



Pioneer Ranch Histories

Volume XIV



**Arizona National
Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman

Volume XIV**

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

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Once again it is my sincere pleasure to recognize the Pioneer Stockman of Arizona and their many contributions to the cattle industries heritage.

This year we will publish Volume XIV of the Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories. On behalf of the Arizona National Livestock Association we wish to express our thanks to all the pioneer men and women who made this and the preceding volumes possible. Your continued involvement helps insure the success of the Arizona National Livestock Association and adds many benefits to our annual show.

Thank you.

John L. Fowler



PREFACE

As representatives of the cattlemen of Arizona, we are proud to be a part of putting this, the 14th volume, of this book together this year and to be hostessing the Pioneer luncheon.

Along with the hard work and time donated by the committee and the 13 local Arizona State Cowbelle groups and the time spent by former Arizona National Pioneer Stockman President Danny Freeman, gathering histories, we must never forget all the effort put forth by the office of Arizona National, to make sure this gets published, for your enjoyment each year.

Thanks especially to all you Pioneers, who agreed to share your family lives with us.

Respectfully Submitted,

Karen L. Williams
President
Arizona State Cowbelles



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MEMBER

It is with great pride that we print this the 14th volume of the Arizona National Pioneer Ranch History for you.

I would like to give credit for the hard work that has gone into this book by the following:

To former Arizona National Pioneer Stockman President, Danny Freeman, and to the 13 Arizona State Cowbelle local groups who search for and help Pioneers to compile their stories each year.

To The Arizona State Cowbells who hostess the Pioneer luncheon and arrange along with Arizona National Livestock office, for all the food, decorations, favors and entertainment enjoyed on this special day each year.

To The Arizona National Livestock office staff who have worked very hard to make this all work each year, with a special thanks to Jerry Craig, the executive director, who got our covers donated by Farnam and the copying by Zerox, to cut down on the expenses so we can continue to print this book for you at a reasonable cost. and to all the staff who do whatever is asked of them to make each book a little nicer for you.

I would also like to thank my daughter in law, Linda French who spent most of the evenings and weekends for the last two months typing this for you, and to my sister Marilyn Plantz who proofed it as it was typed.

I would like to tell you what a pleasure it is for me to serve as chair on this committee. It is a labor of love, to be a part of compiling your histories for you and your families to enjoy. This year we had such a great response that we could not print all the stories received and had to hold a few for next years book.

Last but not least, I would like to thank all of you Pioneers for sharing your family lives with us. It is so special to be able to laugh, cry and just enjoy sharing those special moments in your lives that make you such a part of the history of our wonderful state.

God Bless each and every one of you,

Sincerely,

Dois French

Chairman,

Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Committee

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JOSE CUETO
TEOFILA MARTINEZ CUETO
CLIFTON, ARIZONA

My parents were Cipriano and Matilda Cueto, who settled here after a long journey from Spain. They hoped for a better life in a mining community where there were jobs.

I was born Feb. 5, 1915, in Metcalf, Arizona. Besides myself are two brothers, Angel and Pete. Angel worked for the Phelps-Dodge copper mining company and served on the Greenlee Country Board of Supervisors for 20 years. Pete retired from his job in California and bought a ranch in Duncan, Arizona. Last but not least, is our one sister, Gloria.

Our dad worked in the mines and also ran 300 head of Angora goats, six or seven miles north of Metcalf on the Garfield and Lone Pine Spread, which they bought from Housto Gonzalez. It was impossible to make ends meet with many hardships, including rattlesnakes and coyotes.

We bought rights and 140 Angora goats from Casimion Garcia in the Black Hills. We herded our goats from Garfield and Lone Pine to the Black Hills, which became our home in 1929. Shortly after that I registered the brand "Twin C". When asked what made us choose that brand, I said it stood for my dad, Cipriano, and for "Chelin", my nickname. Incidentally, Cipriano also worked in the mines and was blinded by a mine explosion. He was blind for 45 years, until his death.

Bordering the Cueto's Garfield and Lone Pine spreads were the Martinezes, Gabino and Ramona, who were also Spanish immigrants

settling in the area. Teofila, who later became my wife, was born Dec. 8, 1918, also in Metcalf. Teofila had three sisters, Sofia, Clara, and Inez. She also had three brothers, Pedro, Thomas and Abelardo or "Curly", who has a ranch in the Mule Creek area.

The Martinezes had the old Polland and Linch place on King Canyon and ran 1,000 Angora goats.

The Martinezes mother, Ramona, died when Teofila, the oldest of the girls, was only 10. (The youngest was two-year-old Inez.) As the oldest girl, Teofila was left with the responsibility of the house, spending much of her time cooking, cleaning, sewing and helping the others with whatever needed to be done.

In 1937 the Martinezes sold their goats and moved to Clifton. There they opened a wood yard and also sold grain, hay and other things in North Clifton. Teofila went to work at the Fernandezes grocery store in South Clifton and attended the Clifton school.

My romance with Teofila started while she was working at the store. I would always be hanging around the store when Teofila was working. When my sister opened the store in North Clifton, Teofila went to work for her. Finally, in 1941, Teofila and I were married.

Having part interest in the Twin C Ranch with my parents, we bought them out in 1943 or 1944. The ranch was located between Clifton and Safford. When we married, we moved to the ranch at what we called the "Goat Camp". The house at the Goat Camp had a dirt floor and was one of the first things that had to go. Teofila sure didn't like those dirt floors. I soon covered them and added an extra room to the little house that is now known to all the family as the "Honeymoon Cottage".

Running 1,200 Angora goats was quite a job. Goat herders weren't easy to come by and we couldn't get any help. During World War II lots of men were working construction or in the service.

We also had to put up with not having any water. There was no water anywhere on the Twin C Ranch. Water for the house was hauled in. The closest water source was six miles away, at the Gila River. The goats had to be herded to and from the river every two or three days.

In 1947 we advertised in the Sheepherders Magazine and soon after sold our goats. With the Depression and many other hard times, and a lot of hard work, we stocked the ranch with 150 head of cattle. We had our hands full with fighting for rightful boundaries, trying to establish waters, making payment on the cattle that replaced the goats and raising a family. By then we had three children, Joe, Carolyn and Raymond.

Then there were days when we rode horseback for 10 to 12 hours. Mornings started early for Teofila. She had made tortillas for the day, breakfast served, lunches made and dinner was made early in the morning. This was for the long days when we rode in late at night. The hours were long and the work was hard, working cattle, fencing range land and establishing waters.

The first water tank we built was at the Goat Camp. It was a dirt tank built by using mules and a "fresno" (a scraper pulled with mules). Later on we hired a guy from Safford and had four tanks built. I thought I had better invest in a bulldozer and get the tanks made ourselves. We had a total of 13 water tanks made and not much water. With droughts and rains sometimes coming late, the cattle would sometimes get bogged down in the dirt tanks and it

was a job getting them out. And with the drought the cattle got poor and had to be fed cotton seed meal.

We hauled water from Safford or from the river. We also had to burn the stickers off cactus for the cattle so they could eat and digest the cactus better. Throughout the years we have thrown bags and bags of different grass seed out on the range.

Working and building water tanks with the bulldozer meant camping out with the family. We would pack up the bobtail truck with mattresses, pots, pans and groceries, load up the kids and camp out to work long hours. Teofila would cook on the campfire and never complained about the hard work.

The work wasn't easy and there was always something to do fences to build, corrals, tanks and roads to make, riding, gathering cattle and branding. One thing Teofila never did was give up her horse to ride. She would get up before dawn to make sure tortillas were made, breakfast and lunches were made, but wouldn't give up her horse. Teofila crocheted and sewed a lot. She made quilts and clothes for the kids, for herself and made shirts for me. When the fruits and vegetables were in season she would do a lot of canning. To this day, she still does.

We put in 50 new head of Herefords and they didn't adapt too well to the country. Times got tough, but we didn't give up. We stayed in there. We needed water to the top country and the only way was to pipe it up from the river.

I made plans for a water wheel. We got busy working on it. I welded the pieces we could in town and hauled truck loads of pipe to the ranch. It was a long, steep hill (about a mile) that we had to carry everything up. Our kids, Teofila, her brother, Pedro, and

the nephews, Sam and Buddy, carried and pulled pipeline down the steep trail. We finally got it built with many trips up and down that steep trail.

The water wheel was up, but the question was would it turn and pump the water up to the water through four miles away. Pedro grabbed on to the water wheel and up he went. Halfway up he jumped into the river. The water wheel was turning and it worded! The water wheel and the motor pushed the water up to the mountain, which brought everyone much joy and there were cheers! Of course the daily trips up and down the mountain were going to slow up, which also made everyone happy. The only trips that had to be made up and down were to carry the gas for the motor that would push the water uphill.

To make ends meet I went to work for the Villalante Freight Line. I also worked the bulldozer making water tanks and roads for other ranchers. For many years I did the dozer work at the Pumice and Cinder Pit located in the Black Hills. Then our son, Joe, took over the job until it was shut down. We had a cattle truck to haul cattle to market, so I started hauling cattle for other ranchers. At one time we had two bobtail trucks, a semi-truck and a hauling permit that kept me busy.

I bought a well-rig and started drilling for water. We drilled nine holes and have three good water wells and a poor well that is not used. We moved the location of the home to where it is located today. With the well, the hauling of water for everyday use came to an end.

A big family project got underway and a three-bedroom house was built. Teofila and the kids were my helpers. She would mix

cement and the kids would bring the bricks and I would lay them. I would set up the sheet rock in the house and get it started. I would draw a straight line and Teofila and the kids would finish nailing it up.

Building pipelines, wells, fence lines, storage tanks and punching cattle, developing and improving the ranch was our goal. With no regrets, it was a good life.

In 1960 we bought a well-rig from Phelps-Dodge and started drilling wells, not only at the ranch but all over Duncan, Alpine, Nutrioso, the Safford area and in New Mexico. Teofila was also my helper drilling wells. We have always worked side-by-side. A many of times we would even sit and she would crochet and I would read the instructions out loud so she wouldn't have to stop her crocheting to read the instructions.

We were a great crew and we always worked together as a family. When the kids were in high school they always liked to take friends to the ranch and they always enjoyed themselves. We always spend our summers and weekends there. Our nephews spend a lot of time out at the ranch and were good helpers.

Our daughter, Carolyn, was the first to get married. She married Rocky Manuz, who is now a Greenlee County Justice of the Peace and Clifton Magistrate. A couple of times Rocky rode horseback from Clifton to the Twin C Ranch when dating our daughter. Rocky and Carolyn now have three children, Debra, Tommy and David, and four grandchildren. All of them enjoy going to the ranch and are always ready to help out.

Our son, Joe, married Verla Smith. They have three children, Cathleen, Charlotte and Joseph, and two grandchildren. Joe works

for Phelps-Dodge and has farm land in York Valley. He still does bulldozer work for farmers and ranchers.

Our youngest son, Raymond, married Roberta Schale. They have two sons, Ray and Brain. Raymond drills wells for Phelps-Dodge, Greenlee and Graham areas and does some drilling in New Mexico. He drills water wells, repairs pumps and windmills for many farmers and ranchers in the area.

We have a total of eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren and the families are still growing.

I have seen many changes at the Twin C Ranch in the 63 years I have been here: ranch improvements from no water to 14 storage tanks and water troughs so there are always 14 watering places; 17 miles of pipeline, three wells, six corrals, a barn and our home. The ranch is also in sections for rotating the cattle from one pasture to another. There are 13 dirt tanks that don't always have water unless we have plenty of rain. The range looks good and the cattle fat.

FRED CLAYTON NOON
ARIVACA, ARIZONA

I was born in 1908 at Oro Blanco, in Santa Cruz County, on a ranch owned by my grandfather, Dr. Adolphus Noon. Dr. Noon had moved with his family from San Francisco to southern Arizona in 1879 after learning of the opportunities for cattle raising and mining. Also, a doctor would be welcome and it turned out that he would be the only physician between Tucson and Hermosillo, Sonora for eighteen years. He registered the ND brand in 1880 and for cowboys he had a crew of four sons.

In 1898 Dr. Noon decided to move to Nogales because a two-year drought had reduced his cattle numbers and most of his patients had left the area when several mining operations closed down. The Panic of 1893 in the eastern states caused a cut off of capital for mine development. Nogales was newly developing and there would be the possibility of a good medical practice. Of the family my father Arthur would remain at Oro Blanco to care for the ranch and the few livestock surviving the drought.

In 1907 Arthur married Martha Clayton who had come to Oro Blanco to teach school. Martha was born in Iowa and graduated from Southern Iowa Normal. Coming west to try for a teaching position her first school job was at Pima near Safford, Arizona.

In 1909 my father filed on a homestead in the Arivaca Valley in Pima County. Besides cattle raising there was fertile bottom land suitable for farming. Corn, beans and pumpkins were harvested in the summer months and barley hay in the winter. In conjunction with the Arivaca Ranch there was a grazing permit on National

Forest lands.

In 1916 two of us five children were of school age so our parents bought a home in Tucson close to the university, it was also near a grade school and the only high school in the city. For school in the winter months and back to the ranch for the summers. During our vacation time there would be some riding the screw worms were bad, and the planting of crops.

When I was ten years old father bought a saddle for me which was the beginning of my riding experience, usually following him on the range. But I soon was to take part in a cattle drive.

In 1920 father bought eight yearling Hereford bulls from a farmer at Cortaro northwest of Tucson. The animals had been shipped in from Texas and were of good breeding and would upgrade our herd.

I was in school in Tucson and my father planned to have me help him drive the bulls to Arivaca. There were no cattle trucks or trailers at that time. Father left Arivaca early one morning riding horseback and leading a saddled horse for me. He spent the night at Smith's Inn later the Halfway Station on the Tucson Nogales highway. Late next day father and the horses came into our yard. After two days rest for the ponies we rode them to Cortaro for the night.

The drive to Arivaca started at daybreak when we moved the bull out of the corral and headed west to Silverbell Road, then south past St. Mary's Hospital, the San Xavier Mission, to a small ranch just north of present day Green Valley. The stock, gentle and no problem to drive, were watered and fed. There was food and a bed for us. Ranch hospitality was common for cowboys trailing

cattle herds. Some compensation for lodging and corral use was customary.

Next day our mini drive proceeded past Canoa Ranch to the Sopor Valley and west to the Elias place for the night. Another early start and we reached Arivaca in mid-afternoon, seventy miles from our starting point.

My father passed away in 1944 and I became manager of the Arivaca and Oro Blanco Ranches. One of our cowboys said to me: "You are the boss now", I answered that I would do the best I can, that I might make a mistake and give a wrong order. The cowboy said: "Just give us a new order".

Zella Metzger and I were married in 1942. She was born in Minnesota on a farm. We have a daughter Mary and she is married to Robert Kasulaitis of Winslow. They have two children, Ann and Michael, my grandchildren.

For many years I have been a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and the Southern Arizona Cattlemen's Protective Association. I was a member of the Santa Cruz County. Agricultural Committee. I was a director and president of Trico Electric Cooperative in Tucson, also president of Grand Canyon Electric Cooperative for two years which is the statewide association of electric and telephone cooperatives. For thirteen years I was a member of the Board of Directors of the Arizona Historical Society.

During my school years in Tucson I was active in music, playing the clarinet in several musical organizations including two seasons with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra.

Over a hundred years of cattle raising by the Noon family continues to the present time at the Oro Blanco Ranch now owned by

my sister-in-law Muriel Noon and her two sons Ted and Robert. they have Charolais cattle. My sister Katherine Grantham and I own the Arivaca homestead lands and we have Hereford cattle.

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R. C. JONES HISTORY

12 thru 15

is in

VOLUME XV

TED OSCAR MULLEN

"PAPPY"

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

"Get along little dogie, get along get along, get along little dogie get along -- I'm headin' for the last roundup." This was Pappy's favorite song and he sang it to his kids when they were young. Of all the things he did in his very complete life, (now totalling 91 years), working with cattle was his true love.

Ted Oscar Mullen was born in Tempe, Arizona, on September 21, 1901. In 1885, his grandfather, Joseph Burr Mullen sold his hotel in the Little Concow Valley in California and moved his family and household belongings to Arizona. He joined his brothers who had been in business in Arizona since 1868.

In that same year of 1885, the three Mullen brothers took up a section of land near the present Tempe Canal. This they farmed with John Merritt choosing the northeast quarter; Joe Burr had the northwest quarter closest to Tempe; and Charles took the whole south half. They bought enough shares of water to wet the ranch every eight days. The boys got in there with their teams and scrapers and actually made the canal. They built a brush dam in the Salt River and turned about 2500 inches of water into the Tempe Canal for the stockholders to use. In later years, those stockholder' shares became very valuable and could be sold for as high as \$10,000 per share. Charles Mullen became a director of the canal system. Finally the Water Users Association bought all of the water which drained from both the Verde and Salt River watersheds and named the project the Salt River Project.

In 1888, the other side of "Pappy's family, the Hannas, arrived in the Verde Valley. Flora Hanna (Pappy's mother) was twelve years old when her family came from Texas in a covered wagon. There was many difficult challenges met during this trip not the least being an encounter with Geronimo and his Apache brothers. In the fall of 1895, the Hanna family moved to Tempe, and Flora attended Tempe Normal School (now Arizona State University) where she met Charles Pleasant Mullen (Pappy's father). They were married August 18, 1896.

The Charles P. Mullen family had eight children between 1897 and 1909. Clarence Thaddeus was the first born in 1897, followed by Charles Clinton in 1898. Joseph Kenneth was born in 1900, followed by Ted in 1901. The 5th son in a row, Lester Morse was born in 1903. Both Clinton and Lester died at the age of nine months. Imagine the sorrow of losing two sons within five years, when they are nine months old. Then in 1905, a big event took place and a happy one. After five boys, a little girl was born, Flora Josephine. Mary Francis was then born in 1907, followed by Una Belle in 1909.

The family started in the cattle business at Fish Creek in 1897, and just before Pappy was born, they bought a cattle range from J.H. Baker in the Sierra Anchas. It was a rough outfit with no roads and everything had to be packed in by horse or mule. From Tempe it took three days, with the first leg to Fish Creek (now Apache Lake area), the second leg to Livingston Post Office (now at the bottom of Roosevelt), and the third leg up the Sierra Anchas trail. Pappy made this trip when he was six-weeks-old, on a pillow, in front of his mother's saddle.

In 1904, the Mullens moved back to the Salt River Valley to farm and feed cattle. After engaging for several years in this business, they acquired the T Ranch, close to Hillside, where they moved the entire family. In a relatively short period of time, this ranch was sold to buy the Mule Shoe and S.H. Ranches, on the Santa Maria River, in partnership with Guy B. Schultz.

In 1913, they added the Toohey Ranch, located 15 miles north of Skull Valley. Their holdings, at that time, were 75 miles long by 35 miles wide, running about 14,000 head of cattle. Pappy was too young to go to World War I, but not too young to work at the ranch. Both Pappy and Kenny became great hands, while Thad went into the service. During those years of adolescence the boys learned a great work ethic and truly loved the land and the cattle business in general. As Ted reached maturity, he took over the duties of running the ranch for his dad, and to this day, those are the fondest memories of his life. But the Toohey Ranch had a special place in the hearts of all the Mullen family.

During these years, the Mullen kids had private tutors at the ranch to help them keep up with their schooling. In 1919, Pappy took a year off at the ranch to attend Phoenix Union H.S. in Phoenix. The family rented a house from Jack Sweeney at Van Buren and Central Ave. In 1920, Pap attended Tempe High School to complete his senior year and graduated in 1921. He played catcher on the baseball team that year and they won the state championship! After graduation he returned to the ranch for the next year. During the fall semester in 1922, he attended the U. of A., but the work was too much at the ranch without Ted, so his dad called him back to the ranch before the semester was finished. Again in 1925,

he went to the U. of A., this time completing a full semester in animal husbandry and joining the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. But again, the ranch could not afford the absence of Pappy and he was called back to duty.

The Toohey Ranch was home. It was beautifully furnished with hardwood floors, running water, modern plumbing, carbide gas lights, and all the conveniences. The ranch also included plenty of well water, a huge barn, a blacksmith shop, a bunkhouse, and swimming pool. There were graded dirt roads to Prescott and Skull Valley so the automobiles could be used for both business and pleasure. While at Toohey the children all grew up, finished school, and were married. Pappy married the love off his life, Mary Matli, in 1927. On July 25, 1928, Marry Lee was born. Tragically, Mary died in childbirth, and Pappy's "Mama" would take yet another newborn baby to her heart.

The late 1920's brought on tough times for the cattle men. The drought hit; the stock market crashed; the Great Depression loomed right around the corner. Cattle, offered for sale, were bring only six dollars a head. The ranch at Toohey was one of several big Arizona ranches that fell apart during that period. The last years were difficult ones at Toohey. After Mary's sudden death and business conditions worsening, Pappy lost everything that was dear to him. The ranch was sold in 1932 for a fraction of the half a million dollars it was once claimed to be worth.

The responsibility of the ranch was in the past and now there was time for other things like roping and lion hunting. Pappy was one of the premier ropers around, but he claims Guy Schultz was the best in the rocks after wild cattle. (He would give Clarence

Balcom the nod as best roper in the desert area.) It was not unusual for Pappy and his buddies to ride from the Hillside area to rope the next day in Wickenburg. Imagine riding over forty miles one way for the love of roping and competing. Pappy roped with a lot of partners, but his best team roping mates were Bill MacFarland, Asbury Schell, and Everett Bowman.

Hunting lion was another of Pappy's favorite things to do and he claims to have caught over 40 mountain lion in his day. Some of his comrades in lion hunting were Frank Colcord (of Humboldt in the Bradshaws), and Ramsey Patterson (of the northwest Prescott area).

Other good friends of Pappy's from this era were Mike Stuart, Dick Robbins, Richie Lewis (three-time champ of the Prescott rodeo in bull riding), Breezy Cox, Happy Belmas, and Arden McFadden.

After the sale of the ranch at Toohey, Pappy's life changed dramatically. He picked up a few odd jobs around the Prescott area for a few years before being appointed a Highway Patrolman in 1933 by governor B.B. Moore. This appointment lasted four years and started a career in law enforcement that would peak as Warden of the Arizona State Penitentiary at Florence. During the late 1930's, Pappy also served as a deputy sheriff for Sheriff Cal Boice in the Maricopa County area.

In 1940, Pappy was appointed Deputy U.S. Marshall and served in this capacity for the best part of the next eight years. He served as an intelligence officer on shore patrol for the U.S. Navy in San Diego during WWII. As his commitment to the Navy was completed, Pappy met Plinette Pinney. They were married in 1946 and had their first baby on February 6, 1947. They moved back to Yavapai County and lived just north of the Pine Cone Inn on the

White Spar Road. Here Pappy worked for Bill Henson and ran unsuccessfully for sheriff. Their first born, Ted O. Mullen II, was born in Phoenix in the old St. Joseph's Hospital. In Prescott in one of the snowiest winters on record, Timothy Owen was born on January 20, 1949. This winter is still remembered as one of the harshest on record and Pappy shoveled a great quantity of snow keeping the driveway clear for the trip to the hospital for the newborn Timmy's arrival.

From Prescott the family moved to San Diego for a brief stay. Pappy had his old ties with the shore patrol but the weather was not what the family wanted so they moved back to Arizona and settled in Phoenix. In 1951, Pappy was appointed by Governor Howard Pyle to the Liquor Control and Narcotics Enforcement as an agent. Pappy enjoyed this job and bought a home on north 35th street in which to raise his young family. Plinette "Penny" was also a native Arizonan with her family dating back into the 1800's in this area as well. Penny's father was a pioneer in the retail business and founded Pinney & Robinson sporting goods store.

Pappy was doing well in liquor control, and in 1954, Governor Pyle appointed him acting warden at the state pen in Florence. That year Penny was pregnant and stayed home in Phoenix most of the time. On June 21, 1954, Penny Sue was born.

In 1956, Pappy was appointed Special Officer in San Carlos, Arizona. This was a cultural adjustment for the family, living on the reservation with Teddy in 3rd grade, Timmy in 1st grade, and Penny Sue a mere two year old. The school was a one room school house with one teacher, Mrs. Jones, teaching six grades. The following year Pappy declined an extension of his contractt in San

Carlos, and the family moved back to Phoenix and their 35th St. home. The kids attended school at Monte Vista grade school.

The next ten years were very dynamic and some what stressful for Pappy. He served as state Civil Defense Director for two years, appointed by governor Paul Fannin. He ran unsuccessfully for sheriff against Cal Boice. He also went into real estate, concentrating on land and ranches. In the early 1960's, Pappy and Penny separated and were divorced. Teddy and Timmy went with their father, and Penny Sue went with her mother. This had to be devastating to Pappy and the whole family. Pappy played mom and pop for those following years until both boys were in college.

