suet, etc., were used to make "Son of a Bitch" stew, or if ladies were present, you called it "Forest Ranger" or "Son of A Gun".

We had a bed wagon pulled by two mules and it hauled all our bed rolls. One of the cowboys would tie his saddle horse to the bed wagon and drive the wagon, following the chuck wagon to the next camp site. He would unhitch and care for all the mules, then get on his horse and drag in the wood for the campfires, enough for the cook to prepare several meals and also enough for our "B.S. fires" we could gather 'round and shoot the "breeze".

The Wagon "Boss" was elected by the members of the Association from among themselves, all of whom ran cattle on that range. The Wagon Boss in the Spring of 1926 was Albert (Ab) Fain.















Here is a list of the cattlemen and their brands that I remember. There were many other brands such as their kids' brands, wives' brands and horse brands too numerous to mention. If I leave out anyone, it isn't intentional, but it is possible I have forgotten some, since sixty years have gone by since then.

Here is the list:

Name	Brands	How Called
Jim Ralston		tee bar ess, bar dee, and aitch triangle
Frank Waldroup		buckle el
Albert (Ab) Fain		ex triangle
Elwin Fain (Ab's Son)		bow ribbon
Josie Fain (Ab's wife)		broken box
Irvin Walker		em diamond, lazy ess aitch
Giles Goswick		triangle-jay-ee-ay-six
"Daddy Pa" Clayton		link dart
Bill Goswick		double oh cee
Tom Schroeder		tee bar ay
Alfred ("Cutter") Back		jay quarter-circle
Charlie Bruce		oh you tee
Earl Bruce		ee ay
Len Maxwell		ex cee bar
Florence Taylor		ex oh
Ben Taylor (my brother) (Ben was not on this Round-up)		bee ay tee
Charlie Mulligan		aitch bar ess
Lowlander		ay diamond
Charlie Hollingshead		ay bar zee
John Lee		sourdough or lazy ess dee
"Bud" Bristow		aitch lazy ess

The following is a list of the cowboys and the outfits they worked for. I hope I haven't left out any of them.

The Cowboys:

Frank Waldroup, Foreman for 
Al Morris, Horse Wrangler for the Association
Elwin Van Deren, Rough-string rider for 
Merrill Bochat, cowboy, 
Alfred ("Cutter") Back, cowboy  and 
Walter ("Tige") Godac, cowboy (age 16 years) 
Joe Godac, cowboy 
Emmett Ralstron, cowboy 
Zeke Taylor, cowboy (age 13 years)  XO
Will ("Dugie") Ralston, cowboy 
Doyal Jones, cowboy 
Rob Bates, cowboy 
Clyde Austin, cowboy 
Elwin Fain, cowboy 
Babbitts sent a rep for CO, cee oh bar.

The Association had a set of rules that were strictly adhered to, so work kept progressing and running smoothly and no one got offended or out of line.

1. You washed your hands before eating or handling food.
2. The "rest rooms" were at least two or three hundred yards from camp.

Most of the time, you rode horseback out to find a suitable place.

3. No vulgar talk or improper behavior in camp.
4. No standing around the cook's fire. You stood around the "B.S. fire", out away from the cook's fire where dust couldn't be kicked up around the food being cooked.

5. There was a "chap rule". If you failed to obey any of the rules, you were spread-eagled over a bed roll and your butt was whipped with a pair of leather chaps. I never saw the "chap rule" used. Everyone always obeyed the rules.
6. You kept a horse saddled, ready for use, 24 hours a day.
7. Each cowboy had to have at least ten horses in his "mount".
8. You never swung your rope out wide around the horse herd, you "pitched" it out to catch you horse.

CHAPTER II

The Horse Herd

The horse herd, or "remuda" as it was called, had about 200 head of horses. No mares or stallions were allowed, Association Rule.

The day wrangler had charge of the horses through the day, as the name implies, while they were grazing and the cowboys were gathering cattle. He would take them out to graze after the cowboys had caught their morning mounts, then bring them in again at noon, so the boys could each catch a fresh mount for the afternoon. He brought them back in the evening so the cowboys could catch their night horses. Incidentally, the horses were corralled each time by several cowboys stretching their lass-ropes around the herd like a fence. The older horses were accustomed to the rope corrals.

At night, the horses were taken to the hobble ground, about 1/2 mile or so out, where feed was good and they could graze all night. There they were hobbled, using the rope corral again. The hobbles were carried out to the hobbling ground in gunny sacks. Each cowboy could tie a hobble around his waist, and hang a number of hobbles over it and head for the herd. Bent over, with head down, you moved quietly up to the horses. You could hobble some

pretty ornery horses that way. If you went in standing up straight, looking at them, they would shy away, thinking they were to be caught. Some of those old horses were pretty damned smart. You didn't fool them much. The same procedure was used to unhobble them in the morning. We had to wrangle them in the morning. They could scatter out over a pretty wide area. Sometimes, if it was pitch dark yet, you had to wait for daybreak, so you could "sky-line" them to find them. Some of the boys would circle out wide and get the horses that had grazed the farthest out, while the other boys began in the middle. It didn't take long to get them all unhobbled once daylight came. We'd take them all back to camp, use the rope corral again, catch our "morning" horses and then turn them over to the day wrangler, who could take them out to graze.

Right then, you headed for the chuck wagon to a breakfast of beefsteak, dutch oven biscuits, gravy, fired potatoes, tea-garden syrup, black coffee, jelly or jam, etc. "Mighty fine eatin'."

When you finished eating, you took your dishes to the big round-up dish pan, without fail, so the cook could get them all washed up. That was another Rule.

There were no tables of course, so you used the old "cowboy squat" when you ate, feet crossed in front, your food in your lap, and a cup of coffee in hand or placed beside you on the ground.

All that before sun up.


Here, I should describe the very beginning of the day. The cook got up about 3:30 in the morning to build his cook fire. When he got it going, he'd take a "gaunch-hook" and rattle it back and forth in a dutch oven to make a loud banging noise, loud enough to wake the dead, and he'd holler "HORSE WRANGLERS!" also loud. That was the most dreadful, chilling sound I ever heard at that hour in the morning. If the wagon was due to move that day, he

would add, "ROLL OUT AND ROLL UP!" That meant we had to get up and roll up our bed from where we were sleeping on the ground, and carry the bedroll to the bed wagon and load it on.

CHAPTER III

The Round-Up Begins

Our first camp set-up that Spring of '26 was at Hance Spring, about four miles from where the bridge crosses Clear Creek. We rode all the country east of the Verde River and all of Wickiup Flat area in the morning, then nooned at Hance Spring. In the afternoon, we shoved the cattle we had gathered in the morning up the trail to Cedar Flat. Next morning, we rode the Soda Springs and Walker Creek areas. The chuck wagon moved to the "Pest House" (as Walker called his place), a few miles south of Walker Creek, and afternoon we drove the cattle up Hollingshead trail.

Next morning, the wagon moved to Wet Beaver Creek, across from the 100 Ranch, now known as  Headquarters (homesteaded first by Ben Taylor, my Dad), located just south of the Beaver Creek Ranger Station.

We rode a lot of the Beaver Creek range. Next morning, the wagon moved to Red Tank while we rode all the country west of Wet Beaver and Little Dry Beaver Creek, and shoved the cattle up the Red Tank Trail toward Round Mountain.

The next move was to Beaver Head where we camped for two days, riding down to the Verde River just above Camp Verde and up to the mouth of Oak Creek and back north along House Mountain to our Beaver Head Camp. We pushed the cattle up the old stagecoach road to Rattlesnake Canyon.

I'll never forget the gnats, the heat and the awful thirst for a drink of water. We carried along some smoldering cow chips on a stick in an effort to

defend ourselves from the gnats.

There were not a great many cattle in the valley to gather and drive up, as most of them would go up in the spring of the year by themselves. There were no fences to hold them back then as there are now days.

Work in the valley was now finished, so we moved back to the Apache Maid Ranch, where we rounded up more horses and got them all shod. We hadn't had the full string of horses while we were working the valley. Each cattleman went to his home ranch to gather and shoe horses. After about three days, we were ready to start the mountain work and do the spring branding.

Mountain work starts.

Early in the morning, the wagon moved to Buckhorn on the north rim of Clear Creek. There, the work started in earnest. There were eighteen to twenty cowboys, a lot of country to work, and a lot of calves to brand. We worked the Cedar Flat, Long Canyon country and all around Buckhorn, and branded the calves.

The wagon then moved to New Tank, where we rode Five-mile Pass, Tin Roof, New Tank, Horse Knoll, and the Home Tank country, branding all those calves also.

New Tank was about 1/4 mile long and 100 yards wide. You could see bones of cows sticking up in the shallow part of the tank where cows trying to get a drink had bogged down and died. We got our drinking and cooking water down by the dam where the water was deeper and cleaner, I hope. When we got a drink of water, we just refused to think of the bones in the shallow end of the tank, and put our minds on other things.

We camped there about three days, branding a lot of calves. The next move was to Brady Tank, about six miles north of New Tank, and camped there for two days branding calves. Then it was on to the Apache Maid Tank, bones

sticking up in it also, but by now we were getting used to it and weren't nearly so "squeamish". We were there three days, branding calves. While there, we rode Hog Hill, Round Mountain, VD Pasture, Jones Wash, Rattlesnake, Red Hill, and all of the Apache Maid and Stoneman Lake country.

We moved on to the Woods Ranch. From there to Lee Spring, then Double Cabin Park, and rode all around Blind Lake, the Earl Bruce Country, Pete Schroeder's place at Pratt Park, and all the Mule Park Country. Not many cattle had got that high up yet. Hutch Mountain and Mahan country were worked also. From there, we moved on to Bar **D** Tank at the foot of Buck Mountain and worked all the Buck Mountain area, Turkey Butte, Casner Park and the Hollingshead place. Then it was on to Harris Park and the Willow Valley country, the C-M range, and Harris Park area, all the north rim of Clear Creek and around Irvin Walker's "Poor Farm" area.

By then, it was the end of June and the Spring Round-up was over. The ranchers cut out their horses, packed their bedrolls, and headed for home. The chuck wagon and bed wagon were taken back to Apache Maid Ranch to await the Fall Round-up. The cattle were turned loose to graze in "peace" for the summer, until the Fall Round-up, about the end of September and the month of October. At that time, the cattle would be rounded up again, any calves born since spring would be branded. Saleable steers and cows would be driven to the Stockyards at Clarkdale, where they were shipped off to market by rail.




After the Spring Round-up, there would be a brief vacation "of a sort" from work, while most of the ranchers and their families and the cowboys went somewhere to celebrate July 4th. There were rodeos, dances, and Independence Day celebrations almost everywhere. After the 4th, they returned to the summer ranges, every day riding the range looking for screw worms that would get in the peeling brands and bags of the castrated calves. Every cowboy carried a

bottle of sheep dip in his saddle for doctoring the calves to kill the screw worms. In those days, the practice of vaccinating for Black Leg wasn't done, so quite a number of calves would die of Black Leg. Cowmen got smarter, and in following years took up the practice of vaccinating the calves.

There were dozens of chores the cowboys had to do other than riding. We had to build fence, break horses, shoe horses, build tanks with teams and freznos and slips, haul wood, raise, cut and bale hay, dig potatoes, clean barns. Well – just about everything that needs doing around a ranch. The outfit would then gather older steers, missed in the last round-up, and the older bulls, fat barren cows, etc., and drive them to Flagstaff to Babbitts' slaughter house, where they were slaughtered for the meat markets in the various stores in town.

A little bit about the branding procedure. After you'd had your breakfast and put your dishes in the pan, you were ready for the morning ride. You'd all mount up and fall in behind the round-up boss, who would head out in a long trot for several miles. When we got to where we were to start gathering the cattle, the boss would start dropping off a few cowboys every little while to fan out and gather the cattle, driving them to a picked round-up ground near camp. When all the area was worked and driven in, it would be noon; time to change horses and eat dinner. After dinner, it was back to the herd, where some dragged in wood for the branding fire. The branding irons were put in the fire to heat. When the irons were hot, two ropers would ride into the herd to catch and drag the calves to the branding fire. Here again, you didn't swing the rope, just pitched it over the calf's head. Each roper made sure which cow the calf belonged to, checked the brand on the mother cow, and called the brand to the tally-man at the branding fire. Two sets of bulldoggers would throw the calves, remove lasso ropes from their necks, and hold the calves in position to be ear-marked, branded, and castrated if need be. The number of calves that got

branded depended of course on the size of the herd that was gathered that morning. Usually, there were from 100 to 200 or more. The herd would then be turned loose for the summer. The camp would then move to the next branding site.

One morning, after the Round-up was over, I remember, Jim Ralston and I loaded some hunks of salt on his old Model T Ford pickup and headed for Brady Tank country to put out salt for the cattle. On the way, we met Ab Fain, the Spring Round-up Boss, and stopped to talk over the round-up, branding and calf tally. Ab said the number of calves branded was 2,350, 2/3 of them branded with a , , or , belong to Jim Ralston.

I have done some figuring in the later years, trying to estimate how many head of livestock there were on that 100 square mile range.

2,350 calves

2,350 mother cows

650 dry cows

2,300 held over yearling steers and heifers

200 bulls

7,850 This is an approximate total, of course.

Then, there were around 300 cow horses and mares, and approximately 400 wild horses, making a total of around 700 horses.

Many times, a rancher or cowboy would catch the wild horse he particularly liked and break and gentle it for a cow horse, but there were just too many wild horses for that range. The ranchers had tried for years to get rid of them. Some were trapped in corrals by building long wings made out of logs that led in to the corral gate, or cheese cloth stretched from tree to tree for a mile or more to turn the horses' but it was pretty hard to do, they were wiley and

suspicious and tried to elude the traps.

I remember at Willard Springs, they had a tree house not far from the corral that fenced off the spring. They had a trap gate made out of heavy canvas that could be rolled up and "set" with a "trip". A wire led from the trip to the tree house where a man or two would be hid. On moonlit nights when the wild horse herd would come in to drink, the men would wait until they were in the corral drinking, and then they would jerk the wire leading to the "trip", and the canvas would fall, covering the entrance, making a gate. Then the men would jump down, run over to the gate and put up log bars. If they were lucky, they'd have a few horses in the trap.

In later years, the Forest Service furnished ammunition to the ranchers to shoot the wild horses. Sometimes mistakes were made and good saddle animals would be destroyed.

CHAPTER IV

A big attraction for the cowmen, their wives and families, and the cowboys was the Long Valley Rodeo, a yearly event in August. Everyone looked forward to being there. Everyone took camping equipment and supplies and their bedrolls, as the celebration lasted three days. There were people camping all around among the pines. They came from all over, both cowboys and spectators; from Flagstaff, Tonto Basin, Pine, Payson, Prescott, Phoenix, Dewey, Camp Verde, Holbrook, and Winslow; and gosh only knows where else. You could always find lots of people you knew.

The rodeo was held on Saturday and Sunday, and there was calf roping, bronc riding, bulldogging, bull riding, and team tying contests. The excitement was tremendous. Once in a while, there would be a horse race or a foot race to add to the excitement. Everyone always had a good time.

Ross Fuller had built a big round dance hall out of pine-logs and dances were held all three nights during the show. You could dance to the music of the Sefton Orchestra, a popular dance band of the time, or you could play poker, shoot carps, eat, or buy boot-leg whiskey – whatever suited your fancy. When you got tired, you went to camp and crawled into your bedroll. The children usually "hit the sack" pretty early.

Here's a bit of excitement I remember from cow-driving days. We were camped one time at Apache Maid Tank in the Spring of 1928 during a terrific rain storm. It was raining so hard we couldn't work cattle, so we were all in camp to wait the storm out, that is, all except George Blodgett, horse wrangler, who was out bringing in the horse herd so we could catch our night horses and hobble them out. He had to bring them down through Apache Maid Park. At camp, we heard a real loud rumbling and recognized it as the sound of many hooves pounding the ground. Someone yelled, "The horses are stampeding." We jumped on our horses and managed to stop most of the herd. A few got by us, so we had to trail them the next day and catch them. Harvey said a mountain lion had screamed nearby on the side of the Apache Maid Mountain, frightening the horses so much they stampeded.

During that same rainy night, I was sleeping in my bedroll out on the hillside near camp. Tige Godac was usually my sidekick and we rolled out together, but this one night, he had gone to the ranch to spend the night, as he was part of the family. Rose Ralston, being his sister, wanted him to sleep in out of the rain. Anyway, it rained and rained and rained some more, until water got into my bed. I don't believe I was ever any colder or wetter. I stood it as long as I could, but finally got so miserably cold, I sneaked over and crawled into the tent where Ab Fain and Irvin Walker had their bedrolls and were sleeping. As I crawled past, water dripped off my head onto Irvin Walker's face.

(Incidentally, I had always been about half afraid of Walker, who was Round-up Boss and a big 6'6" man, weighing about 225 lbs. and cranky as hell at times.) Walker, thinking the camp dog had sneaked in and dripped the water on him hollered, "Get out of here you Son-of-a-bitch!" Shivering and nearly frozen, I tearfully answered, "Damn it, Walker, I'm cold." He really wasn't as mean as he sounded and he let me crawl in with him till morning. Believe me, that warm bed sure did feel good.

Next morning, Jim brought Tige back out to camp. Seeing the bed was wet, Jim went to the bedroll, threw back the covers to see how wet it had got, and there in the middle of the bed, all soaked and soggy, were Tige's and my sacks of Bull Durham tobacco. We had been smoking unknown to Jim until then, so we were caught red-handed and a little red-faced, too; but we didn't need to sneak around to smoke anymore.

I get a kick out of remembering some of the sayings and expressions of the rather eccentric character who was with us on the round-up, namely Charlie Hollingshead. If you knew him, you'd understand why it struck me so funny. Charlie was really a well-educated fellow, and had graduated from a Washington College with a Degree in Mental Science, and was often called Dr. Hollingshead.

He was stout as a bull, although he was only about 5'6" tall and weighed about 185 lbs. He was hard of hearing, and talked loud, with "flat" quick words. He walked carrying himself straight, shoulders back, and took short, quick steps. His eyes were big and round, sort of pop-eyed, and his face pleasant and friendly, usually. He was quite a man, but he was sure hard to talk to, as he couldn't hear well.

If someone asked him his age, he'd tell them, "Christ, I'm just a babe."

He always maintained, "You're never any older than you feel," and also,

"Nobody ever gets bucked off, they just get scared and fall off." A cigarette, he spoke of as a "paper pipe".

Charlie wouldn't kill a rattlesnake. He said anything that had to crawl on its belly to live didn't deserve to be killed. Only once did he kill one, to render the fat out of it to pour in his ears, claiming it helped him hear better.

Another thing about old Charlie, he refused to stand around the campfire to keep warm. He would build a nice fire and then call out to the rest of us, "Alright, there's your nose-warmer." Then he'd mount his horse and head out to start unhobbling horses.

In his later years, Charlie bought a car. You risked your neck if you rode in it with him driving, as I found out when I rode with him to the Pioneer Picnic one year. The picnic was at Page Springs and the road to there is not too wide and crooked as a snake trail. That one ride was enough for me. Being hard of hearing, he would rev up the motor so he could hear it, so naturally when he let out the clutch, the car leaped forward like a spurred horse, giving you a whiplash and making your hair stand on end, where it just kept standing for the rest of the ride. He never slowed down for curves, and if something got in his way, he'd yell, "Look out!" and gripping the steering wheel hard, he'd just keep on going.

Three things Charlie said he didn't like, "A dog, a hog, and a god-damned mule." A dog would always beat you to a water hole and take a bath in it before you could get a drink. A hog would root up your garden. And a damned mule would kick you.

Charlie was a good horseman, though, and was fond of and proud of his horses, especially "Lightning", "Bucky", "Moses", "Rubber Belly" and "Geronimo".

One can read some of the many stories that have been written about

Charlie in books, two of which are the "Pioneer Stories of the Verde Valley", and "Budge" Ruffner's "Arizona Territorial Cookbook". I believe his boots, spurs and saddle are in the Sharlott Hall Museum in Prescott, Arizona.

There used to be an old saddlemaker who camped across the wash at the Apache Maid Ranch. His name was Bill Trippet. He had a kind of camper wagon pulled by a team of mules. He carried all his tools and saddle-making stuff and his bedroll in it. One of his mules he called "Peggy". He thought Peggy was about the smartest animal alive. He told us many tales of his past and usually they were quite humorous. He finally turned the mules out to pasture and bought a little car with a homemade cabin on it where he carried his equipment. The car was also called "Peggy", and he drove it like it was being pulled by mules. When he stopped, he'd always holler "Whoa!" He died in the Arizona Pioneer Home in Prescott.

The Apache Maid Ranch was in a way rather famous. Many visitors came from Eastern and Central United States; lawyers, bankers, authors, artists, etc. One who came and stayed quite a while was the famous Western artist, R. Fairington Elwell. His action paintings of the West are unmatched for realism and capturing the real spirit of the Wild West. Horses, cows, cowboys, ranches and scenery were so authentic you could almost feel you were seeing it first hand. He camped near the home ranch and used many happenings around there as models.

Some of the visitors were dudes who wanted an authentic Western vacation with western clothing, boots, Stetson hats, horses and cowboys, round-ups and such. One such visitor was Billy Towel, of "Log Cabin Syrup" Towels.

This is about a cattle drive we made to the town of Flagstaff, where we delivered the cattle for slaughter to the slaughter house. I have mentioned

before about night horses which we used to wrangle horses on in the morning, but they were also used for standing night guard when there were no pastures or corrals to hold the cattle and we had to watch them all night. We took turns, in shifts, standing guard. You rode slowly around the herd to keep them from straying away; and sometimes you sang softly to them, some old cowboy song to keep them calm and let them know you were there. We would build a few small fires around to shed a little light and warm ourselves by once in a while.

On this drive, we had camped that night near what was known as the Pump House, just south of Flagstaff a ways, and used by the railroad for taking on water. A big steam engine was used for pumping the water, and when pressure built up, the darn thing would blow off steam, a terrific noise.






I was just a kid at the time and night guard was new to me. That night was as dark as a coal cellar at midnight – you couldn't see your hand before your face. The first time that engine hissed and roared, blowing off, I was so scared the cattle would stampede. What could I do? It was too dark to see the cattle and I just knew they would run my way and I would be right in their path. It was terrifying. Of course, they didn't stampede. In fact, they paid no attention at all to the steam engine.

