ARIZONA NATIONAL PIONEER RANCH HISTORIES

Volume XIII

Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman

Volume XIII

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

ARIZONA NATIONAL

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MEMBER

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

On behalf of the Arizona National Livestock Show it is my pleasure to acknowledge the tremendous contribution the Pioneer Stockman has made to this industry and the State of Arizona.

This year marks the publication of Volume XIII of Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories. The Arizona National Livestock Association thanks all the men and women who have given their time and shared their memories to make this additional volume possible. Your involvement and contribution of time insures the continued success of the Living Pioneer Stockman Hall of Fame and this Stock Show for many more years.

Thank You!

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Preface

It is with great pride that we the Arizona State Cowbelles are involved with this the XIII Volume of the Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman and Stockwomen.

We have had Cowbelles throughout the state gathering and encouraging Pioneers to write these histories, and it is very rewarding to see it complied and printed.

Because of the hard work by the members of this committee, beginning with the leadership of the committee chair, Doris French and with the undying loyalty of former Pioneer Stockman President Danny Freeman, this book is a success once again.

This year each of our 13 Local Cowbelle groups was asked to appoint a chairperson to head this committee, to work on helping and encouraging the Pioneers to write their histories as a record of our States past, and because of this diligence by our gals, we see this fine group of life experiences come into print.

We hope as you read these pages, that it will bring to your memory someone who is a special part of our State and that you will motivate them to share their wonderful history with all of us.

Thanks to all you Pioneers for sharing your lives with us.

Respectfully submitted,

Phyllis Gates

Phyllis Gates,
President,
Arizona State Cowbelles

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SMALL HISTORY OF THE MILLER FAMILY

by Jim Miller

John Jacob Miller was born in North Carolina, but made his home on a farm near Princeville, Illinois. He went to the gold rush at Pike's Peak, Colo. He made four of these extended trips taking several years to complete.

When on these trips, he left his oldest son, Logue, in charge of the farm. When he decided to go on another trip, his son, Sam, 16 years old, wanted to go too. His mother didn't want him to go but finally agreed if his older brother, Jacob Leroy (Jake) went along to look after him. Plans completed, the party left Princeville April 4th, 1859 for Pikes Peak, Colorado.

Failing to find gold, they joined a prospecting party led by Joseph Redford Walker, finally arriving in Arizona in early 1863.

The Walker party came up the Hassayampa River in May 1863. Crossing a range of mountains, they came to another creek and made camp. They found the best diggings yet discovered. While prospecting, Sam Miller shot a lynx and the creek became known as Lynx Creek. A total of $14,000.00 in Gold was taken out of the various claims along the creek. The Walker party camped in the fall of 1863 on what was later called Granite Creek. The campsite was about 3 or 4 hundred yards from where the Yavapai County Courthouse in Prescott now stands.

The Millers located a ranch northwest of the original Walker party campsite in what is now called Miller Valley. They were the first settlers there, raising feed for their teams. Miller Creek and Miller Valley Road still carry their name. The Miller house was located southwest of where the intersection of Miller Valley Road and Fair Street are today.

THE BURNT RANCH -- In 1885 Jake Miller and Ed Sheppard built a small log cabin northwest of Prescott near Willow Creek. They made pine shakes for use in Prescott. There was a lot of grass in the area and Judge E. W. Wells had Miller take care of his cattle, herding them by day and corralling them at night. He went out to bring them in one evening and some ravens flew up. Looking closely, Jake saw the head of an Indian. He rounded up the cattle in a hurry but several Indians took after him. Jake shot one and his bulldog jumped on the dead Indian. The Indians stopped to fight off and kill the dog. This gave Miller time to corral the cattle and get in the cabin and get ready for an attack.

The fight lasted for some time, and Jake and Ed were almost out of bullets. Finally the Indians were all around the cabin and Miller was able to shoot the Chief which stopped the fight. Jake sent word by the mail carrier to Wells, to come get his cattle. They took the cattle to Prescott that night and the Indians burned the cabin and corrals to the ground. From then on it was known as the

Burnt Ranch. Burnt Ranch Road goes around northwest of where the cabin stood.

The Miller brothers started a freight line from Ehrenburg to Prescott. Because there were no roads at that time, they built a toll road by Iron Spring through Skull Valley. In 1877 they sold the road to Yavapai County for a free road. Iron Springs Road still follows their original plan.

In May of 1873 Jake brought his son, Roll (Leroy Daniel) from Paris, Illinois to Prescott. They lived in the Miller House in Miller Valley. Jake owned the land on the east side of the road, and Sam the land on the west. After Roll had been in Arizona a few years, he established a ranch in Skull Valley. He farmed and freighted with Jake.

In 1876 he went back to Illinois and married Rachel Wiebrecht. Rachel was 17 and Roll 24. Roll had the wedding rings made in San Francisco from Lynx Creek gold. They had four boys, Charley, Harley (my Dad), Tom and Fred, three girls, Esta (Redden), Dora (Cook) and Lily (Cook). Dora and Lily married brothers. When Esta, the oldest child, was 16, Roll took Rachel in the buck board and rode all over the ranch. He told her all his plans for the ranch and livestock. That night he died of a heart attack. That was October 23, 1893. Fred the youngest child was 2. Jake Miller came to live with the family to advise and help. He loved all hes grandchildren. Rachel paid off the ranch and raised her family. She later sold the ranch and moved to

Prescott. Esta died in 1900 after the birth of her second child, and grandmother also raised her 2 girls. She died Nov. 20, 1954.

Harley (my dad) married Martha Evagreen Gibson in Ferguson Valley, northwest of Skull Valley Dec. 25, 1901. She was born in Globe, the daughter of William and Shra Gibson. She was one of 13 children, one set of twins. The Gibson family came to Globe from Texas by covered wagon in the early 1880's. They were broke when they arrived in Globe and their horses were almost starved. William had just enough money to buy a sack of grain for the horses. When he opened the sack. He found a $20 gold piece. They bought enough groceries to get by until he could get a job. In the 1890's William and Sara moved to the Skull Valley area.

My parents had seven children, Harley, Leroy, Archie, Bernard, Nora (Cornwall), Grace (Commings), myself, Edna (Bayliff), Mary (Dowdy). Leroy, Archie and Nora were born in Prescott. The rest of us were born in Congress, Az.

In 1910 dad bought a ranch on Date Creek 15 miles west of Congress where we all went to school. He used the $\mathcal{h}$ (little H) brand. He had cattle west of Congress and down Date Creek. He also bought the $\overline{Z}$ (bar Z) ranch in the Harcovar Mountains from Jim Rowe. This was between the Hassayampa and Bill Williams rivers. The drought from 1925 to 1934 just about wiped out all the cattle in the area. I was pretty young at the time but I knew things were pretty

tough. I worked on the ranch on Date Creek till I was 26 years old. Cattle were pretty wild and some of the horses were too, so you had to make a hand.

At this time, the ranches weren't fenced as they are now, so everyone's cattle pretty well ran together. All the ranchers worked together and we gathered all the cattle from Date Creek to Wickenburg, to Aguila and Santa Maria River where Alamo Lake is now. We covered a lot of country, all on horseback. The Ox Ranch owned by Bud Ming at Date Creek, DG Ranch owned by Jake Martinez, and D.V. Marley on the Santa Maria. Also Del Crabb Ranch 2Y(2,lazy 2) at Aguila, Roach Roberts at Wickenburg, and Roy Hays and Jake Zwang $\overline{\cap}$ (bar mule shoe bar) below Yarnell Hill and in Peeples Valley were the main ranches in the area.

I went to work on my first foreman's job in 1943 for the K_4 Ranch on Walnut Creek in Big Chino Valley, 1200 head. I met my wife Joannie Becker there. Her family owned the C_V Ranch next to the K_4. I was staying at the K_4 Farms for a few days, she and a girl friend had ridden over to see another girl friend. Joannie was riding kind of a crazy old horse, and when they got ready to leave, the girl friend kicked him in the face as she was getting on her horse. Joannie's horse bucked her off and kicked her and broke her leg. She couldn't run off so I finally talked her into marrying me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have made it. We were married on Sept. 28, 1944 at the C_V Ranch.

After leaving K4 I went to work for Spurlock and Wetzler, a cattle feeding operation in Chandler for 2 years. They feed out between 3000 and 5000 head.

Then I was at the -U- Ranch in Skull Valley for a brief time for Sissi and Sonny Walker. The -U- ran 400 head.

In 1947 I went to work for Ray Cowden as foreman of the Yavapai Ranch, formally owned by Ralph Hooker, near Seligman. I stayed with Cowden for 17 years, raised most of our kids there. They are Jim, Tom, Ginger, Sam, Dave and Peggy. They all learned to be good cowboys. Joannie had a full time job raising kids, taking them to school and cooking for a bunch of men as it seemed we were always out of a cook. Joannie is a good rider and really a good judge of horses. I couldn't have made it without her help.

Cowden ran 1300 to 1500 steers on the ranch plus 300 registered cows. I learned quite a bit about good cattle there. Ray sold bulls to ranchers in northern Arizona and usually bought their steer calves to run on the ranch for a year before taking them to his feed lot at Tolleson. Needless to say they were all Herefords and I still think they are the best cattle.

I changed to Coughlin Cattle Co. in Peeples Valley from 1964 to 1969. They had a desert range at Congress and it was like going home. Coughlin had 400 head.

In the fall of 1969 I took over the management of the Yolo Ranch at Camp Wood for Bill Waddoups. This 1200 head outfit was quite a challenge to me. As I had always heard

how rough it was, and the cattle were supposed to be wild. I found out they weren't as wild as the cattle my brothers and I grew up with on Date Creek, just a little more spoiled. After a couple of roundups, they were real easy to handle. When Bill sold the ranch in 1974. I didn't feel I could work for the new owners so I moved to the +U Ranch next to the Yolo (Y) for Gene Polk. This is another rough, brushy outfit but I got along pretty well. Had a few mean cows and a few big steers that my boys and I gathered and got off the ranch. After that we had no more trouble. Gene ran 500 head on the +U. Stayed there until 1977. We had bought a house on Williamson Valley Road in 1971 while I was still at the Yolo. Dave and Peg were still in school and as they were both involved in sports etc, it seemed the thing to do.

January 1, 1978, I went to work for Fain Land and Cattle Co. at Dewey. Lynx Creek, where Sam Miller found the first gold in 1863, runs through part of the ranch. Fains had about 800 head of mother cows when I went to work for them. They were all gentle and the ranch was all easy country except for Mingus Mt. which makes up for the rest. They have about 125 head permit on the mountain, and try to replace the old cows we sell off with heifers that were born there.

I ran Fains, Rafter Eleven (11) Ranch until 1984. Then son Sam, who had worked for me, took over and I kept working for him. It's a hard ranch to manage as Fains sold the land

to subdividers for what is now Prescott Country Club and the town of Prescott Valley. The ranch surrounds both areas, and we have a terrible time with people cutting fences to get on the ranch with their ATV's, kids breaking floats on the troughs, and dogs running calves. Most of the people enjoy seeing the cattle on the range and will call if they see someone cutting a fence or driving through one and tearing it down. We get a lot of calls that cattle are in the subdivisions. Sam had managed to cut the herd down to around 600 mother cows as Fains keep selling off more land.

Our oldest son, Jim, went to work for the ranch in 1990, and the boys humor me by letting me do most of the day to day riding. They get to do all the heavy work. I'll soon be 75 and have a couple of good, old gentle horses that are good for heeling calves at branding time. I intend to keep working as long as they will let me.

I think I have probably covered as much or more country on horseback than anyone. Had a new left knee put in, in 1988 and since then I am still going strong. I have 44 years of day to day diaries of ranch activities from the time I went to work for Cowdens's in 1947. It's fun to go back and read them over.

Sam's 2 boys, Carson and Flint are the 7th generation of Millers to live on ranches in Yavapai County.

Mickey Contreras

Prescott, Arizona

My grandfather came to Arizona and also my grandmother. My grandfather's name was Lucas Contreras. My grandmother's name was Oriala Castro Contreras. I never did know too much of my great grandparents. Only thing I did know was they had come from Spain and settled in California.

Grandfather Lucas Contreras and grandmother Oriala Contreras came to Arizona by covered wagon. They crossed the Colorado River at Yuma, or Blythe, California. They first settled in Casa Grande, Arizona. Then moved to Prescott, Arizona. What year I never did hear. Later went to work on a ranch in Walnut Creek, close to the ORO Ranch, then called Oaks and Willows. Then he worked at the Fort Rock Ranch and the Anvil Rock Ranch, also close to the ORO Ranch.

My father Ed Contreras was born in California around San Diego. There was five brothers and six sisters. Where they were all born, I never did hear.

My father went to school in Prescott, Arizona at the St. Joseph Academy. When father got old enough to work on ranches, he worked some at the Fort Rock Ranch and the Anvil Ranch.

At the young age of seventeen, he went to work for Johnny Bozarth. He had a ranch on Bozarth Mesa, which is

north of Bagdad, Arizona and west of Camp Wood, Arizona. He worked for Bozarth family for sixteen years. He saved his money and bought a small bunch of cattle at Hockberry, Arizona. The brand went with the cattle, 7O on their left hip.

He moved the cattle to Wild Horse Basin, which is north of the mining town of Bagdad, Arizona. He homestead some land there, still carries the name of Wild Horse Basin. There is a couple of mesas there named Lower Contreras Mesa and Upper Contreras Mesa.

Dad's brother Roman was there with dad and had a brand with cattle together. Their brand was VX, but dad still kept the 7O brand.

Later dad bought uncle Roman out. Dad's nephew Johnny Monreal came and helped with the cattle, since Johnny's dad passed away in Ashfork, Arizona. Dad, Johnny, and more help, moved Aunt Anglina, Johnny's mother, and her cattle to Wild Horse Basin. There was two brands my Aunt Anglina had, MK and H. Later, Johnny and dad had a few cows together with the brand 8B.

Dad took a ride to Signal, Arizona, then a very busy mining town with a few ranchers around there. There was a dance going on. He met my mother, Inosentie Leivas. She was a niece of Juan Leivas, who was the all around cowboy in 1888 at the Prescott Rodeo (world's oldest rodeo).

They married soon after and started a family right away.

He sold his rights there in Wild Horse Basin, also the cattle and his sisters cattle too. He kept the brand 70. It was sold to the Yolo Ranch from Camp Wood, Arizona. The brand was not sold to the Yolo Ranch, Walter Cline was the foreman there at the time.

Father and mother moved to Prescott. My uncle Joe was foreman for the Burnt Ranch here close to Prescott. They had lots of cattle, so my dad went to work for my uncle Joe. Later he bought in with my uncle Charly Young at Ferguson Valley, close to Skull Valley, Arizona. It is now the Bell Ranch. He didn't stay long with uncle Charly Young because he didn't have too much range for cattle.

While working at the Burnt Ranch, dad and uncle Joe spotted some land on Tonto Flats. Dad took a homestead on a flat there, and uncle Joe took a homestead just over the hill.

They went in together and bought some cattle in Chino Valley, Arizona from a rancher by the name of Johnson. They also bought his brand, J+, on the left hip. The dates I won't say, I can't remember.

I was born in Prescott on July 25, 1912. I was baptized Manual James Contreras. I have gone by my nick-name, Mickey, for many years. I am better known by that name.

In 1915 dad moved the family to the ranch now known as the Contreras Ranch. There was a school there close to the ranch. The school house is still in use at Hillside,

Arizona. It was moved from Tonto Flat, leaving nothing there but the concrete step. I went to school there until I graduated from the 8th grade.

I didn't go on to high school. I went on working on the ranch. We had the cattle to take care of and we did lots of farming. Myself and my two brothers, Ed and Ray helped our dad with the farming and taking care of the cattle.

There were nine in my family all together. All are living but two. There was four boys and five girls.

My dad and uncle Joe were in partners with the cattle for a few years. They decided to split the cattle. Our dad kept the  brand, and uncle Joe took my aunt Anglina's brand  . Uncle Joe had a daughter, Mary. She had a few head of cattle with the brand  , called Crow Foot.

Uncle Joe later sold his cattle and the homestead. His cattle allotment went to our ranch.

Myself and my brothers had to shoe our own saddle horses. I can remember shoeing horses at the age of 12.

In 1932, we had too many cattle on the forest. We had to move some cattle or there was no sale for them. Dad bought a little ranch south of Bagdad, Arizona. The ranch was called Rock House. There was a big spring of water there.

We moved 56 head of heifers and 4 young bulls down to the Rock House. We didn't have to change brands as the Rock House was still in Yavapai County.

We drove the heifers and bulls to the Rock House. It took us 5 days to make the drive there. The cattle were sure sore footed when we got there.

On the drive were dad, myself, my brother Ray, and a life long friend, Andres Narvorro. Ed, my brother, drove the chuck wagon, a model T.

We had the Rock House a short time. Our dad passed away, but my mother still kept the Rock House for a while. Brother Ray and I stayed there the first winter and took care of the cattle. That winter we trapped and did a little prospecting. Furs were not worth much those days.

A cousin from California came and helped us at the Rock House. Steve Contreras was his name. Later on he came and helped us at the ranch at Tonto Flats.

Brother Ray stayed one winter at the Rock House and took care of the cattle.

My mother had a hard time making ends meet, so she sold the Rock House to Gail Campbell and her mother, Mary Campbell.

There wasn't too much at the ranch at Tonto Flats. I stayed there a while. We raised our own hay for horses and corn and beans. There it was all dry farming.

I decided I would go out and find work on ranches. I knew how to work cattle good, but not too much about breaking horses. So, after working a few months in a mine at Hillside, Arizona, I went to work at the Yolo Ranch,  brand . It was in Camp Wood, Arizona.

I went through 2 roundups there, and later broke a few colts for the Yolo Ranch. My cousin, Diego Monreal, was working there. He was a very good horse breaker, so he really helped me with the colts.

Later I worked at the Perkins Ranch at Perkinvill, Arizona, and the Double OO Ranch at Seligman, Arizona. Gill Brothers had a big steer ranch there.

I wanted to work where I could make a little more money. I took up mining while I wasn't working ranches. Also, I wanted to rodeo. I wanted to follow bronco riding like my great uncle Jaun Leivas.

In 1938, I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Perry Henderson at Dewey, Arizona. They had a big string of bucking horses. Perry had contracts to furnish stock in northern Arizona and at the Prescott Frontier Days.

Myself and Slim Boyer drove the bucking horses to different rodeos: Snowflake, Payson, Ashfork, and Long Valley, Arizona.

Perry Henderson was a good saddle bronco rider. I gave him a lot of credit for helping me get started riding bucking horses. He was always giving me some good advice.

In 1939, I started working in mines pretty steady. I worked in Hillside and Congress Gold Mine.

In 1940, I broke some colts for the L-L Ranch for the Stringfields. I also broke for Lon Stringfield, a very good friend of mine.

That year I made the Prescott Rodeo, but didn't do too good. I had won the Amateur Bronco Riding in Prescott Rodeo in 1938.

After the 1940, rodeo in Prescott, I went back east with a fellow I met here at the Prescott Rodeo. His name was Steve Raines. We went to St. Louis, Missouri, and on up to Wisconsin.

I came back and went to work at Jerome, Arizona, at a copper mine. Gas was getting hard to get since the war broke out.

I left Jerome and went back to work on some defense plants around St. Louis, Missouri. Made a few wild west rodeos around there.

I left St. Louis in 1944 and went back to Prescott. I was getting called for the service. I volunteered for the Navy. I was rejected as I had been injured while riding in a rodeo in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, a few months before.

Still couldn't get much gas to rodeo. Gas was rationed then on account of the war.

I decided to try logging. So, my brother-in-law, Dutch Van Brunt, my sister Kathy, and I went to Washington state to log.

I worked there in a logging camp for a while that winter. When spring came I went rodeoing. I made Tondseket, Wash. Rodeo. I won the bull riding there, and also second in the saddle bronco riding. I thought it was a lucky year for me.

I went north into Canada. Pretty good there, gas was pretty hard to get yet.

I came back to Omark, Washington and worked a little longer in the woods. By that time the war was over and gas was released.

I went back to MO. I rodeoed around there and shoed horses and worked in some factories in the winter.

In 1946, I came back to Prescott, Arizona, my home. My mother still had our ranch. Brother Ray was taking care of it for the family. I helped Ray for a few weeks. Then went to work for the Iron King Mine.

I met Thelma Rodrigues in 1954, here in Prescott. She was here visiting some relations. She was born on her grandparents ranch called Skimozene Spring. Her grandmother and grandfather Young had cattle on it. The land was leased from the Indians at that time. The ranch is 10 miles from the little town of Winkelman, Arizona.

We got married that year, on December 18th. She had 2 boys from a former marriage. I had 2 boys, also from a former marriage.

I still helped my brother Ray at the ranch when I would get a few days off from the mine. Our mother sold the ranch in 1958. She passed away in 1961.

Iron King Mine shut down in 1968. I worked there 18 years.

I went to work for Yavapai County Road Department. I stayed with that job, as a truck driver, until I reached the

age of 65. I retired and we've been living here at our home in Forbing Park. It use to be called Pardee Flats, heres where some of the first rodeos were held.

I used to trap. My wife Thelma always went on the trap line with me. We used to go fishing a lot, not so much lately. Fish are scarce.

The ranch still goes by the name Contreras Ranch, the road is called Contreras Road. The big spring above the ranch there called Box Elder Spring, is now called Contreras Spring.

J. Stayton Brooks

Crittenden Ranch

Stayton is the son of Ira Brooks, a rancher from Floresville, Texas and Lillian Stayton Brooks of Lake City, Utah. Upon Ira Brooks arrival to Arizona he became a farmer and dairyman in Chandler, he also rented out mules during planting and harvest time. Lillian Stayton met Ira while she lived with the Dr. B.B. Moeur family while attending Tempe Normal. Dr. Moeur later became Governor of Arizona.

Lillian graduated from Tempe Normal School in 1912 with a certificate in education. After graduation, Lillian Stayton and Ira Brooks were married in Globe, AZ. (9-11-1912). In 1915, the Brooks' moved to Sonoita, AZ., established a homestead and began a cattle ranch in Santa Cruz County.

John Stayton Brooks was born November 2, 1917 in Tempe, AZ. His mother traveled from the homestead in Sonoita, AZ. to Tempe so that Dr. Moeur could deliver her baby. Stayton comments, "I often heard the story by my mother about them having to sell the milk cow in order to have enough money to bring me into the world."

Stayton's siblings include: Elbert Brooks (married to Charlotte Lee of St. David, Az.) Sydney Brooks (married to Myrle Hooks of Chandler, AZ.) and Margaret Brooks (married to Philip Gardner of Holbrook).

