Arizona National Stock Show

Volume XVII

Arizona National

Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman

Volume XVII

Compiled and Edited by

Doris French

Arizona National Pioneer Stockman

and

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

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January, 1997

The Arizona National Stock Show is proud to participate in Volume 17 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

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

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January, 1997

This is the 17th volume of Arizona National Pioneer Stockman histories. It has been my honor to carry on this project after the passing of Betty Accomazzo, and I continue to derive great pleasure from compiling these wonderful stories. They are such an important part of our states history. They tell the stories of those who made our country so great and the hardships, pleasures and success's each endured. These stories are so special to all of us, and record the history of stock men and women and those associated with this industry in our beautiful state.

Each year one of our Pioneers who has donated his talents to further the promotion of our industry, is featured in the printed program of the Arizona National Livestock Show. This years featured Pioneer is Chuck Lakin. Chuck is dedicated in his promotion of the Cowboy Classics and is always available when called on to perform or to help in any area needed. This is the kind of stock our pioneers are made of.

One of our Pioneers in this volume, is Ben Snure, was named "Cattleman of the Year" by the Arizona Cattlemans Association, this August in Springerville, at their annual convention.. No one is more deserving than Ben! "Congratulations Ben!"

At our Pioneer Luncheon, January 5, 1996, Nellie Stevenson was made an honorary Pioneer. He was one of the parties that was instrumental in beginning the Arizona National Living Pioneer Stockman, and publishing their histories.

I would like to thank the staff of Arizona National for their help, especially Jody Yeager, our Pioneer staff secretary. She keeps track of our Pioneers and answers their questions when they call , and she trys to keep me straight on my part. I especially want to thank the Arizona National Board of Directors and Grant Boice, the Show Director, who back this project and allow me to keep publishing these wonderful stories. To the Arizona State Cowbelles and to Danny Freeman and Stuart Krentz , a special thank you for helping us find pioneers and encouraging and helping them to not only sign up as a pioneer, but to write their stories and let us put them to print.

I would also like to give a special thank you to my sister Marilyn Plantz for spending her Christmas vacation typing non-stop to help me get this ready to print. Shes a true friend as well as a very special sister, and knows how special these volumes are to all that write their stories and to those of us who read them, especially their families. It is so great to have these volumes to pass on to their children and grandchildren and to those who wish to know about our states history. This is the real thing-better than any regular history book or fiction written.

Please help me to continue to collect these histories. We cannot do it without all of you to help find the new pioneers .

Thank you for the opportunity to serve you.

Respectfully,

Doris French

Doris French,
Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Secretary

"Educating youth and promoting livestock and agriculture since 1948"

Pioneer Stockman: Chuck Lakin

By Heather Rayner

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

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 then in 1928 he and George Peter formed the Lakin Peter Cattle Company. The partners began purchasing distressed ranch properties around Arizona.

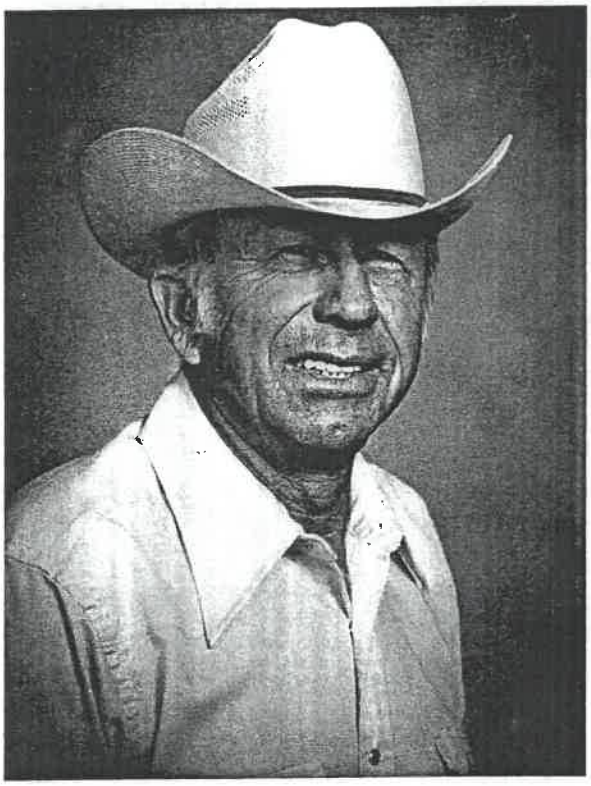
They acquired the Diamond Slash Ranch near Yucca on the slopes of the Hualapai Mountains, 140 sections of State lease and BLM land. They also bought the Dumbell and Cross U Ranches northwest of Prescott, together totalling 120 sections. They also purchased some undeveloped land near Cashion and leased 2,000 acres of farmland complete with a feedlot 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 spent his summers at the Cross U. He attended public schools in Phoenix and the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. He majored in Animal Husbandry at the University of Arizona. It was at the U of A in 1942 that he met Maxine Cortelyou and married her four years later after his WWII service.