CHAPTER V


Last summer, 1985, I paid a sentimental visit to the old Apache Maid Ranch. I hadn't been back there since 1932, and found that everything had changed. They had relocated the road leading in to the place. Not knowing how to get there the new way, I searched for a way in and finally went in by an old round-about way I knew about. And I couldn't believe what I saw, or didn't see. The barns were gone, the corrals were gone, the old blacksmith shop was gone, so were the saddle room, the old bunkhouse, the storeroom – everything. The









old house had been partly re-built so it wasn't recognizable. The old potato cellar was all caved in and even the old private house used to be so homelike, with a big front porch with chairs on it, vines and flowers all around. There had been a porch on the end with wash benches, wash pans, hanging towels and water pails where the cowboys always washed up before going in to meals. Fences were down, the fields all dried up, and not another human being was on the place. It was like being in an old abandoned graveyard, and haunting memories of the past seemed to be everywhere. That old ranch was "home" to me, where some of the happiest days of my life had been spent. It was all very sad to me to see it this way.

The last "Association Wagon" was in 1928. After that each allotment was fenced off separately. There was no more Round-up Association. Every rancher had to take charge of his own round-up, branding and marketing. It was still a great place to be, but a far cry from the good old days of open range where you could ride for miles and not see a hated barbed wire fence.

About that time, the smaller cow outfits began to sell out to new owners or other ranchers and several smaller ones would be combined, making larger "spreads" than before. Irvin Walker, of the , bought  and  brands and fenced off his allotment parallel to the north rim of Clear Creek from the "Wickiup Flat" area east of Camp Verde to his summer ranch south of Willow Valley. I believe that was in 1928. Whitey Montgomery, Omer Maxwell and Ida Mae Minotto bought the $\frac{V}{V}$, , and the , starting the $\frac{V}{V}$ outfit, that ran from Wet Beaver just below Soda Springs, Parallel to Walker's fence, to New Tank, from there to Horse Knoll, Banfield Spring, south of Buck Mountain and on the Willow Valley and the G4 drift fence. I believe that was in 1929.

About 1930, Charles Bell, better known as C.D. Bell, a rich man, bought


my mother's XO Ranch and cattle on Little Dry Beaver Creek, and a permit from J. Ralston for 1200 head of cattle. Later he bought the T-A from Tom Schroeder, the $\frac{A}{Z}$ from Hollingshead, and the $\circ C$ from Bill Goswick. His fence ran from just south of Beaver Head to Hog Hill and the rim of Beaver Canyon, then it jumped from Beaver Canyon to the east side of Brady pasture and from there to Landmark and the G4 drift fence. The Bell brand was a bell .

Those left on the  side were , , EA, , , , and the $\frac{+}{2}$. The  and  were later sold to Larry Mellon, a relative of Andrew H. Mellon, United States Treasurer at one time.

There were several families living on that Mogollon Mt. area I would like to mention, as they were very much a part of the area also. The Walker family, at what was known as the "Poor Farm", were Irvin, Bessie and daughter, Mary.

Giles and Merle Goswick lived at Harris Park. He had a son, George, and daughters Jewel and Edna.

"Daddy Pa" Clayton and "little Mamma" lived at Bow Ribbon park.

Ab Fain, Josie Fain, son Elwin and daughter Hazel lived at the  place near Willow Valley.

Al Bradford lived at Willow Valley and raised potatoes. His wife's name was Helen. Children were Jack, Albert, Roy, Charlie, Ruthie and Anna Mae.

Len and Myrtle Maxwell lived north of Double Cabin Park at the XC Ranch.

Earl Bruce and his wife Naomi, and children Hilda, Sara, Lyman and Franklin lived just north of Stoneman Lake at the EA Ranch.

Frank and Enone Waldroup, their son Eugene, and a nephew Joe Montgomery and Mrs. Waldroup's father, "Monte" Montgomery, lived at Hog Hill.

Charlie Bruce, his wife and mother lived several miles west of Apache


Maid Mountain.

Charlie and Ocia Mulligan lived at Round Mountain and Pete Schroeder lived at Pratt Park.

P.J. and Fay Morin and daughter Phyllis lived at Soneman Lake. Another daughter, Mary, was born in 1929.

There were several families I didn't know living at MacDonalds Sawmill between Earl Bruce's and Pratt Park.



James T. and Rose M. Ralston were the Apache Maid owners.

In 1927, Jim Wingfield bought the  cattle and he and his wife Ida and daughters Helen and Margie spent the summer at the Apache Maid.

The Ranger at the Ranger Station east of the Apache Maid was Oscar McClure. His wife, Ella, and little daughter, Bessie Lou, were there also.

Bell Goswick, his wife Lou, and son Carlo lived at Banfield Park.

Cowboys I worked with in the late 1920's were: Bill Jones, Ira Smith, Therron Witter, Ira Goddard, Jesse Goddard, Roy Minter, "Fid" Ralston, Henry Austin, "Chili" Beach, Paul Webb, and some boys from Kansas who had decided a pitch-fork didn't fit their hands anymore, and came west to Arizona in 1927 to be cowboys. They were Everett Brisendine, Jack Boaz, Maynard Crawford, Less Hilton and Dave Linders. Maynard Crawford was killed during a fall round-up by a night horse that kicked him in the chest. Less Hilton went on to Hollywood and became a horse trainer. He trained such animals as Rex, the King of the Wild horses, Francis, the Talking Mule, and Flicka – others also.

Another who worked the  was Frank Taylor, my brother. He cooked on the  wagon and built a lot of fences.

Sometime in the 1920's the big barn at the Apache Maid ranch burned during the night, destroying several of the ranch horses. They rebuilt the barn

that summer.

Another serious accident happened the winter of 1925. Joe Godac was staying there, caring for the ranch and writing his book. One day, a hawk was flying around over the place intending to catch a chicken for his meal. Joe took his shotgun out to shoot the hawk. He leaned his shotgun against a fence temporarily. There were some hogs about the place, and for some reason or other, a hog ran under the gun and knocked it over. The gun went off and shot the calf of Joe's leg. Since it was fairly close range and a shotgun, it tore the flesh up very badly. He was there all lone. However, he somehow managed to get into the house, where by quick thinking, he stanchd the flow of blood by packing the wound with flour and wrapping it with towels and strips of cloth. Using a chair as a crutch for his knee, he made his way to the barn, saddled his horse, "Obe", and mounted up and headed for Stoneman Lake (5 miles away) where he could get help. He stopped at Jones Wash, go a drink of water, somehow got back on the horse, and went on to Stoneman Lake. P.J. Morin rushed him to the hospital at Jerome. Dr. A.C. Carlson was there then and took care of him. He had lost a lot of blood, but got to the hospital in time. Shortly after he had left the ranch after the accident, a neighboring rancher, Al Bradford, happened to arrive there. He saw the bloody trail and knew Joe was badly hurt, so he started trailing him to make sure he made it okay. He got to Stoneman Lake shortly after Joe had arrived.

Of all those I've written about here who were in that 1926 Round-up, there are only five of us still living. These are Bob Bates, Elwin Van Deren, Elwin Fain, Merrill Bochat, and myself, Zeke Taylor.

AND TIME ROLLED ON ...

WORKING FOR WHITEY MONTGOMERY

In the spring of 1928, I went to work for "Whitey" Montgomery and Omer Maxwell, who had just bought the $\frac{V}{V}$ out-fit from Giles Goswick, "Daddy Pa" Clayton and "Bud" Bristow, and Ab Fain.

I believe I have the honor of driving the last freight wagon used in that part of the country. I drove four mules to a heavy freight wagon and hauled spools of barbed wire from Cottonwood to Beaver Creek to build the drift fence from Beaver Creek to Willow Valley, about 30 miles of fence. I would haul 40 spools of wire per load. Each spool weighed 80 lbs., making a total of 3,200 lbs. per load.

There was also block salt to be hauled. A block of salt weighed 50 lbs. I would haul 60 blocks per load. I also hauled lumber for the new $\frac{V}{V}$ house on Beaver Creek and also hay and grain.

In the Spring of 1928, Whitey sent Frank Waldroup and me to Harris Park, on the mountain, to plant a crop of oats. The first night, we camped at the Apache Maid Ranch. Frank rode along on a horse he called "Bolly George", his top horse. He would ride out from the wagon and look for cattle to see if any were $\frac{V}{V}$ stock. This was a 50-mile, two-day trip. Frank had decided he would quit smoking on that trip, so he didn't take any Bull Durham tobacco with him. The first night out, he bummed a sack of Bull Durham from me, as he had lost his will power the first day.

It was the latter part of April and the first of May and the wind never quit blowing. I believe that mountain in the spring of the year, with the wind blowing, is the loneliest place on earth – no neighbors, just Frank and me and the mules.

After about a week of that and the wind, about the only thing Frank and I

had in common was my Bull Durham tobacco. Frank did the cooking. I took care of the mules, harnessed and hooked them up, fed and watered them, etc.

We had a two-bottom riding plow, pulled by four mules abreast. Frank did the plowing.

I drove two mules and harrowed and dragged the ground after he plowed.

We put in about 25 to 30 acres, this took us about two weeks. I was glad when that was over. I was about out of Bull Durham and Frank was pretty cranky.

Frank was a man about 50, and I was a kid of 15.

Another time, Whitey sent Frank and me to Soneman Lake to haul some telephone poles he had cut and peeled. Then we went back down in the cedars where he had a bunch of cedar posts cut. By the time we had loaded all the poles and posts, it was late evening, so we camped there that night and it rained a little and snowed a little. Next morning, I started off the mountain with my load of poles and posts. It had rained and snowed just enough to make that old "gumbo" sticky. About every quarter mile, I had to cut the mud off the wheels with an axe. Mud built up on the wheels until they would just drag. Of course, Frank was off on old Bolly George looking for cattle, but I finally made it back to the $\frac{V}{V}$ Ranch on Beaver Creek.

One time when I was hauling wire from Cottonwood, I told Whitey I was going to take a short cut. It was about a mile shorter. He said, "Don't do it. The mules can never pull out of that steep canyon on that road."

I thought to myself, "He doesn't know what those mules can do. He never drives them."

I thought the mules could do most anything. I thought a lot of those old mules. Mike and Kate were the lead team, Bird and Babe were the wheel team.


Coming back from Cottonwood, I kept thinking about that short cut, so

when I got to Soda Springs road, the way to the short cut, I headed them old mules down it. When I crossed Little Dry Bever, I turned left on the short cut road that went in behind the old XO Ranch, known today as the \overline{D} Ranch. It was about three miles to the Ranger Station road which I intended to get on, but there was that canyon in between me and the road. It was about 50 yards down to the bottom and 50 yards up the other side. I eased them old mules off the hill toward the bottom of the canyon. Just before reaching the bottom, I pulled off the brake and hollered, "Lets go!" The mules made it about 25 feet up the other side – and that was it. There I sat. There was only one thing to do and that was unload some of those 80 lb. spools of barbed wire. So I unloaded 10 spools and gave the mules another pull. They couldn't budge it, so I unloaded another 10 spools and tried it again. That time, the mules made it to the top – about 150 feet.


That left one more thing for me to do, and that was to jackass those 80 lb. spools up the hill. So that is what I did, until my tongue hung out. I never told Whitey I hadn't obeyed his orders, but I sure as hell learned a lesson.

One time Whitey went somewhere for a couple of days, and left me at the ranch to look after the stock. One day I went in for dinner and "Midge", Whitey's wife, said, "Zeke, I want to go for a horseback ride." I didn't know whether she could ride or not, but who was I to tell the Boss's wife "no"? so I went up to the corral and saddled up old "Johnnie Bell" for Midge. He was the gentlest horse on the ranch. I saddled old "Moonshine" for myself and took them down to the ranch house. Midge came out dressed in riding pants and wearing a straw hat. I helped her get on old Johnnie Bell. The stirrups were about right, so I headed over to get on Moonshine. I heard the awfullest noise, and looked around and saw Midge lying flat on her back with the breath knocked out of her. That was before mouth-to-mouth resuscitation had been

invented, so I ran over and fanned her in the face with my hat until she got her wind back. You know what? Midge had managed to ride old Johnny Bell under the only clothesline on that side of Beaver Creek for miles around.

The  outfit was purchased later by Marcus J. Lawrence and Bruce Brockett. Our present hospital in Cottonwood is named in honor of Marcus J. Lawrence by his mother, who donated the money to build the first building.

A TRAIN RIDE FROM CLARKDALE TO "FALFA"

When I worked for the  outfit, we gathered a bunch of old cows, old bulls, and some undesirable stock – about five carloads of them – and I got the job of going with them on the train. At that time, the Railroad required that someone accompany the livestock enroute to care for the cattle, that is, get them up if they got down and check on them at stops. The cattle had to be fed and watered every 24 hours en route. We loaded the cattle on the train at Clarkdale and left for Drake about 10:00 A.M.

It's about 35 miles to Drake, which was on the main line. We arrived there about four hours later. At Drake, there was only one house, a man and his wife, and about 13 kids.

It was December. It had snowed and the snow was from four to six inches deep and colder than "billy hell". I had to lay over there until about 9:00 P.M. that night and wait for the main freight train to come through to pick up the carloads of cattle.

When the train arrived, the railroad crew set about hitching on to the cattle cars. I was to go get in the caboose where I was to ride, so I ran along toward the rear of the train, not knowing just how soon the train would pull out. That was the longest train I ever saw. It seemed I ran about a mile and the caboose still wasn't in sight, so I whirled and ran back toward the crew. I was

afraid they would leave and I would miss getting on. I met a brakeman, swinging his lantern. I was about give out. I asked, "Where is the damned caboose?" and he said, "The S.O.B. isn't down here." So I ran back toward the rear again, almost to Topeka, Kansas, it seemed, and finally got to the caboose and climbed on.

In the caboose, there was a Basque shepherd who was heading south with several carloads of sheep. I didn't know how to speak Basque, but I did know a few words of Spanish, so I said to him, "Poco Frio?" He answered, "No Poco, but mucho."

There were only two bunks, one lower and one upper, and of course, I got the top one. If you've never rode a caboose, don't! They play "pop the whip" with the darn thing all the way. It was a rough train ride. This was at the beginning of the big Depression, in 1929.

The train stopped in Prescott for a short time. The conductor got off for a while, telling the Basque and me to be sure and keep the door locked or the hoboes would take over.

Every time the engine blew off a little steam or tooted its whistle, the hoboes would come out from all directions, thinking the train was pulling out and they wanted to be on it. Each time it failed to move out right away, they would run back and hide again to be sure the "Railroad bulls" wouldn't see them. They were all aboard when it did pull out.

When we got to Phoenix the next morning, the sun came up in the "West". We went on to Falfa, which was located about 30 miles south of Phoenix, and unloaded the cattle and then back to Phoenix. I caught a train back to Prescott that night and on arriving there, the depot was on the "South" side of town. My directions were really switched around by then. I spent the night at the old St. Michael Hotel. Next morning, the old sun came up in the East just

like it should, so I wasn't turned around any more.

About 9:00 A.M., I caught a train back to Clarkdale and it seemed real good to get back to the Verde Valley.

BANK ROBBERY

Another story I will tell is about Jim Roberts, another man that was in the Pleasant Valley War. Jim later became a Yavapai County Deputy and was on duty in Clarkdale, Arizona, June 21, 1928, when there was a bank robbery attempt by two Oklahoma men by the name of Willard Forrester and Earl Nelson.

Quite a shoot-out took place between David Saunders, the banker, the outlaws and Jim Roberts. As the bank robbers drove by old Jim, they took a shot at him. As the story goes, that was a bad mistake. Old Jim took his .45 in both hands, took dead aim, and shot the driver of the car in the back of the neck. The car hit a powerline guy wire and came to a stop. One of the robbers jumped out and tried to run, but didn't get far. The driver of the car was dead with a bullet in his neck.

Jim, in the late 1920's, would come down to the Clarkdale stockyard when we were shipping cattle to visit with the stockmen and cowboys.


As a boy, I felt it was quite an honor to know Jim Roberts. He died with his boots on while walking his beat in Clarkdale, January 8, 1934.


The Pleasant Valley War is the war where the hogs came into the field and were eating on the bodies of some of the dead men and the women went out in the field, ran them off, and buried the men.

In 1942, I went to work in Clarkdale as a deputy sheriff for the Copper Co. and walked the same beat that Jim Roberts walked and rattled the same doors at night.

The stories of Jim Roberts can be found in many books, a couple of which are Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground, and a story by Herb Young in the Cottonwood, Clarkdale, and Cornville History book.

THE END OF AN ERA

In the fall of 1929, the  and other outfits gathered the remnant of the big wild steers. Some were three to six years old and had been running in the cedar breaks, eluding the roundup for years. After the drift fences were built, they had lost much of their home ground. Those old steers were very smart and knew just how to hide in the cedars so you wouldn't find them, but we gathered about 60 head of those old steers and drove them to Flagstaff along with about 300 head of younger steers.

They were sold to Joe Kellum who had the  outfit. A prettier sight I have never seen than those big old steers, their horns shining in the sun and moving along. Some of them would weigh from 1,000 to 1,3000 pounds, and some had a horn-spread of from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 feet. We couldn't run them through the branding chute because of their wide horn-spread, so part of their horns had to be cut off. A bloodier mess you never saw. Old Joe moaned and said, "I'll never buy another big steer as long as I live."

A BIG D STEER

On one roundup I came upon a big red bald-faced steer coming up from Rattlesnake Canyon where he had been to drink. I tried to drive him to the herd, but he decided he'd rather not go. After quite a while of milling around on the hillside, I roped him. I flipped the rope under his hind leg and jerked him down. His back was down hill, so he couldn't get up quick. I ran over and tied him down. Then I went back and we drove the cow herd over to him, so when I let

him up, he was with gentler stock, and that way we drove him on to the ranch. That fall when we shipped, we weighed him. He weighed 1,390 pounds.

FINAL REMARKS


This chapter of my boyhood life from 1926 to about 1932 I will cherish for the rest of my life. There are many more places, people and events I should include in this story, but I'll leave that for another time. I'm writing this little book for my grandson, Daniel Taylor, who is always asking me about the "olden days", as he calls them. Now he will have a little bit of his family history from the past.


"The Great Little Mustang"

There has been a lot written about Cowboys
Way back in the good old days
But you never hear much about the mustangs
That carried the cowboys all day.
So I salute that great little mustang
That never saw a bite of good hay
But he grazed the grass on the mountain
And did his part all of the way.
He carried you over the mountain
And down in the canyons for strays
He carried you to rope the wild cattle
And the mavericks that come your way
That mustang mashed a lot of boulders
And wore out a lot of shoes on the way
He would buck you off in a jiffy
If he didn't like your style of play.
He had lost a lot of his freedom
When roped from the Wild Bunch one day
But he was still a great little cow horse
Working hard in those range-riding days
His era has been lost forever
But his memory is with us to stay.
Again I salute that brave bronco
That stayed with us day after day.

Zeke Taylor

I was married July 1, 1932, in Flagstaff, Arizona, to Margaret Crose of Prescott, Arizona. She was a native of Prescott, born December 10, 1912 to Otis and Mary Crose, who had settled in Prescott in the early 1900's.

After our marriage, we lived in Camp Verde, Arizona, where I worked at the Salt Mine until it closed down. After that I worked on WPA road work, built drift fences and did various other jobs. Then in the Spring of 1934 I went to work for Charlie Bell who had bought my mothers XO ranch and cattle. He branded with a bell . He had bought a forest permit from Jim Ralston for 1200 head, and stocked it with mother cows. He had also bought the T-A cattle and range permit from Tom Schroeder, and the $\frac{A}{Z}$ cattle and permit from Charlie Hollingshead. Both were small permits.

That summer I stayed at the Winter Ranch in the valley and gathered all the cattle that had not gone to the mountain range in the Spring, plus the T-A and  cattle he had just bought, and drove them to the mountain where they would summer. I also hauled supplies by truck to the summer headquarters, such as groceries, lumber, wire, pipe, etc. Sometimes I hauled old cows back to the valley where they were sold to the government. That was during the depression when there was no market for them anywhere else. The government bought old cows and bulls.

In the fall of 1934, Mr. Bell sent me to San Ynez Valley in California to manage a cow ranch for his nephew, Bill Luten. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Luten were Mr. Bell's brother-in-law and sister. They had bought the ranch for Bill, who was just out of college on his promise not to play polo or fly airplanes. He was their only son and they, like most parents, were overprotective of him. The ranch was named "Rancho San Juan" and contained 57,000 acres of rolling hills, 116 acres in farming land. The Spanish Heritage of the family influenced their lives. A friend of Bill's father Mr. Max Fleishmann,

of Fleischmann's yeast and Gin fame had given him his Polo ponies. They became the horses we used on the ranch to move cattle.


Mr. Bell had shipped 200 calves to the ranch to begin stocking it. They were shipped by rail from Clarkdale, Arizona to a station near the ranch. These calves weighed approximately 300 lbs. each when they were shipped to the ranch that fall on November 8th. There was lots of rain that winter making the best feed I ever saw, burr clover and alfalfa nearly knee deep, and also beautiful wild flowers were everywhere. On June 17th of the next year they weighed 717 lbs. a remarkable gain.

Bill later bought some cows from the L.A. Stockyards that had been shipped from Texas. He stocked the ranch with them.

Bills father bought a caterpillar tractor and other farming machines. I farmed the 116 acres, raising oat hay. A nice home was built there for Bill. He was engaged to be married soon. They also built a big hay barn and stables and stalls for the horses and livestock corrals for working cattle. I worked there for 2 years, coming back to Arizona in the Spring of 1936.

In the fall of that year my brother-in-law Emmett Ralston and I became partners in a cow ranch. We purchased the cow range from Shea and Goodwin, near Clarkdale. There was a 160 acre homestead at Black Mountain with a permit for 58 head; forest permits on Woodchutte Mountain and Mingus Mountain for 200 head; the range lay all around Jerome and down to the Verde River above Clarkdale. There were 38 sections of leased grazing land including leased mining claims. There was a small permit in Sycamore Basin for 27 head. Several springs and tanks supplied water for the cattle and there was good feed and brouse. We started out with a small herd of about 47 head. Later on, we borrowed money from Mrs. Mildred Fain to purchase more cows and calves. During those depression years it was hard to borrow money anywhere. Mrs.

Fain, who owned the 44 Brand and cattle around Camp Verde, loaned money to many cattlemen. We owe much to her for keeping the cattle industry going around here. Mrs. Fain was the mother of Norman Fain, well known to cattlemen and ranchers throughout the State. Norman was State Senator many years.

