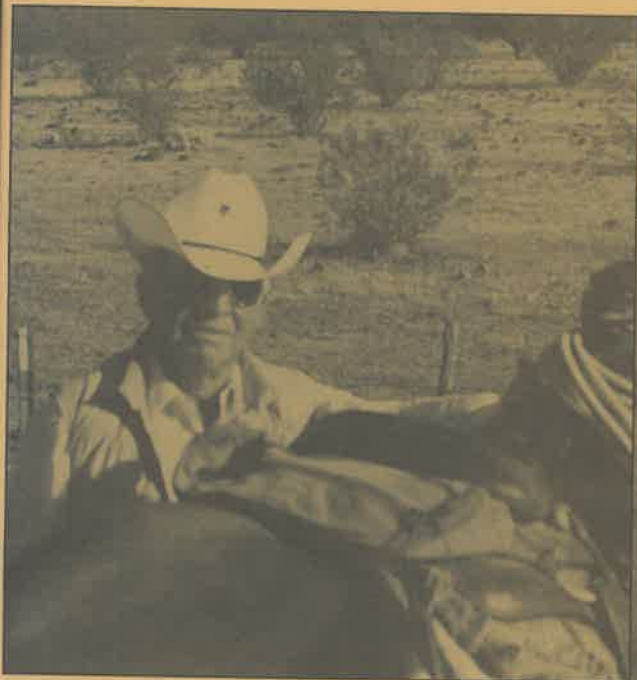


Pioneer  
Ranch Histories

Volume XV



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

***Compiled and Edited by*  
Doris French,  
Arizona National Pioneer Stockman,  
and  
Arizona National Livestock Show**

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MEMBER

December 22, 1993

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It is my privilege to thank all those who have contributed to Volume 15 of the Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories. We at the Arizona National Livestock Show are proud to work in cooperation with the Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona in the production and distribution of this unique collection of stories. Recording these stories is not only of great interest today, but also benefits future generations. They will be able to look back and better understand the lives and memories of these pioneer families.

We hope you enjoy the stories and appreciate the great efforts of the many volunteers that have contributed to this and the previous volumes.

Thank you,

Grant Boice

President, Arizona National Livestock Show



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MEMBER

January, 1994

It is with great pride that we publish these histories each year, as a method of preserving our heritage.

I would like to thank each of the Pioneers in this volume for sharing a little of their lives with us. I would also like to thank all of those who have worked so diligently on this project, the staff of Arizona National and to the Arizona State Cowbelles for helping to find histories, hostessing the luncheon each year and for their dedication to our industry, and to such Pioneers as Past President Danny Freeman, who visits other Pioneers and helps them in writing their stories for us.

It is such a pleasure and honor for me to serve as chair of this committee, and to be involved in this wonderful project each year.

God Bless you, one and all.

Sincerely,

Doris French,  
Chair, Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Committee

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R. C. JONES  
LAVEEN, ARIZONA  
by Jones Friddle

My father is a born livestock trader. He was born in Hannah, Oklahoma September 16, 1915. His parents, James Clinton Jones and Dovie Jean Jones moved to Gilbert, Arizona in 1923. They came to Arizona because of his mother's health.

They lived in town in Oklahoma. His dad bought him a tricycle, which he rented out to other kids. When they moved to Gilbert they lived on a farm.

R. C. started in the livestock trading business at age twelve. He bought some horses at a sale and brought them home to fatten up. His dad said they didn't have the money to buy feed. R. C. said he'd stake them on the ditch bank.

One of the horses was a mare that was exceptionally gentle. He rode it over to a neighbors. The neighbor seemed very interested and asked how much he wanted for the mare. My dad said \$75.00, the neighbor said he would give him \$65.00 "Sold" R. C. said. The man told him to put the

mare in the corral and take off R. C.'s bridle. My dad put the horse up and came to the man for his money. The neighbor said R. C.'s father owed him \$65.00. My dad was so disappointed he walked home and asked his dad about what he thought about his horses now.

One of the other horses in this string he traded to another neighbor for 90 ducks. He put them in a cotton trailer and fed them for a few days. He brought the ducks to Phoenix and sold them to a man who had a poultry processing plant. The man at the plant told him he had to dock R. C., fifteen pounds because his ducks craws were all full. My dad thought that was a lot but he still got \$90.00 for the ducks.

His mother's father, Jasper Talley Bynum, homesteaded a place in Higley, Arizona.

When R. C. was fifteen he had a opportunity to buy 100 ewes who were going to lamb. He borrowed the money from Salt River Project, this was during the depression. He made enough money off the wool to pay for all the sheep.

That same year my dad planted four acres of cotton, it looked so good to start with. The ground was so rich. The cotton got too tall and bolls were to small. It was so bad

that the pickers refused to pick it. So R. C. picked most of it with help from his dad and brother (R. Lee). He picked all through the Christmas vacation. A car load of boys came out from town, when they saw my dad they yelled and called him Okie and Cotton picker. My dad decided then and there he'd make something of himself. He sure did!

Dad won a trip to Chicago when he was in High School for livestock judging. He was in FFA at Chandler High School. He graduated from Chandler High.

He married my mom, Eleanor Crouch, in 1937. They had three children, Regnald, Sue (thats me), and Eleanor Mae. R. C. has seven grandchildren.

After he married, he worked in lots of different jobs. He worked in cotton gins, landscape outfits, chauffeur, helped in a grocery store but he always traded livestock on the side. Dad worked for Arizona Public Service for six years at night and traded livestock during the day.

During this time R. C. was in partners with Cliff Anderson and Troy Oney. Troy and dad would drive from farm to farm with their trailer looking for livestock to buy or sale.



My dad traded cattle all over Arizona and the Southwest.

In 1951 he bought OK Meat Packing Co. He ran the OK until 1969 when he sold it. During this time he owned the U Cross Ranch just out of Mayer, Arizona.

Dad tells a story about buying cattle in 1968 up in Montana. He went up to Montana to look at 2100 Hotstein steers. Marshall Kubelsky asked him to buy 500 for him. So he went up there, made the arrangements to buy the steers. When he got back to a phone, he called Mr. Kubelsky, and was informed that Mr. Kubelsky had passed away. That meant the draft for the cattle would not be honored. So R. C. called Phoenix and made arrangements with a bank to borrow the money to buy the cattle. He ended up buying all 2100. Those were the last cattle he shipped on the train. He almost had a whole train load.

R. C. served on the Livestock Sanitary Board for twelve years. He was on Salt River Project Board for three years.

R. C. bought Jones Meat Packing Co. of Tucson in 1970 and sold it in 1986. He resided in Tucson from 1970 until 1987.

R. C. has bought and sold cattle for numerous outfits through the years. Some of the latest were Shamrock Dairy, and Shamrock Meats just to name a few.

R. C. now lives in Laveen near his two daughters and grandchildren. Reg now lives in Boise, Idaho. Eleanor, his wife passed away in 1988.

Dad is still actively trading, and raising livestock. Right now he has a string of horses he is fixin to trade.

## DICK TATUM

"The first memories I have, are of riding in a horse drawn rig with my mother while she ran the mail route from Cornville to Clarkdale. I was about two years old. She ran the mail with two horses hitched to a buggy...a flea bitten gray mare name of Bess, and a red roan mare named Loss. We had those two mares until I got a little older. My dad had a black horse and he had traded Ivan VanDeren's dad for a big old black horse, so he had a matched team called Rex and Prince. Rex was real nice and gentle, and I remember sittin' on him when they let him water and such."

Dick Tatum was born in Yavapai County the last day of 1917... December 31. New Year's Eve was always twice the celebration for the Tatum family...and friends. The dance hall at Kirkland, built by Charlie Carter and used as a local gathering place for many years, was the stomping grounds for the boots of Dick Tatum many times in his growing up years and throughout his lifetime.

Whenever one talks with Dick, two things always

surface... horses and cattle. He has vivid memories of the horses that have crossed his path from as far back as he can remember, and he remembers more about his horses than most men remember about their wives.