After being discharged from the army in 1946, he went to work for Lakin Cattle Company (the Lakin Peter Partnership had been dissolved). While working for his dad, Chuck soon found himself stretched three ways: running the feedlot at the Cashion ranch, clearing and leveling 1,000 acres of very alkali, salt cedar and mesquite infested land, and spending about half his time at the Cross U. The Cross U was sold in 1964 after it was decided to concentrate on the farm and feedlot in the Valley.

By 1960, the Lakins had about 800 acres of irrigated Coastal Bermuda Grass and 400 acres of alfalfa at the Cashion Ranch, which they used to grow calves for the feedlot. They would put 400 to 600 calves in a 40-acre field and in a week they'd be ready to move to another field. This was intensive pasture management at its 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 explained dehydrating and pelletizing Coastal Bermuda Grass 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



1959-60, Chuck installed a pellet mill. Although the calves gained like crazy, it took about a year to realize it wasn't going to work - partly because they were in a down market and partly because of much higher production costs than anticipated.

Meanwhile, Chuck was feeding Bermuda hay pellets to some of his Quarter Horses, which the Lakins had been breeding since 1948. Chuck saw that the colts on pellets were outgrowing and outgaining those on traditional diets. Since the calf feeding program was all but dead, Chuck suggested to his dad that they market the product as horse feed.

The rest is history. After a couple years of ringing doorbells and giving away free samples, the idea began to catch on. For the next 20 years sales grew at an average rate of about 1,000 tons a year.

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

He has been active in a number of industry-related organizations, including the Yavapai Cattle Growers' Association, Prescott Forest Advisory Board and the Arizona Beef Council. He has been a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association for more than 50 years and served as 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 15 years on its equine Research Committee. He is 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 the Arizona Farm Bureau and has served as an officer for the Arizona National Stock Show. He has been an active member and past president of the Sheriff's Mounted Posse of Maricopa County since 1949 and has recently completed a written history of that organization. He was also a member and past president of the Estrella Rotary Club, boasting 27 years of perfect attendance.

Chuck and Maxine are both recipients of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture Lifetime Service Award and both have been delegates to the Arizona Academy. The pair have four daughters, 10 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

In 1996 the Lakin Cattle Company celebrated its 50th anniversary of farming, making horse pellets, feeding and breeding cattle, horses and mules and just generally having a wonderful time.