Our ranch was called the "Laurel Leaf" Ranch and our brand was a Laurel Leaf , a beautiful brand. We were very proud of it. We worked hard building up a good quality herd, purchasing the best bulls and cows we could find, and gradually culling the herd until we had a good herd. My partner worked for Yavapai County in road maintenance in the valley while I managed the cows and together we did real well. During the round-ups, branding, gathering and shipping, we would hire help from Jerome and around the valley. There were Melvin and Clifford Sleep, from Jerome, Gerald Foster and Don Godard from Cottonwood to name a few. About 1938 we bought an old homestead on Middle Verde. There was 30 acres of farming land under the ditch, to raise hay and corn, also some pasture land, a house and barn. In 1940 we sold the Black Mountain Range to Vaudrey Dickenson who had a meat market in Clarkdale. In my spare time I worked in the meat market for Vaudrey where I learned the meat-cutting trade.

In 1942 my partner wanted out of the cattle business so I bought out his share. During World War II, I took care of the cattle and was also a deputy sheriff at Clarkdale. After the war ended I became contact-man for Motion Picture Companies when they came to Sedona and Northern Arizona to film westerns. I supplied horses, cattle, teams, pack animals and pack saddles, and what I didn't have I contracted from others throughout the valley. The Teamster's Union, of which I was a member for 29 years, handled all drivers and handlers of horses, such as wranglers, truck drivers and chauffeurs.

The first picture I worked for was "Stations West" filmed at Sedona, with Dick Powell. Probably the best of the westerns I worked on was "Broken Arrow". It was a re-enactment of a part of Arizona history, the Indian war with Cochise in southern Arizona. Jeff Chandler played "Cochise", Jimmy Stewart was "Jeffards" and Debra Padget was the "Indian girl". There were many other pictures. To name a few, are "Drumbeat", with Alan Ladd, "Last Wagon" with Richard Widmark, "Yellowstone Kelly" with Clint Walker and the "Searchers", with John Wayne, "Pony Soldier", with Tyrone Power, and others, too many to mention.

I also guided tours and furnished horses and pack outfits into the Sycamore Wilderness Area. My father, Ben Taylor and his brother John Taylor, in about 1885, wintered their horses and cattle in Sycamore Basin. They stored their camp gear in a beautiful cave. In later years my father and mother camped there for a time after their marriage in 1893. The present Taylor Cabin was named for them. It was built in 1932, by the Perkins Cattle Company, the DK Cattle Company and Goodwin and Shea. +D

In the spring of 1957, I was appointed to the Arizona State Parks Board by Governor MacFarland, to serve for 5 years. I was one of two cattle men on the Board. Virgil Mercer was the other. The Arizona State Parks Board stipulated two cattlemen be appointed to the Board. There were seven charter members in all. Dennis McCarthy was appointed as Director. We were allowed the sum of \$30,000.00 to establish and set up the board, an office, a secretary, hold meetings and get started. The first park established was "Tubac" between Tucson and Nogales. The next was the "Yuma Territorial Prison", then the Tombstone Court House, the Papago Park area, which was sold later to the City of Phoenix with the stipulation that they would spend around \$250,000.00 in developing it for Parks and Recreation within the next three years. The next

park was "Lyman Lake" up in the White Mountains. In 1961, I was chairman of the Board.

I sold my cow outfit in 1957 to Mr. and Mrs. Ken Chilton. Not wanting completely away from livestock, I retained a few horses and cows, plus a leased mining claim or two, and my saddles, pack saddles and pack mules.

After leaving the ranch in 1957, I built a Mobile-home Park at Bridgeport, Arizona, expanding it to a grocery store, meat market and small tavern by the Verde River.

For some time I was livestock inspector for the area.

After selling out the grocery and meat business, as well as the bar business, I retired to a home in Bridgport, Arizona, where I now live. Although I have no cattle or horses now, I keep a few head of sheep and raise nice lambs for the 4H and Future Farmer Kids. I still love cattle and horses and square dancing for pleasure. Right now I have some acreage over on Tonto Creek and speculate a little in real estate. Also I have 30 acres north of Kingman.

Occasionally I have a chance to ride horses with a friend, around these old hills and the Valley.

On October 26, 1946, we were blessed with a son, Kenneth Zane Taylor. He was my right hand cowboy, helping me brand cattle, and went with me on cattle drives. Kenneth was eleven years old when I sold the cattle business in 1957.

On October 2, 1990, my wife Margaret passed away.

Ricardo (Dick) Jimenez

Sonoita, Arizona

Dick, as he is known to all his friends and family, was born in Harshaw, Arizona on June 23, 1913. His parents were Antonio and Eugenia Jiminez, his dad was a miner who worked the mines in Harshaw. Dick has two brothers and one sister.

Dick left home in 1929 and went to work for Buster Sorrells at the 61 Ranch. He then returned to the Harshaw area and went to work at the Sorrells Ranch. Dick then went to work for Clyde McPhearson at the San Rafael Ranch (now known as the Vaca Ranch).

In 1932 he went to work for the Three CCC's (Rail X Ranch) for Henry Boice. He then moved to the Empire Ranch where he worked for Frank Boice from 1933 to 1945. In 1945 he went to work for the Crown C Ranch owned by Blake and Jane Carrington. After several years he became the foreman and continued to work for them until 1979. When the Crown C Ranch transferred over to Ben and Sidney Franklin, Dick worked for them until 1984.

Dick married Eva Ferra in November 1937. He and Eva had one daughter, Mercy. Dick and Eva have enjoyed their one grandson and now have two great grandchildren.

Dick joined the Santa Cruz County Fair Association in 1950. He volunteered many hours in preparing the fairgrounds for the 4-H Fair and the horse racing. Dick took much pride in providing the truck and horse trailer that was used as the horse ambulance during the horse racing days.

His stories are unending of the times he spent on open range cattle round-ups and how the branding and shipping of cattle has changed. He has vivid memories of the cattle drives to Sonoita in order to ship the steers and

heifers by train.

Dick always took pride in working with the 4-H Club members and assisting at the 4-H Fairs.

Being he knew the mountain terrain of the Santa Rita Mountains he was called to help when there were forest fires. He would take supplies by pack horse to the fire line and assisted in getting the fire fighters to and from camp.

In September of 1981, he survived a very unusual and devastating accident when struck by lightening. As luck would have it, the accident occurred near the ranch and he was administered CPR by one of the cowboys.

Dick also took an active role in starting the Sonoita Roping Club. The events he participated in were calf roping, steer roping and ribbon tying. He also participated in the rodeos at Webb, Arizona, Nogales, River and Patagonia (Circle Z Ranch). Dick also won the pole and barrel racing events at the Sonoita Horse Shows.

Dick and Eva enjoy their family and just keeping busy at their home in Sonoita. Dick enjoys welding and gardening and everyone benefits from the vegetables he grows.

Hilda (Bruce) Sullivan

Rimrock, Arizona

In the late 1800's – the Sullivan family left Texas and came to New Mexico. There they met the William Bruce family and they all decided to come to Arizona.

I don't know how long the two families took to get here, but they arrived in 1898 to the Verde Valley.

Earl Bruce, father of Hilda, the author of this history, was eleven years old and had ridden a burro all the way. The families each established a ranch in the Camp Verde area.

Earl met his wife Naomi Dircks, as a nurse that was taking care of one of Earls sisters. Naomi had come here from Missouri in 1910.

I was born June 29, 1914, on the opposite side of Beaver Creek from the Montezuma Castle, then in 1915 my parents, Earl and Naomi Bruce went to Kite Park, about two and a half miles east of Stoneman Lake, where they homesteaded what is now the Kay bar T (K-T) ranch.

This was a full working ranch, with cattle and farming until 1969, now it is a housing development!

Earl and Naomi raised four children – Hilda, June 29, 1914 – Sarah, May 16, 1918 – Lyman, Feb. 28, 1921 – Franklin, May 13, 1923. Franklin passed away in 1983.

My first year of school was of course a country school, some seven miles northeast of our home. In those days there were several families living on little farms in the mountains so we had summer school and rode horseback across country to get there.

We were the only family that spent the winters on the mountain. The rest

moved to the Verde Valley for the winter. After two years of summer school, we began having school at Stoneman Lake, first on the west side in a lodge, Mr. & Mrs. P.J. Moren, a couple from Michigan had built. This was about 1924. They had obtained a government lease and built several one room cabins, that people rented for the summer.

Coconino County rented one of these cabins for a school house.

Our first teacher there was Ella Hoffman, from Flagstaff. After about five years, the school was moved to the Durham ranch, down in and on the east side of Stoneman Lake.

When our parents began their life as ranchers and farmers, an older couple, Mr. & Mrs. Dom Drum, lived on a ranch & farm in Stoneman Lake, they had a nice place right near the water. They all became good friends and played a great part in Bruce's being successful. These folks were grandpa and grandma to us! Grandpa passed away in 1921 and Mrs. Drums daughter and husband, Mr. & Mrs. Walter Durham came and took over the ranch and care of grandma Drum. Two of grandam Drums grand children, sons of the Walter Durhams, were on the Arizona when it went down in Pearl Harbor.

I spent most of the school term of 1931 & 32 attending High School in Globe, about six weeks before school was to be out, my Dad became very ill and I had to return home to help get the summer crop in and to take Dad's place on the Spring rodear (roundup).

I stayed at the ranch house at Apache Maid with the T bar S formen and his wife, Rose and Jim Ralston, I was one of the 'Cowboys'. Jim and I would get up about 4 A.M. go to the chuck wagon for breakfast, then set out for the days work. We seldom were close enough to have a noon meal, usually about 5 p.m. or 6, when we had supper!

I married Joseph L. Sullivan, Jan. 21, 1933. Remember this was the

'Depression' era, so work was very scarce. You picked up what ever you could! Joe and I have a son, Joseph Lee Sullivan, born Dec. 24, 1933 at Clemenceau.

In May of 1935 we went to work for C.D. Bell, he had what is now the, Bar D, ranch from there we went to work as lookout for the Forest Service and got by very well by doing odd jobs during the winter months.

In 1945 we went to work for Charlie Ward at Rancho Roca Roja, we spent two and half years there. We next worked at the Watters Ranch (now the Beaver Creek Golf Country Club). We were there four years. Then Joe went to work for the logging company at Happy Jack, it was the Saginaw Manistee, later Southwest Forest Ind.

I spent the summer on the Mormon Lake Lookout, then in the fall, I went to work for Frank Davies, foreman for the K-T Ranch.

In the winter we were the care takers at the Happy Jack Logging Camp, then we had a cabin there for the summer of 1953, then I worked for Henry Ryberg in the cook shack. Henry cooked breakfast, then I went in at 7 A.M. to bake the cakes and pies each day and to cook supper.

In September, Frank Davies decided to go to work for a larger ranch and he asked me if I would take over the K-T Ranch. After talking it over with Joe, I took the job the 23rd of Sept. 1953. The cattle had to be ready to ship October 15th. It took some hard riding to make it, but made it on time. I ran the ranch until it sold in 1962.

Joe continued working for the logging company and I moved to Phoenix to the John Jacobs Farms feed lot. Joe came for week-ends until the logging season ended, then he worked at the Farm too, until the logging started again in the spring. We moved to the K-T each spring by the middle of April so we could get the fences repaired for the cattle to come in by the first of June, since it was only a summer permit, we run only yearling steers. The ranch now

belonged to Mr. and Mrs. V.P. (Shuff) Shufflebarger.

Down through the years of working for the many different ranches I had done lots of cooking in these homes, so March of 1963 I decided I should learn to be a restaurant cook, so went to work at the Interchange Cafe, next to McGuireville. I worked there until November then went to the Lake Montezuma Golf Country Club. Now called Beaver Creek Golf Country Club. I became a very good cook. I always had very good luck at what ever I undertook to do. I am really very proud of being able to be so "able"! It was up to me to keep the home fires burning take care of all expenses and see that Joe had proper care, after his stroke and his very long illness, from the time of his stroke in 1972, he never spoke or moved again.

Between the Bell and Watters jobs I cooked for Stewart Hall at the Thunderbird Ranch during the fall and spring roundup. Fritz Taylor was foreman, his wife Cleo cooked part of the time. We always had a lot of fun.

From 1941 thru 1971, Joe or me or both of us helped with the shipping from this ranch. First the Bell Ranch, Thunderbird, then the Bar D.

While at the Jacobs Farm during the winter, I worked in the feed lot (a small one) we had 3500 head of cattle. I checked every head of cattle every morning to see about sick or ailing ones. I learned to pick them out very quickly, sort them out and take them to the "hospital" pen and doctor them. Finally a navajo fellow "Billie McKinley" came to work to check, spray, brand and whatever else needed to be done. There was always cattle on pasture, as many as 1500 head. We loaded our horses in the trailer and drove to the different pastures. If one needed doctoring, we just roped it and attended to it there. Billie headed and I heeled, we were a pretty good team!

Now believe it or not, I finally wound up writing the pay roll checks every Friday at the Farm Office at Black Canyon Highway and Peoria Ave. and

also doing the cash pay-roll job out in the vegetable fields every afternoon, all quite a challenge for a country kid.

While at the Jacobs Farms, I also took their calves through the Arizona National Livestock Show for 9 years. One year I fed and watered 32 head of cattle and groomed 12 of these. The show was always the first week of January, so I began getting them ready by Thanksgiving, they were a little spooky at first but soon became quite gentle.

We finally bought some property in Rimrock and built a home in 1964 (where I still live).

Joe left the logging Co., in 1967, after 16 years of heavy equipment and logging. We went back to Rancho Roco Roja, where we got into the horse showing business, lots of work but fun!

From there we put in a horse showing training set-up, and were doing good, but Joe had a severe stroke in July 1972 and I had to close out the horse business.

Joe never spoke or walked another step after his stroke, I kept him at home for 3 years, then I finally "wore out" and had to give in to putting him in a rest home or nursing home, there on one of his many stays in the Good Samaritan Hospital, I met a lady who worked in homes and found help for the 'Snow Birds'.

I went to work for a family from Missouri, who spent most of each year in Arizona because of health reasons. Mr. & Mrs. A.D. Bond lived in Mountain Shadows East, I was there 7 1/2 years.

After Joe's death, I returned home and worked at odd jobs and keeping my place up and then on Feb. 28, 1989, I was called by friends to come to Phoenix to take care of their mother, who was ill, I am still with her, Mrs. Phillip Tower.

I go home to Rimrock to keep my place in good shape, making the round trip once a week.

This was written in Sept. of 1990.

Mary Vanderwalker Osburn Waring
4/V Ranches
Flagstaff, Arizona

TEACHER MEETS COWBOY

I was born April 10, 1911 in Phoenix, Arizona to Jacob Theodore and Alice Wells Vanderwalker. Eldest of six children, five daughters and one son, youngest.

Father's family came from the Eureka-Marysville area of northern California, arriving in Tucson, Arizona January 1, 1881. Met by Grandfather's sister who had come to Arizona several years earlier and settled at Dos Cabezas, Arizona. Father was the fourth son of a family of six, born in Dos Cabezas, February 26, 1884. They were cattle and horse ranchers.

My mother, Alice Wells, came to Arizona as a baby sitter for an aunt who was ill in 1906. She was born July 5, 1891 at Crackers Neck, Kentucky, near Ashland. Her uncle, John Hudgins, had been in Arizona several years before. He settled in the Glendale, Arizona area. She grew up with the Hudgin children and also did baby-sitting for other members of the family.

In 1905, because of draught conditions, grandfather moved to the Laveen area. There were some Homestead Entries open. He applied for one.

Both families were in the sheep business. Father drove the commissary wagon with supplies to the herd. In early 1908, Mother was a housekeeper, baby sitter for a White family. Father delivered dressed lamb to different families in the area. One day Mother was left with the children when Father came to deliver a dressed lamb. A friendship, courtship, and finally marriage occurred in October 1909. Father went to work for Mr. Hudgins. He worked with him until late 1912 when he went to work for Conger-Campbell Sheep

Company. They sent him to a farm four miles west of Buckeye, Arizona. Here they raised alfalfa for hay and then in winter pastured the sheep.

Two sisters were born when living in Buckeye; Alice Mae, "Allie", January 21, 1913; Sarah Josephine, "Jo", September 4, 1914.

In late 1915, Father moved us back to Laveen to help Grandma. In early summer he bought a farm across the river, four miles west of Phoenix and 3/4 mile south of the Old Buckeye Road. Here we kids enjoyed the chickens, turkeys, pigs, Old Blue – the milk cow, and several head of horses. I went to Murphy School 1 3/4 miles east on Old Buckeye Road.

Here sister, Hazel Gertrude, was born August 7, 1916.

Father bought a big old Sampson Sivegrip tractor. He used it to cultivate the farm land. Alfalfa and grain for a dairy herd. He also did custom plowing for other farmers in the area. The cotton era came. Many went to cotton. First year or two fine but then "Bust."

Baby sister, Katherine Fanny, was born October 3, 1918. Only lived a short time, flu and pneumonia took her on October 21, 1918. The flu epidemic was rampant! No funerals were allowed so graveside services were held and she was laid to rest in family plot at Double Butte Cemetery.

To make ends meet Father opened a home butcher shop. He had chicken, beef, pork and some turkeys. He dressed the meat, cut it, and then delivered it to families in Phoenix. Had to wear masks over nose and mouth. We finally all had the flu, some worse than others. Father's brother, Uncle John, and Grandma came to help out.

Things began to pick up so Father was ready to sell the farm. World War I started and he was drafted. Three days before he was to leave, the Armistice was signed. I can remember all the bells, telephones ringing, whistles, and all kinds of expressions of elation that the war was over.

Late 1919, he sold the farm and moved the family to Tempe. May 31, 1920 sister, Virginia Ruth, was born.

August 1920 we started for California to help Father's oldest brother, George, to build storage tanks of Redwood on Signal Hill near Los Angeles.

We camped in Parker several days to wait for the Colorado River to go down so the ferry could cross to California. Our next stop I remember was in Amboy, California. We stopped for gasoline and water. The service station owner asked Father if he was looking for a job. Father said he never turned down an opportunity to provide for his family.

Mr. Bender put us in one of his cabins. The next day, he took Father seven miles south to a salt mine. Father was hired to run the huge shovel that picked up the chunks of rock salt, loaded into small cars and run by the railroad to Amboy and put in larger cars on the Santa Fe and shipped west to the mill.

We went out to the mine for awhile. When school started, we went on into town. Father rented a house. We were here a year. A strike caused the mines to close. One of the owners had interests in two mines: a silver mine in mountains south of Amboy, a gold mine to the north. Father was hired as caretaker for both mines. We were moved seven miles west to Bagdad, California. We were here two years. Here in Bagdad the sixth child was born, George Henry, November 3, 1922.

In early 1923, everything closed at the mine. No job. So Father sold the old trusty Ford and we went by train to Los Angeles.

Father helped Uncle George finish up the contract on Redwood storage tanks. Then Father moved us out to a 10A chicken farm near Inglewood, California. This was an exciting venture. Laying hens, eggs gathered each day, candled, some packed for sale, others kept, and every three weeks a new crop of baby chicks were incubated. They were raised to broiler size and sold.

On February 26, 1924, Father's fortieth birthday, he had a stroke! Never was very well. On July 29, 1924, he had the second stroke which took him. We kids were devastated! Grandma and Mother decided they could give us a better education if we moved back to Tempe and lived with Grandma. After the funeral, we all came by train home to Tempe. Father was laid to rest August 7, 1924 in the family plot at Double Butte Cemetery.

Life was very different. We had a few friends and family left. We settled in. Enrolled in school. I was in the seventh grade at Tempe Training school.

Mother had major surgery in 1926. I assumed more responsibilities and with Grandma's help grew up quickly. In 1927, Mother decided she would go to work. She was hired to supervise students at the college in cleaning dormitories in summer. Then during school time, she supervised students in cleaning classrooms and offices. This gave students opportunities to work their way through college. This she held until her health began to fail in 1938.

In May 1928, I finished my junior high school, third in the class; and in September 1928, I went over to Tempe High School. It was a busy time. I graduated in May 1930.

August 4, 1930 I married Archie Osburn. This ended my desire for nurses training! Married girls were not accepted in nurses training.

We moved to a small cabin in a complex. He worked for Borden Creamery out east of town. The first thing I did was reconstruct and rewrite all recipes using eggs. He was very allergic to all parts of the egg! This was a real challenge.

There was a delightful neighbor couple living next to us. She was here for her health. They came from Illinois. He was a retired minister. Did a few odd carpenter jobs. So one day, I approached him with a house plan. We discussed it, he made several suggestions and figured out costs. Archie had two

city lots, five blocks south of our cabin. After some time, we decided we could build half the house: two rooms, sleeping porch, and bathroom.

With helping build the house and all the duties of a housewife, I had much time on my hands. So in the fall of 1931, I enrolled in Tempe Teachers College to pursue my second love, a teaching career. I enjoyed it very much and time seemed to sail by. Graduated in May 1935 with an A.B. degree in teaching – grades one through twelve. During this time, "The Demon", jealousy, began to show on my partner's part. I tried to cope and make the best of the situation.

The fall of 1935, I was hired by Jeff Martin for the one room school at Bumble Bee, Arizona. I had twelve children: three 1st graders, two 2nd graders, two 5th graders, one 6th grader, two 7th graders, and two 8th graders.

I lived with the George Sessions Family three miles north of town. Most of the time I rode to school with George, though I did walk a few times. This was a wonderful experience and I loved every minute of the nine months. About every other weekend, I rode the stage home then my husband took me back on Sunday.

During the first half of the term, I decided I did not have the patience I needed with the small children, even though I loved them dearly. I decided to go back to college and get my degree in Home Economics and maybe teach in high school somewhere.

After the term ended in May 1932, I went home, canned fruit, made jelly, pieced quilts and quilted some; did a lot of sewing getting ready to go back to college.

In August 1932, the Yavapai County School Superintendent, Carl Hickerson, asked me to come to Yarber School, eight miles east of Dewey, Arizona. I said, "no" for sometime, then finally gave in. We purchased a little Model A Ford Coupe – second handed for \$400 – and I drove up the Old Black

Canyon Road to Dewey. Here I met Sam Resley and his wife, Ida. They had a garage and Shell service station at the crossroads. He was clerk of the school board. They took me out to the school house, helped me get unloaded and settled in the teacherage which was two rooms on the back of the school house. I had two more days to "settle in."

