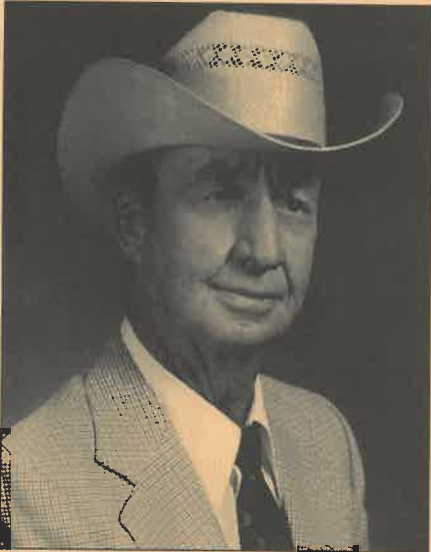


**ARIZONA
NATIONAL
STOCK SHOW**

VOLUME XVI



Arizona National
Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman
Volume XVI

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

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December 29, 1995

The Arizona National Stock Show is proud to participate in Volume 16 of the Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories. We appreciate the opportunity to work with the Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona in the production and distribution of this unique collection of ranch histories.

Documentation of our heritage is not only of great interest to us today but will benefit generations to come. We appreciate the many volunteers that have contributed to the success of the Pioneer Ranch Histories.

Thank you,

Connie Cowan
President



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MEMBER

JANUARY, 1996

TO ALL OUR PIONEERS;

What a pleasure it is to be able to compile and print these histories for all of you.

I find that no one can fill the shoes of Betty Accomazzo, she started this project and was able to spend time traveling and helping Pioneers to write their stories. We now must rely on the Pioneers, their familys and the cowbelles across the state and we still don't always have enough to do a book or a very big book when we do print one. Betty was a one of a kind person!

Please help us continue to look for Pioneers and to encourage each one to write a nice long history for these books.

Thank you for sharing your lives with us.

Sincerely,

DORIS FRENCH,
ARIZONA NATIONAL PIONEER STOCKMAN SECRETARY

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BETH SMITH AYCOCK: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY


Ranching is my heritage. Since folks started drifting west from the Eastern Seaboard in search of new frontiers my forefathers were part of the migration. As far back as the early 1700's my pioneering ancestors were pushing out of the Virginias, the Carolinas and Pennsylvania to find elbow room for themselves, their children and their cattle and horses. It is a rich heritage that I would not want changed.

The earliest brands and earmarks that we have records on belong to my great, great grandfather, Adam Zumwalt. He came to Texas in the 1820's as one of DeWitt's Colonists. He settled near Gonzales where he was granted 2,250,000 varas of land by the Mexican Government which then owned and ruled Texas and used Land Grants as an enticement to lure settlers. He branded Z on the left shoulder and his earmark was underbit both ears. These were my fathers's ancestors.

My mother's folks came into Texas with their cattle in the 1820's and settled on the Babacomori Land Grant near Elgin. They built the adobe house that is still being used by the Brophy family. Dr. Perrin rounded up the Elias heirs who had abandoned

the Grant in the 1850's because of the Apache threat and fled to Mexico. With the title to the Grant cleared, my family was declared "squatters", which they were, so they moved on. One uncle established a ranch just south of the Babacomori and my grandfather moved his cattle to the Turkey Creek area in the Chiricahua Mountains and established the El Coronado Ranch. The ranch is still known by that name. My mother, Nell Choate was born in Tombstone in 1890. She taught school in the mining town of Dos Cabezas until she married my father, Lewis "Red" Howell in 1912 and went to New Mexico by covered wagon, driving their cattle and horses in 1913.

My father's ranch was well established in 1919 when I was born. Two of my brothers and I were born on the ranch, my father declaring that hospitals were for "city folks" or some serious illness, never a simple chore like having a baby. We all survived and three of us are still around. My brother Bill, an Air Force pilot was shot down over Germany in 1944 and we never knew his fate.

My dad branded CO/ and - H and his horse brand was  . I cannot remember when I didn't ride with the cowboys. Being a girl did not excuse me from making a hand. My mother rode when dad didn't need someone to drive the chuck-wagon, so she taught herself early on to crank a Model T Ford to bring lunch to the round up. It got easier for her as cars and

roads got better and she deserved it. Women in those days always had the rough end of ranching.

My first brand was NO/. My two grandfathers, my uncles and friends of my parents all branded me a heifer calf when I was a year old. They grew into a sizeable herd and my dad finally had to quit trading me heifers for steers as he said "I was crowding him off the ranch." (Not really.)

I had a wonderful childhood. We would stay at the ranch on long holidays and all summer after we were of school age, but mom and us kids would move into town in the winter to go to school, as there were no schools nor any school buses in the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico where my father ranched near Carlsbad.

One ranch near Queen was so remote that it took at least five or six hours to drive to town. The road, hardly more than a wagon track, was only maintained by the ranchers who lived in that area and ranchers were scarce on the ground.

In 1929 my dad sold everything and bought a ranch near Weed, New Mexico. There was school bus service to the elementary and unaccredited high school. My mother was one of the movers and shakers who helped get accreditation for the high school and both Bill and I graduated from there.

I loved sports (and do until this day) and I played basketball, baseball, volley ball and tennis. I enjoyed school and activities. I was editor of our school newspaper, participated in all of the theatrical productions and was a cheer leader.

My dad rodeoed and produced rodeos. Attending them with my parents was always part of our summer vacation. I have heard other people in my peer group talk about how hard they had to work when they were kids. Maybe working cattle was a job, but we all loved it and didn't consider it labor at all. Of course we had chores to do, but certainly didn't feel over worked.

Our entertainment was simple fun like running horse races down main street on Sunday afternoons. The street was not paved. We went to a lot of parties and country dances. My parents took us with them to rodeos, barbecues and dances from the time we were born. We didn't know what a "babysitter" was. The dances and barbecues were usually at a neighboring ranch. I remember as a very young child, it was a real treat to go to one of these barbecues or picnics that lasted all day and sometimes into the night. I mostly enjoyed it because there were other children to play with - especially other girls. Having three brothers and eighteen boy cousins, I wasn't exactly into playing with dolls. However, after supper at these wing-dings our

mothers would put us to bed so they could dance.

We would be exhausted from playing all day and all evening and most would fall asleep immediately, but I was so afraid to go to sleep in the "community bed" because I just knew that sometime my folks would forget me when they were ready to go home which was sometimes a hundred miles away. I also lay there rigid with fear that they might take the wrong little girl if they did remember to take me home with them. I guess I lucked out as they never did any of the above.

It was great to become a teenager and be able to stay up like an adult and enjoy the dancing to a fiddle and guitar with boys my age. Girls were always out numbered by the cowboys, which didn't hurt a thing. I think I was fifteen the first dance I attended that had orchestra music, real uptown stuff. This was the Big Band Era of the 30's and up to this point an orchestra meant adding a mandolin, a piano or another guitar to the usual duo. To this day the smell of Shinola boot polish and Juicy Fruit gum brings back a million memories of dances and parties in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico.

Often during the depth of the depression all the ranch kids from our neck of the woods would ride to a dance horseback in the next community and got home after sun up the next morning.

I think dad worried about his horses more than his kids. We also rode horseback to parties and to church functions such a BYPU and Epworth League on Sunday night.

During those years most of the young people attended church. We might have a chicken roast afterwards but we did attend church.

I learned to smoke by rolling Bull Durham cigarettes for my dates while they were driving down the crooked dirt roads. No one could afford "tailor makes" in those days. After I grew up and was on my own I smoked Bull Durham except when I went to town or to a party or dance, I preferred it but it didn't look too ladylike to stand on the corner of Congress and Stone and roll a cigarette.

My dad, like everyone else then, drove the cattle to the railroad and shipped to either Kansas City or Los Angeles. He would try to coordinate shipping with the fall teacher's convention which was a weeks vacation so he could have us kids as extra cowboys. Mother drove the chuck wagon (a pickup truck) and we were on the road five or six days to Roswell, Carlsbad or Alamogordo. It was great fun. I was usually allowed to ask a girl friend and really enjoyed having another girl along. We would come back in the pickup with mom, the cowboys would drive the horses back and dad would go with the cattle.

I graduated from high school in 1936 and spent the summer getting ready for college. I had chosen the University of Arizona and stayed with my mother's sister who lived in Tucson.

It was an up hill battle and I continued to take a few courses until I was a middle aged woman but never got my degree. This was the big disappointment of my life. With severe droughts, depressed cattle prices and bank closures my dad declared bankruptcy in 1937 and moved to Arizona. He went to work for Nathaniel Houston who had a ranch near Elgin. That summer I went to work for him at \$20.00 per month and worked with my dad. We got plenty of roping practice as the screw worms were bad. Mr. Houston branded LCH. He had a lot of red durham in his cattle and the calves weighed heavier than any in the area. He didn't mind buying cotton seed cake if the cattle needed a little supplement. We had to drive the cattle to the railroad at Sonoita. The train came each Thursday during shipping season. Shipping days were very social times. Ranchers were always happy to have a reason to be social. The remoteness of the ranches and at that time no telephones, dirt roads and distance made a lonely existence and a lot of visiting was done while waiting for the train to arrive. Too, some events happened at the shipping corrals that were not all that friendly. A shooting once, whether it was over a misbranded calf or a woman...who knows? One of the participants was just as dead.

I married Samuel Breckenridge Smith III in 1939. Sam B. grew up on his grandfather's ranch near Carlsbad and was a mighty good cowboy and cowman. We wrangled dudes and worked on movies, cowboyed on several ranches when we were first married.

Our only child was born in 1945 while we were working for my dad who was the honcho of the A7 Ranch east of Tucson. We had the Bellota Camp and since there was no road we packed in horseback eight miles. It was great fun to live in such a wild and remote place until I packed my son in front of me on a pillow when he was two weeks old, it was then I had to realize that if he were ill or injured how impossible it would be to get him to a doctor.

No one knows how precious water is until you have an infant and the driest summer on record at the same time. Sam B. rigged up a sled on very heavy runners and equipped it with a 55 gallon barrel. He had to break one of the pack mules to pull this contraption and that was no easy task. He hauled water from El Ambre which was about ten miles away and would end up with about half a barrel after skidding off half the rocks in the canyon where the long washed out road used to run. I would be so conservative, but we were always out of water. I bathed Rick in the water that I sterilized his bottles in, then used that water to launder his clothes, then our clothes, then mop the floors and finally water the small trees I had set out when we first came

there to live in 1942.

I started taking the baby with us when he was a couple of months old, but it was very docile cow punching now, you don't run wild cattle with a baby in front of you. We left the A7 the next year and Sam ran the Robles Ranch west of Tucson. It was a big old flat ranch and we ran Brahmas. It was a whole new ball game.

We went into a partnership with Bill Veeck, of baseball fame, first at the Lazy Vee Ranch (now Rocking K) east of Tucson and the Deep Creek Ranch north of Silver City, New Mexico in 1949. The partnership lasted many years. He was one of the greatest, but I think we learned more about baseball than Bill Veeck learned about cattle. He found the cattle business too isolated and too slow.