He remembers an early incident in his childhood this way: "We moved to the Dillon place out near Williamson Valley after a while, and were there for a time, where my dad did some fence work and tank work around the area, and had a little corn patch. That's when I remember vividly the first horse that I ever rode by myself. 'Course, I'd set on them old work horses when they was leadin' 'em around an' what not, but even as a kid I was always wantin' to ride by myself. There was a guy come ridin' up to the place on a kind of mustang type buckskin horse, and got down to talk to my dad right there in front of his little corn field. Well...I got to wantin' to ride, and so the man just unconscious like reached down and swung me up on the horses back. That ole' pony kinda' looked around and just run off with me, right down through them corn rows. I don't know how we made the turn down there, but we did, and then that horse run right back to them boys and stopped. I was screamin' my head off when we got back. I found out later the man who provided my first horseback ride was Acie Bozarth."

Dick and his family were separated when he was around three. His oldest brother, Gordon, went to work at the Cross Triangle when he was twelve years old. Dick, with his brother John and sister Kay, were moved into Prescott and became wards of the state. They were passed from house to home until Dick was six years old.

That's when Charlie Carter, a long time rancher in the Walnut Grove area, took Dick home with him... and that's where he stayed until he was nineteen. He made him a hand. Dick Tatum earned the reputation of a horseman at an early age, and was breaking all the ranch horses by the time he was nine years old. The Carters raised some of the best horses in the state, including some horses that were run on the track. Folks all over the state bought horses from the ranch, most of which had been started and broke by young Dick, and there wasn't a man around who wouldn't readily admit the youngster knew what he was doin'. When he did leave home and move out on his own, it was with the title "Cowboy"... and that's what he did most of his life. It's certainly what he preferred to do over and above any other method that he used to earn a living.

"Durin' the Fourth of July, lots of folks down in the

Walnut Grove country would take rope horses into Prescott for the rodeo. It was about 35-40 miles to town, and they didn't have trailers and such like they got now, so they'd have to ride the horses through. I'd been through that way a bunch of times, had ridden that country up the Hassayampa and knew where to come up the White Spar and on into the Fair Grounds. They got to headin' and tailin' them horses and turnin' me loose with 'em. Tom Johnson's uncle, Bill Smith, was at the fairgrounds when I rode in there with four horses. My bed was on one horse an' leadin' the rest. I was eleven years old.

That's where I met Wallace Harper... when Perry Harper was wheelin' the fairgrounds. I'd stay at their house an' sleep in the stalls with them horses. Me an' Harp was closer than brothers, and we worked together and stayed best of friends until he died. We worked the RO's and the Yolo's and the Cross U together off an' on and danced a million miles at them Kirkland dances. We used to go into Prescott during the Fourth of July celebration to a little deal they called "slippery gulch" that was kind of a carnival deal. They had regular slippery gulch money, you bought a dollars worth and got maybe ten or fifteen of these coins and you could ride the pony rides, ferris wheel, just a regular carnival setup, but it was put on pretty much by the

Prescott businessmen. I still have one of them little tokens of slippery gulch money."

At the age of thirteen, Cort Carter found that this youngster who could ride anything with hair on it was a fair hand at ridin' his racehorses. He was small of stature, wirey, and had spent enough time on horseback that he was able to handle what those big horses threw at him even at such an early age. Little Sister, Jeff and Port were consistently his mounts and he rode them to the finish line several times. Doc Pardee was particularly fond of "Taters" (a nickname given Dick by Charlie) and coached him on several occasions. One time in particular sticks in Dick's memory bank.

"We were runnin' a half mile race... and that Rattler horse of Doc Pardee's was a distance horse. It was all lap and tap then... no gate startin'. I had learned how to manipulate these horses, we was all supposed to walk up to this line and then they'd tap 'ya off. Doc Pardee schooled me quite a little bit and first one then another taught me that you get up pretty close to that line, then just hang back, and then all of a sudden just double 'yer horse so 'yer not in line. With all the other's just about to the line, you double back and come a runnin' so when you hit

that line they're just gettin' started an' yer already flyin'. I held the lead all the way around that track. Sister was just a flounderin' when we came around that last stretch an' I could hear a horse comin' up behind me. I looked back under my leg, and it was that Rattler horse. He'd winded the rest and was comin' on me but dam' fast! I crossed that line just a neck ahead of him and won it! When I came back to the winner's circle everyone was just dumbfounded... and I got off my horse. This big ole' guy picked me up in his arms just like a little kid...dancin' around there and whoopin' and carryin' on. It was Will Rogers."

Dick stayed in school until he was a couple of years into high school grades. The Walnut Grove community maintained a school house where Dick earned another reputation... that of a mischief maker. He remembers teachers like Emma Dawson, who later married Ed Koontz, Stella Farnsworth and Hermione Garrish. He and other young students kept the community hoppin' and even went so far as to tear the school house nearly completely down once.

His favorite teacher, by far, was Clay Potter. "I got along good with all of my teachers... 'cept Clay... and I got along dam' good with her after the first thumpin' I got!



She had me cut a willow switch outa' that creek that started off about 5 feet long and was about a foot long when she got through with it."

"About once a month they'd have a dance over at Kirkland. Charlie Carter built that dance hall and was one of 'em that sure loved to dance. Everybody in the country come to those dances. I never danced with anybody 'till I danced with Clay Potter...she's the one that taught me to dance. I'd grab her and dance just as soon as she got there...an' after that I'd dance with anybody and everybody. But never until after I'd danced with her. On Fridays we'd have the afternoon pretty easy at the schoolhouse, and that's when Clay taught the whole dam' bunch of us to dance."

Dick Tatum worked ranches all over Arizona... but mostly in Yavapai County. The P Bar for Walter Lange was the first job he pulled after he left the Carters. Followed through the years by the M L for Frank Wengert, the 2 Shoes for Lawton Champie, NZ for Charlie Morgan, TFH for Perkins, V7 for Austin Nunn, Bar Cross for Ben Perkins, Y4 at Poquettes, K4 at Kieckhefers, Cross U for Lakins and Wallace Harper, Yolo for Walt Lange and Gene Smith, Dumbell for Travis Heckle, RO for Millard Kendall, Cienega Ranch for

Ralph Hooker, the Contreras Ranch, Tailholt Ranch for Clarence Jackson, Diamond 2, the O Bar O for Joe Lane, the Bar H L for Brownings, the Double F for Cotton Logan and later Tom Johnson. The last ranch Dick was foreman on was the Y4 of Pouquettes out of Williams, where he stayed for seven years, and after that stint he didn't want to run an outfit. He worked for the Double F after that and Tom Johnson was the foreman when he left there. "That kid's one of the best men I ever worked for."

Dick rode saddlebroncs and bulls in the arena for several years as well as on ranches. Extra money could be picked up pretty easy in those years by hands on local ranches. In those days, the entries were open to anyone and everyone... local cowboys had a shot at the title right along with the boys who were on the road with the professional aspect of rodeo and were members of the Turtle Assoc. Dick was never a member of the Turtle Assoc. like many of his friends and peers. His life was that of the working cowboy, and while he liked to ride buckin' horses as well as anything, he made the rounds in Arizona for the most part. At a very young age he was riding broncs right along with men like Perry Henderson, Bill Chick, Harry Logue and Zack McWiggins. He rode broncs by the name of Cryin' Jew, War Paint, Savino, Tumble Weed and Snip. In the 30's those

were the ones to ride! While other boys his age were ridin' steers...Dick was in the runnin' with the "big boys."

Dick did a stint in the U.S. Army. He was hangin' around Whiskey Row about September... waitin' to go to Holbrook to a rodeo with Sid Despain, Lyman Tenney, Walter Echols and Chuck Smith. "I don't know how the subject come up...but Walter's brother-in-law was a captain or somethin' in the National Guard. So, we got to talkin' about it and up jumps us...marches to the Armory...and joins the dam' Army!!! Lyman and me got into trouble first thing and ends up on KP. I spent most of the time I was in the Army as a cook, and got a couple of promotions. I was datin' a gal named June Norton and she mailed me some recipes which I modified and used to feed the men. They sure liked that cookin' ... nobody liked Army food!"

Dick's wife, Virginia, was born to Leonard and Winnie Campbell in Holtville, California March 16, 1926. Her family moved to Prescott, and she met Dick when she was a very young girl. She knew when she met him that she was going to marry him... and she told friends that she would. They were married in 1943. "Ginger" and Dick had three children of their own, Gwen, Dixie and Danny. Dick left the cowboy vocation for a while, finding it hard to support a

family on cowboy wages. Working heavy construction on roads throughout Arizona he earned another reputation. That of a "grader operator." He was one of the best in the state, and had work wherever and whenever there was a need for someone to run a grader on a road job. The family took a job in Ketchikan Alaska for three years, and left their home in Arizona to look over some new country.