In 1967, Pappy got back into ranching. He and neighbors, Jim and Norma Lightcap, went into a partnership and bought a ranch north of Parks, Arizona. It was a summer outfit with a sufficient amount of deeded acreage and 20 sections of forest service leased land. A lot of improvements were made to the ranch from fence building to digging water tanks. The front porch had a magnificent view of the San Francisco peaks to the northeast. The ranch did well its first few years, but it got to be a drain later on. In 1973 they sold the ranch and permit to John Schwartz. This ranch is dearly missed.

At 72 years old, Pappy retired from ranching his own ranches. He helped Tom Chauncey at his ranch at Spring Valley for a brief time, and then moved to Clarence and Ruth Balcom's south of Coolidge.

The next several years Pappy served as a "utility cowboy". He was still fit and capable of managing cattle outfits and all of the kids were raised. He worked briefly for Doc Hudson in the

Patagonia area, and ran the Eureka Ranch in the Galuiros for John Anderson of the PCA. But his home base now was at the Balcom's. In Pinal County he became known as "Uncle Ted" and he helped anyone who needed an extra hand. Bobby and Gloria England, Gerry and Melba Hopper, the Stanley and Allen Ellis', the Joe Martinez', the Richard Tripps', Bud Gomes, Della Meadows, and Ernesto and Armida are all dear to Pappy's heart. At the ripe old age of 87, "Uncle Ted" rode horseback as Grand Marshall in the Florence Rodeo Parade. This was very special for Pappy, his friends, and family.

Pappy still talks of the times when the family traveled every summer from Tempe to Mormon Lake by wagon. It took two teams per wagon to make it up Ox Bow Mountain south of Payson. It took over a week to make the trip, but it was worth it to escape the Valley of the Sun, in the dead of summer, when the only air conditioning was a wet sheet hanging over a window.

Banner, Scotty, Revenue, "Cuatro de Julio", Sundance, and Babe are just a few of three horses Pappy rode and loved during his lifetime. Bosco was the best cow-dog anyone could ever wish for. In his late 80's, Pappy finished breaking Babe himself and to this day he still rides her and Sundance.

A cowboy's understanding and treatment of animals is vital to the success of the enterprise. But his respect, knowledge, and concern for the land and environment takes on even a greater dimension. Pappy, (and most other cowboys worth their salt), worshiped the land and its gifts. They were the first environmentalists. Pappy always had a sincere concern for the grasses, browse, and other subsistence necessary for the preservation of the land.

To close out the last chapter of Pappy's life, he has applied for the been accepted to Arizona Pioneers' Home in Prescott. The last time he lived in a state institution, Pappy recalls the headlines, in the Arizona Republic in 1954, where the inmates offered their allowances and wages to Pappy to keep him as warden of the prison.

Since leaving his residence in Pinal County, Pappy has lived with his son Teddy and family, he lived at Bernie Dixon's near Cave Creek, had a brief stay at the Goswick's near Humboldt, an most recently lived at one of the Lightcap girls' residence, Jaimie Hester, in Camp Verde. (This was where his "Mama" landed in 1888). He still returns to 35th Street for a visit with the Lightcaps, the Prescotts, the Wagners, the Gordons, the Edsons, and whom ever else is in the old neighborhood to spin a yarn with. At this time, he has 4 children, 15 grandchildren, and 3 great grandchildren. May God bless you Pappy, and give you peace, love, and joy forever!

ETHEL DAVIS LYTTLE
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

On July 21, 1918, I was born in the old Calumet and Arizona Hospital in Warren, a suburb of Bisbee, Arizona. This was just two years after my father W. J. (Bill) Davis, and my mother Edith Cowan Davis built their new home on the 47 Ranch. The ranch house was located on the flats at the northeast end of the Mule Mountains, ten miles due west of McNeal and two miles west of the High Lonesome Road. Tombstone was eighteen miles northwest over an old wagon road. It is now called Davis Road, presently part of the country system.

Mother and daddy were married in Tombstone on July 18, 1905 and soon moved to the Sandy Bob Ranch formerly owned by Robert Crouch. Robert Crouch, an outstanding stage coach driver, had run a stage coach from Tombstone to Bisbee and watered his horses at Sandy Bob Springs. My three older siblings, Clarence, Alma, and Houston, spent their early childhood at the Sandy Bob Ranch and either rode burros or walked over the hill from home to a one room school house in the mouth of Bisbee Canyon. During that time my dad would butcher and take the beef to Bisbee in a spring wagon where he sold them to the meat markets.

The Extension Mine, near the mouth of Bisbee Canyon, had run out of ore and daddy bought the mine superintendent's home for the lumber. The home was dismantled and the lumber was hauled by wagon through Gatrell Canyon, at the north end of the Mule Mountains, to the site selected to build their new home at the 47 Ranch. The outside walls were thick adobe, but the inside walls were thin

sheets of "re-saw," often full of holes. Mother stretched and tacked sheets of unbleached muslin on the inside walls and then wallpapered over this. It was a typical two story ranch house with four dormer windows and a wide porch on three sides of the house. This house is still being lived in today.

The NI Ranch owned by my grandfather, William Cowan, was two and a half miles north west of the 47 Ranch. They were our closest neighbors. Grandpa Cowan left Covey Hill, Quebec, Canada in 1875 when he was eighteen years old. He joined a brother in Virginia City, Nevada where he worked in a mine. When the ore supply decreased he left to seek greener pastures, arriving in Tombstone in the late fall of 1880. He wrote to his brother in Virginia City and in the summer of 1881 his brother and family as well as Margaret Mahoney, who became his wife in August of that year reached Tombstone.

William Cowan worked in the Contention Mine for two years. He hauled timber from Pucker Canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains through Sulphur Springs Valley to the mines in Tombstone. One time as he lay sleeping under his wagon, Indians crept up and stole his horses. He also began buying cattle and would walk eighteen miles to Gleeson to look after them. From this meager beginning, he became the largest individual tax payer in Cochise County.

My mother, Edith Cowan Davis, was born in Tombstone in 1885. When she was only six years old, her mother died from an infected tooth leaving three daughters, ages six, four and two. My grandfather sent for a maiden sister to come from Covey Hill and care for his three children. Disliking the west, she persuaded her brother to let her take the girls back to Quebec.

The Cowan and Stevenson families had been neighbors on Covey Hill since the early 1820's when the Cowans immigrated from northern Ireland. Two Stevenson sons, Alfred and Nelson, had already been lured by mining and ranching to Cochise County. In 1897, William Cowan married their sister, Florence Stevenson, 17 years his junior, and brought his two older girls, Edith and Alma, back to Arizona with them. They were also accompanied by William, a younger brother of Florence's. Shortly after Grandpa returned with his wife and daughters he built a home at the NI Ranch, a typical two story adobe ranch house.

My dad was born in Steenville, Texas in 1878 and came to Cochise County with his uncle, Louis Duvall. Uncle Louis first arrived in Arizona around 1875 and later, when he visited his sister in Stehenville, brought daddy back with him. They traveled to Arizona by train reaching Willcox on August 25, 1897, and caught a ride down to Pearce in a Chinese vegetable wagon. On the way, Fred Moore and Clay McGonigal rode up on horseback and were going to rope the Chinese vendor. All that saved him was Uncle Louis' presence.

At Pearce a livery rig was hired that took them to the 1 X Bar(1X) Cattle Company Ranch, located in Sulphur Springs Valley four miles south of the Four Bar (4-) Ranch. It was a small outfit in those days with 350 acres of patented land, two watering places and a small holding pasture for the horses. But with no fences, Uncle Louis and his partners ran about 3000 head of cattle. The partners in the outfit were Joseph Hoefler, who owned three fourths interest, with Frank Samoniel and Louis Duvall each owning one eighth interest. Joseph Hoefler was a Tombstone businessman;

Louis Duvall was a Confederate veteran of the Civil War and the third partner, Frank Samoneiel was a Union veteran.

Daddy always said he left Texas to keep from picking cotton. In Arizona he worked for his uncle receiving a dollar a day and fifty cents a night, night herding. In the spring of 1898, they drove 2400 head of cattle sixty miles to Willcox, the nearest shipping point. That fall 1300 head were tailed and sold to Bill Neal and Mrs. Matt Ryan. In November of 1898 Louis Duvall became ill and traveled to Los Angeles to see a doctor. He died in L. A. and was buried there. Since he had no will, his holdings were sold and Bill Neal and Mrs. Matt Ryan bought them in the spring of 1900.

Dad, called "The Kid" by all the cowboys, stayed on and worked for various big outfits until he started his own herd and acquired leases and patented land. Dad worked for the Ryan Brothers at the Four Bar, then for Jake Scherrer whose ranch was located between Elfreda and McNeal. After two years, he went to work for Bill Neal running the Sevens. On that job he worked cattle for three months in Mexico, then he broke horses for three months, and after the round up in June he quit and went to the Mule Mountains to work for himself. In those early years he formed partnerships with several men, Tuck Potter, Ed Howard, Bob Johnson and William Cowan.

The first cattle he owned were in partnership with Tuck Potter and branded. Then Ed Howard and daddy had a brand called the Flying EH. He sold out to Ed in 1903. In June of that year he bought a bunch of cattle on his own and chose N S Bar^{NS} as his brand in honor of the mythical Never Sweat Ranch about which the cowboys were always telling yarns. In the fall of 1904 he bought the Forty Seven ⁴⁷branch from Chap Howard. This brand continued in the

family long after dad's death in 1963. Daddy shared the Rough RF(RF) brand with William Cowan and continued working with the Cowans for years as their ranches joined one another.

My dad acquired his 100 sections by the sweat of his brow. When I was in the second grade and going to school in Bisbee from the ranch, I can remember seeing the homesteaders, men proving up on small pieces of land, along the way . Daddy would buy them out one at a time. In the days of open ranges, he always said the cattle came down on the flats in the summer and headed for the mountains in the winter. So his range included valley land on both sides of the highway along route 666 from McNeal to Douglas. In fact, daddy sold the land for the Bisbee Douglas Airport. We also had a holding pasture between the mountain range and the valley. If the cows were grazing on the west side of the Mule Mountains, it would take four days to drive the cows and little calves to the Sulphur Springs Valley pastures. In the fall it was faster to move the cows back to the mountains because the calves had been sold and the cows were always anxious to get back to winter range. I was seldom able to participate in the fall work while I was in school.

When my family moved to the 47 Ranch the three older children went to school in Tombstone for two years and during that time they and mother lived in town during the week. Evelyn Cowan, a daughter of William and Florence Cowan, lived with them. Then my folks hired a teacher too come live at the ranch and teach from Christmas through May, about five months a year. Daddy even built a one room school house for them to use. Later on the school house became our chicken house and the fence was made of ocotillos, which were cut, stuck in the ground, and wired together. The chickens

loved it in the spring when the leaves came out as they would keep the ocotillos plucked clean as far as they could reach.

Our closest neighbors for many year, besides the Cowans, were the Stevenson families. Alfred lived in the mouth of Dixie Canyon and William lived further up the canyon. Dixie Canyon was pretty much the center of the east side of the Mule Mountains and was reached from the old High Lonesome, a well traveled county road following the slopes of the mountains from the mouth of Bisbee Canyon and continuing to Gleeson, Courtland, Pearce and Willcox, and approximately seventy miles to the north. It was a difficult road to maintain. During the rainy season, it would take us an hour to drive the eighteen miles into Bisbee because of all the washes. Dixie was one of the largest washes and large boulders, and deep holes would make the road impassable until it was cleared by the county highway department.

The wash draining the north end of the Mule Mountains including the NI Ranch country was 75 to 100 feet wide and full of sand. Sometimes people crossing this wash would get stuck and have to walk six or eight miles to the 47 Ranch for help. If it happened to be late in the day, we usually put them up for the night and the following morning the men would ride over on horseback and rescue the car. In later years they used a truck o pull the car from the sand.

During the depression, daddy's brother who lived near Plains, Texas was having a hard time making ends meet. He lived with us for several years and during the summer his wife and two daughters came to live with us. One year their son also came. The girls were close in ages to Alma and me and the four of us had a ball.

We worked hard, but we also played hard.

Daddy and my two brothers built dirt tanks with scrapers and teams of horses. We had many of these tanks around the ranch which helped the feed situation considerably as the cattle didn't have to travel such great distances to water.

McNeal, in the heart of the Sulphur Springs Valley, was often referred to as a wide spot in the road. The Leasons, Burtons, and later the Stolps, owned and ran the McNeal Mercantile Store and it truly was a general store as they carried all types of clothing, shoes, groceries, livestock, feeds, sewing materials, etc. The post office was run by the Taylor family. They were all wonderful friends and their children were about the same ages as the four Davis children. There was a garage as well, owned by Gene Portzeline.

In my early years on the ranch we saw some very sparse times. The men, (my dad, two brothers and maybe a hired man or two), would go up in the mountains with a wagon and team of horses and haul wood for the kitchen and living room stoves. One of my most vivid memories is the day they were unloading wood and I happened to get in the way of a log they were throwing off the wagon. Today I still bear a two inch scar above my forehead where that log hit me. In the winter we took baths in a big wash tub next to the large wood stove in the kitchen, as we had no means of heating the bathroom until oil stoves became available. Some of our lard was rendered from the pigs we raised. Bacon was salted down in a barrel, I hated it!

Another memory is of the days before our flush toilet was installed. The sewer line was in place and was stuffed with rags.

One night my sister was coming from the bathroom, across the hall from our bedroom, with a kerosene lamp in her hand and encountered a coiled rattlesnake in the middle of the hall. Her screams awakened everyone. Evidently the snake worked his way through the rags in the pipe and found his way into the house.

Mother mail ordered baby chicks in the spring. She would build a fence around our pot bellied stove in the living room and keep them on the linoleum floor until it was warm enough and they were large enough to fend for themselves outdoors.

Every August we drove over to Grizzle's Peach Orchard and bought peaches to can. Grizzle's Peach Orchard was located south of Gleeson and north of Elfrida in a warm pocket which never got late frost. In the winter our dessert was often canned peaches and whipped cream.

Mother was of Irish heritage and very superstitious. One Sunday I lost the button on my shoe and she would not sew it on until Monday. Mother believed that after she died she would have to remove each and every stitch sewn on Sunday, using her nose to "root" out the stitches.

One Christmas stands out in particular when I had hoped for a big "store bought" doll and I was fortunate to get a rag doll my mother had made. In my stocking were an orange, an apple, a few nuts, and hard candy.

Some of my favorite memories are the holidays. On Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years we would all get together at the NI Ranch or the 47 Ranch. This group included the Davis, Cowan and Stevenson families. After my uncle, Ralph Cowan, married Mattie Gears, her parents and brother's family joined us and

occasionally we would go to their homes. There would be at least 40 of us with three sittings for dinner. The menu always included several turkeys, raised by every family. Mincemeat pies were baked using the mincemeat we cooked and canned earlier in the year, and we would also have pumpkin pies and sometimes cakes as well.

The kids loved the holiday get togethers because it was an opportunity to play with other children. Some of our favorite games were "Run Sheepy Run", Kick the Can", and "Anti I Over". The latter game was played by throwing a ball over the garage. When a member of one team caught the ball, he and his teammates would change sides, tagging as many players as possible before the other team reached their safe zone. The garage was large, two cars wide, and a story and a half high with sheds on both sides.

All my family loved to dance. As I was growing up, our favorite dance hall was about forty miles from the ranch at a place called Light. Entire families came and when the children got sleepy, they slept on benches surrounding the big dance floor. The best orchestra in the county, from Bisbee, started playing at nine o'clock and played until two in the morning. More often than not, a collection would be taken up so the orchestra would continue playing until four a.m. There was a kitchen and people could get coffee and deserts, especially during the midnight break. The men would get home in time to change clothes and go to work. Usually the dances were held once a month. Other places we attended dances were at Pearce and in the school houses at McNeal, Webb and Frontier. A few times we traveled as far as Willcox for a New Year Eve dance. As my folks began to get older they often stayed home, but my brother, Houston, would take me along with his date. When

we started home, I curled up on the back seat and slept soundly until they awakened me at home.

The Joe and Bessie Boyle family with their three children, Bill, Madeline and Georgie, were friends of the family and sometimes came to visit. When I was five or six, a Shetland pony showed up at the ranch and it belonged to Joe Boyle. I rode that little pony for several years and just loved him. Later on Bill attended what was then Arizona State College in Tempe and worked for dad in the summers. Bill bought a few head of cattle and dad pastured them, thus Bill was able to make a little money so he could continue school. Bill taught school after he finished college but would come back to the ranch during the summer. He was just a part of our family and we always looked forward to having him.

When I was little, mother would saddle a horse, help me on, and I would ride after the milk cows. This occurred when the men were late getting home, which was certainly a frequent event. I often rode when the men were working near the ranch house. My mounts were always dad's retired horses that were gentle and kid proof. I especially remember loving to ride a pacer called Jack. When I came in from those "long" rides with the men, I would scramble off and after being elevated on the back of a horse for several hours, I felt like a midget as I walked to the house from the barn.

After a hard rain when it flooded the flats around the ranch, I recall tagging along after dad who took his shovel and turned the water into the prairie dog holes. This drowned the 4 prairie dogs which were a menace to riders chasing livestock. More than once a horse broke a leg and sometimes the rider was injured as well.

Above the NI Ranch was a grassy lowland where hay was harvested for several weeks every September. Work horses were hitched to old fashioned mowing machines and hay rakes, to cut and pile the hay. Eventually there would be many hay stacks. Some hay was hauled to the 47 Ranch and stored in a large hay barn. During the winter this hay was used to feed the stock. Dad had a field about a mile south of the house where he raised special feed that flooded if there were ample summer rains.

Mother's birthday was September 14th and she always said the women were so busy feeding the haying crews three times a day that no one, including her, ever had time to remember her birthday. Sugar, flour and potatoes were bought in one hundred pound lots, while lard was purchased in fifty pound buckets. all the bread was home baked and we churned the butter. The milk and butter cooler was a large container on four legs standing about five feet high. It had shelves and a hinged door with several layers of burlap stretched around it. The burlap was kept wet and the unit was placed in a shady area.

During years without rain, I can remember the sand blowing. One could look in any direction over the Sulphur Springs Valley and see huge dust devils or whirl winds. The dust would blow so hard at the ranch we couldn't see the barns from the house, 100 to 150 yards away. Our windows opened and closed with a rope pulley and they didn't keep out the dust very well. We would finish cleaning the whole house and another dust storm would hit! To clean up, we would take a dust pan and cloth and wipe off the window sills where the dust was so thick you could write your name. The dust would pile up around the chicken yard fence like sand banks six to twelve

inches high.

In 1920 - 1925 Arizona had a horrible drought and cows were dying like flies. To save cows in a weakened condition, the men would bring them in to the corrals and stand them up in four holes dug in the dirt. They would place food and water in front of them and usually they could be saved. No feeds were available in those days and the hay had all been used. The men chopped down yucca plants and ground the stocks to feed the old cows. Dogie calves were put on one of the milk cows or perhaps a cow that had lost a calf. Sometimes one cow would have two sucking calves. If the calf was newborn and weak they fed it with a bottle. I can recall riding in the mountains and seeing a dead carcass that was being consumed by maggots.

In October of 1920, the Davis's, Cowans, and Stevensons shipped cattle to the Figure Two Ranch at Van Horn, Texas. Our family has a picture, taken in front of the smelter at Douglas, of several thousand head of stock waiting to be shipped to better pasture. When the drought hit Texas they shipped them back to Douglas. From there the ranchers took 3000 head of cattle to Sonora, Mexico. The cattle were driven to the Mobarvi Ranch in the Sierra Madre Mountains near the town of Esqueda. When the men rode looking for screw worms in the cattle they carried guns because of supposed bandits in the area. To my knowledge they never encountered any problems. Mother and I spent one summer there. On our initial trip to the ranch, as we were driving down a winding two track road through high mesquite brush, a guard suddenly appeared out of no where. My dad showed him the necessary papers and after handing him a bottle of mezcal, a Mexican brandy made

from the century plant, he let us pass.

The rains eventually returned to southern Arizona in the late summer and early fall of 1925. One night about midnight dad was on his way home from Mexico with a fairly recent model T Ford. On the back seat of the car he had a new saddle and bridle. As he was driving along the High Lonesome he crossed one of the smaller washes with a few inches of water when his front wheel stuck in a hole. He got out on the opposite bank to size up his predicament when down came a wall of water and carried off his car and all his gear. Needless to say, he was afoot so he walked through the rain and lightening about eight miles to the ranch. The following day the car was found hung up in this little ravine about half a mile down stream. The saddle was found three miles down stream and the bridle and spurs were never recovered.

In September that year it rained a slow drizzle for three days and nights without stopping. Roads were impassable all over the county with bridges swept away and much damage. The old saying, "It never rains but what it pours" certainly applied that year. In 1926 the cattle in Mexico were brought back. Before entering Cochise County they had to be dipped, which disinfected them, at the border. My sister remembered the cowboys camped at the ranch, complete with chuck wagon, until the cattle could be separated and returned to the various ranches.

When a beef was butchered for ranch use it was hung out at night. Every day, early in the morning, it was taken inside, wrapped in an old sheet and tarps, and placed on the cement cellar floor. We only butchered in cooler weather. If the meat lasted long enough the outside might accumulate a little mold. This was

part of the aging process that made the meat more tender. The mold would be trimmed off before the meat was cooked. Eventually when pressure cookers became available mother canned some of our meat. We also made jerky. During roundup everyone was up between 4:30 a.m. and 5:00 a.m. for a breakfast of steak, gravy and biscuits.

The brands used by the Davis Ranch included the Forty Seven my dad's brand; the brand which belonged to my mother and her half sister, Evelyn Cowan, O Slash X ~~OIX~~, IN Bar IN, my brothers' brand; and A E Bar AE, the brand belonging to my sister and me and now owned by my son, Jim. Daddy and Grandpa Cowan also used the Rough ^{RF} brand and in later years my brothers used that brand for horses. Grandpa Cowan had the N I_A^(NI) brand as well as some others and they had to cut out cows and calves according to each brand during the roundups. Can you imagine branding time with that many brands?

In order to have horses that could maneuver easily in the rough and rocky Mule Mountains, my dad bred and raised all his own horses. When they became too numerous, they would be rounded up, culled and sold for dog food. This was necessary to preserve grass for the livestock as a horse eats twice as much as a cow.

One summer night when I was about eleven or twelve, we had a terrible storm. Suddenly water started dripping in the living room where we were playing cards. We ran upstairs to determine where the leak was. In a lightening flash we could see that the huge hay barn and shop were totally flattened. Obviously the storm had done damage to the house as well. The following morning we found two dormer windows had been damaged. The 200 pound drill press in the shop had been carried about 150 yards. Tin from the barn and shop was found as far away as two miles. The tornado skirted the garage

and milk sheds which were parallel with the barn. It also left standing a dilapidated ocotillo fence in back of the barn.

Sometime during the 1920's we acquired carbide lights, hot plate and a carbide iron. During trips to Bisbee we bought 100 pound blocks of ice to cool the new ice box. A milk separator was a big help because it saved having to skim pans of milk for cream from which we made butter.

By the early 1930's the El Paso Natural Gas Company had obtained a right of way through the ranch and the line ran a mere 100 yards from our house. The gas company had promised the farmers and ranchers along the line access to natural gas but they changed their minds during installation. Mrs. Pete Picolla, a large Italian lady who lived along the line down in the valley, used a shotgun to hold up the whole crew for 36 hours until the company complied with their original agreement.

How nice it was for mom and dad and lots of other people to have natural gas. They no longer had to use the wood stoves but purchased a gas cooking range, as well as a gas furnace and refrigerator. We still had no electricity until dad bought a power generator we used solely for lights. At last we were up town!

The town of McNeal in January of 1930 had a lot of excitement. Amelia Earhart landed on a flat stretch of land east of town. Not many people had seen an airplane close up in those days. School kids were so excited the teachers dismissed classes and the kids ran to where she landed. The Ladies Aid happened to be meeting in the basement of the school and invited her to lunch. My mother was among those present. Earhart had lost her bearings, scouting out a route for the Women's Air Derby and was fearful of landing in

Mexico. Due to all the low mesquite, she acquired a flat tire. Several fellows jacked the plane up on railroad ties in order to remove and repair the tire. We were always amused by the headline in the LA paper to the effect, "Amelia Earhart Lands in Chicken Pie".

When my brothers and sister were old enough to drive they went to school in McNeal and I attended first grade there. The next year Alma and Houston went to Bisbee High School and I attended second and third grades in Johnson Addition. This school was located just up the canyon beyond Lowell in an area that later became the open pit copper mine. Alma, Houston and I drove from the ranch to Dixie Canyon and then caught a school bus to Bisbee. After they graduated I went to live with my grandmother, Florence Cowan, and her daughter in Douglas. I live with them until I completed the eighth grade. At that time my grandmother's health failed and so I boarded with a lady in Bisbee and graduated from Bisbee High School in 1936. Bisbee was about the third largest city in Arizona with 18,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. We even beat Tucson in football and basketball!