Our son always had the rough end of our ranching ventures. It seems we were always at the end of the road way to hell and gone and he was always alone. He rode eighty miles round trip to high school via school bus.

We sold out when Sam B. was about ready to retire and returned to Arizona. He ran the old Houston Ranch where I worked as a teenager. The owner was Gus Levy who had just bought the ranch from the Houston heirs. Mr. Levy was the Chairman of the


Board of Governors on Wall Street. In the ten years we were there we saw him twice. We ran some cattle with Mr. Levy and leased places around to run more. We still branded / S /. We had kept the brand recorded all the years we were in New Mexico. The ranch branded <M, which had been Mattie Johnson's brand and whose ranch was now part of the Houston Ranch.

I became active in Cowbelles when we returned to Arizona and served in most of the offices country wide and several at the State level. I still rode every day with Sam B. The ranch was about ten or twelve sections which seemed small after the big rough ranch we had in New Mexico, it was like playing cowboy.

Sam died in 1977 after having two open heart surgeries. We shared thirty seven years; some good, some bad, but mostly good times. I always rode with him. One it seems, he always needed another hand; and two, I enjoyed it. I always cooked for our roundups and rode too. Sometimes it got a little hairy. Sam B. always said it saved hiring another cowboy and we had worked together for so many years that I knew what to do and I knew the country. Our ranch in New Mexico was thirty five miles long, up hill and brushy. It was a hard county to work because there was so much running water which made it necessary to do a lot of range branding. This kept us busy year long. We always had a pack of hounds and our busman's holiday was to saddle a couple of

mules and go lion or bear hunting. We both loved to fish and had some great times at our fishing camp in Mexico which I kept and continued to use years after Sam B. died.

I kept some of the cattle for a couple of years but pasture was hard to lease and I was busy with my job as Executive Director of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association in Sonoita.

I gave our brand to my great nephew and he continues to make good use of it. I was lucky enough to get my mother's brand a few years later. It is  which she had recorded in 1907 in the Territory of Arizona.

I sold my last horse just before I married Bill Aycock in 1982. Bill had just retired after thirty seven years as an executive with General Motors back East. I gave up my job at the fairgrounds and also a lucrative "horse trading" business. I had been shipping horses to Hawaii which was great fun. I also bought and sold locally. Bill Aycock played polo so my life continued to revolve around horses. He has never understood why I don't like to just get on a horse and ride for pleasure. After seventy years you're a little weary of those critters.

I stay involved in Cowbelle's, Crippled Children's Clinic, church and Historical Societies. While on the Southern

Arizona Historical Society Board I instituted a series of fund raisers for the museum on Second Street in Tucson. They were historic ranch tours. I did ten of these to old ranches in our state. I want to keep people aware of the part cattle ranching has played in the development of Arizona. It was a great fund raiser and I made some wonderful friends from all over the State who attended these tours.

I am now in the process of writing a book. I have written articles for newspapers and magazines for many years, but this is my first attempt at a full blown novel. It is historical fiction based on factual happenings from 1830 to 1930. The principal characters are my great grandparents and their pioneering experiences in Texas and New Mexico. I hope to have it published by early next year.

As I think over my life as a rancher, I wonder if anyone knowing what the years would bring would still choose this life style. I am convinced that ranchers are truly born, not made and the love of the land and the love of cattle and horses, the solitude and yes the gamble involved in the cow business is in our veins. If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing.

PEARL SATATHITE ETHRIDGE

I was born in Glendale, Arizona on the February 8, 1912. My parents, William and Lillian Satathite were both natives of Texas. They came to Arizona from Socorro County, New Mexico spending most of the winter of 1911 in Luna, New Mexico in a wagon my mother drove while my father drove a small bunch of saddle horses. I think they changed around now and then, since Mom had her own side saddle and divided skirt, even up to the time I could remember them. My Grandfather, T. Satathite, raised saddle horses for his use and to sell now and then to other ranchers. My Father broke the horses for his father and my Mother used to go along to sort of "herd" the broncs out of ditches and away from trees, bushes, etc. Hence her side saddle and riding skirt.

I've been told what time of year they got to Phoenix, but I can't remember. At any rate, they camped in Glendale soon after arriving and my Father got a job on the Dysart Farm because he could speak Spanish, which he had learned as a young man. Mostly he just translated, except when he had to hunt up someone else to ask what names of the farm equipment were in Spanish.

No cows to work! After I was born in Glendale and the weather was getting warmer for that time of year, my parents decided to move on. Also, I think my Mother was getting sort of weary of having to keep my six-year-old brother out of the irrigation ditch and off of the train tracks and such.

My family had to come through Wickenburg and Date Creek but before they got to Hillside they stopped to let the teams rest midway up Sunflower Hill. The young sisters of Harley Miller (of the Prescott Miller Valley family) stopped for a visit. They got off of their horses and were going to tie them to a small bush. My brothers started yelling, "don't let the horses step on her," which caused them to discover me asleep under the same bush. We made it to Thompson Valley (Yava) where we stayed awhile with Levi Jones and his family, probably for a week.

Eventually we arrived in Oak Creek where my dad worked for Mr. Owenby who had a ranch in the vicinity. I don't have any idea how long or just when our family moved to Peebles Valley. My parents' first home was at the foot of the Big Rocky Mountains to the west of the Valley where we stayed until my brother went

to school. Since he was a bit late getting to school, I believe Cort Carter was his first teacher.

The folks bought a place on the creek approximately two mile south of Kirkland. We walked to school. All of the children around there did. What was a school bus? Eventually I had two more brothers and we went to school at Kirkland all through the elementary grades. Then my dad sold the Peeples Valley place and the one on the creek out from Kirkland and bought a place in Thompson Valley. It was their last move and my youngest brother, Clayton Satathite, (two brothers are deceased) still has the old place.

I have a million dollars' worth of memories of my growing up. Three brothers and no sisters. I did pretty much everything they did; climb trees, waded in the creek and looked for birds' nests. Then as we got older my folks taught us to help each other and work together. Whatever needed to be done, we all pitched in. I rode with my brothers; I helped brand cattle, mostly keeping the irons hot. We three "little ones" were not allowed to ride with a saddle for years it seemed. That way we wouldn't hang a foot in the stirrup and get dragged. Our horses were gentle and we always had a piece of rope with us in case we got too far from home. We could catch them and put on a hackamore and ride home. It was all pretty much the same. Later when I came home with a small son, waiting out a divorce, our

neighbor man couldn't get help to gather his cattle. It was the tail end of the Depression and everyone either had a job with public works or on someone else's ranch. Both of my younger brothers were not at home at the time. Anyway, the neighbor came over to ask for help. He had accepted his forfeit money and the shipping date was set. I felt so sorry for him and before I realized what I had said I agreed to go help. Afterwards, both of us talked about it and I promised to do the best that I could. So we rode up in the granites and lower in the canyons for several weeks. I was paid at the end of that time just what the boys would have made, plus my horse feed. I overheard this dear old man telling my dad I had as much or even more "cow sense" as some of the men he had had. A proud moment in my life. He and my father were life long friends from Texas. Both had been trail drivers in their very young days.

DARCH ALONZO "LONNIE" HOWARD

My father's name was Charles Ashby Howard and my mother was Marian Gertrude Rowberry. They were married February 9, 1910, in Deweyville, Box Elder, Utah. The third child of eight children, six girls and two boys. I was born September 7, 1914 in American Falls, Power, Idaho and started the first grade in 1920 in American Falls, Idaho.

My teacher was Mrs. Ayers and the principal was Mrs. Cosgro. The next year that I was to be in the second grade my teacher Mrs. Gage said I had to go back to the first grade. NO WAY!! I wasn't going back to the first grade so Mrs Gage picked me up and started to carry me back to the first grade class. Well along the wall was a peg board where the kids would hang up their coats. As she was carrying me by the coat hangers I pulled every one of those pegs out by the roots. Finally, I made it to the third grade. I remember my first day of third grade very well. My teacher Mrs. Pomroy told me to sit down for the present, after school when I got home mother ask me how I liked school, I said "I didn't, the teacher told me to sit down for the present but she never gave me one." I spent the fourth and fifth grade in Pocatello, Utah, sixth grade in Murry, Utah and seventh and eighth grade in Salt Lake City, Utah.

I came to Arizona in 1929. We moved to Pine, Arizona and we traveled over some of the most hard to travel roads in all three states, moving from Idaho. The roads in Idaho and Utah were much better. It was a little frightening for all our family. The main street in Pine was a narrow dirt road. I attended 10th, 11th and 12th grades in Pine. At the end of my 12th year I didn't have enough credits to graduate so I had to go to St. Johns for one year.

I finished high school in St Johns, Arizona in 1934. The day I graduated from high school I hitch-hiked back to Pine and walked all the way over to Hardscrabble so I would be there when the cowboys started the 5:00 a.m. cattle drive.

They were called the Randall Brothers. They were Walter John, (my future father-in-law) and Frank and Bert Randall. In the 1930's Frank and Bert sold their interest to their brother Walter. Then Walter brought two of his sons, Mel and George into the cattle business, still calling the business Randall Brothers.

I worked for Randall Brothers for most of the time from 1934 to 1941 then spent two years in Kingman, Arizona during World War II as manager for Trans World Airlines Airport. We

moved back to Pine when in 1943, Walter Randall, my father-in-law offered us (my wife and I) a 1/5 working interest in the Randall Brothers Cattle Business. I worked on the NB Ranch which was on land just west of Payson. After they sold the NB Ranch they purchased the Bloody Basin Ranch which covered fifty five sections of leased federal land in Gila County. It had a range permit from a high of 930 down to 700 head of cattle.

This range was cut up into canyons and mesas, ridges and washes—incredibly rough terrain. The cattle wore the Muleshoe X, FK Bar, X Cross, 1/2, ED, G2 and the Lazy S X. Other ranches the Randall Brothers had were; Hardscrabble, Buckhead and Willow Valley which covered eight sections in Coconino County which was leased land, Deadman and Verde River Ranch running usually between 600 to 700 head of cattle for many years. Over the years I have been stepped on, gored, kicked and dragged, but it has been a life that I wouldn't have changed for anything.

I married Florence Randall, July 17, 1935 at Prescott, Arizona, by Gordon S. Clark. The first year that we were married we lived in an apartment in back of her parents home. Our first child, Dawna Lou was born March 15, 1936. Our second daughter, Maurine was born on December 25, 1938. Florence, my wife, was born in Pine, Arizona on May 6, 1917. She was raised and attended school in Pine. She is an Arizona native through and

through. Our daughters Kay Darcy and Lila Florence were both born in Mesa, Arizona. Kay on January 3, 1948 and Lila on March 11, 1950.

In 1958 when Walter Randall wanted to retire, we sold our interest in the Randall Brothers Cattle Ranch to Emil Rovey and bought a 1/4 interest in the H4 Ranch in Tonto Basin with my wife's brothers Glen Randall, two friends who lived in New York named Butler and a Randall cousin, Dot Bassett. In 1969 the other partners sold my wife and I their interest and we purchased summer range with a lot of federal leased land in Flagstaff, Arizona and ran the OT Cattle Ranch until 1979 when we sold out to Don Bracken and we retired.