Dick never lost his love for the lifestyle of a cowboy... or for Arizona... and they returned to raise their children a little closer to "home." Shortly after they returned, they adopted Maxine McCullough, a second cousin to Virginia, and raised her as part of the family.

During the years the children were growing up, Dick continued to work construction, but as soon as they were all married and on their own, he went back to the work he loved and worked as a cowboy until his retirement. Afterward, he continued to hire out for day work and stayed horseback. It was then they adopted and raised one of their grandchildren, Jolanda.

Dick was one of the first members voted into the Arizona Cowpunchers Reunion Association. As a member, he enjoyed one of the few pastimes he allowed himself for

recreation... roping. His entire family enjoyed roping events, and roped with Dick whenever possible. Whenever the old timers gathered to visit, Dick was a favorite storyteller because of his vivid memories of horses and cattle as well as the ranges of Northern Arizona. Even the younger generation of working cowboys enjoy listening to his vivid recollections of the land and the ranches.

Dick has several grandchildren and great grandchildren. He spends as much time as possible with each of them at his home in Wickenburg. His oldest daughter, Gwen, lives in Ashfork with her husband Mitch Glatfelder, has five children and several grand- children. His son, Danny, lives in New Mexico with one son, Brett. Maxine has three children and several grandchildren. His youngest daughter, Dixie Lee, has two living sons, and lost a son and daughter in an accident. After the accident, they adopted their nephew, Danny, and raised him with their sons, Cody & Jim Bob. She and her husband, Jim Custer, live in Wickenburg. All three of her sons are heavy competitors in the Professional Rodeo Association. Cody has been a five time contender for the Bull Riding Champion- ship at the National Finals, and in 1992 won the title of World Champion Bull Rider. A severe injury in 1993 took him out of contention for the title that year, but Jim Bob stepped in and won his share of titles.

Both Jim Bob and Cody have children of their own, but manage to continue their quest for world titles in the field of professional rodeo.

In 1993, Jim Bob won the Saddlebronc Riding event at the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo... and presented the buckle to his grandfather, Dick Tatum. "I know you were a competitor at a lot of rodeos in the Prescott arena... and won a lot of money riding broncs. But in spite of all your efforts and the years you rode broncs in this arena, you never won a first here. I want you to have this buckle." It was presented to him at the party given in honor of the 50th wedding anniversary of Dick and Virginia.

"There's a lot of changes happened in the years that I've lived." remarked Dick. "One of the hardest to watch is that life on ranches isn't near like it used to be. Big owners have come in and bought them up and combined them...people who don't understand the western ways of those who've lived here. The people who work on ranches have even changed... they aren't the same kind of people for the most part they used to be. Guess all the troubles that have come at us through the years have changed us. Used to be that hospitality was one of the most important aspects to ranching. A grub line rider came in now and then, or

neighbors stopped by, and they were always fed before they went on their way. Nowadays you're lucky if you get a cup of coffee. The coffee pot was always on when I was a kid and when Virginia and I worked outfits."

"If I had all the money in the world and was faced with the prospect of buyin' a ranch...today...I don't guess I'd do it. Things have just changed too dam' much."

VINCE BOSCH

I was born at Belfield, North Dakota on December 23, 1917 and left North Dakota in 1936. In 1939 I went to work for John Porter Ranch in Oregon. The brand was Seven Oh L. I was drafted in the U.S. Army in 1941 and discharged in 1945.

Next I went to work for a feed lot in Denver, Colorado. In 1955 I went to Mexico to work on the Rancho Santa Barbara. I came to Arizona in 1957 and have been here ever since.


My first job in Arizona was for Babbitt's Spur outfit, on the east end. Another cowboy and I moved cattle from the east end to the upper end of Mormon Lake and there he and I summered in a cabin at Mormon Lake. The brand was Spur .

The next spring I went to work for Ted Lee at Safford and made two drives to gather cattle. The rest of the time I worked five water traps branding one or two calves and then set the triggers and came back the next day to check





them out.





From there I went to Phoenix and worked for the Cornelius Sale Yard. I had charge of the railroad end. I spent many hours loading and unloading box cars besides working the sale yard.

In 1960 I went to work back at Babbitt's Spur Ranch and when we finished the work there I went to Babbitt's Co Bar CO Ranch where Frank Banks was foreman. I thought a lot of Frank, he gave me a bonus of about two months wages when I left. The next year, 1961, I went to work for Bernard Hughes for one roundup. This was very rough country with wild cattle and we only got two meals a day. This was near Sunflower, Arizona. His brand was Circle Bar  .

I quit cowboying for a while and went to core-drilling for minerals and later I drilled water wells. But I missed being a cowboy. Afterall, cowboying is hard work but very satisfying. So, in 1967 I bought a small ranch near Dewey. I married Mary French Etter on August 1, 1972. We built a home, barns, corrals and roping arena. We had family roping with pot luck dinners after and roping. It was fun - we had some smooth-mouth roping too. (Cowboys over 60)

Soon after we got married I went to work for Bill Gates near Mayer, he brands Quarter Circle T . Most of his ranch is easy gathering except for the Brady Butte area, and that's very rough. We had lots of good times with the family and good eats too - for 14 years.

Next I worked for Carl Hance in Cherry, he had a buckhorn brand . The past seven I have worked for both Hance and Gates. When my work was done on the Gates Ranch I'd go help Carl. Carl's range is very rough and brushy, and we usually worked short-handed, that way the cattle had the advantage.

After I more or less retired in 1986 I have worked at different times for various ranches: Esther Henderson Open Box 6 , at Dewey; Triangle M Ranch  at Mayer; T Anchor Ranch , also known as Pine Mountain Ranch, at Mayer; and the Teskey Ranch near Mayer known as the Dugas Ranch and brands a Backward F .

I guess I'll be a cowboy as long as I can get on a horse. I'm one of those guys that was born to be a cowboy!

CHARLES H. ORME, JR., 1918

I was actually born in Los Angeles on August 25, 1918, although I consider myself a native Arizonan.

In days long ago before air conditioning all the Salt River Valley families who possibly could went to the seashore in California after the railroad came through in the early 1880's. I was born when my mother was spending much of the summer on the coast, but I think of myself as a third generation Arizonan, my grandfather, John P. Orme, having first arrived in the Territory of Arizona in 1873.

It pleases us to think that our children are fourth and our grandchildren fifth generation. Deep roots provide stability for families and identity for individuals.

My mother and father met at Stanford University, Class of 1916, and were married in 1917. They returned to the Salt River Valley to manage his father's ranches 10 miles west of Phoenix.

In those days farming was quite profitable. My parents expected to build a pretentious mansion when time permitted, but started their married life in what was expected to become the garage with the old fashioned pit for car servicing, covered of course, in the center of the living room. Rooms were added to make the temporary dwelling livable but no great mansion followed. The prosperous farming days from 1900 until 1920's ended with the financial reversals of 1922 when most farmers who had grown wheat for the WWI war effort all converted to cotton at about the same time.

I do not remember very much of my early years, but there are a few experiences when I was about age five or six which I do remember, the most exciting and dangerous taking place when I fell out of my father's Model-T pickup when he was chasing stray horses after they had wandered into his vegetable garden.

My father turned suddenly following the horses and I tumbled out into the road six inches deep in dust. I thought I was a goner, but I was picked up by one of my father's hands who lived nearby. He dusted me off and suggested my father would be along soon looking for me. The next most vivid memories were the presidential election of

Hoover vs Al Smith in 1928 and the Dempsey-Tunney heavyweight fight early in 1929.

In June of 1929 we as a family moved to the recent Orme Ranch where my father could get back into ranching. We had moved to California in 1927 to avoid the stifling heat of summer, but my father did not like the work opportunities he had there which ranged from real estate sales to brokerage in stocks and bonds. He was asked by a friend in Arizona to find a buyer for what is now the Orme Ranch, but after my father looked at this property at 4000 feet in altitude, he decided life in the open at this elevation was the only solution for him. My mother was a good sport and acquiesced in moving to this new, very primitive setting.