The cattle brands used at the "Brooks Homestead" was a WAT and a (bar)⌒ across the rump of the animal. In addition to cattle, the family raised turkeys, which fed on gramma grass and water cress collected down on the Sonoita Creek, and dry farmed. The Brooks' raised feed for their cattle, water melons, beans and squash. The homestead had to pump water, with dirt tanks for the livestock.

Lillian Brooks used to tell stories about life on the homestead the trials and tribulations. Some stories included tales of Poncho Villa and his gang who would cross the homestead as they would ride to and from Mexico.

The homestead years were a rough time for the family and eventually my mother had to start teaching at country schools in order to keep the family going in the '20's. Some of the schools Lillian taught in include: Rain Valley, Sonoita, Vaughn, Mowry, Red Rock, Calabasas, Canelo, Eloy, Elgin and Patagonia. Lillian retired at 70 years of age from the Sunnyside School District in Tucson. During many of the jobs as a teacher. Lillian had to ride horseback to and from school along with 2 children riding behind, in a buggy or resorted to living on the school premises with her two youngest children, Stayton and Margaret, while returning to the ranch on the weekends. Stayton later attended Canelo, Sonoita, and Mowry Elementary Schools and graduated from Patagonia Union High Schools.

The Brooks raised some good horses and several were sold to the Fletchers, Jelks and Haskells. They also had teams of horses which they used to dry farm.

Stayton and Elbert Brooks reminisce about one of their favorite horses. "Spot", who would actually kneel so several children could get on her to ride. Ira Brooks had to destroy Spot at about 20 years of age because of a fistula on her neck.

The Brooks boys remember milking 15 to 20 cows each morning and night, separating the milk, then shipping the cream to the Tempe Creamery on the train from Sonoita. When Mr. A.C. Dalton started his dairy about 1 1/2 miles from the Brooks' homestead, the cream was sold to him.

On Saturday nights the Brooks' boys would get the Sonoita School House ready for the dances and clean up afterwards. For their efforts they would get dance tickets and supper, which was always served at midnight.

The Brooks' family had many horses, however, a homesteader by the name of Adams gave Stayton a horse named Shakespeare. Joe McKinney, who ran the Babocomari Ranch at that time, would get me and Shakespeare to cut out the cattle he wanted. I don't know why but Shakespeare never spooked the cattle and always came out with the right one. My pay was all the doggies and leppies. I remember getting four calves at one time.

When I was about 8 years old, Roy Madison, a Babacomari cowboy, gave me a pair of his old boots which were about

four sizes too big for me but I thought it was really great to even own a pair of boots.

Also, a friend named Bob Davis and I broke horses for a man from California who owned what is now the Curly Horse Ranch. The horses were bought from the Leonard Woods Ranch on the east side of the Santa Ritas.

One summer when I was abut 15, I worked on the Empire Ranch Farms irrigating and baling hay. Another summer I went to California to pick fruit, but I always returned to the Patagonia \ Sonoita area.

As a youngster, Stayton was in an automobile accident, with the axle of the car landing on his back. It seems that he and his brothers had taken the family car over to a neighboring ranch for a visit, and in an attempt to get back home before dark were driving too fast and turned the car over -- seems that the car had magneto lights and the faster you drove, the brighter the lights. The dirt road and curves proved just too much for the boys, ages around 9-12 years old.

Stayton never knew at the time the repercussions of the auto accident. It seems that many years later, the accident would keep him out of WWII. It seems that Stayton and Ed Swanson drove to get their military physicals together. Ed had a ranch at Sonoita also. He was a little hard of hearing and had poor eyesight, so Stayton had a pretty good idea that the military would not take Ed, however, Stayton was a strong, young, guy and sure to be drafted. As it

turns out, the wound from the auto accident kept Stayton out of the army, but they drafted Ed Swanson. As the recruiters were leading Ed away, he asked Stayton to take care of his cattle while he was gone, and that he would be back soon. Soon meant years later -- and all that time, Stayton tended his friend's Herefords.

In 1934, when Stayton was 17, they lost the homestead to The Valley National Bank ("Solutions Not Problems !?!") for approximately $3,600. During the depression my parents had borrowed money to buy cattle and could not make the payments. (The homestead is now the Sonoita Estates and has been developed for residential use and has numerous homes on it.) After moving from the homestead Ira Brooks began working for the State Highway Department and Lillian continued school teaching.

Stayton's sister Margaret remembers him as a good looking guy who loved to dance at any of the local dances in Sonoita, Elgin or at the Old Opera House in Patagonia, with strong convictions and values. We can still see these traits in Stayton today.

Stayton was married to Rose C. Wearne on June 29, 1942 at the Nogales Courthouse in Nogales, Az., by Judge Gordon Farley.

Rose was born in Globe, AZ. on October 28, 1924 and lived at 246 N. Devereaux St. in Globe. Rose was the daughter of Nick Wearne (born in Silverton, Colorado, a miner) and Ida Wills Wearne (of Cornwall, England, who came

to Arizona in 1904 when she was 4 years old) and granddaughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Wills of Globe, AZ., who owned and operated an insurance company. He was also the mayor of Globe until 1928 when he died of TB. Rose was the eldest of the six surviving siblings which include: Billy, Harold, Dorothy, Arthur and Darlene Wearne. The Wearnes, a mining family lived in Globe and Duncan, AZ. and finally settled in Patagonia where all the children graduated from high school.

The wedding day is remembered by Stayton wearing a brand new pair of Levis for the occasion. After the ceremony, Stayton put Rose on "Pinky the Mule" and headed to the top of Mt. Wrightstown or "Mt. Baldy" to many, in the Santa Rita Mountains in southern Arizona. Stayton was working as a fire lookout during the summers for the US Forest Service. It was a honeymoon to remember.

Over the years, Stayton had many jobs, while all the time attempting to stay in the Patagonia \ Sonoita area that he loved so much. He worked for the Forest Service in various capacities, mainly during the summer months, while in the winters he worked at the Eastside Garage in Patagonia. In addition, he drove the school bus for the Patagonia schools for many years. However , Stayton was the happiest when he was working on a ranch, with the land and with animals.

Some of the ranches Stayton worked on included the Johnny Sands Ranch, (Sands at one time had been in

partnership with Stayton's uncle Leonard Broods), Los Encinos Guest Ranch; Crown C Ranch; and the Andrada Ranch. His duties included typical cowboy work, shoeing horses, and tending to everyday maintenance of the property. Working the soil and gardening was always a favorite of Stayton's who had to be born with a green thumb. The Kohler plant at the Andrada Ranch ruled the roost. The men and women from neighboring ranches would get together for poker games and sewing - bees, and when the plant died out, then it was time to call the game and call it an evening.

On June 25, 1946, Rose and Stayton had their son, Bill, and on May 3, 1948, their daughter Linda, was born.

Bill and Linda spent most of their childhood in Patagonia -- both were very active in all sports and were good students. Bill worked from the time he was eleven for an engineer, Bob Lenon. Linda was very active in 4-H and her first year in college she was selected to go to Chicago where she won national awards for her sewing and leadership. Bill and Linda graduated from Patagonia Union High School where Rose and Stayton had also graduated.

Bill went on to Northern Arizona University where he graduated in 1968 and received his Master's Degree in 1974. Linda graduated from the University of Arizona in 1974 and received her Master's Degree in 1980. Both taught school for several years -- Bill at Sierra Vista and Linda at Marana -- before they changed careers and went into private industry. The fact that they both worked their way through

college and are so successful, makes their parents very proud.

Bill is married to Gail Merriman and they have two sons, William Stayton (Will) and Tyler Nicholas. Rose and Stayton have thoroughly enjoyed watching and being a part of their grandsons growing up.

Linda is married to George Vensel; they both remain very active in the cattle industry today.

There was a time that Stayton and his wife, Rose, decided what the family really needed was to move to the city and not moving around to various ranch jobs. So the family moved to Tucson -- the lights of the big city! Which only lasted five months. With the misery of city life on Stayton, Bill and Linda, Rose conceded and the family moved back to Patagonia. This time however, Stayton became self-employed with a construction \ maintenance business called the "Will-Do-It Shop". Rose Brooks spent her time working a stint in Fort Huachuca, many years with the US Forest Service, Coronado District and finally retiring from US Customs in Nogales, a total of 27 years with Civil Service.

Over the years, Stayton remained active in the community; serving on the Patagonia Town Council, as a member of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association and helping out with the 4-H programs. One of his highlights in 4-H was to receive a service plaque for leadership and donating beef for 4-H BBQ, and activities.

Another highlight for Stayton was being hired to build the Pioneer Building and donating his time to the various activities at the fairgrounds. For many years, Stayton was instrumental in the building and maintenance at the fairgrounds, and in naming of the Pioneer building. You could always depend on Stayton helping out at the horse races, horse show, rodeo, and county fair, or any other activities scheduled at the fairgrounds.

In addition, not a school activity went by without the Brooks there to cheer their children and friends on. Today, the Brooks are life-time members of the Santa Cruz Fair and Rodeo Association and belong to the Westerner's Club, and have worked to preserve the old Canelo School as an historic site. Stayton once attended and lived in the building when his mother taught there.

In 1978, Stayton retired and his dream came true, when he sold some property in Patagonia and purchased land between Patagonia and Sonoita, from Vivian May Davis and Argenta May Loop. He built a new home and has enough land to raise a few calves, garden, or raise feed for his calves. Stayton currently uses the  brand on his cattle.

The new Brooks' home has a colorful past. The property originally was the town of Crittenden which became the Smith business property - a hotel, saloon, store, etc. One of the houses on the property is the old Smith Hotel, built in 1885, now a one - story rock structure. "From 1882 to 1899 the settlement of Crittenden thrived under the leadership of

John Smith, quarrier, postmaster and keeper of the hotel catering to teamsters piloting the ore wagons rumbling into the shipping docks from the Patagonia Mountains. When the Southern Pacific Company built its station as the new town of Patagonia, however, Crittenden was deserted. The hotel became the Charles May family home (Mrs. May was John Smith's daughter). For safety sake, the May's removed the second story which had been damaged in the earthquake of 1887. It has been said that to stay at the Smith Hotel, a traveler had to pay 50 cents for the rooms on the upper floor and $1 for the lower rooms because the out-house was more accessible to the guest closest to the "John".

These days you don't see Stayton roam too far from his home -- he's just happy where he is in the area that he's loved so much for so many years. He raises as many calves as he can on his few acres, cusses taxes and looks at Old Baldy, the honeymoon mountain -- a beautiful view from his back porch.

That must have been some honeymoon as Stayton and Rose will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary in the summer of '92.

Helen Ellicott Ashburn

Helen Ellicott was born on March 12, 1908, in La Cananea, Sonora, Mexico. Her father was an electrical engineer working for the Cananea Mining Company. During the first three years of her life she lived in La Cananea and La Colorada, Sonora, Mexico. Just after she turned three, the family moved to Casa Grande in the Arizona Territory. As good jobs were scarce, her father moved the family to a bungalow in Los Angelos, California. Soon after, her father was hired by the Cerro De Pasco Mining Company based in Lima, Peru. Her dad shipped out, so Helen and ger mother moved back to La Cananea, to join her mother's sister. From there Helen and her mother returned to Lochiel, Arizona in 1912, to live with her grandad and uncle. From the age of 5 through 11, Helen lived in Parker Canyon. First Helen and her mother lived with Helen's grandad on his homestead. Later in 1914, when her father died, her mother obtained a homestead of her own on "widows rights". While they lived in Parker Canyon, the neighbors to the east were the Nick Bercich family, to the north the James Parker family, the west, the San Rafael Ranch owned by the Greene Cattle Company, and in Lochiel was the Carolina De La Ossa family, all very old settlers. Also between the canyon and Lochiel was the Don Cosme Solano family.

Helen Ashburn attended schools in Parker Canyon, Lochiel, Nogales, Bisbee and finished her senior year at

Nogales. During the summer of 1926, after graduation she met the man who would be her husband, Marshall Ashburn. After attending the University of Arizona for 1 1/2 years, Helen Ellicott and Marshall Ashburn were married.

Marshall Ashburn was born November 2, 1907 to Oscar F. Ashburn and Ninnie Fenter Perry Ashburn in Tombstone, in the Territory of Arizona. He was raised on the Rail X Ranch just outside of Patagonia. He attended school first in Patagonia then later in Tucson. The family sent him to Tucson because he played hookey too much in Patagonia. Marshalls father died in 1924 when Marshall was 17 years old. The Rail X Ranch was sold four years later. Marshall attended the University of Arizona at the college of Agriculture for 6 weeks, when he decided he wasn't getting what he wanted. He quit there and went to the California Commercial College, a business college in Long Beach.

Helen Ellicott and Marshall Fenter Ashburn were married on February 5, 1929 at the courthouse in Nogales. They left then for Long Beach, California were Marshall finished his studies.

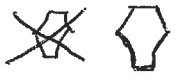
The Ashburns lived in Long Beach until June of 1929, when they moved to the San Rafael Ranch outside of Patagonia, where he was the Windmill Man. Marshall also worked with the fence crew, fixed watergaps, plowed or whatever else needed to be done. Helen maintained all the registered Herd records and the ranch bookkeeping. They lived in the large house with Helen and Tom Heady, Tom Heady

being the manager of the San Rafael Ranch for the Greene Cattle Company. In 1931, Marshall Ashburn and Tom Heady went into partnership on the J-I. Tom finished the ranch and Marshall stocked it with registered cattle. Marshall and Helen moved to the J-I in late 1931. Marshall continued to work at the San Rafael Ranch till 1933. Helen continued to work there until the birth of their first child. Rosemary Ashburn was born February 2, 1932, in Nogales. Their second child, Hulda Elizabeth Ashburn was born September 30, 1934, also in Nogales. Both girls were raised on the J-I. They attended school at both the Lochiel school and the accommodations school at Washington Camp. They attended high-school at Patagonia, Arizona.

The J-I Ranch was compiled by Tom Heady through the purchase of homesteads. Some of the original homesteaders were; Harold Lehan, Jim Sutherland, George Everett, Arthur Moody, Mary Vaughan, Perry Wilson, Arthur Panick, and William Heady - Tom's stepfather. Tom Heady's own homestead is included too. The ranch water was supplied by wells, windmills and dirt tanks. There are no live streams on the ranch. Tom Heady and Marshall Ashburn's ranch also included a forest lease with a permit for 400 head. The first ranger was Roger Thompson. The forest supervisor was Fred Winn. After Thompson, Oly Olson was the forest ranger.

The J-I was also known as the Heady-Ashburn Ranch. to this day it is known as such. The Heady-Ashburn ran a registered Hereford herd except for two milk cows. For the

household, there were chickens, ducks, guinea hens, peacocks and a few turkeys.



The brands used on the Heady-Ashburn were the J-I, the Casket, and the NZ. The J-I was Tom Heady's brand (Helen Ashburn's mom). The NZ had belonged to Helen Ashburn's mother's uncle in northern Arizona. It had been in the Wager family for generations.

Tom Heady retired from the San Rafael Ranch in 1945. He and his wife Helen moved to Nogales. Helen Ashburn's mother Helen Heady died in 1947. She is buried in the Patagonia cemetery. Tom Heady continued to live in Nogales. In 1951, Helen and Marshall Ashburn purchased Tom Heady's interest in the Heady-Ashburn and became sole owners. In 1956, the Ashburns sold the Heady-Ashburn Ranch to Albert J. Weatherhead from Cleveland, Ohio. They stayed on the ranch through August of 1956 to implement changes that Mr. Weatherhead wanted. During their 5 months, Mr. Weatherhead had time to find a suitable manager.

Also during those 5 months in 1956, the Ashburns were having a house built on the homestead site that had been kept in the Wager-Ellicott family since 1911. Haverty and Lamma were the builders. The home was built of burnt adobes from Benjamin Hill, Sonora, Mexico. The house was built just south of the dugout home of her grandfathers, and about 50 feet from where Helen and her mother lived when she was a child. The only other structures on the homesteads were a hayshed that is still standing, and an adobe house known as

the casita. The casita is no longer standing. It was too close to the road and too many transients liked to camp out without permission, so it was torn down around 1979.

In February of 1957, when the new house was completed, Marshall said he couldn't get along without seeing cattle. So with a few Anxiety 4th heifers from the Heady-Ashburn and more heifers and 2 bulls from the Jack Frost Eskimo Ranch in Hereford, Texas, a new ranch was established. By this time, both of their daughters had married. Helen and Marshall lived here by themselves, they considered it their retirement ranch. For a few years the ranch was simply known as the Canyon Ranch. Marshall had a few pet names for the ranch like the Donut Hole or Rancho Seco. Now it simply known as the HQ.

Marshall Ashburn died on April 3, 1982, at the age of 74. Helen Ellicott Ashburn still lives on the ranch with the assistance of her grandson Glen Goodwin and his wife Katie. Helen is 83.

Norman W. Fain

My family has been in Yavapai county for seven generations starting with my mother's grandfather, Samuel Dickinson, and counting my two very young great-grandchildren.

My grandfathers were named Marion William Fain and William Beriman Back, mo wonder I was named Norman William. The Backs came from Missouri and settled at Montezuma Well in the Verde Valley and raised crops, vegetables and ran a few head of cattle. Some of their descendents are still around, Esther Henderson, of Dewey, who has her story in Volume XI, is my first cousin. Our mothers were sisters and our stories may overlap some.

Grandfather Fain came from Kentucky in the 1860's and settled at Camp Verde, at first this was called Camp Sandy, then Camp Lincoln and finally, Camp Verde. His brand was Bar 16 and ran it near Stoneman Lake. It was called the 16 Ranch. Later, he owned a ranch on Oak Creek which later was owned by Frank Gyberg.

Both my grandfathers were ranchers in the Verde Valley, so, I became a rancher by birth. My father was Granville Fain, but was called Dan Fain. He started working cattle at the age of 14 and worked cattle and sheep all his life. He did a little farming but not much. Father ran cattle all over the Verde Valley and up in the Mogollon Mountains.

I was born on February 9, 1907 at Camp Verde. As a young boy I grew up with Indians, they lived on one side of the irrigation ditch and we lived on the other. When I was seven years old my father bought me 20 heifers from Fred Cordes and it was my job to look after them. My first brand was 3 percent 3/0 but the lines were too close together causing scabs to form allowing worms to get in. I changed that brand after about 5 years to 44, one 4 on the shoulder, the other on the hip.

I completed 7 grades at Camp Verde and then took an examination, passed, and started high school at Prescott in the fall of 1920. I was rather lost the first year or two because it was so much different from what I was used to in Camp Verde. Eventually, I got straightened out, athletics helped. I earned five letters in sport, two as a guard football and 3 in basketball. I came out for track and completed in the high hurdles and broad jump. I was on the debating team and enjoyed that very much and in my senior year I was student body president.

I graduated from Prescott High School in 1924 and applied to Stanford University and was accepted. I wasn't that good a student but my high school principal helped me prepare the application and it was tops. Stanford, then, as now, wanted students from throughout the United States as well as some from foreign countries. They had a system to flunk out 15 percent each quarter, this kept their standards

up. I nearly flunked out a few times but managed to stay until I graduated in 1928.

While at Stanford I served on a 5-member Men's Council. We handled traffic violations and other discipline matters, the Council acted sort of like a jury. I became the chief University traffic officer to handle traffic at big gatherings, especially at games. One year we handled the traffic at the Rose Bowl. We usually had big crews so that half watched the first half of the game while the other half watched the second half.

My major was geology and minor was political science. I became acquainted with Gene Tunney, heavy weight boxing champion, and he gave me a few good pointers about boxing. I liked boxing and was Western States Champion for three years. I had an opportunity to turn professional but if I did I wouldn't be able to graduate with my class, so, I decided not to.

To graduate in geology one had to go an extra 3 months to take a field trip studying geology. I didn't want to hang around any longer as I was anxious to get back to Arizona and ranching. So, I chose to graduate with my class in political science.

After graduating in the spring of 1928 I came back to Yavapai County and began working for my father in cattle and sheep. We wintered the sheep on the desert west of Kirkland on the Muleshoe, SH, and Diamond and Half Ranches and then

trailed them to the White Mountains at Concho near the New Mexico border in the summer.

Driving sheep from winter to summer range and visa versa we tried to make about three miles a day, grazing as we traveled. We couldn't trail sheep through the same country today because there are too many small ranches, farms and fences. Back when I was doing it there were hardly any fences anywhere. When we were driving sheep we had about 20 bands, one right after the other -- a total of about 42,000 sheep as each band had 2,000 to 2,200.

I got married on October 7, 1928 to Johnie Lee Parsons. To this union was born three children: Donna Lee, Carolyn Sue and Norman W. (Bill). I settled down after getting married but soon had an urge to go into business for myself.

After three years running sheep for my dad and helping him with his cattle I bought a few head of cattle to go with some I already owned and went into partnership with Edgar Page on Oak Creek. I still worked some for my dad as he had cattle and range from Granite Dells to the top of Mingus Mountain. His brand was the Rafter 11  and I still own that brand. His main ranch was south of U.S. Highway 89 Alternate and south to the Bradshaw Mountains.

Later on we bought the Orchard Ranch near the present bridge across Lynx Creek on Arizona Highway 69. This ranch was at one time owned by Mr. Fames Hall, father of Sharlot Hall. She inherited it upon his death. I knew Sharlot Hall quite well because when I was in high school I used to

chauffeur Mrs. Richards to Orchard Ranch to visit with Sharlot. Mr. Richards had been a partner in The Bank Of Arizona with Moses Hazeltine and Judge Wells. The Orchard Ranch is now the Rafter 11 Mobile Home Park.

Dad ran sheep from 1914 until the Depression in the 1930's and went broke. And so did just about everybody else. Banks owned the ranches but didn't want them. Gradually, the ranchers worked themselves out of the hole, but it was painstaking.

My father had cattle from Granite Mountain to the top of Mingus Mountain and I had two forest permits east of Mingus Mountain to Oak Creek and to the top of the mountains east of Oak Creek and Sedona. This was all Fain country. The land was mostly forest permits, state leased land, privately-owned land including some railroad land that we leased and later bought. There was a little federal domain, now managed by the Bureau of Land Management. So, land ownership was all mixed up and mingled.

At "rodear" time, pronounced "rodeer", I learned it was rodear and also as "roundup". Anyway, at rodear time we hired a few extra hands but mostly neighbors would help because they had small bunches of cattle mixed in with ours. As we progressed with the rodear across the country the little owners would join in to separate their cattle out. There were no fences to speak of then.

With ranches and allotments now fenced we couldn't gather cattle as we used to. Before fences came in there

was more stealing of cattle because cattle were everywhere and many would escape being branded and marked. So, cowboys with long ropes could and did roam the ranges looking for unbranded stock (we call them orejana); when found they'd put their own brand on the animal. This kept the cattle wild. Fences gentled cattle and so did salting. But fencing did not eliminate rustling all together, rustlers have gone modern and sneak in with trucks and pickups, and are gone before you know it.