Cattle ranching was a tough life. The days would start as soon as it would get light. Cooking was done in dutch ovens. One hundred and fifty dollars worth of groceries and staples and thirty dollars worth of horseshoes came at the start of round-up. A cowboy provides his own saddle and pad, his bridle, lariat, chaps, spurs and bedroll. If there is no bunk he sleeps on the ground. He is not choosy about rations, doesn't shave or worry about baths or changes of underwear.

One especially great memory I will always have is when the Saturday Evening Post did an article on our round-up entitled, "Round-up in Bloody Basin" in 1957. A Mr. Paul Schubert actually came along on round-up and made notes of his story. It was a wonderful experience and honor for him to put into words a little bit about our part in Arizona's history.

KEITH W. WINSTON

I was born and raised in Phoenix, Arizona. I attended Madison School and Phoenix Union High School. I worked for Arizona Public Service for twenty seven years and was promoted to the office area manager in Buckeye. While we were there I bought forty acres outside of town and raised cattle there. I was sent back to Phoenix so I sold my property. My wife and I subsequently bought fifteen acres on 83rd Avenue and Northern and cleared out enough cotton to build a new home. We have been here for twenty seven years. I transferred to the Del E. Webb Corporation and have been with them ever since, until I retired.

My dad and I loved the cattle business. We bought and sold cattle at both the Cornello's Auction and the Arizona Livestock Auction where Tony and Tim Antone were employed.

Many years ago I was a member of the Armed Forces stationed in the Aleutian Islands. I was then recalled and sent to Japan and Korea.

I've belonged to the Brangus Breeders Association for the past twenty five years.

WILBOURN RANCH
JIM & LUCILLE WILBOURN

The family history of the Wilbourn Ranch by Jim Wilbourn. I was born in Paragould, Arkansas November 11, 1919. My wife Lucille, was born near Puyallup, Washington March 5, 1923. Even though I was born in Arkansas, I was only a few months old when my mother and father moved to El Paso, Texas where I grew up and attended school. Lucille grew up on a farm in the Tacoma area and attended school there.

My first experience with cattle was between 1927 and 1930. Many large herds were driven into the stockyards near where we lived by cowboys from local ranches. With all the excitement of these cow herds, I knew this was the life for me!

The biggest herd driven in there, was 30,000 head coming from the Palomas Cattle Company to the Helms Ranch thirty miles east of El Paso. The ranches in the area were fairly large from 150 to 500 sections. Later in my teens I worked on some of them, working on roundups with chuck wagon and remuda (horse herd). During this time I spent two semesters at New Mexico A and M College working on ranches between times.

I had a small bunch of cattle by the time Uncle Sam called me into the Army in 1941. I spent four years in the Army until the end of WW II. During this time I met Lucille while stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. We were married in 1943. Soon after I was sent overseas, going in on the initial landing on the Philippines at Leyte Island. After the war I worked for ranches in west Texas, the Hearst Ranch out of Mexico and ending up as manager of the GOS Ranch near Silver City, New Mexico in the Gila National Forest.

In 1952 we moved to Rodeo, New Mexico. With a partner we bought a ranch east of Rodeo and soon after a ranch in Portal, Arizona. We ran about 400 head between the two ranches. We brought the first Brahma cattle into that area. In 1955 our daughter Anne Marie was born. Soon after our partner and I sold the Rodeo Ranch, moving our cattle to the Rancho Sacatal west of Douglas, Arizona. Not long after my partner and I divided up. I bought the Douglas Ranch and he bought the Portal Ranch.

Lucille and I bought the Sacatal Ranch (or most of it) in 1962 from Alick Clarkson. This has been a good ranch and we have been here since 1956. We have also leased other ranches in conjunction with this ranch.

I was president of Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers 1967 and 1968 while the Screwworm Eradication Program was in progress






and helped collect money from ranchers to match funds from State and Federal agencies.

I have spoken occasionally to civic organizations and the media about myths and facts concerning the livestock industry and animal damage control of predators. I belong to the Arizona Pioneer Cowboy Association, serving as President a few years ago. Also, I am a member of Gideons International and Board Chairman of our Church. Lucille, too, is active in organizations benefiting the cattle industry. She is an accomplished artist and has regularly donated art work to the annual art auction of the Arizona Cattlemens Research and Education Foundation. She has been President twice of the Cowbelles.

Our daughter Anne and her husband Larry Brasher reside here on the ranch. Anne is a Registered Nurse and is presently working on her Bachelor of Science Degree in nursing from the University of Phoenix, Tucson Campus. Larry is employed with Chemstar Lime Plant and is a top team roper in the State. Our Grandson Brandon, is attending the University of Arizona and our Granddaughter is a junior at Douglas High School.

During the time I have resided in Cochise County, besides ranching for myself, I have cowboyed on the Z -T Ranch in

the Chiricahua Mountains, the Price Canyon Ranch and the Dart Ranch (formerly Bloomquist Ranch), the Foudy Ranch on the west side of Mule Mountains also, the TEN Ranch south of Safford in Graham Mountains.

Here on the Wilbourn Ranch we brand  (upside down J and L, slash) and  (JAL) and daughter and family brand  (quarter circle tumbling A-). We had the  (Jim and Lucille) in New Mexico and  my original brand in New Mexico.

DALLAS WILBANKS

Born 1905 to Emma Womack Wilbanks and Jack Wilbanks. The youngest son of six children, he had two older brothers, Fred and Jessie, and three sisters, Mary, Georgia and Charla.

In 1908 when Dallas was three years old, the Wilbanks moved to Gisela. They moved into the old Hillegas place and the home eventually came to be known as the old Wilbanks Ranch.

He went to school at the one room Gisela School House and later attended school at Payson School where he was instructed by Julia Randall. Randall eventually taught three generations of Wilbanks.

Dallas married Helen Walker around 1925 and had two children, Nettie Alice and Larry. The couple later divorced.

He married again about 1936 to a lady from New York, Ann Shovlin. They were married until she died in 1982.

Dallas bought a ranch at Round Valley when he was 16 and sold it in the early 1950s. Between the 1930s and the 1940s

he drove truck for Grady Harrison for about 18 years. He hauled gas, lumber and cattle from Clarkdale and Phoenix to Payson.

Dallas worked for many outfits. Among them were the Bigsby, Babbits, George Martin, Raymond Cline, Carrol Wilbanks for Flying W, Fred Armer, Clem Hill, Polly Brown, Jimmy Brown and Harry Brown. He retired from ranching about 1980.

He makes his home at the Lone Pine Motel on old Main Street. He still operates the hotel today.

Dallas says he's blessed with many friends and nieces, nephews, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great-great grandchildren.

His daughter Nettie Martin is married to Howard Martin and lives in Globe. Her daughter, Sherie Surrectt lives in Tonto Basin and Sandra Gutierrez lives in Nutriosa.

Larry is married to Peggy and they live in Payson. They have three children; Duke lives in Payson, Dennis lives in Apache Junction and Terry lives in Helena, Montana.

RYAN BROTHERS
Globe, Arizona

LIVING

Emmett Gerald Ryan
Edward Albert Ryan
William Paul Ryan

DECEASED

William Albert Ryan
Cornelius Michael Ryan
Joseph Bernard Ryan
Emmett Edward Ryan

William Albert, Cornelius (Neil), Joseph and Emmet Ryan were born in the Gila County mining camp of Globe, Arizona Territory. With the exception of short times spent in Chicago, Illinois and Hatchita, New Mexico, they lived in Globe. All of the boys, along with their sisters May (Melby) and Alice (Holmes), attended institutes of higher learning outside of Globe. After their schooling, the four boys all returned to Gila County, drawn back by their mutual interest in ranching and the mercantile business.

Their father, William Ryan was born in County Tipperary, Ireland in 1858. He arrived in America in 1878, spending a few months in New York City and some time in the coal

region of Pennsylvania. He then drifted west to St. Louis, Colorado, New Mexico and finally to the banks of Pinal Creek in January 1881.

Globe itself was just getting established as a mining community; the town consisting mostly of saloons and dance halls scattered along the creek.

Their mother, Anna Mary Moloney was born in Cloverfield, County Limerick, Ireland in 1867. She traveled to Amercia alone at the age of sixteen in 1883. She disembarked in New York and traveled to San Francisco by train to visit relatives there. She then traveled to Globe to find employment with her Uncle Denis Murphy.

William met Anna in the course of his friendship with Denis and the couple were married October 25, 1884 by Father Eduard Gerard. They were the first white couple married by a Catholic Priest in the Globe camp.

William first worked as a mail carrier to McMillan, then engaged in mining in Globe and in New Mexico. The couple had a dairy in Globe during the early years of their marriage. The family moved to Chicago in 1894 at the urging of relatives living

in that city. Both the parents and children missed the excitement of the growing west and returned to the Arizona Territory in less than a year.

In 1904, William and Anna opened The Ryan Store as a business dealing with books, periodicals and stationary. A pharmacy was later added and eventually the business included 33 drug stores operating under the name of Ryan-Evans Drug Stores. William continued his mining endeavors and also began to be involved in the livestock industry with his sons.

William Albert, the oldest son, was born in 1886. His early education was in the public schools of Arizona and New Mexico Territories; he then went to St. Vincent's Academy in Los Angeles.

When he was a young boy, the trail herds would stop near Globe on their way to the railroad shipping point in Holbrook. All the cowboys wanted to take advantage of the saloons and dance halls in the lively mining camp before the final leg of their trip to Holbrook. They would pay the Globe boys to watch the cattle while they headed into town. The local boys would take all the advantages they could of practicing their roping skills and would even ride the steers. Will said it was a wonder none of them were killed from all of their escapades.

In 1908, Will went to Benson to work as a Forest Ranger for the United States Forest Service. The cattlemen called them "Teddy's Pets" (referring to Teddy Roosevelt). Some of the Supervisors and Rangers, such as Will, were cowboys or at least men who knew the ways of the west and were at least partially tolerated. Undoubtedly, he was also pursuing his families cattle interests in the area, as records in Tombstone show the Four Bar Brand registered to Ryan Brothers, with the range listed as the Sulpher Springs Valley.

While in Benson, Will met Edith Emma Watkins. She was the daughter of Southerners whose families had migrated to Texas after the Civil War. She was born in Silverton, Texas in 1892 and came with her family to Benson when she was four years old. Her father, Issac Henry Watkins, was a physician, graduating from Vanderbuilt University in Tennessee. He was the only physician in the area, until his death of consumption, only four years after his arrival in Arizona Territory.

Will and Edith were married in 1912 in Tucson. After their marriage, the couple returned to Globe as Will was to take over the management of one of his father's ranches. They moved to the KL Bar Ranch on Bonita Creek in the White Mountains.