The two families were Austrian, the Zunicks and the Starnicks, that came to work in the mines at Jerome. The West Family were old time cattle ranchers further down Ash Creek.

I had as many as fourteen children during the school year. No 1st, 2nd, or 6th grades. Most of the children were in 7th and 8th grade. This was an interesting, exciting association. I was invited into their homes for meals, loaded down with fruit and vegetables from their orchards and gardens, milk, butter, and cheese. Each day would come with a special "goodie." Butchering time came and I was invited to come if I cared to. I did! Hams and bacon cured, lard rendered, sausage made. One of the pork products was headcheese - just like Grandma made! All brought back memories of growing up on the farms and at Grandma's in Laveen.

Time passed quickly. Each Wednesday after school, I would drive into Dewey to pick up the mail. Mrs. Stanton at the post office taught me to knit! Still my favorite pastime. Grandma tried but "that was old-fashioned" then. Picked up any thing I needed at the store, visited with the Resley's. Soon found out Mrs. Resley was a Lafferty girl, born and raised in Buckeye, in fact, on a farm joining my parents' farm. She went with me to visit my mother. What a small world.

Thanksgiving time arrived. We had a program early in the afternoon then I drive home to Tempe. Came back on the following Sunday.

We began to have winter. Snow flurries appeared! I had never lived in

snow much less drive in it. I learned! Christmas time came, time for vacation. They had a Christmas program, then potluck dinner that evening and danced until midnight. Next morning, I packed up and headed for home for two weeks vacation. It began to snow before I left but I made it fine. Dropping down to Bumble Bee it was light rain, and the rest of the way to Phoenix and home.

January 4, 1937, Mr. Resley called and said not to try to come up. The mail was being carried to Cherry Creek east of us by horseback. It was very difficult to keep the road open into Prescott! Finally Mr. Resley called and said come up by stage, not to drive. He would see that I got out to school.

I went up by stage the next morning. He took me out to school and got fires started and said he would be back at 4:00 p.m. I repeated this four days and nights of the 4th and 5th. It snowed continuously so we did not get out. Mr. Resley sent me home by stage that night. I was home for eight school days when he called and said come back by stage. I did and stayed a night with the Resleys. Easter break I went home and then drove back. I stayed the rest of the school year going back and forth until the last week of school. It was a beautiful spring. We had our closing school graduation, a potluck dinner, and dance. I spent three days then closed the Yarber School for good. Took all the records into Prescott. Came back and spent the night then drove to Phoenix and home to Tempe.

I had two months to get organized and enroll at A.T.C. for another year of work. I had fully decided to go back to school.

The year went quickly. At the end of school in 1938, I still needed two courses to fulfill requirements. A cousin and girlfriend and I went to Flagstaff to A.T.C. For three weeks, we lived in cabins on campus but ate, slept, and lived black cinders! The friend finally found us a place at Mother Jarretts in town. Nettie had worked for her several summers. We pitched in and helped

her. She kept mostly men boarders. On Sundays, she would pack a lunch, then in her trusty old Oldsmobile she would take us to interesting places around Flagstaff. I went home once, a few days between the summer sessions.

Two weeks before the end of the second session, my family called to say Mother had collapsed. Doctor diagnosed as terminal cancer. I was devastated! They assured me all was being done that could be done and insisted I finish the summer work in Flagstaff.

On arrival home, mother was ready to come back from the hospital. I moved her and my youngest sister and brother into our home. I could not afford to maintain two places. He walked out.

I took care of Mother, turned down several teaching jobs but Fredonia persisted! Mother admonished me for saying "no" to them. I finally accepted the offer in Fredonia.

Last week in August, I bussed to Prescott where I attended the State Home Economics Convention. On last Friday, went on into Flagstaff, next morning to Fredonia and arrived around 11:30 am. Checked the home of the two families that had written me and was offered room and board in their homes. Also, checked out Traveler's Inn which became my home for sixteen years.

Time rolled on, exciting and many challenges. Middle of September 1938, J.D. "Slim" Waring came in from his ranch to get ready for the deer hunt. He owned one camp and half interest in another. At dinner that evening, all living at the Inn were fed family style. He was placed on my right. Teacher meets Cowboy. Several cowboys lived at the Inn when in town.

We visited when he was here, but I was still very bitter so kept my distance. Several times, several of us would go out for dinner and sometimes dance on weekends after the hunters came into camp to hunt.

Thanksgiving time came and after the program at school, all went different ways. One of the teacher's wife's parents lived in Mesa, Arizona. They took me to Tempe. Then picked me up on our return. There was lots of snow in Flagstaff and on Kaibab. We went around through Wickenburg up #93 to Kingman and Boulder City, Nevada. We stayed all night there with my sister Jo and her family. Sunday morning we left early. In St. George, we found ice and snow on the ridges. The highway through Zion Tunnel and on to Kanab was open. We arrived in Fredonia in late afternoon.

More snow came, deer camps closed, drawing near Christmas vacation. Slim and a couple of friends joined two car loads of teachers. We stopped in Flagstaff for chili and hot coffee. On to Prescott, a new storm developed, so at 2:00 am we teachers stopped at Hotel St. Michaels for the rest of the night. Next morning, we went on into Phoenix, Tempe, and Mesa.

January 4, 1939 we left to return to Fredonia. The road was closed part of the time over Kaibab so again went Wickenburg, Highway #93, Kingman, Boulder City, St. George, Kanab and Fredonia. Everything was white.

Slim came back in late February and recovered from some surgery. He needed more rest. Then in late March, he went to St. George and his ranch.

Mother took a turn for the worse and passed away April 10, 1939, Easter Sunday, my birthday. I did not get the message until the next day. I missed the bus, so two wives of CC officers living at the Inn took me to Flagstaff. From there I took the train to Phoenix.

A beautiful, fitting funeral and Mother was laid to rest beside Father in Double Butte Cemetery. I saw to it that Sister and Brother had places to stay as they both wanted to finish the term at Tempe High School. Sister to graduate and Brother finish his junior year. I applied or filed for my divorce, then bussed back to Fredonia. Time and activity helped me to cope.

Before I left to go south after school was finished, Slim invited me out to the ranch. He had a couple, Tom and Anne Wakeling, working for him at the ranch so I went out for a week. That did it! So tranquil, quiet, and peaceful, I did not want to leave but had things that must be done.

Tom rented me his little car and I took Anne and we went to Phoenix. I accomplished all my goals. Went to Sister's graduation. Brother had a job and wanted to remain in Tempe for the summer. Virginia entered beauty school.

Anne and I came back to Fredonia. She lived in Kanab. After a few days there, I resigned my summer job at Grand Canyon. We went to the ranch.

In a few days, Slim and I went north and were married. Telephone calls back to St. George were discouraging, so we returned after our trip to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks.

My brother came up and we went to the ranch. The next day, the skies opened up and it poured rain! We spent the rest of the time at the ranch.

Last week in August, Slim took my brother and I to Fredonia. My brother went to Phoenix to visit our sisters living there. I went to Prescott to the Home Economics Convention. We both came back to Fredonia, me to teach and he to finish his senior year.

Tom helped me a lot with camp cooking. I rode and helped gather cattle, brand the young ones, vaccinate, ear mark and carried the hot irons to those branding. A new life and many new experiences.

In those days, the buyers came to the ranch, bought cattle by the head, delivered to railroad in Cedar City, Utah, or to pasture in Imperial Valley of California. Cattle were trailed into St. George then trucked to destination.

We had no electricity, no propane gas – coal oil lamps, wood stoves to cook on, heat in winter. Water came from a dirt reservoir a few feet away.

I saddled my own horse and rode every day. One day a week I stayed in

camp. Washed a few clothes, towels, baked bread. Tom taught me to make sourdough. It was a hard life at times, but a good nights rest and I was ready to go the next day. I always said Slim married me to open the gates! We had fourteen between our ranch and town! Some easy, some very difficult. One difficult one I remember was tied with a big rope. It had rained and the knot had dried. I tugged and pulled, finally Slim got out and came to me, picked up a small smooth rock, took the knot, rubbed it hard all the way around, dropped the rock and pulled the knot apart! So many little simple things I learned.

The Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1936. Permits were adjudicated according to water owned or controlled in Arizona. All were finally fenced separately.

In the spring of 1947, Slim came from the ranch and asked me not to sign a contract! I said, "Oh, why, I have a contract." He said, "Well, I need a cook and cowboy!"

I was out for one year. Then I was asked to come back for 1948-1949 school year so three of the girls could have their third year home economics. They needed it to enter nurses training. It was great but I too was anxious to get back to ranch life.

World War II came, took many of the younger men – some did not come home from the conflict. Some found more lucrative jobs. We had fence lines to build and water lines to install to distribute the water better over the range.

Planning took time, sometimes ideas did not work and others had to be found.

We had five year contracts with fellows, usually with young families. This worked very well for all. In 1954, Slim sent word to LeMoyne "Buster" Esplin by a mutual friend that he would like to see Buster.

I shall always remember their arrival at the ranch, Buster, his wife, Lola

Swapp and four year old son Terry, on July 4, 1954. They talked, spent the night and went away the next day with a contract. They moved to the Wild Cat Ranch in a very short time.

We all worked together and accomplished much. Two other children, Muriel and Shawn, were born to them. They are my grandchildren.

Buster was a great asset to our ranch and all the activity on it, for which we appreciated so much. More and more responsibility was given to Buster as Slim's health began to fail.

In 1960, we moved headquarters to Wild Cat Ranch. Started the cement block house. Still, no electricity but we did have running water, pumped from a well to a storage tank on the hill in back of the house. Up until now we had cabins: one for kitchen, one for our bedroom and three for the help to use. We do have propane refrigerator, small propane stove – apartment size, but in winter we used the wood stove. In 1964, we added a bath and two more bedrooms. The help still used the cabins.

In 1967, Slim and I bought a home in Flagstaff. Doctors felt Slim was doing too many things he wanted to do but were not good for him. Slim left much of the planning and execution of plans to me. I had his counsel and advice, so with Buster's good help things worked out well for us.

We made several trips a year to the ranch. We made Buster manager of Waring 4/V Ranches.

In 1969, with good help of Robert Carlock with Page Land and Cattle Company, Slim sold the Homestead Ranch to the Park Service, with a Grandfather Grazing Right for as long as our life times. The ranch was bounded on three sides by the Grand Canyon. The grazing is administered by the B.L.M. Strip District #1.

All during the 1970's, we enjoyed long stays at the ranch, especially in

spring, summer and fall.

We purchased an Airstream Trailer and spent part of the winter in Mexico. In the fall, we went to British Columbia and made two trips to Alaska for hunting and fishing. Always anxious to get back to the ranch, however.

From 1978 on, I did all the driving. We purchased a Chevrolet Suburban which made it much easier to shift than the stick shifts of the pick-ups.

The fall of 1980, we started for Mexico, stopped at an RV Park at Lukeville, Arizona because of a hard rain. It was beautiful the next day, so we unhooked the trailer and drove down to Rocky Point. Enjoyed visiting with friends, visiting the waterfront, and seeing the shrimp boats coming in, unloading, icing up and sailing away into the sunset.

On our way back to the trailer, it started to rain again. It rained off and on all night and next day. Slim expressed a desire to go home. So I hooked up the trailer and we went back to Phoenix. Stopped in a KOA camp because of road conditions and snowstorm in Flagstaff. We spent four days there. I found a permanent place in the Royal Palms RV Park at Dunlap and 19th Ave. We parked the trailer, and it was never moved until I sold it in 1983.

In May 1981, we made a trip to the ranch. We had a wonderful time. Page Land and Cattle were helping to check water titles for the ranch. Myron H. "Boo" Allen had retired from B.L.M. Service and was working with Page. He and Slim had worked with the Forest Service on the North Kaibab in the 1930's. He was a great help to us. He would bring papers to look over and sign from the office in Phoenix to Flagstaff.

In the early fall of 1981, we made a trip to the ranch. Buster took him, all over by car. One day, we went to the Homestead Ranch and to the head of Green Canyon. I had packed a lunch, so we ate it and watched cattle come into the water troughs to drink across the canyon.

Early April, we left the trailer and went back to Flagstaff. Slim was failing. In late June we had him in the hospital, brought him home with help around the clock. He passed away quietly July 20, 1982 just short of his 90th birthday.

A beautiful memorial service was held in the LDS chapel in St. George. Then a Texas friend in his airplane and Buster scattered his ashes over his beloved ranch.

With Buster's faithful help, I am coping very well. Sometimes I wonder if he isn't there telling us all what to do.

I keep busy, make periodic trips to the ranch. I belong to the local Northern Arizona Cowbelles. I was State Secretary for State Cowbelles in 1989-1990.

Since moving to Flagstaff in 1967, I've been interested in Arizona Retired Teachers. I belong to the local Coconino unit of Retired Teachers. I am President-Elect of Arizona State Retired Teachers. I will be installed in April 1991 as president with a two year term.

My first love will always be the ranch. I thank the Good Lord each day for my good health and for Buster and his family with their love and devotion.

Wheels are in motion as to what comes of the ranch. Another chapter to be written later.

So long for now. More to come from me.

Robert H. Carlock

Phoenix, Arizona

Robert H. Carlock, always called Bob, was born in Globe, Arizona, on July 21, 1915. His parents, Frank H. and Judith Carlock, were not ranching people and Bob was born not only without a silver spoon in his mouth but also without an easy path to becoming a cowboy. But that was what he wanted to be and he made it the hard way. They lived on the edge of town and by the time Bob was three, he was watching for the Cross S and 5L cowboys when they came riding into town to see the bright lights. They could tell he was a coming cowboy and always hollered "Hello, Button". By the time he was five, Bob was running the range cattle away that ventured up to the house to graze on the domestic plants hard-won in the Globe soil. Then there came the burro riding, the borrowed horses, and the cultivation of cowboys in front of The Lodge, and by the time he was thirteen, he was riding colts for good old Frank Sheppard, his first close cowboy mentor. When he was fifteen, he had a paying job with Glen Walliman catching big cattle out on the range and doctoring them for screw-worms.

The next year, he worked for Mark Hicks, another of his beloved mentors, who was important especially because he implanted in Bob the first inkling that he should aim for more in the cattle business than catching wild cattle. And then he Bob worked at the Q ranch under R.M. Grantham, another old cowboy who helped to broaden his horizons.

In 1934, Bob continued the development process by going to Fort Apache and getting what was, for him, the ideal job: butchering for the Indian Service to supply the Indian boarding school and hospital and the local trading posts with beef. The beauty of this job from his point of view was that he

gathered the cattle he butchered, most of them big old steers that had slipped away from drives to shipping points, and they were wild and real cowboy-makers.

It was during this period that, at the age of 20, Bob married Myra Hancock, a Wheatfields girl whom he had met when he worked at Hicks's. Bob now had greater responsibilities... which meant even more motivation to spur his ambition, which was by nature always high anyway.

The butchering job led naturally into one as Stockman for Indian cattle. His neighboring Stockman was Pete Cobb, the great old Cherrycow range boss. They became very close, and as always, Bob learned a lot from this fine mentor.

During this period when he was gathering Indian cattle, Bob had come to the attention of (and had impressed) John Moore, another old Cherrycow hand, who had a leased allotment on the Reservation. When, in 1937, John Moore got the job of gathering out the wild R-14 cattle in the rough Salt River country below the forks, he invited Bob to be one of his small and select crew of top hands. This was the sincerest form of accolade because the others were Lyn Mayes, Catclaw Howard, Delbert Maness, and Arnold Johnson.

But by this time Bob had his eye on higher things: he had observed some of the people involved with cattle who had raised their sights and he could see that the future was there. So he turned down the John Moore offer and got a job with Phil Tovrea, one of those he had observed and admired. This was a good move, because he was dealing with the cattle business beyond gathering them... the kind of experience he knew he needed to do what he wanted to do in the future. During this period, his daughter, Carol was born, which as usual, spurred his already natural urge to get ahead.

But World War II came along and required further changes. Bob, as always, wanted to be at the center of things, so he enlisted in the Army and

went through officer candidate school, becoming a Rifle Company Platoon leader in the famous 101st Airborne Division. He took part in the invasion of the continent, won the Silver Star for valor, was promoted to First Lieutenant, was wounded at Bastogne in the Battle of the Bulge, and, in late 1945, was returned to a convalescent hospital in the United States.

When he was mustered out as a Captain in 1946, Bob went back to Tovrea's, where he continued to be involved in the cattle and packing plant business... and met entrepreneurs such as Kemper Marley and Ray Cowden who further inspired him to aim for the top level. This led him in 1953 to establish his own packing plant, the Crescent Meat Company, an enterprise that kept him occupied... and taught him a lot about the cattle business... until 1956, when he joined the Page Land & Cattle Company. Their business involved the buying, management, selling and trading of ranches and other large land holdings. In 1975 Bob became the sole owner of Page. During his long career with it, Page owned and operated a number of famous old Arizona ranches, among them the Box Bar, the P Bar, and the X2 on the lower Verde, the Goldfield on Salt River, and the PS in the White Mountains. Also during this period Bob and his brother bought a small ranch near Vernon. During all the years that he ran big ranches, Bob always thought of the beautiful Vernon place as the ranch, his home place, the only one he wanted to keep... and it's the only one he has kept.

In 1962 Bob joined the Aztec Land and Cattle Company as a director and became its manager in 1969. In 1971 he was made president of the company. This was soon fully occupying him, so in 1980 he sold Page Land & Cattle Company to Steve Brophy.

Bob still continues as president of Aztec, even though he is beset by the gravest health problems. He and Myra live in Phoenix and he has his office in

the Lehi section of Mesa. He tries to get to his office every day, and he continues to manage Aztec's business, while he is passing along to his able assistant, Steve Brophy, some of what others have taught him. His most important interest presently is his work on the story of Aztec, which he has so painstakingly researched. Finishing the book is the project he is throwing himself into now, just as he has thrown himself into every other project during his life.

David Kenneth Wingfield

Payson, Arizona

My grandfather, James Henry Wingfield, was the son of Edward W. Wingfield and Frances Elizabeth Gilmore. Edward was born in Albermarle County, Virginia in 1807. When my grandfather was born the 3rd of March, 1848, the family was living in Lewis County, West Virginia.

In 1866 the Edward and Frances Wingfield family of four sons and three daughters moved to Washington County, Arkansas. While Henry was attending school in Fort Smith, Arkansas, he met Sarah Melvina England who attended the same school. They were married the 10th of February, 1870 in Norwood Prairie, Benton County, Arkansas.

Henry and an older brother, Thomas, who had married Matilda Spradling, rented the "Ingram" place on Norwood Prairie and stayed there when William Gilmore Wingfield, my grandfather's brother, left for Oregon in May, 1869 with his family and the father, Edward. Enoch Loper and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, went with them. She was the oldest sister of Henry and William G. Wingfield. Frances Thomas, (Tobe), the youngest brother, also started with the group but left them, planning to go to California. He stopped in Nevada on the way.

Henry and Thomas farmed on the "Ingram" place, and Henry also bought and sold horses until 1872.

In 1872 Henry, Sarah, and their first son, Clinton DeWitt Wingfield, left for Oregon. Thomas and his wife did not go until later in the 1870's.

They crossed the plains into Oregon in covered wagons drawn by oxen and joined the William G. family living at Goose Lake, Lake County, Oregon. Lake County is just north of the Oregon-California border and Goose Lake

extends from Oregon into California. The land was suitable for farming and good cattle country during the grazing season.

Matilda Louise, the first daughter of Henry and Sarah was born at Goose Lake in 1874.

The Modoc Indians were a small tribe who once lived in northern California and southern Oregon. They caused trouble with the first white settlers in the area and were consequently subdued and put on reservations in Oregon and Oklahoma. The Modoc War between the settlers and tribe lasted just one year, 1872-1873. During this time a group of Modocs escaped from the reservation and tried to return to their old hunting grounds, but were forced to surrender and return to their reservation. Henry Wingfield served in the Oregon Militia of Volunteers during the Modoc Wars. At the time of his death there was a pension for this type of service.

Even though William G. and Henry found the grazing season good for their cattle and horses, the cold, damp winters with extreme changes in weather were disappointing. The cattle suffered during the snow storms and some died. It was not a suitable climate for their father, Edward, who had chronic arthritis. They heard favorable stories about Arizona and decided to move again.

In the spring of 1875 the two families of William G., Henry, their father Edward, along with Francis (Tobe) Wingfield and Bob Pleasant, a brother of William G. Wingfield's wife, left Goose Lake for Oregon in covered wagons drawn by horses. They drive about two hundred head of cattle. They came down the Virgin River, crossing the Colorado River at Stone's Ferry and arrived at Fort Hualapai, an abandoned fort on Walnut Creek in Yavapai Territory October, 1875.

Tobe and Bob Pleasant had stopped with the cattle in Nevada for the winter. Tobe had spent some time in Nevada before he joined William G. and

Henry in Oregon.

In the spring of 1876 the two families were in Arizona at Upper Verde in the Verde Valley. The Henry Wingfields' settled across the Verde River from what is now the Cottonwood Cemetery and the William G. Wingfields located on the opposite side of the river.

Henry and William G. went back to Nevada to help Tobe and Bob Pleasant bring the cattle down by Lee's Ferry to the area in Upper Verde where they had settled. This location must have appeared to be the Utopia they had envisioned. The land was fertile, the grass was good, and there was water in the river and creeks and the weather was mild. The military fort at Camp Verde provided the necessary market for their livestock.

On the 9th of April, 1876, Henry and Sarah had another son, William Francis.

By this time some of the children were old enough to attend school so the two brothers and the Strahans built the first school house in the area. It was a one room adobe on the northwest corner of the present Cottonwood Cemetery, the first school house in the area. Mrs. Rhuebottom, the teacher, lived in one end and taught school in the other. The second teacher was L.M. Olden, and the third teacher was John Hicks.

In 1879 my grandfather, James Henry Wingfield, moved his family to the John Hurst place below Page Springs on Oak Creek. Matilda and Clint were left to attend school.

Frederick was born to Henry and Sarah at Beaver Creek the 24th of December, 1879.

In 1880 Henry moved his family to Fir Spring near Mahan Butte and returned to Oak Creek in the fall. The same year the William G. Wingfield family built a log cabin in what is called Double Log Cabin Park.