The Ranch had a great appeal for me right from the beginning. My father counseled me about the need for the family to work together to make all our dreams come true. I took this counsel very seriously and always worked to this day, when I was not attending school, whenever I had free time.

As we moved to the Ranch in 1929, we were soon confronted by the bleak economic times of the 30's. These years took quite a toll on my parents and about everyone

they knew, but I have rather pleasant memories of those years.

I finished elementary school in the one room school on the Ranch set up by the family for the three Orme children, of whom I was one, and five children of Ranch help.

For high school I went to Phoenix to live with my grandfather and attended Phoenix Union High School, the only one in town and the largest in the country with a student body of 5,000. I was a very serious student and made straight A's. In athletics, I played football and was selected for all state ranking for my sophomore, junior and senior years. Following my senior year I enrolled at Stanford University, as my father before me. At Stanford I maintained a B+ average and lettered in football three years, having played in the Rose Bowl on the only undefeated team Stanford has had since then, the team which introduced the T-formation to college football under coach Clark Shaughnessy.

WWII was getting underway as our class graduated. Many of my contemporaries and I applied for Naval Officers Training; however, I was rejected because of defective eyesight. My father, all of whose able bodied Ranch

employees had left for the service, asked me to get an agricultural deferment and return to the Ranch in Arizona. This I was granted. I worked outdoors all day on the Ranch and farmed, and at night I would do bookkeeping, school and camp admissions work and other correspondence.

In 1945 I married Muriel Royce whom I met when she and her step-mother brought her two step-sisters to the School in the Fall of 1944 to enroll them. Muriel, better known as Mimi, became my bookkeeper after Christmas and after these were balanced and tax returns prepared, by March 15 in those days, I proposed and she accepted. We were married on June 3, 1945. We had four boys two of whom, Charles III and Paul, survived. They attended Orme School in the lower grades and went away for high school to bring more varied experience into their lives.

I had a brother, Morton, named after my mother's brother, Morton Vrang, and a sister, Kathryn, named after "Cousin Kate" Lackland, who raised my father after his mother died when he was very young. Mort, as he was called, followed me through Phoenix Union High School. He was three years younger. Katie attended North High, the second high school built in the Phoenix area. Mort died at the age of 33 in 1955 after a back operation in which the medical

people gave him a transfusion with the wrong blood type. Katie had contracted rheumatic fever in 1938 which weakened her heart. In her senior year at Stanford she had a final attack. She died the following August.

After WWII my father said to me I would have to take over the school or we would abandon it. I did not wish this to happen and replied that Mimi and I would give it a try. We ran it for 42 years, before we retired in 1987, and built it up from 15 students to 200. In these early years I also ran the Ranch. I organized the round-ups using the students in the absence of regular hands as cowboys. I would work on the Ranch all day and do correspondence and book work at night.

By 1949 I was miserable with a bad back. I would not sleep at night nor sit, nor stand without pain. When my doctor asked me what I had done to strain my back so badly, I said I thought "tailing up" cows which were down was mainly responsible. I had a back operation on December 31, 1949, which seemed to help, but such surgery was very primitive in those days. I did not get real relief until ten years later when the medical profession finally learned that prescribed exercises would accomplish a great deal.



In 1970 Mimi and I built our new house just off the School campus on a little rise at the north end of the north field. Before this was finished, my mother died of a stroke (my father had died in 1968) and we moved into my parents house for six months before moving into our new one in 1971. Our son, Paul, graduated from high school in 1972 and joined us on a European tour while our elder son, Chip, was in the American service in Germany.

Chip was married in 1975 to Dorothy Schini, and Paul to Shawn Kell in 1977. Chip went into banking in New York City and had two children, Charles IV and Alexandra, who now spend the summer in the summer camp program at Orme. Paul studied law, went into a firm in Phoenix and later built a house near ours on the Ranch where he, his wife, Shawn, and three young daughters live.

In the early 1980's Bruce McDonald, our ranch manager, who had been with us for 35 years, retired. Alan Kessler, a young graduate of the University of Arizona, replaced him. It was shortly after Alan and Diana's arrival that we heard Allan Savory speak about the rotational grazing system which he called Holistic Resource Management, at the Cattle Growers meeting.

We decided to install this system on the Orme Ranch, designed to improve the range through animal impact and other good management techniques. I had an old key man life insurance policy taken out in the early 1950's which we cashed in, providing us with the means to carry out the plan. It involved much fencing with two smooth wired, one electrified with photo electric cells charging batteries, and one grounded. Also required was getting water to each of twenty five pastures. Several wells had to be drilled and water distributed through black plastic pipe which withstood the sun as well as cattle walking on it. It did not have to be buried and grass covered it soon enough to prevent an eyesore.

This method of grazing has been successful to the degree cattle income has increased enough to counterbalance lost income from horses after the School was given its own horse herd. There were many other changes and adjustments in ranching. Whereas the revised grazing system turned out to be successful, our having invested money received from the sale of the dairy herd in 1980, in Angora goats, turned out to be a very unsatisfactory arrangement.

In 1987 the shooting took place which confirmed our need to retire. The Director of Admissions at the time and

his wife really did not like teenagers and should not have been working with them. The students felt this. One student who had a gun on campus managed to withdraw it from the home of the faculty member caring for student guns and shot the Director of Admissions. Shortly thereafter the sheriff, who had been called, shot and killed the student. This was a most traumatic time. The Director of Admissions lived but was terminated.

The ultimate outcome from the shootings, was Mimi's belief, she had all she could take of the boarding school life and the great stresses of a declining student body took their toll, and when our friends, the Rosenthals, offered us the use of their English countryside house while they stayed in their Phoenix house for the fall and winter, we quickly accepted.

Buck Hart, a faculty member for thirty years, the Associate Headmaster and head of the summer program, agreed to take over the leadership of the School for three years until his retirement in 1990. We were fortunate to have him available for this interval. In 1989 the Orme board undertook a thorough search led by a highly competent professional who found Todd and Jane Horn for Orme. They have given outstanding leadership since they arrived in the

summer of 1990.




The two Orme families living on the Ranch with the Kesslers have a monthly management meeting for the Ranch. The Kesslers and the Horns understand the need for the Ranch and School to work together, a fact always in my mind over the years as both Ranch and School developed. Excellent leadership for both Ranch and School are in place now in the year of 1993 and our son and daughter-in-law should be able to carry forward for the Orme family.

LONNIE J. McFADDEN

My name is Lonnie J. McFadden. I was born in Globe Arizona, April 25, 1912. My mother rode horse back from the Q Ranch 12 miles east of Pleasant Valley to Globe for my birth. We returned to the Q Ranch where I was raised. I went to school in Young, Arizona, where I lived with Jewel Jordon who became sheriff of Maricopa County upon the death of her husband Lon Jordon, she then became Arizona State Auditor. I subsequently went to school in Globe where I stayed with my grandmother. I then went to school in Phoenix where I lived with Jewel and Lon Jordon, who had relocated from the ranch. I graduated from Phoenix Union High School.

I married Eleanor Johnson in Globe in 1935 we had two children, Marion and Kenneth McFadden. I married Lois Bible in 1960.

I bought my ranch in 1938 from my father. I sold the ranch to Alf Delmore in 1941 and moved to Phoenix. I worked as chief inspector for the Livestock Sanitary Board.

My main water source on the ranch was Cherry Creek. The brands used were  and  . The  was a very old brand. I ran 200 cows and my forest permit was 206. I later went in partners with John Jacobs in a cattle feeding operation.

I am now retired and living with my new wife in Phoenix.

L. WALDO DeWITT

I was born in Woodruff, Arizona on March 28th 1916. I was the 5th child in the family of 10 children born to Jesse DeWitt and Maude Jarris. My father was born on the 23 of April, 1883 in Springerville, Arizona. My mother was born in Snowflake, Arizona on Jan. 26 1889.

My parents always had a few head of cattle and I grew up riding horses and helping with the livestock. I was able to handle a horse when 4 years old, learning to ride on a donkey when 3 years old.

I attended elementary school in a two room school house in Woodruff. During the summer we worked in the gardens and corn fields. When I was 8 years old I took a job milking 3 cows and feeding other livestock for Lon Standford, he would follow the sheep herding from the Salt River on into Utah, Montana and Canada, he would be gone 3 to 4 months. I received 25 cents per day plus my breakfast for caring for his livestock while he was gone. I did this work each year until after my 14th birthday.