Edith had seen a few Indians in Benson, but they were mostly older men who worked doing odd jobs in the city bars in exchange for liquor. She was unprepared for the attention she received from the Apaches upon her arrival at Bonita Creek. Will would spend long days riding over the range checking the cattle and she would be left alone at their cabin. The Apaches had seen few white women and they were very curious about her. They would stand outside the windows of the cabin and look in at her all day. When she fixed lunch, she felt obligated to offer some food to the Indians. Will finally told her to cover the windows and eventually the novelty wore off and they no longer gathered at the cabin to observe her.

Will and Edith had seven children - William Paul, Edward, Emmett, Kenneth, Edith May, Alice (Herwehe) and Joanne (Perry). William Paul, Emmett and Kenneth served in the military during World War II. Edward worked in the copper mines in Globe. Emmett took part in the Allied Landing at Utah Beach, Normandy on June 6, 1944. Kenneth was missing in action after landing on Tarawa Island in the Pacific.

Cornelius (Neil) was born in 1888 and graduated from St. Vincent's College in California. He served in the Army during World War I in the Philippines and later in Oklahoma. He married Ona Foster Gleeson, the widow of one of his cousins. He had two daughters, Dorothy and Ellen.

A number of men worked for the Ryan Brothers as cowboys and many went on to be ranch owners themselves. Everett and Skeet Bowman were two such men. They perfected their bronc riding skills while working for Ryan Brother in Globe. Neil took them with him to deliver a train load of cattle to Ely, Nevada. As there were lots of horses in Nevada, the boys were put to work breaking broncs as they worked the cattle. There was an outlaw horse just across the line in Utah that had been quite successful in keeping his bad reputation. In a slack time, the Ryan cowboys went over and Everett rode him for the sum of \$16.50. Everett, Skeet and Neil practiced their roping in Nevada come rain or shine. Everett obtained a buckskin horse from the Ryans that he won his first big money on. In the 1930's, Everett went on to become a champion all around cowboy.

Joseph Bernard, born 1891, received his education in Globe and Roswell Military Academy in New Mexico. He married Leo Parks of Globe. Her father, Bill Parks, as a young cowboy in Southern Arizona, had witnessed Geronimo's final surrender in Skeleton Canyon. They had one daughter, Joey Nell (Leonard).

While the other three brothers preferred the cattle business, Joseph enjoyed the drug store business. He served his

apprenticeship in the Globe store and received his Pharmacist License in 1913. Ryan & Company started growing. The first store was opened in Miami in 1915. In 1927, there were two stores in Globe and two stores in Miami. The first Phoenix store opened on Third Avenue and Roosevelt in 1936. This was a partnership of Ryans and Larry Evans Jr., who had been a store manager in Globe. Illness forced the retirement of Evans in 1949 and he disposed of his interest in the firm. Stores were also opened in Casa Grande, Tucson, Wickenburg, Tempe and Mesa. In 1961, the drug stores numbered 33. The stores were later sold to the Revco Drug Store chain. Joseph also shared interest in the ranches, served on the Board of Arizona Public Service and the Arizona Board of Pharmacy, as well as having a partnership in Black and Ryan Wholesale Appliance.

Emmet Edward was born in Globe in 1893. He received his education in Globe and at the University of Arizona. Emmet served in Battery A, 340th Field Artillery Regiment, Horse Drawn, in World War I.

The Regiment was recruited in Arizona. The Army, remembering the fabled know how of the Rough Riders during the Spanish American War, wanted a similar group for duty in France. Cowboys, the Army figured, would make ideal handlers of the

horses that would draw the French 75 Millimeter Artillery Rifles. Bartenders, store clerks, railroaders and miners signed up. Emmet was one of the few cowboys to join the regiment. They served in France almost a year and fought in the bitter St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Campaigns. The men returned to New York City in May, 1919 where they were met by the Governor of Arizona, Tom Campbell. Ironically, Emmet's nephew and namesake, Emmett Gerald Ryan (son of Will and Edith), who was born that May, would also fight in the fields of France twenty three years later for the liberation of Europe.

Neen Ericson, Edith's sister, remembers Emmett Gerald's birth in 1919. Edith and her two young sons, William Paul and Edward, returned to Globe from their White Mountain Ranch on East Fork to await the birth of her third child. Neen had come up from Benson to help her sister with the new baby. They were all staying in an apartment owned by Edith's Father-in-law, William. When the time came for Edith to deliver her baby, Mr. Ryan came and took Neen and the two boys for a ride. Babies being born were not a subject to be discussed in front of young children.

The apartment below Edith was being rented by two boot leggers. Two days after Emmett's birth, their still blew up. They set their ceiling (and Edith's floor) on fire. The Globe

Fire Department couldn't get their truck up the steep hill, not even being able to back it up. Neen was frantically throwing water on the floor cautioning Edith and the children to stay on the bed. She felt Edith was too weak to get out of bed and didn't want to leave the apartment unless they absolutely had to. Fortunately, help arrived and the fire was put out without any casualties.

Emmet Edward worked on the family ranches in White River after his return from France. He met his future wife, Vola Thurman, at a dance in Fort Apache. She was the daughter of Southerners from Missouri who had homesteaded near Carlsbad, New Mexico. They had first been in the sheep business and later in the cattle business. Her twin sister had an office job with the Indian Service in White River. Vola came to be with her sister and worked in the kitchen and dining hall for the Indian Service. They had one daughter, Frances (Rumic).

Emmet and Vola's first Christmas was to be spent in a small wooden ranch house with a shingled roof located above White River. His brother, William Albert, told the young couple to go into Globe since it was their first Christmas together. Will's family spent the school year in Globe and he would go into town when Emmet and Vola returned.

The couple went into Globe and Will proceeded to make himself at home in their little house. He soon had a blazing fire going against the cold which caught the roof on fire. He managed to save Vola's cedar chest and phonograph as the house burned to the ground.

The weather that Christmas was extremely bad and it had been a long, hard trip to Globe and back to White River for the newlyweds. Vola, however, had been delighted with a new linoleum rug the couple had received as a Christmas gift for their new home. That rug had to be used in the Ranger Station house where they ended up living for the winter due to the fire.

Ryan Brothers got the beef contract with Fort Apache in the early twenties. William and his family lived at the Fort and beef was provided for the military. Their oldest son, William Paul started school there. He was one of the few white students in the school. The school house burned down during the first weeks of school and they had an unexpected vacation until another building could be located to use for classes.

In the late twenties, the Apache Tribe notified the Ryans that they would not be renewing the cattle leases on the part of the Reservation they occupied. The Ryans and Halls were

the last two white families that still held leases on reservation land in the White Mountain area. Ryan Cattle, wearing the Five Slash brand purchased from Mr. Sharp and Julius Wetzler, were gathered in 1929. Cattle buyers were notified that all cattle on the leased land located on East Fork would be sold. Ryan's had also recruited cattle from their Indian neighbors as the buyer was looking for a lot of cattle. The cowboys and cattle were waiting in the shipping pens on the appointed day. No buyer showed up for two days. Finally on the third day, the buyer sent a representative to the shipping pens advising that the stock market had crashed and he had no money to buy their cattle. All the Indian owners had to be located and their cattle returned. Ryan's had all their cattle, no buyer and no where to go with them. They purchased the Cross S Ranch near Globe which came with a small remanet of cattle. Those cattle were sold and the Five Slash cattle on the reservation were moved to the Cross S.

Emmett and Vola Ryan moved to the Cross S, which had been purchased from John Osborne and Partners. Their neighbors were the surveyors who were working on Highway 60 near the top of the mountain. The surveyors used a narrow rope footbridge to cross the Salt River. One of the men tried to lead a little white horse across it. The horse got scared and started jumping, falling to his death in the river below.

The demise of the stock market had left the banks in precarious positions with their agriculture loans. Neil signed an agreement with the bank at this time that would take him to Ely, Nevada, as previously mentioned in the story. The bank had him take cattle by train to Ely; then hired him and his cowboys to care for them until they could be sold. They were in Nevada almost a year until buyers could be found.

At this time, William Albert also signed a contract with the bank to gather off the Horseshoe and XL Bar Ranches near Prescott. Bill Colburn, brother of western author, Walt Colburn, owned both ranches. His son had died and his daughter was in a wheel chair. Colburn's mind became affected over these incidents and he began to think he was going broke and other things were happening to him. All he wanted was 2,000 head of cattle and 50 horses to start a ranch in Mexico. Neil joined William in Prescott as soon as he returned from Nevada. The bank received so much on each animal gathered by Ryan Brothers and the Ryans were allowed to bid on the remanet, which they bought.

The cattle that were gathered on these ranches were driven to Glendale to be shipped. Frank Polk, western artist and sculpturer, worked for Will Ryan. In his autobiography, he told the following story about one of the cattle drives to Glendale.

"When we was trainin' cattle to Glendale to ship we jist had one truck an they couldn't haul too many beds 'cause they had that truck loaded with the cook outfit and chuck. So two cowboys would sometimes use the same bed. A lot of times Bill Ryan, the owner of the outfit, would leave his bed up on the Verde an' use my bed on the trail ride to Glendale. Now, I didn't mind him sharin' the goldurn bed with me. But that Bill, the dirty ol' son of a gun, would go to bed with is boots an' his spurs an' everythin' on. He was sleepin' an' holdin' his horse's reins in his goldurn hand, in case the cattle ran. Everybody else tied their horses close to their bed where they could get to 'em easy. Bill Ryan was the only one who slept with his horse's reins in his hand. I guess he thought 'cause he was the boss he had to be in the first on his horse if the cattle ran. I'll tell you, I couldn't sleep 'cause Bill's goldurn ol' horse was right there stompin' at the head of my bed. AN' that Bill? Why durn he didn't just sleep on like he was a log."

After the job was completed in Prescott, Will went to the Valley National Bank in Phoenix to settle up. The bank had come in possession of the George Scott Sheep Ranch as well as one owned by Jim Scott. In 1928, John Dobson purchased the George Scott Ranch and Valley Bank was getting tired of looking for a buyer for the Jim Scott outfit. Mr. Bimson talked to Will about

taking over the outfit. Will didn't feel he had the money to do that, plus he had always been a cattleman and this was a sheep outfit. Bimson told him, "You're a good stockman, one of the best in the state and you've always made money. We'll finance you...we'll turn the outfit over to you." Will told him he was not interested and left to go to the Adams Hotel. Just before he reached the door of the Adams, Will decided, "What the hell else am I going to do" and soon found himself the owner of a sheep outfit.

The Scott operation consisted of 10,000 head of ewes, desert range near Florence Junction, a lease on reservation land near Show Low and headquarters near Pinedale. The Scott brothers had been two of the most successful Arizona sheep ranches in the early 1900's. Jim Scott had sheared his sheep in 1919 when wool was ninety cents a pound and then came the World War I Armistice; the next day wool was worth fifty cents a pound. He believed it would go up, so he held onto the wool. He finally sold it for eighteen cents and had four years storage on top of it. Will believed Jim Scott was a good rancher and would have pulled out of it, but he died before earning back his losses.