After returning to Oak Creek the Henry Wingfield family, Tobe, and the Mulhollands moved to Beaver Creek for the winter. They built a school house with a sod roof and a dirt floor. E.B. Mulholland was the teacher. This school was on Walker Creek.

It was this year, 1880, that Edward died and was buried in the Cottonwood Cemetery.

In the spring of 1881 the Henry Wingfield family moved to Fir Spring for the second summer. The William G. family lived with them until they could build a cabin at Pratt Flat; the well at Double Log Cabin Park had dried up. That same spring the E.B. Mulhollands moved to South Dakota.

In the fall of 1881 while the two families were still on the mountain there was an Indian scare. W.S. Head, a merchant at Camp Verde, sent a courier warning the people still on the mountain. The Allens', John and Jim Powells', Al Doyer, Abe Koontz, and the two Wingfield families started to the Verde Valley for protection. The Wingfields camped one night at Rattle-snake Tanks, and by the next night reached the Wales Arnold place. Others who came to the Arnolds for protection were the Cliffs, Ike Jones, Hornback, and the Bush family. The families stayed for about two weeks before it appeared safe for them to return home.

During the time there a son, Walter, was born to Henry and Sarah Wingfield on the 18th of September, 1881.

While the families were at Wales Arnold's place, William G. decided he would like to buy it. The transaction was completed. Wales Arnold and his wife moved his cattle to the Cienega where he continued to use the Flower Pot brand.

In the west end of the Arnold field there was a small building. The Henry Wingfields lived there the rest of the winter in 1882. The children went to the

same school on Walker Creek that was built the year before. The children drove a pair of ponies hitched to a small wagon to school.

In 1882 a new school house was built at or near the site of the Rimrock Post Office on Beaver Creek. J.N. Huffner built the cabin and taught the school.

In the spring of 1883 the Henry Wingfields moved to Foster Springs, east of Stoneman Lake in the George Foster cabins. While all the children were stricken with dysentery, Frederick died the 11th of April, 1883 and Walter died the 18th of April, 1883. They were buried on the north side of the lake. Dr. Carrier was sent for and came from Upper Verde, but was too late. James Henry sold his cattle to George Babbitt of Flagstaff and the family moved to California. My grandfather and his family went by train to Fresno, California, and were looking for a new location. The Verde River was stagnant and slow moving. Malaria was a problem to the settlers and the soldiers at the fort. The Henry Wingfields joined the W.G. Wingfield family, who had moved to California earlier in 1883 after selling the Wales Arnold place and cattle bearing the Horeshoe brand to Henry Marions. They met John Wesley Wingfield, a half-brother, who had left home in Albermarle County, Virginia, at a young age and had been living at Kingsbury, California. He had a wagon and a team of horses. Again W.G. and Henry were traveling in Covered wagons pulled by a team of horses and for two months they traveled along the coast looking for a likely place for livestock.

One day they came to a fork in the road. One fork pointed toward Arizona, the other along the coast. They took a vote to decide which road to take. The decision was unanimous to return to Arizona.

Uncle John, (John Wesley Wingfield), came with them. The W.G. Wingfields stopped in Prescott to send the children to school. My grandfather went on to Cherry Creek with his family for the balance of the winter so the

children could go to school. In the spring Henry moved to Beaver Head Station.

Arriving back in the Verde Valley the W.G. Wingfields' established a permanent home on what became the Clear Creek Ranch on the south side of Clear Creek. The adjacent Wingfield Mesa was named for him. It became a place for gathering cattle bearing the brand the "Hatchet" as well as for the Wingfield Association cattle and cattle belonging to those other cattle ranchers who ran cattle in the same areas and had round-up with the Wingfield Wagon, moving cattle to the Mogollon Rim country for the summer grazing.

Henry had started to move some cattle to summer pasture. They hadn't been long on the trail when Sarah needed attention. She was brought back to Beaver Head Station and David was born the 3rd of June, 1884. Three days later she and the new son joined the cowboys holding the cattle and they went on to summer pasture on the mountains.

In the fall of 1884 Henry moved his family to Flagstaff to send the children to school. Clinton, Matilda, and Frank attended the same school as Henry Fountain Ashurst.

The next fall, 1885, the Wingfields were back in the Verde Valley on Clear Creek and lived in a small house on William G.'s ranch. The children of both families attended Clear Creek school on the bank of the Verde River. This was a new school house. Miss Jennie Jordan was the teacher. She later became Mrs. Bell. After the school term the Henry Wingfields moved to Strawberry Valley and engaged in the cattle business and farming. They lived here from 1886 to 1895. Henry used the "Z" with a tail brand.

A school house was necessary so Henry, Charles Callaway, L.P. Nash, and J.N. Huffer built a log cabin. The location was decided by measuring with rope lengths from the first home on the east end of the valley (Charles Callaway's) to the last home on the west end (the Hines and Duncan home). The

school house remained open until 1916-1917. The log cabin school was made a historic site and became a museum.

Twins were born to Henry and Sarah, John Wesley and James Henry, on the 1st of December, 1888. John Wesley died the 26th of May, 1889. Their last child, Margaret, was also born in Strawberry the 9th of December, 1890. Matilda, their first daughter, married Charles C. Callaway the 30th of March, 1895. He was a cattleman in Strawberry, a close friend and business associate of the family. The log cabin home he built is still standing and is one of the historic sites of the area. Matilda died the 2nd of July, 1901, leaving a husband and two little girls, Elizabeth and Mary.

Sarah, Henry's wife, was postmistress 1892-1894. My father, Dave Wingfield, attended school for the first time while they lived in Strawberry.

In the fall of 1895 Henry and Sarah left their home in Strawberry and purchased the Shield Ranch from Chris Wielen. He farmed and raised cattle on the adjoining ranch. They moved their cattle from Strawberry Valley.

In 1898 Henry, son Frank, nephew Bill, and son-in-law C.C. Callaway, signed a contract to gather the Diamond S cattle for Heywood Cattle Company.

It was also in 1898 that Henry's and Sarah's oldest son, Clinton, and his friend, Mack Rogers, purchased the Sutlers Store from W.S. Head. They were just getting established when they both suffered tragic deaths on the 2nd of July, 1899. A gunman entered the store and shot both of them. The reason for the murder has never been solved. Frank and his cousin, Ed, son of William G. Wingfield, started immediately with a posse of friends to find the killer. John Munds, Sheriff of Yavapai County, came from Prescott with his posse, but failed to locate the killer.

When my father was notified of the murder he came home from the business college in Stockton, California, where he had been in school and

caught up with the posse. After several months of trailing and searching, Ed and Frank were still with Sheriff Munds but no clues except they suspected he was in New Mexico. On the 27th of April, 1901, a telegram from Governor Ortero of New Mexico was sent to Sheriff Munds about a man they were holding, believed to be the one responsible for the Camp Verde murders. He was hanged the 26th of April, 1901, at the Santa Fe Penitentiary and according to Sheriff Munds he confessed that he committed the Camp Verde murders, but he refused to say why.

After Clint's death Henry and Sarah moved to Camp Verde from the Shield Ranch. He took charge of the Sutlers Store, buying out the interest of Mack Rogers from Mr. Rogers. He also owned two homestead parcels along the Verde River. My father, David Wingfield, kept the account books for the Sutler's Store and was assistant postmaster until 1909.

In the fall of 1899 Sarah and Margaret, the youngest daughter of Sarah and Henry, left by train to visit Sarah's relatives in Arkansas. On the way Margaret was exposed to measles (one report says diphtheria). She developed the contagious disease and died the 9th of December, 1899. She was buried in Arkansas.

A document dated the 12th of December, 1903, records the sale from Babbitt Brothers to Frank and Henry Wingfield for the Diamond S brand and all cattle carrying that brand.

On the 28th of October, 1904, the Henry Wingfield family was facing an overwhelming sadness. Their loved faithful wife and devoted mother passed away. Sarah was buried at Clear Creek Cemetery near her son Clinton's grave.

On the 1st of November, 1904, Frank Wingfield married Minnie Martin in Prescott, Arizona. Minnie's sister, Maggie, was one of the witnesses. They were married by C.P. Hicks, Probate Judge.

This was a busy time for the Henry Wingfield family. There was a store to operate, and their cattle to move from the Verde Valley and foothills to the Mogollon Mountains for summer grazing and back to the valley in the fall. In addition there was the round-up to brand calves and drives to the railroad at Flagstaff or Mayer.

In 1905 Henry married Hattie Loy Munds.

On the 11th of April, 1906, David Wingfield and Jennie Munds (Sarah Jane) were married at the Adobe Hotel building. This was the stage stop. They were married by Eugene Keene.

In 1907 my father went to Mexico to check on livestock ranches. He went by train to Tampico and on to Monterrey where he saw many Americans interested in mining. Street cars were drawn by mules. He went on to Torreon. Laguna had a valley twenty-five miles wide and over thirty miles long. It was level with lots of grass and thousands of cattle.

My father returned from Mexico and continued to work in the store and help with the cattle. His trip to Mexico may have been prompted by adverse weather conditions in Arizona. Drought was threatening serious consequences.

In 1908 my grandfather bought Sunnyside Lane, and on the 13th of January, 1908, a Certificate of Partnership was filed and recorded in the records of Yavapai County, Arizona. It was a co-Partnership for J.H. Wingfield, David Wingfield, and James Wingfield, notarized by William Stephens. It was a partnership for cattle business and the Sutler's Store. The name of the firm was J.H. Wingfield and Sons.

In February, 1909 Henry, David, and Jim traded the store to William Gilmore and his son, Robert, for the Hatchet cattle and the store inventory of \$12,500.

The Robert Wingfield family moved from Cherry Creek into the house

northwest of the store where my father and Jennie had been living, and they moved to Sunnyside Lane to the two-story house previously owned by W.S. Head.

My grandfather and his sons were able to spend all their time in the cattle business.

On the 25th of May, 1909, they contracted one year old, two year old, and three year old cattle to J.W. DeCamp who was from Lamar, Colorado, at three cents a pound to be delivered at Flagstaff on the 10th of June, 1909.

The round-up crew was W.L. Robinson, N.E. Hopkins, E. Richards, Frank Hough, Al and Willie Heath, Bill, Jim and Dave Wingfield. George Young was the cook.

They arrived in Flagstaff on the 9th of June, 1909, and contracted two hundred yearling steers more and one hundred cows to be delivered the 20th of July, 1909.

In August they built a tank on Chilson Mesa.

In 1910 Henry sold the Hatchet cattle to Fred Back for fifteen dollars a head; eight saddle horses at fifty dollars a head. Then he bought the Shield cattle for \$13,500.

Since the Arizona Power Company was working in the area where the Henry Wingfields and some of their neighbors ran cattle, they were able to sell them some beef. Probably this is what caused my father to install an ice plant, cold storage, a slaughter house and store near his home. This started a new venture. At this time it was impossible to keep meat fresh for many days. Soon they were delivering beef, then a smoke house was built. Henry and Dave were busy curing ham and bacon, and making sausage and bologna. Dave made deliveries as far away as Cherry Creek.

On the 11th of June, 1912, Jim and Dave divided their cattle. Jim took

the Shield cattle and Dave the DJ.

At this time my grandfather, my grandmother, Hattie, and Uncle Jim were living in a house just below and south of the Sutler's store. On July 11th the house burned, leaving only the chimney standing, so they moved to Sunnyside Lane and built a home east of my father's house.

The next nine years were a time of gradual retirement for my grandfather. His health began to fail. He and Hattie made trips to California in the summer. He kept up a lively pace at home, looking after the livestock my father fed at Sunnyside Lane. He irrigated, chopped wood, sharpened tools, and looked after his garden.

He enjoyed his grandchildren and was an important and appreciated counselor to his three sons, Frank, Dave, and Jim.

His hobby: checkers. Son Frank was his greatest adversary. Henry and his brother, William G., were always very close; there was a special bond between the two in all the years the two families spent together. Now the time spent playing checkers and reminiscing was heart-warming to both of them.

Henry died the 26th of July, 1929 and was buried in the Clear Creek Cemetery at Camp Verde, Arizona next to his wife, Sarah.

On the 12th of July, 1912, Frank Wingfield bought the JH cattle from S.C. Cherry for \$24,000.

That fall they contracted steers at four and three-fourths cents a pound and cows at four cents a pound delivered to Flagstaff on October 25th.

My father evidently wanted to spend more time looking after the cattle; on the 13th of May, 1913 he sold the store and fixtures to Ed and Russ Mulholland for the C2 cattle for \$4000.00 plus the store inventory. Dave gave them \$13,000.00.

The 14th of June, 1913 my father made an agreement with Fred Back to

buy the Hatchet cattle for \$56,000.0. This Hatchet trade gets complicated! My father, Hank, and Jim agreed to divide the above cattle plus other cattle they now had split evenly. On the 21st of September, 1914, my father and Jim Wingfield made a deal to brand out to Hank Wingfield 400 head of cattle for his share of the Hatchet cattle and on the 22nd of September agreed with Hank Wingfield to brand over to him 425 head of cattle for his share of the Hatchet cattle. On the 24th of December, 1914, my father received from Fain and Back a bill of sale for 437 head of Hatchet cattle to each – Hank and Bill. Brand and remnant went to Dave.

My father had a butcher shop again. This time he and his brother, Frank, opened a butcher shop on Bob Wingfield's porch on the 15th of November, 1915.

Carbide lights were installed in my grandfather's and my father's houses.

In December of 1916 there were more sales and trades. My father bought the Diamond S cattle from Hank Wingfield for \$70,000. Cash for \$25,000, note for \$45,000 with interest of 8%.

Jim Wingfield bought the Hoe cattle from Bill Wingfield on the 19th of December, 1916.

My father sold three ten acre parcels on Sunnyside Lane on the 22nd of December, 1916. These parcels were west and adjacent to our home. Jim Wingfield took the parcel next to our house, Bill the next and O.A. Benedict the third parcel.

On the 25th of April, 1917 the Prescott and Coconino Supervisors met with Arthur Heath, Dan Fain, Les Clayton, Jim Wingfield and my father. They agreed on a Drift Fence to be built between the O.K. range and the Mud Tanks range.

My father sold the Diamond S cattle to Dan Fain and Dave Murdock for

\$77,500. He gave them a bill of sale on the 13th of October, 1917.

D.K. Wingfield (Kenny) was born October 27th, 1916 at Camp Verde. Parents were Jennie Munds Wingfield and D.W. (Dave) Wingfield. Their home was the two story rock house on what used to be called Sunnyside Lane, and is now called Salt Mine Road. Their home is now a designated historical site, It was built and owned by (Boss) Head in 1870. My sister, Ruth Wingfield Kennedy, was also born in Camp Verde in 1908. This place was to be my home for the next ten years. I was a busy young fellow, as my grandmother and grandfather lived next door, loved to go to my grandparents' home for breakfast. Pancakes were my favorite. Grandmother always managed to have them when I visited, which was every day or so.

Ruth and I walked to school, which wasn't too far. The school house was built of white rock and had outside privies. The drinking water was hauled from the river by Mr. Vyne on a Model T Ford.

During these years, Pop, as I called my father, ran cattle down the Verde River. There were no roads to where the cattle ran, so he had to use pack horses to take everything that was needed to care for the cattle and men. It was several years before I was big enough to go with him.

Uncle Frank Wingfield and his family lived on Sunnyside Lane to the east of our home. Gale Wingfield, son of Uncle Frank and Aunt Minnie, was my age. Marjorie Wingfield, daughter of Uncle Jim and Aunt Ida, lived to the west of us. Gale, Marjorie and I spent many happy hours together all through our growing up years.

In 1920, Pop purchased the Eden Ranch, about four miles below Camp Verde. This was mostly irrigated land. We raised alfalfa, grain and pasture grasses. I would go with Pop on horseback to the farm or ride on the range that joined the farm. Pop had purchased this range in 1917. We started out pretty

young in those days.

In 1927, Pop purchased a permit on the mountain at what was called New Tank. This was to the east of the General Crook Trail that was built from Fort Verde to Fort Apache. It was a three day drive with the cattle. This required the use of pack horses, as it was not possible by car. By this time I was a full-fledged cowboy at eleven years old. Many times I wished I was home when the gnats began to bite! On one of the cattle drives to New Tank, I was to drive the extra horses and pack horses that were carrying our beds and food. Pop had warned me to be sure and not let the horses roll in the tank called Tankaloma (tank on a hill), but as a kid will sometimes do, I didn't watch the pack horses, and they rolled in the water. Consequently, the beds and food were soaking wet. I was the most unpopular fellow in camp that night! If anyone spoke to me, it wasn't very kind.

We moved the cattle from the Squaw Peak range in the spring to the summer range, then back to Squaw Peak for the winter. This move helped increase the calf weights and also helped to add to the cattle numbers. The cattle did so much better in the cool weather.

Pop always fattened a number of steers in the winter. There was a demand for beef in both Jerome and Clemenceau. The mine in Jerome had about fifteen hundred employees. There were also several employees at the Clemenceau Smelter. There was a slaughter house in the gulch below Jerome and one at Clemenceau. The smoke stack at the smelter was one side of the corrals. Pop delivered 25 head of beef every two weeks to the slaughter houses.

My sister, Ruth, and I made several trips by ourselves. Pop brought food and beds, for it took two days for the trip. Most nights were spent at Black Canyon, between Camp Verde and Cottonwood. This was a little over halfway.

We seldom made trips to Phoenix, but when we did, it took two days.

Food and beds were taken along to make camp at Black Canyon, now called Black Canyon City, on I-17 between Flagstaff and Phoenix. We traveled up Cherry Creek to Dewey, Mayer, Cordes, Bumble Bee, Black Canyon, New River, and then on to Phoenix – all rough dirt roads.

Ruth graduated from high school in 1926. That same year, Pop, Mom, Ruth and I moved to the Eden Ranch into an old adobe house that was close to the banks of the Verde River. We had a garden, small orchard and a couple of milk cows. Mom made butter and canned fruit and vegetables. There were no refrigerators, but there was a screened box on legs and a top where a pan of water sat. The sides of the box were covered with burlap and strips of burlap were placed in the pan of water, then draped over the sides so that the water siphoned from the pan to the burlap on the sides of the box. The principle of this box is the same as an evaporative cooler. There was a door on one side and shelves inside. Mom kept the milk, butter, etc. in this cooler. It did a good job of keeping the contents of the box cool.

We had good neighbors. If a neighbor needed help, everyone pitched in to help out. No one had any money.

I remember going to Prescott to the Bank of Arizona with Pop to borrow some money. The owner of the bank was Moses E. Hazeltine, but everyone called him Uncle Mose. A better man never lived. He was the salvation of most of the ranchers. Uncle Mose asked Pop what land was worth. Pop said he had no idea, as there weren't any places selling. Uncle Mose said: "Let's put a value of \$250.00 an acre on the farming land." Pop got the loan. Ruth left to go to school in Tempe at Arizona State College.

I rode to Camp Verde to school with Vince Wingfield and his brothers Gale, Louis, Edgar, and his sister Elva. Vince drove. If the road was muddy, we rode horseback about four miles one way.

In 1931, Pop purchased the East Clear Creek Allotment and deeded land in Long Valley. This made two more days to drive the cattle from New Tank. We drove the cattle from the Squaw Peak Allotment to Wingfield Mesa, a distance of about ten miles. The cattle were left here about one month, then driven to New Tank where they grazed for another month. The next move was on to East Clear Creek. This management plan was only used one year. The calf weights were down.

To quote a few prices during this time:

1931: Steers sold for 7-cents a pound delivered to Flagstaff.

1933: April yearling steers sold 3 3/4 cents, yearling heifers sold for 3 cents a pound delivered to Clarkdale.

October 12, 1934: sold steers to Henry Davis at 4 cents a pound, heifers 3 1/2 cents delivered to Clarkdale.

In 1934 I graduated from high school. I didn't get into sports much. Being the only son, it was necessary to go home and help with the chores. We had lots of them. We fed about 200 steers for beef. All the feed was mixed by hand and shoveled into the feed troughs by hand. There were horses to feed and cows to milk.

Pop and I became partners in our many ventures. On October, 1935, we purchased the H Bar Y ^H/_Y ranch in Long Valley. This allotment joined the East Clear Creek allotment, and at the same time we sold the Wingfield Mesa and the New Tank allotments.

We purchased yearlings from the Pine and Payson ranches, all good people to deal with. Sometimes if the market had not been established all kinds of deals were made. At the H Bar Y ranch corrals were built and scales were installed. The Pine and Payson ranchers drove their yearlings to Long Valley where they were weighed. Later when better roads were built they delivered the

cattle in bob-tail trucks, hauling about twelve to fifteen head at a time. This proved to be a good operation for several years. In the fall we delivered the yearlings to Winslow or Flagstaff. Arrow Van Trucking Company hauled the first cattle from Long Valley, the Muldners, and Calhoun Brothers. These trucking companies were all based in Phoenix. The yearlings averaged a two hundred pound gain from June first to October fifteenth.

Ruth had gotten married by this time. It was my turn to go off to college – Arizona State College. I entered the second semester of the 1934-35 school year. I had a motorcycle accident before the semester ended and had to drop out of school. I was laid up for quite a while. In the fall of 1935, Gale Wingfield and I enrolled in the college in Fort Collins, Colorado. I didn't stay too long. We ran out of money.

In March of 1936, I met Nina Basham. She was in a school play. A basketball game in Williams broke the ice. The Camp Verde girls were playing the Williams girls and Nina was on the team. She and two other girls had no way to get there. Nina asked me to take them and I did. That's when it started and lead up to our marriage.

On May 9, 1936, Nina Basham and I were married in Williams, Arizona in the Methodist Church. Nina was born in Williams on March 16, 1918. She grew up there until her parents with her sister, Myrtle, and brother Billy, moved to Camp Verde the summer of 1934.

Our first home was on old log cabin in Long Valley built by the Huff family many years ago. It had one room and a hang-over on one end to store salt and saddles. We lived here for one summer with the skunks living under the floor! We spent that winter in Phoenix. Nina and I lived with my sister and her husband, and we both attended Lamson's Business College.

On February 20, 1939 we sold the Eden Ranch and Lucky Basin permit

to Ralph Monroe; sold Uncle Hank Wingfield the H Bar Y $\frac{H}{Y}$ summer permit and deeded land; sold Uncle Jim Wingfield the Wolf Hole permit, Clear Creek permit and the Linn Huff deeded land.