During weekends and summers I often rode. When I didn't, I would help mother pack up a hot meal, load it in the pick up, and drive to a designated spot to meet the working men. Often it would be over rough roads to various canyons such as Abbot, Dry or Gatrell. I had learned to drive when I was only seven or eight in a Model T, so the rough roads never bothered me.

One of the canyons in the Mule Mountains called Dry Canyon was especially brushy and the men often saw javalina. Several times they roped one, tied its mouth shut and carried it home across the

saddle, placing it in the pen with the domestic pigs. Eventually the javalina would work its way out and escape. Our family never killed a javalina or a white tail deer. In later years the hunters came in for deer as well as javalina.

During World War II, help was impossible to get so I spent a lot of my time at the 47 riding and helping. One summer night I was alone at the 47 with my preschool daughter when I heard a rattlesnake. As I turned on the big yard lights I found him headed straight for the house, so I picked up a hoe and killed him. During those years, after my small daughter was up from her naps, I always checked the yard around the ranch for snakes before I let her out to play. One day I found a rattlesnake hanging out of an air vent in the foundation of the house. Evidently the screen on the air vent had partially pulled away and the snake crawled in. I tried to flip him out with a broom handle but the rattler was very quick and crawled back under the house. Using a flashlight I located him and shot him with a shot gun. He managed to crawl under my mother's bedroom closet and die. Needless to say, we had to temporarily move things out of that closet. I can still smell him!

Growing up on a ranch was a wonderful life and I went on to marry Bob Perkins, a rancher from Prescott whom I met while attending the University of Arizona in Tucson. Bob was the only child of Rob and Laura Perkins and by the time I came into the family they were living at the Deep Well Ranch close to Prescott. It is now owned by Mitzie James. Bob was killed during World War II in 1944. We had one child, Betty, who now lives in Mexico City but comes often to be with us. In 1947, I married Vic Lytle from

Prescott. Rob and Laura Perkins "adopted" Vic and our two sons, Jim and Bob.

My life has been enhanced by my ranch experiences and so have the lives of my children. Betty lived on both her grandfathers ranches till she was six years old. Jim's deep love for ranching and his profession as a large animal veterinarian stems from the experiences on the Perkins Ranch and summers at the Davis Ranch. Bob, a landscape architect, had similar experiences on the two ranches which helped to contribute to his rich appreciation for the outdoors.

STELLA WATSON COSPER

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

I was the youngest of three daughter born to Waid N. Watson and Clemman Time Sandusky Watson in Merkel Texas. Mother was the oldest in the E.S. Sandusky family and was brought from Kentucky at about four years of age. They settled first in Bell County and then to various other counties, developing farms. My father also a Kentuckian came to Texas to seek his fortune as a very young man. Mother and dad met in Coke County and were married in 1909. My father and grandfather were in farming in several different areas of Texas from West Texas to the lower Rio Grande Valley but we always called Merkel home.

I started to school at Union, a one room school in Coke County. My dad bought a ferry that year and my sisters and neighbors were transported to school. Our older cousin drove for us. When I was in second grade my family moved to Weslaco, just a few miles from the Mexican border. I attended school there and in La Feria. After my junior year in high school my family moved to a ranch just north of Loreda and I spent my senior year in Catarina. There were just thirteen students in the high school, I was one of four graduates. The school had a limited curriculum but it had excellent teachers and we got a lot of individual attention. I graduated in 1936.

After graduation, I visited an Aunt and Uncle in Arizona. I worked for them in their drug store, in Coolidge and Florence. I enjoyed the work and stayed a year before returning to Texas to go to college. My freshman year was at Southwest Texas State Teachers

College at San Marcos.

Having fallen in love with Arizona I transferred to the University of Arizona. I graduated in 1941 with a B.S. degree in Home Economics. My first job was teaching Home Economics in Duncan. Interesting things happened in Duncan that year, we had a major flood and I met Harvel Cosper . He was from a ranch family whose grandfather had settled in Richmond N.M.(now Virden) in the mid 1880's.

In 1943 when Harvel was serving in the Marine Corps. we were married in the Marine Chapel at Quantico Virginia. Our daughter Mayre Frances was born in Texas while I was waiting out the war. Harvel was serving in the South Pacific.

After the war we bought the ranch and farms in York. Mayre attended school in Duncan and I returned to teaching, this time in Clifton. I retired in January of 1980 with 35 1/2 years in the class room. Mayre went on to the University of Arizona and graduated in 1966 with a B.A. degree in journalism. That year she married Michael W. Ferro. They have two children, Jennifer and Steven. Jennifer is now a senior at the U of A. This makes it a family tradition with four of us having graduated there. Michael passed away in 1981. Mayre is now teaching at Saugaro High School in Scottsdale.

We are sill living on the ranch and Harvel is still managing the cattle operation. We still call this home for Mayre, Jennifer and Steven.

HARVEL H. COSPER

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

Harvel Henry Cosper, the eldest of four children born to Mussett Cosper and Edna H. Black, was born on October 28, 1910 in Duncan. The town was a mere 27 years old and Arizona was not yet a state.

Starting first grade in Clifton, Harvel later moved to a "one room" school at York Flats when his family moved to Sheldon. Later, he rode horses to school at Sheldon. Graduating from Duncan High School in 1929, he entered the University of Arizona immediately, majoring in Agricultural Education. he returned to Duncan, accepting a job teaching first and second grade to Spanish speaking students, according to Harvel, one of the most rewarding jobs of his teaching career. (His teaching career also involved teaching Vocational Agriculture in Thatcher and in Willcox). After he worked on his Master of Science degree during the 1930-40 school year at the University of Arizona, he chose not to return to teaching. Instead he worked on the family ranch. The "dogies" (abandoned calves) that he had raised all his life had multiplied on the Mussett Cosper and family allotment. Because much of the range was "open" (without fences), ranching was highly difficult work in those days.

In 1941, Stella Watson, freshly graduated from the University of Arizona with a degree in Home Economics, arrived to teach in Duncan High School. It was to prove a most eventful year. In mid September, the largest flood ever to hit Duncan flooded the town. Following the flood, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, beginning

World War II. In the fall of 1942, Harvel enlisted in the Marine Corps. The following spring, Stella and Harvel were married in the Marine Chapel in Quantico, Virginia. Serving in the Pacific Theatre, primarily on Guam, Harvel spent the war as a confidential clerk, dealing with secret information for the Ninth Anti Aircraft Artillery Battalion.

Their daughter, Mayre Frances, was born April 24, 1944 in Alice, Texas where Stella was staying with her sister, Nell. Stella and Mayre then returned to Arizona, waiting out the war in Coolidge Arizona, where they stayed with Stella's aunt and uncle. Stella worked for her aunt and uncle in their drug stores.

At the end of the war, Stella returned to her old job teaching Home Economics at Duncan High School, and Harvel returned to ranching. Harvel also brushed up on his teaching skills by teaching veterans in the Farm Training Program, which was a night school for veterans who returned to farming. In the summer of 1947, Harvel bought the York ranch from his brother Willis. Stella returned to the classroom, this time in Clifton. (The ranch is still in operation under Harvel's direction. In the last 38 years, more land has been acquired, and the ranch has grown through floods and droughts, good times and bad).

Mussett and Edna sold their ranch in 1953 and retired to York to a home that they acquired from Harvel. Upon this sale, Harvel's ranch was separated from Mussett, and the Cosper open range was at an end. In 1957, Stella's mother came to live with Harvel and Stella, taking great pleasure in farm and ranch activities for twenty years.

In 1980, Stella retired from Clifton High School, having

taught 35 1/2 years.

Mayre graduated from Duncan High School in 1962. In the family tradition, she attended the University of Arizona. As a high school student, she attended Perry Mansfield Camps and School of the Theater and Dance at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. While there, she competed on the Colorado Horse Show circuit,, being named the Northwestern Colorado All Around Grand Champion in both English and Western Equitation. She also appeared in numerous dance and dramatic productions, as well as teaching riding her last year there. Majoring in journalism at the University, she graduated in 1966. That summer, she married Michael William Ferro of Tucson. They had two children, Jennifer Alison Ferro and Steven Haynes Ferro. Michael died in 1981, presenting us with a loss we all have had difficulty accepting. Mayre now teaches English and Speech at Saguaro High School in Scottsdale.

JAMES M. (JIMMIE) SANDERS
AND RUBY COSPER SANDERS
DUNCAN, ARIZONA

James M. "Jimmie" Sanders was born December 21, 1915 in Duncan, Arizona. He is the son of Thomas M. "Mitch" Sanders and Inez Finch Sanders. Both his parents and grandparents were early settlers in the area, having traveled from Texas to Colorado and then into Arizona in covered wagons. They were true cow people, operating large spreads near Ash Peak with many cattle and horses.

Ruby Cospers was born March 5, 1917 in Duncan, Arizona. She is the daughter of Mussett "Muss" Cospers and Edna H. Black Cospers. Her parents and grandparents came to Richmond, N. M. (now Virden) in covered wagons pulled by oxen. Her grandfather George H. Cospers was Justice of the Peace in Richmond for awhile. He performed the marriage ceremony for Henry Sullivan and Sally Black (Ruby's maternal grandmother, 2nd marriage for Sally) in November, 1904.

Times were hard and Jimmie worked very hard to support his family. He worked on farms, ranches, in the mines, and anything else he could find for very little pay. It was said that a "dollar" went further then, but it only covered bare essentials. They survived by raising food and canning for the winter, also building their own homes with their own hands.

Their first home was in Duncan and then they purchased a small farm across the river where they built another home. They moved to Douglas for a short while and lived in Morenci for a time. After the war they built another home in Duncan and sold it to Hinton and Loma McEuen in 1949 and moved to their present place near Apache

Grove.

Jimmie enlisted in the Navy in 1944 and served aboard a P.T. boat tender in the Admiralty Islands, Leyte, and the Philippines. After his discharge, he served as Deputy Sheriff in Duncan. He then started working for the Duncan Schools and kept that job for 33 years. He was a bus driver and truant officer and as such he was firm, but fair, and earned the respect of the parents and children.

In 1962 the high school annual was dedicated to him. He resigned at the end of the school term in 1978 to run for Justice of the Peace. He was elected to that office and served for nine months before he had to resign in order to care for his wife Ruby, who had a long term illness.

During the war, and for several years after that, Ruby worked for Stanley Coon in the Duncan Mercantile. After moving to their present home, Ruby remained at home until all the children were grown. After working in a dress shop in Clifton about four years, she went to work for the Board of Supervisors. She was appointed Clerk of the Board when a vacancy occurred and served in that capacity for about seven years. She served as Secretary Treasurer of the State Organization of Clerks and Administrators during the 1977-78 year. One of her duties as Clerk was being in charge of elections and administering oaths to the newly elected officials. When it came time to administer the oaths of office in January of 1979, Jimmie was one of the officials elected, so she administered the oath to him. Because of illness, Ruby resigned in July of that year.

Jimmie and Ruby have registered herefords and have always sold

their bulls to many of the ranchers and the 4H boys and girls. Many of the calves have won purple Grand Champion ribbons.

Both Jimmie and Ruby have been active in the Greenlee County Cattle Growers and Cowbells, serving as presidents and being instrumental for the skits for the 50th anniversary of these two organizations. They have always been active in community affairs and were instrumental in getting the first television transmission in the area. Jimmie was the person to call when the transmitter went out. Ruby was Secretary Treasurer for nearly twenty years.

Jimmie and Ruby are the parents of two boys and one girl. Their son, Bill, is a veterinarian in Tucson. Peggy Crotts is Duncan's own Valley National Bank manager, and their son Tommy lives in Safford and works for Phelps Dodge in Morenci.

Our son, William James Sanders married Gail Whitaker and has two children and one grand child. Bill's son, Jeffrey married Joann Bliss. They have a daughter, Talia Lea born September 11, 1987, and a son Tyler Rae born June 24, 1991. Bill's daughter, Tammy Lynn married Jamie Phillips. They are in the process of adopting a son Jacob William in 1992. Both Jeffrey and Tammy Lynn and their families live in Tucson, Arizona. Bill and Gail divorced in 1976 and he is now married to Helen Giesler. They live in Tucson where he practices Veterinary Medicine.

Our daughter, Peggy Jo married Ralph Erwin Crotts and has three sons and two foster daughters. They live in Duncan where Peggy is the Manager of Valley National Bank. (1992 Peggy is a Vice President of Valley National Bank and Manager off the Greenlee office at Morenci). (April, 1992 Headlines in the Arizona Republic: Valley National Bank has merged with Bank One of Ohio. A

bit of history in the making.) Erwin is Superintendent of Schools in Duncan. Their son, Larry Wayne married Belinda Montez. Larry works in the new SE/WX plant in Morenci for Phelps Dodge. He and Belinda have a son, Larry Wayne Jr. and a daughter Ashley Nicole.

Peggy and Erwin's son James Erwin married Kathy Crawford. They have a son, William John and a daughter Jimi Sue. He divorced Kathy and later married Linda Simmons. Linda has two children from a former marriage, Bobby and Stacy. Jim works for Echo Trucking of Willcox (1992 for Alamo Farms, Elfrida, Cochise County, AZ).

Peggy and Erwin's son Randy (William Randall) is still at home. He graduate from Duncan High School. Their foster daughter Sammie Pace married Mike Redwine. They have two sons, Neil and Jason. They live in Silver City, New Mexico. Denise Pace married Frank "Poncho" Davis. Their son is named Shae. Denise divorced Poncho and is now married to Mike Rhodes. They have two daughters, Michelle and Shannon. They live in Safford, Arizona.

Our son, Thomas Mitchell Sanders married Sherril Lee Rhodes. They have three sons. Thomas "Leslie" "Les" Sanders and Dennis Bradley "Brad" Sanders have graduated from high school. Jerrod Michael "Mike" Sanders is a senior in high school in Mesa. Tommy divorced Sherril and married Barbara Pafford Burge. She has a daughter Stephanie Ann. Tom lives on our place now and helps with the cattle and farming. He is a foreman in the Morenci open pit mine.

In 1989 Jimmie and I switched from Registered Hereford Cattle to Registered Limousins and once again have started selling animals to be shown at the County Fair. In 1990 Jim was named Rancher Father of the Year by the Greenlee County Cowbelles.

During the war Jimmie wrote a lot of poems that were tucked away in a drawer. His mother, Inez Jinch Sanders, had written poems which also were tucked away. After the Sanders reunions in 1990, we decided to have them printed in a book. Jimmie also did some painting in oil; landscapes reminiscent of his life as a cowboy when he rode the hills of the various ranches.

Jimmie and I still have our ranch on Apache Creek, though Jimmie's health is poor.

REUBEN WILSON
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

August 27, 1912, a boy was born to James Monroe Wilson and Rose Shirley Wilson in the town off Kerrville, Texas in Kerr County. They named him Reuben Monroe.

In the year 1918 they moved from Kerrville, Texas "traveling by train" to Morenci, Arizona where Jim went to work in the smelter.

We didn't stay long in Morenci, but moved to Willcox, Arizona where Jim went to work at his old trade of barber. After about a year in 1920, Jim became ill and was told by his doctor that he would have to give up barbering and get out in the open air or he would have tuberculosis.

Jim went to work for the $\frac{O}{O}$ ranch about fifteen miles north of Willcox as a water man. He moved his wife and two children Reuben and Lucille out to the ranch and that is where my ranch life started.

I don't remember too much about the $\frac{O}{O}$, but one thing still sticks in my mind. We had a bunch of chickens and a chicken hawk kept getting those chickens. When he would come around and anybody strayed out of the house, he would fly away. One day he showed up and my mother thought she would fool him. She took the shot gun in the bathroom and opened the window. The window was too high to see out of so she climbed up on the edge of the bath tub. She could see the old hawk setting in a tree at the edge of the yard so she stuck that old 12 gauge up through the window, took careful aim and

pulled the trigger. Well she got that old hawk but that old shot gun kicked her off of the edge of that bath tub and she wound up on her back in the tub.


In 1921 we left the $\frac{O}{O}$ and moved up on the Graham Mountains to Henry Shirleys' place. I can remember that move of about 18 miles up there and we moved in a big wagon. There had been quite a drought and there was no feed and the cattle were poor. As we were going along the edge of the mountain, we came across an old poor cow that couldn't get up. Dad stopped the team and thought he would help her up. Well, he did. Every time he helped her she would charge him and fall down again. Finally I guess she gave out so dad helped her up and got back to the wagon before she could turn around and we drove off and left her there.


We didn't stay very long with Uncle Henry. A man came up there hunting lions for the government. He didn't have much luck and was quite discouraged so dad wrote to Phoenix and took over this poor man's job, bought his dogs and went to work for the government as a lion hunter. We moved to Fort Grant and lived in one of the government houses just outside the Fort.

It was while living at Ft. Grant that I first started riding. I rode everything I could but most of the time it was an old gray burro. Uncle Henry's place was about three miles east of Ft. Grant and I used to ride that old burro over to the ranch about once a week. On one trip over, I was going through a narrow wire gate by the corrals and a dog ran up behind the old burro. The burro jumped through the gate and I went off over his rump. A barb wire caught me on the left wrist cutting my arm about six inches up toward my elbow. I learned to tell my left hand from my right by



this scar. I still have this scar today.

We moved from Ft. Grant to a place at Bonita where I graduated from the burro to a horse and soon I was roping everything that got in my way, as long as no one else was around.

When I was about fourteen years, old, we moved to a place in the head of the Arivipa Canyon where we ran about 50 head of cattle. Our brand was . Dad was still working as a government trapper and was gone from home a lot. I had to take care of the place on weekends and go to school at Bonito about twelve miles away during the week.

The Chiricahua Cattle Co. bought the old Eureka Ranch, which was about two miles from our place, so I used to ride over and got to know all of the cowboys. That was where I got my first job as a cowboy working on a roundup. The Chiricahua Cattle Co. brand was Three c - a C on the jaw, a C on the shoulder and a C on the hip. The old Eureka brand was the zodiac sign  on the left hip.

The Chiricahua Cattle Co. had been running their cattle on the San Carlos Indian Reservation (Apaches). The Bureau of Indian Affairs made them move off the Reservation in I think about 1918. They bought three big ranches in Southern Arizona, the Eureka Ranch, the Empire Ranch and the Arivaca Ranch. All three ranches were started from the cattle gathered up from the Reservation. It took seven years to gather all those cattle by using a pack outfit and working the year round. Still cattle were left behind.

I worked roundup for the Seventy Six  Ranch owned by W. T. Webb and for the  Ranch owned by Jim cook. I also worked for other little outfits in the valley.

In 1929 dad sold the place in the Arivipa Canyon to the

Chiricahua Cattle Co. My dad then homesteaded a place in the Hot Springs Canyon on the San Pedro River and we moved our cattle there. I and one helper took 60 head of cattle over the south end of the Galiuro Mountains which took three days to Hackberry Springs, about five miles from the homestead, where we let them loose. This land was public domain before the Taylor Grazing Act was passed (which later became the BLM) and we ran cattle there.

When we moved on to the the San Pedro, we changed our brand to a C Spear C ← on the right hip. There were a lot of wild horses on this land. I used to catch those broom tails, break them and then trade them to the Mexican ranchers on the river for a cow.

One time Gene Owens and I were going to Happy Valley on the east side of the Rincon Mountains. Gene thought he was a ladies man about that time, and he went all morning ironing his cloths getting his shirt just right. He would then steam his hair over the tea kettle and comb it just so so.

It was about three miles from the ranch to the San Pedro River. When we got there it was running about 50 feet wide and about six inches deep. Crossing the river the horses were kicking the old muddy water up on our feet. Now, old Gene had his boots polished real good and he didn't like that muddy water on them. He kicked his feet up out of the stirrups and raised them to the flank of his horse. He got bucked off in the water and we had to go back to the ranch and do it all over again.

I worked at the Ranch on roundup and worked day work for the Mule Shoe, ↵ , the Patterson Ranch and Ernest Schillings. Ernest Shillings was a pure bred hereford outfit and sold bulls to all the ranches around that country. I couldn't work too long because I

had to go home and look after our own cattle.

One year I worked through the roundup with the LY and we had a thousand head of big steers to go to Benson at the railway. It took us three days to get the cattle about thirty miles from the ranch to Benson. Those old steers were wild and they ran on us five time during the trip.

One time there were three of us cowboys in the drag. This was the day before we got to Benson. Some of those steers were tired and kind of lazy and just didn't want to go. One of thee boys dropped back for a little while and when be caught up he had a five gallon can with some rocks in it tied on his rope. He trotted right up close behind those drags and let out a yell an heaved that five gallon can up among those cattle. Well, they moved all right, we didn't get them stopped for five miles.

The last time they ran we had them in the Bensen stock yards and everybody relaxed. We were ready to load them in to cars as the train came in. They stopped and the brakeman came over to see which loading chutes we were going to use. When he went back to spot the cars, he gave a signal to move ahead and that fool engineer blew his whistle. Well, those big old steers just piled up against that stock yard fence till she went down. Those old steers boiled out of there and they were running, but they had been driven till they were pretty tired so they ran about a mile before we could turn them back.

Dad sold our place in 1933 and moved to St. David, Arizona. I decided I wanted to see some new country so I went up to Colorado and spent the fall and winter there. I came back to Arizona in the early spring and went to work for the Three Link Cattle Co. who

ran about three thousand head of cattle. Their brand was a ~~oo~~ on the left hip. I worked for them through the spring works. From there I went to work for the Chiricahua Cattle Company through their spring work. From the Chiricahua Cattle Company I came back to St. David, Arizona near Benson and worked day work until the fall work started. I went back to the Three Link in the fall of 1934 and worked through the fall roundup. When the work was over I stayed on at their Deepwell Camp which was fifteen miles west of Willcox for two years.

On June 20, 1936 I married Margaret Tilton, daughter of Lyle and Ruth Tilton of St. David. She was eighteen years old and I was twenty four years old at the time. Margaret's brothers and several of my friends were now working in the Bisbee mines. It sure sounded good, all the big money and everything, so I decided I would try mining in September of 1936.

Our first child was born while we lived in Bisbee. It was a girl, born on her mothers birthday, December 31, 1937. We named her Margaret Anne after he mother. We stayed in Bisbee two years until I had enough of the big money.

From Bisbee we went to Tucson where I went to work for Gib Hazzard. He had the Hot Springs Ranch at Tanque Verde and ran about five hundred head of cattle in the forest on the Santa Catalina Mountains. We stayed there a couple of years before starting work for the Evans School herding Eastern kids. I stayed there about a year then went back to St. David, Arizona. Work was hard to get and I now had a family to support so I went to work for the Apache Powder Company making dynamite for the miners in Bisbee.

Our second child was born in St. David, a son which we named

Vernon Monroe. I didn't stay at the Apache Powder Company. I got a chance to go back on a ranch and went to work for the Sands Ranch near Fort Hauchuca. They ran the S brand on the left hip. Jack Hunt was the manager for about a year. Then Ross Purner came down as manager. I stayed about a year after Purner came then went to work on the Little Boquillas on the San Pedro River whose headquarters were in Fairbanks, Arizona. Gene Corniles was the manager and Joe Kitchen was wagon boss. This ranch ran about three thousand cattle and branded the wagon rod, 6 on the shoulder and 9 on the left hip.

I moved to a camp at St. David and worked the mesquite brush on the San Pedro River and back toward the Dragon Mountains which are about ten miles from the river. I stayed there about ten months then moved up to a camp on the San Pedro River near Ft. Hauchuca, called the Wolf Place. This was on an old Spanish Land Grant, the Boca Float Grant, but I can't remember the number. It extended right up the river two miles on each side and ran from just about St. David to Hereford (approximately forty miles long and four miles wide). The Wolf Place was about half way though it.

Our third child was born at the Wolf Place, a girl we named Billie Joe. The second World War had broken out and my wife had two brothers, Bill and Joe, who joined the Army. This is how Billie Joe got her name.

The war was the big thing about this time and they were drafting cowboys right and left. Since I had a wife and three children I didn't want to leave, the draft board suggested that I go to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad and they would give me a 4F rating. I went to work for the S.P.R.R. and worked for them

through the war. During this time we had two more children born. The first was Sharon and the youngest one was Pat, our last one. When the war was over and the men from the railroad who had joined the Army started coming back there was not enough work for me to make a living.

With five children I couldn't make it on a ranch so I went to work for the Apache Power Company in Benson, Arizona. I stayed there twelve years then moved to Chandler, Arizona and went to work for a fertilizer plant. While working at the fertilizer plant, I spent all my free time running a few cattle at Hyder, Arizona on the desert. After twelve years I sold my cattle and moved to Pocatello, Idaho and bought a fast food restaurant which I kept for five years before selling it.