When I was 15 years old I went to work on a ranch located 18 miles south east of Woodruff at Hayhollow. The ranch was owned by a John Crews. I worked for him for about a year, for \$20.00 per month.

The year I was 16 I leased a 80 acre farm in St. Johns, Arizona and worked it for 1 year. The year of 1933 I went to work for a rancher who had fenced a section of state land 6 miles south of Woodruff. That fall I went to Springerville, Arizona and helped with the fall round up for a Tom Phelps who operated a regular Hereford ranch south of Springerville. Mr. Pace purchased 60 heifers from Mr. Phelps. I returned to his place at the ranch 6 miles south of Woodruff to take care of his ranch. I lived in a tent, looked after his cattle, cooked on a camp fire and was paid \$20.00 per month. I stayed on there through the winter of 33 and spring of 34. The spring of 1934 I went to work at Adamana, Arizona for George Jensen. He ran cattle on the Painted Desert. The government had declared it a national park so all the cattle had to be moved. It was a better paying job, I got \$30.00 per month also my food, which sure beat \$20.00 per month and no grub, that I was getting from Pace. We gathered 400 cows plus calves and bulls and moved them to a ranch between Winslow and Flagstaff. All adults



had to be rebranded for Jensen, he kept his brand, and about 100 cows he ran off the park land.

The fall of 34 I started high school in St. Johns, Arizona. I was almost 19 years old and pretty big for a beginner in high school, I had lots of fun playing ball.

After graduating from high school I attended Gila College in Thatcher, Arizona. While there I enjoyed playing football and basketball, and I was also a distance runner for the track team. I ran both the 1/2 mile and the two mile. I never lost a race in either event. The spring of 37 when school was out I took a contract from Mr. Pace who I had worked for on his ranch 6 miles south of Woodruff. I was to cut the cedar posts, dig the holes and set the post. I was paid 10 cent per post for both cutting and setting. My dad said I couldn't make much at that price. I also agreed to break 4 horses for a rancher at Woodruff, he gave me \$15.00 per head. I would ride a different horse each day up to the ranch, get there by sun up, cut or dig holes all day then ride back to Woodruff. I had to laugh at dad, for I made an average of \$1.00 per day more, from my post and horse job than he did working on the Navajo County road, I put in 4 miles of fence posts.

In the fall of 1937 I went back to college, having made enough through the summer to pay my school expenses. While attending Gila College I met Nancy Mildred Beals and we were married Jan. 2, 1940 at Mesa, Arizona.

When we were married and until 1944 I was engaged in construction work, highways, homes and mining development work for Phelps Dodge.

The fall of 1944 we moved to Mesa, Arizona where I purchased an 80 acre farm and went into the dairy business. The spring of 1955 I sold my cows at auction and the farm for a subdivision. I purchased a forest permit on the Prescott forest. It was called the Indian Creek allotment, my head quarters was 12 miles east of Cordes Junction, the range ran east to Pine Mountain above the Verde River. The place ran 150 Registered Hereford cows.

I also started a quarter horse breeding program on the acreage I owned on Alma School Road and the Salt River. I purchased 8 mares from a farm in Marfino, Texas, also some mares from Sam Steiger in Prescott. I owned two good studs, Poco Pedro a son of Poco Bueno and Winking Wayne a son of Spotted Bull, I also had a stud for service, a son of 3 bars, called Domino Duke.

The fall of 1956 I was elected to the Arizona House of Representatives. Where I served for 8 years. The fall of 1964 I was elected to the office of State Tax Commissioner, where I served for 12 years.

All the time I was in the legislature also the tax commission, I continued operating my ranch in Yavapai County.

I had two serious injuries when horses fell on me at the ranch," a different horse each time". The time involved at the capitol and injuries I had received, took a toll of my health so I sold out the ranch and the quarter horse business in fall of 1975, and used my Alma School place for a feeder operation.

Now at 77 years of age I own one good riding mule. We have had 6 children, 5 boys and 1 girl. Loron the oldest runs a pack mule outfitting business. Dillen works for a manufacturing Co., Dadere our daughter is married to a surgeon. Stedig is a building contractor in Lake Havasu City. Mitchell died a year ago. Danny had a landscaping business in Mesa where we all live except Stedig in Havasu City. We have a lovely home in Heber, Arizona where our

children and 19 grandchildren along with 6 great  
grandchildren love to visit. I retired as manager of the  
Auto License Department, after 16 years on Dec. 31, 1992.

## FRANK and DORIS GREENOUGH

Frank Greenough was active in the cattle business all his life. He started working when he was 12 years old for the Woodson Moss Ranch in Garven Basin Montana until he was 18.

At that time he went to work for Frank Heinrich on the Antler Ranch. The Antler at that time had most of the Crow Indian Reservation leased. Frank was said to have known more about moving large herds of cattle than most anyone. He became wagon boss at an early age.

He married Doris Corwin in 1934 at Hardin, Montana. They lived at Matt Tshirgi's Antler Ranch. (Matt was the nephew of Frank Heinrich.) For 10 years, Frank was the cow foreman and ran over 10,000 head of cattle.

Frank and his men were coming to Mexico and buying thin steers and shipping them to Montana. They were kept for two years and made money on the grass fed growth. Doris and Frank became partners with the Tshirgis.

In 1945, Frank and Doris bought their own ranch at Recluse, Wyoming.

In 1963, they bought another ranch in Sahuarita south of Tucson, Arizona. They had a large amount of leased desert around the ranch near Pima Mine. Frank used the Sahuarita Ranch as a holding pasture for the steers until time to ship them to Wyoming. They wintered in Arizona, summered in Wyoming and went to market in October.

The Recluse Ranch was sold in 1973. Frank had a stroke in 1985 and moved to Green Valley in 1987 and sold the Sahuarita Ranch in 1988. Frank died in July 1990 at Story, Wyoming.

Frank was the director of Wyoming Livestock Association. Doris was a member of the Wyoming Cowbells for many years and presently is a member of the Tucson Cowbells. In 1988, the Wyoming Cowbells honored Doris with the Top Homemaker of the State Award.

The Greenough's raised five sons and two daughters. Son Pat raises cattle, sheep, and cow dogs in Sheridan and puts on stock dog contests. Son Doug raises cattle and

draft horse teams. Daughter Myrt raises cattle and quarter horses and is married to a state legislator. Son Gary hauls roping steers to roping's around southern Arizona. Son Mike has a feedlot in Willcox where he is an order buyer and trades cattle. Son Jess lives in Illinois and daughter Kathy lives in Chino Valley, Arizona.

## GREENOUGH GIRLS

Sue Wallis

Nineteen twenty-eight  
Billings, Montana  
Two slender, trim ladies  
Flipping through a magazine  
Quit the world of waiting tables  
To fork the broncs  
And spur their way around the World  
In satin shirts they made at home

Alice tipped her hat to Kings  
Had tea with Queens  
Rode fighting bulls in Spain  
Stayed Down Under  
Went to Cattlemen's Picnics  
Just to buck jump  
With no stirrups  
In funny flat saddles

Margie married Heavy  
Raised a baby in a teepee  
On trains-in Model T's



They bought Little Blue Rocket  
In Canada  
After that the boy rode with them  
Up the arena ram to the thrill and roar  
Of Madison Square  
Cheyenne, San Francisco, Boston  
Red Lodge, Tucson...