Fences made the cattle easier to handle so it became common for the wives and children to saddle up and help gather the cattle. The need for professional cowboys was greatly diminished. Good bulls were brought in because now the rancher had control of his range and didn't have to worry about furnishing salt and bulls to others using the same range.

The Depression was terrible on ranchers, just about all of them went broke. Eventually the banks owned most of the ranches. Cattle weren't worth anything much. Dad had 42,000 head of sheep valued at $15 a head before the Depression and he owned $3 a head on them. He couldn't sell his sheep at any price, no one wanted them. He lost his sheep and part of his cattle and all his ranches except for about half of Rafter 11 at Dewey.

I had a friend in Jerome who owned the packing house there. He knew a young fellow by the name of John Hamilton who was interested in buying a cow outfit. Hamilton and I

got together and worked out a deal so I could borrow $22,500 from Glen Taylor, lending officer of the Valley National Bank, for running expenses for three years. Best I could do, but it was good then.

An agreement was reached for the three of us, we included my father because he was there too. Glen Taylor and I became good friends. He used to have a picture hanging in his office of three generations of Fains on horseback, my dad, me and my son, Bill -- all born Yavapai County ranchers!

We operated for three years under this agreement and then Hamilton needed cash and wanted to sell out for $52,500. I put up my Verde cattle and dad put up his 900 head and we bought out John Hamilton. Next year we sold off heavy to pay off the loan. We were now out of debt but had sold all of our cattle except a few of the top breeding cows to buy out John. Now, we had to borrow more money to buy more breeding cows. We finally got that debt paid off and then began to buy railroad land on our ranch in Lonesome Valley south of U.S. Highway 89A. We'd borrow money and buy 5 sections of land, pay off the debt, borrow more money and buy 5 more. We did this three times until we had bought up all the railroad land in our ranch. We bought the ranch three times! At that time the ranch extended up in to the Bradshaw Mountains with a forest permit. We sold that part of the ranch to the Goswicks.

I joined the Yavapai Cattle Growers organization when it was formed in 1932. In 1933 I donated a calf when we were raising money to save the American National Livestock Association, now the National Cattlemen's Association. It was about broke in 1933. We pooled our efforts and 78 Yavapai ranchers donated 79 calves, sent them to Phoenix by rail, and there Ray Cowden bought them for about $11.00 a head. We were shooting for $1,000. Cash donations were received from interested business friends and others to swell the total cash to $1,000 which we sent to the National Association. This saved that organization from bankruptcy. This noble idea is still in force today and the Yavapai Cattle Growers raise money every year from its annual Calf Sale and Barbecue at Hays Ranch in Peeples Valley to send $1,000 to the National Association.

I was elected to the state senate in 1940 and served three 2-year terms. My last year there was 1946. I was active in the Yavapai Cattle Growers and the Arizona Cattle Growers in as well. I was president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers in 1939 and for two years, 1944-1945, was president of the Arizona Cattle Growers.

There were many ranchers in the state legislature when I served, a far cry from what it is today. In fact, when I was in the senate, the state legislature was often referred to as the "Cowboy Legislature". I became acquainted with the Boice brothers, Henry and Frank, who were ranchers in

southern Arizona. We brought about the creation of the Arizona Tax Research Association.

This Association was not only responsible for more uniform taxation state wide in the ranching business, but it applied to all other business in the state as well.

For many years Arizona prided itself in being the state of the three big C's, "Cotton, Copper and Cattle". As we graduated from the three C's, it created a balance in taxation throughout the state. It is supported by the railroads, the mines and other big business, as well as a great many of the smaller tax payers.

The Association now keeps a close eye on the schools, school budgets and other state expenditures and makes suggestions to the state legislature for any changes necessary to created more fairness in the tax structure.

When I was in the senate our pay was $8 a day for 60 days and that was it -- no extensions! We got paid mileage (10 cents a mile) for one round trip per session, from home to Phoenix and back. It was expensive living in Phoenix with a wife and three kids. By now I had to make a decision whether to become a politician for life or come home and ranch. I chose the latter. I did enjoy serving in the senate and considered it an honor and privilege; it was not a lucrative job and I never did consider it as such.

I had no obligations and no ax to grind when I went to the legislature and that helped me. I was able to work on numerous laws that had become obsolete. For instance, I

introduced 25 bills that pertained to state lands, 23 were signed into law. This represented only about half of the bills which I sponsored, most of which became law. I introduced the Right to Work bill which became law by referendum and passed by the greatest majority of record. A book was written on this piece of legislation. It was hot, and I made many friends and some enemies. The Right to Work bill played a big part in bringing manufacturing to Arizona.

Another hot piece of legislation which I introduced, was the regulations of selling horse meat for human consumption.

It was during World War II and beef was scarce. Many in the state quit eating meat after articles appeared in the newspapers disclosing that a few places were serving horse meat for beef. It was reported to me that one restaurant bought 60 burro hindquarters for their 4th of July trade.

It would be unconstitutional to prohibit the butchering of horses. Therefore, this bill mandated the strictest regulations possible. Two provisions of the bill were that horse meat could not be sold in the same establishment as beef and that where sold, it must be clearly labeled and/or signed "HORESMEAT'.

I guess I have a pioneering spirit in my blood for in about 1935 Garvin Turner, Dixon Fagerberg, Jr. and I bought the Shell Oil Distributorship for the Verde Valley. Later Turner and I went in as partners to buy irrigated land on the Yuma Mesa and planted citrus trees. This area turned

out to have exceptionally good soil and climate for growing citrus, especially lemons. We held the land for six years and did very well. We and six other growers bought a packing plant, a juice plant and a big grinder to grind the citrus rinds for cattle feed. It was good cattle feed. By this time California was booming and citrus growers there were selling out at high prices to land developers. They then came to Arizona around Yuma and bought more land. They could buy land in Arizona at about half the price they sold theirs for in California and have money left over. That was an interesting experience. I didn't move down there, I commuted and hired all help needed.

I had a couple of friends in the Verde Valley at Cottonwood who were interested in a new road to Phoenix. So, we three got together and talked about it. My friends were Garvin Turner, head of the Cottonwood Chamber of Commerce, and Rue Marshall, manager of the Cottonwood airport. Along about 1943, we three got together several times to figure out a better way to get to Phoenix because the White Spar road running south from Prescott was just too long and crooked. A shorter, easier grade was needed. Flagstaff people were interested in a shorter route to Phoenix. So was Cottonwood and the Verde Valley.

We three were looking for a better route to bring Flagstaff, Verde Valley and Prescott traffic to Phoenix. People in the Verde wanted a road direct from Camp Verde to Phoenix following the Verde River. That would have been a

very expensive road to build because of the rocky and steep terrain. Prescott wanted a road to go south from town through the Bradshaw Mountains. This route would have been more direct, but also very expensive to build. Flagstaff people wanted a shorter and less crooked road to Phoenix without having to travel to Ashfork, Prescott, Wickenburg to Phoenix. That route was very long and slow.

As a member of the state senate representing Yavapai County, I asked the Highway Commission for a hearing and one was called. At the hearing there were 22 from Flagstaff and the Verde Valley, but no one came from Prescott. Prescott wanted the traffic from Flagstaff to Phoenix to have to come through the town of Prescott. At the end of the hearing, the Chairman of the Highway Commission stated that "if the terrain is the way you describe it," we will never spend another dollar on White Spar or Oak Creek Canyon.

Before the hearing Turner, Marshall and I agreed on a general plan to start at Phoenix with a highway to Cordes Junction and split it there with one fork going to Flagstaff and the other to Prescott. That idea prevailed throughout the hearing. The problem then was to set up and agree on priorities to build the road. After being presented to the Highway Commission, the Governor and Bureau of Federal Roads, it was agreed by all to split the funds for the two roads north of Cordes Junction 50-50; half to Flagstaff and half to Prescott. That was the final decision.

Prescott wasn't a very strong pusher because they wanted Flagstaff travelers to have to come through Prescott. The first money for the Prescott leg was used to build a big overpass and underpass just east of Prescott next to the Whipple Veterans Administration Center. For many years this huge structure appeared out of place as if it were a white elephant. But now that interchange is very much needed and useful because the traffic is so much greater now than it was then.

Ralph Hooker used to own a western clothing store on Gurley Street in Prescott and he told me a number of time that after the new Black Canyon Highway went in he received many shoppers in his store from Phoenix. His conclusion and mine is that traffic goes both ways to and from Phoenix.

By the 1950's I thought I could see progress and expansion coming to Arizona. People were flocking to the state. I had a lot of land and cattle but I thought people was what was needed to get things going for the better.

In the late 1950's or early 1960's I sold Ed Dudley 40 acres at a low price to start a town on my ranch, the town is now Prescott Valley. I felt good about this because it reminded me of my father who in 1928 gave the City of Prescott a section of land, 640 acres, near Chino Valley for use as an airport. He did this in the fall after I had graduated from Stanford that spring. I remember the occasion well because my father was busy on something else and asked me to make the presentation at a special ceremony

which I did. That air field is now the Ernest A. Love Field and is used as Prescott's municipal airport and industrial site.

The Fain family offered the Prescott Elks Club 10 acres for a new club house. Elks liked the offer and wanted to buy 10 adjacent acres which we agreed to sell. The Elks then sold their building to Prescott and built a new complex on the land we had given them. By now we were in the giving mood so we gave one acre to each of five churches. We call that area the Holy Land. My feeling was that we had plenty of land and cattle but what was needed was people if we were to increase the value of our holdings for myself, but mainly children and grandchildren who were coming into the picture.

When the original plot or 40 acres in Prescott Valley was subdivided into lots by Ed Dudley, we agreed to furnish water and Shamrock Water Company was formed to provide this water.

Eventually, we sold over 3 1/2 sections of land that was subdivided into what is now the greater part of Prescott Valley and Shamrock Water Co. has developed into a company with over 7,000 water customers. My son, Bill, runs that operation now.

The state has a regulation that a privately owned water company outside city limits can't make more than a 7% profit on water operations. A person would be better off just to put the money in a bank and draw interest on it. But, if you are developing land with homes, water is essential.

As Prescott Valley grew I could see the need for a Country Club and golf course. Together with my son, Bill, we got backing from friends and others and built the Prescott Country Club Golf Course. We now have a first class course which when it was built was the second longest in the state. Lots were sold to help finance the course. It's a beautiful course and the houses adjacent are very nice too. We went all out and built a swimming pool and everything. Then we sold out to a group from California. We broke about even.

Governor Howard Pyle named a committee to study the water problem state wide. We formed a group with one member from each of the counties. First meeting weren't very friendly because we were afraid Phoenix wanted all our water. My friend, Ray Cowden, was chairman, he was honest and made a good chairman. All decisions made by this committee were unanimous, if they weren't then the idea was dropped. This committee was the forerunner of the Central Arizona Project Committee.

I was involved from the beginning in the Central Arizona Project (CAP) to take water from Colorado River and use it in Central Arizona. I was Vice President of the CAP Committee and served on the Executive Committee until 1990.

There was a big fight between Arizona and California over Colorado River water, and I was happy that Arizona won the long, drawn out law suit between the two states.

The ranchers were probably the first group to begin working on a plan to convince the Federal government of our need for the CAP. They were followed by the farmers and then by the cities and towns as a united group.

The whole state joined forces and convinced the Federal government to build this huge project under a 50-year loan at 5% interest. The CAP was and is a big project and has been very expensive but, it's about complete now.

I got involved in farming in Butler Valley just east of Parker. We developed a half section farm way out in the middle of the desert by itself. This is now a very productive vegetable producing area for southern California. The land, water and climate were all good and crops flourished. When I got the land pretty much the way I wanted it, a California group came along and bought it. It wasn't too profitable, but I didn't lose much either. This 1/2 section of farm land was the first of some 12 sections of similar adjoining land to be developed.

I have been a member of the Board of Directors of Arizona Public Service and Valley National Bank for a long time; two of the biggest companies in the state. I went on the Valley National Bank Board first in the 1940's; a year or two later I went on the Arizona Public Service Board. I served over 30 years with mandatory retirement at age 75. I also served for 20 years on the Board of Directors of the Turf Paradise race track.

For many years I served on the Prescott Forest Advisory Board made up of permittees grazing on the National Forest. This board usually had from 5 to 7 members and from time to time we met and discussed problems and to make recommendations to the Forest Service. Sometimes the FS would follow out suggestions and other times not.

I was involved with others in getting the Arizona National Livestock Show started. We needed a place, big place, to show livestock. We wanted it built at the state fairgrounds with no expense to the tax payers, but the governor got interested and worked with the legislature to build Veteran Memorial Coliseum. The Coliseum and State Fairgrounds are self supporting to a degree, but there is still need for some state money to go into the maintenance and operation of the area.

I seemed to always be getting into some new scheme of using resources and trying to make a little money. I got involved in a salt well in the Salt River Valley near Goodyear which turned into quite an undertaking. We took brine from the well and stored it in evaporation ponds to harvest the salt to sell to water softener companies and pickle canneries, etc. Then a California outfit wanted to store propane and butane gas in the salt cavities in the wells; we had several by then. The gas companies bought the gas at cheap prices in the summer from Arabia and other oil-producing areas, stored it in our salt caverns and sold it at good prices in the winter. It was a good deal for all.

At the end we had five salt wells. The Morton Salt Co., the largest salt company in the world, got interested and we more or less merged with them.

I was involved in the early stages of the development of Marcus J. Lawrence Memorial Hospital in Cottonwood. For many years the Phelps Dodge Mining Co. had a first class hospital in Jerome to take care of the miners in sickness and through injury. It served others in the Verde Valley as well. When the mines shut down, in the early 1950's, that left the Valley with no hospital. We started with two excellent doctors, Dr. Brilhardt and Dr. Bates, and built the new hospital around them. Soon patients were coming not only from the Verde Valley but from throughout the state as well as from other states. It was and is a highly respected hospital. I am proud to have played a part in getting it established. I am further proud to have received a beautiful plaque which was presented to me upon my retirement in April, 1991 from the Board of Trustees in recognition of my love and devotion to the institution. I served for 38 years, 1953 to 1991.

I have ranched all my life in the Verde and at Dewey; I owned my first calf when I was 7 years old. The Fain family, now in its fifth generation of Yavapai County ranchers, has been in the cattle and sheep business since the 1860's. My son, Bill, is now managing the Fain Rafter Eleven 11 Ranch at Dewey. He and Nancy have four children:

Norman III, Ronnie, Brad and daughter Dawn Leanne. Ronnie works on the ranch.

Editor's Note: Norman Fain has received numerous Certificates of Appreciation, Awards, Plaques and Recognition Letter for service and dedication to causes and projects to benefit his neighbors and fellowmen. Here is a list of some of them in addition to those already mentioned: Appeared in the 1958 Edition of "Arizona's Men of Achievement" by Paul W. Pollock; 1958 Who is Who in Arizona; 1967 and for several years in Who's Who in the West; 1967 Arizona Edition of American Biographical Encyclopedia, "Profiles of Prominent Personalities"; 1987 Spirit of Arizona Award presented to Norman Fain by the president of the Arizona Senate on Admissions Day "In recognition of your contributions to the heritage of the State of Arizona"; others receiving this award, only three as of that date, were Barry Goldwater of Phoenix and Budge Ruffner of Prescott.

Norman Fain rodeoed a little when he was a young man -- just for the fun of it and because many of his friends were doing it. He loved the fun and competition. He commented, "You know the history of the Prescott Rodeo should include more than just the winners. Not enough credit is given to all the cowboys who pay their dues (entry fees). They are the guys who keep the rodeos going -- not the champions. Most of the old cowboys in Yavapai County have eaten a lot of dust out at the rodeo grounds."

In the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's cowboys in the rodeo were required to ride in the parade every day of the 4-day show. Norman belonged to the Sheriff's Posse and usually rode in the parade with the posse.

He liked to tell of the fun times at the rodeo and parade. "One year", he said, "I wasn't planning to ride in the parade, I was just standing there watching it when Bruno Rezzonico came along. He was always an official at the rodeo. He came up to me and said, 'I have to care for my concessions, will you ride my horse for me? 'He had finished the parade and was on his way to the fairgrounds two miles away to ride in the Grand Entry. Bruno told me later that he had roped a guy on Whiskey Row and the guy said he was going to whip him. That's the reason he wanted me to ride his horse. He figured he might not remember him but would recognize the horse. I was young and strong then and knew how to fight and would have if pressed. Bruno knew that. As it turned out nothing happened."

Fain got a kick out of telling about one riding incident he was involved in, "Crying Jew was powerful bucking horse owned by Cuff Burrell of Hanford, California. I was visiting with Grace Sparkes, secretary of the rodeo, when she commented that no one had ridden this horse for quite a while. That's one time I should have been listening instead of talking. I wasn't entered in the bronc riding but she said I could ride exhibition. One thing led to another and one moment I was on the horse's back and the

next thing I knew I was on the ground brushing the dirt from my eyes and spitting it out of my mouth. I was the 18th cowboy that this horse had bucked off and the crowd and my cowboy friends were enjoying seeing me pick myself up off the ground. As I was walking back towards the bucking chutes two of my ranchers friends, Van Dickson of Skull Valley and Clarence Jackson of Kirkland, were standing by the chutes in deep conversation. Dickson called out to me when I got close, 'Well, kid, I won ten dollars on you'. I turned to him and said, 'You old son-of-a-gun, it's all right to bet against me but you shouldn't tell me about it'. 'No', he said, 'I bet you could ride him at least 4 jumps and you rode him 12!'"

(Excerpts from a tape at Sharlot Hall Museum recorded by Mona McCroskey on July 25, 1991 and reviewed and updated by Danny Freeman with Norman on August 14, 1991. Excerpts from Danny Freeman's book, World's Oldest Rodeo, 100 - Year History of the Prescott Rodeo, Published. 1988.)

The Life History of one "Old - Timer"

Clarence Balcom

as told to Todd McHaney (grandson)

In the darkness before the dawn, you hear the stir of a figure - silence; then the squeak of the bunk springs, then silence again. A sigh and grunt fills the room as he moves from the bunk and shuffles over to his hat. With one smooth motion, he deliberately flips the once clean, straight, felt hat onto his weathered noggin. Since he awakened, he feels the deep pains in his joints and the newness of scattered cuts and bruises from the previous day's work. This is the daily ritual of one cowboy.

Once the coffee has been started, he soon moseys to the door, where the still of the morning captures his attention and momentarily generates flashes of old memories in his mind. One of sailing through the air after being bucked off a young bronc and landing firmly on the dusty ground, narrowly missing a fence. Or the one where the rigors of a long cattle drive brings goose bumps to his skin.

As quickly as they began, his thoughts are swept away by movement in the bunkhouse. Another figure comes to life, after a much - needed, but brief night's rest. Soon, several cowboys have completed their early - morning routines and have begun discussing what daily chores need attention during the upcoming stretch. One man may ride and mend fences; one may continue breaking a young colt; and

several might head out to doctor sick cattle. One may even stay around the place and make small household repairs on the bunkhouse.

There's never a time when a cowboy or ranch hand stands idle. At any time of the day or night, work is calling. Although "cowboying" today may be on its last breath, the memories of numerous "old -time" cowboys live on. In fact, many "old -timers" are still with us and continue to put in a hard day's work. They refuse to quit, rising with the sun, piddling with various old jobs, eating three full meals a day, and hitting the sack at nine or ten p.m..

One such cowboy legend is firmly embedded in the history of Southwestern Arizona. The life of 81 - year - old Clarence Balcom is a classic story of a hardened, real-life cowboy.

Born in Happy Camp, Arizona to William E. and Elizabeth Balcom, on February 02, 1910, Clarence was the third oldest of eight children. William was a native of Santa Paula, California, and made his living mainly as a farmer. He raised such crops as alfalfa, and grains which he generally sold to cattle growers. He also had a Bachelor's degree in mineralogy from the University of Arizona in Tucson. Elizabeth was originally from Greaterville, Arizona, and grew up near Patagonia, Arizona. She was mainly a housewife, but had a commitment to helping her husband with the farming. Before Clarence was born, his father operated mining claims in Happy Camp and Solero, Arizona. Up until

Clarence established himself as a cattleman, his life was somewhat nomadic.

After spending two years in Happy Camp, W.E. moved the family to Tempe, Arizona, then after one year, to Glendale, Arizona. There, he began farming alfalfa and grain. Following a brief three-year stay in Glendale, W.E. decided it was time to move the family again. Around 1919, they moved to a place called Casa Grande, Arizona, which, at the time was beginning to boom as one of the major farming areas in the state. Or course, the depression had set in by this time, so life was tough. W.E. invested in real estate and fortunately earned enough money to provide for his family. The Balcom's stay in Case Grande was short-lived as the family again moved to Glendale after a year or so. This time the family made the trip via horse-driven wagon. It was on this trip that young Clarence made one of his first cattle drives.

At age ten, Clarence, along with his brother Ted, drove fourteen head of cows, and six horses from Case Grande to Glendale in two and a half days. He recalled, "The first night we made it to Sacaton, and talked to an Indian there and decided we better try to stay all night, so he said, "I've gotta place you can put your livestock overnight, and a place to sleep in," which was a little grass shack. We were surprised to go in and find a nice clean bed and things real nice. So, the next morning we got up and they fed us breakfast - a real good breakfast. This old Indian said,

"I'll help you get started. " So we all saddled up and took our livestock and headed towards Glendale. He went about three or four miles with us and when things got goin' good, why, he come back. Anyhow, we made it almost to Tempe the next day. Then we camped out on a ditch bank where the grass was good. We hobbled our horses and slept out there. The next day, we made it, if I remember right, to Glendale.

Once situated in Glendale, Clarence took a job with the "Tovrea Packing Company," owned by Phil Tovrea of Glendale. Over a six-month span, he drove a delivery truck and transported meat to their customers.

In 1926, once again Clarence's family was on the move. They returned near his original home town to Patagonia, Arizona, where his father had leased approximately 60 acres of farm land (ten sections for cattle grazing), on what was then called the "Sonoita Grant." There, Clarence worked on their farm, as did the entire family. After a year or so, he had become somewhat bored of the farming lifestyle and his yearning to become a cowboy got the best of him.

He and a young friend from Glendale named Slim Gilliam, who had previously run away from home in Washington and made the trip to Patagonia with the Balcoms, decided they would head North in search of jobs on a cattle ranch. Of course, both of them knew what they wanted - to become cowboys. At the time, Clarence was seventeen and Slim was eighteen. Taking three horses (one as a pack horse) , they began the trek by riding toward Tucson. After three long days, they

had ridden as far as Florence, Arizona. After two more days, and two stops, they made it to Glendale. There, Clarence found a job with a man named Roy Harrelson, breaking horses. Slim was hired by a local well driller.