Neil joined his brother in the sheep business and they had several different summer ranges through the years; the

Duffield Ranch on Paradise and ranges at Pinedale, McNary and Heber. The area near Paradise was breathtaking in its high altitude beauty. Will had moved his family to Phoenix at this time and they would come up for the summer after the sheep had been driven there from the Salt River Valley. Will and Edith slept in a small two room house and their daughters had beds in a room in the barn. Large tents were erected for the boys and visitors. I'm sure all the children thought it was a great summer adventure and enjoyed leaving the heat of the valley for the summer. It was, however, hard work for Edith. She was always an excellent housekeeper and always wanted her children dressed in clean clothes. Her sister, Neen, remembered that she washed every day, using a scrub board until her fingers would bleed. The horses and sheep as well as the humans suffered from the altitude when they first arrived. It always took a few weeks for everyone to get used to the climate.

In the 1930's even as modern conveniences were available in many areas of Arizona, the ranch wife was generally still without electricity and other items to make her life easier. Earl Melby and his brother Bill would spend summers at the Cross S with their Aunt and Uncle. He realizes now how much work it was for Vola to have them for the summer, but she welcomed them and made them feel at home.

In 1937, Ryan Brothers purchased the Bar Eleven (-//) Ranch from Marleys. This ranch was located on the Apache Reservation, north of the Salt River. It was across the river from the Five Slash being run by Emmet and went north all the way to the Pinedale Sheep Range. Neil left the running of the sheep outfit to Will and went to the Bar Eleven.

Jack Moloney, son of Anna Ryan's brother John, was employed by his cousins at the Bar Eleven. He originally received his room and board and \$65.00 a month in wages. He had just received a raise to \$75.00 a month when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Jack was unaware of this event until December 14th. He had been gathering cattle and was met by Joseph Ryan as the cowboys were on their way to the Griffin's shipping pens. He told Jack he could trade his rope for a rifle before long.

Jack read about a Cadet Program for the Army Air Corps. As soon as the cattle were shipped, he went to see about enlisting. Unfortunately, he failed one part of the written test - the current event section. He had been out at the ranch so long, he was not up on the latest news reports. Jack later became a Glider Pilot; then an instructor and trained the U.S. pilots for the Normandy Invasion.

In September, 1944, Jack's father died in Globe. He was to get on various military flights from North Carolina to Luke Air Force Base to attend the funeral. As the pilot was flying over the Bar Eleven on his way from Oklahoma City, he remarked how rough and isolated the country was. Jack informed him that was where he had lived and worked before the war.

Will also developed a partnership in a sheep outfit with Leo Ellsworth. They had their winter sheep range at Florence Junction and in the Mesa-Chandler area. After selling all his sheep in the 1950's, Will ran cattle with the Bar Eleven Brand on the range at Florence Junction. Will's last ranch was the Box Bar Ranch on the Verde River in the area of the Fort McDowell Indian Reservation and Four Peaks. All his grandchildren enjoyed this ranch. It was right on the Verde River and had lots of Indian Ruins to explore; as well as being in a beautiful setting.

Joseph remained active with the Ryan-Evans Drug Stores and owned a feed lot in Tempe at Normal Junction. This was located in the vicinity of Rural Road and the railroad tracks.

Emmett Gerald Ryan leased a ranch at Fort McDowell and the Flying E Ranch in Wickenburg in the 1960's before buying an

interest in Bert Connolly's Ranch in Wenden. He used his Father's Bar Eleven Brand and his own Club brand on these ranches.

LAWRENCE E. MOORE, SR.

Little did Peter Moore know that in 1893 when he settled in the Rucker Canyon area of Southeastern Arizona that he had begun the makings of ranch life to be lived by five generations after him. From his small ranch, the Firehook, to the Rafter X Ranch some four miles down from there, his life ambitions have carried on through drought and rains, and good times and bad.

Peter Moore was born Canadian. He settled in Boise, Idaho as a young man where he was in the milling business. He ventured into the cattle business only to lose them all trying to cross the Snake River. Peter married Martha Herrick who had come to Idaho and her family from Wisconsin. The couple had two children in Idaho; Franklin Peter and Ida.


Peter Moore then took off West in pursuit of regaining his cattle business. Along the way he built up a herd in Texas, hired a man to drive them to market, but never saw the cattle again.



In the meantime, Martha had traveled overland with the

two children and her family to Arizona. Peter joined them at Fort Thomas and started growing Idaho potatoes near Mineral Springs. He supplied Fort Thomas and the nearby mining towns of Globe and Morenci with grain, hay and potatoes from his farm. Here at Fort Thomas, their additional three children were born; Edwin B., Mary C. and Frederick. From his potato business, Peter Moore became known in those parts as "Potato Moore"!

Sometime later he got interested in a mining venture in Mexico. He left his family with Martha's brother who had acquired a ranch in Fairbanks on the San Pedro River. As the story goes, he sunk his "potato fortune" in the mine in Sonora, Mexico only to return once again to Arizona to get back on his feet. He then joined Colonel William Greene as partners in farming operations in Hereford. Moore had met Greene earlier when he hauled dynamite from Fort Thomas to Wilcox. During his farming in the San Pedro Valley he built a dam on the San Pedro and a ditch that was registered to Moore and Greene.

Not long after that he acquired a contract from the Copper Queen Mining Company to haul 6,000 cord of green Blackjack Oak from the Mule Mountains. He hauled the wood by wagon to a railroad spur referred to as "Moore's Spur". During this time the children attended schools in Tombstone. From his earnings

from these endeavors he saved up enough to once again return to the cattle business, so in 1893 he purchased the Firehook Ranch and Brand  from Charles Linderman. The Firehook was located on the Rucker Creek on what is the OK Ranch today. There he and his family lived for six years.



By this time, his eldest son Franklin was a young man and quite confident to begin ranching himself. Peter Moore again ventured into the mining business in Dos Cabezas and left the Firehook to be run by his sons Franklin and Edwin. The family, about this time, 1897, purchased the Whitewater Ranch some four miles below the Firehook from Jim Powers where he branded the Circle P  . (Rucker Creek was also then known as the "Whitewater Draw".) With the purchase of Hereford cattle with the Housetop X brand  from John Long, the ranch became known as the RAFTER X RANCH, as it still is today. Prior to this purchase Frank married Augusta Heyne who had come from New York to visit her father, Captain Frederick Heyne at Camp Rucker. Augusta's brother, Frederick Heyne, Jr. was also in the area.



Water was short at the Firehook Ranch so the family abandoned the ranch and all moved down to the Rafter X. Off and on, the children lived at the ranch until marrying or venturing out on their own. Mary became a school teacher and later married

J.T. Hood who ranched in the Sulphur Springs Valley, was involved in the Bank of Bisbee, and later moved to Douglas. Ida is believed to have lived in Bisbee and Sierra Vista. Ed ranched with his family, married a woman named Mabel from Chicago and was later killed from a fall from a train. Fred Moore in the meantime, set out on his own in various ranching ventures until returning to the Rafter X to become a partner with his brother Frank, and later the sole owner.

During the time Franklin was at the Rafter X he involved the ranch in cattle as well as horses. He bought and sold draft horses, raising them on the ranch until ready to sell. He continued herd improvement until he built up a Hereford herd he was proud of. He and James Hunsaker, a nearby rancher, were longtime friends and traded sire bulls. With such an investment in the cattle industry Frank took a keen interest in the industry and became active in the Arizona Cattle Growers Association where he served on committees and attended the American National Cattlemen's Conventions. He served on the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board under Governors Campbell and Phillips.

Meanwhile, brother Fred married Lucy Ellis, a shirttail relative to Martha Herrick Moore. Lucy had come from New York to teach school at Bisbee. Their wedding was in Bisbee in 1907.

They ranched first in the Sulphur Springs Valley in the early 1900's in partnership with J.T. and Mary Moore Hood. The partnership was located at the Double Rods Ranch. Around 1911, Fred and Lucy moved to the Old Quarantine District three miles west of the Slaughter Ranch (east of Douglas) and homesteaded there. They later acquired the Bar M Ranch where they branded the  and then sold it to John P. Cull in 1916. At that time they moved back to the Sulphur Spring Valley to the AB Ranch , south of the Double Rods.

Throughout Fred's ranching operations he was off and on a Deputy Sheriff and at one time a cattle inspector in Cochise County. As Fred put it... "whenever I went broke in the cattle business". The next move was in the 1920's to the "Moore Place" as it is still known today at Bernadino Station (again east of Douglas). There is also another "Moore's Spur" on the railroad at that location. They settled there until 1928. At Bernadino they branded the 7D  brand, the 'and so forth'  brand and the Bar M Bar -M- brand. During all these moves, Fred and Lucy had four children; Frank, Mary, Martha and Lawrence who was born May 3, 1917 in Douglas, Arizona and delivered by Dr. E.W. Adamson.

In the meantime, Franklin and Augusta were still at the Rafter X Ranch. The two families visited back and forth.

Franklin and Gussie (as she was called) lived in the original Powers adobe headquarters. In later years they added some rooms and put in a ceiling of tongue and groove lumber to replace the old cloth ceilings. They had a sleeping porch which encircled three sides of the house and in time they plastered over the adobe rooms. The nearest water was at the creek and was used for both cattle and domestic uses. It was pumped by horse drawn treadmills and carried to the house. There were no fences in those days to speak of, and during the drought seasons neighboring ranches from miles around drove their cattle to water at the Rafter X. Some of the brands that came to water were the Double Rods, Four Bars, Bar Boot and the Three C's.

Some years later a deep well was put down and water was pumped to the house. The Douglas Dispatch carried an article saying that Franklin Moore had just installed in his ranch house "the biggest bathtub in Cochise County" (It's a six foot claw foot tub that is still in use in the house today). Hot water was heated in a boiler on the kitchen range, so they had hot and cold running water, one of the first conveniences to be know in households for miles around! Also, in the early years of Frank and Gussie's marriage, Moore was the postmaster for Rucker Canyon and a mail drop was made at the Rafter X.

During the years the ranch was developed along. Waters were put in and dirt tanks dug by horse drawn Fresnos. Soil conservation was a priority. Many of the homesteaders who moved on sold their places to Franklin and he built up the ranch to thirty sections over the years. Homesteads that were one time within the Rafter X boundaries were the Charles Hudson, Abslum Hudson, Roscoe F. Burnett, Walter Goslin, L.V. McCourt, Nora Jacobs, Fen S. Hildreth, Charles W. Anderson, James V. Johnson, Epes Randolph, John M. Keith, James D. Wooley, Mode Perry Glasscock, Amos L. Essery, Buford Slover and Lon Fralie. In addition, property was purchased from railroad investments of William M. Riggs and also the partnership of Shattuck, Meadows and Lutley.

In 1928, Fred Moore and his family joined the Franklin Moores at the Rafter X in partnership. Before the move, they had lost one child, Martha to Scarlet Fever. Fred and family lived in Frank and Gussie's house while in the meantime building their ranch house which remains the Moore household today. With inexpensive materials and labor of the depression era, they built a solid structure of gypsum blocks from the mines in Douglas. The house stands where Frank's old barn once stood and was built alongside two cottonwood trees. Within a couple of years, another barn was built. A bunkhouse stood by the adobe shop

(which remains today), but burned down some years later and only the foundation remains.