On April 1988 my wife died. I stayed in Pocatello till August 5, 1988. I had a grandson working on the ORO Ranch out of Prescott, Arizona. He told me that they needed a man to wrangle horses for the roundup. I called Pat Cain, the ORO cow boss, got the job and stayed three and one half years wrangling horses during the roundup and cattle between the works. The last year and a half I stayed at the Triangle N Camp. On October 4, 1991, I was moving the horses from Jolly to Cole Springs for the noon change when I met with an accident that ended my full time cowboy career. While pushing the horses off some fresh grass, one of them freshly shod that morning, kicked me on the knee, shattering the lower half of the knee cap. It was necessary to move the horses five more miles to meet up with the men. When I finally got off my horse, I couldn't get back on, so after lunch I went to camp in the hood wagon, drove home to Triangle N, opening and closing three gates.

We cleaned up the bloody mess and went in to the doctor next morning where emergency surgery was required. I was down for four months before going back to work where things just didn't work out, nor were they fun anymore.

On July 3, 1990 I married for the second time. I married a widow from Chino Valley, Arizona, Margaret Parkinson. We are very happy together and have just bought a home in Gisela, Arizona which is eleven miles south of Payson then six miles east on the Tonto Creek.

I am still doing a little day work to keep the dust off of my saddle.

CLAY DEAN CARTER

Clay Dean Carter was born September 4, 1907 at the Necktie Ranch in Walnut Grove to James Oliver (J.O.) and Clara Pierce Carter, who were members of pioneer families in the Walnut Grove area. J.O. and his brothers, Grant and Charlie, came to Yavapai County with their parents, Thomas Brunston (T.B.) and Elizabeth King Carter from Jefferson County Kansas where the boys were born, in the early 1870's. Clara, born in San Luis Obispo County, California, arrived in Yavapai County in the mid 1880's with her parents, William Charles and Mary Caroline Bursey Pierce.

Clay spent much of her childhood in Tempe with her mother while her sisters Glenna and Georgia and brother Cortlandt were attending school there. She attended elementary school in Tempe, then went back to the "Grove" to complete the 7th and 8th grades. After graduation from the 8th grade, she returned to Tempe and attended Tempe Normal School. She lived with her sister and brother in law, Georgia and Everett Hampton, in the house that the girls' father had built for his family on McAllister Drive. She recalls vividly the train trips from Kirkland to Tempe and back.

A 60 foot Arizona Cypress tree, planted in 1910 by James Carter, was recognized by Arizona State University on Arbor Day in 1992 as the first historic tree in the ASU Arboretum and has been nominated to the National Register of Historic Trees with the American Forestry Association in Washington, DC. Physical Education East stands on nearly the same spot where the Carter house was located.

After graduation in 1927 Clay returned to Walnut Grove to

teach school. Her first assignment was in the old school house which was located across the Hassayampa River from the old "Charlie Carter Place" (the Gold Bar Ranch) below the Walnut Grove Cemetery. The next four years were spent in the "new" school house which is beside the Walnut Grove Chapel. The building is still there but is no longer in use as the children in the district attend elementary school in Kirkland and junior high and high school in either Prescott or Wickenburg. She lived at the Carter ranch with her parents and the first year she either walked or rode horseback to school. After the first year she purchased her first car, a 1927 Chevrolet. With some of her cousins, nieces and /or girl friends aboard, they attended rodeos, dances and parties throughout the state.

On May 15, 1932 she married Eric Talmadge "Patsy" Potter, a native of Arkansas.

"Patsy" Potter, the youngest child of Isaac and Arminta Hall Potter, was born July 1, 1902 in Rosebud, Arkansas. He was educated in the Rosebud schools but left home with his older brother, Archie, when he "Patsy", was about 14 years old to work in the mines in the state of Washington. The two boys set out on their great adventure and worked the wheat harvests in Kansas and Oklahoma on the way to Washington. A couple of mine accidents soon convinced the pair that mining wasn't for them and they worked their way to Arizona in about 1918. Archie left Patsy in Wickenburg and returned to the family farm in Arkansas.

Patsy worked on the Baldwin Ranch near Wickenburg until 1920 when he took a job with the Walnut Grove Water Storage Company at Wagoner. He worked there until 1922 when he went to work for Jimmy

Minotto at the Mission Dairy in Phoenix and the Z Triangle below Walnut Grove. He worked for Minotto until his marriage to Clay Dean Carter in 1932. After their marriage they purchased the Kirkland Junction Service Station and Grocery Store from Johnny Warren where they lived until 1938 when they moved into the house at Kirkland Junction where Clay still lives today. The house was originally built for the superintendent of the Tufa mine north of Kirkland. The tufa was hauled to the "Junction" where it was cut, then loaded on trucks and shipped to Phoenix where it was used in the construction of the Capitol Annex. The house was given to the Potter's for rent on the property and payment for the water that was used by the mine.

A son, P.C. Potter was born July 5, 1933 to the couple and they also raised a nephew, Darrell Miller. They had three grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren, all of whom live in the Prescott and Payson areas.

In the early 1940's a warehouse was built by Patsy, Dick Whitehead and W. B. "Bill" Young to store mohair. When Mr. Young sold his ranch, he gave his share of the warehouse to Patsy. This warehouse still stands beside the highway at the Junction. Clay and Patsy ran mail routes in the Kirkland Wagoner area from 1934 to 1942.

Clay returned to the classroom in 1946, this time in Kirkland where she would teach until 1972. During that time she taught her son, P.C., nephews Darrell Miller, Charles and Steven Hampton, a niece Cathy Hampton, grandchildren Joni, Cort and Liz Ann Potter and the children of Wade Algood, Lee Carter, Dick Denny, Lee Murphy, Tom Rigden, Bard Riggle, Curtis Ritter, Tom Ritter, Calvin

Stuart and Jack Walton.

Clay has been a member and officer of the Federated Women's Club of Kirkland for many years and was named the northern district's Teacher of the Year in 1958.

After Patsy's retirement from the store and service station he worked for several years at the Dumont Ranch in Kirkland. He passed away September 23, 1985 after a brief illness and is buried in the Walnut Grove Cemetery as are many of the other pioneers from the Kirkland Walnut Grove area.

At the writing of this article in June of 1992, Clay's oldest sister, Glenna Carter Clark, who was born May 19, 1893, is still alive and living in Santee, California. Their sister, Georgia Carter Hampton, died November 19, 1977 and brother, Cortlandt Arden Carter, died August 9, 1980.

FRED R. PATTON
SKULL VALLEY, ARIZONA

I was born in Luna, New Mexico in 1917 and came to Arizona with my folks in 1921 at 4 years of age. We came to my uncle John Resley's angora goat ranch in Ferguson Valley, which is six miles northwest of Skull Valley. My folks and I stayed there for several months and then moved to Skull Valley where I went to school through the eighth grade and then graduated from Prescott High School.

I was married to Margret Ballew in 1947. Margret was a farm girl from Centralia, Missouri. We had one girl, Sheri April, born in 1948. Margret passed away in 1982.

I never owned a ranch, but worked around Skull Valley and Ferguson Valley about all my life.

I worked around Angora goats for quite a number of years at my uncle's. In the 1920's until the early 1940's there were lots of goat ranches around Skull Valley, Yava, Bagdad, Kirkland, Kirkland Junction and other places in Yavapai County. The ranches used to ship their mohair from Kirkland. The ranches had from two to five thousand head and some also had quite a few head of cattle. Dogs were used by the goat herders. Very few herders were good ones as they disturbed the goats too much and they couldn't keep them in as good a condition as other herders.

I worked on the Bud Webb ¹/₄ for 34 years, until I had a back operation in 1976 and had to retire in 1984.

The Webb Ranch has about fifty sections of which approximately 28 sections are on the Prescott National Forest; five to eight

sections are patented land while the rest is leased land. The ranch is well watered by springs and dams. As far as I know the Webb Ranch had one of the first Deferred Rotation Grazing systems in Yavapai County. We started in 1957 with a lot of help from Danny Freeman, Hank Wall and Dave Smith all with the Soil Conservation Service. I learned a lot from these fellows and am a true believer. The ranch still has a system, the Savory System. Cattle are moved more often.

I was a believer of using dogs in a mountainous and brushy country, especially when you worked short handed.

Most of the time just my wife and I would move cattle and that's when dogs (good minding dogs) come in handy. Cattle get afraid to leave the bunch after dogs bring them back a few times, also, they would make them move when you couldn't get them going. I used to use some of my lion hunting dogs (hounds) to work cows. I have used as many as four hounds and two Catahoullas.

I am now living on a horse boarding facility in Tonto Flats eleven miles north of Skull Valley. I ride with some of the boarders two to five times a week. It isn't easy anymore, not like it once was.

HISTORY OF A PIONEER STOCKMAN

JOHN R. ANDERSON

One of John Anderson's favorite quotes is: "If I had known before I was married I was going to raise three daughters, I would have run like hell." This expression usually brings chuckles. Trouble is, it isn't true. His daughters are lights of his life and bring him great joy. And as far as running, John Anderson has yet to run from anything. Born in 1916 into a ranching family, he has been active in all phases of the beef cattle business.

John's father, Josiah J. Anderson and three sisters, came from Arkansas City, Kansas with their father, John S. Anderson, after his wife died. They settled near Gila Bend and ran cattle down the Gila River almost to Yuma. In 1913 Josiah married Regna Hendrickson, a teacher from Wisconsin, who came West to teach Music and English at the Indian School on Central Avenue in Phoenix. Josiah met her when he sold out in Gila Bend and moved to Phoenix the year Arizona became a state. A year later they bought the old Branaman Place on the Gila river between Hayden and Ray and ran 300 - 500 head on an unfenced range. Because the 320 acres of land followed the shape of the bend of the river, Regna said, "Our ranch will be called THE CRESCENT."

After Josiah James Anderson died suddenly in 1939 from a heart attack, son John continued to operate the ranch. His mother maintained their Phoenix home at 1026 N. 3rd. Street: his sister, Eleanor, had married and lived in Phoenix as well.

The next year John married Lucille Steinke. Theirs was an on again, off again romance lasting six years. Friends felt the June

marriage wouldn't hold up until Christmas, but to date it has lasted 52 years and going strong. The couple met during John's freshman year at University of Arizona although each was born in the Hayden hospital, one year apart, one room apart.

The small town girl kept a diary of her early years on the cattle ranch where she discovered life in the rough to be, well, for her, rough. With help and encouragement from Joel Benedict and The First Families of the Phoenix Museum of History, she published BRIDLE-WISE in 1991. [The Life And Times of a Cattle Rancher's Bride Who Learns To Be Bridle-Wise.]

John's main objective on THE CRESCENT was to cross breed the native Herefords with Texas Brahms in hopes the hardier cross would produce cattle better able to utilize feed on steep, rocky slopes. It was an uphill fight, because most neighbors simply wanted to upgrade their herds with better Hereford bulls.

"John," they'd ask, "why do you want to mess around with those mean and ugly foreign Braymers?"

The Andersons lived on the Crescent Ranch until 1948 when the family sold out to R. O. Mitchell. John, Lucille, a son and two daughters moved to Glendale in a 1946 Chevy pickup loaded with John's father's old safe and Lucille's piano. (Yes, it took two trips.) They rented a house on Olive Avenue across a dirt road from Gladden's Dairy. At this time John had a \$35,000 receivable and \$15,000 cash. Looking back, he laughs and says, "We thought we were wealthy." With youthful enthusiasm, John had no doubt he could support a family.

Lucille bore another daughter, the hard way. She insisted on returning to the Ray hospital where the other three children had

come into the world. The 13th of August, driving a 1948 Silver Streak Pontiac pulling an old horse trailer loaded with tricycles, clothes and a number 2 wash tub full of food, including cartoned milk which split and spilt, John drove his three children and pregnant wife the 100 miles to Ray. The baby almost arrived on route alongside Teapot Dome. Since the town of Ray is now an open copper mining operation, Joe, Alexandra, Candace, and Carolyn say, "We were all born in a pit!" They also enjoy telling how the town of Kearney was built on the horse pasture of the lower ranch on our Crescent Ranch.

John Anderson has worn many hats, all of them cowboy with the exception of the banker's eye shade he acquired when he went to work for the Arizona Livestock Production Credit Association. "No way," he said at first, said he could sit on a horse all day but not behind a desk five minutes. Lulled by the promise of only helping out with ranch inspections and appraisal opinions, John told director Fred Porter he'd help out. He says it is difficult to believe he worked for the association 28 years, going up through the ranks of the credit company from employee to President of the Board of Directors in Sacramento in 1988. He is proud of the P.C.A. helped ranchers and exclaimed on seeing his pin with emerald stone, "Why, it's bejewelled!"

Meanwhile, 'back at the ranch' as the saying goes, John stayed actively involved in the beef cattle industry. He pastured and fed cattle on fields in Maricopa County. Partnering with Helm Blythe, he also fed cattle at the old Bar P adjoining McDowell Indian Reservation. They ran cattle on leased and rented pastures such as cotton stalks in Pinal County near Coolidge.

For a few years ('49 through '52), John was a partner in the livestock auction business along with R.C. Jones and other. The Midway Livestock Auction was at 19th Avenue and the Salt River bottom. Pete Knapp and Bud Palon bought and renamed it Sun Valley Lifestock Auction.

In 1956 John and Lucille Anderson, partnering with Bud and Carolyn Dierking, bought Lloyd Paulsells' Milky Wash Outfit, which joined the Petrified Forest in Apache County. Every Friday afternoon Lucille picked Anderson's children up at school, joined John at the Production Credit Office on East Washington Street and all made the 5 1/2 hour trip up through Salt River Canyon to the Milky Wash near Holbrook. The Dierkings drove from Phoenix, usually arriving by mid afternoon. Everybody "made a hand" until Sunday night. Horseback, the children often complained about the "bad lands" and learned to anticipate their father's answer to their question of "How much farther, Dad?"

With a grin, he'd usually answer, "Just over the next rise."

After the return trip to Phoenix Sunday night, it was office, school, and household chores Monday morning.

In 1959 Anderson/Dierking together with Legh and Cecele Keeton purchased 300 acres of farm land near Buckeye from Isadora Otondo. Three years later Anderson/Dierking traded Milky Wash Ranch for 200 acres of Roosevelt Irrigation District land between Buckeye and Avondale. Legh Keeton bought into the deal making 1/3, 1/3, 1/3 partners on the whole 500 acres. They had partnered almost seven years when their farm tax accountant advised them to see a lawyer and draw up an agreement. The men met with David Jones, an attorney and partner in John's father's old firm. Dave said,

"Having trouble?" When the answer was negative, Dave said, "Then don't sign anything. Sure, I can make you a detailed agreement, but within thirty days one of you will violate it." Their handshake partnership continued without problems.

Wives (Lucille, Carolyn, and Cecele) cooperated when they signed notes for financing. They added their names and said, "We won't ask how many zeroes."

In the mid 60's Anderson/Dierking/Keeton sold the Otondo farm to Bob Baxter, and in the early 70's they sold 130 acres. Andersons bought the remaining 84 acres from the partnership, and finally sold it in 1978.

John continued to feed cattle independently and with partners all the way through to 1973 when he purchase, from Louie and Winnie Horrell, the J H 6 Ranch on Pinto Creek near Globe. There were 27 1/2 acres deeded land and 2800 acres private lease from Pinto Valley Mining Company, and a forest permit of 704 head. Son Joe Anderson and his wife lived at headquarters. As foreman, Virgil Mercer, kept reminding Joe, "Drive those Braymer bulls out of the sight of Winnie. She's pretty serious about her pride of Hereford ownership."

John, Lucille and the girls stayed at their Phoenix home, driving up on weekends, but after John retired from P.C.A., he and Lucille spent nearly full time on the J H 6. They sold to L. R. Layton in 1983, delivering 600 female cattle and 70 bulls plus 12 horses.

John continue feeding cattle through 1984. In his words, "The whole cattle business suffered horribly depressed prices from 1953-62, when it was a real battle to stay alive. Economic

conditions recovered somewhat in the late '60's and rebounded strongly in the late 70's. I've sold yearling cattle as low as 5 cents a pound (1937). The highest was 86 something from the Globe ranch at the Gila County sale. I sold finished fed cattle as low as 14 cents and as high as 80 cents, sold cows from 5 to 60 cents a pound, beef bulls for 5 cents and as much as 80 cents a pound."

It took John Anderson most of his active ranch working life to accomplish what he set out to do in the 40's, make a financial success crossing English breeds with Brahman cattle. Ridiculed by some neighbors at first, he lived to see many of them convert to cross breeds in later years. Today, many feeders and packers prefer leaner cross bred types to straight bred cattle.

The Anderson children married and had families, but none stayed in the beef raising business. John and Lucille, retired from cattle ranching, are now reconciled to writing about it. They have started HOT IRON PRESS, publishing western material. Their new book is titled CAUGHT IN THE LOOP [How Eastern Money Won The West....Or Did It?]

Today, on the 14th floor of Anderson's high rise condominium off Central Avenue, John's Lady Leg spurs, along with other ranch memorabilia, are displayed in the family room. John still wears Western clothing, from boots to cowboy hat, but his saddle, chaps and rope hang from the rafters of the store room ever ready for a seasoned old "hand" to saddle up and ride.

PHIL AND MIL PERNER

I still sleep on the brass bedstead I was born on 23 years after my mother was born on it. I think my interests in horses and cattle were born with me on August 18, 1918 in my grandparents' home in Sierra, Blanca, Texas. I was the third child born to Ross Hart Perner Sr. and Mallie Maude Love. Maude Love was the eldest, followed by Ross Hart Perner Jr. He was called R. H. most of his life because he was afraid he'd be stuck with "Junior" and he said that was a sissy name so he adopted "Scar" for a moniker although he had no scars at that time. Ada Lee Pettigrew was our younger sister. R.H. and I still call each other Scar and Button.

When I was 4 years old a neighboring rancher offered to buy me a red sweater if I could rope a calf from a herd and take my rope off. Roping the calf was easy but I wrestled with that calf for 20 minutes before the rancher said I had earned the sweater, but dad said that wasn't the deal. When I finally got my rope off I sure was proud of that little red sweater.

I had finished fourth grade in a school in Texas when dad moved us and truck loads of good horses in 1928 to the Double Circle Ranch on Eagle Creek north of Clifton, Arizona. En route we went to a rodeo in El Paso and I was 10 years old but won the buffalo bull riding because I was the only one that stayed on him the full time.

Six of dad's friends had bought the old Double Circle Ranch and lease grazing land from the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, and to entice dad to run it for them they allowed him to run his cattle there. He used more than a township called

"Horse Pasture" with good feed on it for our Z Slash A cattle to graze. We had 150 mother cows and kept all of our heifers for replacements so the herd increased.

I was about 12 years old when mom sent me and my school buddy, "Fat Floyd Gatlin" to see what happened to dad because he was supposed to be home by then and hadn't showed up. We rode to the camp where I was told he should be, but he had left that morning and it started raining. We had only 33 matches so we built a fire and kept it burning all night. We unsaddled our horses in the corral and there was a spot where the picket corral had bent over so it made a little shelter while we huddled against our saddles and wrapped our saddle blankets around us but we got wet and cold anyway. In the night we heard a lion scream and that didn't set well with us, so as soon as we could see we saddled our horses and headed to the next camp where dad should be. By that time it was snowing and we sure were cold. At the camp the cowboys told us dad had left there early that morning with a string of pack mules and was going home. They fed us and gave us some dry clothes and coats. Ramona was there too, and she loaned me her chaps. Later I bought those chaps from her, she was the wife of one of the cowboys. They said we could follow dad's tracks in the snow and gave us a change of horses, but the snow fell heavier until we could find tracks only once in awhile, but we had the general direction they'd used. When we topped out Four Mile Mesa we could see the lights at the ranch 4 miles below us. We got there about 9 or 10 o'clock that night and a search party was waiting for daybreak to hunt for us.

That was wild country. There were old mavericks and spoiled

cattle, really the place to train good cow horses. R.H. and I always had several special colts that we'd be working with at the same time. Slim McClure broke Roamer for me and I trained him to be as good a handling horse as you ever saw, but he was still bad about bucking.

We had some pretty wild cattle in a cow trap so dad and I sat on our horses outside the trap in case any tried to escape and sure enough two big steers broke out of there and dad shouted to me, "When you catch that one call me and I'll come help you tie him down, and I'll take after this other one." That steer and I had the dangest race you ever heard of; that steer kept running around and around a hill that was in our way, and me and my horse were right behind him but never quite close enough for a throw. The steer got so tired he was walking down a fence line, and my horse was just as give out but he walked a little faster than the steer so I roped him and tied him down. That was the only time I've ever been in a walking race. My horse was out of wind and so was I. I got my breath back and sat down against a tree to rest and rolled a cigarette. Then I heard a horse coming so I put that cigarette out real quick and hid it because dad didn't know I smoked. He said, "I knew you'd catch that steer but why in hell didn't you call me to help you tie him down?" I told him I figured he was probably cooling his horse after he tied his steer down.

The Apaches liked dad so much they gave him a hand woven wool vest with the Double Circle brand woven into the back of it. It hangs on our den wall now. Mom would gather Indian beads at ant hills with a needle and thread when she came to the cow camps.

After I finished grade school in our two room school house we

moved to Safford for me to go to high school. Maude Love and R.H. had already gone to Tucson to further their education. I kept practicing on Roamer, a handling horse I was training.

One time polo players came to Safford to watch me put Roamer through his paces because they'd heard about him, and they bought him for a high price. Dad tried to persuade them to ride him before he would accept their money, but they only laughed and told dad that any time a kid could handle him so well they would have a winner. Dad said, "But that isn't the average rider; he happens to be the best in these parts." Roamer had been grain fed every day in a stall and was fat and feeling his oats for sure. I was the only one that could keep him from bucking so I always wondered what happened when they rode him on a polo field.

In 1934 dad bought a ranch at Snowflake and negotiated with the Indian Officials to get a permit to drive our cattle across the Reservation. We had three cowboys and the camp man at Horse Camp, and Pete Cobb, Stockman for the Apaches' registered herd, to help us drive the herd to Black River. The river was running big and rough. When we drove the herd into the river I pulled my legs out of the stirrups to keep my boots dry, and dad shouted to me, "Get your damn feet back in those stirrups where they belong and look like you're gonna do something!" It's sure a good thing I did or I'd have been washed off my horse and down the river, because when the herd got in the center of the river where the currents were swift, they turned around and swam right into me and dad, over and under us and all around us. That was the scariest mess we'd ever been in. One little calf swam to the other side and it bawled several times and swam back across the river to join the herd. Dad

had been riding point and I was flanking below him, and we were soaking wet but we stayed up all night to stand guard. The next morning the river had run down a lot and the cattle crossed it, then we had to cross White River. That was easy, but we took turns standing guard that night, and dad and I took the first shift. Just as we got in bed we heard cattle running. We never knew what caused them to stampede but they ran into a thick forest that slowed them down but they scattered so bad it took us two days to round them up and head to Snowflake again.

When the cattle were settled on the ranch dad sent R. H. and I back to get the remnants. A new man was in charge and refused to allow us to gather our remnants and every night he told us how many men he had killed. If he thought he could scare us off he got surprised when we got our cattle put together and began our drive, but the crossing permit had expired by then and we had to sneak our herd across the Reservation. We lost time so we ran out of grub and tobacco. I slipped over to a trading post to buy some Bull Durham and a pound of Arbuckle coffee and once we took a few ears of corn from an Indians field, but we got our job done.

In my junior year at Snowflake I was class president and played football besides working on the ranch and training horses. There were some of the finest teachers I've ever known. In my senior year I was student body president and made the All State Football Stars and got a gold medal for being the only one in Arizona who played every minute of every game that season. There were 25 girls and 25 boys in our graduation class. I was presented with the Congressional Appointment to West Point and turned it down because I didn't want a military career.

The Perners had always been horse lovers to the quick and bred good horses. We belonged to the American Quarter Horse Association, but bred our horses to be at least half thoroughbreds. I broke and trained Dimples for a cutting horse and heeler while R. H. broke and trained Honey Boy to be one of the best roping horses that ever lived. He knew more about it than humans did.

When I was 17 I rode Dimples in competition against the Champion Cutting Horse of the American Quarter Horse Association. The champ was a beautiful horse, fat and slick, well groomed and worked real well, but I noticed he was more of a handling horse than a cutting horse. Dimples had come straight from the range where he'd been working hard and he looked rough as the devil but he was really cuttin' like the expert he was, so I figured the only chance he had to win was for him to prove by himself what he could do, so I leaned over and pulled off the bridle and tossed it into the judges stand. Dimples kept cuttin' perfectly and became the new champion. Later the association rules were amended to prevent that type of exhibition.

Dad sold the ranch at Snowflake to Fannie Jones and moved to the Three V Ranch at Seligman. The ranch belonged to W. H. Waggoner, at least on paper. He was a banker, president of the Arizona Livestock Company that was the Veas, and dad was a vice president and the general manager.

Dad sent me to college in California for two years and Mr. Waggoner often took me on short trips and weekend trips to teach me the financial angles of ranching and how to appraise and sell ranches. He taught me more than I learned in college.