Shortly after starting their new jobs, Clarence moved to Tubac, Arizona, and Slim moved to Hillside, Arizona. Clarence stayed in Tuba for several months, working with his father on the "Baca Float Grant." As with many of his other visits, Clarence decided it was time to move on to bigger and better things. He left the work on his father's farm and landed a job with a fellow named A.T. Spence, who owned the "Rock Corral Ranch" in Tumacacori, Arizona. There, Clarence was given the task of breaking six hoses purchased by Spence from Bud Parker of Tucson. Parker had intended to use the horses in the Tucson rodeo. Clarence also helped with all the other chores, such as doctoring worms in cattle and riding the ranch. He said, "That was the working cowboy. You had to ride all the time. I've had to change horses two to three times a day." Needless to say, Clarence turned out to be a fine horse trainer, and had little problem breaking the horses.

After he had done that job, Clarence was asked if he would stay on and begin work on another ranch just twenty miles South of Magdalena, Mexico called the "Poso Nuevo." Clarence worked a month total for Spence and had, by then organized the ranch somewhat. Sometime later he went back to the "Rock Corral" and met Gene England, who was

interested in purchasing the place from Spence. Well, England did buy Spence out; and, at that time, hired Clarence to work for him. As time went on, Gene and Clarence became good buddies. Clarence said, "Gene was a real nice man to work for."

While Clarence was there, they built a roping arena, since the two had mutual interest in rodeo. Clarence remembers they would use what spare time they had together to practice calf and steer roping. He said that "jackpot" roping was becoming a popular event at local rodeos then during the early 1930's. "Gene was a trick rider and roper and he wasn't bad, and I was pretty good at goat tying too. All we had were ranch horses. You can't compare us to the modern-day cowboy, because the horses they use in rodeo today are not work horses generally," he mentioned.

Clarence stayed with Gene for approximately one year, after which he went to Tucson to visit his family and from there, on to work with Tol Pendleton and Frank Dougherty on the "Baca Float Grant". He remembers this job to be one of his toughest. "It was a big outfit and there were a lot of cattle that had worms in the summer. But I never was slack on the working," he recalled.

One of the jobs on the ranch was that of gathering wild horses and burros. During those years, Clarence said that there were hundreds of wild horses and burros roaming the entire state. Of course, he worked at all of the other cowboy-type jobs as well. After two year there, he found

himself back in Tucson working as a carpenter; building houses. A little change from his normal occupation. It was at this point in Clarence's life when he made a decision that changed his life tremendously. The year was 1932. Spence located Clarence one day in Tucson and offered him another ranch job on a hundred sections of desert near Picacho, Arizona. The offer included an adobe shack. groceries, and a salary of one dollar a day. Another man, by the name of George Morgan, was hired to work there also.

From this job, he eventually settled at the ranch where he now makes his home - just a few miles North of Picacho. If he had not taken that job, who knows where he would have made his home.

Well, the work in Picacho was similar to all of his prior ranch work. It consisted of mending fences, rounding up wild horses and stray cattle, and riding the range to check livestock. Since he wasn't used to ranching in the desert, he was amazed at how well the cattle looked. Previously he had been in areas where the feed was more plentiful. It didn't take him long to learn the ways of the desert, however.

He remembers much about that job. He recalled, "I took a lot of rides. I'd leave home, oh, at daylight. Go fifteen or twenty miles sometimes - like goin' outside the ranch to maybe visit somebody and see what the cattle were like over there. And I'd get home from the middle of the afternoon 'till dark sometimes. But I didn't mind, I was

just young and single and I liked to ride. And there was nothin' else - there was no T.V., I didn't have a radio. All I could do was read. I didn't do much of that. I cooked in the fireplace and didn't have much equipment, but I got along pretty good." It seems life was just a bit different in those days. He said, "I had to ride horse back to Eloy (Arizona) for my groceries. If I wanted to go to a dance or something, why, I would have to ride too."

Clarence did find many ways to enjoy himself. One was that of "horse-trading" (trading merchandise for money) with people passing through the area where he lived. Since he lived along what is now the Intestate 10 freeway, (which then was only a two-lane paved road), and the Southern Pacific Railroad, there were many opportunities for this. "I enjoyed trading with people; it was one way I could make a little extra money," he said.

In 1933, Spence decided to sell his land, since he had an interest in "becoming the Sheriff of Pinal county. He sold out to a man named Les Tripp, (and a man by the last name of Little). Although the ranch changed hands, Clarence continued to work for the new owners. About that same time, the federal government began issuing state land to the public for lease (public domain). Clarence knew this was the chance he had been waiting for - now would be the time to start his own business.

He recalls, "I thought well, if I get a chance, maybe I can build me up a little place here, so I decide that

outside of that fenced ranch (Spence's ranch), where I worked, I'd start leasing all the state land I could. I said, well, my South line will be the Tucson highway' my West line will be about three miles west of the Coolidge highway; my North line will be at La Palma (between Eloy, Arizona and Coolidge, Arizona); and my East line would be where all the other ranches were fenced. So I began pickin' up state leases - one here and there. They didn't give 'em in solid blocks - I don't know why, but they kept puttin' out more and more all the time. I got acquainted with the guy that inspected these sections they turned loose. His name was Ran Bone, and we became good friends - he was a nice person. He'd tell me when these sections would come open. See, you had to be first on the list and kinda build up a prior right with other land, so you could get quite a few leases. So I kept after that and stayed on it - pickin' 'em up. In the mean time, I worked for Tripp and Little, but that didn't affect me much, and they didn't mind if I took a little time off if I thought I could." A year's lease for a section of land was priced at $19.20.

Then, a rancher could run as many cattle as he thought was right for the land. There were no grazing rules that governed the number of animals as there is today. Also, there was the problem keeping a good supply of water for livestock. While Clarence owned the ranch, be built approximately twenty water tanks. "Most of these environmentalists today think that the cattle rancher has

hurt the animals in the wild. Hell, we (ranchers in general) have created a "better supply of water by building these tanks," Clarence said.

In 1935, about the same time Clarence was purchasing these leases, he bought a homestead from a man named W.A. Payne, who lived a few miles East of the Coolidge highway on Cornman road (about fifteen miles north of Picacho). Clarence knew the surrounding area, and was very interested in making this spot his ranch headquarters. He paid $500.00 for 160 acres that included two homestead shacks, one well, an old mare, and two cows. Presently, this same area takes on a very different look.

Not long after buying this land, Clarence decided he would continue to buy more land around his new home. He raised some financial support from his old friend, Gene England. Once Clarence had fifteen sections fenced and prepared to pasture cattle, Gene backed Clarence on a purchase of 100 head of cows. This was his first large cattle transaction. Of course, Clarence did much on his own before Gene offered his support. He continued with his trading; this included cattle and horse deals as well. By this time, too, he had become quite a rodeo man, and managed to save the money he won from roping. In short, he used his common sense in saving; and in knowing when and what to buy. He said, "Then, you could buy cows for $25 - $30 a head." By the end of 1935, he quit his job with Spence for the last time.

Several of his first 100 cows contracted "Plasmosis" which killed eighteen cows and eighteen calves, before he moved the herd to fresher grazing pastures. That year, 1935, he managed to break even financially. The following spring, he and Gene invested in 300 head of steers, which seemed to do somewhat better. Clarence had better luck that year and Gene soon left him on his own.

As the years went on , he eventually leased more and more sections of land until he had accumulated approximately 78 sections - the biggest his ranch ever was. By 1940, the ranch was able to take in 1,000 or more cattle at any one time.

During the summers, when the work would slow a little, and he had someone to watch the place, Clarence would make most of the rodeos around the state. By this time, he was a conditioned calf and steer roper and was usually "in the money" at any rodeo he entered. Walt Laughlin, a good friend of Clarence's, recalled, "I myself grew up on a cow ranch, so Clarence and I had a lot in common. Clarence knew horses as well as cattle. He has broke and trained some of the best horses that ever went into an arena. He has not only trained roping horses for team roping and calf roping, but he has broke and trained horses for other people, as well as for his own ranch - like cutting horses and good ranch horses."

The money that he made rodeoing, he saved. And most of the time, even while he had a full-time job on his own

ranch, during the summer he would round up a part-time job somewhere on a nearby farm, or at anything else he could find. He said, "Anything to get ahead. Because I grew up during that depression, and you were deprived of everything that you have nowadays. You just didn't go anywhere. Well, you didn't think the same as you do now, because things were so different. So, anyway, it worked out and I grew a little financially."

During his prime, Clarence enjoyed all types of roping events, but one of his favorites was "match" roping, where he would be "matched" or paired with another cowboy for a certain sum of money. "Somebody would back me and there was always somebody who would back the other guy too," he remembered, "You didn't go to one of these ropings with a "green" horse and expect to complete with the best." Of course, whoever who had the least amount of time after so many "go-rounds" won the event; and the money! "You didn't get rich on any of these things, but you made a livin' and kept goin'," he said.

Some of his many rodeo accomplishments include:

- 1st - Place: "All-Around Cowboy", Flagstaff Rodeo, 1946.

- Champion : "Sack Roping", Florence Sheriff's Posse Rodeo, Several years running during the 1940's and 50's.

- Winner, Two "match" single-steer ropings (against Pete Grubb), Coolidge, 1945.

- 1st - Place, "Team Roping" (partner - Claude Henson), Phoenix Jaycees Rodeo, 1950.

Clarence was known for his roping feats by many in Arizona. The fact that he has been around a farm and ranch all of his life, has a lot to do with how he could handle a rope in his younger days. Heck, even today, he can swing a loop or two; that is, as long as the steer's head is stuck in a bale of straw! He taught his daughter, Pat, how to rope, and she was entered in her first rodeo at the tender age of five. When a gal has a ridin' and ropin' dad, she starts learning the rodeo business early out here in the West. As far as he can remember, the last time he competed in an arena was in 1965 at the Payson rodeo.

Much can be told about the "Balcom Cattle Company," but the bottom line is that during the 1940's, 50's, and 60's, - its prime years, Clarence was able to put more weight, on more cattle, than most ranchers today would ever dream of doing. By 1955, he could pasture 4,000 head or more, distributed on his ranch and in various areas all over the state. To do this, he knew several big cattle buyers who did business in and around Arizona that helped him locate livestock to pasture. Some of these people included: John Hayworth - California; Jim Garrett - Tubac, Arizona; and Ralph Wingfield - Nogales, Arizona.

Clarence said, "Pasturing wasn't a bad deal, because I had more country than I could afford to stock. Of course, all the years weren't good - you'd have about two out of

five that are pretty good years, and about two that are mediocre - where cattle do good, but you can't run a lot of 'em. And then you have one year that ain't worth a damn, where you'd just take care of your own cows." He added, "Anyway, that's the way this part of the desert runs. So that's why I ran cattle on other parts of the country (especially during the summer months) part of the time too."

There were many places that Clarence pastured cattle in Arizona, such as Flagstaff (Whitney Ranch), Prescott (Sycamore Ranch), Wickenburg (Date Creek Ranch), Winkleman, Sam Manual, and Stanfield.

To keep up with all the cattle, Clarence always kept a good string of horses on the ranch. He had fifteen good mares that he bred to various stud horses. "I always picked the best cow horses, and good horses that were naturals to breed to," explained Clarence. From these, he generally would have four to five colts a year.

Some of his favorite horses over the years were: Lobo, Julio, Pat, Hank (a horse that you could use for everything), Ginger, Pistol, Bunny, Buck, and Blackjack. Clarence currently owns two horses: Pat and Lucky (son of Bunny). Although he doesn't have the need for horses now, at one time, they were a necessity.

About the last time the Balcom Ranch had a substantial amount of cattle on it was in 1968, after Clarence and company drove 1,008 head of Mexican steers over from Sacaton. After that, work on the ranch began to slow until

1976 when he sold all but five sections to two men - Jerry Hopper and Bob Davis (who a year later sold his interest to a man named Bucky Maud). Clarence said, "For the next ten years, they had some pretty darn good years. Better than I had in a row." For a time, he continued to advise them on how to run the ranch and then eventually let them go on their own.

In 1990, Clarence sold four and a half more sections to a man named Richard Tripp (son of Les Tripp), keeping only four cows to himself. "I wanted to keep some cattle so I could say I was in the cow business all my life," quipped Clarence. "And that's what I'm still doing." He now owns 300 acres. Speaking of Richard, Clarence said, "He's a real good friend of mine."

Remembering the time when he met Ruth, Clarence said," I was at the Prescott rodeo and couldn't compete since I had injured my leg. I went over to talk to Rowland Curry and Breezy Cox and sitting there was a cute little blond and her daughter, who was a cute little redhead. So they introduced me. And 'ole Breezy, Rowland, and I told a little story or two. This gal that was there; she'd come from Blythe, California, and it turned out that her uncle was Tom Wells, who was a cow-man I knew there on the river at Blythe. So, she was single. We got to be good friends, and goin' together, and of course it ended up I married her! And that's been about thirty three years ago now. That was in 1962. (Clarence and Ruth were married in Nogales Arizona,

in September 1962.) She's been a perfect woman for a cow-man. And she's a pretty good cowhand herself - better than a lot of the hands I hired to work now and then. It got to where you couldn't hardly hire a cowboy in this area - they were pretty scarce."

Ruth said, "Clarence used to take a lot of his teachings out on me. He tried to teach his hands through me sometimes. He'd say, "Ruth, get in there, " or, "Ruth get out of there! One year I brought in the tail end of a perfect gather of cattle," she explained. "Besides being a cowgirl, she's a real good cook. She cooked for cowboys whenever we had a round-up or something. And worked herself. And I'll tell you one thing. I'll put her up against anybody when it comes to workin'- doin' most any kind of ranch work," boasted Clarence, " I've still got the little blonde, and we're both kinda gettin' old, but we're still able to get around."

Ruth claims to be from, what she calls, "Lap Land" - an area between Arizona and California along the Palo Verde Valley. She was born in Blythe on November 28, 1914, and spent most of her young life in and around Blythe. Later, she moved to Casa Grande.

Clarence and Ruth have been on their second "go-around" since 1962 as well. They both were married once, before meeting each other. Clarence's first wife was June McEuen. They had a daughter, Pat Ann Balcom. Ruth's first husband was Edward Mason, and they had two sons and a daughter.

Today, Ruth's son, Paul lives on the ranch with them. He began work for Clarence around 1960 and has been around the place for many years. "He was a pretty good hand," Clarence said.

Since the time when Clarence first moved to the place, he has given it quite a facelift. Two houses were built and a third was transported there. He built a shop, barn, roping arena, an assortment of corrals, and miles of fenceline. Upon looking over the ranch, one wonders the work it must have taken to build.

Through the years, the Balcoms have made scores of friendships. "I'd say, we had more good friends all over the country than most people, and knew about as many people as anybody of any age group - both old and young," Clarence said. "We can't go anywhere, where we don't know somebody - even if it's in Bagdad,!" added Ruth.

In closing, they would like to extend a very kind thank you to all of the folks who worked and helped on the ranch over the years. First of all, to Clarence's "top hands": Chet Hall, Nacho Duarte, Wid Stokes, and Richard Tripp. Others who frequented the ranch and contributed to its success, Bob and Gloria England, Stanley and Hinton Ellis, Frank Randall, Herman Buchanan, Burt and Alta Morgan, Ted Mullen, Ivan Jones, and Earl McEuen. And to all those who offered their timely help over and over - thanks so much!

Jesse C. Moore

I Jesse C Moore was born on my father's farm in the Tempe district November, 1911. I was the forth child born to Nancy Lander Galvin Moore and John Mahlon Moore.

All we children except for my oldest brother Kearney were born there and delivered by Dr. B. B. Mour, later governor of Arizona.

My father's family had come to Arizona in Oct. 1876. They had driven several hundred head of Durham cattle from Le Grande, Oregon to Porter Spring near Globe where there was a good market for beef.

My great-grandfather Porter had come to Arizona a year or two before and had established a home at Porter Spring in a Valley that is now the bottom of Roosevelt Lake.

My grandparents, Celeste and Jonce, with their baby John Mahlon settled near the Wheatfields. There they learned to speak Apache, and know the Apache people.

As my father and his brothers and sisters became of school age, it was decided, to move to the Tempe - Mesa area so they could go to school during the winter.

My brothers and sisters, Kearney, Lydian, Harvey, Leola and I all learned to ride as soon as we could walk there on the farm. We didn't care if it was a burro, mule or horse, just so it had four legs.

In about 1916 we moved to our Aguila home in western Maricopa County. As soon as my brothers and I were old

enough, we began to help our dad on the Sunset Canyon Ranch in the Harquahala Mts. My fathers brand was Lazy F9. The one thing I wanted to do most was to go on a round-up.

Finally when I was ten, my dad said he would talk to Frank Morgan. He and Frank owned a few hundred head of cows in a partnership.

Frank agreed that my older brother Harvey and I could help him round-up the wild cows. Harvey went down a few weeks ahead of me. I rode the train all by myself to Glendale where Frank picked me up.

We drove up the old Black Canyon road to the Auga Fria River where Frank had a barn and corral. We parked the truck and saddled mules to cross the river and rode up to the ranch about one mile past the old Tip Top Mine.

I was ready to ride after those wild cows but Frank had other ideas for me. He sent me across the mountains to Castle Hot Springs to get a mule that was in the Champie's pasture.

When I got over by Hum Bug Creek I met Clyde Douglas, Champie's brother-in-law. He told me as late as it was I had better stay the night at the ranch after I got the mule.

I figured that it would be all right to stay since he was Champie's kin.

I went up on the mountain and got the mule, fed him and my horse. Inside I found plenty of beds and groceries. After supper I went to sleep. Later I was shaken awake and a rough voice asking me. "Who the hell are you? What are

you doing here?" I came awake staring down the barrel of a 45 revolver held by George Champie. You can believe I told him real quick who I was and why I was there. He said, "That's all right kid, go back to sleep." That was a good idea, but there was no sleep in me! After visiting with George awhile, I got back to Frank Morgan's. I thought sure I was going to get to run the wild cattle with Harvey, Lowten Champie, Frank and Charlie Morgan. But Frank had other ideas. There was a guy there named Jack Young that had cattle scattered between Crown King, Castle Hot Springs and Hum Bug. He wanted to gather and take them to Glendale to sell. Frank sent me with him. We worked cattle for two weeks or more. The cattle were all gentle much to my dismay. We drove the cattle to Glendale and I returned to Morgan's. Frank was ready for me. He told me I was to take my dad's dog Queenie to him, at the Wagoner Ranch. I told him I didn't know how to get to Wagoner from Tip Top. Frank said, "No problem, go to Castle Hot Springs and take the old stage road." The problem was there were all kinds of roads, I tried first one and then another. At dark that night I found an old deserted cabin. Queenie and I shared a saddle blanket and no supper. The next morning I ventured northward and was lucky to run into my dad and found familiar territory. When I finally got back to Frank's, the round-up had ended that day. The next day we started for Glendale. The second night of the drive the cattle

stampeded and we lost a day gathering cattle. When we reached Glendale Harvey and I returned home.

My brothers and I learned to work cattle in rough mountains and hot desert. One reason our family ranched in Sunset Canyon was because of springs and plentiful water. The valleys were a different matter. Most of the time wells were the only source of water.

I remember one time that the Nol's Well broke down. My half-brother Ora Galvin worked feverishly to repair it, but he had to order parts from Phoenix. It was hot and dry, the cattle were very thirsty. My dad and I drove the cattle to Buck Spring in Sunset Canyon, it took us from early morning to 11:30 that night to get the cattle there and all of them watered.

When we had round-up, it was a family affair with the boys working the cattle and my sister, Lydian driving the chuck wagon.

As I grew older I spread my wings and began to work for neighboring ranchers. I worked for Dell Crab's 2 Lazy 2 Ranch off and on for ten years or more.

When I was about sixteen I was helping George Violetta, Dell Crab's foreman. We received about 700 head of cows at the Aguila stockyards. Several men from Aguila helped us drive them as far as Eagle Eve Mountain. They were gentle and strung out good. George and I alternated leading and driving the drags. I had worked up my side to the lead. Everything was going smoothly, so I took out my rope and

decided to practice roping. We were riding by an old dump. I roped a bucket and got tangled up in the bail. The rope was tied hard and fast, and I was riding a jumpy mule. Well, I jerked and that bucket, it came up and hit that mule in the tail. We tore through the cows and scattered them all over the flat. George was yelling and cussing. Luckily they were gentle and tired, so we could gather them again. The rest of the ride I stayed as far away from George as I could.

Another time Dell Crab sent George Violetta, Harvey and I to look for strays. We rode west of the 2 Lazy 2 Ranch to Roger's Well, about sundown we jumped some wild mountain cattle in the brush. They smelled us and took off.

The next morning just at daylight we saddled up, put some jerky in our chaps pockets and started tracking the cattle. We rode through Raster Gulch, south to Black Mountain and into the Harquahala Valley. It was boiling hot when we jumped the cattle. After a short time the cattle settled down and began to line out. George took the lead with Harvey and I driving the drags.

In the late afternoon we were dry. George sent me ahead to Deer Trap Well, about two miles. It was a hand dug well and the windmill wasn't working. There was a five pound lard bucket there, I picked it up and climbed down into the well, and drank my fill. By the time I rode back to Harvey and George, my once full bucket was only half full, but they were glad to get it.

I had learned to make good biscuits. It sure helped at the 2 Lazy 2. When we would ride into the ranch, Dell Crab would yell for me to go up to the house and make biscuits. It got me out of working in the corral, which I hated.

One of the most enjoyable jobs I had was helping Jim Tipton, because I loved to rope. His ranch was on the Castle Hot Springs road, about six miles N.E. of Morristown on Whit Picach Wash. We spent several weeks working on the open range, roping calves and range branding them.

When I was about twenty, a friend, Marian Mayberry and I decided to try our hand at ranching. He was taking care of Mrs. Williams' cattle of F N Ranch on shares, and I helped while we made our plans. We were going to take up homesteads about five mile apart and would control the open range between us.

Some of the F N cattle were on pasture at Forepaugh, we rode over there and drove them back across the desert. When we reached Fuel Tank (now headquarters of the Moore Ranch) we were so hot that we took our clothes off and went swimming while the cattle drank. After resting awhile, we drove the cattle on up to the F N Ranch at the foot of the Date Creek Mountains. There were two or three mean cows in the herd. One old cow broke back as we tried to corral them. She went through the herd and came out on my side. I threw at her and only caught one horn. I built another loop and looked back to see how the herds was doing, because you can't leave the herd for just one cow.

When I looked back Mayberry was riding hard after a steer. His horse, Chappo, hit a little sand wash and lost his footing stumbling for about twenty feet full speed. He fell, throwing Mayberry into a pile of boulders.