From 1928 until Frank's death in 1934, Fred and Frank remained partners. When Franklin passed away Fred bought out Franklin's widow, Augusta. She moved into the Gadsden Hotel in Douglas and as the story goes...even left her dishes sitting on the kitchen table! Fred continued to develop the ranch and kept the cow/calf operation with commercial Herfords, still using the Rafter X brand. He, like Frank was also an active member of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, The Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers' Association and was one of the founders of the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboy's Association. In addition he also served on the Livestock Sanitary Board. Fred became a noted story-teller in the area and was called upon often to reminisce about his days of cowboying, deputy sheriffing and school days in the wild Tombstone which included a few stints in the Wild West Shows performed there.

The Fred Moore children attended schools in Cochise County wherever they ranched. Lawrence, the youngest, graduated from Eight Grade from Rucker School District #66 in Rucker Canyon. The school house remains today next to the Rafter X Creek Pasture and OK Ranch and an annual dance is held there each

year. Lawrence then attended the Douglas High School. He missed one full year (1935) recuperating from Scarlet Fever, and then graduated in 1936.

All three of the Fred Moore children served in the Armed Forces in World War II. Frank in the United States Army, Mary in the Women's Services and Lawrence served with the 461st Squadron based at Douglas at the Air Base.

In 1945, Lawrence purchased the ranch from his father, Fred. Fred and Lucy moved to Douglas to a house on the 1200 block of 11th Street where get neighbored with the Bloomquiets, the Snures, the Sprouls, the Pendletons and the Glenns, all families who had homes in Douglas besides their ranches so that the children could attend school. Fred was known to pass many retired hours at the railroad shipping corrals where he met with calamity and broke his hip and was on crutches the rest of his life until his passing in 1954.

In 1944, Lawrence married Helen Kintzele from Denver, Colorado who had come out to stay with friends at the El Coronado Ranch in Turkey Creek. They lived briefly in Colorado and ran cattle there. Lawrence and Helen had three children; Lawrence E. Jr. (Lariat), 1944, Michael, 1947 and Peter, 1953. Around 1949-


1950 the family lived in Hope, Arkansas where they ran a cow herd on pasture. Though they made their permanent home in the ranch house, Fred and Lucy built at the Rafter X.

In 1951, Lawrence was joined by his brother Frank in partnership at the Rafter X. They then invested in a farm with pastures in the valley which they purchased from the Grizzle family. Frank later assumed the interest in the farm for his partnership share in the ranch around 1960. From 1955-1960, Lawrence leased the adjoining ranch, the Frank Sproul place. The Sprouls used the Double Stripe \ brand.

During the 1950's, the original Frank Moore Ranch House was still yet improved by Lawrence. Cement block rooms were added on and some of the older wood frame rooms were torn down. The dwelling was used whenever additional families resided at the Rafter X to work there. Some of them included the George McBride family, the Joe Latta family, the John Bidegain family, the Robert Sproul family and the H. Jones family.

The Lawrence Moore children enjoyed the friendship of the children living at the ranch, as well as the other neighbors. Larry, Jr. attended school at Rucker School for First and Second Grades, until it was closed and the children were bussed to

Elfrida. The Moore children talk of fun times going to visit the Bill Winkler family up Rucker Canyon where they got to watch the first television in the neighborhood.

Lawrence, known to his friends as Larry...continued the cow/calf operation until 1955 when he sold the herd and went into the yearling business. He ran steers on the Rafter X as well as outside pastures down in the valley and near the Douglas airport. After attending college at the University of Arizona and being drafted in 1966 into the Army Reserve; Larry, Jr. joined his father in the operation of the ranch. For ease in branding the large number of steers, Lawrence picked up once again the F-Firehook brand of his Grandfather, Peter Moore dropping the F to leave a simple Firehook  or "Pothook". In 1973, Lawrence once again resumed a cow/calf operation with crossbred cows he purchased from John Neal of Kingman. Along with the cows, he still ran yearlings.

In between his ranching ventures, Lawrence enjoyed versatile interests including horse racing with his horses; Mike's Bar out of Three Bars, Dusty Parker and Credit Card sired by Mike's Bar and Parker's Trouble, with shared interest and training by Greet Lewis. There was some mining interests near Baquachi, Mexico in partnership with Hector Salazar along with a

sideline of a liquor distillery making "El Cumero" from Mescal plants roasted in Hackberry Tree coals. Also, he did some cattle feeding with Bill Brophy and Don Martin at Gila Feed Yards and maintained a membership at the Cowman's Club in Phoenix for his trips to Phoenix to do his banking and cattle trading.

Lawrence's family enjoyed the kinship of many families from who came to visit at the ranch. Dr. Robert Montgomery, Walter Lawson and Jack Haight spent many a Sunday hunting for dove and quail. In 1962 a house was purchased in Douglas on 9th Street where Helen resided with Michaela and Pete so they could attend Douglas schools. Helen was a member of the Ocotillo Club and also was a Douglas Hospital Auxiliary volunteer. Larry, Jr. graduated from Valley Union High School. Michaela "Mike" attended Lamsom Business College in Phoenix and went to work for American Airlines. She trained to be an airline hostess and was based first in Boston, and then San Diego. Peter attended Cochise College in the Airframe and Powerplant program and later began working for cable TV companies in Douglas, Williams and Payson, Arizona.

In 1974, Larry, Jr. married Anne Marie Accomazzo, whom he met when she lived one summer at Paul and Julia Riggs' West Well Ranch. They made their home in the gypsum block house

completely refurbishing all the wood floors and the oak furniture brought to Rucker Canyon from back east by Gussie and Lucy Moore.

Following the death of Helen in 1975, Lawrence and Larry, Jr. went into partnership on the ranch for three years. Then at the end of 1980, Lawrence retired and sold the ranch to Larry, Jr. and Anne. He married Lucille Mercer the same year and they made their home in Wilcox where he enjoyed golf and socializing with friends at Rix's Tavern and the Elks Lodge. Lawrence and his wife bought a motor home and went on occasional trips to visit Pete in Williams and Payson. The summer of 1982 they joined Liz and Smoky Moses in a cross country trip to the World's Fair in Louisville, Kentucky.

Lawrence could be lured back to the ranch at branding and shipping time to help ride. At one such shipping in October of 1982, he, like his father before him, met with calamity at the corrals. A freak accident let to a concussion and brain hemorrhage that affected his life for the next ten years.

In the meantime, Larry, Jr. became the fourth generation to own and operate the Rafter X Ranch. Nearing a century old, the ranch is still strong country continuing with cow/calf and stocker operations. There are several permanent waters still

maintained; the Powers Mill, the North Mill, the Jacobs Mill and the original well at the corrals. Between Fred and Lawrence's ownership, dirt tanks were dug and metal tanks established for water storage. The ranch was divided into pastures including the North Outside, Jacobs, Hills, Windmill, Creek, Horse, Barn, Field and Slover.

In 1982, Larry and Anne did some major reconstruction to the ranch buildings. Most of the buildings were still the original adobe blocks and were eroding from weather. They plastered the adobes on the saddle house, grain room, and the shop and put new tin on the wooden barn and they painted everything barn red. Additionally, they made changes to the ranch operation including the incorporation of Holistic Resource Management practices which included alterations to the existing pastures to include the development of grazing cells within the "North" pasture and splitting the "Outside" pasture up to include a new "Mystery" pasture, suitably named for the spring that mysteriously seeps during the rains.

In 1983, Larry and Anne adopted a baby girl named Cassandra Jo. Little Cassie Jo was proud to be here when Lawrence was inducted into the Wilcox Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1984 to cheer "Grandpappy" on! He joined the Hall along with Jim Hudson and Bert Wilson.

The three men were honored with the portraits being made and hung in the Hall of Fame museum and were presented their awards during Rex Allen Days by Rex Allen himself. In 1985, Lawrence welcomed a new grandson, Jake Tyler Moore and the legacy of a fifth generation cowboy at the Rafter X.

Meanwhile, Larry and Anne carried on family tradition with membership in the Arizona and the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers' Associations. Larry served as President of the County organization and as State Chairman for Private Property. Anne became the second Accomazzo to serve the Arizona State Cowbells as President, and to follow the tradition of her mother Betty, a Laveen Cowbelle and also the Moore women; Gussie, Lucy and Helen who were members of "The Cowbells" of Douglas. the founding organization of the cattlemen.

With time, complications of Lawrence's accident at the ranch continued to interfere with his health and activity. Before his life, dedicated to cowboying and cattle raising ended, he proudly saw his old cattle brand the -M- lifted above the entry way of the Rafter X Ranch to represent the formation of the Bar M Bar Cattle Company in 1990 by Larry and Anne. This added new ranch country including the historic Whitehead Ranch and the Old Geer Place. Lawrence also witnessed the new additions to his

family home of a kitchen, family room, master bedroom and bathroom.

In May of 1992, Lawrence turned 75 years old. With this celebrated birthday, he became a member of the Arizona National Livestock Show Pioneer Stockmen. In August of the same birthday year, he passed away and was laid to rest in the Calvary Cemetery in Douglas, Arizona where he joined Helen, his wife of 31 years, along with his brother Frank, his sister Mary, his baby sister Martha, his parents Fred and Lucy and his Uncle Franklin and Aunt Augusta, who all preceded him in death.

In 1997 the Rafter X Ranch will be 100 years old. Seventy five of those years were under the guidance of Lawrence, bringing sustenance to the land, joy to the lifestyle and a legacy to the Moore family ranching before and after him.

FLOYD C. KIMBLE

It was early in the evening of January 20, 1920. A Southern Pacific passenger train was slowly coming to a stop in the Mexican border town of Douglas, Arizona. About to disembark were part of a family coming from deep in the State of Oklahoma to take up ranching in Cochise County. Along with him were his youngest daughter Lucille, his next eldest son, J.B. or Tuck, his youngest son Gus sometimes called "Cooter", his wife Sallie and his next youngest son Floyd, also called "Tom".

The party was about to embark on a long and profitable life in Cochise County, Arizona. Several months before this arrival- J.B. and C.C. had purchased a ranch in the mouth of Price Canyon in the Chiracauhua Mountains. In buying the ranch he had also acquired a home in Douglas.

C.C. Kimble was a pioneer - he had originated in Kimble County in Texas. During the early part of the 1900's he had decided to move to Oklahoma. After buying a property south of Tulsa he moved a train load of cattle - wagons - horses and kids to Beggs, Oklahoma. This move was very fortunate for him and the family because in the early 1920's he was fortunate enough to be

in the oil play that commenced in Tulsa. Tulsa, Oklahoma was destined to become the oil capital of the U.S., but this was not assured at the time. All anyone knew then was that oil had been discovered and a boom was on!

Floyd C. Kimble was the third son in a family of thirteen children born to C.C. (Charles Chester) Kimble and Sallie Hutchinson Kimble. He was born in Burnett County, Texas in September 1899 and he died in Douglas, Arizona, February 8, 1994. He lived a long, interesting and industrious life. During his lifetime he owned three ranches - one in the Animas Valley in New Mexico, one (the headquarters) around Apache Arizona, and one in Leslie Canyon - the old Hunsaker property.