When I quit school to work on the Veas as a cowboy I really

enjoyed working with horses and cattle again. Dad had taught me all I knew about livestock, but Mr. Waggoner kept sending me off to appraise ranches, count cattle and to sell property the bank had for closed on. The most interesting assignment was counting cattle on a ranch in northern New Mexico, and an appraisal of a bankrupted ranch on the Verde not far from Cottonwood was a memorable experience.

In the spring of 1941, Mr. Waggoner sent me to Gallup, New Mexico to sell a coal mine that went bankrupt when it began burning below the surface. Piece by parcel, I had to stay at Allison Mining Company, practically a ghost town, until all the land, machinery, equipment, houses and even a railroad spur and the schoolhouse were sold. That was not exciting work and most of the time there was little to do until I met Mildred Walker in mid May. She was visiting her family on a small ranch adjoining the mine. We became close friends and rode the Walkers' horses while I told her about my better horses and each one that bucked me off. "Mil" was getting ready to return to the University at Tucson in August and wondered if I could enroll too, but her interests were baseball, babies and horses so I teased her about changing the word horses to broncos so I could call her the Three Bees. I didn't want to go to school again but we realized we wanted to be together always so we drove to St. Johns, Arizona and were married on August 4, 1941.

When I took my wife to Seligman we stayed at the old Bishop Place for a few weeks, then as wagon boss I had to go with the crew and she had to stay in town. In December dad sent us to spend the winter at Pica Camp. The "winter" extended for five of the

happiest months of my life. A young, congenial cowboy stayed with us and we made play out of our work. Mil rode horseback with me again and we simply made each day special because we were young and happy.

R. H. moved away in May and dad put me in charge of the west side wagon where the drought was raising hell on the Vees. The feed was rich and plentiful, but tanks and dams were drying because of no run offs into them. Spring work was delayed because of the range conditions, making it even harder to work. we decided we could keep 10,000 head of cattle on the range that had only two permanent waters, Rose Well and SP Springs. Some pipelines carried water bought from the railroad. We shipped 10,000 to rented pastures in Texas and sold the rest. The west side cowboys worked day and night.

On July 3rd, 1942 Thomas Phillip Perner Jr. was born but was called Tommy all of his life. He was the most precious thing that had ever happened to us. With Tommy in a bassinet beside her, Mil was errand runner, cooked on a campfire at the wagon to feed us and helped in every possible way. Wagon cooks were major problems for us. My wife had been a diarist all her life and collected bits of data she thought would be historical evidence someday. After we started shipping September first until noon on Christmas Eve Mil had tallied about 24,000 cattle shipped but I doubted that so we went to the Records and Archives Department in the old Capitol building in Phoenix where we were shown brand inspection certificates that totaled 23,654 head that we had shipped. When anyone asked why Mil got a big bonus at Christmas dad would say, "We named it: Mil did it. She was one of the crew."

The year 1943 on the Vees was incredible. Gathering the mares in July ten men were injured in ten days and Mil hauled nine of them to town. She is finishing her book about life on that outfit so I'll only add that we moved to the Wineglass Ranch at Paulden to manage Bud Lighton's spread in December, 1943 after I'd worked five years on the Three V Ranch where some of the best cowboys in Arizona worked.

Lighton said he ran 1,000 mother cows but I never could find that many. There were five year old maverick cows and none of the cows were gentle. Tommy had learned to walk and talk when he was six months old and at the Wineglass he thought he was grown and tried to do everything I did. Dad gave him a pure thoroughbred colt when he was born because the colt was foaled the same hour and day, and by their second birthdays Tommy was riding "Muskie" alone and handling him well. He taught himself how to rope when he was two.

Our lives were shattered when that affectionate, happy child was killed when his pups pushed him over a 200 foot bluff.

Shortly afterward I was drafted into the army where I was in the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Division. Mil had to cope with grief and loneliness by herself and became bitter. Before I was shipped to the Aluetian Islands I got a furlough to visit Mil and my parents but had no transportation so I began walking. A car stopped, the driver asked, "Soldier, were you a cowboy before you got in the army? I said yes! He said, I thought so, when I saw the way you walk; hop in. Where are you going; Well, I can take you as far as Seligman, I'm a cattle buyer and I'm going there to buy some from Ross Perner."

Mom and dad and the cowboys sure were surprised when I showed up with the buyer. They were branding in a big corral and Dimples was standing there with dad's saddle on him. I had shoes on and a uniform but only God knew how good it felt to swing into that saddle and be on my old Dimples again. I heeled a calf and leaned down to pull up my slack and fell off Dimples! Everyone was joking and laughing, but Dimples stared at me with an almost human expression of disbelief.

When I was finally discharged from the army I got to see my eight month old son, Phillip Hart Perner, for the first time. His health was not good but Ray Cowden sent me to run his feed lot at Tolleson and let me feed out some steers of my own after Valley National Bank loaned me money to buy them. Ray gave me a draft book with his signature written on the drafts to buy cattle for him whenever I ran across a good deal. Mil has the book yet, wondering about Ray's faith and trust. A severe case of valley fever caused me to have to live in cleaner air and higher altitude, so I was foreman of the Double O Ranch at Seligman for more than a year and our son John Edwon was born in Prescott in 1948.

Mil said I never learned to say "no" and when Dr. Scott wanted me to take over his registered herd on White Mountain Hereford Ranch at Springerville we divided our time at a nice house at headquarters and a cabin on top of the mountain in summer. Phillip was ready to go to school when our local doctor and his wife offered us a working partnership on a farm near Sentinel that we had to develop from drilling a well to clearing the desert land. While we ate beans our horses stayed fat on hay and grain, and Immigration officers searched for our Mexican helpers. We never

worked as hard in our lives just to go broke and suffer several bad heat strokes.

I really enjoyed being a brand inspector in Tucson but eventually resigned to be Livestock Loan Officer in a big bank and enjoyed that work. In those days I was allowed to take my family with me in our own station wagon when I made field trips. We got to meet many fine ranchers and their families and established lasting friendships all over the state. Later I worked in the same capacity with the same privileges for Production Credit Association in Phoenix and El Paso.

Lyle Trimble checked my background but I didn't check his when he offered me a working interest in his badly neglected big ranch in Mohave County. Cattle were dying like flies, there was little water and poor help. I developed good water all over the ranch and made improvements all over it. Apache Indians from San Carlos were the best cowboys a man could want. When the breeding program was improved in five and 1/2 years I had built up the calf crop to a record 80%. The ranch was sold and I was foreman of the Getz Ranch for the next 13 years at Kingman before I retired in Mayer with an ample pension and plans to go into ranch realty. Two massive strokes changed our dreams and activities in our gold plated years. I regret discouraging our sons from entering ranch work. They were good hands but seemed more interested in cars than livestock.

When our son Phillip was a freshman in animal husbandry at ASU Dr. Tyson took his class to an Arabian Horse Show where he called over the mike, "Perner, tell me the biggest difference you see in Arabians compared to Thoroughbreds."

In total sincerity, Phillip said, "Well, Sir, the Arabians

show their veins where Thoroughbreds show their muscles."

The laughing doctor told the class Ross Perner had been a friend of his and he wished Ross could have lived to hear his grandson's opinion, and was sure he had inherited the Perner love of horses.

I'm guilty of neglecting to add that R. H. rode my horse, Basco, in Las Vegas, Nevada and won the American Quarter Horse Champion Cutting Horse while I was in the army.

ALFRED LEROY AND MARY McCLESKEY STANSBERRY
WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Relatives, friends and neighbors came and went at the 76 Ranch, nestled at the base of the Graham Mountains, near Bonita, Arizona, March 17 from 2:00 to 6:00 p.m., as they paid tribute to Alfred and Mary Stansberry in celebration of their thirty ninth wedding anniversary.

Hosting the open house, and serving tasty refreshments, were the three Stansberry girls: Janell Davis, LaVoone Hedges and Linda Clifton and the seven grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

Although Mary Afton McClesky was born at Cloudcroft, New Mexico and married Texas rancher Alfred Leroy Stansberry, who was born at Shamrock, Texas, in Portales, New Mexico (by a Presbyterian minister) on St. Patrick's day March 17, 1934, they are now truly Arizonans.

That was a day to remember, said Mary as her face lit up and her eyes twinkle. We had one of the worst dust storms, and you just couldn't see. The ceremony was at 10:30 in the morning, but we gave up trying to get to Texas and spent the night in Clovis, New Mexico. Next morning the dust had settled and we went on to start our life together on a ranch fourteen miles out of Christoval, Texas.

The three Stansberry daughters arrived during their sojourn in Texas and the family moved to Arizona in 1948 to take up ranching on what was known as the McGurk ranch near Bonita and southwest of the 76 Ranch. The old Bonita School was where the girls began learning the three R's with the Willcox schools seeing them through

High school. All three are graduates of the Willcox system.

The Stansberry family is proud of the heritage connected with the 76 Ranch, which was originally founded by a Mr. Bell in 1876. With its proximity to the old Fort Grant Cavalry Post one can imagine there were some turbulent times and, perhaps, read of them in the annals of history, during the pioneering days of the area and before Arizona became the forty - eighth state.

The next owner was W. T. Webb, whose death left his wife with financial problems and she began the 76 Guest Ranch, which began a new type of history.

Later, when Buster Noelke was in charge, it was purchase by the Stansberry brothers, Alfred, Milton and John. With this transaction the 100 section ranch again became a working cattle ranch, specializing in Brangus cattle. the brother partnership was dissolved and it is now owned by Alf and Mary Stansberry.

This enterprising couple have done much for ranching and improving cattle, even to taking knowledge and experience abroad for Alf Stansberry owned and operated a 2700 section ranch, with a 75 mile coastline, in Australia, for several years, but had to sell his interests there because of Mary's illness and settle down to his Best-love in Arizona.

There are assorted pieces of antique furnishings, still in use at the ranch. Some were acquired with the ranch some are family heirlooms. There's a dark oak sideboard beautifully refinished by Mary which belonged to Alf's mother. A completely enclosed China cupboard of maple in the dining room and a maple secretary with a drop leaf desk top. There are glass doors in the living room which has an unusual wood burning fireplace created from fossil rock,

gathered from a cave on the ranch.

The front patio and steps are composed of more Ranch rocks and Indian Mattes in varied shapes and sizes, also gathered from around the ranch.

St. Patrick's Day 1973, at the 76 Ranch was filled with beauty. The warmth of the family who live there, the backdrop of mountains still spotted with snow, which a few days earlier had lain a foot deep around the home site, the expansive and natural view, filled with native verdancy, and spotted with grazing cattle.


As we left this homey atmosphere and headed back for the main road, we crossed rivulets of melted snow and passed close by curious cattle, watching us speculatively. There was an unquenchable glow in our hearts and a greatfulness that we have the privilege of knowing this dedicated ranch family.

The bit of Irish in me couldn't help but wonder if maybe, just maybe, St. Patrick hadn't in some way especially blessed this couple who chose his day to be theirs also.

JACK ROGERS
PAYSON, ARIZONA

I, Jack Rogers, was born at home outside of Collins, Mississippi, June 28, 1915, the first born of Burr and Bertha Rogers. My wife Joan (Blaney) was born September 21, 1925 in Lynn, Massachusetts. Her mother, Anne Garnett Blaney came to Phoenix in 1889 but married John Blaney and lived in Massachusetts several years before they moved back to Arizona. in 1929.

My family moved to LasCruces, New Mexico when I was eight and my growing up years were spent there, going to school, chasing wild horses and helping my family farm. We moved back to Mississippi when I was eighteen and I finished high school there before leaving home and working my way back to LasCruces. I enrolled at New Mexico State University, but after a short time was able to become a Future Farmer at Litchfield Park, under the auspices of Goodyear Farm Company. I worked for Goodyear for several years and began buying my own 80 acres before serving four years (33 months in combat) in the Marine Corps during World War II. After recuperation from being the recipient of three machine gun bullets, I came back to Litchfeild and continued farming, cotton, alfalfa, vegetables, but always a few cattle. I also bought and farmed 640 acres in addition to the original 80 acres. Eventually I was able to sell the farm and buy the Q Ranch near Young in Gila County. Everything else was the means to the end, owning a ranch! We lived on and operated the ranch until 1985 when we sold to John Johnson of Mesa, who is still operating it under the name of Flying H Ranch.

We kept some deeded land and the  (Flying V) brand, which was the first recorded brand in Gila County, when it was separated from Yavapai County.

Now I am still running some cattle on the deeded land at the Q's and in Cochise County near Elfrida.

My wife and I were married in Phoenix in 1948 and have two children, Jonathan, who has a bed and breakfast at the ranch and teaches school in the Phoenix area, and Martha Anne, who is married to Tim Wheeler and lives on the North side of the Salt River, on the road to Young. They have two children Ruth (13) and Micah (10) who attended school in Miami.

We bought the Q's in 1956 from Watson Fritz. It is well known in Gila County, as it was started by Colonel Ellison, before the Pleasant Valley War.

Most of the time the water situation was pretty good as I built tanks and developed springs which nearly always were adequate.

We ran around 1100 head of cows on the Q and the flying H plus the deeded land. The permit capacity was 1000 head.

This was a great life and the culmination of a dream, but it was a "young man's ranch" and the time came to pass the torch and it was a good change. John Johnson is doing a good job of running it.

JOHN L. ROACH
GLENDALE ARIZONA

John L. "Shorty" Roach was born in Essex, Page County, Iowa, on the 5th of December 1918. He was the third child of Harry Bell Roach and Bertha Gertrude Trout. John was raised on a farm and went to school in Page County. In his senior year of high school, John made application through F.F.A. to the Southwest Cotton Company (later renamed Goodyear Farms) apprentice farmer program. In May of 1937 he graduated from College Springs High School. In 1938 he was chosen by Paul Litchfield as one of the second group for the apprentice farmer program, which was located west of Litchfield Park, Arizona. Between high school graduation and coming to Litchfield Park in 1938, John worked for a scrap dealer, collecting scrap copper, radiators, etc. from the countryside.

John came to Litchfield Park in April 1938, and began working for Goodyear farms as a farm laborer. He lived in Litchfield Park, bought a dairy cow, and kept her at the local stables. He milked her morning and night, bottled the milk, and delivered it door to door around the neighborhood. He continued with that enterprise until the dairy that Goodyear Farms had given exclusive right to deliver milk in Litchfield Park complained. With that Goodyear Farms told John that he couldn't deliver milk anymore. So, he milked his cow, bottled the milk, and set it on his front step, where his customers came and picked it up. In 1939, John moved out into the country to one of the farm camps, he bought a second cow, and sold and delivered milk to the camps.

Finally, in 1940, John rented a farm of his own. He began his

farming career with a dairy operation. Goodyear farms built a "Class A" dairy barn, which had a facility to cool the milk, which was later picked up by a tanker truck. He shared this facility with his roommate A.E. "Gene" Baker. They each had their own cows, and they had adjoining 80 acre farms. "Gene's" being to the north of John's. John raised most of his own feed for his cows. That meant he had to buy farm equipment, etc., which Goodyear Farms financed.

On December 14, 1941, John married Bettie Jo March a native Arizonan, and daughter of Cluade Marsh and Laura Belle Medlock. Claude was a farmer in South Phoenix. Laura Belle was the sister of Floyd Medlock, who was a real estate broker and developer in Phoenix, and in the mid 1920's was the first to develop and build an exclusive subdivision in Phoenix, consisting of 25 acres. John and Bettie Jo celebrated their 50th wedding Anniversary last year. They have one child Barbara, born in February 1944, who lives in Laveen with her husband Thomas C. "Topper" McReynolds, son of T.C. "Tommy" McReynolds, and Hazel Heustiss McReynolds. Tommy is a native Arizonan, and has been a farmer and rancher in the state since the mid 40's. John and Bettie have three grandchildren and two great grandsons.

In April of 1942, John and Bettie's farming operation was interrupted by a call from "Uncle Sam". He was told at the time of his enlistment that he would be gone for only a year. So John got his brother-in-law, Elmer Woodward to take care of the farm for the year. However, it wasn't long before he was told that it would be a lot longer than a year. He got a furlough, came home and sold all of his farm equipment. After the dust settled he still owed

Goodyear Farms \$1,500.00.

He went to Basic Training at Camp Barkley, in Abilene, Texas, and to Veterinary School at William Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas. In September 1942 John was transferred to Ft. Reno, Oklahoma, and in January 1944, he was transferred to Norfolk, Virginia. He was discharged from Ft. Meade, Maryland on January 11, 1946.

John and Bettie returned to Litchfield Park after his discharge, still owing Goodyear Farms \$1,500.00. By this time they had a toddler in tow, and John had decided dairy farming wasn't his thing. So Goodyear Farms rented him 80 acres of newly cleared desert land located a couple of miles from his previous dairy farm. Again, his neighbor to the north was "Gene" Baker. John and Bettie built some cattle pens and began feeding about 60 head of cattle along with the farming operation. It was about the time that John and Bettie began feeding cattle that they obtained the brand, which they used to mark all of their cattle, and later the partnership that was to be formed, also used it. The brand has recently been transferred to their daughter Barbara. Early on in this operation John built a mechanized manger to cut down his feeding time from 1 1/2 hours to 7 minutes, and muscle power cut to nil. In February 1952 the Arizona Ranchman published an article about his engineering design. John and Bettie eventually purchased this farm, and paid off his long standing \$1,500.00 debt to Goodyear Farms.

In 1954 the United States Government condemned their farm for runway expansion at Luke Air Force Base. At the same time they also condemned their neighbors farm to the north. Their neighbors

being A.E. "Gene" Baker, and his wife Doris. So they went into partnership together and bought a 500 acre farm on the east side of Luke Field. They built cattle pens, and again began feeding cattle, and again the Government condemned their lan. This time it was 140 acres for Air Force housing.

In 1957 the Roach & Baker Partnership bought 200 acres in Wellton, Yuma Co., AZ, and later added two adjoining farms of 320 acres. This acreage was in alfalfa, so the partnership began buying feeder lambs to graze the fields. They then built cattle pens, and began moving their cattle feeding operation in Litchfield, down to Wellton. They continued to feed between 1500-2000 cattle in Wellton until 1980, when the 100 year floods came and put the pens under water. It was about that time that John's older brother Dale, who was managing the feed lot, decided that would be a good time to retire. The decision was made not to reopen the feed lot

A couple of years after the closing of the feed lot, the partnership decided to lease out the farm land both in Wellton and Litchfield, so they could "retire". Since that time John and Bettie have spent their time traveling around the United States visiting friends and relatives, and pursuing Bettie's Genealogy passion, which means they traipse through a lot of old overgrown cemetery's, and visit a lot of musty old courthouses and libraries. Throughout the years John has been active in a number of civic and professional organizations. They include Farm Bureau, which he joined in 1946, is a past president, and belongs to it still. He was a charter member of the Arizona Cattlemen's Association. He joined Kiwanis in 1955, was president in 1967, and is still a

member. As part of his Kiwanis activities, he became a Key Club advisor, and was the District Administrator from 1973-1975. He was president of the Goodyear - Litchfield Chamber of Commerce in 1972. He was also a long-time member of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association, and the Arizona Cotton Growers Association.

CLAYTON E. MIKKELSON, D. V. M.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Born the 22nd of September, 1918 in Devils Lake, North Dakota son of Dr. Vego Mikkelson, a veterinarian, and Emma Hendrickson Mikkelson, a nurse, and grew up in Starkweather, North Dakota a town of two hundred twelve people located thirty-five miles south of Canada and seventy-five miles west of Minnesota. A truly cold environment with the temperature one day in winter reaching 56 degrees below zero.

My father was a practicing vet in the area and for three months in winter made his calls using a team of horses pulling a light canvas covered sled called a cutter. This was a grain growing area producing mostly Durham wheat used in making spaghetti, macaroni, pasta, etc. along with hard wheat used in making regular bread flour. Farms were located at two to three mile intervals and each had horses to do the farm work. Also the farmers raised cattle for meat and milk, mostly Shorthorns, along with sheep, swine and poultry.

My dad's father came from Denmark and his mother from Sweden. My mother's parents both came from Norway, so I am truly a Scandinavian. My grandfather homesteaded a large farm in northeastern North Dakota and lived for several years in a sodhouse he had constructed. It was such a large spread that when he passed away it was divided into eight separate farms. He used steam engines for power source in threshing the grain and had horses and mules to do the lighter farm work.

I started working on the farm at age ten riding a wheat binder

behind four horses. One of my uncles fixed a strap across my lap to keep me from falling off which was my first introduction to seat belts. At age twelve I worked in the fields pitching bundles of grain into a threshing machine and was paid the same as the other workers at fifteen cents an hour. The threshing crew at my grandfather's consisted of forty-four men who stayed at the farm in the bunkhouse. The kitchen was one of the wings on the house and was very large. My grandmother and one of my aunts did the cooking for the whole crew. Many of the men were immigrants, mostly from the Scandeanavian countries and very few could speak English, similar to our modern day southern imports although the languages were quite different.

I attended school in Starkweather, North Dakota. One large building housed all the grades and also the high school classrooms. Many pupils attended school by driving horses pulling buggies or sleds. The horses were provided with a school barn to stay in while school was in session. Daylight was from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m. in the summer and was very short in winter from about 9 a.m. until 4 p.m.

My mother had severe arthritis problems so her doctor advised a warmer weather climate would help her. In response to this my dad acquired a job testing cattle for the Government and we prepared to go to Arizona. I lacked three months of finishing my senior year in high school and was told that if I attended a school for these three months in Arizona I would receive my diploma. Our family, father, mother, twin sisters and I packed our belongings in the old Ford and headed south.

Four days were required to make the long trip and not all

roads were paved. We arrived in Phoenix on St. Patrick's Day, 1935. We spent two weeks with my uncle on east Thomas and 14th Street. My uncle Dr. J. M. Hendrickson was my mother's brother, a veterinarian who had been a professor at the Cornell Vet School, and had moved to Phoenix to abet his problems with arthritis also. In those two weeks I visited Phoenix Union High School and was quite amazed due to its size and number of students. I had never been out of the state of North Dakota before and felt very lost. After two weeks in Phoenix my father was assigned to do TB and Brucellosis testing in the Douglas area. We moved into an apartment there and I enrolled in Douglas High School. When I finished moving from almost the Canadian border to the Mexican border it was quite a change to say the least. Much of the language spoken I could not understand and I was not acquainted with anyone. In a short time I met a few people to talk to but most of my time I spent reading since we lived just behind the library. When school was recessed for the summer, through my dad, I met the Snures and the Graves families at Apache, Arizona and stayed with the Graves at the Apache Store. I enjoyed working at the store and on their ranch. They were extrememly kind to me and I became well acquainted with the Snures and the surrounding ranchers and they have a special place deep in my heart to this day. After spending the three summer months at Apache, Arizona, we returned to Phoenix and I entered Phoenix Junior college at the fall term and took a Pre-Vet course there. With only three hundred students in this school it was a true study institution and one of the most difficult and rewarding eductionally oriented of institutions. The college was located in rooms in back of the old

Phoenix Union High School Stadium along with one other classroom facility. One of my instructors was Dr. Walt Condon of Tucson who graduate from Colorado A. & M. nine years after I did. Spending nine months at Phoenix Junior College I returned to Apache again working for W. S. Graves in the store and on the ranch (Brand Sixty Nine []). Then, with Ben Snure, Jr. and his father on their ranch, (Brands Tee Vee Bar [] and U bar T []) for eighteen months. Here I met the finest people I had ever been around. Some of the ranchers in the area were the Glenns, Darnells, Hunts, Millers, Kembitches, Roberts, Kimbles, Sloans, Dixons, Boss, McDonalds, Nolans, Cowans and many other fine people. The ranchers shared their work with nieghbors and all helped each other in special activites including pulling weels, fixing fences, branding, round-ups and many other ranch chores. Very rarely was outside help necessry. These activities seemd to weld the area tightly together and led to a wonderful feeling for everybody. This environment was great to be a member of and led to lifelong memories.