I spurred across to him as quick as I could and yelled for them to bring the car. We loaded him in and rushed him to the Mercy Hospital in Prescott. They met us at the door and we carried him in. I took off his spurs and the nurses tried to make him comfortable. He lived only a few minutes. I lost interest in homesteading after that.

Viola MacNeal ran the D G Ranch in southwestern Yavapai County. I went to work for her during spring round-up. The first four months she had three foremen. After she fired the third one she offered me the job and I took it. During the year Viola bought two horses from Bob Perkins. We drove to Prescott, and Viola checked in to the St. Michael's Hotel and said she would see me at six o'clock. I never thought about her meaning 6:00 p.m. I went off to celebrate a free night with friends. Next morning I was at St. Michael's corner bright and early. I could hear her before I could see her. She was yelling Jesse where have you been, you were suppose to meet me last night." At Bob Perkin's we bought the horses. In those days you didn't trailer horses, so I rode one and led the others. It was just about sundown when I reached Yava. The Davis family was kind enough to invite me for supper, feed my horses, and have me spend the

night. Viola hadn't given me any money for expenses, but everyone was neighborly.

I worked until the spring round-up was over and we had driven the cattle to Hillside and shipped them out. Back at the D G's I gathered up my things. Saddled up my own horse and saw Viola, and said, " I stayed with you through round-up, but now you have nothing to do but look for a new foreman, so I'm taking off."

One winter I worked for Rimmy Jim when he brought several hundred head of cattle down from Flagstaff to fatten them on the desert. He had a odd sense of humor, when we were driving the cattle to the Aguila stockyard there was a small stampede. We gathered all of the cattle except for about 20 head of calves. Rimmy Jim went around Aguila talking to various individuals. He told about losing 20 head of calves and told each person that he or she could have the calves. Later when the calves were gathered everyone claimed them and the fight was on. I bet Rimmy chuckled all the way back to Flagstaff.

The nicest person I ever worked for was Bob Perkins on Williamson Valley Road, near Prescott. Bob and I went down to gather horses at Perkinsville for me to ride. Nick Perkins persuaded Bob that we should stay there and help him. I had a rough string of horses (ones that had been ridden 30 days or so, two or three years before) to ride. We worked all the country over into Lonesome Valley, finishing with Nick in Oct. From there we went back to

Bob's and worked until Christmas. After Christmas Bob said, "Well Jesse, I hate to tell you this but we're down to one job left. I should do that, its just milking cows. But I'll tell you what, if you want to take off and look for another job, I'll keep you on the payroll until you find one." He was a great boss, he wanted me to come back in the spring but I never did get back.

During the depression the cattle prices dropped under twenty dollars a head. The cattle up on the rough Harquahala Mountains cost that much money just to gather. The various ranchers just let them go unless they could catch them at the foot of the mountain.

A few years later the cattle prices climbed to $35 to $45 a head. The prices made it worth while to gather them. They were as wild as deer an twice as mean.

Dell Crab and some other ranchers decided to gather them. It took a couple of years. Some of them had to be led off by horseback one at a time. I went deer hunting after all the cattle were gathered. Right on top by the observatory, I spotted four big old steers. A couple of days later I dropped by Dell Crab's. Dell told be they had cleaned the cattle off the mountain. I said, "No you didn't. I saw four big steers on top while I was hunting a couple of days ago." Dell said, "Okay, I'll put you on the payroll and we'll go up there and get them." George Violetta, Dell, and I went after them. We rode to Roger Well and camped, at daylight we climbed to the Sunset Canyon

divide. Farther on up the mountain we found the steers hidden in some trees.

George took after the steers squalling and yelling. They plunged down the steep trail, jumping ledges, never stopping. About a half mile out in the foothills they bushed up. We circled them and just held them, letting them calm down. A little later we eased them onto the ranch corral. To my knowledge, that was the last of the wild steers on the Harquahala.

When the World War II came along I went into the army. To my surprise they trained me to be a medic and I got to see the South Pacific. I spent six months in Honolulu, Hawaii which I enjoyed. We then shipped out, sailed by Guam and on to New Guinea. It was sailing by New Guinea that we got in the darnest dust storm you ever saw. Dust was blowing off of an erupting volcano, our ship got hung up on a coral reef. After New Guinea we went on to Leyte an island in the Philippines where the U.S. troops first landed to liberate the Philippines, and then we moved on to the main Islands.

When the war was over, I decide to realize my dream of becoming a cattle-rancher. My brother Kearney, his wife Nell, and son Roy were ranching in southwestern Yavapai County, near Congress. Kearney and I made a deal that I could run my cattle on his place by helping them work the ranch. In 1950-51 we had a severe drought. I decided ranching wasn't for me and sold my cattle to Kearney.

George Violetta was working as a foreman for Sam Spitalney, taking care of his two ranches, one in Blythe, Calif. and the other near Williams, Arizona. He sent word that Spitalney sure needed me to help him out.

I worked for Spitalney for about six months but the bonuses he promised didn't materialize and I decided to work for myself.

I applied for the mail route between Blythe and Earp, Calif. and the stage route on both sides of the Colorado River from Parker to Blythe. I got them both.

Grace King and I got married in 1955. We bought a place in Ehrenberg. Grace and I worked together with our business of the mail and stage route. Traveling the river, I got to know the farmers and ranchers on both sides During that time I bought and sold quite a few head of cattle.

In 1959, Hugh Wright, a part time cattle inspector told me he was quitting and asked if I was interested in the job. I was hired, and I combined it with my other work. Later when Ronald Bruce, of Parker, died I became the cattle inspector from the Bill William River down to Cibola. I was also given an Indian Police card so I could check problems on the Parker Indian Reservation.

In 1963 we dropped the stage-mail route because we were so busy. In 1972 I had a heart attack and decided to hang up my spurs. From 1972 to 1980 was a time of illness for us. Grace passed away in 1980.

In the mid 1980's I married Geneva Carter. We now live in Aguila. You might say I have returned to my roots.

Gertrude McDonald

Gertrude McDonald was born December 9, 1904 in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico, the first born of Hiram and Lucy Mortenson. Hiram and Lucy had come to the Mormon colony in Mexico from Utah a few years earlier and established a thriving cattle ranch there. However, when Gertrude was still a very young girl, her family was forced to abandon the ranch and move back into the United States to escape Pancho Villa's advancing revolutionary forces. The family moved to Deming, New Mexico where Hiram Mortenson took a job managing two ranches. But misfortune struck again. Lucy Mortenson fell ill and died at the age of 29. Gertrude and her younger sister, Hattie, went to Idaho to live with their maternal grandmother. After two years, the sisters moved down to Thatcher, Arizona to stay with their father's mother and his sister. Gertrude graduated from High School at Gila Academy (now Eastern Arizona College) and then attended Silver City, New Mexico Normal School where she earned a teaching certificate. With her certificate in hand, she moved with Hattie to Guadeloupe Canyon east of Douglas, Arizona in the Peloncillo Mountains, to take the teaching job at the little country school there. She lived with the Glenn family and taught the children who lived on the various ranches in the area, some of them as old as she was. She rode to the school house each day on a horse provided by the Glenns which she shared with their youngest daughter.

One of the fond memories Gertrude has of this time is of the barbecues and dances hosted by the area ranchers. It was at one such events, hosted by Bill McDonald at his ranch in Cottonwood Canyon, that Gertrude met her husband-to-be, Lawrence McDonald, who was Bill's son. It would be some time yet, however, before they would be married. Gertrude left Guadeloupe Canyon to return to school, this time staying with an aunt in Provo, Utah while she attended Brigham Young University. Warmer weather soon beckoned her to Rodeo, New Mexico where she spent the next year teaching school and giving piano lessons. Then it was back to college at UCLA where she graduated with one of the last lifetime teaching certificates issued.

Through all her travels, she kept in correspondence with Lawrence Mcdonald, including spending one summer on his father's ranch. On February 10, 1926 they were married in Tucson. Lawrence and his father had purchase his uncle's ranch in Sycamore Canyon which lay between Cottonwood and Guadeloupe Canyon. Gertrude and Lawrence built a new house there and began their life together, running cattle on the ⊥ brand. In 1929, a son, Lawrence, Jr. was born. In 1938, they purchased the adjoining Swagert Ranch to complete what's known today as Sycamore Ranch. Gertrude used her teaching skills one more time when the Cottonwood School was closed in 1940 before her son completed the sixth grade school year. She taught him at home and then moved in to Douglas, temporarily, while he attended High School. She

and Lawrence were very active in many organizations, including cattle associations. She was twice President of the Cowbelles of Douglas, the first Cowbelle group every organized forerunner to the National Cattlewoman's Association. During her first term, Gertrude helped organize the Arizona State Cowbelles.

Gertrude and Lawrence lived on Sycamore Ranch for 35 years, finally moving to Douglas in 1961. During the 60's and 70's they were able to travel extensively. Their favorite trips were to visit ranches in Australia. Lawrence passed away in 1984. Sycamore Ranch is now home to one of Gertrude's four grandchildren, Bill, and his wife and daughter. Gertrude McDonald still lives in her home of 30 years in Douglas and continues to take an active interest in affairs of the ranch.

Helen Lydia Bigelow Barnum's Story

Written By-

Ruth Barnum Tackett (Daughter)

My mother was born October 12, 1894. Her mothers family were French Canadian, they came to the United States in the early 1800's. My great grandparents migrated to Colorado when my grandmother (my mother's mother) was eighteen or nineteen years old. She met my grandfather and they were married. They had ten children, two sets of twins. Only one twin of each set survived. My mother was the third child of this union. She always said of her birth date, that she and Columbus came over together.

Mother was born in a little silver mining town, Silver Plume, Colorado. She and her family lived there until she was nine years old. My grandfather moved the family, consisting of the first four children to Bisbee, Arizona. Grandmother only raised six children of the nine that she bore.

All of my brothers and sisters were born at home, my grandmother only had a doctor with the last set of twins and the youngest daughter. The rest were attended by a midwife.

My grandfather's name was Albert Bigelow. He came west from New York. My grandmother's name was Mary Jane Fisher Bigelow. When her father came to Canada, his name was spelled Fishette, but when the children started school they

were made fun of, called Fishnet and other things. So their father had the name changed to Fisher.

I don't know who my mother was named after. She didn't know any of her father's people. I don't know much about mother's ancestors. I think they were farmers in the early years, then I think they did some mining in Colorado.

Mother's first sister only lived a few months, then her oldest brother and his twin was next. One of those boys only lived a few months, my mother was next, then she had two brothers. When she was twelve she had a sister and brother, the next twins. The little boy was never well and he died after three months, then when she was sixteen her baby sister was born. The midwife that was hired to assist the doctor with the delivery, was too embarrassed to stay in the room with the doctor, so they called mother in to see to the baby as grandma was having some problems the doctor had to attend to.

Mother and her family lived in Colorado until she was nine, then the family moved to Bisbee, Arizona. They lived in several different houses as better ones came available.

Her father painted the houses twice a year, mixing his own paint. One time the house would be dark grey, the next time light grey. He used lamp black to change the color of the house. White led paint was used as the base.

In those days everyone made their own entertainment. They did have a phonograph but not a variety of records to choose from. One time she and her brothers decided to play

Christmas. In a room upstairs there was a set of bed springs leaning against the wall. They found Christmas decorations and proceeded to trim the bed springs. Some of the decorations were made of sugar so they ate those. Consequently they were in a lot of trouble. They had to make all of the decorations for the next Christmas.

In Bisbee there were lots of places to explore. The family would go into the country or up into the mountains on picnics when the weather was suitable. There was lots of walnut trees in the area, so when the frosts came, they gathered walnuts.

Mom ice skated during the winter. The only form of transportation was horse and buggy, later the street car came to Bisbee.

I guess like all families, there were always cats and dogs, and once they had a talking magpie. Mom was called Sissy until she was in her teens. This magpie could imitate my grandma's voice and would call mom. She thought it was her mother and would get very mad when she found out it was the bird.

When mom was eleven, she had typhoid fever and was very ill for a long time. One of her friends had it and died. She had lots of friends while growing up. One friend she saw quiet often after they grew up, married and had children.

When mom was small someone gave her a little wood stove. It was fine until one of her brothers decided to build a fire in it in the house.

In those days growing up meant doing your share of house hold chores, especially since she was the only girl for so many years. Taking care of her younger brother was one of her responsibilities. She was a small child and the brother was nearly as big as she was. It made it hard for her to handle him.

I don't think my grandfather made a great deal of money in those days, so it was a struggle feeding and clothing a family. My grandmother did help out by being a midwife.

Reading was one of the things they did for entertainment.

On holidays, Forth of July, Labor Day, and any other holiday the town always had parades, picnics and such. One of the big events was the roller coaster race every year. The roller coasters were made at home out of anything the kids could find. It was called a soap box derby. The kids took their coasters to the top of the hill. Bisbee is built in a canyon so the main street runs down the canyon through town. And the race proceeded through town.

My mother's father was injured in a mine accident when she was about twenty and died a few month later.

My mother and dad went through grammar school together, they neither one attended high school.

Dad's father was the transfer man, he met the train as it came into Bisbee, and transported their luggage to their residence. So he and my dad were at the train station when my mother and her family arrived in Bisbee from Colorado.

Mom and dad were married August, 1912, when they were seventeen years old.

I was born three years later. I had two sisters and two brothers. My sister just younger then I died of pneumonia when she was nine months old.

When the 1st World War started, my father went to Oakland, California to work in the shipyards. We left Bisbee in October. It took us, (my dad, mother, and I) nine days to get there. We had all kinds of trouble. One time dad and mom had to repair the engine out on the desert just east of Blyth, California. Part of the road across the desert was the old plank road. I was only three years old, so don't remember most of it. When we got to Blyth, dad bought mom a pair of overalls and a shirt so she could clean up after the car repair. That was the first pair of men's pants mom ever had on.

In 1918, my dads aunt, uncle and several cousins took the flu. I had it also but mom didn't get sick. She took care of all of us. She was pregnant with my sister at the time, she was born the following March.

We returned to Bisbee at Thanksgiving time by train. It was loaded with soldiers and dad had to sit in the isle.

A soldier got up and gave mom his seat and she held me on her lap.

Soon after that we moved to the Phoenix area. We lived around Tolleson and once down close to Buckeye. Dad leased cows from the Borden Company and he and mom milked for them.

My sister and one brother was born during the years we lived in that area. Mom had some exciting adventures while they were in the milking business.

Once before my brother was born, my sister and I were in the corral with mom and dad and the bull got loose and jumped the fence. Mom grabbed my sister and I and squeezed through the barn door with her. The door was just opened about eight inches, and she was very much pregnant.

Another time, the cows, were in a corral about five miles from the house and we had to get there in a buggy. Mom hitched the old mule up to the buggy, then she, my aunt, my sister and baby cousin and I started out. The mule ran away with us, that was a very scary ride. My dad heard us coming down the road. He ran out and stopped the mule. No one was hurt but we were shaky.

My mom always insisted on having a milk cow or two, even when we lived down by the Mexican border. Dad had range cows and she had a couple of milk cows.
Once when we were there, dad had to take some calves to a rancher about twenty miles away, so mom went along to help. She wasn't much of a horse woman. She was so sore that she

walked most of the way home, and she was in bed a few days recuperating.

My dad's mother and father lived with us most of my childhood, so mom always had a baby sitter.

During the depression, my dad and his cousin's husband drove cattle out to the White Tanks where there was lots of feed for the cattle, several ranchers had them herd their cattle like that. Mom and dad's cousin took groceries out to the men once a week. One time it got dark before they reached camp and the women couldn't find them, so mom climbed up on a water tank ladder so she could spot the campfire. My mom was a gutsy lady.

My youngest brother was born in 1933 when mom was forty years old.

One of my mom's favorite stories occurred when she and her mother and three brothers were on their way to Bisbee from Colorado. Grandpa had gone on ahead to find a place for the family to live. They had to change trains in Denver, and while they were in the depot waiting, grandma missed the boys. She told mom to go find them, when she saw a crowd of people clapping and laughing, she looked to see what was going on and there were the boys, the oldest was playing the harmonica the other one clapping and singing and the youngest was tap dancing, even though he could only tap with one foot. He was only about 4 years old, people were throwing money to them. There had been a group of entertainers performing at the station earlier and getting

money, so that gave the boys the idea. Mom almost died from embarrassment and grandma wanted to hide. Everyone had a good laugh years after when the tale was told.

Mom has two younger sisters still living. Mom is 97 years old.

Bill Roers History

I, Bill Roer, the undersigned, was born in the middle of I-17, north bound lane 1/8 mile north of Northern Ave. Phoenix Az. As a seven acre strip beginning at zero on the N.W. corner of our 80 acre place with 1/4 mile frontage on Northern Ave., was condemned for the freeway. My mothers bedroom sat in the fast lane. As a result, I lived with a stop watch in one hand and a lasso in the other, for 60 plus years.

I attended Washington Dist. 6 Elementary school for eight years, thence self-employed as a cattle, horse and hay trader. Lost my amateur standing in Rodeo at 16 years of age. I rode everything on four legs with hair on it, except Brama bulls. I roped in all events except calves. I was a Cattle Feeder in Az. Calif. and Texas. I bought and sold cattle in a dozen states plus Canada and Mexico. I spent four years in W.W.II, one year in US and three years in India. I produced the only rodeo ever produced in India, in 1944 and Karachi. With their sacred cattle, I also won a good portion of the events. I produced a 17 nation two day Track and Field event and participated. Therein my modesty prevents me from telling how well or bad I fared.

At the ripe age of 20 or 21, the Chandler Professional Rodeo had been a money loser for several years. For the life of me, I don't know who, why, or how I was recommended as the producer. I was a bronc rider and had a specialty

act of bulldogging from the running board of a Cadillac. I didn't even own a bulldogging horse and no rodeo stock. An ex bronc stock supplier rented us the horses. Gunner Thude, a Chandler rancher, rented us the bulls, and cows for wild cow milking and their babies for calf roping, team roping and dogging steers. We rented from Arthur Price. It was a successful show and made a profit, in either 1937 or 38.

I leased a few ranches in my short life time, owned and operated Roer Livestock Yards and Auction at Laveen, and was producer of Roer's Ropathon at Laveen, Az., for 12 years, mostly in the 60's and early 70's. It was the largest roping on earth, with 28 timed events, record run with no stops, was 17 hours and 100 steers per hour. At age 69 my paydays in the roping arena were being spared too far apart. This brought about a self imposed exile from the roping arena. It has been told, that for 50 years, I played harder than most people work. Its nice to know nothing about where work starts and play stops, almost like the thin line between genius and insanity. Looking back into the early 50's, I had too many cattle on grass, during a sick market. In giving my cattle a careful inventory and appraisal, I found myself worth $80,000 less than nothing. Holding my banker Lyle Young, at Ist National Bank in Phx., in high esteem, I dropped into his office without invitation, gave him my figures, etc. He listened intently, and he asked, who else have you told? I replied, no one, he said, don't tell another son of a bitch. Those beautiful words still

ring through my ears, he further said, market your cattle in an orderly manner, heres a few draft books, just keep trading, that one thing you savvy well. I left his office standing three inches taller and 40 lbs. heavier. In 90 days, the $80,000 was wiped out and I was $40,000 to the good through one mans confidence in me, other than me.

Approaching 75 years old, with good health, a good wife and a few friends, I feel rich and lucky. Thirty of my last years, I've been a Real Estate Broker, selling farms, ranches, commercial and industrial, and a house or two. My Co-broker being my lovely wife, Edie, who keeps me straight.

Now lest we forget, the year before Medicare, eight couples of us began playing tennis, thats fun and safer than the rodeo competition. I feel like a cat with nine lives and eight have already been used. With my luck so far, this ninth life might take me to the century mark. Sometimes I wonder will I be able to endure twenty five more fun years. I just keep meeting more nice people, I'm just unable to meet any bad people. I hope those on the other side, feel the same way.

Gov. Paul Fannin thought I voted for him and I told him no different, as a political plum, he appointed me to the State Fair Commission. Kemper Marley, Harry Bonsal, and Harold Thurber were already there. We had an immediate majority block. In our fist meeting, we discussed for a Coliseum, 20 years late of course. Four or five calls from each of us to friends in the Legislature, got the ball

rolling. Within days, our Legislature and Senate friends had a Coliseum authorization on the books for a $7,000,000 revenue, bond law enacted. Also a few years prior and during a six year stint at the fairgrounds, I had a Radio talk show, called "Horse Talk". Harry Bonsal, of Southwest Feed was my sponsor, and fellow commissioner. My predecessor was Gil Travelor. He was a Texas horse trader country preacher. I had listened to him twice by accident. He passed on to the high-divide, two or three months later. Bill Lester of K.O.Y. calls, to tell me they are looking for a succèssor, did I have any suggestions? I said he should know a little about horses, and not be afraid of a microphone and just doesn't know any better. Lester said thats just what we think, call me back and let me know when your ready and hangs up. After having my private chuckle, I wrote down a half dozen names of people, as my advisors. They all said I should do it. I also asked how the show should be expanded and improved on. They all said less talk from the host and more interviews. Quality, savvy, stature and informed guests from all facets of the horse world. This was easy and fun and opened up a lot of new doors. My eight years with the Litchfield Toastmasters did not hurt any whatsoever. Middle sixties, I entered state wide humorous speech contest, lucked out and won the state, couldn't wait to tell my first wife, she asked, how did that happen? I said they must have thought I was a "wit", she

said, they were about half right. I finished 2nd in San Diego the following week in South Western U.S. Finals.

Now a little about my family history. After a one year stint in the army, I married Mabel Adams, a local Arizonan. After two months of marriage comes Pearl Harbor, after two more months I was recalled to the service. I spent three months at a prisoner of war interrogator (German) school since I spoke and understood German. Completing this school I was shipped to Karachi, India with my original Quarter Master Truck Co. I was quickly promoted to Staff Sgt. with an assignment as Truck Master over 108 trucks and drivers. Our commanding officer Capt. Bill McRae stuttered, when he became nervous, his larynx vapor locked, and I was elbow nudged to move forward and finish what he was talking about. After six months in India, we planned a truck demonstration for 300 British Officers showing off the capability of our American Army Trucks. During the night prior to the Truck Rodeo Day, my captain worried himself into a vapor locked larynx again and whispers to me on the phone, would I take over as narrator, I said okay, fine. I had three hours to plan my attack. I worked in some GI and English truck and Army jokes. As my job was completed as an Army Major, I was attached to out China-Burma-India Theater of War, convalescing from North Africa wounds suffered from Gen Romel (German) War. He was in charge of all China Defense Supplies sent to Karachi for receipt, storage, and trans shipment to China, by boat, railroad or air. He said I

could be promoted to Master Sergeant overnight, my title was Chief Clerk of C.D.S., but I answered only to the Major. I said you will need to speak to my captain, there upon he said you already have - when do you wish to transfer? As the major wishes - he said tomorrow, ok? Yes, ok. My army job was soon performed in an hour per day, the balance was devoted to promoting athletic tournaments for some 50,000 American and Inter Allied Troops. Our commanding general Warden, was a Texan, he loved sports. I frequently visited with the general on various activities I had in mind, such as the only rodeo ever produced in Asia, also a 17 nation Track and Field Meet. These events were always identified as "General Wardens so and such event." This did not upset the general, he was only 5'6" tall. My productions made him over 6 ft. tall, and this was especially good for troop moral, in a non-combative zone where excitement is at a minimum.