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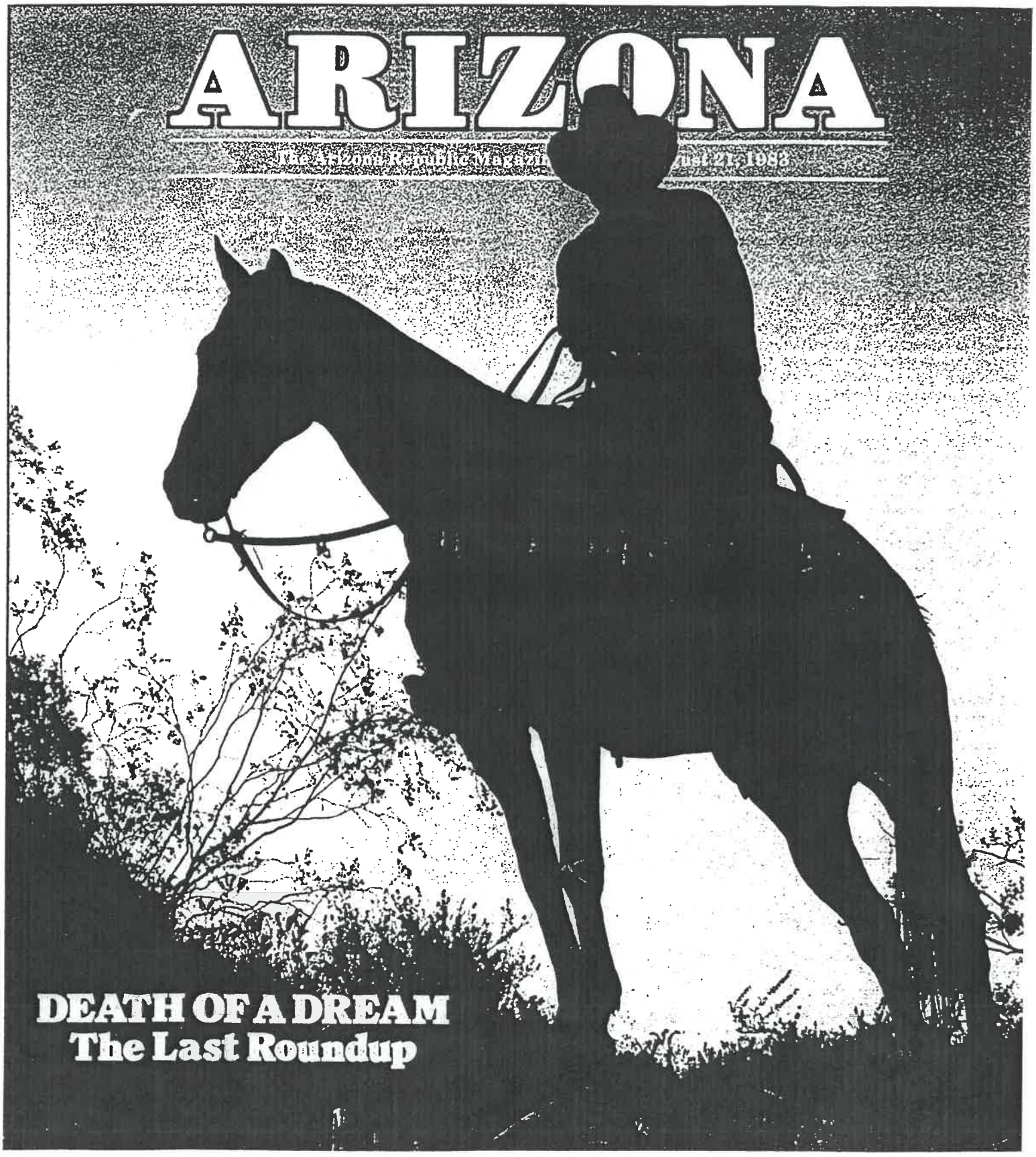
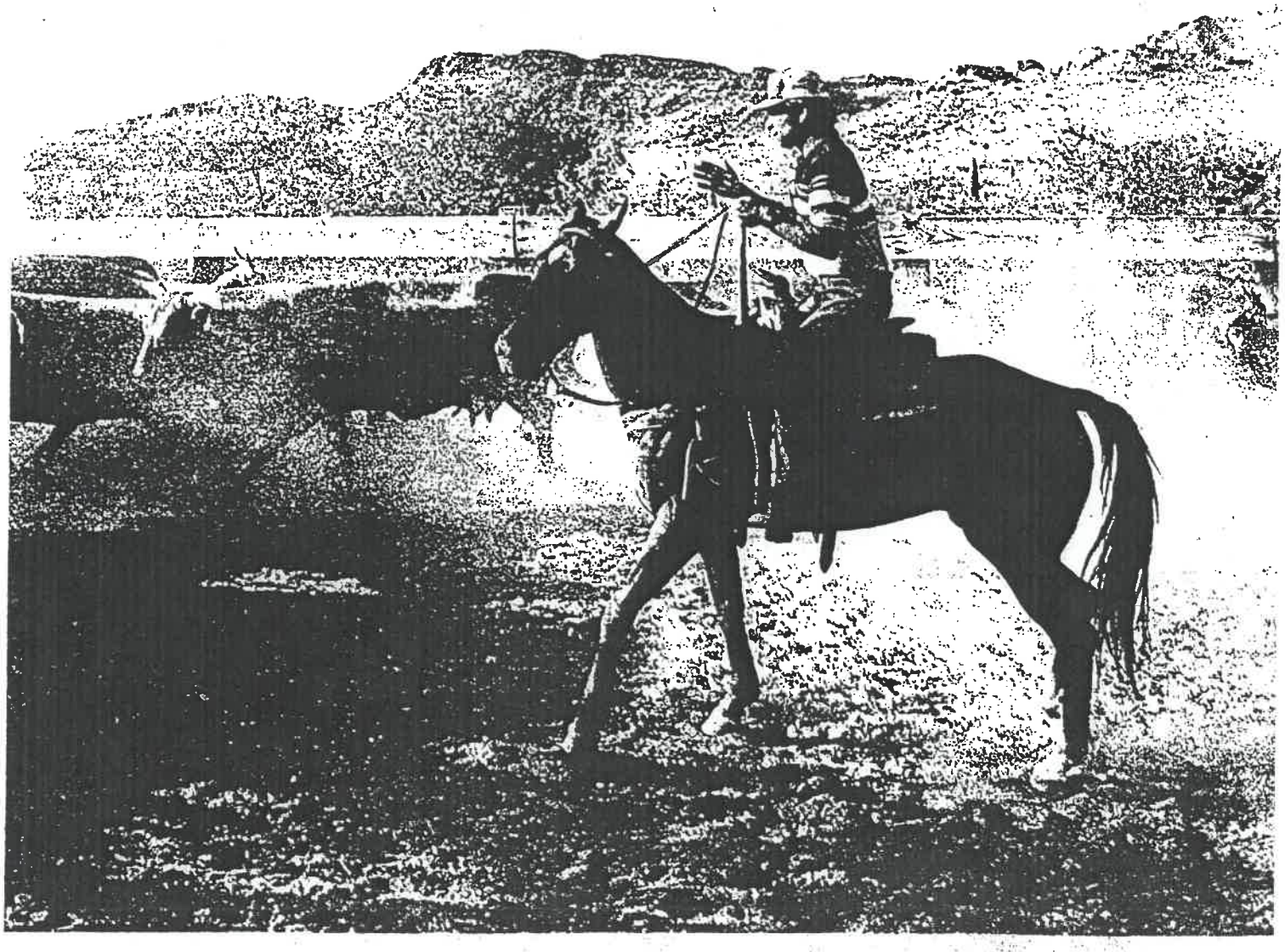