I applied for entrance into Veterinary School to both Colorado A. & M. and Ohio State University. (Both my fatehr and uncle had graduated from the latter). I waited patiently for a reply from the schools and had almost decided that I had been turned down. About ten days before school was to start, I received acceptance from both of the Universities. Considering both schools, I chose Colorado A. & M. since it was much closer to Arizona. Returning to Phoenix, I packed my few belongings and obtained a ride as far as Denver from a Tourist Bureau for ten dollars. A gentleman and his sister drove us to Denver by taking a shortcut from Gallup over the

Rockies, going thru Silverton, Ouray and Montrose on a non-paved highway. The weather had been bad with lots of rain and skidding around on curves at a high rate of speed made me wonder if we would make it. The people let me out at the Railroad Station in Denver, so I went into the waiting room and after removing my boot for the first time since leaving Phoenix, laid down on a bench and had a short sleep. When I awoke my feet had swollen and I couldn't get my boots on. I walked down the street to a second hand store and purchased a pair of sheepskin lined slippppers, got on the train and went to Fort Collins. Next to find a place to stay. Having a "scared coyote" feeling and attitude, I walked the streets of the city in my slippers until I found a "Room for Rent sign". Knocking on the door summoned a real fine elderly lady and I rented a small upstairs room for twenty dollars a month. It was ideal for me since it was quiet, with a perfect environment for study. Registering for school was another ordeal. I was not acquainted with a soul and still having to wear my slippers I was the center of attraction which frightened me greatly. I got in line with the others, paid my tuition of sixty four dollars for the first semester and finally got up enough courage to inspect some of the Vet school facilities. Here I met a few future classmates who were more than friendly and learned some of the details of the place. Most of the classmates had taken their Pre-Vet at the school and since this was a Land Grant college, I was required to take one year of R. O. T. C. training which my classmates had completed the year before. Fortunately the course given was for a "horse drawn" field artilllery unit so we did more riding than walking. I soon learned that the army way of riding on the old McClellan saddles

was quite different than that done on a ranch. All I heard was "Sit straight, keep your heels down and post". Efficient but darned uncomfortable. I remember yet one good lesson I retained through the years, they had sixteen horses tied to a picket line and the class was to write down the unsoundness of each animal. One well built Thoroughbred was a problem since everything looked normal otherwise. We decided that they had put in a sound horse as a "ringer" so we all called him okay. When the exam was over, we found out that although the horse's eyes looked clinically normal, he was stone blind. Needless to say, to this day I thoroughly check each animal's eyes first, especially in soundness examinations.

School was tough and required many hours of classwork and study but I enjoyed the whole process. Classes were from eight a.m. to five p.m. the first two years for five days and the last two years were from eight a.m. to five p.m. for five days of the week then eight a.m. to noon on Saturdays and eight a.m. to ten p.m. on Sunday. The instructor recommended two hours of home study for each hour of class but I soon discovered there were not enough hours in the day to fulfill these suggested requests. Most all of the subjects were very interesting which eased the problem. My criticism of modern day education is that the teachers do not seem to create enough interest in the subjects they instruct and courses greatly lose the needed attention of the students and the whole endeavor partially or completely fails.

In each of the first three years the first three vacation months were spent working for the Government B.A.I. Veterinarian in Arizona opening gates and helping restrain animals for testing.

This worked real well because my first check came the first month after school started in the fall and I had money coming for each of the first three months of school to more than cover the costs encountered with a little left over for the following time. The last summer vacation I was employed by the school. Alone I had to do the janitor work, ordering the medications, feeding and treating the patients along with assisting the doctor on duty in surgery. I lived in the Vet Hospital on the campus and had one day off in three months. I worked about twenty hours a day and lost thirty pounds in weight, but the experience was invaluable for me all the later years. The Vet Department only hired one outside employee and that was a secretary for the front office. My pay was fifty dollars a month with a room. When school started they hired three classmates to live with me in a ten by fourteen room with two bunk beds and a small closet. In winter the central heating plant was turned down on weekends so sometimes we heated the room by building a fire in the waste basket.

We each received twenty dollars a month and boarded at a home close to the Vet Hospital for fifteen dollars a month for two meals a day. Our room was next to the autopsy room and for breakfast we had a five cent, day old bear claw and coffee that we heated in the autopsy room which had a two burner gas stove on the floor. Often we would have to roll a dead sheep or calf off the stove in order to use it to make the coffee. Some of our extra spending money was obtained by skinning the dead sheep that had been autopsied and selling the pelts for a quarter each. We also worked selling concessions at the athletic games. There were only thirty students in our class so we received more concentrated attention

from the instructors than they do now with the larger classes. We were taught many of the procedures by doing them rather than being shown how to do it. There were four clinicians at the Vet Hospital and six instructors teaching the basic subjects. Now there are approximately one hundred twenty clinicians or almost as many as there were pupils in the earlier years. All the equipment was basic and a graduate could duplicate it after graduation without "breaking the bank" in contrast to all the sophisticated machinery that they have now which no one can duplicate without spending many thousands of dollars. My contention is that these older instructors taught how to use our heads instead of so much equipment. I am deeply grateful to each and every professor that was my mentor.

Graduating the 27th of May, 1941, and winning all the honorary awards a Vet student could get for having the highest grades throughout all four years of college; I made my folks real happy and I didn't feel too bad myself for a fifteen dollar a month amateur Arizona cowboy. I then started out on this long trail. Looking back I now know that graduation is just a festival honoring the books and is really the day your real education begins. At that time my father was Arizona State Veterinarian with his office in the old Capitol building. The first six months I worked with Dr. R.J. Hight in Tempe. He had several farms of his own which pretty well kept him occupied so I was busy from the start. As to equipment, I had a balling gun, scissors, two artery forceps, a Ford car and great aspirations. My salary was two hundred dollars per month and I furnished the car and gas. Being twenty two years of age and looking younger, a few times when I went on a call the

owner would say, "I called a Vet, not a darned kid". So I acknowledged I was young and not too experienced and if they wanted someone older I could ask Dr. Hight or my dad to come help them. Most would let me go ahead and usually I had good luck. The next time I came to their place they would accept me. Over the years I became acquainted with several of the older pioneer veterinarians of the area who were surely fine gentlemen and a credit to the profession. Incidentally, Chandler is named in honor of Dr. Chandler the name of the first Territorial Veterinarian and once I met his daughter Marian Chandler who I believe ran a dairy in the area. The problem I remember most in the first year of practice was the outbreak of Sleeping Sickness (Encephalomyelitis) in horses. I had over a short period of time forty one animals affected scattered from Coolidge to Wickenburg to Gila Bend. All of them had the Western form of the disease which is less apt to be fatal than are the other strains of the virus. With a little medicine and lots of care they all survived but two, which had permanent brain damage. At the Gillispie Ranch in Theba, outside of Gila Bend, we vaccinated all their stock including the Thorobred race horses. My problem there was that they had about thirty two year old Mares out of Thorobred mares that had not been halter broke. Two of their ranch hands and a foreman named Francis Watson helped me or I would never have accomplished the job. The catch was that, at the time, the Vaccine was a two shot affair so we had to go through the ordeal twice with a two week interval.

After a six month stay with Dr. Hight and after his son-in-law and bookkeeper, Marshall Christy, advised me I could do financially better on my own. I left and came to Phoenix. I rented a two car

garage at a stable owned by Bob Sasser at 14th Street and Camelback Road. I put up a wall in the garage dividing it into two rooms. One for a large animal surgery and the other for my office, drug room and sleeping quarters. The place was named the Camelback Large Animal Hospital and was the first in Arizona to hospitalize and treat large animals only. My practice area extended from Douglas to Prescott and Yuma to Lordsburg, New Mexico and many places in between. This required a lot of driving with many roads not paved as they are today.

Very few Vets were practicing in the State, approximately twenty. The first State Vet Medical Meeting I attended had eight veterinarians present and the meeting was held in a regular room in the Adams Hotel. The most recent directory lists eight hundred thirty two Vets in Arizona. The older Veterinarians were known as the guardians of the livestock industry but I am afraid most of the modern ones have gone to the dogs and some are for the birds.

The practice of Veterinary Medicine has truly been an interesting adventure and challenge, even after fifty two years of it. When you think you have seen almost everything at least once a week and, sometimes more often, something new and challenging arises. One of the greatest assets in the practice of Veterinary Medicine is to have high quality lay assistants, people who have directly helped me in doing the work. I have been extremely fortunate to have employed those who, in my estimation, turned out to be the best. Presently one lady, Glenda Chamberlain, has worked with me for over twenty five years and other male and females have been with me for over ten years. One, Lawrence Dirstine, was my friend and sidekick for thirty three years. Last, but not least,

the assistance provided by my wife and family over the years.

I have been blessed over the years in having good and understanding clients and feel I have learned from them more than they did from me. Calls came from many of the leading operations in the area, some of them had the best show herds in the United States for several years. Beef cattle: Milky Way Hereford Ranch [which is now Town and County Mall and the Colonade], Suncrest Herefords, Sun Valley Herefords, Mesa Feed Yards, Tovrea, Producers Livestock, San Carlos Tribe, Thurber, J.C.Penney, Ray Cowden, Cowan, Lawrence Anderson, Thompsons, Long Meadow, Herseth, Casa Grande Feedyard, Cheney, Marely, White Mountian, R.C. Jones, Lazy RP, Dan Thornton, John Jacobs, McCormicks, Triple A, John Evans, Supr, Hughes and Ganz, Kubelsky, S. & D., Gila Yards, Yuma Yards, Thompson, Bill Spence, Chuck Lakin, Chester Johns Sr. and more including many smaller ranches and cattle operations. Many large dairies called with their problems including Chris Harri (which now is Chris Town), Home Dairy, Central Avenue Dairy who delivered milk using horse drawn vehicles (now Park Central Mall), Edendale, Mission Dairy, Kruft Dairy, Lynn Sharpe Dairy, Grimes, Westward Ho Dairy, La Salvia, Jim Bond, Eads, ASU Dairy, St. Johns, Lynn Hamilton, Indian School Dairy, State Hospital Farms, Blendinger, Hussey, Butler, Owens, Veen, Warren Kurtz and numerous other operations all over the Valley. At two of the dairies I am now working for the children who are the fifth generation of the same family whose animals I tended. Many horse operations used my services: Charlie Mickle, Addington, Gillispie, Williams, Fleming, May Brothers, Wayland, Marley, Glass, Hesketh, Siminoff, Spalding, Joe Cudahy, Biltmore Stables, Windor Square Stables, Phil Tower,

Al Pardo, Sechrist, Art Pollard, Walter Clure along with many other horse owners over a large area.

Rodeo stock was another challenge in caring for the animals in the Gene Autry - Clemans Brothers, Andy Jarigue, John Nix, Harry Knight, Pete Grubb and other outfits. The competitors in rodeo also had their horses and I cared for many of these owned by Everett Bowman, Finleys, Lone Jordan, Chuck Sheppard, Cal Boice, Dick Griffith, George Mills, Art Pollard, Jasbo Fulkerson, Larry Mahan and many, many others. My favorite event was the Trick Riding done by Faye Blessing, Bernice Taylor, Dossey and Dick Griffith. Dick was a good friend and one of the best athletes I have ever known, truly a great performer. I also took care of "Mickey" and "Freckles" the two trick little mules owned by Pinky Gist who was said to be the first real rodeo clown.

One experience in my first year of practice was at the Phoenix Rodeo when Lon Jordan's horse broke his rear leg in front of a full grandstand at the Fairgrounds and they called for me to put him to sleep. The Euthanasia solution was used at the time was not too strong, had to be given in the vein and worked slowly. I thought the horse would never go to the Evergreen Pasture and the time it took seemed like an eternity. Another time at the Rodeo there was a pretty young lady trying to climb on a Paint mare to ride in the Grand Entry and having a terrible time. I offered my help and got her aboard. Her face looked familiar but it took me several hours to realize it had been Lucille Ball of the I Love Lucy Show.

Much of my work was also done on various horse ranches and at the race tracks. I treated some of the horses used at the prison at Florence and vaccinated the Government Remount Stallions. At

the race track I took care of many of the leading stables of the time including Roy Hodges, Dr. J.C. Flynn, Frank Colcord, Bill Luke, Herb Pratt, Charlie Brown, Gillispie, Feffer, Joe Bassett, Finley, Nichols, Snediger, Marley, St. John, Marion Wilborn, Lyman Rollins, Cline and others. Marion Wilborn once told me that the racehorse business was the only one in the world in which you invested all your time and money and at the crucial moment, turned the whole thing over to a midget.

Time passed on and being busy made it move faster. I then decided to try to get another large and better place. Tom Goodnight had ten acres at 18th Street and Camelback with a nice little house and barn that was less than one years old. Managing to get R.J. Cullen to back me, I purchased the place. My parents thought I ought to have my head examined for buying so far out in the country since the city limits were at 16th Street and Thomas Road. The area had barely started to develop but since many of my best clients were not too far away, I thought it an ideal place.

I married Connie Mae Hess (Deceased, Born in Holbrook 1920, daughter of a pioneer Arizona family) on the 3rd of May 1943 and she helped me to get started. Late in 1943 Dr. J.C. (Jack) Fletcher, my father and I decided to build onto the fifteen stall horse barn and also construct a small animal facility on the premises. We constructed a twenty stall cow barn, a Greyhound kennel and a small animal facility that could hospitlize one hundred eighteen dogs and cats. This was the largest Vet Hospital in the southwestern United States for twenty five years.

My father, Dr. Fletcher and I joined our outfits in Phoenix and Prescott and worked together for about six years. The hot

climate did not agree with Dr. Fletcher so he returned to Prescott to continue. (Dr. Fletcher was one of my classmates and roommates and worked with me in the Hospital at the College) My father and I along with employed Veterinarians continued the operation of the hospital. Seven other of my family relatives have been or are practicing Veterinarians.

In 1959, the Hospital family Camelback was ~~surrounded~~ ^{surrounded} with houses and business operations, and the city was growing rapidly. We had been engulfed by Phoenix whereas when we bought the property we were two miles outside the city limits. Taxes were soaring so we decided to sell in 1960.

Moving to Douglas where things were not so rapid moving and demanding, I constructed a small facility about three miles from the city. After a few months, the boredom overcame me along with the fact that many of the owners who brought in their animals had the "Kill him and we will get another one" attitude which just did not fit into my idea of the practice of Veterinary Medicine. Then I decided to return to Phoenix. In the interim, in 1962, I married Vivienne Maddux (born 1925 in Ajo, daughter of a pioneer Arizona family). She had two sons, I had two daughters and two sons (one of who was later killed by a drunken driver). In 1963, we had a son together.

Finding a new location in Phoenix presented a real problem since zoning for Mixed Animal Veterinary Hospitals was restricted to either Agricultural or Industrial areas. Finally I located a four acre lot on South Seventh Avenue and built a moderately sized facility for large and small animals which is still in operation today. Through the years 1970 to 1974 Dr. Frank Olvey and Dr. R.J.

McComb were associated with me in conducting the practice.

Some of the most memorable experiences I have had was treating an elephant and llama for the Shriner Circus, treating a cow in a cemetery while the owner snubbed her to a tombstone, working for the Government at the Japanese Internment Camp, diagnosing Rabies in three of the feedlots where human exposure had occurred, fitting orthopedic braces on calves and colts, also doing surgical procedures that were new in Vet medicine and that clients were not familiar with, respiratory disease outbreaks in feedlot cattle, proper nutrition practices in all species of large animals, walking over the hills in several Arizona counties looking for poisonous plants when they were associated with livestock losses, having feeds and water analyzed for toxins or chemicals, tracking down causes of abortion in cattle, routine testing for Brucellosis, Tuberculosis, Dourine, Leptospirosis and other communicable diseases of livestock, detecting and treating various parasitic infestations and infectious diseases in cattle, horses, swine and sheep along with many other conditions affecting livestock.

Other accomplishments include President of the Arizona State Veterinary Medical Association 1947; Arizona Veterinarian of the Year 1984; Who's Who in National Veterinary Medicine 1985 [One of seventeen selected in the USA]; Board of Directors Arizona Veterinary Medical Association (for several terms); Board of Directors for the Arizona Quarter Horse Breeders Association; Veterinarian for Arizona National Livestock Show (first nine years of show); Veterinarian for Saguaro Kennel Club (four years); Veterinary Convention speaker at several State meetings in Texas, Oklahoma, Utah, Arizona and National Association Meeting in San

Antonio; Completed over fifty one years of Veterinary practice in Arizona; First Veterinarian in Arizona to make private calls in an airplane; Had the largest Mixed Practice in the southwest for twenty five years along with my father Dr. Vego Mikkelsonn; Raised and raced Quarter Horses and Paints (two of them National Champions). Raised racing Greyhounds for ten years(one world record holder). After doing throat surgery on one Quarter Horse and firing legs on two other Thorobreds all three won and held World Records in the same year which was acknowledged in the Official Book of World Records (all three horses originating in Arizona with Arizona owners). Sponsored Little League Baseball and Pop Warner football teams; 4-H Club Leader. Devised a feed formula for young colts to increase growth and prevent bone and joint problems. During the fifty two years of practice, I have worked and broken in twenty nine young Veterinarians fresh out of college, including two from Mexico, one from Poland and one from Afghanistan.

Presentely I am a Honor Roll Member-American Veterinary Medical Association; Life member-Arizona Veterinary Medical Association; member-Central Veterinary Medical Association; member-Arizona Academy of Continung Education; member-American Association Equine Practitioners; member-American Association of Bovine Practitioners; affiliate member-American Arizona Hospital Association and member of several other Medical and Livestock groups.

The production of livestock and agricultural products are still the backbone of Arizona and very few outsiders realize this. With so many controls and restrictions arising in livestock and agriculture from all sides makes them more difficult and less

rewarding and enjoyable. These conditions spin-off to the related operations and professions including the practice of Veterinary Medicine. In past years when Livestock men had power and their say in Government the situation was much better, saner, and more enjoyable. A good veterinary friend of mine put it best when he said, "We were privileged to go through the golden years of Veterinary Medicine". Tourism and population growth are fine for the monetary economics of the area, but somebody better start to figure out how they are going to feed and cloth all the newcomers.

The Livestock Industry has been more than kind, generous and educational to me. My greatest reward has been the many friendships and acquaintances I have made over the fifty two years in my practice of Veterinary Medicine in Arizona and I am deeply grateful to all. I know that the debt I owe to my freinds, clients, colleagues, teachers and expecially to my father, Dr. Vego Mikkelson, can never be fully repaid.

DOROTHY CROZIER CHAFIN

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Both of my grandfathers, Samuel Franklin Crozier and William F. Grounds, were early settlers in Mohave County; both started businesses that were acclaimed in that day.

S.F. Crozier came from Ohio to Nevada to prospect, met Bill Ridenour in San Francisco in the early 1870's and together they discovered and opened the silver mine at Hackberry. With the discovery of the mine it was not long before Hackberry developed into a prosperous mining town with the population of over one hundred people, more than it has now!

W. F. Grounds first came through Arizona at the age of 15, 1868, with the Goodnight trail. In 1870 he came through again with the Cureton train; in 1873 he came with two of the Curetons as partners. They brought cattle from Texas and settled in the Peach Springs area. General Crook had advised them that the Prescott area was too dangerous. They were leaving Texas because it was getting too crowded!

In 1880 Sam Crozier purchased the ranch from the Grounds-Cureton partnership and built the home that still stands on the property (now owned by Bill Robinson) where my father Samuel Franklin Crozier was born. The Railroad went through the ranch, very close to the house. W. F. Grounds built a home in Hackberry where my mother was born; the school is now in that location.

The Los Angeles paper was delivered daily. The young people in the area took the train to join others for Saturday night dances. My family was living on a ranch in the Peach Springs area

when I was born; when I was four we moved, along with Bill Grounds (my uncle) and his family to Colorado, where the grass was greener, but the snow was deeper! My family's first year in Colorado was spent on the Green River Ranch, the famous Brown's Hole Country. The next many years we lived at the Two Bar Ranch on the little Snake River formerly owned by Ora Haley. Bill Grounds and his family then lived on the Green River Ranch. The ranches were about 30 miles apart, and the partnership owned a holding pasture with feed and water about halfway between. Each year we moved the cattle to California Park for the summer, driving on horseback, accompanied by chuck wagon and bed roll wagon.

By the time we settled on the Colorado Ranches most of the famous outlaws were gone from Brown's Hole but the remaining friends and family kept life interesting by cutting our fences, letting the water out of our tanks and stealing our cattle. One summer when my family had gone down to the Green River Ranch to help round up the cattle for moving to the summer range Sue Grounds and I decided to take a ride. We stopped too visit with Mrs. George Bassett who was the teacher at the country school that the Grounds children attended. She did inquire as to why I was there; we did not know that the school teacher had direct connections with the cattle rustlers so we told her all. When we reached home some time later my Aunt said "You girls have been gone a long time; where did your ride"! We told her that we had stopped to visit with Mr. Bassett; my Aunt asked what we had told her, and we of course related the conversation. As soon as the men came in that afternoon my Aunt immediately told them what had happened. That night my Uncle and my father stationed themselves in the rear of

the holding pasture, leaving my cousin and my brother near the gate. Soon after dark the Bassett brothers arrived, opened the gate, and started to drive some cattle out; one of the boys asked what they are doing and of course they laughed. At that moment my Uncle and my father rode up, and the Bassett brothers changed their minds! Uncle Will always packed a gun; he had been given the title of Deputy Sheriff in that area. The Brown's Hole Country was always a dangerous area, even after Queen Anne (Bassett) and Black Sue (Bassett) and other famous outlaws had been forced to leave.

After the economic disasters that took most of the ranches in that era, as well as the devastating winters, both families moved back to Arizona: the Grounds family to the Kingman area and the Croziers to Prescott (thanks be!) My father went to work for grandmother Crozier who at that time had a ranch. Later Bill Grounds purchased the Crozier ranch at Peach Springs bringing it back into family hands. He and his family lived there for many years.

The depression made it necessary for me to leave school before finishing; I immediately returned to Prescott and went to work in an office. One of the first persons I met after we returned to Arizona was Kate Crozier. I had gone on an errand and when I returned home, Kate was there; he had come to see my father; and my father introduced me to this large, very dark Walapai Indian, I am sure I did not conceal my amazement at meeting this man who shared our name! How often I have wished that I could have somehow made it right with him! Later my father explained that Kate had worked for grandfather Crozier, and as many did, had taken his name. Years later when I was working in the accounting office I did the

books for the Quamacho Cafe in Peach Springs and found many of the employees with the name of Grounds or Crozier.

When the United State entered World War II and my husband volunteered for the service the day after Pearl Harbor, I knew I had to do something more than secretarial work in order to meet house and car payments. Because many men were being called into service I was able to get a job in an accounting office to be trained as an accountant. The first six months kept me struggling to understand between accounts receivable bookkeeping and the intricacies of cash journals and ledgers kept to qualify for IRS inspection.

Then upon I met some of the most interesting people one can know. Since I was given ranch accounts as my specialty, I did know a steer from a cow, I had the privilege of meeting and knowing Bud Lighton, the producer and director of such movies as A Tree Grows in Brooklyn; Bud had purchased a ranch in Big Chino; he later went to Mallorca to live.

Bill Leeds of New York City of railroad and tin mining wealth who purchased the Jerome Eddy Ranch in Skull Valley; He was afraid New York might be bombed during the war; he moved many valuables, his records and his secretary to the ranch. During the time they held this ranch I not only did their books through the office, but also had the pleasure of staying at the ranch for a week or so to take care of daily office demands while his secretary was ill. What an experience! Solicitations came in every day's mail, from a request for \$50,000.00 for China war relief to a new dress for a distant cousin. And that was the year when Roosevelt's brain trusters thought it might be a good idea to let the wealthy keep

\$50,000.00 a year and take the rest as income taxes! The Leeds ranch had a large home on the hill, the original ranch home was for the secretary, and the other houses for the help. There were two swimming pools, one on the hill for family and guests and one for the help.

J.W. Kieckhefer was one who impressed me a great deal: organized, handsome, efficient, sure of himself. He was very nice to work for, and of course, I also had the pleasure of knowing and working for Robert Kieckhefer who ran the ranch at Walnut Creek, formerly owned by the cartoonist J. R. Williams of "Out Our Way" fame. Clifford Koontz was advisor for the ranch at that time: gentlemanly, attractive man who was the hero "Phil Acton" of "When a Man's a Man" by Harold Bell Wright. Larry Mellon, a nephew of Andrew Mellon, owned two ranches in this area, typical of that era, he was also a gentlemanly, quiet man; he was a pleasure to work for. During World War II he left the ranches in the charge of E. Livingston Burrill. After the war he sold the ranches, went back to take some medical courses; he then established a hospital in Haiti which he and his wife worked at for many years.

Leo Belden, who wrote the only million dollar check I have ever seen, in the days when a million dollars was a lot of money! He owned a seat in the stock market, but that did not prevent him from bringing me lot of little tape receipts, not identified as to whether paid by cash or check and not always identified as to item. However I quickly forgave him when he returned from a trip to New York with nylons for me and the receptionist in our office. Nylons were the most treasured gift anyone could find during World War II and therefore perfectly acceptable.

Stuart Hall who owned the ranch in Skull Valley now owned by Dave Jenner was active in community affairs. He ran for State Senate in 1952.

Jeb Stuart of Texas owned a ranch in Paulden which he managed until his father died and he had to return to Texas to run the family business. Until that time I thought he was the real thing!

L. David Dozier, an Anhouser-Buesch heir, owned a ranch in the Kingman area, but always had his tax work done in our office. He was a fun person to work for and I missed him when he kidnaped his two daughters and went to Mexico to live. The cattlemen who were the "real thing" were also interesting, fun, attractive, wonderful to know.

Norman and Johnnie Fain were both a delight to know. Both were from Arizona families; both were active in the Cattle Growers organization on every level, Norman was active in politics and served in the State Senate for several years; he was asked to run for Governor, but declined.