Getting back to a ten day furlough from the army in July of 1941, I had not been on a horse in six months. I saw my family and some friends in Phoenix, then on to Prescott where I entered the Saddle Bronc riding. I won some of that and also a piece of the Bull Dogging was mounted by Joe Fleiger of Winkleman. I entered the Wild Cow Milking with six good partners. We broke a 46 year by getting to the final day with four partners. I was young, dumb, strong, and fast, and loaded with good roping partners. I was selected as the best looking cowboy, must

have been because many cowboys were in the service, it cut down the competition. Prescott was nice those four days and helped fill an empty billfold. My first marriage didn't hold up but produced three pretty daughters. Being a cattle dealer and steer roper in 1/2 dozen states, also these two professions are very occupying at there very best. But if they become a way of life, there isn't much time left over for wives and kids. The divorce court took care of that. A few single years wasn't my cup of tea either. I met my present wife Edie at Chow Chilla Ca. in 1972, at a steer roping, of course she was beautiful, lovely and an indoor garden variety. In a year and one half we got married, at this writing. We've had seventeen years of beautiful harmony. She has beautiful hands and plays the piano and the guitar and is a good singer. She is also a immaculate house keeper and cook. You name it, she can do it, in nothing flat. She is Secretary - Treasurer of Roer Ranch Realty and Livestock, Secretary - Treasurer of Roers ten day Annual Ropathon. When I met her she was a stranger to horses and cattle. But she had learned, and has ridden horse back many times working cattle with me, and is as good as any man. She then wanted to learn to rope, the south end, mind you.

First I objected, and thought, I don't need another disgruntled roper, sitting at home by the window. But practice begans in a practice training pen. In six months time she was able to make 15 to 20 double heel catches in a

row on a two weekend stint, she and I won two feed lot ropings, involving four buckles and $1350. In 1983, Edie and Sharon Cundil won the WPRA roping at Florence, Az. Some 24 teams of lady ropers 1/2 the age of Edie and Sharon had to settle for 2nd best. She is now scheduled for installation in the Hereford, Texas Cowgirl Hall of Fame in the spring of 1992 - not bad.

The George and Edna Cheatham Family

George and Edna (Philpott) Cheatham both came from the Duncan Valley, which is very close to the New Mexico border, in Greenlee County. George was the second oldest of four boys, along with A. D. (Dee) and Lula (Foster), Earnest, George and Leonard, had a small family dairy farm sometime around 1912. My family, Walter and Edna Philpott, lived in Clifton, where papa worked in the smelter. I, Edna was born there January 17, 1914. We moved to Duncan when I was very young and lived out of Duncan toward Clifton a little way. Papa bought a milk cow from Dee Cheatham. Gradually, after having several heifer calves, we began to have more milk than our family could use. So, papa rode our horse, Dolly, into Duncan carrying a three-gallon can of milk and a quart measure cup. The ladies would come to the back door with a bowl or a jar to put the milk in. Pap did this until his arms ached so much that he couldn't carry the can any more. He built a one-horse cart with a step on the back to ride on. This continued until we finally moved into Duncan near the high school, which is still there. By this time we had a pretty good dairy. We bottled milk and delivered it to the houses and mama made butter to sell. In the meantime, the Cheathams sold their dairy to George Lunt and moved to Laveen in 1919. They had a small dairy at Elliot and 51st Avenue, originally called Lateral 17. Dee and Lula and the boys ran this dairy until 1941 when we bought the land on

Baseline and 51st Avenue and enlarged the dairy and farm land. My family also sold their dairy to George Lunt later.

I graduated from high school in 1932 and went to Flagstaff that fall. I was in the band and we came to Phoenix to play in a parade. My friend, Mildred Foster said she was going to call her Aunt Lula who lived in Laveen. She did, and George came into Phoenix in his 1930 Model T Ford (at the time cost $626.00) to get Mildred and me. In 1934 I went to Tucson to a beauty school. George started coming down to see me and we wrote to each other. I finished school and worked in a shop in Duncan for a while and in March of 1936 we were married. There was a little red brick house, the Mayor home, one-half mile north of the store on Lateral 17 (now 51st Avenue) that we lived in and raised our three children, Georgana, Walter, and Nancy Thompson. In March of 1956 we moved into the white Tuffa stone house which we now live in.

When we lived in the red brick house there was only one bedroom; no water and not even a well. We had to haul every drop of water that we used and we didn't have a car. We had to wait until George's dad got home in the evenings from buying cotton to use his car to haul cans of water. Since there was a good well of water at the Laveen School and it was piped over to the store, there were a lot of people going there to fill cans of water. Thanks to Ralph Spotts, he let us do that. The Indian people didn't have water on the reservation like they do now and there weren't many

cars, so they had to put several 50-gallon drums in their wagons and come up and fill them there also.

Naturally without water, we didn't have a bathroom so we had to use a big galvanized wash tub to bathe in, and had an outhouse. I would go to Georges mother's to do the laundry. She had a Maytag washer and it was outside in a shed. We had to heat the water in a big iron kettle for the wash and then we had a couple of tubs of rinse water. There was a wringer on the side that you turned by hand. It was quite a problem to get our laundry done. We couldn't even have a window cooler without water, so we had a big fan which just blew the hot air around. Luckily, there were chinaberry trees all around the house which helped to keep the sun off, and we kept the windows open, and if there was a breeze, it would come through the house.

Just before Walter was born in July 1942, we managed to pipe water to our house from our dairy one-half mile away. That was one of the biggest joys of our life. It was hard salty water, but it was wet. We put in a bathroom since there was room for it. We got window cooler and our own washer and we also got a used 1941 Plymouth car. Our children had to have their beds in what should have been the dining room. Then when Nancy outgrew her baby bed, we told her that we guessed we would have to give her away. She said, "Give me away nothing; give the other kids away." We moved a trailer in the back of our house and that became Georgana's bedroom.

In February 1956 we started to build this house right beside the old house. Mr. Harry Goldie did all the rock work and the building of it. It took us a year to finish it because different material suppliers would be on strike and we waited. There we sat, in our little crowded house with this nice roomy house sitting here but not yet finished enough to live in. They had to tear down the old house to put the carport on to finish this house. It was such a happy time when we were able to move over here, but a sad thing to tear the old house down. All three of our children lived here several years, they married and moved away.

Georgana (born May 5, 1939) and her husband Sid Carlisle (married 1976) live in Laveen, just across the field from our family home. She works for U.S. West Communications, and had seen many changes occur during her over 25 years with the company. She takes great pride in teaching 3-4 year old children at Laveen Baptist Church, in an activity centered Bible class called AWANA (a workman approved need not be ashamed). Her daughter Marlena (Gowens) Mulvey, (born in 1962) makes her home in Globe, Az. She was wed to David Mulvey in California in 1988. They have given Georgana a grandson Stephen (born in 1990) to love and spoil.

Walters interest in electronics has led him to a career in that field. He has worked for Goodyear, Motorola and Honeywell. He makes his home in Tempe, Az., with wife

Charlene (Click), daughter Charlene born in 1974 and two sons, Samuel, born in 1979 and Joshua, born in 1980.

Nancy, born in 1947, followed her interest in educating children into several years of teaching, first in Tempe School District, then owned and operated a day care center in Globe, Az. (1979-1988). In 1968, she married Tom Thompson, and they made their home in Tempe and Mesa until they moved to Globe in 1973. They have two children, daughter Crystal, born in 1972 and son Scott, born in 1974. Since retiring, Nancy enjoys her church choir, community kids (charity organization) and a community theater group and sings for funerals and weddings, etc..

Now we have room for any of them and their children when they come to visit. We are so thankful to the Lord for letting us have this place to live here on his good earth, and to live in Laveen with all of our family and friends.

George passed away on November 15, 1985. He was still actively working on the farm to the day he died at the age of 75. His death came just short of his 76th birthday and we would have celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in March 1986.

Johnie Lee Parsons Fain

(Ranch Wife - by Choice)

Dewey, Arizona

I became a ranch wife truly by choice: for I was born in Texas on a cotton farm. I can still remember the beautiful fields of cotton waving in the breeze. And oh how I loved to go down to the gin and play on the stacked bales of cotton. However, a three year drought found my family moving to Snyder where my father became bookkeeper for the largest garage there.

When I was twelve years of age we moved to Prescott, Arizona. It was in Prescott, a few years later, that I met my husband-to-be, Norman Fain, the son of an early pioneer and rancher. Upon graduation, Norman went to Stanford University and I went back to Texas to the Fort Worth School of Music. We were married four years later.

We returned immediately to the ranch, some fifteen miles east of Prescott, Arizona, where the fall round-up was in progress.

At this time the ranch was owned by Dan Fain, Normans father, and Cooge Wilkins - they ran both sheep and cattle.

The headquarters, an old wooden frame building, had burned and Norman had spent the summer working there helping build a four-room adobe house that accommodated the men who lived there. The rooms were large and square. The outside walls were ten to twelve inches thick, built to outlast a

few generations of Fains. The only permanent occupants at that time were the cook, Jim Elliot, a jolly rotund Irish individual who not only cooked but also cared for a completely paralyzed brother of Dan Fain's.

Dan Fain was at the ranch intermittently and on my arrival he graciously offered us his bedroom which adjoined the large kitchen-dining room. Not knowing the hours and customs of a working ranch, I did not arise at daylight but slept peacefully on until I was awakened by a mouse running playfully over my nose. You can imagine my embarrassment when my screams broke up the breakfast the men were enjoying in the next room.

All of these minor details were forgotten when later in the day they offered me a horse to ride out where they were working herd. They were cutting calves from the cows in preparation for shipping. Of course, I knew nothing about what was going on or why, but the little Indian horse I was on knew exactly what was happening and he proceeded to give me the ride of my life just staying with him. But right then I decided if this was ranch life I was going to like it. So I continued to ride with my spurs on up-side down, my face burned by the sun and wind and my body full of pains and aches from my sudden change of sitting at a desk pounding a typewriter all day (for in Fort Worth I had run out of money and acquired a secretarial position at the First National Bank where I worked for three years before our marriage.)

When round-up was over we took an apartment in Prescott. I continued driving to the ranch almost daily for it seemed I belonged there regardless of my ignorance.

In the spring it was time to go to a sheep camp some forty miles south of Prescott. (I told you earlier Dan Fain ran both sheep and cattle.) There the Bill Honeas' lived in a delightfully grassy spot in another four-room adobe ranch house.

As we needed a commissary to serve the many shearers and cook, they quickly erected a boarded floor and lumber sides with a huge tent covering the top for us to live in. I was to run the commissary and try to stay out of the way.

By this time I had started my first pregnancy and this was a heavenly time to rest and sleep under those huge shade trees on that green Bermuda grass.

It was so hot at night we decided to move our bed (some kind of collapsible affair) out on the grass just outside our tent door. That was a mistake for the puppy we had with us moved outside with us and the next morning when she saw the milk cow grazing near us she charged the cow. I was awakened by what looked like a cow's horn driving straight towards my stomach. The cow lost her balance, missed me and landed on the other side of the bed upsetting the bed. When I crawled out from tangled up covers and pillows there stood Norman standing in the door of the tent laughing hilariously. The cow had thrown him clear of the debris and he saw the early morning call in an entirely different light

than I did. I suppose you could say "I was shook up." What really concerned me was my pregnancy. My only casualty seemed to be a scraped hand and finger that I had thrown over my stomach as the cow made her nose dive in her fright to get away from the barking dog. I wanted to go immediately to the doctor in Prescott but Mrs. Honea persuaded me to come to her house and go to bed for a day's rest first. How wise she was for it was so early in the pregnancy there was no real damage done, just a finger with a splint on for a few weeks.

After our first baby, Donna Lee Fain, was born, we began to think seriously of our future - Norman's job at the ranch with a salary of one hundred dollars a month wasn't going to be adequate to start raising a family. So we decided to move to Camp Verde where Norman owned a herd of cattle carrying the 44 brand. They had been started for him when he was a child living with his parents in Camp Verde.

We moved to Camp Verde to the house where he had lived until his high school days, when he and his mother had moved to Prescott.

This was a lovely three bedroom home with a large living room and dining room, and it was here I was to become truly a ranch wife.

So much to learn!!!

A new baby, a farm, cattle to work, a garden and chickens. I loved it all but the chickens. I detested them, and I'm telling you the truth. I would rather get on

a horse that was going to buck than put my hand under an old setting hen to see if she had any fresh eggs under her -- only to have her peck my hand. I always came out squeezing an egg with the yolk and shell rushing down my fingers.

But I was ready to tackle cooking for a crew of men and riding every chance I got. The cattle work was my true love.

After going through a cattle work at the Verde, I slipped away one day from the kitchen and decided to take a ride. I found a calf we had missed in the work so I drove the cow and calf to the ranch. Since Norman was gone, (he was probably over to the Rafter Eleven helping his dad), I decided to go ahead and brand the calf and save the ear cut for his tally. I built my fire in the corral and threw the 44 stamp iron on to heat.

One of the workers in the field saw the smoke and came to see what was going on. I explained I was going to brand the calf. He looked at my 105 pounds and decided he had better throw the calf and hold it for me, so I rushed over with the iron and put a neat 4 on the shoulder and another 4 on the hip. Then I nonchalantly pulled my pocket knife out and marked the ears -- a crop and under half crop on the right ear and a swallow fork on the left ear. Thank goodness it was a heifer calf. I wonder if I would have finished the job had it been a bull calf.

Now it was harvest time. The custom was for farmers to help each other -- that meant a crew of twelve or more men

to feed for days on end it seemed. And oh such quantities of food. I finally got one of the native farm girls to come and help me. She was my life-saver. We cooked varieties of good food, always a desert served with gallons of ice tea. We also canned 50 quarts of peach preserves off one tree and fed them all to those men who made them vanish like hotcakes for we served them with steaming hot biscuits and butter. Butter that I had learned to make -- even cottage cheese I had learned to make from the clabbered milk. I was learning.

However, my first summer on the farm I was a total wash-out. I kept buying vegetables from the vegetable man who stopped regularly at my front door. One day, Norman said, "Would you mind using vegetables from the garden?" There was a big vegetable garden down near the barns and I am sure he and the farm hands were very proud of it. But I had been so busy with this new way of life it had never dawned on me to become interested in gardening. I quickly agreed to his request - if - he would have the neighbor women who came every morning to get her vegetables, bring mine to me. So we worked that problem out satisfactorily. Why I didn't want anything to do with chickens and garden I will never know.

Our second little girl was born while we were living at the Verde. That also entailed how people meet emergencies some fifty six years ago.

I was seven months into the pregnancy so Norman had gone on spring round-up without me. His mother came to stay with me.

In those days ranches always butchered their own beef. They had taken some to camp but left a generous portion at home. At that time there were no deep freezers so the grandmother and I decided to can the remaining beef. I had a pressure cooker that held sixteen cans. After pressuring beef you were required to immerse the cooker in cold water for cooling. The bathtub was the only thing available that would serve that purpose. So for the entire day I carried the pressure cooker of beef from kitchen to the bathroom, following directions.

About five in the afternoon mother nature served notice I had greatly abused my right to be a perfect ranch-wife. Labor pains started in earnest.

The doctor who lived some twenty miles away was called. He arrived with a retired graduate nurse. Norman was sent for. They had an incubator of sorts put together by midnight. By daylight they had the temperature in the incubator up to near one hundred degrees. Luckily, we had electricity, so after they removed all the paint from a coffee can they put a light bulb in it, placed it in the covered incubator and all was ready to welcome the new arrival.

Carolyn Sue Fain arrived about eight in the morning - all five pounds of her. She looked something like a skinned

rabbit, with a light fuzz across her shoulders. She came along beautifully in her new home. When her natural birth time was completed, almost two months later, we put her in the lower part of a box that had recently held a new pair of boots and drove over to the Rafter Eleven ranch to show her to the grandad.

We spent some six years on the ranch at Camp Verde, I would have been content to stay there forever but in 1934 we had an opportunity to become a partner with Dan Fain and John Hamilton in Lonesome Valley, home of the Rafter Eleven brand. So we rounded up a generous number of the Verde cattle and trailed them over Mingus Mountain to their new range.

There were no accommodations for a new family of four at the ranch but there was a wonderful old two-story house on the property. It was built in the late eighteen hundreds and had served as a stage coach stop between Prescott and Jerome. It was a sound lumber construction but badly in need of repairs as no one had lived there for many years. A cow had entered, walked up the steep, straight stairway to the upper floor and not knowing how to descend, she had died there. There was much to do before we could reclaim the house and make it our home.

We made camp in the generous yard where fruit trees and grass had once enhanced the old dwelling. For one summer the Fain family camped in this heavenly spot, working days tearing out old wallpaper, old cupboards and other debris.

There was a well on the place so I was given my choice to have either running water in the house or to install a roomful of batteries and have lights in the house. Of course, I chose the running water. Who wouldn't , with cooking and two little girls to scrub daily.

Now, my true love, working on the range, was to become a reality.

It was time for fall round-up, the grandmother came to mother the two little once. They cut me three good horses for the fall work and I became a regular hand. This was to be my life for the next twenty five years.

There was one sabbatical leave when I took "time-out" to bring our son Bill Fain, into the world.

Other than that, I am sure I never missed a spring or fall work. Spring work took about two months, for we worked not only the Rafter Eleven brand but also the Diamond S. and Forty Fours at the Verde. Fall work entailed equally as much time, for that meant not only gathering the cattle but also many days of working the herd (cutting yearlings from their cows, weaning calves, branding, shipping, etc.) Much of our fall work took place outside of corrals with the cattle held by the riders. There were always seven or eight riders. Norman and Dan Fain always worked inside the herd cutting to the outside circle. It seemed Pete, the Indian, Bill Graham, a seasoned cow puncher, and I received most of the cut for we knew the cattle and understood what the inside riders were doing.

One amusing thing happened to me one day while holding herd. I always carried a Bull Durham sack filled with raisins in my Levi pocket. As the day grew long and weary I kept pulling that sack out of my pocket and nibbling on a raisin. Finally a newcomer to the outfit could stand it no longer. He rode over to me and said "Is that tobacco you are chewing?" I immediately replied, "Yes, have some." He opened the sack, reached in and pulled out a raisin. He sheepishly handed me the sack and without a word rode back to his place in the circle.

Many interesting and some frightening experiences happened during that period of my life - like being washed off my horse in a whirlpool in the Verde river down below Brown Springs where we had some cattle in pasture, but there is not time here to begin to tell you about them.

For I must tell you that intermingled with ranch life there was still time to raise a family, attend State Legislature with my husband, at that time and become active in cattle circles.

I was the first president of Yavapai Cowbelles, then president of Arizona State Cowbelles.

I wrote and narrated a twenty-minute radio program each week for over a year. The purpose of the program was to sell beef in the markets. To do so I collected pioneer history and sneaked in my commercials at the end of the program. The program rated high enough that Jack Williams, past Governor of Arizona asked for it to be placed on his

radio station in Phoenix. I agreed to keep writing and timing the program provided I could get Bud Brown of Phoenix to narrate it. He agreed and for another year we kept the program on the air.

About this time Yavapai Cowbelles were encourage by Learah Cooper Morgan to publish pioneer stories in a book. Esther Henderson of Dewey titled them "Echoes of the Past". Learah and I visited publishers of Arizona Highways, and sold them our story of the first rodeo in Arizona which occurred in Prescott. That supplied the money for the publishing of the first book of "Echoes of the Past". It was successful so book two followed and we gradually abandoned the radio program. I don't remember whether Bud got tired of narrating or I grew weary of writing that twenty-minute program.

It was about that time Governor Pyle called four cattle women to his office to interest us to be the instigators of asking the cattle people of Arizona to furnish the money to build the second home at Arizona Boys Ranch, a home dedicated to helping boys before they got into real trouble. The first home which cared for nine boys and their house parents had just been completed by the Rotarians of Phoenix.

We found his need was twenty thousand dollars so the four of us went down to the Valley National Bank in Phoenix and presented our story. We were granted the loan - on our signature - and the home was assured. Then we went home, told our husbands wheat we had done, and at the next cattle

growers' state meeting we received the blessings of the group and were told to now accomplish the fact. Margaret Bourdon, the Sate President, appointed me chairman of this undertaking.

All of my work on the project was done at night pounding the old typewriter. It consisted of writing stories of ranch life that were really happening in my life with a reminder of what the cattle people hoped to do for Arizona Boys Ranch. These short stories were published once a month by the Arizona Cattlelog.

We then organized the fourteen chapters of Arizona Cowbelles to join in our efforts. They each did their share of publicizing the project and contributing small amounts from dinners, dances, etc.

Early in the drive the thought came to me of an auction of calves to be held on the grounds of Arizona Boys Ranch. I worked in my stories to that goal, for every cattle rancher to donate a calf or a portion of a calf that they could afford.

By the time of the date of the big round-up we had calves trucked in from all over the state. The auction was held. Instead of the twenty thousand we had promised, we turned over forty thousand dollars to the project. It was a great day for all of our efforts and we know a great boost to Arizona Boys Ranch.

Ray Cowden, a good friend and influential member of State Cattle Growers, said, "Now Johnie, don't decide to get into National Cattle Growers!"

I had no desire or thought of doing anything but getting back to the ranch and continuing my normal life, which I did.

Soon after the Big Round-up at Arizona boys Ranch I received from Dan Fain the greatest compliment of my life. We were driving a herd of cattle from Mingus Mountain down into the Valley. As we progressed through the Valley, riders kept leaving the herd to re-ride country we had already worked. It was dull business as I pushed the drags ever on until I came to and realized there I was on the point with Dan Fain working the opposite side, some distance away. I looked around for a cowboy to come forward and take my place - no one came. The Point is a tricky place to be. It takes quiet concentration of holding a small cut of antsy cattle, who are trying to figure out how they can get away. They must be quietly held back until they decide to travel with the herd. As you cross each gully and ravine they require constant watching.

When we made it in to the home ranch, some few hours later, I was pulling my saddle off to throw it on the fence when Dan stepped over and said, "Johnie, I have pointed herds of cattle many years, over many trails, but I just want you to know you are the best I have ever worked with."

I felt maybe after twenty years or so, maybe I had won my spurs.