On the same day we bought Lost Eden, Willow Valley, deeded land and permit for 1432 yearlings, summer only from Campbell and Francis. Mr. C.D. Bell bought from Campbell and Frances' Sheep Company the Mahan deeded land and permit. We were spending the winter in Phoenix. Pop and I bought Mexican steers. We put them on desert pasture, then shipped them to Flagstaff by train and drive them to Lost Eden. The first summer at Lost Eden, Pop, Mom, Ray Cummins, Nina and I lived in an old log cabin built by Otto Walters. We added a lean-to on one side where Nina and I slept.

There was much work to be done – water to be developed, fences, holding pastures, and corrals to be built and scales installed. We tried some electric fencing on part of the ranch, but it didn't work so we had to build a regular fence.


Between the years of 1939 and 1947, we ran yearling steers and heifers. We bought our calves in the fall and pastured them in the Valley. Some years, we pastured in the Kingman area. The cattle gained most when there was good desert feed and the cost less. The yearlings were sold the following fall. During this time, Nina and I lived in several places, always going with the cattle. Nina was a good sport about this, never complaining.

Nina and I lost our first baby in 1942 – a baby girl, stillborn. In the fall of 1942, we bought a home on 19th Avenue between Indian School and Camelback Road. On September 10, 1943, Kenneth Clinton Wingfield was born. What proud parents we were!



Our second son, Gary Keith Wingfield, was born on November 20, 1945.

Our hearts were filled with joy.

A beautiful baby girl arrived at our home on March 21, 1946. We named her Janice Ruth Wingfield. Gary and Janice were both born while we were living at the feed lot on Lateral 21, near Peoria, Arizona.

In 1947, Kel Fox, Pop and I purchased the Apache Maid Ranch from Larry Mellon. Kel's share was the Woods Ranch where he and Patty reside today, also a 200 head cattle permit, plus five head of horses. Our share of the ranch included the winter headquarters, (Breezy Bench), summer headquarters, the old Apache Maid Ranch house and 575 deeded acres and permit for 800 head of cattle. Cattle were branded T Bar S **T-S** and we also used the Y7 and Quarter Circle Bar  brand.

The same year, 1947, we sold the K-T Ranch to Mr. Shufflebarger and Mule Park to John Jacobs. These were parcels taken out of the Apache Maid Ranch.

In 1948 we purchased the H-S Ranch from Ocia and Charley Mullican, also the (J Quarter Circle)  Ranch from Cuter Back. In 1950, we purchased the Hog Hill Ranch (Buckle L)  from Mrs. Waldroup and her son, Gene. These ranches were all homesteads within the perimeter of the Apache Maid Ranch.

Clinton, our oldest son, started school in September, 1949. It was a frightening experience for him. He had it in his mind that when he started to school he couldn't come home any more. He was scared to death. We didn't know this until later. It was a sad time for him. He was soon over this fear, as Nina was there every afternoon to pick him up. She had to move down to the winter headquarters to send him to school – 24 miles twice a day. There was no school bus. She came up every weekend with all three kids and lots of good food for me and our cowboys. She also had clean laundry for everyone.

Clinton, Gary and Janice were growing up. The two boys could both ride and Clinton was going with the cowboys and his dad every day he could. He carried a biscuit and bacon sandwich in his jumper pocket for a snack. He loved to go. Gary was a little young for all day treks, but went along on shorter days. I took Janice on the horse with me when it was a short day.

September 1951 – the first day of school for Gary. He liked it from the first day. He had an advantage because his brother Clinton was already there. He was a good student and learned to read quickly. He became an avid reader.

September, 1953 – the day after Labor Day was the first day of school for Janice. She also enjoyed school, but she didn't like her first grade teacher.

From this time on, Nina was busier than ever, with transporting the kids to and from school, doing every day chores that a woman has to do and then on top of that driving several miles quite often to take a lunch meal to the cowboys, sometimes feed for their horses, especially if she had to come and pick us up in the evening, if we were leaving the horses. We never had sandwiches at noontime. She always brought a full hot meal. Then there was another hot meal for supper. We had lots of good times rehashing the day's events and listening to what the children had done that day. There was never a dull day or evening. Things became more and more hectic as activities increased at school. 4-H calves and horses also came along.

With the purchase of the Apache Maid Ranch our operation changed from yearling operation to a cow and calf operation. The range started at the Verde River and extended to Hay Lake, where we neighbored with Ernest and Evelyn Chilson (Bar T Bar) **-T-** Ranch.

There was a drift fence at the old Apache Maid Ranch headquarters that divided the winter range from the summer range. The cattle would come to the drift fence where the calves were branded. Very few cattle had to be driven

from the lower end of the ranch. After the cattle were branded they were put through the drift fence on the Long Valley, Flagstaff highway. About the first of July we turned them on to the east side of the range, where they remained until October. We gathered and shipped from Double Log Cabin Park, where the scales, corrals, and loading chute were located. Here the cull cows, old bulls and any cow that wasn't a good producer were shipped to the Arizona Livestock Auction – owned and operated by Tony, Bernice, and Tim Anton. Calves were weaned and hauled to Breezy Bench and carried over on the winter range or fed at George Kovacovich's ranch on Middle Verde. In the spring, the yearlings were hauled to the summer range and in the fall were either sold or sent to the feed lot. We had several feed deals with Louis Wingfield (first cousin on my dad's side), and with Jim and Sam Benedict (first cousins on my mom's side).

In 1955, we purchased the Mahan Ranch from Ken Watters (187 deeded acres at Double Log Cabin), 487 head summer permit. Management was simplified by the purchases of all the different ranches and reduced operation costs and increased our permitted cattle numbers.

After purchasing the Mahan Ranch, we changed the way we spent our summers. We moved from Breezy Bench to the Apache Maid headquarters, where all the spring branding and separating of the cattle was done. Lots of hard work and long hours, but we always made it seem like fun. There was never a cross word from the boss. From there we moved to Mahan and spent the rest of the summer and fall there, shipping the cattle at Double Log Cabin around October 15.

We bought the Bert McCarrell Ranch in 1957 (what is now Lake Montezuma) – 4,400 acres deeded land, feed lot and 300 irrigated acres. We lived at this beautiful ranch with a lovely home, swimming pool, tack room, large enough for the kids to have parties, as well as the adults. We spent lots of

winter evenings square dancing and having family get-togethers. The kids especially loved the swimming pool.

In 1958, after a lifetime of ranching, Pop and Mom decided to retire. Pop was suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, so Nina and I bought their interest in the Apache Maid Ranch.

In 1961, we purchased the K-T Ranch from Mrs. Shufflebarger.

1961 is also the year Clinton graduated from high school. All these years, the children had been helping and working hands on the ranch. They loved the ranch work and the outdoor life. Many of their friends from Camp Verde spent weekends and part of the summer with us. It was a joy and a pleasure to have the young people around. Nina's sister's children, Elva, Judy and Sally, spent lots of time with us. Our children and hers were very close, especially the two younger ones, Sally and Judy. Elva was older. Sally as Janice's age and Judy, Gary's age. They had lots of fun together while they were growing up, and as adults are still good friends.

Nina's sister, Myrtle Wingfield, was married to my cousin, Gale Wingfield. Their girls and our children were double cousins. We spent nearly all of our holidays and birthdays together, including Nina's and Myrtle's parents, Gale's parents and my parents – also my sister and her family. The Benedicts helped us celebrate as well.

During this time of growing, we had two wonderful young men as cowboys. The first was Alvin Hazelwood. He came the summer he was sixteen from Missouri with his father and stayed for the summer. When he graduated from high school, he came back and worked as a permanent cowboy for several years. During the same period, Jimmy Darwin came to work for us. He also stayed for several years. They became part of our family – almost as if they were sons. We have a deep and abiding affection for them. Dwight Barlow, a

young man from Michigan spent time with us off and on for a couple of years. He is an accomplished engineer and lives in Oregon. Another young man, Carl Kent, a graduate of A.S.U. (Animal Science) came to stay with us to learn first hand cattle ranching. He is a cattle rancher in Colorado.


In 1961 we purchased the OT Cattle Company Ranch – H4. This ranch is located in Tonto Basin. On June 2, 1961 my dad passed away. He was a great father and grandfather. We all miss him very much.

In 1962, we bought the rest of the Double Log Cabin deeded acres and range from Pierce and Lynn Rhodes. Weights of the cattle were constantly increasing, due to the addition of these extra range lands. We were running the same number of cattle, but selling more pounds of meat.

In 1964 we purchased the Loy brothers Robber's Roost and Horse Mesa Ranch and Cattle – 100 head.

Gary graduated from high school in 1963. As a young boy, he was a very busy fellow. He loved helping his dad and grandfather. His favorite mount, as a very young child of three or four, was a horse called Goose. In fact, all the children learned to ride on him. Goose was gentle and had lots of patience. Janice rode on behind Gary lots of times until it was her turn to ride Goose alone. Gary was very good about her riding with him.

Janice graduated from high school in 1965. She really enjoyed school and was very involved in all the school activities. She and her brothers were very good friends. That fall Janice and her cousin, Sally, went to modeling school in San Francisco. They had lots of fun.

In 1966 we purchased the 51 Ranch and 400 head cattle,  E D Brand.

In 1966 we purchased the Rincon Ranch – no deeded land. The ranch was held with a special use permit – 200 cattle branded with the Brand 17.

In 1968, we traded to Louis and Billie Wingfield, John Osborne, and Dave and Cherry Blair, the 51 Ranch, Rincon Ranch, Williams Ranch, and 540 deeded acres at Rimrock for their feed lot, farm of 1200 deeded acres, equipment and home at Arlington, Arizona. We traded equal equities.

We had, I thought, the best ranch in Arizona. Through a cooperative effort with the Forest Service, many acres of undesirable trees were removed and replaced with grasses by reseeding by plane and hand. The trees were removed by both dozing out and cabling. That was accomplished by dragging a large cable or anchor chain between two caterpillars. Many days were spent by cowboys riding horseback carrying a nosebag full of seed and seeding the spots that hadn't done so well.

We built many tanks where a cow had to go but one-half mile to water. In the winter months cattle were supplemented with a pellet with a salt control mix.

Gary, Janice and I spent a number of days in the summer spraying cockleburs. We had a 40 gallon tank with sprayer and 2 hoses and nozzles on back of the jeep.

The ranch is now in excellent shape and we are afraid of the future. Recreation and elk are a real problem. We are operating under the "Multiple Use" concept: watershed, lumber, recreation and grazing. We are the last and least wanted.

With this confronting us we decided to sell the ranch and buy a ranch that is deeded. This, I thought, would never happen as we all loved the ranch.

In 1972 we sold the Apache Maid Ranch to Oscar and Dortha Walls.

We wish to say a word about our neighbors. They were: Fritz and Cleo Taylor, Ernest and Evelyn Chilson, Bob, Lois, Joe and Pinky Lockett, Kel and Patty Fox. Better neighbors would be hard to find. If a cow and calf were to get

out on a neighbor, the cow and calf were always returned, not just the cow. With our division fences, I think there were times some of our neighbors did more than we did.

After looking at ranches in several states, we found one in northeastern Texas, on the Red River – east and north of Paris, Texas, about 35 miles. The Texas Ranch had 4,400 deeded acres. Carrying capacity, one cow and calf per acre. There was some timber on the ranch that needed to be removed. Consequently, we could not fill the ranch to capacity. The first priority was to remove the trees that interfered with the grazing and reseeding.

Moving was a sad and arduous chore. The boys, the hired help and I moved all the ranch equipment and livestock that was needed in Texas. We gathered the cattle, counted them, and turned them over to Oscar Walls. We kept a few of the horses as the Texas ranch had none. We also kept the Mahan and K Bar T deeded land. Gary hauled, in our semi, several loads of horses and ranch equipment. It was Nina's chore to see to the household packing. We hired a moving van to move the furniture, etc. Nina did all the packing and overseeing of loading the van. The rest of us had already gone on to Texas.

The Texas ranch had very poor improvements. It had been leased, as the owner lived in Tennessee. The purchase was an exchange of ranches. We received 1000 head of cattle.

This type of ranching was a different ball game to us. Running a cow and calf to one acre isn't that easy. Concentration of the cattle brought on disease. Gary took a short course in veterinary medicine, artificial insemination, etc. Clinton had already taken a similar course.

We had crossbred cows, 65% calf crop with lots of needs. We did a great deal of cattle trading. One of the first things you find is that you have brucellosis in your herd. Testing of the cow herd begins and continues every

sixty days. You think the herd is almost clean, then on the next test, sixty or seventy more diseased cows are found. Each time the bangers are sent off to be slaughtered. This was not the type of ranching we really enjoyed.

By this time, all of our children were married. Clinton, his wife and two children, Gary and his wife went with us to Texas. Janice and her husband lived in Phoenix and later joined us in Texas. They spent one year there, then returned to Arizona. Without the help of our children all these years, our job on the ranches would have been a lot harder for us. After four years of ranching in Texas, we decided to return to Arizona to retire. We sold the ranch and came home to Arizona. It is hard to transplant native Arizonans to another state.

After awhile, I became restless and decided to get my Real Estate license and go into selling ranch real estate, which I am still doing.

We are now living in Payson, Arizona and love it!

Henry Edward Cordes

Mayer, Arizona

John Henry Cordes, my grandfather, came from Germany in the 1870's along with four brothers. One brother was not satisfied here in The United States, so he returned to Germany. The name Cordes is French. Sometime in the seventeenth century several families of shopkeepers, dissatisfied with French rule moved across the line into Germany, so they had been Germans for over 200 years.

John Henry stayed in the New York area for a time. About 1877 or 1878 he hired on with a freight ship going to Panama. After walking across Panama, he took another freighter to San Francisco. John spent some time in a sugar warehouse handling 300 lb. wooden barrels of sugar.

Rumor had spread to San Francisco of the silver boom in Arizona. John took a freighter out of Frisco down around lower California, up the Gulf, to the mouth of the Colorado River. Small boats then took the freight up the river to Ehrenberg. Freight then went into Arizona by wagons.

When he got to Phoenix, he hired on with the Tip Top Mine, fifty miles north of Phoenix, as a millman, at Gillette, on the Agua Fria River, because of the water supply. The mine was about four miles back in the hills. A twenty stamp mill crushed the rich silver ore so the silver could be recovered.

By late 1880 or early 1881, he had saved enough to send to New York for Elisa Schrimpf. They were married in Phoenix and took the stage back to Gillette the same night. Feb. 11, 1882 a son, Charles Henry was born. With a wife and child, Grandfather said his traveling days were over and began looking for a place where he could make a living and have a home. Some twenty miles north along the Army road going to Fort Whipple at Prescott and Fort Verde at

what is now Camp Verde, he found a place with good permanent water that had been filed on by a family by the name of Powell, about 1875. Some of the Powell family are still in the Aguila-Salome area. A building 16 x 40 had been built with native lumber for forms to pour mud walls 16" thick.

Grandfather's family had been shop keepers for many generations in Germany and France. He had already served his apprenticeship as a candy maker before he came to The United States. With this background he saw possibilities of serving meals and supplying travelers. He bought the improvements and homestead rights from the Powell's.

From the time he landed at New York he had studied the constitution and learned to read and speak English. So he had his first citizenship papers.

The Tip Top Mine was about to shut down. He moved to what is now Cordes, Jan. 31, 1883. A Post Office had been established under the name Antelope but had been discontinued, later a Post Office under the name Cordes was operated from 1886 to 1946.

The livestock industry began to grow in the area. The family of William Perry had moved into the area with cattle in 1878. His brother-in-law Helm came with sheep. They camped at what is known now as Badger Springs, and used the country East of I-17. It is now known as Perry Mesa. Perry and Helm both later filed homesteads up the Agua Fria River to the North.

The original Perry knew something of minerals and mining and was the finder of the Richinbar Mine, a rich gold producer for a short time. Perry mined the property, hauling the ore to the mouth of Badger Springs Wash, at the Agua Fria River, where he built a water powered arrasta. After the ore was ground with the arrasta, the gold was recovered with Quick Silver (Mercury). The arrasta was also used by other miners in the area.

J.H. Cordes continued to expand, making improvements to furnish

supplies and accommodations for travelers, mining, cattle people, sheepmen and until the Railroad was finished, was warehouse for the mining town of Crown King.

By the turn of the century, Grandfather had a thriving business on the original Black Canyon Road and a family of six children. Charles, Lucy, William, Fred, Grace and Mynne. Mynne, 93, is still living at Youngtown. Schooling was a problem. Sometimes there was a public, one-room school or aid of some kind. Other times it was entirely a community effort and children walked or went horseback long distances. Grandfather insisted children got an education. After grade school, three of the six children went to a business college for six months. The two youngest girls finished normal school at Tempe and became teachers.

By 1905 the area was loaded with cattle. The sheep industry had grown even more. Everything was still mostly open range. Livestock drive-ways had been established. Since sheep migrate twice a year, some 200,000 head of sheep would pass Cordes twice a year. In the spring, some stopped to shear, some to dip, all of Arizona was infested with Scabies. It took over 30 years to clean up. Some outfits shipped lambs to market. The railroad was four miles away.

Charles Cordes went into the sheep business in 1907, but got married in 1908 and could not keep a Southern Georgia girl in a sheep camp. Grandfather Cordes decided to retire in 1908 so he sold the business to Charles. Charles H. Cordes operated the business until 1937. He raised a family of six, Henry, Ray, Ruby, Edna, Warren and Calvin. Four became school teachers.

Other than the short time Charles was in the sheep business, the family was not in the livestock business until in 1914, Bill and Fred bought Jim Young's Forest Permit along the east side of the Bradshaws. Then from time to time got some state leases and bought patented land and leases off the Forest, to

make up what is now Bumble Bee Ranch. Fred retired in 1946.

I, Henry Edward, was born July 16, 1909 to see times of great changes. We already had a one-wire telephone that worked sometimes. We got our first automobile, a Studebaker Model E.M.F. 30. Everyone said the E.M.F. stood for "Every Morning Fixum". Our first truck in 1915 to haul our supplies the four miles from the railroad. Our electric light plant in 1918 to replace kerosene (Coal Oil and Gasoline) lamps. Radio in 1922.

Changes in the cattle and sheep industry operations came along. Cattle sold by the pound not by the head. Scales were installed at the railroad stockyards. Charles Cordes was Weigh Master for many years. As many as 3000 head were shipped in a day.

The Horseshoe Ranch had been owned by a man by the name of Mitchell, then Charles Hooker, who later was at Quarter Circle V Bar, now Orme Ranch, then by Al Kellogg. He sold out to Coburn Bros. in about 1914 or 1915. The Horseshoe Ranch was basically a township of State Lease Land. Coburn Bros. started buying small ranches on the Prescott and Tonto National Forest until they had all of Bloody Basin, part of Houston Basin, and almost to the top of the Matazels. Several ranches were East of the Verde River. Their Forest Permits alone were for 8000 head. It was estimated that they had three times that many cattle on it. Ninety percent of this country was inaccessible even for wagons. Strictly a pack outfit operation.

Drought conditions, bad market and operation problems from such a large remote operation, Coburn Bros. was forced into receivership in the middle Nineteen Twenties. The receivers shipped cattle for two years. Herds of 1000 to 3000 head went by Cordes to the railroad. The remnant of wild cattle were sold to Ryan Bros. of Globe. They gathered and shipped 3500 head.

The Horseshoe Ranch leases and patented land along with Forest Permits

were sold to an Association of about ten sheepmen, and was used by them for 20 to 40 years. All have gradually returned to cattle.

I, Henry Edward, after finishing high school at age 16, worked for Dad for nine years in the General Merchandise Business. I not only learned about that business but the association with cattlemen, sheepmen, and the Angora Goat People and miners. It gave me a wide range of experience.

I decided in September 1935 to take a vacation. I went back to school at Flagstaff for two years. Dad's health was not too good so I took over the business Nov. 1, 1937. Dad had a brand registered **EH** to brand our milk pen calves. When I tried to renew it, registration had run out and I had to select a new brand. **K**

The area was very badly overstocked with livestock and had been for years. Everyone had cattle and horses on the livestock driveway. For years there was 500 cattle and 200 horses running on driveway and adjoining un-fenced lands. Besides 5000 to 10,000 Angora Goats, some permanent, some transient. Then 200,000 sheep went north in the spring. Seven driveway trails, used mostly by sheep and goats came together at Cordes, to and from all parts of Arizona. About 100,000 sheep migrated south in the fall, headed for winter ranges.

With the passage of the Taylor Grazing Act, in 1934, that came to be Bureau of Land Management. Some controls began to take effect. It was not until 1951 that some control came to my area. Most of the adjoining lands had been fenced. By 1953, the number of sheep had declined and the Angora Goats were gone. The Bureau of Land Management divided the use of the driveway to the adjoining land owners for part-time use and division fences were put in so sheep could still go through. The Cordes area, with the Junction of such driveways and with shearing and shipping, seventeen sections were set aside as

a working area. This was leased to Arizona Wool Growers, with limits on it's use.

With the removal of about 75 head of unclaimed horses and all the stray cattle removed, we finally had control of the area. Recovery had started on the most abused piece of country in Arizona.

At the time, I had a few head of part milk stock. I bought a cow here and there from people having to move away. By 1960 I had some twenty head. The number of sheep has declined to about 5000 head once a year. I now have a permit for 68 head year long.

In 1973, I had three business operations and a small cattle ranch. I sold the business operations and retired to my cows. Now at age 81, I manage to ride and work my cows. With the help of a son-in-law I go fishing all summer.

I married a Missouri Girl in 1938. I have two Daughters, four Grandchildren and by this time three Great Grandchildren.

Even though I have not had cattle but the last forty years, I was raised with and close to it. From the days of the part Durham, high horn, Brocal face cows to everything white faced Hereford. Now Brahma, Charolais, Angus, Limousine, Longhorn with everything crossbred. The three and four wheelers and helicopters trying to replace the cow-puncher on a horse.

The independent, outdoor lifestyle of the livestock business is the best.

Mark Accomazzo

Laveen, Arizona

Marks grandparents were named Giuseppe and Josephinia Accomazzo. They lived in Asti, Italy. A small town located approximately 50 miles southeast of Turin.

They raised a family of five children on six hectares (8 acres) of land. They grew wheat and grapes. The grapes were used to make wine. And both the wheat and wine were sold as cash crops.

The first Accomazzo's came to America at the turn of the century. They were Mark's grandfathers brother Alfredo, along with one of his fathers older brothers Eduardo, and a sister Trizilla. Eduardos wife Gemma came and also a cousin Louie.