There they are  
Marge and Alice, Grandad's sisters  
Two tiny trim ladies in neat clothes, big hats  
Evidence that for a price  
Plenty of will  
The World can be won

As I've grown-their blood in my veins  
Burns and wants to

Nineteen thirty-four  
Billings, Montana  
Doris Corwin, college girl  
Refined, determined and lovely  
Stepped off a train to marry her cowboy  
In Hardin in a square, bare room  
With one brass spittoon

Grandad, cowboss, carried his bride to a teepee  
Set a ways away at the wagon  
And finished Fall Works

Already they knew  
That there would be family  
Fine homes, good ranches and horses  
And Grandmother built an empire  
Of propriety and pride  
Taught her daughters literature  
Elegance-How to cook for thirty cowboys  
With grace and honor in a genteel home

She frowned at daughters  
Who cast eyes at aunts and glory  
Who thought of a World not won  
And with her determination-knowledge of right  
Kept them at the house  
Where she knew they belonged

My God she is strong

There she is  
Grandma Greenough, Grandad's sweetheart  
Loving, true, deep-hearted and solid

Awesome as a mountain in a handsome woman way  
Evidence that quiet dignity  
Is priceless  
And can be done

As I've grown-her blood in my veins  
Runs deep, and proud, and calm  
And wants to stand

So here I stand  
And I look both ways  
Wild adventure, and solid refinement  
And I want both ways  
Respectable pride, and glorious fame  
With only one path that I can ride

So I try  
To weave between  
To slip around and through  
My Models of Life

To live up to  
Those Greenough Girls

## TOM CHAUNCEY

The present ranching operation owned by Tom Chauncey, the 64,000-acre 26 Bar Ranch at Springerville, Az., and the 160,000-acre Clear Creek Ranch at Winslow, Az., is the result of many years of working toward a goal by a very determined man.

Mr. Chauncey started in the cattle ranching business in the mid 1950's with the H Lazy A Ranch at Mayer, Az. This was his first experience with registered Hereford cattle and was the start of a long appreciation of the Hereford breed.

In 1968 he acquired the Spring Valley Ranch near Flagstaff, Az. Due to the elevation and climate, this was a summer operation so he moved the cattle from the H Lazy A in the summer and back in the winter.

In the mid 60's he improved his registered herd with the purchase of cattle from the well-known Winrock herd of Sulphur, Ok. Along with this purchase came WRF Miss Ruperta 1st, a heifer that won grand champion female honors at the

Arizona National and reserve champion honors at the National Western in 1965.

Wanting to expand, Mr. Chauncey purchased a portion of the Clear Creek Ranch, Winslow, Az., in 1970. At this time all of his cows were moved to the Winslow Ranch with the idea of keeping the registered cattle there and starting a commercial cow herd that would be moved back and forth from the Clear Creek and Spring Valley Ranches. The H Lazy A was converted to a horse ranch to serve as home of the new Tom Chauncey Arabians.

The Arabian business changed rapidly, so the horse ranch was moved to Scottsdale, Az., and the H Lazy A was given to the Y.M.C.A. for a boys camp. The Clear Creek Ranch is a large ranch with very large pastures and proved difficult to manage as a registered cattle ranch. In 1973 the decision was made to sell the registered cows and build up the commercial Hereford cow herd. The ranching operation continued there.

The 26 Bar Ranch, located at Springerville, Az., is steep in the history of the Hereford industry. Back in the 1940's, it was part of the famous Milky Way Hereford Ranch. The big white show barn under the hill outside town has

become one of the local landmarks. This ranch and show barn has been the home for many top Hereford cattle that have made their mark in the Hereford industry. If you were to look back at the list of champions of the 1940's and 1950's, you would see the prefix "MW" in front of the names of champion of many national shows.

In more recent times the ranch has become more noted as the 26 Bar Ranch or John Wayne's Ranch. The 26 Bar Ranch was started in 1964 by three forward-thinking businessmen. Along with Mr. Wayne, was Ken Reafsnyder, connected with Knott's Berry Farm in Los Angeles, and Louis Johnson, cotton farmer and business man from Stanfield, Az.

All three men had a common goal, "to develop the best herd of Herefords they possibly could and operate it on a sound and profitable basis." By purchasing the property at Springerville, they had the facilities needed. They wanted to put together a strong foundation herd. This was accomplished by buying heavily into the breeding program of the well known Lucky Hereford Ranch, located at Gilroy, Ca. Purchases of females from other noted ranches such as the Thurber Hereford Ranch, Sonoita, Az., the Long Meadow Ranch, Prescott, Az., and vonForell Herefords, Wheatland, Wy., added to the genetic base of the cow herd.

Most of the herd bulls used at this time were of the Lucky Herefords breeding including Lucky Royal Dhu F136 and Lucky Domino F216. A program of finding and purchasing leading herd sires to bring to Arizona has become a long-standing tradition. The purchase of some sires such as, JH Rela Ardmore M23, SR Big Arthur H201, JC Mo Le 14F 719, Golden Treasure GP, 91L Bruiser G2 2044, GK Pay Dirt and others had set the stage for annual production sales that set record after record for 18 years. More importantly, the efforts of these men had met the approval of cattlemen every where.

After the death of John Wayne, the ranch sold to Karl Eller with Louis Johnson staying on as general manager. The present owner of the 26 Bar Ranch has great respect for those men who put the ranch together. This story was picked up by western novelist Zane Grey and was used as the basis of his book titled Sunset Pass. The book Hashknife Cowboy by Stella Hughes, chronicles many of the cowboy stories of happenings on the ranch.

This is a large, range-type ranch, with one of the larger pastures having 35,000 acres in it. The operation is run as a commercial Hereford

cow ranch with all the cow work still being done on horseback much as it was done in the late 1800's. The forage on the ranch is one of the most varied in northern Arizona with at least 8 different key species of grass and many different types of usable shrubs.

While many of the old day practices are used, a planned grazing system is used and has increased the stocking rate over the years. The cattle have been culled heavily for quality and production and a reputation cow herd has been built up with replacement females being much in demand. The cows are required to calve between February and April, with the steer calves sold in the fall. The heifer calves are held over and bred the following spring with any not needed as replacements being sold as bred heifers. This herd is also used as a testing ground for our registered breeding program. By using bulls out of our registered cows we are able to test their productivity. In order to speed up our knowledge of breeding value for a new herd sire many of the cows are artificially inseminated to the new sire and records are kept on the calves.



The basic philosophy of the operation is to constantly look at ways to improve the cattle and the way they are handled. If the change makes money and maintains the values firmly entrenched in the ranch, do it!!

## SAM WHITE

Sam White was born Nov. 19, 1916, in a Texas ranch house on the South Fork of the Red River. His father, Robert James White, was a member of an old ranching family. His mother, Vista Terry White, came from a farming community near Wellington, Texas. Sam was the oldest of 5 children, all of whom remained closely associated with the livestock industry.

It is doubtful that Sam's first years were productive, however by the time he was 10 years old, he was riding young horses in the deep sand of the river bed. His father would lead the horse (Sam in the saddle), down to the river; turn them loose, go on about his business and pick them up later.

When Sam was 12 the family moved to a leased ranch about 30 miles north of Roswell, New Mexico. The family ran cattle, sheep and about 20 head of steeldust mares. Sam broke the colts from this herd. He also broke horses for neighboring ranchers. In those days horses were not saddled until they were 3 or 4 years old. Typically they ran wild

and their contacts with man were for branding and castration of colts. Neither operation tended to establish a feeling of mutual trust between man and equine. Consequently breaking horses was a rough, tough event.

Having heard many stories about the wild mountain country of Arizona and the equally wild cattle, Sam had to see for himself. At about the age of 17, he and a friend, Milton Foreman, came to Arizona and went to work for W.T. Webb, the owner of the 76 ranch north of Willcox. The foreman, Ed Moyer, was a good cowman and a good friend. Sam considers himself fortunate to have worked for such a man. Sam stayed on the 76 for 4 or 5 years until Moyer retired, then spent a season on a California ranch, then returned to his family in New Mexico. While there he married Helen Murray, culminating a whirl wind courtship of 6 years.

With his new bride Sam returned to Arizona and settled a cross the fence from the 76 on the Eureka Ranch. The Eureka Ranch was then owned by the Chiricahua Cattle Co. Sam broke horses for the CCC and went through the fall roundup at which time the ranch was turned over to new owners, the Jeffcotts. Sam stayed on and worked for Western Farm Management Co. under whose direction the ranch was operated. We worked for Western Farms for 10 years and were

moved 13 times. During those years, Sam was foreman of the Eureka, the J6 at Benson and the White Mt. Hereford Ranch at Springerville. In between those jobs, he worked primarily with cattle pastured in and around Phoenix. During this time the children arrived. Joan (now Mrs. John Clem) was born at the Eureka and Jim at the J6.