ARIZONA
The Arizona Republic Magazine
August 21, 1983
DEATH OF A DREAM
The Last Roundup

The LAST ROUNDUP

by Robert Barrett

Photos by Rod Moyer



R.E. (BOB) CROWDER, JR.
CROWDER RANCHES

The removal of the cattle marks the death of the third and final dream for the Kofa Range

Reprinted with permission of the Arizona Republic Magazine
(August 21, 1983)

Bob Crowder stood and watched the cattle truck as it labored up the dirt road--more of a wagon track--and disappeared over the ridge. He stood quietly, staring at his scuffed boots, ignoring the flock of dove that wheeled and soared over his head, impatiently waiting an opportunity to drink at one of the few dependable water holes in the Kofa Mountains.

Crowder was thinking, remembering the days past. In his Phoenix office is a photograph of a much younger Bob Crowder, grinning, crouched over a frying pan perched on the edge of a campfire in the desert, dinnertime for the cowboys with Crowder as cook. It could have been taken anywhere in the desert. Only it wasn't. It had been taken at the beginning of Crowder's dream for the Kofas.

Now, standing and listening to the fading sound of the cattle truck, Crowder is at the end of that dream. Like two other men who had dreams for that part of the Kofas, Crowder's dream is dying.

Perhaps, Crowder thinks, this part of the Kofas is jinxed. After all, the first man with a dream for this area arrived as a result of a murder...

It takes more than three hours and a high-clearance pickup or four-wheel-drive vehicle to reach the Hoodoo Well in the Kofas. Crowder had made the long, hot drive the day before. He was on his way to remove a small herd of cattle from the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge, now managed by the federal Fish and Wildlife Service. For Crowder, one of the principles of the Crowder-Weisser Cattle Company, the financial loss--if any--would be minuscule. But, like many wealthy men who have accomplished the goals they set while young, the only thing left is to enrich the ego of preserve memories. It is the last roundup for Crowder in the Kofa Mountains, between Yuma and Quartzsite, an emotionally difficult job for him. Until now, he had succeeded where two others had failed.

"There's a lot of sentiment to moving out of the Kofas for me," Crowder said during the drive from Phoenix. "I was 16 years old, it was 1936, when I met Jack Wilbanks the first time. He lived there then. Jack was a bullwhip man. He could cut a cigarette out of your mouth with a whip."

Wilbanks was the first to dream of living in this section of the Kofas, of finding a way to make a living in the harsh, but beautiful, range of mountains named after a mine. In the gold mining era of the 1800's, the most successful mine in the range was called the King of Arizona mine and the mountains became the Kofa Mountains, for the King of Arizona. Wilbanks came to the Kofas because of a murder.