Dan left the work after some eighty years of age, but not before he told me the horse he saddled for me had flipped over backwards with my saddle. He said he's probably a cinch-binder, be careful when you saddle him.

Dan left us soon after but I was to be reminded of his warning not too many rides later. We were at the foot of Mingus Mountain. Every one saddled up soon after daylight to start the day's work. I thought I had cinched Chief loosely. This was the same horse that had gone over backwards with my saddle. But this time he let me have it. I stepped up on him, he flipped backwards. We landed perpendicularly with me flat on my back. He threw me so fast and so straight he loosened me from the seat of the saddle. The saddle horn had to be between my legs when we landed for I could have put my arms right around his neck when we hit bottom. Due to the terrain he was immediately off of me and rolled into a washed out gully near by. When I caught my breath I thought my hip was broken, but it was the third lumbar vertebra in my back that was split perpendicularly and also the entire right rib cage was broken.

Norman wanted to put me in the back of the truck and get me a doctor. Luckily, we had a neighbor from the Iron King mine in Humboldt who was riding with us. He had just

finished a first aid course and told them to leave me flat on my back until he could get an ambulance.

Some four hours later an ambulance arrived, strapped me to a board, and we started painfully and slowly down the old rough road to gain access to the road to get me to the hospital in Prescott. It seemed a never ending trip with one man holding my back in what seemed like a vice, while the other one drove. They knew it was a back injury and probably saved me from being paralyzed by their care.

So ended my riding days, but not my love of the ranch.

This is some fifteen or twenty years later. I have an entire fused lumbar area and no pain.

I am living back at headquarters where I started from - back where the mouse ran across my nose on my first morning here. That was some sixty three years ago, so I guess I will just be content to sit on the fence and watch the calves being branded, then listen to them bawl for a few days as they are being weaned.

But that's music to my ears!

Ronald Fain, Bill Fain's son and my grandson has just graduated from Arizona State University. Ron chose to come back to the ranch, and I hope to make the cattle industry his future. So I am hoping some day this old house will welcome another Fain bride.

Then grandad Fain (Dan Fain) and I will know it is in good hands.

Alma Beluzzi Hardee

I was born in Miami, Az. on Feb. 14, 1909. My parents were Bert Beluzzi, born in Flagstaff, and Lottie Hardt, born at Green Back. I have three brothers and three sisters.

We came to Payson in 1911 just before the dam was finished, we had to cross the Salt River on a ferry.

My dad bought the Beaver Valley farm north east of Payson. It is now a subdivision. We later had a 40 head cattle permit and dad had a hog permit. I don't remember how many it was for.

We dry farmed and raised vegetables. Dad dug a ditch and took water out of the Verde River to irrigate part of the farm.

Dad butchered most of the hogs and sold hams and sausage. I can remember cutting up the pork chops for sausage. Dad paid some of his bill with hams and sausage.

We branded TD. I took care of the cattle as soon as I was big enough to sit on a horse. One of my chores was to break range cows to milk, after they calved. Some were easy and some were onery.

We sold our cattle in Winslow. Every fall every rancher would gather and hold the herd in our hog pasture and drive to Winslow. I was too young to go on any of the drives.

I started school in Payson. We finally brought enough Indians kids in that we could have a school at Weber, two

miles up the creek from the Nest and Hole Ranch. We had to walk five miles. I would catch the miners burros that ran loose and ride them. I would stake them out. They would finally get away and I would catch another one. We went to school nine months in the summer. Some of my teachers were Sara Young, Lillian Johnson, Mrs. Howard, Lillian May Herron and Lala Ruth.

My grandma Hardt gave dad some wild horses. My brother and I broke some of them. There was one nice black mare I really liked. I rode her to school one day and she got away from me on the way. I went back home to tell mother so she wouldn't worry when the mare came in without me. She was very upset with me for not going on to school.

Dad sold the ranch to Bud Jones in 1937. We moved to Payson. I worked for different people around town. Al Vaughn's wife was sickly and I kept house for her for a while. Worked for Evelyn Harrison and helped with her two boys. I also worked in every restaurant in town. I had the Malt Shop for awhile.

I married John Hardee in 1949 and moved to the ranch in Gisela. I did most of the riding and taking care of the ranch. I would raise calves on the farm and stock the permit with them. We branded 3E. We had 120 head permit. I helped the neighbors ride during roundup.

When John and I divorced I moved back to Payson.

Frederick (Fritz) G. Taylor

Payson, Arizona

I was born April 23, 1912, at the Diamond H Ranch  eleven miles west of Payson. My parents were Richard and Angela Belluzzi Taylor. There are five of us kids: Richard of Payson is the oldest; my sister, Margaret Murphy of Payson; Bill of Mesa; and Ed of Apache Junction.

My dad, born in 1872 at Oakhurst, California, came to Arizona as a young man. His first job was working for Henry Wollpert, driving a herd of cattle into the Club Ranch in the Mazatzal Mountains.

Eventually he moved to the Payson country. Here he married my mother, who was born in Globe and raised on the Belluzzi Ranch on the upper East Verde River under the Mogollon Rim. The place is now called the Rim Trail Ranch.

My parents were married at the Belluzzi Ranch in 1906 and rode horseback to the Diamond H Ranch, which my father had bought in 1904 or 1905. In 1914 he bought the nearby Doll Baby Ranch  from George Smith.

These ranches, on the East Verde River, consist of 72 sections of forest land and 349 acres of patented land, about 30 sections are in the Mazatzals.

I worked cattle on the ranch with dad, Bill and Richard. During the spring roundup, the year I was nine, dad would not let me ride because my horse was not shoed. He made me stay home, which broke my heart. After the

roundup crew left, I decided I could shoe the horse, which I did.

After the roundup was over and the calves branded, it was time to start the herd, mostly yearlings and cull cows and bulls, to the railroad at Winslow for delivery to the buyer. It was a long, dusty road to Winslow.

Being the kid that I was, I was assigned to the horse herd. Billie Cooper drove the chuck wagon and did the cooking. I made the mistake of goosing him. He grabbed the blacksnake and took after me, across the desert. I learned my lesson.

I broke my first colt at the Doll Baby ranch when I was 12 years old. During the summer months, I worked for the NB's for Walt Randall, and for the Bar T Bar -T- for Boss Chilson, besides helping dad on the Doll Baby outfit.

The last two years of school I rode from the ranch to Payson and back home every day, ten miles each way. When I was 17, I took a pack horse, rode a horse I was breaking, and went across the Mazatzal Mountains to work for the T Ranch owned by Earl Evans.

I had never been across the mountain. I was lost and lonely, trying to find where I was going. The first night I laid out at Bloody Basin with only a snack my mother had put in a flour sack with a change of clothes.

The next night I stayed at a camp they had moved from, and all they had left were cornflakes and canned milk. The following day I found the ranch headquarters. A Mexican

boy, Adolph, and I rode the rough string. Adolph was a real athlete. If a horse was too tough for me, he would say, "Let me have him."

To my surprise on my 18th birthday, a box of homemade candy arrived from my mother. The cook took the pack string into town for groceries. When he came back, he had the candy from mom.

I worked through roundup and when the herd, about 1100 head, was headed for the railroad, Earl Evans, the boss, rode up to me and said, "I'll see you at Marinette"

I said, "Where in the hell is Marinette?" He said, "Charlie, the cook, will tell you." This was all new country to me.

When the cattle were loaded on the railroad cars and headed for Flagstaff, It was time to say goodbye to each other and head for home. Adolph invited me to go to Mexico with him, but I was homesick.

Chico, the old Mexican cowboy, put his arms around me and said, "You have been good to me. I have made you this quirt." He was old, so I shoed his horses for him. Today this quirt hangs on my saddle.

The next two or three years I helped dad with the cattle on the ranch. When the ranch work was not pressing, I would take off and go to small rodeos; Long Valley, Snowflake, Mormon Lake and Payson.

I also helped the Bar T Bar make two or three cattle drives to market. Lee Barkdoll was the foreman. There were

approximately 600 hundred to 800 head. Every night something would scare the resting herd.

It was eerie to have everything quiet, and then, bang! The cattle were on their feet and headed in one direction. They ran over everything that was in their way, including cowboys, chuck wagon, or fences.

Horses were kept saddled. Cowboys in their long underwear were on their horses, trying to get out of the cattle's way or turn the leaders around so they would be meeting the drags.

When the stampede was over, Julian Journigan, the cook, was sitting on the chuck wagon. Although we took turns on night guard; if the cattle stampeded, everyone grabbed his horse and helped until the animals quieted down.

After dinner was over and the dishes washed, Julian would sit down on his bed roll and sing cowboy songs. That was the highlight of the drive.

Later I worked for the geological Survey. I was rod man for the engineers. We mapped most of the Mazatzal Mountains, the Tonto Natural Bridge and Tonto Basin.

In 1935 I married Cleo Wade. In the early spring of 1912 when she was one year old, she came with her grandparents and her parents. William and Estelee Wade, to Payson. They moved in covered wagons from San Diego over the old board road over the sand in the Yuma desert country.

Her father worked at the sawmills under the Rim from Payson. Her grandfather homesteaded 160 acres which is now

the Golden Frontier home development. He was a blacksmith and had his shop on the property.

Cleo's parents later moved to the KW Ranch at Star Valley. Cleo and her brother, Ivan, rode burros or horses to the Star Valley school. In 1932 her parents built the Payson Hotel, now the Oxbow Hotel.

I rented a house in Payson, and we lived in it between rodeos. I met Bud Bristow at the Long Valley rodeo. He offered me a job at the Bell Ranch  . He offered me a job to work as the cowboy and Cleo as the cook. Wages? I was paid $75 a month, and Cleo got $45.

In February of the next year I was offered a packing job for the geological surveyors. They needed 24 pack horses. I furnished 12, and Floyd Pyle furnished 12. The pay was better than cowboy wages.

That fall I received a call from Stewart Hall, who had purchased the Bell Ranch. He asked if I would be his foreman and Cleo cook for the ranch hands. He changed the name to the Thunderbird Ranch  .

When World War II broke out, Stewart, being an Eastern boy, knew little about ranching. So, he asked if I would stay on at the ranch, and he would join the Navy.

He turned the ranch over to us, and Cleo was the bookkeeper. We had another couple, Joe and Hilda Sullivan. Joe and I were the cowboys, and the girls were the cooks, cowboys and truck drivers. Hay, grain and supplies had to be hauled from the lower ranch to the mountain in the

summer. Many times Joe and I had to be riding, which left other chores to the girls.

Stewart sold the ranch to John Jacobs of Phoenix in 1947. After the fall roundup, John took over the ranch. He changed the name to the Bar D $\overline{D}$.

The ranch consisted of 141 sections. It had a forest permit for 801 head of cattle. The range covered the country from Happy Jack on the mountain to Rimrock in the Verde Valley. It had two complete headquarters: one at Happy Jack, and the lower headquarters about a mile from Montezuma Wells near Camp Verde. We kept 16 to 20 head of horses because there was lots of rough country to ride.

Stewart retained me because he expected to buy a smaller ranch. I bought a Spanish-type home with ten acres at Chandler about one-half block from the San Marcos Hotel. I went with Stewart to look at various ranches, but no suitable place was found.

City life here was too much for me. I accepted a job with Ernest Chilson at Hay Lade, near Flagstaff. I went up to work through spring roundup. He made me foreman of the Bar T Bar range, which had a forest permit for approximately 1700 head and extra on deeded land.

Cleo sold our home in Chandler. On the July fourth, I moved her and our daughter, Donna who was four, to Moqui headquarters on the Ernest Chilson ranch on top of the mountain. It had been a hunting lodge with several beautiful log cabins and a lodge.

We lived in the lodge that summer. That fall after the roundup and shipping were over, we moved back to the Verde Valley because there was no housing for a family at the lower ranch.

That winter I helped Irvin Walker rescue his cattle from four feet of snow on his upper range. We broke trails in the snow for the cattle to come to lower country. I went back as foreman on the Bar D Ranch in the spring of 1948. We lived there until 1954.

Cleo's folks had given a right-of-way to the state for the Beeline Highway (SR 87). They subdivided the lots along the highway. We bought three highway frontage lots and two back lots.

In 1954 Cleo and Donna moved to Payson to build the Diamond Dart Motel. Cleo opened the motel in February 1955. That spring I could not find enough help for roundup. Cleo hired a woman to operate the motel for a week.

Cleo hired Don Cline. She, Donna and Don came up to help me. She brought the movie camera and took pictures of our last roundup at the Bar D. That winter I quit and moved to Payson to become a motel operator.

In 1972 we sold the motel and moved to the Meadow, 320 acres west of town, a part of her mother's estate. I bought a few cows and had my horses. I joined the roping club of Payson and roped with the boys at least once a week. In 1985 Cleo's brothers sold their part of the estate, which is

now Payson West subdivision. I sold my cows but I kept my horses.

In 1989 we sold our portion of the Meadow. I bought two and one-half acres, a home, and outbuildings on Airport Drive. I had to have something for my horses, so I built a barn to make them comfortable.

This year, 1991, I sold my horses because it is no fun riding on a paved road. Our two and one-half ares of lawn, flowers and orchard keep us both busy.

We have a daughter, Donna, and two grandchildren, Wyle and Tristen. They all live in Payson.

Hod Sanders

Young, Arizona

I was born March 13, 1912 in Weed, New Mexico. My parents were Albert and Mary Sanders. They were known as "Uncle Albert" and "Aunt Mary."

In 1916 my dad bought the Haystack Butte Ranch, 35 miles northeast of Globe, from John Griffin. He moved the family there in 1917. There was no road, all was horseback. Supplies were brought in on burros by Dolphy Diaz; later brought in by mules by Nacho Ruiz and Joe Ruiz.

I spent summers at the ranch: building fence, cutting wood and working cattle. I graduated from Globe High School in 1930 and stayed at the ranch until 1932. Got married, and as times were tough, I had to leave to make a living.

I worked for George Penn as truck driver, hauling supplies to road camp at Seven-Mile Wash. A crew was building State Highway 60. I was camped at Seven-Mile Wash, so I put in two five-hour shifts; five hours for Burke and Penn and five hours for the contractors. Pay was $3.44 a shift.

In 1933 dad bought the Hooper Ranch in Graham County at Stanley Butte and hired me to run it for $15.00 per month and found. I was allowed a few cattle and raised my own horses. My brand is Slash F, /F. Dad sold the Butte Ranch to cowboy Johnny Peers in 1942.

When we came to Arizona, Arch Sanders owned the X Four, X4, Ranch and also branded the Slash OF, /OF. When Arch lost the X4 Ranch, the Slash OF was let go. I recorded the Slash F in 1930. I left Stanley Butte in 1934 and went to work in 1935 for my brother, Armon Sanders, whose brand was LY, ⅃Y. He had bought the old Dutch Ortega Ranch on Squaw Creek in Graham County, near Coolidge Dam, in 1927.

My wages were $60.00 per month, but I paid for my family and my keep. I had a few cows to help out. I left the ⅃Y in 1939 as dad had sold Stanley Butte to Armon and gave my brother Albert and me the remnants of cattle.

I put in three summers for the U.S. Forest Service, out of Globe, and in 1942 was assistant to Ranger Carl Scoffield. In those days, the summer help was four or five men on trail crew and on fires.

I worked almost two years for the telephone company, building a line to Hayden Junction. Worked on the survey crew and pulled the posts and wire mules.

In 1943 I went to work for the State Highway Department under Gov. Sidney P. Osborn. I quit in 1945 to spend another year at the ⅃Y Ranch. I went to save Armon's ranch because he bought an auto court in Santa Barbara, California.

In 1946 I went to work for Gila County Highway Department. In the fall of 1949 I bought the Coolidge Dam Store. Sold it in the spring of 1953 and went back to work

for the State Highway Department as subforeman on the Winkleman Road.

In 1955 my brother-in-law, Ed Riggs, and I bought my brother Armon's JY and UB Hawk Canyon Ranches; 325 mother cows, plus calf crop and bulls. Then we put on another 70 cows and calves. It was good range with lots of water. The land we on Taylor Grazing and State Lease.

I sold out in the spring of 1958 to Keith and Max Smith, 700 she stuff, plus bulls and calf crop. Went back to work for Gila County roads as foreman until 1967. I took two years off.

In January 1970, I went to work for Jess Walker, who had purchase the jack Shoe Ranch Ω, the old Armer Ranch near Roosevelt. In December 1985 I bought the old Hoghland Store property in Young and retired as ranch foreman in 1986.

I married Arlie Favour in 1973. She has made a museum of the old Hoghland Store. I have four children by my first wife. They were born in Globe: Babe, in 1934; Buster, in 1935: Joby, in 1936; and Gerald, in 1939. Each child cost $35.00 for delivery. Mrs. Gifford was the midwife.

Footnote #1: In 1939 I worked four months for Bully McFadden on the Flying H Ranch, FH on Cherry Creek in the Sierra Anchas. Worked two or three roundups for John Griffin's X4 Ranch on Seven-Mile Wash. Also helped tie up and lead in wild cattle on the San Carlos Reservation. This was between 1949 and 1953 while owner of Coolidge Dam Store.

Also worked with Ed and Skeet Bowman in Graham County, near the San Carlos Reservation, on roundups.

Footnote #2: I also worked with Fat Chapman, Jess Livingstone, Mack Hughes, Shorty Caraway, Verde Horn, Lloyd McLane, Zee Hayes, Glen and Lyn Mayes, Roy Hitson, Crill Winters, Emmet Ryan, Cy Garlinghouse, Forty Bloomer, Bill Nail, Glenn Ellison, Pecos McFadden, Alf Devore, Bob Grantham, Johnny Saunders, and many, many more of the old-timers in Gila County.

Stella Hughes

I made my first horse trade when I was five years old, and, I took a-rookin. Certainly it wasn't my last. This one came about when my dad, Lee Cox, wanted to pull my first tooth, which was so loose it was flappin in the breeze.

No way! I wasn't about to let anyone pull that tooth. So dad made me a deal, if I'd let him pull the tooth he said I could ride Dolly.

Ride Dolly! The height of my dreams. Beautiful Dolly, a flashy red and white paint. So dad caught Dolly and led him into the yard and placed me gingerly on her back. The fact Dolly ran on high octane gas didn't faze me a bit, but it did dad. He soon pulled me down, kicking and screaming in protest. I still think he reneged on our trade.

I was born on a dry farm a mile from the Canadian River in Canadian County Oklahoma, in 1916. My mother, Laura Ledoux Cox was a petite, black eyed French Canadian, born on a homestead in North Dakota.

Dad, Lee Andrew Cox, was born in Selma, Calif. and came to Oklahoma with his family from Missouri. This was during the opening of the Strip in the spring of 1889, and dad was eight months old. Dad sold our farm in 1927, the year I turned eleven, and we moved to southern California. This was at least ten years before the great exodus of the poor Dust Bowl farmers, and by that time dad was well established as a horse and mule dealer in southeast Los Angeles.

This is when my riding began in earnest. By the time I was seventeen I was riding a flashy black and white Roman riding team in rodeos and horse shows up and down the Coast from San Diego to Santa Barbara and in Arizona at Winslow, Holbrook and Springerville. I even learned how to steer rope, there being a popular practice roping arena near us. There were a number of Steer Stopping events for women and I roped at the Los Angeles Stockyards rodeo, Hoot Gibson's Saugus Rodeo and Bakersfield, as well as Corona and other Coast towns.

What little talent I picked up didn't make me rich but certainly came in handy making a hand as a ranch woman for the next fifty-three years.

I met Mack Hughes on one of my trips to Arizona and in the winter of 1938 we were married at St. Rose of Lima Catholic Church in Maywood, California. We left on a weeks honeymoon to Phoenix in a borrowed car and on the money I'd gotten from selling my horse at dad's auction for $120.00, a derned good price for a saddle horse at the time. We left Phoenix and drove back to Winslow.

On Christmas day, we returned the borrowed car and talked some friends into taking us out to his ranch job, thirty miles north of Winslow.

This was the T up and T down ranch owned by Bob Benton. He had a lease on part of the Navajo Reservation which was still being leased to white ranchers. This ended in 1939 when the owner died on the ranch and his lease was cancelled

that fall, and the administrators had to find a new range for over 800 cows.

In September the administrators, Jat and Skeet Stiles found good grass range to lease across the Little Colorado River between Winslow and Joseph City from Ham Ubanks. There was no ranch home, no corrals no nuthin'. Not even any cross fencing and Mack and two other cowboys rode the tails off the company horses trying to relocate 800 cows on a new range. We camped under a scrub cedar tree on the banks of a creek and my cook table was an old-time chuck box elevated to a more comfortable height by placing it on two rawhide kiacks. We slept in a 9x9 tepee tent.

This is where my expertise, nonexistent at that time, in Dutch oven cooking stood the supreme test, as the only wood we had available was cedar. Not my idea of proper fuel for making hardwood coals, so necessary for Dutch oven biscuits.

In 1943 Mack was offered a job as range rider for the Department of the Interior Indian Service, and we moved to Oraibi, on the Hopi Indian Reservation. I dearly loved the year and a half we lived in the Indian village within a stone's throw of the kiva. Many nights we fell asleep to the throb of the drums and chanting. Our son, Skeeter, even learned to speak Hopi so well he even thought in Hopi. He was four years old when Mack was transferred as Stockman to the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation.

The first three years Mack served as stockman for two cattle associations , Point of Pines and Clover.

Our first three years we lived at Point of Pines, 75 rough miles from the Agency at San Carlos and 104 miles to Globe, our nearest shopping center.

Mack Hughes was now in his element, managing wild cattle and lots of them, and not a sheep in a hundred miles. My cowboyin days were hampered when Skeeter reached the age of six and I had to move to Globe to send him to school. I hated every moment of living in town, but in 1950 Mack was transferred to the Ask Creek Cattle Association and we were able to spend weekends and vacations at Ash Creek, only 54 miles from Globe.

In 1955 Mack was made Tribal Herd manager and we moved to the main headquarters ranch on Eagle Creek. Only six miles from our retirement home on Eagle Creek. We've been here for 18 years and have loved every moment of it. Mack has worked for neighboring ranches the entire time and still very active riding and repairing water gaps and fences for the Filleman ranch only a mile from our home.

I started writing western yarns as far back as 1950 and sold my first story to Western Horseman magazine in 1950. Since that time I've written three books, two published by the University of Arizona Press at Tuscon. Chuck Wagon Cookin was published in 1974 and still selling, and went into 6th printing this summer. Hashknife Cowboy, a story of Mack's cowboyin years for the old Hashknife ranch owned by

the Babbitt Bros. when Mack first went to work for them as a twelve year old in 1922 until he quit the ranch for good in 1934. For Hashknife Cowboy I received the prestigious award as Best Western Nonfiction Book for 1984. I had to travel down to San Antionia, Texas to receive Spur as given by the Western Writers of America, an honor which I'm extremely proud.