It came time for school and thoughts of settling down. Sam went to work for the Sopor Ranch near Amado. When Bud Thurber, the foreman, moved his family to Texas, Sam stayed as his replacement. The ranch was later sold by Eman Beck to one of the owners of Warner Bros. Film Studios. Sam remained as foreman until called back to New Mexico by the accidental death of his father. The family ranch was then located on the Pecos River between Santa Rosa and Fort Sumner. This ranch was later sold to a daughter of Bennie Binnion of Las Vegas.

The Sam White family stayed on the Santa Rosa ranch for 7 droughty years until the loss of their son Jim sent them back to Arizona.

Sam went to work for T&C Cattle Co. at their feedlot in Phoenix, where Ed Tovrea and Harold Christopherson built the new lot at Maricopa, he moved there as manager and stayed

for 10 years. He could not have asked for better men to work for and with. While at T&C Sam won the first annual Feedlot Roping with Pete Black and two years later with A.D. Browning.

Shortly before T&C sold, Sam & Helen went to the Buenos Aires Ranch on the Mexican border near Sasahee. He ran this ranch for nearly 2 years. As that ranch moved from commercial cattle to registered, so moved Sam. On to the Boquillas Ranch on the San Pedro there to McAllister, Oklahoma, were Joan and the 4 grandchildren lived.

There Sam & Helen bought and sold real estate and operated a supplemental cattle feed business. Sam continued team roping, buying and selling good horses, but Oklahoma was too wet for desert rats. The annual rainfall was an incredible 40 plus inches!

Always longing for Arizona, they sold their holdings and moved back home. Not ready for retirement (we tried retirement and found it boring - for us). Sam went to work for Bud Harper on his desert ranch north of Phoenix. You have not fully experienced all the intricacies of cattle management until you've tried it in the unfenced back yards of the hostile public.

Sam worked on the following ranches:

<u>Ranch</u>	<u>County</u>	<u>Brand</u>
76 Ranch	Cochise	3
Eureka	Cochise	— 3
White Mt. Hereford Ranch	Apache County	
Yolo	Yavapai	Y6
Jay Six	Cochise	J6
Sopori	Pima	
T&C Feedlot	Pinal	
Buenos Aires	Santa Cruz	
Boquillas	Cochise	3
Harper Ranch	Maricopa	
Johns Ranch		R

Many of these ranches were worked on while working for Western Farms Management Company. Sam was used as interim management. He would be sent to a newly acquired ranch to put it in efficient operation, then someone else would move in and we would move on to another. We enjoyed it for the challenges offered and the great people we met. Sam never left a ranch except by his own choice and we never left one with out arranging for continuing management.

In the winter of 1987-88 we met Marcia and Rick Johns -

and thus was begun a wonderful relationship built on mutual admiration and respect. Summers are spent on their beautiful mountain ranch. Now Sam enjoys the best of times: time to work cattle: time to rope: time to train young horses and time to spend with dear friends. Winters are spent on a small Maricopa acreage near Joan and her husband.

For us the livestock industry, particular ranching, is a great life. We treasure our memories and wonderful friends.

It's been a great life and its not over. Happy trails!

EARL R. PHILPOTT

My name is Earl Philpott and I have lived in Duncan, Arizona all of my life. My birthday is Dec. 15, 1919, so now you know my age. I have two sisters, one older and one younger. Edna Cheatham is my older sister, and Ruby Hughes is my younger sister. Ruby and I had fun tormenting Edna.

My parents Walter and Edna Philpott had cattle, and we three kids had to take care of the milk from the cows that mama and papa milked by hand. We took the buckets to the milk house and strained it. Some years later we bottled the milk in glass bottles, which meant we had to wash them. Young kids now have probably never seen a glass milk bottle and probably don't know that milk comes from cows. We had a hay barn, and we kids helped feed the cows, horses and pigs.

Edna learned to drive the old model T car, young people then didn't need to have a license, so she drove when she was 12 or 13 and would go to the cafes in Duncan and get scraps to feed our pigs. We all learned to work, and it didn't hurt us.



We sold our milk cows to Lunts Dairy later in our lives and I then served a stretch in the army. When I returned, my dad and I started furnishing the stores and cafes with bread, milk, eggs and all those kinds of foods. Edna would say "if Earl doesn't sell it you don't need it". I finally quit that work, and now the big semis bring those foods to Duncan. Our ranch was called Philpott and Son.

I have my house and three rentals on High Street and I live in our original rock house that my dad and we kids helped build. We built one more rock house beside it, and both of them have been flooded a lot of times when the Gila River floods and gets up into the town of Duncan. Those are sad times, to have that muddy water in your house about 3 feet deep ruining everything. It takes so long to clean the mud out and to get the house dry enough not to smell bad. Everyone helps each other.

I served on the City Council for about 20 years, and the Fire Department about the same number of years, and the Rotary Club, until it folded up for lack of interest.

Duncan isn't very big, but I wouldn't want to live anyplace else. Our cemetery is on top of the flat hill west

of town, so when I die, I will still be by my lifes home and the people who have been my friends.

## NELLIE RAINVILLE GILLESPIE

My father, Henry Oscar Rainville II was born in Abilene, Texas in 1876, his father also Henry Oscar Rainville was born of French ancestry in Quebec, Canada. His ancestors came from France 1640 in a small ship like the Mayflower. Their trip was retold in a National Geographic Magazine in 1930, his father came to the Western U.S. as a young man settling in Abilene, Texas. He became a rancher and married Annie Cox. They had two children, Oscar junior and a daughter, Ernestine.

My father left Abilene when a young boy, getting a job on a cattle drive to New Mexico. Because he was a hard worker and loved to sing, qualified him as a cowboy. His singing helped to keep the cattle from stampeding. My father was affiliated with cattle ranching all of his life.

My mother Dora Hunter (one of twin girls) was born in Brownwood, Texas in 1881. Her father John Hunter was born in 1848 in Hardin County, Tennessee to Malcolm and Nancy Hunter. Her mother Ann Boles was born in 1850 in Vayant

County, Texas to Henry and Patsy Boles. Her father John Hunter married Ann Boles in 1868 in Trickham Coleman County, Texas.

When John Hunter became a Baptist Minister he sold his farm in Texas and moved his family to Lincoln County, New Mexico in 1884 where he was called to minister. They traveled by covered wagons pulled by oxen. They weren't worried about Indians as much as robbers and thieves trying to steal their gold, hidden in the wagon.

They held church services under a pine tree when they arrived in Lincoln County, New Mexico till they could build a log cabin. Pastor John Hunter established the First Baptist churches in that section of Lincoln County, first at James Canyon where there is still a church today. He was a circuit rider, and rode many miles over the Sacramento Mountains with snow up to his stirrups. He was a faithful minister of Jesus Christ for over 40 years. When he would leave home he warned his family of Indians "if the Indians ride up let em help themselves to sugar, flour and so on." My mother and her sister had long blonde hair and the Indians would stroke their hair, the girls were petrified with fear. My mother remembers seeing Geronimo (Indian chief). She remembered the camp meetings and gatherings


with other churches.

The Baptist convention in the east sent barrels of clothing, since they knew the sizes of the children, they also sent bolts of cloth to make them clothes. Grandpa and his older brother played the fiddle and the children would folk dance together, they all loved to sing.

My mother met and married my father Oscar Rainville in 1899. They operated a ranch in that area when my two sisters were born, Elma in 1901 and Grace in 1903.

My parents moved to Silver City in 1906 where my father went into the delivery business with a Mr. Bolwere. They operated a stage line to Fort Bayard and the outlying area. They brought the first car to Silver City to use as a stage.

My sister Ernestlee was born in 1910 and my brother Oscar in 1913 in Silver City.

My father decided to return to ranching, buying a ranch in Hanley, New Mexico in 1917. His cattle brand was R  and my mothers brand was RVV. They met with hard times, a drought and another child born in 1919, which was myself (Nellie).

In 1920 my dad moved his cattle to Greenlee County near Clifton, where the children enrolled in school. He moved his family to York, Arizona while he joined a cattle drive with his cattle and a group of local cattlemen. There was green grass in Mexico.

My brother LeRoy was born in York in 1921.

In 1922 my dad bought a ranch in Greenlee County, Arizona and a ranch in Hidalgo County, New Mexico. The New Mexico Highway divided the ranches (to separate them). We had farms and horse pasture surrounding our adobe home near Duncan, Arizona. He bought an adobe home from the Spegla Brothers three miles from the New Mexico line in order for his children to attend the Arizona school (Duncan Rural School).