"They tell me old man Wilbanks, father of Jack Wilbanks, came into Young, Arizona during the Pleasant Valley War," Crowder said.

"They said old man Wilbanks just pulled up in front of the store in Young, dropped the tongue of the hitch without pulling out of the road to make room for anybody else, and kicked up a fire. He boiled some coffee, slapped his six-shooter out to stir it and put it away. That was to let everybody know that he was just as tough as they come and put the fear of God in them before

they started. That was when the Graham-Tewksbury feud was going on.

"Anyhow, what happened to cause Jack to come down to the Kofas was his dad had a brother he left in Texas that had been shot in the head with a .22 and sort of made him a half-idiot. After old man Wilbanks got started he sent for his half-wit brother and the old man gave him some cattle, got him a brand of his own and helped him get started."

Crowder said the Wilbanks brothers were successful but other ranchers in the area, fearing Jack's father, began to tell the half-wit brother his herd was being rustled by old man Wilbanks. The half-wit brother came to believe the stories. Eventually, the two brothers combined their herds to drive the cattle to the depot in Winslow.

"The second day out the half-wit brother held his .30-30 down by his horse, rode around his brother (Jack's father) and blew him out of the saddle," Crowder said. "In those days you know how it was. Either young Jack had to stay there and kill his uncle or move out. He had a young bride and young daughter and, rather

than do that, he moved out. He took a load of Hereford cows that belonged to his dad and shipped them to Salome."

It was spring, 1931. Wilbanks met Walter Bales who, with two brothers, had successfully and briefly tried to run cattle in the Kofas. The problem with the area was a lack of water. At the time, the water situation was so bad there was little wild game and forage was poor. Wilbanks was sure he could make it. He bought eight wells from Bales and moved his cattle into the Kofas. His brand was in the shape of the classic outhouse and, for awhile, the Kofas were called the S..thouse Mountains and some old maps still show that name.

"Wilbanks went in there and started pumping water on a day-to-day basis," Crowder said. "There wasn't hardly any game in there then, but when the water was there, the game began to show up."

The key game that began to show up was the desert Big Horn Sheep. Already an endangered species in the 1930s, it didn't take long for the government to act: In January, 1939, the Kofas were designated a game preserve. The impact of that action on ranchers wouldn't be felt for many years. At the time, it made

little difference to them, they were allowed to run what cattle in the Kofas they could.

It was a difficult life for the Wilbanks family in the Kofas. The eight wells Jack Wilbanks bought were shallow and hand dug. Over the next few years, Wilbanks erected windmills and built tanks to hold the water, mostly scavenging parts and material from the abandoned mines in the area. He also built a four room house for his wife and daughter. In 1932 and 1936, two girls were born. Wilbanks, his wife and three daughters, would go months without seeing any people, and the few they did see were usually wandering prospectors.

"Wilbanks and his family were on their way to Blythe and there's a spring on the way," Crowder said. "They stopped and looked back and saw smoke where the house was. What they had done, besides having a damned nice house back in there, they'd planted fruit trees. It was an ideal elevation for peaches and apples and all that kind of stuff. But when his house burned, the heat killed all the fruit trees. They moved to Vicksburg and Jack built a house there which is our cattle headquarters now. He

built a cabin in the Kofas so when he went down there he had a place to stay. It was a shame the house burned. It was such a pretty little spot."

Part of the reason Wilbanks moved to Vicksburg was that his daughters were getting older and it was time to find a school for them. Even so, the harsh terrain of the Kofas and pressures of running cattle in that wild country were wearing him down.

"My dad and I had been buying his cattle since 1936," Crowder said. "We bought Wilbanks out in 1944. He started getting sick but all it was a nervous stomach. Ulcers. He worried himself sick. So he sold out to us and moved to Parker."

The end of the Kofa dream for Wilbanks marked the start for Crowder. Prior to 1944, Crowder and his father had other ranches and had been buying and selling cattle, but now it was time to take their chance. It was time to take wild, still basically raw land, and make it produce. There were problems, but Crowder thought he could solve them.

One problem with cattle in the Kofas was that the terrain was so difficult cattle couldn't be kept in one area, they had to be allowed to roam the area, seeking forage. This made them

basically wild cattle. When it was time to ship them to market, they had to be captured and driven down onto the flats. Wages for a cowboy at that time were only a dollar a day, but the cattle were so wild they continually attempted to break away and would melt or lose weight.

Crowder solved the problem by building corrals around the few watering tanks and developing what he calls triggers. These are basically one-way gates made of pipe in the form of a V. The cattle could enter from the top of the V to get to the water but, once inside couldn't leave. In the dry Kofas, sooner or later all the cattle came to water and were captured.