For many years he was very active in the registered cattle business, this involved raising breeding cattle. The bull calves from this herd were sold to other ranchers in the County and later on he would buy their off-spring. He developed an operation whereby he would winter weaner calves in Arizona and send them to his brother in New Mexico around Clayton to summer.

In the process of producing many thousands of feeder cattle in both Arizona and New Mexico, he became widely known amongst his contemporaries. He was able to buy cattle on his

word and a hand shake. It is a little different now. After J.B. Kimble died in the early 1940's, Floyd decided to begin finishing cattle in California. For many years he was able to fatten and sell thousands of cattle in the Imperial Valley in California.

Floyd had grown up in Oklahoma around Beggs where he finished high school and a short term in a business school nearby. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Army and was sent to be processed in Colorado Springs, Colorado. From there he was sent to the Presidio in San Francisco, California where he served in the Coast Artillery during WW I. After his discharge he came to Arizona to ranch. This is a preamble to a much longer story.

Before coming to Arizona C.C. had sold a fairly large interest in a well south of Tulsa. It was from this sale that he determined to employ the proceeds in more land in Arizona. He had already purchased some property in northeastern New Mexico around Clayton and had located his two older sons, J.B. and Roy on ranches up there. He was especially attracted to Douglas because just across the Mexican line a man could imbibe to his heart's content. This was not so in Oklahoma since it was a dry state and he liked to take a drink now and then.

He had, at first, come to Douglas to look at the old Slaughter Ranch which was for sale at that time. He was not much

impressed with the range. In looking the country over he decided that the area around Apache would be more to his idea of good cow country. It is fairly evident that he knew a good cow country when he saw it, since the country he purchased in northeastern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona have become some of the best areas for ranching in the Southwest U.S.

The C.C. Kimble is a story that has been told. This is a story about Floyd. After C.C. died in 1931 he left a large estate which had to be divided amongst thirteen heirs. It was during the depression and it was a difficult time for everyone. Floyd was given the task of settling the estate and dividing the property both here in Arizona and in Oklahoma. The lands were divided among the boys and daughters in as near equal parts as possible and the oil royalties were set up in trust for the future benefit of the immediate heirs.

As a result of the settlement, Floyd became the owner of the property around Apache. Several years before that C.C. had delved into the registered cattle business and after his death, Floyd began to raise and sell breeding bulls to neighboring ranches. In the process he also became a buyer of the calf crops produced by the ranchers.

The nature of the business allowed him to become acquainted with many ranchers throughout the Southwest. He would purchase calves in the fall and sell bulls the following year to the same ranchers. The calves he purchased were wintered on the ranges in and around Apache and then shipped to Clayton for J.B. to handle during the summers around Clayton. This operation was very profitable for several years until J.B. died in the early 1940's.

After WW II Floyd decided to start finishing his own cattle in the Imperial Valley in California. This involved quite a different operation. It demanded a great deal more financing, much more organization; it involved owning a cattle for a much longer time than he had been used to and it also required a greater area for running cattle.

Before WW II Floyd had owned a ranch in the Animas Valley in New Mexico, which he sold in 1938-39. After the war he was able to purchase the old Hunsaker Ranch in Leslie Canyon just north of Douglas. It was from this ranch and the Apache Ranch that he was able to ship upwards of 3,000 head of yearling steers and heifers to the Imperial Valley in California for finishing.

He had a special ambition to live to be the oldest veteran of WW I - he only fell a little short. He passed away after a lengthy illness at his son's home in Douglas. He is

survived by his one son, Bill who lives in Douglas and by many grandchildren living in Arizona, California and Maryland. He is well remembered by his many friends and associates and he will be sorely missed by his family.

HUBERT HAUGHT

Hubert Haught was born June 8, 1918 to Samuel A. Haught, Jr. and Mildred C. Haught on Walnut Creek, Pleasant Valley, Arizona. He attended school in a one room school house on Walnut Creek known as Haught School. He later attended school in Pleasant Valley.

Hubert served in the "Seabees" during World War II. Hubert married Louise Mall of Gooding, Idaho on November 2, 1944. They raised two daughters, Alana and Pam.

Hubert worked for a number of ranches as a young man. He worked for the Buzzard Roast Ranch, the Bar II, Z T Ranch, the Flying V, X Diamond and T F Bar.

He helped to take two herds of cattle from Young to Holbrook. One herd went from Young to Globe and one herd went from Young to Cibique Junction. He helped take two herds from the Bar II to Globe and he helped take 2,300 head of cattle across the narrow bridge at Holbrook because the rivers were too high.

Hubert worked for the copper mines in Globe for many years and is now retired. He and his wife "Wesie" enjoy traveling in their motor home.

HOMER HAUGHT

Homer Haught was born June 8, 1918 to Samuel A. Haught, Jr. and Mildred C. Haught on Walnut Creed, Pleasant Valley, Arizona.

Homer was born a twin. An Indian Chief named Ben Stago was at Walnut Creek working for Sam in the fields. When the Indian Chief saw the twin boys, he pointed to Homer and said "kill that one".

Homer attended school in a one room school house on Walnut Creek known as the Haught School. He later attended school at Pleasant Valley.

Homer served in the Armed Guards during WW II from 1942 to 1946. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean nine times during this time. While on the ship sailing out of Puerto Rico, his ship was rammed by another ship so another ship picked up the sailors and took them to Philadelphia.

Homer married Betty Jo Teams of Paris, Texas in Lordsburg, New Mexico in 1947. They had two children, Donnie Wayne Haught and Butch Morris Haught.

Homer worked for a number of cattle ranches as well as owning his own herd. His first job when he was fourteen years old was working for Cone Webb of the Buzzard Roast Ranch. He then worked for Searge Wilson of the Flying V, D.V. Marley of the Bar 11 and Oriville Hazelwood of the ZT's.

Homer went to work as a deputy sheriff for the Gila County Sheriff's office in Pleasant Valley, Arizona from 1960 to 1963 and in 1964 went to work in the Payson office.

Homer retired from the sheriff's office in 1986. His wife Betty died in November 1991. Homer lives at his home in Payson, Arizona and enjoys visiting with his many friends and family.

MILTON D. "BUD" WEBB

My story really begins in the little town of Sedan, Kansas in 1883. My Grandfather, Milo C. Webb, owned a general merchandise store with a partner. When the farmers couldn't pay their bill, the Storekeepers took cattle in trade. They soon found themselves in the cattle business with no market nor feed. After a dry year in Kansas, Grandpa came West in 1883 to look for pasture. He landed in Tonto Basin and decided to make that his home and develop a cattle ranch. He went back home that winter and began to make plans to move to Arizona.

On May 26, 1886, he had 360 heifers, a yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. About six months later he was on Turkey Creek in the Sierra Ancha Mountains. He turned the cattle loose, but later the next spring he moved off the mountain to Tonto Basin. In January of 1890, he bought his family out. His two sons, my Dad Jay and my Uncle Cone worked the cattle. Grandpa decided a store would do well in his new location, so he built on and started a school. His daughter, Minnie, became the school teacher and his wife Ella became the postmistress.

As time went on, the family ranched only in Gila

County. About 1916, Tonto Basin was dry. They were chopping cottonwood trees and burning prickly pear to feed the cattle, so they decided to buy the Horse Track Ranch north of Florence on the Gila River. This ranch included about 400 acres of farm land. My Dad moved to this ranch, leaving my Uncle Cone to run the Gila County ranch.

Because of drought and low prices, we lost the ranch and moved into the town of Florence. It was here that I was born on October 28, 1920.

My Dad worked for Paul Hanna of the Shell Oil Company and I went my first six years of school in Florence. At that time, my Dad went back to the Globe ranch and my Mother taught school at Barkerville (north of Florence) for two years. I think I spent more time chopping wood for the school house stove than I spent in school. Having your mother for your teacher didn't seem like a good thing to me at the time.

Dad and Uncle Cone took turns running the lower and the mountain parts of the A Cross Ranch. Mother taught school at Cline for two years. I boarded in Globe with different families until my senior year at Globe High School. Mother moved to town so I could live at home. After high school, I went to the

University of Arizona on a football scholarship. After washing a million dishes in the University Commons, and having no money, I decided that a year and a half was enough of that.

My wife, Dot, was born in Alamogordo, New Mexico. Her father worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad and we met in high school. We were both at the University of Arizona. We were married in 1941 while I was working for the Tovrea Packing Company. During this time, Dot graduated from ASU and we went to live on the Globe ranch. She taught school in Globe until I was drafted into the Army. I spent the duration of the war at Falcon Field in Mesa and Dot taught at the old Balsz School in Phoenix.

After the war, I traded out my small herd of cattle in Gila County and bought 80 acres south of Tempe. I bought 30 Jersey cows and ran a dairy farm alone and then later with a partner until 1951.

In the meantime, I had started in the real estate business, a short time with Pete Porter and in 1947 started working for Sterling Hebbard. We sold farms and ranches and loaned money for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company. Wanting to learn the feedlot business, I managed the M.O. Best Feed Yard at Lateral 16 1/2 and Christy Road for nine months and then went back to Sterling Hebbard.

In 1949, I sold a small ranch in Skull Valley for John Resley to Dr. James Lytton-Smith. From the first day I saw the ranch, I decided I would try to buy it if ever possible.

In 1951 the chance came and I bought the 1/1 Ranch. Those years brought on several management jobs that I did along with selling real estate. When our good friends, the Jim Filor family, died in their plane over Missouri in August of 1951, we were at the Yolo Ranch to vacation and "oversee" until they returned from visiting in Connecticut. I saw them off from their air strip at the ranch in good weather, but bad weather did them in even though Jim was an experienced airline pilot. After the estate was settled, I managed Yolo for a year for Mrs. Filor's mother, until the ranch was sold.

My father died in 1961 and I managed the old family ranch until we sold it in 1965.

Another management job came with selling the Double O Ranch to two men from Texas. I ran it for seven years, sharing in the cattle. Mike Landis was instrumental in the success there.

From 1969 to 1972, I put together about 600,000 acres

in Southwest New Mexico for Phelps Dodge to buy. They didn't want to run any cattle, so I bought most of the cattle in those transactions and leased some of the ranches. This was a very successful operation because I had Andy Peterson and his family living there and running the ranch.

After the ten year lease was up, I traded this operation for the Bob Boice Ranch at Dripping Springs, south of Globe. We still have this ranch today.

Sterling Hebbard died in January 1969. Jim, my son, had just finished the University of Arizona and joined the real estate firm. It seems, at times, that we have sold almost every ranch in Arizona at lease once, and loaned money on a good many of them.

I have been so fortunate to have worked with such great people during all these years. They were all very good to me. I can name Phil Tovrea, Kemper Marley, Sterling Hebbard, the Andy Petersons, Dutch Ortega, Mike Landis, and Jim Campbell of Pampa, Texas. Our family has always felt a real affection for Fred Patton and his family. He was our Skull Valley foreman for thirty plus years. We feel that he and his wife helped raise our kids.