Eduardo opened a meat market, Alfredo and Trizilla worked in a laundry, Alfredo worked in a saloon for awhile, and then he and Trizilla began a winery business. They continued making wine untill prohibition. Louie was a carpenter. He followed the trade untill he decided to start a sheet metal business, manufacturing special truck bodies. During WW II the goverment converted his nice large sheet metal plant to do war work. Louie didn't like the goverment telling him what to do. So he sold his business and retired.

Mark's father Dante being the youngest, was the last to come to America. He arrived in Los Angeles, Ca. in 1905 at the age of seventeen. He was sponsored by his older brother and his uncle. At that time anyone comming to America from a foreign country was required to have a sponsor. The familes each passed through Ellis Island, as did most immagrants arriving from Europe and eastern countries.

After Dante arrived in Los Angeles where his family lived, he began

working in the orange groves. He drove a team of horses disking between the trees. He would pick oranges and eat them. He thought he was in Heaven.

He went to night school to study the English language and mathematics. Afterwards he got a job with the Southern Pacific Railroad working as a laborer. After watching the carpenters for awhile, he decided that he could do what they were doing, so he bought a set of tools and hired out as a carpenter, which paid more money. The job consisted of building bridges over rivers, washes and so forth.

His job took him to several parts of California and Arizona. When ever he entered a farming community he would inquire at realtors offices about the price of land, water availability, taxes, and so on.

He worked in the Salt River Valley during 1910 and 1911. He really liked the Valley. The price of land, productivity and so on. Realtors informed Dante that the Roosevelt dam would soon be completed and water would be free. The water was never free but it was cheap, just \$2.50 for 2 acre foot.

When he returned to California he talked his uncle and his brother into forming a partnership and purchasing a 320 acre farm located between 43 ave. and 51st ave., on the north side of Olive. They named it Pacific Farms. Cousin Louie came over and built a house and a dairy barn on the 320 acres. In the meantime, the partners decided to use a PF brand on the right thigh. Mark still has the PF brand.

In 1913 Dante returned to California and married Maria Grosso. They were married in Riverside. They returned to Glendale to begin a new life on the farm. Maria Grosso was born in Rivira, Italy in 1890. She had 2 sisters and a brother. Not much else is known about Mark's mother, she died when he was three years and one month old. From their union three children were born. Leo Oct. 24, 1914, Mark April 9, 1916 and Eda October 26, 1917.

Dante managed the farm while the other two partners remained in Calif. One night he irrigated 80 acres of the farm running the water across it three different times. The next morning he checked the soil for moisture depth and he found that it was dry 2 inches into the ground. He realized that he would never be able to grow crops with the soil in that condition so he talked to the partners about buying a new tractor. One that would get the job done. They agreed on a Rumley oil pull with a 5 bottom plow and a ripper. It was a high thing. The wheels were way taller than Dante. They were 8 feet tall compared to his 5 foot seven inches. After ripping the field, he got excellent penetration. And the crops done well. That same year Dante bought a 1915 Modle T Ford.

While the family was living in Glendale, Dante took Mark to town one day for supplies. He drove a hay rack wagon, and when he got into Glendale, tied the horses to a hitching rail by the train depot. He left Mark on the wagon and went into town to do some shopping. After awhile a train came by the horses spooked and ran away, with Mark holding onto the front stantion for all he was worth. The horses wern't the only ones frightened. After several blocks of running as hard as they could, some men stoped them and tied them to a hitching post somewhere in Glendale. Mark cried and whimpered the rest of the day. People would stop and talk to him and give him candy and he would be quiet for a little while, than he would begin crying all over again. Sometime after dark his father found him, still crying and hanging onto the 2 by 4.

In 1918 the partners sold the farm, cattle and equiptment. Dante took his interest and bought 160 acres where Sky Harbor is now. The new farm had project water, and a small brick house sat at 26th street and Mohave. Mark's mother died while the family was living in that house.

After Maria's funeral, the relatives took the children home with them to Ca. to help Dante out for awhile, Mark stayed with his mothers sister. Later that

same year the three children contacted scabies. Doctors and hospitals in Ca. had no remedy for the condition so the relatives decided to send the children back to Phoenix. They attached destination tags to their clothing. Neither of the children could speak English. Leo was 5, Mark was 4 and little Eda was 3 years old.

The Phoenix hospitals were no more informed then the Ca. hospitals were. Dante mixed up a paste consisting of sulphur and lard. He applied it 1/4 inch thick all over the bodies of the children except their hair. He then put long johns on them and left them on for a week. When he removed the long underwear, the children were cured. Meanwhile the relatives in Ca. became infected, so Dante shared his recipe with them, they used it and cured themselves. Afterward that was an accepted remedy for the condition.

Soon Dante began building a 50 unit apartment building at 317 north Willow. He decided to keep Leo with him and place Mark and Eda in a boarding home. He paid for their care but when he went to visit the children, they were dirty and they were losing weight. He decided to bring them home. In the fall of 1920 Leo began kindergarden at Capital School located at 17th ave and Van Buren in Phoenix.

In the summer of 22 Father traded the apt's on Willow for 2 farms. One consisted of 52 acres on the south side of the Grand canal between 47th and 51st ave. And 80 acres located between 39th and 41st ave on Van Buren. Known as lateral 15 1/2 and Yuma Rd. The family moved to a house near 49th ave near the Grand canal. In the fall the three children began school at Cartwright. They walked 3/4 of a mile to school and home each day. Eda wasn't old enough to attend class but they allowed it so that she could learn English. She was already doing a good job at home by that time. Cooking simple meals and standing on an apple box to wash dishes.

During the summer of 1924 Dante rented a house on the Legedean farm

at 35th ave and Van Buren, where Rynolds Aluminum is now. The family lived there while he built a new home at 40th ave. and Van Buren. While living there Mark went to town with his Dad one day to get supplies. At that time there was an old city ditch that ran south of and paralel to Van Buren. A wooden bridge crossed the ditch at each street in Phoenix. When their horses reached the bridge they refused to go across. Dante coaxed and coaxed, but they wouldn't cross. Finally after four or five other wagons crossed beside them, the horses got up their nerve to move. They almost cleared the entire ditch with the first leap. After they picked up supplies in Phoenix, Dante drove the team around to the south side of the courthouse on Jefferson Street. He pulled up to the water trough and let the horses drink all they wanted he then backed out and headed west on Jefferson street. At that time street cars were in use on Washington street.

In September of 1924 the three children began classes at Isaiac school. The boys ask Dad for a bike to ride back and forth to school. He told them that he would give them a heifer calf to raise, and when it calved, there would be enough money for two bicycles. Leo and Mark chose a calf from a nice productive cow. As you might imagine they took very good care of her. When she freshened, at the age of 2, Dad sold her to a Ca. buyer for \$150.00. He then took Leo and Mark to town and bought them each a new bike. Leo's cost \$40.00 and Marks was \$35.00. Mark still has one of them. The boys were so happy to recieve them they didn't worry about the rest of the money.

Somedays Mark would ride a horse to school. He would tie him to a pipe fence and water him at noon time. The boys were always thinking of things to do for fun. At the back of the farm was 20 acres of mesquite wood. Men were hired to grub and then cut the wood into stove wood lengths. The wood was hauled to South West Feed and Seed and sold for \$5.00 a cord. The trimmings

were left in piles to dry. While they were drying, field mice began making homes and villages in the piles, building nests and tunnels from one pile to another. Mark, Leo and some neighbor boys got themselves each a lard bucket, punched holes in the lids, and headed for the brush piles. They removed the lids and layed the buckets down into the different tunnels. They beat on the top of the brush and the mice scampered through the tunnels trying to escape. As soon as the boys had just about filled the buckets they started home. They pored the mice into a 55 gallon steel drum. They lifted the house cat and sat her down into the barrel. The poor mice tried to climb up the slick sides but could not.

On Sunday Mark would usually ride his bike into town to watch a movie and a serial for 10¢. Some favorites were Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and Bob Sted. The serials were continued stories, refered to as cliff hangers because they always left the hero or heroine in a perilous position. So everyone hurried back the next week to see whether they managed to survive. And of course they always did.

Mark loved the trips to town. The cars were built high in those days which made it difficult to see out the back. That made it easy for Mark to peddle up behind a moving car, and hook his trusty chicken hook onto a spare tire on some available spot. He would turn the coaster brake backward in case he needed a brake, and then coast as far as he wanted. Some Sundays the boys would have a calf riding, calf dogging rodeo, when Dad wasn't home that is.

Mark joined a newly formed Boy Scout troop #12 in 1928. The troop was started by 8th grade teacher and principal, J.B. Sutton, who served as Scoutmaster. Mark rose to the rank of Eagle, then three steps higher Bronze, Gold and Silver Palm. The Silver Palm is the highest award given in Scouting. Mr. Sutton later became Supertintendent of Isaiac School District. He was always very interested in all of his boys, and he gave valuable advise to them.

He remembered all of his students and could call each of them by name all of his life. Mr. Sutton enjoyed woodworking as a hobby, and he gave many of his creations away. Mark has several of them. He was a frequent visitor in Marks home for many years. J.B. Sutton passed away in Jan. of this year, leaving behind many fond memories of Scouting, learning and growing.

Leo and Mark milked cows on the farm all through grade school. As the boys grew older, dad added more cows. As many as the boys could milk and get to school on time. The milk had to be seperated into cream and the seperator washed. By the time the boys were in the 8th grade, they were each milking 15 to 20 cows each twice a day. Mark says that his Dad owned two milking machines. Leo was a real milking machine, and the other one was no slouch.

Mark enjoyed tinkering with radios. He managed to get a headphone set and he built a crystal radio, and 1 and two tube sets. He could pick up the two existing radio stations, but he had to listen intently.

In 1928 Dante hired Mark out to a neighbor. He milked 20 cows twice a day, and he sold watermelons in between times at Talbots Auction located at 19th ave and Buckeye Rd.

Phoenix Union was the only High School in Phoenix at that time. Mark attended morning classes so that he could continue with his work on the farm. During the midterm the family moved to the Fowler district and the boys attended Tolleson the second semester. By this time the country was well into the depression. Father told the boys if they would stay home and help save the farms he would give each of them 80 acres after the depression was over. The boys took him up on his offer.

(In Mark's words)

Eda bless her soul. From the time she was six years old she took full charge of the house. Even when she was so small that she had to stand on that

apple box to cook, wash dishes, and clean. She did the laundry on a rubboard. The water was heated outside in a washtub stacked up on bricks. The cloths were boiled, lifted out with a stick, and put into a tub and rubbed untill they were clean, rinsed, rung out, and then they were hung up to dry. Little Eda managed to do all these things. She did a wonderful job. She finished High School at Tolleson. Afterwards she attended a business college where she learned many usefull office skills. In 1939 a young man came out to repair Eda's sewing machine. After three years of courtship, they were married April 18th, 1942. Francis Pearson Smith has proven himself to be a good christian man, and a devoted husband and friend. They recently celebrated 48 years of marriage. They have no children. They have lived at 67th ave and Van Buren for the past 44 years.

I fondly remember my brother Leo who was with me through all of my growing years untill I was 18 years old. We worked side by side. He always did his share and maybe a little more. As hard as I tried I could not keep up with him. He was always bigger and stronger. He could whip me but he had to prove it every day of the year. During the depression we milked all those cows and still managed to plant 400 acres of wheat, irrigate and harvest it and do some of the hauling. Each year we double cropped replanting the wheat to maise or hegari. Through all the years we enjoyed many good times. Our families got together for most of the holidays after we both were married.

In 1934 Mark bought a 27 Modle T Fordroadster for \$10.00. Believe it or not it was running pretty good. Leo had a 1930 Chevy Coupe at the time. The boys drove it eight miles to the dairy, milked, stayed overnight, milked again and drove home. And of course Leo used the car for his own entertainment on the weekends. In 1934 Mark traded his 27 Ford for a Chevy Roadster that looked pretty nice. In March he got the urge to see what was on the other side

of the hill. He was 18 years old. Riding one horse and leading another, he started for the mule barn. He figured on selling a horse and paying off the Chevy. He still owed \$35.00 on it. When Mark arrived at the mule barn he asked for the buyer. He told the man that he wanted to sell the horse that he was riding. The buyer said "I won't buy that horse but I'll give you \$50.00 for the one you're leading. Mark replied, "You don't want that horse, it's only green broke". To which the buyer replied, "I told you what I'd do". Mark realized that it was a fair price so he took the money. \$50.00 for a green broke colt was a lot of money in 1935. Mark rode home, milked, loaded his things in the car and went to bed. Got up the next morning, milked, ate his usual breakfast of cornflakes then went to town to pay off his car. He left town with \$15.00 in his pocket. The car trunk was filled with his old saddle he got when he was 12 years old (he still has it) and 2 apple boxes filled with radio parts, and his cloths. He was going to Imperial Valley, Calif.

The day after he arrived he got a job on a farm. The boss was named Earl Edgar. He was farming 800 acres at 23 years of age. Mark told him that he would work untill harvest and at that time he would leave to run a combine because he could make more money. Earl said, "What can you do?" Mark replied, "Anything". Earl asked, "Can you sew and jig on a 16 1/2 foot catapiller machine"? Mark said "It's customary to use a jigger with a 16 1/2 foot machine". Earl said, "I don't want to pay for a jigger". After trying several sack sewers he ask Mark to try it. Mark managed to get the job done but it was very hard work. Earl was willing to pay him \$6.00 a day so Mark didn't mind working hard. The job consisted of hanging a bag, jiggging it up and down, to fill it, removing it, carrying it to the sewers bench, shaping it, forming two ears and 12 stitches, sending it down the chute, and threading the needle at the rate of two a minute an a traveling machine. Mark did that 14 hours a day, 7 days a

week during harvest season. After the harvest was over, Mark drove a Catapiller diesel 35 tractor for Earl.

Mark liked to change cars. Upgrading in order to get curent. He always liked cars. He came home from time to time to show his new cars off. Dante would talk him into working for him saying, "You're the best man ever had work for me". But he never paid Mark. So whenever a second payment came due on the car, Mark would have to leave and find another job in order to catch his payments up. This went on for four years. Finally Mark realized this is not going to work! So he bought a small tractor, mower and rake, and went into business for himself. He was 23 years old.

Mark mowed and raked for his Dad and other farmers that first summer, the end of the summer Dante again refused to pay him, so he dicided to move to California.

Mark had been dating Louise Hall. He told her goodbye, and left. He drove his 36 Ford, and pulled his small house trailor. When he arrived in Imperial Valley, he moved onto Lloyd Haskell's place. The next day he began work. The farmers in the Valley would always give Mark a job, That's what he liked about Imperial.

In the spring, Mark sold the mower and tractor, to Fred Kruse (who was to be his future father-in-law.) in Phoenix. He bought a truck, loaded the rake and took it to El Centro. He stripped the truck down and made a mowing tractor out of it. Then he did mowing and raking with it that year which was 1940.

When fall came, broghter Leo who had bought 80 acres from Dad was having trouble making a living. At that time he had a wife Elizabeth Kruse Accomazzo, (Marks future sister-in-law) and 2 daughters, Mary and Barbara. Dad offered him a Catapiller tractor for his intrest in the 80 acres. Mark advised Leo not to make the trade but he decided to go ahead. Leo wanted Mark to

come to Phoenix and go into the tillage business with him. Immediately after the trade was made, Dante wanted Leo to move out of the house, along with his family. As luck would have it a man by the name of Mr. Pogue came over that same day. He wanted Leo to move into his house and look after the place. He told him that he could farm his 40 acres if he wanted to.

They moved onto the place. Leo and his family took the main house and Mark took one of the out buildings. The tractor needed new tracts before it could be used. They found some, put them on, and began doing tillage work, for other farmers. One of their farmers was Jess Stump, (Father of Robert Stump, member of the U.S. House of Representatives).

It rained a lot that winter of 40 and spring of 41. That is the year that the Roosevelt Dam ran over the spillway for the first time. Mark and Leo would mud in grain for Mr. Stump whenever they could. He owned a grocery store at the time. It was located at 29th ave and Buckeye Rd. That kept them in groceries. Work was really slim because of the weather but they managed to make enough to live on. In the spring Mark went to Imperial and traded his haying equipment for tillage tools.

The men stayed busy during the summer and fall of 1941, and they bought several tillage tools. By winter Mark had received his draft notice and was getting ready to leave. He wasn't scheduled to leave until March 11th so he stayed busy until then.

Mark was inducted into the Army on March 12th 1942 in El Paso Texas. From there he took his basic training at Aberdeen, Maryland. He was assigned to Army ordinance. From there the men were transferred across the country by train in a cattle car. Then by ship to the island of Oahu in Hawaii. Mark was then assigned to the automotive section, which consisted of 64 mechanics. Some older and good at the trade, but most young and Army trained. It was

their responsibility to maintain all trucks, tractors and some tanks. Mark rose in rank to chief of section. He was there approximately 2 years, then the company was formed into the 404th ordinance and shipped to Guam for the invasion. After the invasion they spent 6 months in the Phillipines then to Okinawa. They arrived in Okinawa on Easter Sunday 1945.

Mark received a much welcome furlough on May 20th 1945. He arrived home July 1st. Betty Kruse had written to Mark every day since he left for the Army. If he skipped a few days then he would be handed 5 or 6 at mail call. He answered each one of the letters so you might say they were getting serious. Mark had known Betty since she was 8 years old. He remembers that she had the whitest hair he ever saw. And she wore it cut in bangs when she was young. They dated every day after he got home. And they were married at the Luthern Church at 9th Ave and Woodlawn in Phoenix. Mark was very happy he was sure that Betty would make a good wife. They spent the balance of his furlough visiting friends and having fun.

When Mark reported back to duty at El Paso, Japan had surrendered, and he was discharged on the 19th of August 1945. Betty had accompined him to El Paso because they had suspected that would happen. On the way home they stopped by a lumber store and bought \$349.00 worth of lumber. It was enough to build a small 3 room house without going back for more supplies. Mark had planned the house on the way home on the boat. So it was well thought out.

He built the house on 5 acres that he had bought from his Dad. The acreage was located on the N.W. corner of 83rd ave and Broadway in Phoenix. The little house has been moved twice, hopefully for the last time. It now sits near his present home in use as a museum.

Mark immediately started into the tillage business with Leo. They purchased two tractors in the first few months. A D6 Caterpillar for \$3500 and

a 35 Caterpillar for \$2000.


At the end of that year Leo decided to sell his farm and buy one in Perryville, 30 miles south of Phoenix. The men decided to dissolve the partnership. Leo took the 2 D6 Caterpillars and the equipment for them, and that left Mark the two diesel 35s and equipment for one.

Mark continued to progress slowly in the tillage business, work was plentiful. In 1946 he bought a used combine and began combining.

In March of 1947 their son Jim was born, at Good Samaritan Hosp. Mark and Betty were very proud of him.

Mark continued to save a little money and in 1948 he bought 80 acres from Charle Korricks of Korricks Dept. store. They paid \$18000 for it and it was located at 87th ave and Northern in Peoria.

Their first daughter Peggy was born on Nov. 17th 1948 also at Good Sam. hospital. Mark and Betty were very proud of her as well. About a month later they weren't so sure – Peggy was a colic baby. Two months later she was over it and everything was peaceful again.

In 1950 Mark took a small herd of cows in trade on a tillage bill and started milking and raising calves. His brand was the  lazy M, Lazy A placed on the right hip.

The tillage and harvesting continued to grow. By this time Mark had 4 tractors and 2 combines. During the busy season they ran day and night scattered across the valley.

Sometimes Jim would ride with him on the tractor, and he always went along with Mark on the boom truck. They spent a lot of their time moving tools for the tractors.

On March 27th 1951 Anne was born. Mark chose her name. She was a nice little girl. Mark and Betty had a fine family, 2 girls and 1 boy. In December

of 1951 the family had a terrible accident, and Anne was badly burned. Gas ignited and the backflash caught Anne in the face and burned half of her hair off. After 8 weeks she returned home from the hospital in pretty good shape.

Early in 1952 Mark and Betty had an opportunity to buy the farm he now lives on, 267 acres at 59th ave and Baseline Rd. in Laveen. They didn't have the money to buy it but crawler tractors were very much in demand. Mark sold most of his tillage tractors and tools to raise the money to buy the place.

The land had no water and needed more leveling than most farmers were willing to do. There was no power to the farm and after the leveling, the soil contained so much alkali that it would not grow crops. And mesquite and brush covered the place. But Mark and Betty wanted a larger farm. Mark knew that he couldn't make a living for his family on 80 acres, unless they milked cows. And they damn sure didn't want to milk cows!! And Mark didn't want to do tillage work forever So – After having bought the place, Mark was down to one combine and 1 RD7 tractor, one 80 acre farm rented out in Peoria, and 267 acres that would not bring in any income. Mark realized that he would still have to do tillaging and harvesting to make a living and improve the farm. He worked one tractor hard and began buying others. Before long, he found himself as deeply involved as ever. Every time he found he had a day to spare he brought a tractor home to work on the place. It took several years but Mark finally got the place cleared, leveled, and cement ditches in, wells drilled and pumps installed.

Mark says that his family contributed a lot of help and support during those hard years. Everyone helped whenever they could. The girls helped irrigate, Betty was a parts runner, and Jim did whatever needed doing on the place when he wasn't in school. The land needed leaching to rid it of the alkali so Mark planted bermuda. As each field was leveled, and the bermuda came up,

Mark put cattle on it. He kept the place in solid bermuda grass for several years.

Dante remarried in 1957. They lived together 8 years before he passed away. Della is now in a rest home. We celebrated her 103rd birthday. She is doing well.

Meanwhile the children were growing up. Betty stayed active in PTA, 4-H, Depression glass club, Cowbells, Cotton wives, NCGA and many other activities. In 1957 Mark was injured in a dirt cave in, in a pit silo. He was hospitalized for eight months. He shut all operations down during that time except for taking care of the cattle. The family did that. Plus a small farming operation which was going at the time. (In Mark's words) I had generous help from my good neighbors, in particular, Ray Hudson, Bob Tyson, Larry Miller and Hossie Rich. And there were many more. Their help was very much appreciated. Jim was his right hand man. He was 10 years old, and he ruled the roost, or tried to. He was a good worker for his age. Betty paid me a visit every day in the hospital, and the girls helped whenever they could.

After he was finally released he kept improving every day. As soon as I was able, I began doing outside work. Tilling and harvesting to pay up some bills that had accumulated.