The second part of Crowder's solution was to truck out the cattle, rather than try to drive them out. The roads were primitive at best, and still are, but they are passable. As a result, Crowder was able to trigger-trap his cattle annually, cull out ones ready for market and ship them to the flats via truck and turn out the others for another year.

The operation was going smoothly when, in 1952, Crowder discovered he had a neighbor. The Kofas were joint -managed by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) and the Fish and Wildlife

Service. The BLM allowed Crowder to run his cattle and it also allowed his neighbor to go into the Kofas to work mining claims. His name was Ray Hovatter and his dream was to strike it rich.

"He went in there with three daughters and his wife taught the girls," Crowder said. "They lived there on a year-round basis. They pumped water like we did on a day-to-day basis. They had some pet burros and they built up the game in the area."

Some people enjoy isolation and the Hovatter family seemed to be that way. They built a rock garden and planted a variety of cactus throughout. It became slightly famous and was written about and photographed for Sunset magazine, among others. Hovatter, after gold and copper, wasn't getting rich, but seemed to get along. Until, like the Wilbanks family, tragedy struck.

"One night they had a butane leak in their house trailer," Crowder said as he turned onto one of the tracks leading back into the Kofas. "He didn't use his head. He had a lantern and went to look for it. When it blew up, it killed one of the girls there and the other burned about 70 percent of her body. She lived, but they buried the one who did die right there.

"A number of years later he died when the family wasn't there. They had gone into town. They found him several days later. He always said he wanted to be buried there and they sent to Yuma for a Coroner's permit and coffin. Some cowboys and Rob, my son, dug the hole for him."

Crowder slowed the pickup down as it topped a rise and then he stopped. In front of the pickup was the end of the Hovatter dream. Two white crosses near the top of the hill mark the graves of Hovatter and his daughter. At the base of the hill are the remains of a trailer and a burned, rusted school bus. The rock garden is a shambles; weeds, brush and rusted and discarded equipment hide most of what is left.

Crowder was silent for a few moments, then sighed and said, "Lets head on over to the Hoodoo."

It is ironic that Crowder's success in running cattle in the Kofas has led to the death of that dream. By expanding and maintaining a steady supply of water for his cattle, Crowder is partially responsible for the growth of the game in the area. As the numbers of Big Horn Sheep increased, the area became more important as a preserve.

Since 1939, the BLM and Fish and Wildlife Service had not been happy with the joint-management setup of the Kofas. The BLM managed the affairs of and usually sided with the ranchers and miners in the Kofas while the Fish and Wildlife Service wanted total control and the ranchers and miners out completely. Despite bureaucratic disputes, they managed a more-or-less peaceful co-existence until February, 1976 when the Fish and Wildlife Service gained sole control of the Kofas, which lost the game preserve designation and became a National Wildlife Refuge.

The Fish and Wildlife Service wanted the cattlemen out of the Kofas, claiming the cattle interfered with the natural habitat of the game. For the next six years the dispute between Crowder and The Fish and Wildlife Service went from bad feelings to name calling and the claim of harassment by Crowder. Officials at the Fish and Wildlife Service deny harassment.

"One of my nephews was cited for carrying a gun back here," Crowder said as he pulled up at the Hoodoo. "We've *always* had firearms in here. We're 40 miles from civilization here. You never know when you're going to come upon somebody who's poaching

or you might need it to put an animal out of its misery. Anyhow, he got a ticket for it, can you believe it?"

Refuge manager Milton K. Haderlie said the nephew was cited because firearms are not allowed on the Refuge. "The thing is," Harderlie said, "they never applied for an exemption to that rule."

That dispute ended in a hearing before a federal magistrate. Crowder's employees were allowed to carry weapons in the Refuge. But, for Crowder, the irritations continued until he said he had had enough. He wanted out of the Kofas. The problem was, Crowder felt he had put in improvements, such as wells, and wanted compensation for them. The Fish and Wildlife Service, overjoyed at the prospect of removing the ranchers from the Kofas, didn't have the money in the budget to buy him out. Impasse.

The dispute was settled by an organization called the Trust for Public Lands. It is a non-profit organization dedicated to preserving public lands of historical value. They bought the improvements from Crowder, lobbied in Congress for additional funds for the Fish and Wildlife Service and, once Congress

appropriated the money, sold the Kofa interests to Fish and Wildlife. Crowder was in the Kofas to remove his cattle.