It was a real pleasure to be on the Arizona Livestock Production Board for 25 years and a Valley National Bank Director for 13 years. I have a real fond spot in my heart for Abbie Keith, Secretary of the Arizona Cattle Growers' for so many years. She helped and pushed a lot of us as we worked on state and national committees. She was a good friend during my year as President of ACGA.

It has been a pleasure to me to see the Arizona Cattle Industry Research and Education Foundation going so well. It is fun to be a part of the organization.

Looking back, I don't know when I had time to handle all the things I did. I wore out a good many automobiles. If keeping busy is good for your health, I should be healthy.

Sterling Hebbard was a unique person, and I have felt so lucky to have worked for him. I'm proud that Hebbard and Webb has produced three Arizona National Livestock Show presidents, trained many young men through the years, and is still a going operation.

We have three children and six grandchildren. Jim, our oldest, lives in Phoenix with his wife Pam and is our partner in

the real estate and loan business. His three children are all grown and working at various jobs in California.

Our daughter, Margaret Arnold, lives with her husband Jim in Englewood, Colorado. Their two children are in high school and very involved with music and horses.

Our younger son, David, lives with his wife Judy near Prescott. His only child, a son, is in high school in Prescott.

Our children and grandchildren all enjoy the ranch, although I doubt if any one of them will follow the family business. My wife is an ardent golfer, and sometimes I feel that she would choose the nearest golf course over the ranch, but she has gone along with the ranching and real estate business for some fifty four years.

CHARLES A. "CHUCK" LAKIN

Charles A. "Chuck" Lakin was born in Fort Scott, Kansas on June 11, 1921 and migrated to Arizona the same year. Therefore, he was cheated out of being a "native son" by a mere three or four months.

Chuck's father, Lloyd Lakin had been a dairyman and breeder of light harness horses in Kansas. In Phoenix he made some money in the wholesale grocery business, and in 1928 he and a partner named George Peter formed the "Lakin Peter Cattle Company" and began purchasing some distressed ranch properties around the State. They acquired the Diamond Slash Ranch near Yucca on the slopes of the Hualpies, 140 sections of State lease and BLM land and the "Dumbell" and "Cross U" northwest of Prescott in the Santa Marias, together totaling about 120 sections, largely forest permits. They also bought some undeveloped land near Cashion and leased 2,000 acres of farm land complete with a feed lot at Theba (near Gila Bend).

Although Chuck grew up mostly in the Phoenix area, he got acquainted with the cattle business early on. From his early teens he was spending his summers at the Cross U, learning from such top hands as Elmer Cox and "Whistle" Mills.

He attended public schools in Phoenix and New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. He went on to the University of Arizona, where he majored in Animal Husbandry. More importantly; there he met Maxine Cortelyou in 1942 but did not succeed in marrying her for four more years because of the great war.

Chuck earned a calvary commission and wound up in a combat mule pack outfit in Burma called Mars Task Force (the second half of the Merrill's Marauders Campaign). He was Regimental Mule Pack Officer for the 475th Infantry, responsible for 1,500 mules. He came out with a Purple Heart and a great respect for mules.

On being discharged from the Army in 1946, he quickly went to work for Lakin Cattle Company (The Lakin Peter Partnership had been dissolved); and almost as quickly married Maxine.

Maxine was born in Santa Barbara, California but grew up all over because her father was an executive in Standard Oil and kept moving (Texas, Utah and Arizona). After graduating from the University of Arizona, she taught school in Florence, Arizona for a time. Chuck and Maxine have four daughters and ten grandchildren, with one great grandchild on the way.

But we digress. After going to work for his Dad, Chuck

soon found himself stretched three ways; running the feed lot at the Cashion ranch, clearing and leveling 1,000 acres of very alkali, salt cedar and mesquite infested land, there and spending about half his time at the Cross U.

The Cross U is 70 sections of forest permit and about a section of patented land in the Santa Marias northwest of Prescott. It is bordered on the West by the "YOLO", on the North by the 7 UP and K4, on the East by the 7V, and on the South by the "Spider" and the "Dumbell". It was assembled from three smaller outfits, the "Lazy J E" previously owned by John Ernst, the "Cross U", previously owned by Lester Johnson and the "Pine Flat" allotment whose previous owner escapes Chuck's memory.

It's a rocky, brushy, steep piece of country, but a pretty good ranch. At that time, it had a 491 mother cow permit. In the middle fifties they switched to steers, producing feeder weight steers for the Cashion feedlot.

Crossbred Brahma steers seemed to out-perform the English breeds in that kind of country but could get "trotty" if not handled with care. Chuck's resident foreman for sixteen years, Wallace Harper was the right man for the job. Harper's system was; if the cattle didn't want to go this-away, then let 'em go that-away, then bend 'em around so you'd wind up where you wanted 'em to be. You might be a little late getting in but

you'd have them all and you didn't have to fight 'em in the face all the way. The ranch was pretty well watered mostly springs and developed "seeps". It boasted on exceptional spring running about an acre foot of water every day, but it was located at the low end of the ranch, so it was not much use for stock water. It did feed a beautiful lake and irrigated pastures along Pine Creek.

There was not a lot of grass anywhere on the Cross U but it grew lots of good brush and had some good south slopes for winter range.

It never made a lot of money, a condition not too unusual in that business. In 1964 it was decided to sell and concentrate on the farm and feed lot in the valley. At the time the ranch was sold, it still had a 491 mother cow permit, unchanged for 35 years but it was under "Allotment Analysis" and cuts were threatened which was another reason for selling. (It was eventually cut 50 head.) It has since change hands three times and is now owned by the Dennis Moroneys.

By 1960, the Lakins had about 800 acres of irrigated Coastal Bermuda grass and 400 acres of alfalfa at the Cashion ranch, using all of the grass to grow calves for the feed lot. They would put 400 to 600 calves to a 40 acre field and in a week they'd be ready to move to another field. This was intensive

pasture management at it's best but gains were not exceptional and the Lakins were trying to figure out a way to improve them.

A story in the Farm Journal offered a solution. It told about dehydrating and pelletizing Coastal Bermuda and obtaining miraculous gains with light calves. In actual feeding trials calves gained as advertised, so the equipment was ordered and during the winter of 59-60, Chuck installed a pellet mill. It was a revolutionary concept and like most revolutions, risky. Calves gained like crazy, so it took about a year to realize it wasn't going to work. Partly because they lucked into a down market, partly because of much higher production costs than anticipated.

But the scariest thing was a form of encephalitis that tore through the feed lot causing not much mortality, but many of them had the "blind staggers" from which they never quite recovered. There were about 300 steers in one set of pens that had shown no symptoms, so it was decided to sell them to get them out of there. Holly Sugar Company bought them for a fair price and they were unaware of the disease. They made Chuck sign a guarantee against any problems they might have resulting from the disease. The morning they were shipped two steers were showing symptoms. Chuck considered backing out of the deal, but instead cut the two out and let them go. When he realized what could happen, he didn't sleep for a month expecting the phone to ring

in the night saying they had 10,000 sick steers at Holly Sugar Company. That could have been "all she wrote" for Laken Cattle Company; but the fateful call never came. Holly never had a sick animal and they reported all steers fed out very well.

Meanwhile, a little experiment was going on that would have an enormous impact on the future of the company. Chuck was feeding Bermuda hay pellets to some horses. The Lakins had been breeding Quarter Horses since 1948; standing a stallion named Hub Thomas who was tightly Peter McCue bred top and bottom. The broodmares featured an own daughter of Joe Hancock, an own daughter of Clabber, and mares of Joe Reed II, Oklahoma Star, Kiowa and Waggoner breeding, to mention a few. Chuck saw that the colts on pellets were out growing and out gaining the others on traditional diets.

Since the calf feeding program was all but dead, Chuck suggested to his Dad that they market the product for horse feed. His Dad thought it was a damn fool idea but reluctantly agreed to try it.

The rest is history. It got off to a slow start since it was a brand new concept and horsemen were reluctant to break with tradition. After a couple of years of ringing doorbells and giving away free samples, the idea began to catch on and for the next 20 years sales grew at an average rate of about 1,000 tons a

year! Lloyd Lakin lived long enough to see the pellet business succeed for which Chuck will always be thankful.

In spite of all the demands of feed manufacturing and growing alfalfa to feed it, Chuck kept a small breeding herd; first of Charlaise cows, which ended in a Brucellosis disaster and later crossbreds using Santa Gertrudis bulls and longhorns. However in 1988, Chuck reluctantly admitted they were just an expensive plaything and sold them all.

By the late 80's, Chuck was down to a couple of broodmares and decided to renew an old acquaintance, mules. He has raised some good ones. He rides often and has shown at Bishop Mule Days.

The cattle are gone, the horses are gone, and the feed business is mostly in younger hands, but Chuck goes out nearly every day doing his job as complaint department, tour director, resident historian, official poet and mule trainer.

Chuck has been active in a fair number of industry related organizations. He was active in the Yavapai Cattle Growers Association and served on the Prescott Forest Advisory Board for several years. He has been a member of Arizona Cattle Growers for fifty years and has been active in the Beef Counsel. He was Chairman of the Screwworm Eradication Program in Maricopa

County. He was Chairman of the Board of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association in 1958.

He is Honorary Vice President of the American Quarter Horse Association and served fifteen years on it's Equine Research Committee. He is a past President of the Arizona Quarter Horse Breeders Association and presently serves as a director of the Arizona State Horsemens Association.

Chuck has always been active in Farm Bureau and has been an officer in the Arizona National Livestock Show.

He has been an active member and past President of he Sheriff's Mounted Posse of Maricopa County since 1949 and has recently completed a history of that organization. He was also a Charter member and past President of The Estrella Rotary Club, boasting 27 years of perfect attendance.

Maxine and Chuck are both recipients of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture Lifetime Service Award and both have been delegates to The Arizona Academy.

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT

JIM & LUCILLE WILBOURN *Cochise Graham Social
Monzingo Ranch - Benson AZ
LAWRENCE MOORE, SR. *Rafter X Ranch (100 years old in 1997)
-M- brand
MILTON D "Bud" WEBB *CHECKIN' THE HERD
MOVIN' THRU TOWN - SKULL VALLEY *BUD WEBB

BACK

BOB CROWDER CATTLE-SPREADER WELL *John Weisser, (B.C. nephew)
BOB CROWDER hand shake closing
sale of ranch deal to Marvin
Roberts, buyer.
BETH SMITH AYCOCK - Sonoita AZ
RYAN FAMILY *Emmet deceased 1965, Cornelius 1959, May 1969,
William Albert 1970, Joseph 1964, Anna 1947,
Alice resides in Phoenix, William 1941. Globe AZ 1909
William Albert is the father of WILLIAM PAUL RYAN
EDWARD ALBERT RYAN
EMMETT GERALD RYAN
FLOYD KIMBLE - Douglas AZ
FRANK & PEARL ETHRIDGE - Peoples Valley AZ
BETH SMITH AYCOCK *getting ready to "mount up".