The time came when Mark thought he could make more money on crop farming he sold the herd of cattle to Troy and Charly Oney. In 1960 in addition to tillage and farming on the home place he began renting land from the neighbors.

The road in front of Mark and Betty's house was known as Lateral 18. Roads running north and south were known as laterals at that time. They were named after the canals that were used to deliver water to the farmers. They were built on county right of ways, starting at Granite Reef Dam. The dam is located east of Scottsdale. This was an accepted practice until after WW II. For many

years Mark and Betty's residence was listed in the Phoenix phone directory with a lateral 18 address. As time went by only old timers knew how to find the laterals. Many attempts were made with the phone co to get the address changed to no avail. Finally Mark said to Betty, "The only way you're going to convince them to change the address is to tell them we have moved". So Betty called the business office and told them the family had moved to 8382 So. 59th ave in Laveen. It worked! The next phone book listed the new address. The house number was chose at random and is still being used.

All three children attended Laveen grade school and graduated. Then they each went four years to Tolleson high school and graduated. Jim took Vocational Agriculture because of his interest in farming. The girls both concentrated on Home-economic classes, pom pom and cheer leading. All three were always interested in 4-H. They each won trips to Chicago and St Louis for their 4-H work. In the meantime Betty was getting more involved with her various clubs. And she worked at both the county and the state fairs. In 1966 she wrote, "This is Your Life". A history of past Arizona Cowbelle presidents.

Mark kept increasing his farming operation and decreasing his outside custom work. As Betty got more involved with her writing.

She started volume 1 of "Arizona Pioneers History". Personal life historys of Arizona pioneers. She continued writting their stories at the rate of one book each year. Marks father passed away on July 15, 1965. Jim began farming on his own in 1967. He gave Mark some advise about that time and Mark didn't take to kindly to it. He remarked to Jim, "We'll just watch your smoke young man". Mark says that Jim's been smoking ever since. He has done very well each year.

Brother Leo passed away March 2, 1968. Mark has missed him.

Jim married Jacque Trotter on May 12, 1972. They have two sons, Wade

and Scott ages 17 and 15. Both the boys are attending Tolleson High school. They are both doing well in FFA (Future Farmers of America). They are also active in 4-H. The family is enjoying a good life together...

Peggy graduated from ASU. She majored in Home-Economics. She married Art Allen just after graduation. She began teaching at Laveen grade school the following semester. They have three children. Jenny, Karen, and Aaron. Jenny is twelve, Karen and Aaron are 11 years old. The family is very active in 4-H work, and school activities, and they stay involved with their church. They have a nice home. They are a beautiful family.

Anne graduated from ASU in 1972. She majored in Home-Economics also. She taught school the following semester at Willcox Grade School. She married Larry Moore on June 8 1974 and settled down to ranch life. They have two children, Cassie is six years old, and Jake is four. They own a large cattle ranch in Willcox, and it keeps them very busy. Anne is following in her Mothers footsteps. She has been very involved with Cowbells, (State president in 1989) and many other activities...

In 1976 Mark rented the farm to Art and Peggy and retired from farming he consentrated on his car collection, buying more cars and parts. And also going to an occasional swap meet, and taking pleasure trips. In April of 77 he and Betty spent one month in Europe. They visited relatives in Germany and Italy. And enjoyed the sights in 7 different countries.

After returning from Europe they began construction on a new house next door to where they had been living. The house took a year to compleat, and Mark and Betty have really enjoyed it. The next few years they took life easier. As they both did the things they enjoyed. Betty continued with her writting. Her family history, cookbooks, Laveen Community history, and she was still involved with her club work.

In 1984 she was inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame in Hereford Texas for all of her humanitarian work. That was one of the highlights in her life. Mark built a larger barn to accomadate his growing car collection. His idea was to portray the changes in transportation beginning with farm wagons, buckboard, buggy, steam car, high wheeler, early gas cars, electric car, the brass car, mid 20s, classics of the 20s and the 30s.

In 1985 they sold the farm, keeping the house and three acres. They purchased 900 acres of farmland in Yuma, Arizona. And a ranch in Cochise county. They have kept the farm and ranch leased out. Mark always enjoys driving to Yuma to look at the farms, his farmer does such a nice job.

On November 1 1988 Betty was diagnosed with cancer. She fought very hard, she wanted to live so bad. She said there was still so much she wanted to do. In January at the pioneers luncheon, the Arizona National Livestock Board presented Betty with a beautiful plaque for having written 10 volumes of "Arizona Pioneer History". They dedicated volume 10 to her, and volume 11 is dedicated to her memory.

After a hard fought battle she passed away on May 16, 1989. She was a terrific lady, and her passing has left a large void in the lives of all who knew her.

In Marks own words:

The house suddenly became very quiet and lonely. I remarried in January. A very good lady, Tootsie Ellington. We are very happy together.

To quote an old poem "I'm in pretty good shape for the shape i'm in". I am looking forward to many happy years with my family.

Floyd T. and Hazel G. Peterson

Willcox, Arizona

Floyd was born May 26, 1908 to Edwin and Caroline ("Carrie") Peterson near Lake Benton, Minnesota. He had two older brothers, Roy and Harry, and a sister Nora.

In April of 1916, because Minnesota was already getting crowded and they needed more land on which to make a good living, the family moved to Blue Hill Township south of Ryder, North Dakota.

Floyd received most of his education at Blue Hill School, a consolidated school to which all of the school-age children of the township went.

He, at an early age, learned to care for the mules, horses, and cattle on the farm, and was soon driving the mules on various equipment such as plows, discs, harrows, grain drills, binders, and headers; and on mowers and rakes for making hay.

When quite young he became the "separator man" when they threshed the grain for themselves and their neighbors. His older brother Roy ran the big tractor or steam engine that supplied the power.

Much of this area of North Dakota was still raw prairie and Floyd's father and brothers broke up many sections of land. They had to hire quite a few men during the growing season and especially during harvest. They also hired a girl or two to help cook for the crew. When threshing the cooking was done in a cook car, a room on wheels that was moved from farm to farm during threshing time.

Hazel G. Weimer was born March 11, 1909 to John and Cora Weimer in her grandparent's house near Church's Ferry, North Dakota. Her parents moved to a farm in Irvine Township where she went to school through her Junior year.

The Senior year she went to Leeds High School. She and two other girls won state championship in debating that year, 1925.

Hazel needed to earn some money so she could to to college so she worked several months on a dairy farm. Then a lady friend told her that Floyd's mother usually hired a girl. This was about 150 miles from home. This lady's sister-in-law was a neighbor of the Petersons, named Mrs. Albert. Mrs. Albert had come to Leeds to visit so Hazel rode with her and on April 12, 1926 she was taken to the Peterson home to her new job. And there she met Floyd.

Hazel worked that summer and in the fall of 1926 went to Minot State Teacher's College. She started teaching in the fall of 1927 and taught in various rural schools south of Ryder for seven years. She and Floyd were married July 1, 1932. (Meantime she had gone to summer school three summers to earn a better certificate.) Teacher's salaries went from \$80.00 per month in 1927 to \$50.00 per month in 1933. Hazel asked her father-in-law if she should accept such a wage. He said, "That's more than we are making!"

There was not only a depression but there was drought. Their son Thomas was born in November of 1934. The following spring Floyd, Hazel, and son Tom rented "The Big Pasture" down by the Missouri River and took the family herd of cattle down there to graze as there was not enough grass up at home.

During the summer of 1935 they were able to raise a good garden but they noticed a few gray beetles. They went to town (Garrison) 22 miles to get some poison (Paris Green) to kill them. By the time they got back from town so many beetles had moved in that there wasn't a leaf left on the potatoes.

They rented a piece of ground further east that fall. It snowed so much that winter that they couldn't drive a car from January until April. The temperature much of the time was 20° to 40° below. Floyd took the mules and

hauled a load of wood a mile or more across the river on the ice to trade for coal at the underground mine over there. The mine owner's wife cried when she saw the wood. The wet coal didn't burn too well without wood. She was having to keep her children in bed to keep them warm.

The following summer was better. Hazel raised a good garden and was able to can quite a few quarts of vegetables, and a neighbor gave them corn to can. Floyd was able to raise a good crop of alfalfa hay.

During the summer of 1936 a neighbor bought the place they had rented. Meantime Floyd and Hazel had read an ad in the paper of a rancher in California who needed help. They had to move anyway and had decided to try something different.

They knew some people, the Jones's, who lived in Redondo Beach south of Los Angeles. The Jones's had cabins to rent so Floyd thought they would go there first before going further north to check on the ranch job.

So Floyd sold his hay and with \$80.00 in his pocket he, Hazel, and two year old Tommy, (and a load of canned food), drove to California. That was in late November.

When they reached the Jones's the first thing they said was, "Are you looking for a job? You can't buy a job down here."

But the next day, the Jones' son Junior took Floyd with him and they drove about checking places where there just might be a chance of getting work. One of the places was the Shell Oil Refinery. The next day Floyd went back there. The personnel man asked where he was from. When Floyd said, "I am from a farm in North Dakota." The man said, "Just a minute." He went back in the room, brought papers for Floyd to fill out, and Floyd had a job. It lasted about three weeks and the company couldn't get copper tubing so Floyd was laid off as were many other employees.

Jones' other son Leo was a unit boss at Grayson Heat Control that makes controls for hot water heaters and during the war made parts for airplanes, bomb nose fuses, etc.

In a couple days Leo told Floyd that his company was going to hire a man to do filing in the machine shop. When Floyd arrived there was a long line of men looking for work. In a little while a man walked out of the office and left the door slightly ajar. Floyd stepped out of line and walked right in. The boss of the machine shop was there. Floyd said, "Do you need a man on the heavy end of a file?"

The boss said, "How did you guess it?"

Floyd said, "Leo told me." Again he filled out papers and got the job.

He worked there until the spring of 1942. Many times he worked overtime if it was necessary to fill an order for the war effort.

During that time all windows were covered, no lights were allowed to shine anywhere at dark time because there was danger of bombing by enemy planes. During the early part of 1942 Floyd's parents and his brother Roy came to visit. One night the air raid warnings began to sound. Everyone went outdoors to see what was happening. Three little planes were seen way up in the sky. They could see tracer bullets going up toward the planes. Later they learned that one plane (Japanese they were) was shot down west of South Gate where Floyd's were living. The crash area was closed off and the incident soon hushed up as too many people began to leave the Los Angeles area. Some years later it was told on TV that this was the only time that enemy planes had flown over the United States. A little earlier a Japanese submarine had been discovered out from Redondo Beach and was destroyed by bombs.

In the spring of 1942 Floyd learned that a ranch along the Missouri River just west of where they had lived before in North Dakota was for sale. He had

always liked that place, had gone to dances there in the big barn. He was yearning for outdoors after being in the black-out atmosphere. So even though he had worked his way up in the machine shop and was offered better jobs and better pay if he stayed on, he decided to go back to North Dakota.

Meantime the family had increased by two daughters. Joanne was born April 5, 1937 and Patricia on August 26, 1940.

In May of 1942 they returned to North Dakota and bought the Barrow, Sr. Ranch and leased the "Big Pasture" again that joined it on the west.

Here they lived for five years. Floyd got started raising registered Hereford cattle. He also raised excellent corn and hay crops. The drought had let up and the economy was improving. Hazel taught school those five years in the little rural schools, two of those years school was in their own house. Wages increased from \$90.00 to \$160.00 per month. Floyd started and was the leader of the Flickertail Farmers 4-H Club.

In the fall of 1947 the Petersons were forced to leave because the Garrison Dam was to be built on the Missouri River and their land would be flooded. This time they moved to a ranch they purchased from Dr. George A. Townsend of Chico Hot Springs. (Dr. Townsend and his wife spent their later years at Sun City near Phoenix, Arizona.) The ranch lay on the east side of the Yellowstone River about thirty miles south of Livingston. REA came to the valley in the fall of 1947.

Hazel started teaching a local school there in October and taught at various rural schools in the vicinity for about 23 years except for some time in 1951-55 when she took a recess. During a few months in 1954 and 1955 they went back to North Dakota to teach square dancing and Floyd bought cattle to ship to feeders in Iowa.

For several years Floyd was one of the Supervisors of the Park County

Soil and Water Conservation District. He did many projects such as rip-rap on the Yellowstone River, built diversion dams, stock ponds, etc. for patrons of the District. He won a Certificate of Merit and in 1966 he and son Tom were named winners of the annual Conservation Award. (Tom is now a supervisor of the Whitewater Draw Soil Conservation board of southern Cochise County Co., Ariz.)

For several years beginning in 1954, the Petersons taught square and round dancing to older folks and to the teen-age young people of Paradise Valley (as that part of the Yellowstone Valley was called.). At one time they taught a group of 24 people to square dance on horseback. This group entertained for the County Fair and for the Chamber of Commerce both at Livingston.

Hazel also taught the pupils of Arrowhead School, grades one through six, to square dance. They used this for programs and to entertain the Park County Pioneers at their Annual Dinner and Dance.

In the summer of 1954 Hazel did research for, wrote, and directed, with Floyd's help and that of other people of the county, "A Saga of Park County," a pageant covering the area history from 1804 to 1865. This was presented one evening at the County Fair.

The Peterson's irrigated their meadows and raised and put up hay in the summers. They had the first sprinkler system in the valley – the pipes were moved by hand every four hours. Other areas not fitted with pipes were irrigated by moving canvas dams down ditches of water.

Cattle were grazed up in the mountains on Forest land in summers and in the meadows with a daily feeding of hay in the winter.

The three Peterson children went to schools taught by their mother until ready to go to Livingston schools. Thomas graduated from high school there in

1952, Joanne in 1954, and Patricia in 1957.

Thomas married Beryl Billman April 10, 1954. Joanne married Larry Todd on August 28, 1955. Patricia married James Todd (Larry's brother) on June 5, 1961.

The Petersons bought the Claude Hookham Ranch on the west side of the Yellowstone River in 1960. Floyds moved there and Tom bought the Townsend Ranch. In 1967 they bought the Goodyear Ranch 9 miles south also on the west side. Larry Todds and Jim Todds moved there.

On the "Goodyear Ranch" was Crystal Cross Mountain on which the Petersons developed a ski area that was enjoyed for many years by folks from a large area from Gardiner to Livingston, and from Yellowstone Park.

Floyd started raising and breaking Arabian horses. He had broken horses much of his life but he was thrilled at the intelligence and stamina of this breed of horses.

Luther and Jean Todd, parents of Floyd's sons-in-law, Jim and Larry Todd, had been coming down to Scottsdale, Arizona for the winter for several years. Not far from where they were living was Paradise Park where every year the Arabian Horse Show is held. They told Floyd and Hazel about the show and that the Scottsdale area was probably the Arabian horse capitol of the world.


Finally in 1975 Floyd and Hazel were able to get away and in February came to Scottsdale to visit the Todds and to attend the Arabian Horse Show. The next year they were back again.

One day it rained and was not too comfortable at the Horse Show so they decided to explore the part of Arizona further south. They had come through the Parker, Yuma, and Wickenburg areas on the way down. So now they explored the Sonoita-Patagonia area and came back through the Willcox area.

Floyd was getting to the point (age?) where he dreaded the cold winters

in Montana so in the back of his mind was the thought that if he could get a good ranch in Arizona he just might move there. He and Hazel were back to Willcox in April of 1976. Meantime they had read an ad that Browning's Muleshoe Ranch 31 miles west of Willcox was for sale. When they got to Gary Greenough, the real estate agent in Tucson, (now living in Palominas), he said that the Muleshoe had just been sold but that the Antelope Ranch just south of it was for sale. He brought the Petersons out to see the ranch and to meet Bill (Wm.) and Amolene McIntosh who owned it.

In August 1976 Floyd and son Tom made a trip down to look the place over again and to start the deal as it was one of the better ranches Floyd had seen and was of the right size. The headquarters is 26 miles west of Willcox.

Prior to 1921 this area was run under the brand of Col. J.H. Hooker. As time went on parts of this ranch were sold to various people. In 1932-1933 Jim Caldwell and his uncle bought some of it and named it Antelope Ranch. They used  "Cross Diamond" as a brand (which the Petersons now use.) Jim, as time went on, and his wife Edith whom he married in 1934 purchased parcels of land until they owned all of the land except the state land. They built the good buildings that are on the place. They had fences built and waters developed. In 1966 they decided to sell the ranch and move to Tucson where Edith had gone so that their two children could attend college there. So in that year McIntosh's purchased it.

McIntosh's with the help of the ASCS put in a network of pipelines to carry water from wells to drink tanks for the livestock and also a benefit to wildlife so they would not have to go too far from grazing to water. They added some cross fences.

After eleven years they decided to move back to New Mexico.

So by May of 1977 the Petersons had completed the necessary red tape

and traded Tom's ranch in Montana for the Antelope Ranch. Floyd and Hazel moved there after 30 years in Montana. Tom's moved to his folk's ranch in Montana but in 1981 they traded that ranch for one in the San Bernardino Valley east and north of Douglas, Arizona. Later Floyd and Tom traded ranches.

Floyd bought the cattle that were on the ranch from Bill and Amolene McIntosh. The cattle were mostly Brangus with a few Charolais and Herefords, and they continue to use Brangus bulls. For a couple of years they successfully used Longhorn bulls with first calf heifers.

Floyd and Hazel do much of their own work on the ranch. Floyd says he's retired since he doesn't have to irrigate and put up hay all summer and feed all winter. But he seems to keep busy checking and repairing water lines (of black plastic pipe), fixing fences, taking out salt, and checking on livestock and gate.

Soon after they came here they painted and varnished inside the house and out. They hired men to put a new roof on the house but re-roofed the adobe, the barn the garage and the bunkhouse themselves.

They run their cattle on a plan suggested by the ASCS – to move your cattle in such a way that some of the pastures have a chance to re-seed each year. Floyd has learned to know the grasses and tries to re-seed any bare areas.

There has been enough moisture so cattle could graze year around except in the winter of 1989-1990 when they had to supplement a few weeks.

When Floyd and Hazel round up and brand or to ship calves, their families come to help. Friends and acquaintances often enjoy coming to help, too.

Hazel belongs to the Willcox Cowbelles, to the Arizona Cowbelles, and to the National Cattlewomen. She was Secretary-Treasurer of the Willcox Cowbelles for several years.

Floyd doesn't belong to as many organizations any more. He said, "Let the young people do it now."

The Floyd Petersons are so thankful that God has given them wonderful families, has guided them through all their lives and finally to this area where the climate is ideal for man, for domestic animals, and for wildlife, and for the beautiful unusual plants and flowers.

Floyd and Hazel Peterson Families

Son: Tom and Beryl moved to the Douglas area from Montana in 1981. They bought (traded for) the George Stephens Ranch (once known as the Lazy J) in the San Bernardino Valley. Tom built a hangar on the place. He flies a Piper Cub to check his cattle and a Cessna 185 to make trips as when he goes up to the Antelope Ranch to help his folks.

Tom is a director on the board of the Cochise-Graham Cattlegrowers and a Supervisor of the Whitewater Draw Soil Conservation Board of southern Cochise County.

Their older daughter Penny is married to Nelson Cooper. They live near Filer, Idaho. He works for the PCA. She has a daughter Angie and a son JD.

Their son Nick and Cindy have two young sons Gideon and Thane. They live on the ranch that the Petersons bought from the Diamond A. It lies 13 miles north and east of Lordsburg, New Mexico.

Their younger daughter Tana and Fred Edington have a son Will. At present Fred is employed on the Larry Moore Ranch on Rucker Road near Elfrida.

The Petersons older daughter Joanne:

Joanne and Larry Todd and family came from Montana and purchased the Warbonnet Ranch (once called the G Bar Ranch) adjacent to the Antelope Ranch on the East.

Joanne and Larry have two sons, Tommie and Larrie.

Tommie recently bought the old Schilling place and other land lying north of the Warbonnet Ranch.

Larrie and Lori are on the ranch with his father. They have three young sons Dustin, Colter, and Tayrell.

Joanne has a Masters Degree in Special Ed. She teaches at Bonita.

Their older daughter Terri is married to Mike Mehn. He is a game warden at Libby, Montana. They have two young sons, Zakary and Chauncy.

Their younger daughter Katie is married to Rick Skaarer. They live on the Warbonnet Ranch. Katie teaches in the Willcox Elementary School. They have three young children, Chase, Caitlin, and Bridger.

The Petersons younger daughter Patricia:

Patricia and James Todd came from Montana several years ago. James (or Jim as we call him) is foreman on the Dart Ranch in the Rucker area north and east of Elfrida. Patricia teaches school at Pearce.

Their oldest son Jame is married to Jo Ann. Jame is a civil engineer and is working for a construction company out of Globe, Az. Jo Ann works in the accounting department for the same company.

Their second son Joel is practice teaching and goes to the university in Tucson.

Their third son Tim goes to school at Eastern University in Silver City, New Mexico. He is also a partner in a small business in Willcox. They print

designs on T shirts, etc.

Their fourth son Fred also goes to Eastern University in Silver City. When not in school he works at Simmons Pump Co. in Willcox.

C O V E R

FRONT - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

FOOTHILLS OF WINCHESTER MOUNTAINS - FLOYD PETERSON - END OF HARD DAY
CATTLE CORRALLED - ANTELOPE RANCH - Willcox
FLOYD & GLADYS PETERSON - Willcox
MARY V. WARING - Flagstaff
ZEKE TAYLOR - Cottonwood
MARY B. LYONS - Lake Montezuma

INSIDE BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

MARGARET BOURDON - Show Low
NELLIE LeDONNA MOORE - Congress
EDNA LANGE - Prescott
MARK ACCOMAZZO - Laveen
1921 FLOOD - Phoenix
HENRY CORDES - Mayer
DAVID & NINA WINGFIELD - Payson
CURTIS J. RITTER - Kirkland

BACK COVER - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

DICK DENNY - Skull Valley
CHUCK SHEPPARD - Prescott
BOB CARLOCK - Phoenix
RICARDO "Dick" JIMENEZ - Sonoita
PHOEBE TESKEY - Mayer
HILDA SULLIVAN - Rimrock
LEE MURPHY - Prescott
DAVE HOPKINS - Camp Verde



19th AVENUE & FILMORE PHOENIX, ARIZONA
1921 FLOOD
CAVE CREEK DAM BROKE DURING CONSTRUCTION
MODEL T FORD IN PICTURE
MARK ACCOMAZZO LIVED 2 BLOCKS EAST OF THIS LOCATION