When Crowder reached the Hoodoo that day, he found the corral was full of cattle that had been trigger trapped inside. There was just enough daylight left to separate the cows and calves, which would be loaded into separate trucks to be shipped to Crowder's holdings on the flats the next day. Crowder and his son, Rob, along with his nephews John and Steve Weisser and the single ranch hand, Larry Keeling, spent the hot, dusty afternoon moving the cattle around.

At dawn the next morning, Crowder was the first one to get up. He sat with a cup of coffee, chain smoked and watched the sun rise, shedding light on the corral.

"I'm really going to miss this place," he said quietly. "I spent a lot of hours out here. Hell, the first time I came out I slept here and there was only a bedroll. Look how much we've done."

There is a small house there now, complete with sun porch, hot water heater, shower and evaporative cooler on the roof. For years, Crowder simply rolled out his bedroom but, after the Second

World War, he bought a two-room prefab cabin. Through the years it has expanded into the small house where everyone else was sleeping.

Steve Weisser, who doubles as camp cook, got up and started breakfast. "You hungry?" he asked.

Crowder rubbed his gray-white hair and shook his head. "Naw, all I need is a cup of coffee and cigarettes to get through the morning. Make sure the others eat, though."

Crowder hasn't changed much from the young man who first slept on a bedroll at the Hoodoo. Coffee and cigarettes all a cowboy needs before the evening, when the work is done. he wears a gold watch on his wrist and gold chain around his neck, but he dresses pretty much like the young man in the photograph: jeans, western shirt-not the fancy kind-scuffed boots, a hat when he's in the sun. His hands are calloused and, despite his age; when it is time to work the cattle into the truck Crowder straps on a pair of spurs and saddles his horse.

"We call this horse Weaver," Crowder says as he gets on. The horse's head bobs and weaves, like a shadowboxing fighter. "Good horse."

It takes all day to load the cattle onto the trucks, drive to Quartzsite and unload then. It is getting dark by the time everyone is back at the Hoodoo. By then, another load of cattle has trigger trapped itself.

"Tomorrow we'll move them out and, a few days from now, we'll check the other wells where we've got trigger traps.," Crowder said. "After that, there will be a few more strays that wander in but most of them will be out. Cattle have to come every couple of days to drink. Some will find natural potholes for awhile but, hot as it's getting, in a few weeks this will be the only water around. So, despite the strays, tomorrow will really be it."

Larry Keeling, the ranch hand, lived at the Hoodoo in the cabin. He resembles a slim version of cowboy actor Ben Johnson.

"Hate to go," he said, sitting on his bunk after dinner." "This is my home, really. It's going to be sad."

"Yeah, me too," Crowder said. They began talking about the time they'd seen a deer just outside the door at dawn and their voices hummed with memories of men and animals and the Hoodoo long into the night.

The next day-the last day of Crowder's Kofa dream-was essentially a repeat of the day before. Cattle were loaded and trucked out. This time, Crowder didn't go with them but decided to stay one more night at the Hoodoo...

When the sound of the cattle truck bearing the last load of cattle faded in the twilight, Crowder walked back to the cabin, allowing the circling dove access to the water.

"You know, my dad and I pioneered this country," Crowder said as he stood outside the cabin. "We developed a lot of the watering around here."

He lit another cigerette, exhaled and added "I'll still come back in here once in awhile, but it won't be the same." He shook his head and repeated softly, "No, it won't be the same."It was the end of the third dream of men in the Kofas.

CROWDER RANCHES
8100 E. Camelback Rd. #20
Scottsdale, AZ 85251
November 1, 1995

I am R.E. (Bob) Crowder Jr., 76 years old, born into a ranching family June 2, 1919. I cowboyed for my father, the late R.E. (Bob) Crowder Sr. from the time I could ride a horse.

When World War II started, I volunteered. After the war I went back to Yuma for a short period of time then moved to Phoenix in 1946. I farmed extensive acreage around Tolleson, AZ. Ran stocker cattle on farmer's pastures (including the 4,000 acre Boswell Farm, known then as the Maranette Ranch, that is now Sun City). My boundaries were Grand Ave. to the east, Lavine to the south, White Tanks Mountains to the west and Beardsley to the north. I had a small (5,000 head feed yard) at 91st Ave. and Indian School Road. Later, I built a 20,000 head feed yard on leased land belonging to the Pima Indians on McDonald Road, two miles east of Pima Road, called Scottsdale Feed Yard. I have ranched in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, California and Florida.