W.C. Denny owned a large ranch in the Seligman area, his father had crossed the United States three times: first in a covered wagon, then on a train and finally by air, what history he had seen in his life time! W.C. Denny's son Dick (father of the famous ball player, John Denny) had terrific sense of humor and courage to try anything. One time when driving through the Phoenix area, Phoenix had lots of surrounding country area at that time, he saw a sign "calves for sale"; he made arrangements to buy the calves, then looked for pasture to lease; then went to the bank to borrow the money to pay for both. I worried about that deal until he sold the calves (at a profit) and paid off the bank, but I am

not sure he did!

For several years I had my office just off the lobby in the old historic Hassayampa Hotel on East Gurley Street in Prescott. The office was very accessible and because a popular meeting place for clients, ranchers and friends. Many notes were left with me to pass on to certain individuals when they came in. I became a clearing house for cowboys looking for work and for ranchers looking for cowboys to hire. I thoroughly enjoyed my work there.

For several year I worked with the School Board of Williamson Valley Dist. No.2: John Thompson who owned the Las Vega Ranch at Simmons (now owned by Delbert Pierce), Jack Dew, manager of the Wilson's at the Long Meadow Ranch (now owned by the Puntenneys) and Kemper Chafin at The Seven V Ranches (now owned by the Pierce family). What a great Board to work with. I hired bus drivers and school teachers, with their approval, in addition to doing the books. In those years the Board had charge of the school at Camp Wood and a bus that picked up the children from Walnut Creek and Williamson Valley and brought them into Prescott. Bus driver for that run of forty some miles each way with at least half of the road unpaved and often muddy were hard to find. Teachers who wished to live some 50 miles from town on the top of a mountain that was almost inaccessible in the winter were hard to find.

One spring the young school teacher had agreed to return the next fall and I sent him a contract which he never returned. About the time I was ready to go out to Camp Wood to secure the contract I began to hear rumors: a Camp Wood man was in the County jail for having shot a mountain lion without a hunting license. It seems a mountain lion was treed on the school ground and the teacher was


concerned about the children. Fortunately he didn't have a gun, so the man who did killed it. Who would want to teach school in a place like that? The next fall there was a new teacher at Camp Wood.

My work naturally led me to extra curricular activities that were related: I served on Board of the Fair Ass'n, the Rodeo Committee, and the Quarter Horse Committee for several years.

Many years later I had the privilege of living on one of the beautiful ranches in Yavapai County: The Seven V Ranches in Williamson Valley owned by Kemper Chafin. When our office first did the books for that ranch (and the dude ranch connected with it, the Cross Triangle) it was owned by Bill Otis of the Otis elevator family and Barney York. When they dissolved the partnership Marie York kept the Seven V, and the Las Vegas ranch was sold to John Thompson. Barney York moved to California and Marie York later married Kemper Chafin. For many years I did the books for Marie and Kemper; it was a delight to have to go to the ranch for any reason for I loved the area. Marie had a delightful sense of humor and was generous with all her friends. She died in 1964; Kemper and I were married six years later; and when he died it was with an aching heart and a sound mind that I sold the ranch to the Delbert Pierce family; Steve and Joan Pierce moved into our house as soon as I moved out. It was a comfort to me to know that they would be raising their family in that house. I am grateful for the years that I was a part of the area, and of the Prescott area that I have always loved so much.

LOYD HODGES
MAYER, ARIZONA

I was born on March 25, 1917, near Munday, Texas which is on the south fork of the Red River. A short time later my family moved to Silverton, Texas where I was raised and attended school. I was one of ten children; my folks were hard working farmers.

I was twenty one years old when I first came to Arizona in 1938. I went to work for the Little Boquillas whose brand was the wagon rod , on the left hip and shoulder. This ranch was a division of Kern Cattle Company, which had extensive holdings in California, New Mexico, Oregon and Arizona. Their holdings in Arizona at that time ran from the border of Mexico to Benson (approximately 40 miles) and layed from the Dragoons to the Whetstones, on the west side of the San Pedro River, also from the Mule Mountains west of Bisbee to the Haucucas. Gene Cornelius was the manager at the time. They ran about 4500 cows and took very good care of the cattle and the country. Water conditions were very good with spring water piped down from the mountains. They also had windmills and good dirt tanks along with the river running through the middle of the ranch. The land was mostly deeded, some of it was state land and there were some old homesteads which were bought out along with some Spanish land grants. I was there over two years when I became restless and went over to the Canoa Ranch on the Santa Cruz River.

The Canoa Ranch was owned by the Howell Manning family and managed by Sol Rhea. The brand was the quarter circle DV bar. It was a good ranch that ran around 4,000 cows. It layed to the west

side of the Santa Ritas, over the Tenajos toward Arivaca and west of Continental. I worked through three roundups and started eighteen head of three year old horses.

When I left the Canoa in the spring of '41, I went up to Seligman and hired on with the 3V outfit working with the east wagon. Ross Perner Senior was the manager of the 3V's, and Ross Perner Junior was the wagon boss for the west side and Pat Cullen ran the east wagon. This ranch covered lots of country and ran 18,000 to 20,000 head of cattle and owned 700 to 800 head of broke horses. They wintered on the Cataract Plains where there were mostly natural waters. There were cisterns to hold the water and a few dams that were pretty big. There was a drift fence south of the plains that ran from Seligman to just south of Ash Fork and north to about 20 miles south of the Grand Canyon. The west fence was the east fence of the Hualapai Reservation. The winter range was rested through the summer until mid October. The Chamiso Brush would drag your stirrups and the cattle could winter well without any supplement. The cows produced a good calf crop of heavy yearlings in the fall. There were horse pastures at the camps but other than that, there were no other fenced pastures. The cattle drifted with the seasons with mother nature supplying the water. There was no over grazing and the calves couldn't be cut off from the cows. I spent the spring and summer there then went over to the ORO's for a few months when the war drums began beating pretty loud and I received my call to go in the Army where I spent the next three and a half years. During that time I was in Australia and New Guinea.

When I finished packing a rifle and wearing shoes, I returned

to the ORO. It was owned by the Green Cattle Company of Cananea, Mexico, at that time. When I first worked there Bob Sharp was the manager, then later, Oscar Coleman ran the place. The ranch ran about 4500 cows which covered the Spanish grant on the east side, and on the west side was a checker board of deeded land and state land of about 420 sections. There was a plentiful supply of spring and creek water with some big dirt tanks. There were not many fences which encouraged a good natural drift. The cattle used the grant to the east in the summer and in the winter went toward the west.

In 1947, I went to the H's (*HI*), and worked under Ross Perner Sr. again. Blondie Hall owned the place, he was from Midland Texas. The K's sets to the west of the Double O's. That year the cows had to be shipped to Texas or Oklahoma because of drouthy conditions so I went on over to the Double O's after we shipped. The Double O's (*OO*), was owned by John Norton. During that time, I met Ruth Pearson of Seligman and we were married April 1, 1948. Ruth had been born in Mabank, Texas, and had come to Seligman in 1926 with her family. Her dad, Jim Pearson, had cowboyed around Seligman until his death in 1941. Her mother was Mabel Pearson. In May of 1948, Ruth and I moved to the 51 Ranch near Cave Creek to work for Maud Cavness. (I worked for Bob Sasser when he bought Mrs. Cavness out). This ranch was mostly forest with springs and creek water. Lime Creek ran through it toward the south and southeast emptying into the Verde River above Horseshoe Dam. Ahead of Lime Creek, the country slopped north and east toward the Verde River above the Sheep Crossing. Mrs. Cavness ran about 350 cows and was a wonderful lady to work for.

We returned to the Double O Ranch in 1949 to work again for John Norton. John was progressive and conscientious man who believed in improving the waters and caring for the country an the cattle in the proper way. John always raised good cattle and good horses, he had a reputation for selling the heaviest yearlings in the country. Nature dictated the amount of cattle that were kept, depending on the rainfall. If we were blessed with good rains we ran a few more head than if it was drouthy. We always tried to leave a good percentage of feed at the last of May to start the summer with. Turf was left to hold the water from the summer rains instead of allowing the roots and everything to be tromped out. I worked there until the spring of 1952, when John began getting into the purebred business.

I then went to work for the Boquillas Cattle Company who had bought most of the 3V country and had also leased some country. The Boquillas was managed by Leland Larson. I moved my family to the Rose Well Camp, north of Seligman. (By then we had two children and one on the way.) This camp was on the line between winter and summer range. We weaned lots of calves at Rose Well. We dipped the cows and turned them out on the winter country which ran from Babbit Brother's (CO-) west fence to the east fence of the Hualapai Reservation. The north border was the south rim of Zupai Canyon. We wintered around 9,000 cows on our side. This was before the advent of horse trailers and trucks but there were plenty of good cowboys and the outfit fed good and had lots of good horses. We made a lot of horse tracks and wet saddle blankets.

I was lucky to have Carl Welsh as the wagon boss. I had worked for several good wagon bosses but Carl was the best I ever

saw. He had the ability to handle cattle, horses and men better than anyone I ever did work for. One spring we put through 9300 head of cows and only had three dogie calves; two of the cows we later found dead leaving one unaccounted for. This was accomplished through Carl's "know how." During the first twenty days that the wagon was out, we branded 6,000 calves. In 32 days we branded 7800 calves, this time included a couple of days to shoe up the remuda. We usually had a twelve man crew, a horse wrangler, a cook and a man for hoodlum help. I usually led the drive and helped Carl rope the horses.

That fall we put 2400 cow and calf pairs in a four mile long pasture plus some dry cows, a few bulls and some other odds and ends that we had. One morning we throwed the roundup together right after sun up, got the roundup worked, and had the cattle penned and ready to ship by 11:00 a.m.. The cattle were hauled to Pica by truck (about 24 miles) where they were loaded on the train and shipped. Later, we cut some cows with shortaged calves, some cows with replacement heifers, and some bulls to go on winter feed pasture. We also dipped 2300 cows and turned them out the same day. Thanks to some good men, we got a lot done.

We stayed at Rose Well until 1955 when our son had to enter school. We built a house and moved to town where I tried two or three jobs and broke horses on the side. After a few years I went to work for Lawrence, Stegal, and Cook at Valentine as the foreman of the old Crozier Ranch. They ran up to 2500 head of cattle in the winter and usually lightened up the herd during the growing season. This ranch had some pipeline, good deep tanks, and some spring and creek water. It bordered the Hualapai Reservation south

of Peach Springs. It ran south bordering the X-1 (then operated by Jack Rubel and Henry Boice) and it joined Clarence Denny to the east. It was about 180 sections altogether. Normally two of us worked the place. After four years I was offered what I believed was a better deal from the Hearst Corporation in San Simeon, California.

At the Hearst Ranch I encountered the meanest, biggest cows I ever saw. The cattle had been pretty well ignored by too many men wearing wrist watches, working eight hour shifts with Sundays off. We bought some real good Oklahoma horses and began gathering big steers and maverik cattle. With the help of some Catahoula hounds we were able to hold up the cattle and work them. We bought some good bulls and were able to get their calf crop up from 70% to 92% in two seasons. We shipped the barren cows and cows with pink eye or cancer eye. We also shipped the old bulls, some of them were ten or twelve years old. The country was steep and tough to work in but it had an abundance of water.

After a while it was time to come home to Arizona, I ended up in the Kingman area working for Bob Blake. He ran about 500 cows southeast of Kingman and shared a lease with Claude Neal at the Willaha Ranch south of the Grand Canyon. Bob was a good cow man and manager. He raised good Herford cows and supplied choice calves for market and 4-H members. He was an excellent caretaker of the land, he put in a well planned pipeline from a good well and had a few windmills and dams for water. Bob was one of the finest men I've ever known.

I left there and returned to the Double O Ranch in 1967. Joe Mindiburu and Bert Randall had bought all of the Double O and the

Double H country from Rex and Reid Ellsworth and were running about 6,000 steers and 500 cows. Ken Major was the manager and Pat Davis was foreman. That winter the old cows were sold and 3500 Diamond A (A) were bought from the Tenneco Corporation who had leased the old 3V country. By the time we had cleaned up the Diamond A, we had gathered 17,000 cows. I stayed quite a while and then ventured over to the Fort Rock Ranch to work for Bill Becker. The Fort Rock Ranch was good winter and summer country with ample creek, well, and soaring water.

I spent some more time on the west side of the ORO on Frances Creek in the late '70's and early '80. I spent my time packing salt and looking after the country. I summered at Willaha in 1980 and looked after some steer for Claude Neal. I ended up in Mayer to do a little day work and semi-retired then decided to go to work for Lorrie Smith on the Triangle M (M). I stayed on for Brent Berge when he bought the outfit in 1982. In 1985, Ruth and I retired in Mayer but I still reserve the right to day work for the locals once in a while, and I usually spend some time in the fall working for Gordon Billingsly over toward Wickenburg.

Ruth and I raised three children, Jake and his wife live in Seligman, Diane and her three children live near Houston, Texas, and Nancy lives near Mayer with her husband and three children.

LYMAN TENNEY
CONGRESS, ARIZONA

This is Lyman Tenney and I am going to try and relate my life story for the Arizona Living Pioneer Hall of Fame. As of 1993, I will be 75 years old in October. And everyone who is a living pioneer at 75 is entitled to be in the Living Pioneer Hall of Fame. I was born October 10, 1918 to Nathen Orson Tenney and Mary Myrtle Wear Tenney, about 55 miles northwest of Wilcox Arizona at the foot of the Galiuro Mountains on High Creek. It so happens that the famous singer, Rex Allen, lived on High Creek at the same time I did. But that doesn't mean that every kid living on High Creek could sing. He sure could and I sure can't!

My first memory, I was a little bitty feller, and I stayed that way longer than most of 'em did. When I was married at the age of 23, I weighed 144 pounds, had 29" waist Levi, but after that things changed and I went to about 165 pounds and now I weigh about 180. I think it was that good cookin' of Alaire's. There were ten children in our family. There were six girls and four boys and I was the seventh one. I had three sisters older and three sisters younger and three brothers older. There weren't enough horses to go around so my first mount was a burro. I remember that real well. My first memory of working cattle, and I was riding horseback at that time, was holding cattle up at the corner of the fence while dad fed hard cake on the feed ground, just a few cattle at a time, and then we'd let the others go.

Dad was in the cow ranching business there in the foot of the Galiuro Mountains, and in 1925, it finally droughted out so bad

that he lost the ranch and cattle. Dad had made a deal with a Mr. Stueky in Prescott, Arizona to take over a partnership in an angora goat ranch just south of Prescott. We moved from Wilcox, in 1925 to Prescott. It took two mules, four horses, three wagons, and a panel-body Dodge Truck. And that was quite a long trip. I don't know how long it took us, but I do remember distinctly that the Old Black Canyon Highway had crooked, high steep grades and I'm sure it was very dangerous. I can recall how hard the horses struggled to pull those wagons over some off those steep hills. When we arrived in Black Canyon, at Bumblebee, Arizona right below where the Fred Cordes Ranch was, the old truck broke an axle, and we had to camp there on the Black Canyon creek for several days. I recall how that running water was so much fun to play in. And Mr. Cordes brought some watermelon down to us and that is the first memory of ever eating watermelon, and I know it was the best watermelon I ever did eat! We arrived at the goat ranch south of Prescott on Senator Highway on June 26, 1925. I recall Prescott as being very, very beautiful with real green trees and pretty lawns on Mount Vernon street and it really looked like a place that would be good to live and it sure was.

Now the headquarters of the ranch was about a mile out of the city limits of Prescott, Arizona and it is now about two miles inside the city limits of Prescott, Arizona. Very shortly after we arrived in Prescott, the Fourth of July Prescott Frontier Days was on and we got to go and sit upon the high granite boulders outside of the arena and watch the rodeo. Well, goin' to that rodeo, I was to be a cowboy from then on!

Us kids started school in Prescott and worked the goats after

school and before school, and in the summertime, we herded the goats, and I herded goats for something like eight years. It seemed to me about like eighteen. Well, I'll say one thing, in herding those goats, I learned a lot about livestock and the goats helped me years later to be a better cowboy and a better cowman.

Along about the time I was about late fifteen, almost sixteen, I decided I needed to be a cowboy and the only way I could be a cowboy was to run away from home, so I did. I had accumulated an old saddle blanket and a couple of other blankets and made a bedroll out of it. I had a pair of spurs, one was a big Chihuahua spur and the other one was a "little bit short" shank spur, but they were a pair and each one would go on a foot.

Not wantin' to get caught runnin' away from home I walked. I went down Granite Creek out by Watson Lake, followed the canal to Chino Valley and about a mile on the other side of then Chino Valley, which wasn't a very big community, I caught a ride to Del Rio and I went to the Circle Bar Ranch that Bud Stillman, a fellow from New York, had bought. When Bud Stillman had first come out from, New York he and his friend had rented horses from Sidney DeSpain and I, and that was the way I knew who he was and where he was. I went to work for my board and room there. I did yard work and did the chores and kept my eye open all the time, tryin' to be a cowboy.

One early spring, or late spring it might have been, they were gettin' ready to move the bulls from the Porter place which was about 10 miles from the main ranch and wanted to move the bulls down. Well, I sure did want to cowboy, and I rode an old gray hore called "Steve" bareback up to where we gathered the bulls, an we

drove the bulls two days, so I was ridin' him bareback for three days. By golly, I was a cowboy drivin' cattle.

Then shortly after that in the early summer, I moved down to the headquarters ran on the Verde, and Charlie Lange was the boss for Bud Stillman, and we started cleaning out the ditch where the flood had filled it up and it was hard work, with shovel, mules, and a scrapper, but I did my part of it even if I was pretty small, and I certainly did get the respect of a couple of fellas that worked with me. I have alway looked back at that and was glad that I had that experience. Then I irrigated the alfalfa all summer. Charlie had promised me when works come up I could go on roundup. Well, they started roundup and they rounded up more, and rounded up more, when they rounded up across the river from the ranch. I got up a lot earlier so I could get my irrigation set up and I would go over and flank calves. And I enjoyed that a bunch! My Aunt Kate was workin' for Edna, Charlie's wife, who was expecting their third child, and Aunt Kate, she could get a little hot headed when things didn't go the way she thought they ought to, and she got pretty aggravated at Charlie for not letting me go on roundup. She told him that if I didn't get to go on round up why she and I both would be gone. So the next day or two, I got to go on roundup. I didn't have a saddle. They brought out an old saddle, one stirrup leather was a piece of belting and they led out a horse called "Monkey". This monkey horse was known to buck pretty "gol darn hard. Well, my good friends who had been workin' with me, they didn't want me to ride him, but I was a cowboy, and by golly a cowboy rides whatever's put out to him. So I went ahead, and they helped me get on him. He wasn't too hard to get on. So when I started him off,

he did buck. He bucked right down off of a hill, cross an irrigation ditch, and when he quit buckin' I was still there! Well, that was another highlight of my life.

Norville Cherry, from down river from the turkey track was workin' on the roundup with us and I got to go ridin' a couple of days and flank calves. Norville gave me a job. I was workin' for twelve dollars a month at the time and my board, and he paid me thirty dollars a month and board. Well, I was a cowboy then. So we rounded up down there and it had only lasted probably two or three weeks and then I went to Prescott. I went back home. The folks didn't begrudge me runnin's away from home and I went to work tht winter as a ringer boy in laundry. And I stayed at home, did a lot of things around there for my board and tended service station at night for dad. I was only needed to be there for special trucks that came in.

From the time before I left home, dad had got out of the goat business and gone into a grocery store and a service station on the White Spar Road. Along about that time, dad went to the Imperial Valley and bought some farm ground that didn't have anything but Berumda grass on it. And he still had an interest in the goats in Prescott so he took the goats over there and I went over there and worked for him during the winter time, stayed over there about 2 months, did some farmin', then did a little work for some of the people that were runnin cattle on the fields there. Then, in about May, I came back to Prescott and I got a job out at the "Cross U" and the "Dumbbell" which was Laken and Peters Cattle Co. at that time.

Travis Heckle was runing the ranch. Ed Koontz and Lee Heckle

was workin' for Travis and also Hank Miller. Hank was taking care of the farm cowboying part of the time with us. Well, I got treated there just like I was a grown-up cowboy. I rode a few horses that were young and had been started all right, but they needed a lot of ridin'. I got along pretty good with'em. Ol' Travis put me on the horse called "Bulldog". Ol' Bulldog would buck and he did with me, didn't buck me off, so Travis sicked the dogs onto him. I got him rode anyway. That was one of my other memories.

I wanted to see all the ranches I could and I had the opportunity to work for a lot of 'em. I had worked ranches from Big Chino to Ashfork and all the ranches on the Verde to Clarkdale, from the Big Chino and from Cottonwood to Flagstaff, North of the San Francisco Peaks and in Long Valley worked all of Mingus Mountain, clear south to the Orme Ranch and from Camp Verde to Dewey: Prescottt to Crown King to Lake Pleasant, Groom Creek down the Hassayampa and up Yarnell clear down to Wickenburg, even gathered steers where Turf Paradise is today. Worked cattle from Skull Valley out Williamson Valley, Camp Wood and Burro Creek and from the head of the Santa Maria River to the Bill Williams and to Lake Alamo. In southern Arizona, I worked Cochise Counties, Santa Cruz County, and Pima County, and worked on the south slope of the Graham Mountains, all the Winchester Mountains, the south slope of the Galiuro Mountains, and across the San Pedro River, the east slope of the Rincons, and had worked on the west side of the Rincons, and north slope of the Whetstone Mountains, south of Tucson, to Vail and the east slope of the Huachuca Mountains.

Well after you put almost sixty years into cowboying and goat

herdin', you do see a lot of country and I think I've seen quite a bit of it. And I'm real pleased to have had the chance to do that. And I'm still looking at more "horseback" to this day. In my earlier days before I got married, I can recall some of the special cowboy and cowmen I had the chance and the opportunity to work with. Two of my favorites were Travis Heckle and Ed Koontz because they was the first ones who treated me like I was a grown-up. Then there was Hank Miller, Claude Akins, Nick, Bob, and Ben Perkins, Charlie Lang, Fred Cline, Whistle Mills, Laughton Champie, Charlie Morgan, and Nels Puntney had some really good horses and Van Falls to be naming some of them. And I had some special side kicks: Sidney DeSpain, Dick Tatum, Wallace Harper. There was a lot of other good cowboys and cow men. I'll name some of 'em a litte later in my later years but there were a lot of 'em that I worked with that I didn't get to name here. And some of 'em were not so good too, but most of 'em were real good, and good friends.

I have done some rodeoing in my life, the Prescott Frontier Days when I was 12 years old. I entered the Kid's Calf Ride, with a borrowed pair of spurs. And by golly, I won it! Well, that goofed up everything. I tried for about 22 years after that to win every one of 'em. But I never did travel the rodeo circuit. Just hit the Arizona rodeos and a couple in New Mexico. But I rode in the Kid's Pony Race or did something in the Prescott Rodeo Grounds every 4th of July for 22 years. And that was a great lot of fun. I know we used to have Kid's Pony Race there. And Sidney DeSpain had a horse called "Billy." Sid rode him bare backed around there. So, for a four day rodeo, Sid would ride him and win it and then he'd be eliminated and then I'd get to ride and win it and then I'd

be eliminated. So we talked 'em into letting both of us ride him at the same time on the third day. So we did and we won it again. In about 1935, I started riding in grown-up rodeos. And I traveled with Perry and Esther Henderson. They had the buckin' horses. And we hit, we took the horses to the rodeos up on the Mogollon Rim over the summer. Long Valley, Mormon Lake, Snowflake, Payson, Prescott, and some other rodeos. We'd drive these horses on horseback somethin' like between 250 and 300 miles a year. In the meantime, between rodeos we'd be back at Perry's and Esther's ranch puttin' up hay. Those were some of my fondest memories. They were two of the greatest people anyone ever had the privilege to be with.

I rode saddle broncs and bare backed horses and bulls for several years and I just want to relate, too, the highlights of that period. In Kingman, in 1940, we had a three horse saddle bronc riding and I won first place on three head over Perry Henderson and I always considered him to be as good a bronc rider as ever dropped down in a chute. And that was really a highlight. Then in 1947, after I'd married and we had children, I told Alaire if they let me win the bull riding at the Prescott Rodeo this year, I'd quit ridin'. I didn't even enter the saddle bronc or the bare back that year. I was ropin' pretty good and so wee got up there, did a good job in the ropin'. We won a go around and set a record for the fastest steer that had ever been tied down in the Prescott arena and won second in the average, but sure enouh they let me win the bull ridin. I rode the toughest bull I'd ever been on in my life. And the first qualified ride and I think it was three or five years he'd been bucking in Cuff Burl string and he only got qualified on

five times of his whole life in eleven years of buckin'. Well, I hung it up. That was a good enough record to stop on. And I enjoyed every bit of that ridin'. Roped a lot after that and won some ropings too. But the best, probably the best, rodeo weekend I ever had well, I know it is, in 1945, we went to Silver City three day rodeo. I drew up just so I got through in the middle of a three day rodeo. So Alaire and I got the Pick up and hauled a horse and went to Wilcox. And roped there and then the next day we went down to Webb. So we had four days of rodeo. I won five "first" and four "seconds" in four events. I was pretty tickled about that and besides that we got a little money out of it.