For many years I've been a columnist for Western Horseman magazine of Colorado Springs, Co. Besides many feature stories over the years, they published a book titled Bacon An' Beans, which had become one of their best sellers. I travel to book sales all over the country signing and autographing my books.

I was a regular columnist for six years for Desert magazine, published at Palm Desert California. I've had many feature stories published in national magazines and proud to have been a contributor to Arizona Highways on several occasions. Horse and Rider, published in California had used my features as well as the National Cattlemens Association publication, and the Cattleman Magazine.

In later years I've been featured as a humorist on Western ranch women at National Cowboy Symposiums. I was featured on Saturday night at Elko, Nevada at their annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering in January of this year. Again at Lubbock Texas on Saturdays program during their National Cowboy Symposium at Texas Tech. I've been invited twice for

this occasion. In 1991 I was even a participant at the National Livestock Cowboy Classics in the Colosseum.

In 1988 I was inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, in Hereford, Texas. Betty Accomazzo was the first Arizonan to receive this honor.

Another great honor was being invited to Washington D.C. to demonstrate chuck wagon cookin Dutch oven style during the American Folklife Festival, sponsored by the Smithonian Institute and General Foods, as well as American Airlines. There for eight days in August of 1976, Mack and I demonstrated by cooking pinto beans, chili con carne and sourdough biscuits. cooked on hardwood coals on the National Mall between the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial. A once in a lifetime experience.

I trailered a real chuckwagon on a flat bed trailer from Eagle Creek Arizona. Our experiences trailering a chuckwagon across country was a unique experience.

Allen Thaddus Walker

Life History by Erma Bell Walker Pollock

Allen T. Walker was born August 14, 1896 near Sun City in Barber County Kansas, to Levi Thomas Walker and Matie Cline Walker. He had two older brothers, Irvin and Earl, an older sister, Christine, and a younger sister, Erma. Allen was only about eight years old when Tom and Matie got a divorce. In the summer of 1908 he traveled along with his brother Earl and wife Della, to Morton County. They had a covered wagon and it was pulled by a team of mules. Another fellow drove a four horse team that pulled a header barge loaded with belongings. They had stopped for dinner and Allen's favorite greyhound "White" was asleep in front of the wheel and when they started up it ran over the dog and killed him. There were several other greyhounds but that had been the one he liked best. There weren't enough rabbits in Morton County to feed the dogs so Della's brother took them back to Sun City and Uncle George Walker's family took care of them. Several months later when Allen went to Uncle George's place the dogs were really tickled to see him. It took eight days to get to Morton County and Allen rode a buckskin horse named "Babe" and he herded the milk cows on the way. Babe was an Indian pony that Irvin had gotten south of Gallup.

In the fall Tom took Allen to Pomona, California where he lived with Tom's brother, Charlie Walker, and he attended

school there. Allen was baptized in the Church of God in San Diego in 1909. Charlie was a preacher.

In June of 1909 Allen and brother Earl went to Flagstaff from Kansas on the train and Allen stayed with Irvin and chased wild horses. After catching a number of them they shipped them from Flagstaff back to Kansas and sold them. At that time Allen weighed only 65 lbs. He went to Sun City in the fall of 1910 and lived with Uncle George and Aunt Ollie Walker and went to school. Uncle George had a large family of their own so one more child didn't make much difference. Allen thought of them as his other sisters and brothers. He spent a total of three summers with Irvin running wild horses and the five winters he spent two in Barber County and three in Morton Count. In the fall of 1911 and 1912 he boarded with the Arzy Tryon family and went to school. His dad had a farm in Morton County where he had proved up 160 acres and had built a dugout that they lived in. Allen would ride a horse from Morton County to Barber County and stay with Uncle George's family and then back to Morton County in the summer.

Allen farmed for 24 years in Morton County. Allen married Olive McNeff on April 14, 1925 in Alvie, Oklahoma. They lived in the Hale house until they could get a house built over the old dugout. The house was 24 x 24. Tom Walker lived with them until he died August 14, 1925. Allen and Olive had two daughters, Jewell born February 1, 1926 and Erma Bell born August 12, 1930.

Near the farm in Morton County there was a nice Negro family by the name of Jefferson. Mrs. Jefferson came to assist when Erma was born. Once they ask Allen's help with a horse that had lockjaw. Well he told them to place a board across the horses head and he took an axe and hit the board with the back side of the axe just as hard as he could. The horse quivered and Mr. Jefferson's eyes got as big as saucers and he said, "See there by golly,, you killed her!" Allen said, "Oh, I guess not." And gently opened the horses mouth and gave it some water. Every time after that when Mr. Jefferson's brother would see Allen he would remark, "See there by golly, you killed her", and they would both laugh.

The dry weather which caused the area to be a Dust Bowl blew everything away so they had an auction and sold what they could and packed their remaining belongings into a four wheel trailer and moved to Arizona in May of 1937. The family lived in a small adobe house near Montezuma Well, the first two winters and during the summers Olive and the girls were caretakers at the Stewart Hall Ranch. The next two years they lived in tents with wood floors and wood up about three feet, but the two rooms had canvas roofs. The girls attended the Beaver Creek School. Allen had worked at the Charlie Ward Ranch and purchased the tents from the construction company when they were through building. They had been used as offices for the foreman. Allen wore a pair of Mexican Spurs and when we lived in the tents he used to

ride a horse from the Larry Mellon T-S Ranch, where he worked, to where we lived about once a week and we could hear the jingling of those spurs a long way off. During the summer of 1939 the family lived at the Apache Maid Ranch where Olive was a cook and Allen was a cowboy working with cattle and branding horses to ride. The summer of 1940 Olive and the girls lived in a small travel trailer at Morman Lake and the family moved to Cottonwood in the fall so Jewell could attend high school. Allen went to work at the copper Smelter in Clarkdale and worked there twelve years until it closed. During World War II Allen also worked part-time at the Cottonwood Lumber Co. for six years. Allen then worked one summer at the Tapico Power Station and then in 1953 he went to work on Irvin's ranch and worked there six years, from sunrise to sundown for $7.00 a day. In 1959 he worked as custodian at the Cottonwood Post Office and did yard work. In 1960 he started working at the McCarroll place in Bridgeport and worked there for nine years. For the next several years he took care of several different yards and trapped lots of gophers. His legs were so bowed from riding horses and arthritis, that he finally fell in 1982 and broke his hip. The doctors decided to operate on his knees while he was there for hip surgery, so he had to endure three major surgeries when he was 85 years old. However, the new plastic knees straightened his legs and he was able to put his knees together for the first time in over twenty years. He had never had any surgeries prior

to that time. While farming in Kansas he did injure a hand quite seriously when it got caught in the flywheel of a gasoline powered 30-60 Mogul used to plow and thrash wheat out of a separator. He spent two weeks in the Elkhart hospital but all they did was bandage it. It was smashed so badly you could see the bones but the doctor didn't use any stitches. Back about 1913 during a horse race the other rider forced Allen and his horse into a fence causing Allen to fall and hit his head and he was unconscious for six hours.

One time a telephone solicitor called Allen and wanted to sell him a water purifier. He was about 90 at the time and he informed her that several times in the past he had been forced to drink water from a cows hoofprints in the ground and that hadn't killed him so he didn't think he had any need for a purifier now.

In 1950 Allen bought the one and only new Ford pickup truck that he ever owned. He paid $1.502 for it and sold it in about 1988 for $1,000 cash. Only had about 75,000 miles on it. It had quite a few dents in it as he wasn't a very good driver, as Olive had often pointed out.

Allen was a shy person and didn't have much to say, but he loved people and had a sense of humor. Once when Jewell went to check on him she found him sitting on the floor where he had fallen and couldn't get up, but when she asked him what he was doing he answered, "Just Restin". He would sing part of a song and then ask, "You didn't know I could

sing did you?", and I would always answer that I wasn't sure of it yet. When he reached his 90's he was very stooped and walked with two canes but managed to have a nice garden and raised delicious tomatoes. In his younger years he was extremely fond of ice cream and could eat almost a half gallon at one sitting. He was also a good cook and could stir up a pan of biscuits or a batch of cornbread that was hard to beat.

Allen passed away quietly at his home in Cottonwood on November 14, 1990 at the age of 94. He was survived by his two daughters, Jewell O'Neal of Cottonwood and Erma Pollock of Safford, Arizona. There are four grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. Olive passed away September 18, 1989. Both are buried in the Cottonwood Cemetery.

Note:

The life history of Allen Walker was written by his daughter, Erma Pollock, to his death. He provided the information and Erma wrote it down. The story was read at Allen's funeral by his friend, Everett Brisendine of Chino Valley. Everett had known Allen since 1922 when Allen had a homestead in south-western Kansas and Everett lived across the line in Colorado. He and Allen used to rodeo some together and one time, at a rodeo in New Mexico, Allen entered the wild cow milking event and drew a steer, this made him mad. But as time went on it became funny. Everett and Allen remained good friends after each came to Arizona.

Everett had this to say about his friend, "Allen was a great guy and we all miss him a lot".

Maggie L. Clark

Maggie Lillian Clark celebrated her 98th birthday at her home in Douglas, September 17th. She has spent 73 of those years as a resident of Cochise County and can be counted among the pioneer families.

Mrs. Clark was born in Tyler, Texas in 1893. She was the eighth of nine children born to John Marian and Elizabeth (Davis) Cox. John Cox, who wore a white handle gun around his waist, was a cattle driver and a wanderer so the family made frequent moves back and forth between Texas and Oklahoma. Magi Clark was born on one of those trips in the back of the family's covered wagon. The family finally settled in Brewster County in 1905 with eight sections of land and her father worked for wages on other ranches.

Maggie's husband of 55 years, Frank Floyd Clark was born in Paige, Texas on July 19, 1893. The son of William Franklin Clark and India Lord Clark, he was the second of ten children. When he was six years old his parents sold their farm and moved to an unsettled area near Lubbock, where they got into farming and cattle raising. They subsequently sold out to buy a larger ranch 25 miles west of Seminole on the New Mexico line and then later bought a ranch in Kermit, Texas. In about 1909, William Clark sold his four sections of land, house, cattle and horses for $3,000 and moved the family to Brewster County in the Big Bend Country. The house they built had dirt floors and

water was carried to the house from the creek about 200 yards away. By this time, Frank and his two brothers, Newell and Preston, were old enough to acquire an interest in the ranch, cattle, horses and sheep.

Frank and Maggie were married in Sanderson, Texas in 1917 and the young married couple came to Arizona in April, 1918. In November their daughter, Alberta (Wells) was born and they settled on a half section of land south of Cochise, then a thriving country town, which boasted a railroad and a cattle shipping yard.

After the senior Clark was killed by a horse that rolled over on him, Mrs. Clark and her three sons sold the outfit in Big Bend and shipped the cattle to Arizona, leasing range around Cochise and Pearce. The Frank Clark family live on a homestead near the Rucker School and the Swisshelm Mountains and purchased their supplies and received their mail at Webb. Several year later in 1925, they sold their holdings to the late Dan Taylor and leased the Fowler Ranch, west of the Cowans' NI (their brand) outfit.

In 1928, the Frank Clark's purchased the 16 section Fowler Ranch, located twelve miles east of Tombstone for $16,000 and a 16 year loan. Frank's older brother, Newell bought the 20 Bar Ranch at Elgin from Charlie Gardner and Preston moved to Alabama. The boys divided up their shares of the cattle, including some registered Hereford bulls which the Clarks had raised for many years, mostly for their

own use. Mrs. Clark and her youngest son, Albert, that was only four years older then Alberta, continued to live with Frank and Maggie.

They had a well which provide water for the house and for a few livestock, but they primarily depended on rain fall for the rangeland. Just as with ranchers of today, Frank and Maggie delighted in taking a ride after a rain to see and smell the green grass in their pastures. Their brand was 7 open A L Bar. Over the years the Clarks built up a fine herd. Since their ranch adjoined the ranches of the Cowans' and Davis' they would all assist each other during branding and shipping.

Frank Clark was an excellent manager, story teller and cattleman. Maggie's reputation for being a great cook was well-known and there were always visitors at their ranch for good conversation and good food which included her famous apple pie or peach cobbler. Frank was a leader and organizer and Maggie was equally efficient in her quiet, unselfish way. They were a happy and effective team. She was available to help with whatever needed to be done whether it be branding or dehorning calves, and he was available to help pluck feathers from the chicken that would be Sunday dinner. In later years when their grandchildren would ask Frank how he had met grandma, he would tell them with a gleam in his eye and his mischievous smile, that he was out riding on the range and came to a closed gate where he spotted a pretty young girl on horseback. He told her

that if she would get off her horse and open the hate for him he would marry her. She accepted his offer and opened the gate and so they got married.

The Clark's values of being fair, working hard and giving to others was a part of their daily lives. They helped to found, and contributed generously to the Chiricahua Cowboy Camp meetings held annually at rock Creek in the Chiricahua Mountains. Frank and Maggie were also charter members of the Elfrida Baptist Church. Frank was instrumental in purchasing the parsonage for the church and served as church trustee until his death in 1972.

In 1955, the Clark's sold their ranch to Houston Davis which is now owned by his son, Fred Davis. They also sold a farm they had acquired in McNeal to Helen and Noel Curry and then moved to Douglas to make their home, where Maggie still lives.

Numerous friends and relatives have fond memories of the Clark's assistance in time of need and their generous hospitality throughout the years. Maggie continues to have the welcome mat out and a ready smile for those that stop by for a visit. It is the silent strength and selfless generosity of people like Maggie Clark that symbolizes the backbone and values that this country has been built upon. She is a true pioneer.

Margaret Kambitch

At the encouragement of Mrs. Ben P. Snure (nee Florence Cowan) of the Skeleton Canyon Ranch near Apache, Arizona, I am pleased to enclose my application for consideration as an Arizona Pioneer. To give you a more complete version of my background, here is my story:

I was born in Carol County, Missouri, on November 25, 1911, and spent my childhood year in vicinity of Des Moines, Iowa. I attended a country school near Des Moines, and had to walk four miles to and from the classroom. Those treks through the ice and snow during the winter will be remembered all of my life. During my teens, my father passed away and my mother, Nancy Williams, moved her family of four girls and two boys to Alamogordo, New Mexico, and got a job cooking for the U.S. Forest Service to support us. Those of us who were old enough worked to help pay our way.

It was in Alamogordo, New Mexico, on December 22, 1930, that I married Bill Kambitch, who worked for the Forest Service. In late 1931, we moved to the Sulphur Springs Valley north of Douglas, Arizona, with our infant daughter, Betty. We live on a small farm and tried dry land farming to raise beans. My husband continued working for the U.S. Forest Service and helped build the road to the Chiricahua National Monument. I drove a school bus to help make ends meet.

About 1934, my husband, small daughter and I pulled up stakes in the Sulphur Springs Valley selling our property and purchasing a small ranch (Skull Canyon) in the Peloncillo Mountains on the Arizona-New Mexico border. My husband, Bill, continued to work for the U.S. Forest Service as an equipment operator, smoke chaser or whatever to make our American dream of property ownership come true. In the meantime, I managed the ranch with a small daughter, two younger brothers and my younger sister. We faced all of the perils of ranch life including breaking horses to ride, rounding up and doctoring cattle for screw worms on the range. We didn't even have enough saddles for everyone.-- if we had more cowboys than saddles, some rode bareback. Another challenge was keeping the neighbor's goats out of our pasture and ultimately building a goat proof fence. During periods of drought, we hauled water to the cattle in a pickup and rickety trailer in 50 gallon metal drums from our neighbor's windmill several miles away. Our ranch house was a three-room adobe structure with no running water and an outhouse. On one occasion, the house caught fire and everyone had to carry water in whatever container available from a nearby stock tank -- my daughter carried water in a 3-pound lard pail. The good news is that we salvaged the house.

When our daughter started school, we had to move from our isolated location so she could enter the Apache school. Again, we all worked -- whenever there was no work available

for the Forest Service, my husband worked construction jobs away from home, I again drove a school bus and my daughter was the school janitor when she was old enough. In the meantime, we managed to purchase several pieces of property joining the Skull Canyon Ranch as the homesteaders "starved out" and left the area. We extended our land holdings by buying the Darter Place from Lilly Graves along Highway 80 (where we now live), the Udall place, Neva Hopkins' property. We acquired the Elmer Franklin ranch at Paradise in the Chiricahuas near Portal. In New Mexico, we added the Tom Noland and Martin Noland ranches to our holdings. In the late 1940s, we purchased a country store in nearby Rodeo, New Mexico. The building housed a well stocked store, a hotel above, gas pumps in front, the post office, a restaurant and apartment in the rear. We sold this property in the 1960s when we moved to the ranch. My husband and I still actively manage our ranch of about 250 head of mother cows with the help of our grandson.

Virginia Keith

Virginia Leoma Keith was born February 11, 1915 on the hardy ranch in Palo Dura Canyon, south of Amarillo Texas. She was the first daughter of Chris and Emily Gibbs. Her parents were English immigrants.

At the young age of thirteen she married Marion H. Keith in Panhandle, Texas. Marion was born January 22, 1898 in Ohio. He came with his family to Texas at the age of four. Marion was a cattle trader and took many a cow to Fort Wroth by way of train. At the time Marion and Virginia were married Marion and his father-in-law were partners.

Marion made is first trip to Arizona in 1918. Here he worked on many ranches and helped his father and older brothers with their ranches. He then returned to Texas where he did some more cattle trading. In May of 1930 he and his young bride moved to Arizona to make it their permanent home. They bought part of a ranch from A. V. Polley. This included the headquarters, brands and branded livestock. The cattle were branded on the left hip, 1111 on the right rib, and on the left hip. The ranch was known as the Flower Ranch. The purchase price of the cattle was $70 for cow with big calves or yearlings, $60 cows with small branded calves, and $40 for dry cows and bulls.

Over the next few years they several homesteads and parcels of land to put together their 1111 (Four Pole) Ranch. The ranch is located in the Little Dragoon Mountains

or what is called by the old timers, The Johnny Lion Mountains. The ranch was bordered by the Three Link Ranch which was a cooperation managed by Harry Saxon and on the other side. Ranch owned by the Getswaller's.

Virginia and Marion worked side by side building fences around the ranch. Many hours spent digging out dirt with a horse drawn Fresno for tanks. Virginia worked right along side her husband, plus kept the house and fixed all the meals.

Virginia would ride horseback 10 miles (round trip) to get the mail. They did most of their trading in Willcox, they would ride to Deep Well Draw where the Cascabel road connected to the road to Willcox. They eventually built a road from the house to the Cascabel road where the mail was delivered. To travel down the four and a half mile road you would open five wire gates. In on place in the road you climb a thousand feet in elevation in a quarter of a mile. No cattle or horses could be hauled by vehicle past this point in the road. To get cattle to corrals at the house you would have to unload and drive the cattle horseback of a foot.

After days of gathering cattle they would still have a two day drive to the shipping pens. They would ship from the Mira Monte pens at Mescal, the railroad train station.

When they bought the ranch they purchased four brands. Of the four brands they only used the 1111 (Four Pole). They both loved and raised Hereford cattle.

At night after a long day of work Marion and Virginia spent time around a wood cook stove and Kerosene lamp. After supper Virginia would do sewing on her treadle sewing machine, piecing together quilt, or be quilting on a quilt. Even to day the house has no running water, no indoor bathroom, a wood cook stove and is lighted by Kerosene lamps.

The couple have two children, a daughter Daisy Mae Cannon born December 25, 1936 and a son Marion Fredrick born January 11, 1938.

The family worked together until the children were of school age. At this time Virginia and the children moved into Benson, twenty one miles away. Marion stayed on the ranch except you would see him on Friday nights when he came to town to get the children and to go home to the ranch to work during the weekend. Virginia worked at many jobs to help support the needs of her family. There were days she would leave on job only to start another. She washed dishes, worked at a movie theater, and cooked at all the restaurants in Benson. Virginia was known for her good cooking in the restaurants as well as at home.

The children grew up, Virginia still had to work in town at times to help support the needs on the ranch. Her first love was her husband but the ranch was very important to her. Marion didn't leave the ranch very often, only if when he was ill or needed to see the doctor. Virginia took

the cattle to the auction and brought home the feed and supplies.

After fifty years of marriage, Marion passed away on February 11, 1981. Virginia with the help of her son stayed ranching. A few years ago she leased the ranch to her son and grandson. She moved into Pomerene to a little place where she could have her horse, and a couple of cows and chickens, but still in the country.

She loved to ride her horse and spent many hours riding in the area. Even when her children were small it never stopped her from riding. The children would ride in the saddle with her, even her grandchildren and great grandchildren took there turn riding in the saddle with her. Virginia kept up with the cattle business even though she had stopped raising them.

Virginia had a great love for her family. She spent many hours making Levi quilts for her two children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren to cherish with her love. Her love for the ranching and the great pride in cattle raising has extended through four generations down to the great grandchildren.

Virginia was a supporter of the FFA and was named a Honorary Chapter Farmer of the Benson Chapter. She helped both grandchildren and great grandchildren excel in boy scouts and 4-H. Belonged to the South Western Pioneer Association and the Greenlee Trail Riders. For over ten years she rode in the annual trail rides, each year she rode

along with her daughter and eldest grand daughter, making three generations of cattle women. On many of the rides she held the honor of being the oldest rider and was voted queen of the ride on many occasions of the all women ride.

Her son Marion F. and grandson Marion H. (Guy) Keith have the ranch leased. Marion F. has a daughter, Barbara Jo of Globe and a son John M. of California.

Daughter Daisy Mae and Joe Cannon have a ranch in Clifton Arizona. Their daughter Marian Jo and grandchildren help them on the ranch. Joe is a cattle inspector in the area. Their son Keith (Bopper) is manager of the Double Circles ranch on Upper Eagle Creek.

C O V E R

FRONT - Top to Bottom - Left - to - Right

JAMES L. MILLER - Prescott
STELLA HUGHES - Clifton
MICKEY CONTRERAS - Prescott
JOHNIE LEE FAIN - Prescott (Arin, youngest great gandaughter)
CLARENCE & RUTH BALCOM - Coolidge

INSIDE BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

HOD SANDERS - Young
BILL ROER - Laveen
VIRGINIA KEITH - Benson
GERTRUDE McDONALD - Douglas

BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

J. STAYTON BROOKS _ Patagonia
MAGGIE LILLIAN CLARK - Douglas
NORMAN FAIN - Dewey
JIM & HELEN BARNUM - Laveen
GEORGE & EDNA CHEATHAM - Laveen
FRITZ & CLEO TAYLOR _ Payson
JESSE MOORE - Aquila
HELEN ELLICOTT ASHBURN - Patagonia
ALLEN WALKER - Cottonwood