There was only two large double adobe rooms to our house so dad built a porch, bedrooms, grainery, milk house and bunk house. Our home was 12 miles from our ranches so it was easy to commute.

I still own the property near Duncan and spend time

there.

Although our adobe home was comfortably warm in the winter and cool in the summer, we had no modern conveniences in the 1920's and early 1930's. There was no electricity, no telephone or indoor plumbing, no paved roads and we walked two miles to school on muddy roads when it rained. We were thankful when the highway near our home was paved and we had a school bus that took us to school.

My father loved music and bought my older sisters a grand piano. When I was five years old he brought a retired music teacher to live with us and give the children music lessons. Mr. Music teacher was sixty-five years old with baggy pants and a floppy hat, and when he played the violin I knew I had to learn to play music too. He made me a small violin out of a cigar box until the violin he ordered for me arrived.

My teacher taught me scales and classical songs, but my dad told him to teach me some fiddle songs because the cowboys didn't like our songs. We played folk songs to fast fiddle temp until a fiddle book arrived.

First fiddle song I learned was, "Red Wing". We always

continued my classical studies.

When Mr. Smith came to live with us he was known as "Musical Smith" in New Mexico and Arizona. He had taught in many rural schools and had lived on several ranches where there were children. After we started playing fiddle songs, he was known as, "Fiddler Smith". When he was in his nineties I took him to the Pioneers Home in Prescott where he spent six happy years entertaining the guest with his music. He is buried in The Prescott Pioneer Cemetery.

I married LeRoy (Buster) Gillespie and moved to Phoenix in 1938. During World War II I attended The Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and played in the LA Symphony Orchestra. I continued my art in music education at Phoenix College and ASU after returning to Phoenix. We had a son Gary Gillespie and daughter Janille. My son owns Paris Laundry and Cleaners and says his mother doesn't make enough money to pay her cleaning bill because she has so many costumes. My daughter is a Medical Technician in the VA Hospital in Reno, Nevada. My son has two daughters that graduated from ASU. Shannon is a chemist in Long Beach and Cassi teaches Spanish at Phoenix College. She has just completed her doctorate at ASU and is doing her student teaching in Paradise Valley. My husband was born in



Solomsville in 1912 to Ed Gillespie and Nannie Ryan. His grandfather drove horses and cattle to Bonita, Arizona to sell to Fort Grant which was a cavalry post at that time. His grandfather was born in Washington County, Tennessee in 1854. He came to Arizona as a young boy. He married Tenny Williamson and bought a ranch near the Graham Mountains. They had six sons and two daughters. The Gillespies Springs are still there. He owned farms and ranches near Solomsville and Safford, Arizona. He's buried in the Solemsville grave yard with many of his family.

After World War II my husband worked for the Arizona Highway Department and was an engineer for the Phoenix Fire Department until his death in 1963 from a heart attack.

We always helped with our ranch in Duncan, building fences and so on. After my brother Oscar moved his cattle to a ranch in Casa Grande where he also owned a farm, my husband spent his days off working on my brothers farm and ranch. My brother loved to rodeo and won silver stirrups and a Porter hand made saddle and many awards, till his death in 1951 from a horse accident.

Seven years ago I attended a fiddle contest and won a trophy and I've been playing

fiddle songs, cowboy and folk songs since that time period.

My sister Grace Simpson had a stroke and was in ten different rest homes. I would give musical programs for the patients. My brother LeRoy was in four different VA Hospitals for five years and I played music for the veterans.

Governor Symington proclaimed me "Arizona's Grandma Troubadour" September, 1991 and I travel all over the state giving shows. I am honored to be "Arizona's Grandma Troubadour", and I hope I can make Arizona proud of me. I belong to the Cowboy Poets, we have Festivals in Prescott, Sierra Vista, and Wickenburg.

I've always been thankful for my old music teacher and music lessons, but most of all I'm thankful for my father, he taught us, "When a horse pitches you off climb right back on".

Arizona, Arizona my old home state  
Where desert and mountains meet  
The memories of my loved ones wait for me  
In this place so beautiful and free.

This is one of the songs that will be on my tape.

I'm interested in keeping my family heritage alive. The American Pioneers had much to teach us, their insistance of freedom, excepting great challenges and their struggles with adversity battling Indians and such. They were rugged people conquering a wild and stubborn land.

Each generation owes the next for the knowledge of the past. May this heritage help my children and grandchildren be more honorable and appreciative. This would be my reward.

# Office of the Governor

## PROCLAMATION

### \*ARIZONA'S GRANDMA TROUBADOUR\*

WHEREAS, the strength of our Nation and that of the State of Arizona is in its people, whose present and future is built upon the past; and

WHEREAS, our heritage is displayed through the songs people sang, the music they played, and the stories they told; and

WHEREAS, it is fitting that we remember our past, by hearing the authentic presentation of music and stories relating our Arizona history; and

WHEREAS, Nellie Rainville Gillespie keeps this legacy alive by singing songs, playing fiddle music, and telling stories about life on an Arizona Ranch;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Fife Symington, Governor of the State of Arizona, do hereby proclaim Nellie Rainville Gillespie, as

### \*ARIZONA'S GRANDMA TROUBADOUR\*

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Arizona

*Fife Symington*

G O V E R N O R



DONE at the Capitol in Phoenix on this sixth day of September in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-one and of the Independence of the United States of America the Two Hundred and Fifteenth.

ATTEST:

*Richard D. Hannon*  
Secretary of State





## Nellie Rainville GILLESPIE

"My grandkids have to make an appointment to see me! They have to leave a message on my machine because they can't find me."

Nellie Rainville Gillespie has had a "wonderful life," and music has always been part of it. "I've never been bored!"

As Arizona's Grandma Troubadour, she'll fiddle and sing her way into any audience's heart. "I just can't believe what I'm doing. I feel fortunate to have a career in my old age," says Gillespie, who attended the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and played in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.

She keeps young and spirited by traveling to fiddle contests from Globe to Tucson (she almost always comes away with the Best Dressed Musician award), county and state fairs, weddings, nightclub gigs, and "anybody that will have me."

Along with her shelf full of fiddling trophies are awards and ribbons for her original oil paintings, sculptures, crafts and sewing projects. She has quite a collection of

costumes, too. Western, Mexican, and authentic vintage clothing and hats are her specialties for entertaining.

Gillespie took up the violin when she was just five years old. Her proud Old West heritage is relived with animated tales of growing up on a farm in Duncan, Arizona.

"In 1924, my father brought H.S. Smith to our home to spend the summer. He had been teaching in New Mexico and wanted to spend the summer on a ranch. Mr. Smith was educated in music, medicine, mining, etc. He made me a small violin and gave me violin and piano lessons.

"He loved to tell people that he was Billy the Kid, which was impossible. Billy the Kid was uneducated and spoke Spanish fluently. Mr. Smith couldn't speak Spanish and couldn't kill a spider. He wanted to be famous so he told this fabrication.

"We loved our way of life," she says of her family and childhood days on the farm. "We thought it was the only way to live. We didn't have bikes; we had horses. We worked hard, but we played hard, too. All of

us would get together and dance the Charleston, we'd have a gay time. Music was always there in one way or another.

"My grandparents came across the country in covered wagons. Life was rough. When I think of all the hardships they endured to give us this wonderful freedom . . . well . . ."

Gillespie passes on her wisdom. "I try to teach the little children: It's not who you know, it's what you are. You only have one life, so use your talents.

"Mr. Smith said: 'Always have a goal,' and 'Never let anyone take your dreams away.' I always followed that advice."

—T.P.

Photography: Dennis Murphy  
Location: Old MacDonald's Farm



my sisters  
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C O V E R

UPPER RIGHT-----NELLIE RAINVILLE GILLESPIE  
\*ARIZONA'S GRANDMA GROUBADOUR\*

MIDDLE ROW-----LEFT TO RIGHT

VINCE BOSCH-on \*JOSE\*  
SAM WHITE

BOTTOM ROW-----LEFT TO RIGHT

R.C. JONES  
EARL PHILPOTT-with  
\*NIECE-NANCY THOMPSON\*  
\*GREAT NEPHEW-SCOTT THOMPSON\*  
\*GREAT NIECE-CRYSTAL THOMPSON\*