In 1940, just before World War Two broke out, the National Guard from Prescott and several other National Guards in four or five states was mobilized into active duty. And they set up a program down on the Plaza showing how to be a soldier. Winter was coming on , we'd been rodeoing that summer. We didn't have any winter jobs, so there was a bunch of us decided we'd just join the Army. We could join the Army for one year, not three years at that time. Somewhere's along the line, why there's somebody's goofed in Washington D.C. and the National Guard at that time, for three days and three days only, were enlisted for one year and one year only. Later on, they called us the "Lost 19,000." I got drafted again later on and the one year's training wasn't worth a tinker's darn. They started us right back at the base-one, two, three, four-left, right-left, right. Kinda of aggravatin', but anyhow, that's the way it took place. Well, Dick Tatum and I, we made enough money loanin' out money to the guys that wasted their money. We get paid as much as two dollars on one just for loanin' it out for ten days

so they could go to town. We made a little money and bought us a little Ford car. And we came back to Precott on the 4th of July to the rodeo on furlough. Well, we were having a good time and the day before the rodeo we was there pretty close to the Palace Bar on Whiskey Row where everybody was. And I met Alaire Browning, Wow! Alaire was the daughter of Ernest and Polly Browning from Wilcox. And Ernest had come up to the rodeo. And we got well acquainted in four days. Did a lot of dancin' and some romancing. This is 1941 and the next June, Alaire and I got married. We'd set the date for the 28th day of June to get married and then found out the Dewey Rodeo was on so we waited 'til the 29th. And I won enough money at the Dewey Rodeo. Rode "Ole South of the border" and won the bronc ridin'. Had enough money to buy the marriage license.

Well, after the rodeo, after we were married I had a job at the DK Cattle Company up at Flagstaff breakin' horses. Well, they was a double tough bunch of horses. They was three to six years old and some of them had been started three times. And we sure did go for a lot of bronc rides that summer. Well, Alaire rode with me and I found out what a cowboy girl I'd gotten married to. Boy, she'd come up there and pick up them buckin' horses, jerk their head off the ground just like she was big. And we sure did have a lot of fun. And then after some of those colts that did get good, some, about three of those younger ones, they started handlin' pretty good and Alaire rode them during the summer. Then, later in the fall, one of 'em called "Sino" she'd been ridin' all summer, that bugger bucked me off three times. And old Paul Moore brought him back three times and I got on him the fourth time, he didn't buck me off then 'cause he didn't buck. I don't know what

happened, but he sure did hit my nail.

And in the fall of 1942, Alaire and I went to Wilcox to join in the Winchesters and we moved there to take over that ranch. We had been moved in for six days and that house burned down from a faulty stove pipe at the kitchen stove. We lost everything, but the people at Wilcox gave us another shower and we got a lot of things and they sure was a bunch of great people. Alaire and I have two sons, Jimmy and Todd, and we raised her nephew, Cody, since he was fourteen months old, until he was a grown man. We have some wonderful memories with those kids out there on the ranch and they rode with us and acted like big, grown up cowboys. Every one of 'em rode in front of the saddle before they were born and in front of the saddle after they were born. And we stayed at the Schillings' Ranch with the family operation and then from 1942 to 1952 and then Jake Kittle and Alaire and I bought the Muleshoe Ranch. And we put steers on it then, boy, we ran into a wreck. It was a real drought and the steers when we bought 'em - \$116 a head, was what they cost us. Real droughty, includin' 15 head of 'em runnin' off a bluff and killing themselves. And we just got into a real bunch of trouble financially...cost about \$30,000 to learn one of those lessons. And here's what I'll have to say for Jake Kittle...really was a great guy. He was financially able to handle the loss. We were not. So he said," Let me have the cattle and the loss and I will see if I cannot work it out through the feeding system and the feed lots. And eventually, he did. I'm real thankful for that.

Ernest and Polly Browning offered to buy the ranch and we sold the ranch to them. And we stayed there for two more years. And

that did not work out, so we went up to Prescott and I went to work with my brother, Boyd. He had the feed business in Prescott and I went there as an outside salesman to the ranches to sell feed. And I got the opportunity to get along ways around my old stompin' grounds and sellin' feed and buyin' cattle for Boyd. I had some good cow dogs and gathered a lot of the contract cattle and bought remnant and got to see a lot of Yavapai that I had seen before and a lot that I had not seen.

And during this time, Burrell Bird, who was a Wilcox boy, his dad and I lived up, as kids, on High Creek. He was manager for the feed lot at Holly Sugar in Imperial Valley. And he came to Yavapai County and we bought somewheres between 600 and 800 head of calves and yearlings to go to their feeding operation in Imperial Valley. So when we got ready to get the cattle going, I took a load over, and we did not have anything real stable that we wanted to stay in Prescott, except we did like it, so we moved to the Imperial Valley and driving a feed truck to start with...that was the first two weeks and the second two weeks I was riding the corrals, getting sick cattle or whatever might be for two weeks later I was manager of the cattle. We had about 12,000 head of cattle in there. And the experience I had with cattle on the range... it is amazing how it transfers to those feed lots. Anyway, I was there for two and a half years. Then we went into custom care of cattle. Run them on the irrigated pastures, alfalfa, whatever might be, cornstalks, and we went into our own business.

Over a couple of years we built this business up to a real good business and had a lot of equipment, trucks, and the troughs and fencing material. And probably had a \$100,000 equity in our

business. Then we got caught by some of the big boys. We had 6,500 head of cattle out on a game base with a big, big company and the big boys got to this country, boy! When we went to the Imperial Valley, Alaire had gone to work for an accounting firm and she worked three years with them until we got into our own business and then she quit them and went to helpin' the business and with handlin' the cattle. She was the best hand I had. Then the last year we were in business in Imperial Valley, a horse fell with her, the horse hit some gopher holes and hurt her real bad. She was unconscious for 77 hours and after she did come out of it, it took a long time to get where she could walk good and remember things. Then, in 1963, I believe it was, the doctor advised that I take her back to some familiar surroundings. So, in the fall of 1963, we moved back to the Muleshoe Ranch..

The Pride Place had been added to the Muleshoe Ranch, which was in the Galiuro Mountains, and the Ranch then also had a lease on the San Pedro River Tucson city ranches. When all of these were put together, they made about a hundred sections. We were there for a couple of years and the family operation, as it goes with families, there's a lot of disagreement sometimes, so that's about the time we'd got out of it, which we did. And that would be about the early part of 1966. Then we got an opportunity to go to Australia. Al Stansbury, from the 76 Ranch at Bonita, had bought a big ranch in Australia and we met with him and discussed it and after discussing and everything we wound up with a ten year contract to go to Australia and run that ranch. That ranch consists of 2,225 square miles which was that many sections. That's 1,650,000 acres. Little bit bigger than the things we were lookin'

at all the years here in Arizona. It took quite a while for us to get our papers ready to go over there, and so we took a contract to building a fence at the H. Britchen Ranch up in Yavapai County, four and a half miles of about as tough a piece of country as anybody ever saw. To this day, they still call it the Tenney Fence. And some of 'em wonder how we ever got it put it. But we sure did have a good time puttin' it in!

Now I want to back up a little bit and give a lot of credit to some of the real good cowboys and cattlemen that I had the privilege of working with in southern Arizona. I told about those in Yavapai County. And in my later years, after I was married I got the privilege of working with Elvie Lane and Butch Harris, Slim Harper, Ben Pride, J.E. Browning, Archie Browningg, and then up in northern Arizona, Cecil Miller, Sr. and Paul Moore.

In my later years I probably had more pleasure working with my brother, Boyd Tenney, who was inducted into living Arizona Pioneers Hall of Fame before I was. I have always had great pleasure working with him. Boyd is probably the best friend I ever had. And the best brother and I think that speaks a lot for anybody and I do believe it!

Okay! Let's go to Australia. That big outfit... we went to there. We were 500 miles from the grocery store and you didn't go down and get a loaf of bread every time you needed to, but we did enjoy it. We were isolated out there for four months during the monsoon and that time was real interestin'. They told us about the monsoon and get ready for it and be prepared and get all your provisions in. And when it all comes down to it, we got our provisions and about half of them didn't have their provisions in

and they used ours. Now this ol' ranch didn't have any fences except a horse pasture and a half-way fenced ten section pasture. The ten section pasture had three wires on part of it and two wires on the rest of it. So it was all open country and they were all wild cattle. About 10,000 head of cattle on the outfit in round figures and about half of them were branded. In the three years we was there, we branded about 2,500 to 2,600 head of cattle and 48% of them were big maverick cattle.

Before we went to Australia we had read about and heard about the aboriginals being such great stockmen. Well, after working with the cowboys here in Arizona, the cow men I got to work with, I can differ with 'em. Can you imagine trying to round up a bunch of quail with a bunch of heel flies for cowboys? Those aboriginals could really disturb cattle, but they sure couldn't work 'em. They could ride real fast and that's the way they seemed to think that you ought to work cattle. And to add to that, the horses they had to ride that we had there on the Woollogorang, they were something else! The way they break a horses, there's a break-in guy that's on contract - goes around and breaks horses for the ranchs or stations, as they are called. And to call a horse "broke", they hobble 'em, four-way hobbles on 'em, sack 'em out, saddle 'em up, ride 'em in the corral, put shoes on 'em anyway they can, and they get 'em ridden outside one time and then they turn 'em over to the cow camp. So when they got to the cow camp, they were not broke horses...they were just subdued for the time bein'. And just about every time we'd leave camp, it'd look like a bunch of stampeding turkeys, heads up and their mouths open. It was kind of interestin'.

To get the cattle into market, they only marketed the real old, fat, dry cows, some of 'em that were barren and big bullocks, somewheres around five, six seven years old on up to whatever age there might be and there was a lot of real aged ones amongst 'em. Then they'd have to drive them and it used to be eleven weeks on the trail drive or the droven trip. They went to the railhead somewheres around 500 miles from there, at Kajabi. But we changed that when we got there. Two things we did, we contracted the cattle before they ever started from the ranch at \$110 a head and we took 'em to near Burke Town which was about 190 miles from the ranch and we put 'em on road trains there or big trucks. Those trucks were real interestin' to see. The big truck would hold 18, a load of big bullocks and then they would have a trailer behind that that could hold 22 and then another trailer behind that would hold 22 more. Boy, that's a lot of load, but they even make double deckers now down there. They've got powerful road trains, but they're sure something to meet, one on those on the road, too!

The system they had down there was the drovers would take the cattle there, contract drovers, that's their business and that's all they do, have their own horses and they take the cattle on contract to wherever they were to be loaded on the train or trucks. Those contract drovers did not want to take the Woollogroang bullocks because they were known to be the worst to stampede or rush, as they call it, and I can believe that because the time we were there in the two and a half years we had seven different stampedes, it's natural for them to do that. Al Stanbury had contracted a neighboring outfit to take the bullocks on the droving trip and when it come time for them to do it, they decided they

wouldn't, so I was prepared though. I expected it might happen that way, so we took the bullocks to the holding corrals where the road trains picked 'em up.

This was quite a challenge, knowing the reputation of these cattle at Woollogorang. Trying to figure just how we could get around having 'em stampede and losin' 'em or losing the lot of 'em. So I went to thinking back of all the good cattlemen I'd had the opportunity to work with and tried to think what would they do if they were here to help me. So I used what I would call reverse psychology. The drovers, all the time before when they'd take those cattle, they would not make any noise at all. They'd take the chain hobble off the horse and put rawhide hobbles at night when they hobbled their horses out so there wouldn't be any noise, camp a distance away from the bedgrounds and do all of the cooking in the day time after the cattle got on the bedgrounds. There was no activity except the nightguards. And in the time that we saw cattle stampede while we were there, it was alway when it was very, very quiet and then there would be some noise that would kick 'em off. I thought, "Well, let's try it this way."

So, at that time we went down there, the aboriginals had never been paid, but they became citizens that year and they were paid wages. Well, the first thing they did with their wages when they found they could spend money, was get a white sombrero and a radio. So three days, three nights before we got ready to go on the droving trip, we brought those bullocks in out of the pasture where we were day herding 'em and watching 'em. There was not a good fence round it so we had to guard 'em. We brought 'em onto a bedground that was about a forty acre pasture. We built fires

around the bedground on all sides of the cattle in four pallaces and had the aboriginals turn their radios up and then we put a big lantern, huge gas lantern on the hood of the chuckwagon truck. Left it lit all night. The second night out at the 16 Mile Camp I doubled up the guard on 'em all night long. And they never did settle down during the night. They just walked and almost settled down and then start walking. And then just at daylight the next morning, we were just gettin' through eatin breakfast, had one man on guard and the others had their horse all saddled ready to go start on the trail and that man got off to warm his hands (it was pretty cold) at one of the fires and his horse shook and bang! They was gone. Well, we all went on our horses and about forty five minutes to an hour later, we had everyone of those cattle back on the bedground. When we counted out at noon that day, we had every doggone one of 'em. That was sure a good break! So I felt real good about that. Now that was what they call the "16 Mile" and come to find out after it was all over, with that, every time they camped at the 16 Mile, for years, the cattle stampeded. Well, there is a reason for that, I think. When we brought the horses back after the droving trip and the horses trotted across where that bedground was you could hear the hollow ground underneath it. And I feel sure that's what made those cattle so restless and nervous during the night.

Well, this next day was a long hard 22 miles and no water, no water where we had to bed 'em down that night. We put a double guard on 'em again that night. They were quite nervous alright but they never did stampede. Then the next day was a real short day. And we got out to where the real good grass country was, we'd been

going through the Yellow Jack country, which is not good, very little feed in it. They were gettin' pretty hungry, but we got a good water hole. And then along about, oh, just before dark, why, an old aboriginal put that big gas lamp out on the chuckwagon. We had three bullocks and they were always, out in the lead and they were always looking for a way to get away. They'd look right and bend right a little bit and then they'd bend left a little bit and if someone wasn't there, they'd have been gone. But just after Toby put that gas light out on the hood, it made a lot of noise when it was lit and I saw one of these ole bullocks stick his head up and smell the air and start walking towards that chuckwagon. And he got about halfway from where he started to where the light was making nose and he went "Mummmmm"! Well, that was a good sign that we had him under control. That was the security they had on bedding down. Before we got through with that 18 days on that droving trip, those cattle come right up around the camp. They were plumb gentle.

Well, when we got to the end of that droving trip, we not only did not lose any, we had seven more than what we started with. The reason for that was we picked them up on the way through the neighboring outfits. The buyers of the bullocks were real pleased with the condition they came in and they wanted to know how I managed to get 'em in such good condition as they always before had been in bad condition. Well, I told them my idea of reverse psychology on 'em and they said nobody but a bloody yank would think of something like that. After two and a half years at the Woollogorang, Al Stansbury sold the Woollogorang and we went to Ban Ban Springs 100 miles out of Darwin, went to work for Nelson Bunker

Hunt of Dallas, Texas. And we spent 8 months domesticating the water buffalo. We had tried several ways of capturing the buffalo including ropin' 'em a horseback. I had the reputation of being the first one to ever rope full grown buffalo a horseback. That's quite a thrill!

After that we went down into what we would call civilization and got a place at Boonah. Boonah was 50 miles out of the city of Brisbane. We started training horses and instructing people and we started importing horses from the United States into Australia: Quarterhorses, Appaloosas, and Paints. And over the period of the next ten years we had imported 38 head of horses for people and some for our own, they were always mares or stallions. We organized the Paint Horse Association of Australia and was charter members of the Australian Cutting Horse Association and at one time I was the president of both of those national organizations. That took a lot of thinking. We had clinics and roping schools, horse training schools, American style, in every state in Australia, including the Island of Tasmania. And we got paid to do that. We got well acquainted with a lot of people and that was one of the most enjoyable time of our lives. Our youngest son, Todd, came to Australia two years after we went over. Todd stayed there 17 years and married Peta Ann Miller. They had two sons. Then they came back to the United States and they're in Wilcox now. Peta Ann is a renowned western artist and we're very proud of her. After 14 years, we came back to the United States in 1980, trying to get acquainted with our grandkids. While we were in Australia I had the privilege of judging the quarterhorses at three of the four royal shows of Australia. That was an honor.

When we got back over here, we got into ranch management with our son Jim and did contract round-up work. We covered a lot of country. We wound up at the DG Ranch in 1986 and took charge of the management in working that ranch. Stayed there 4 years and then we came down to the Santa Maria Ranch and with Eric and Tina Barens we bought the Santa Maria Ranch. Had a years's fight with the BLM and the environmental people before we could get cattle onto the allotment. We finally got that done and we've been here a little over two years now and we're well settled and I think this is where we're going to stay.

Well, of all of these experience I've had, my greatest experience is the 50 years I've been married to my wife, Alair. And she's the best helper I've ever had. Our three boys have blessed us with eight grandchildren and four great grandchildren and we're very proud of every one of them. I feel it's a great honor to have the privilege of being inducted into the Arizona Living Pioneer Hall of Fame.

JIM CALDWELL
TUSCON, ARIZONA

Jim Caldwell was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas and moved to Arizona in 1928. Edith Speaks Caldwell was born in Willcox, Arizona.

Edith writes: we were married in the spring of 1934 and I went to that lovely ranch as a bride. Our two children grew up there.

Since retiring here in Tucson, we have kept very busy with local organizations and Jim continues his "Ham Radio" efforts.

I served eight years on boards at NAU and was president of the Alumni Board for the term of 1981-82.

I am a native of Willcox and was a school teacher in Willcox, when I married.

While we are very busy here, we still miss Antelope Ranch and visit the wonderful Petersons, when possible.

Jim writes on the Recent History of the Area Known as "Antelope Ranch" The area known as the "Redus Ranch", 24 miles west of Willcox was part of the D.W. Isaccson Ranch and included the present Muleshoe Ranch, Shillings Ranch, most of the range of the Galliuro Mountains and part of what was known as the Three Links Ranch.

Isaccson bought the area from Col. Hooker whose headquarters were on the north side of the Winchester Mountains. This was an old historic ranch. This was in 1921.

In the late twenties, Aaron Redus bought the area now known as the "Redus Ranch" from D.W. Isaccson.

In 1933, Walter and Jim Caldwell bought the Redus Ranch. The ranch was stocked with cattle bought from John Osborne, whose lease

on the Apache Indian Reservation had been cancelled. Also, cattle from the Sixty Six Bar Ranch were shipped from the ranch northwest of Prescott in 1933, by Jim Caldwell.

Many improvements were made such as house, wells, flood tanks, corrals, barns and other buildings.

In about 1938 a herd bull known as "Improved Anxiety" was bought from Painters'Dispersal at Roggen, Colorado. This bull was a blue ribbon winner at Kansas City Livestock show. Over a period of several years this bull produced greatly improved calves.

Small areas of the range were experimentally improved in the matter of growing more grasses. This produced positive results although it was quite expensive. In the year when atom bombs were exploded in Nevada and with prevailing westerly winds, it was noted that large patches of curly mesquite grass died out. Of course, we blamed that on the atomic fall out. (Not Verified)

When we bought the ranch , it was evident that the grass sod was exceptionally heavy although it had been heavily over grazed. Blue Grama, Black Grama, Oat Grama and Curly Mesquite were the main grasses. Cedar, Oak, Walnut, Mesquite and several other species of trees existed.

The ranch was sold to William Macintosh of New Mexico in 1966. He sold to the Floyd Petersons in about 1977.

The following is an article that appeared about Jim in the Arizona Daily Star:

Jim Caldwell was more than 500 miles away from Coalinga when that small California Town was rocked by an earthquake on May 2. But the veteran amateur radio operator knew about the quake almost before the final tremors ended.

As a member of the Military Affiliate Radio Systems, Caldwell, takes to the airwaves to provide communications assistance to military personnel and civilians.

When the word of the earthquake passed over the airwaves, Caldwell, 80, was one of the volunteers who tuned in to listen for word that their services were needed, .

"The MARS people there went to work right quick. They set up their communications vans, working with other amateur groups," Caldwell said. He added that other operators stood by their radio sets in case the California communications systems went down because of radio air restrictions or atmospheric problems. If they had, operators in other states they would have stepped in to relay messages.

Every morning for the last 15 years, Caldwell has tuned in to the network to check for assignment and talk. Caldwell has been a member of other military radio networks since the 1930s.

"Anything that happens, we're on it. We pass the word all around right quick," he said proudly.

Under his radio moniker, "Cowboy Jim," Caldwell has relayed messages or patched in phone calls from service people on duty in this country or abroad.

"We're the military's second line of communications," Caldwell explained, adding that the program covers the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps.

"At one time, I was the main relay station between the Pentagon and the West Coast," he said.

Caldwell's efforts haven't been limited to military affairs. He has also used his skills during search and rescue operations in

Pima and Cochise counties.

The walls of Caldwell's two workrooms are studded with letters and certificates of merit commemorating his efforts. The Rincon Roatary Club named Caldwell its Senior Citizen of the Year because of his work in radio.

But he's especially proud of the certificates that proclaim him a member of the "The Old Old Timers Club." The Society of Wireless Pioneers. To qualify, members must prove that they were amateur radio operators before 1915.

Radio has been Caldwell's avocation since he was 11. The impressive collection of equipment Caldwell maintains in his two-room radio center, located in the back yard of his eastside home, is a far cry from the first set he built.

That set, Caldwell recalled with a grin, was constructed around selective use of the receiver from the family telephone "whenever my parents wern't home."

Caldwell has worked as a commercial radio operator, but cowpunching was his livelihood from 1932 until his retirement in 1966.

Two handmade saddles sit amid the organized chaos of Caldwell's workroom; reminders of his days on the range.

"I'm not an indoor man," Caldwell said as he wiped a speck of dust off one of the saddles.

"My preference was the outdoors, and radio would have kept me at sea or on land in a lab or something like that - confinement. I couldn't stand that."

Ranch work left little time for Caldwell's hobby. But the urging of another local radio buff rekindled Caldwell's interest,

and he was soon hooked again.

In 1966, his wife, Edith, moved from their ranch in Cochise County to Tucson so the Caldwell's two children could attend school here. She became a licensed radio operator so she could keep in touch with him.

She now has her own radio set, but Caldwell's realm remains asrosanct. One room is a jumble of wires, screws and spare parts, while the main room is crammed with equipment, including an old radio set from the U.S.S. Cantigny, a World War I-era ship that Caldwell served on.

"It's a serious thing. It's not a plaything. You've got a lot of technical stuff to learn," he said.

Amateur radio operators must learn Morse Code and pass several tests before being licensed by the Federal Communications Commission.

And operators working with the military network make a commitment to spend a certain number of hours at the radio. In emergencies, Caldwell said, operators may spend entire days at their volunteer job monitoring transmissions and relaying messages.

Caldwell averages 20 hours a week, and considers the time well-spent.

"We're here to help," he said.

Footnote: Jim was very active during the Persian Gulf conflict in Saudia Arabia, handling messages to and from soldiers and their families, and along with eight others from Ft. Huchuca, sent \$80. packages with drug store items, fly spray, swatters, cookies, magazines and newspaper items about the war.

Jim has received certificates from The Chief of State, and the State Director of "MARS" (means "Military Affiliates Radio System". Jim has been a very active member of "{MARS" for more than 50 years, presently he is the second oldest active member in the world!

In 1985, Jim was the oldest patient at the University Medical Center in Tucson to have a successful "5" By Pass open heart surgery, a few months prior to his 85th birthday.

C O V E R

FRONT - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

LYMAN TENNEY & SKOOTER - Congress
CLAY DEAN POTTER - Kirkland
TED "Pappy" MULLEN - Scottsdale
C. E. MIKKELSON, DVM - Phoenix
ETHEL DAVIS LYTLE - Prescott
JOHN & LUCILLE ANDERSON - Phoenix
DOROTHY CHAFIN - Prescott

INSIDE BACK - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

JOHN & BETTIE ROACH - Glendale - The day they got their leases for 80 acres
west of Litchfield Park
R. C. JONES - Laveen
STELLA WATSON COSPER - Duncan
JIMMIE & RUBY COSPER SANDERS - Duncan
HARVEL COSPER - Duncan
REUBEN M. WILSON - Payson - On the ORO Ranch, 1990

BACK - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

PHIL & MIL PERNER - Mayer - "50th Wedding Anniversary, 1991"
LOYD HODGES - Mayer - "Rail O" - Spring 1985
FRED C. NOON - Arivaca - "Running N" brand recorded by his grandfather
100 years ago in the Arizona Territory
JOSE & TEOFILA CUETO - Metcalf - Roundup 1983
FRED R. PATTON - Skull Valley