In 1944 my father and I bought the Jack Wilbanks Ranch in northern Yuma County (now La Paz county). We had stocked steers on this ranch since 1936. At the time we bought the ranch, it was approximately 500,000 acres. About 475,000 acres of BLM and approximately 25,000 acres state grazing. Wilbanks had seven hand dug wells in the KOFAs which covered approximately 200,000 acres, all BLM, and only five stock wells on approximately 300,000 acres adjacent to the KOFAs allotment and covered all of Bouse Valley with the north boundary at Bouse, Arizona. At that time there was no I-10 but Hwy. 60 to Los Angeles crossed the ranch for 24 miles. Hwy. 72 junctioned at Hwy. 60 and ran north through the east side of the ranch for 20 miles. At that time none of the highways were fenced. No boundary fences. The secret to Sonoran desert ranches is to have an abundance of water and spread out so an animal does not have to graze far out from a watering.

After purchasing the ranch we developed 18 more permanent waterings, we managed to get the State to fence all the Highways and when they built I-10 across the ranch for 24 miles, they fenced it. Where necessary we fenced all the outside boundaries. The ranch now is considered controlled. All the waterings are fenced with excellent working corrals with a loading chute at every watering.

We ran this ranch with one full time employee, who checked and pumped the waterings, helped with the branding and the round-ups. One full time cowboy. Additional cowboys when stocking ephemeral grass and roundups. You would think a ranch of this size would take lots of cowboys to round up.

I developed a set of triggers at each watering (all the waterings were fenced) and when we were rounding up, we would set these triggers, the cattle had to have water and they would come through the triggers and could not get out. The cattle were waiting in the corral for us to sort off what we wanted. We worked one third of the Ranch at a time. By the second day we would have 90% of the cattle in. By the third day we would have 100% of them in. We didn't have to ride for the cattle, they came to us. Using a crew of four or five cowboys, we would stop at each well and sort off the cattle we wanted to ship, load them on the trucks, turn the other cattle out and go on to the next watering. We could gather and ship the entire ranch in at least twelve days. Believe it or not, we kept only two or three horses at our headquarters on a year around basis.

This ranch is considered the most highly improved ranch in the State of Arizona.

KOFAs 1983

The 200,000 acre allotment, known as the KOFAs, was jointly managed by the BLM and the Bureau of Fish and Wildlife. When Wilbanks moved into the KOFAs in 1933 there were seven hand dug wells that had been abandoned by various gold mines. The miners had prospected for water, to run their boilers, all over these 200,000 acres. Water was very scarce and these wells were the only ones they found. Jack Wilbanks filed with the State of Arizona on these wells - giving him control.

Game was very scarce, a few deer and big horn sheep that were watering in small rock catchments high up in the rough mountain. When Wilbanks equipped these wells with wind mills, pump jacks and water storage's, he had water for his livestock on a day to day basis. The game gradually came into the KOFAs and multiplied. After we purchased the ranch from Wilbanks, the game had increased to the point the Fish and Wildlife wanted total control of the KOFAs. They wanted us out, said we were overstocking. We had volunteered to cut the herd down to 100 animals; they still kept harassing us. Can you imagine, 100 head of cattle over grazing 200,000 acres; one animal to 2,000 acres.

We kept a man living in a cabin at the Hoodoo well, paid his salary, furnished a pick-up, gas, oil & etc. We kept the waterings pumped on a day to day basis, not only furnishing water for our livestock but for all the deer, big horn sheep, quail, doves, white wings and all the other game.

Finally, in 1983, the BSF&W had harassed us to the point we sold our improvements to an organization called the Trust for Public Lands. Then they lobbied Congress for their money and then turned it over to BSF&W. Now the taxpayers are paying for the BSF&W expenses of employees, pickups, gas, oil, medical insurance and pensions, to do the job we were doing at our expense.

- I was on the Bureau of Land Management Advisory Board for about twenty years, serving as Chairman for about ten years and Vice Chairman for the other ten.
- I served ten years on the Arizona Livestock Board, serving as Chairman for the last five years.
- I was elected by the farmers in District No. 2 to serve on the Salt River Project Council from 1958 through 1968.
- I have been a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Assoc. and the Arizona Cattle Feeders Assoc. for many years and served as Chairman of the Cattle Feeders for two years.

CLOSING

We have spent 49 years working and improving this ranch and with Karl Weisser, 80 years old, and Bob Crowder, 75 years old, it was time to sell the ranch and slow down.

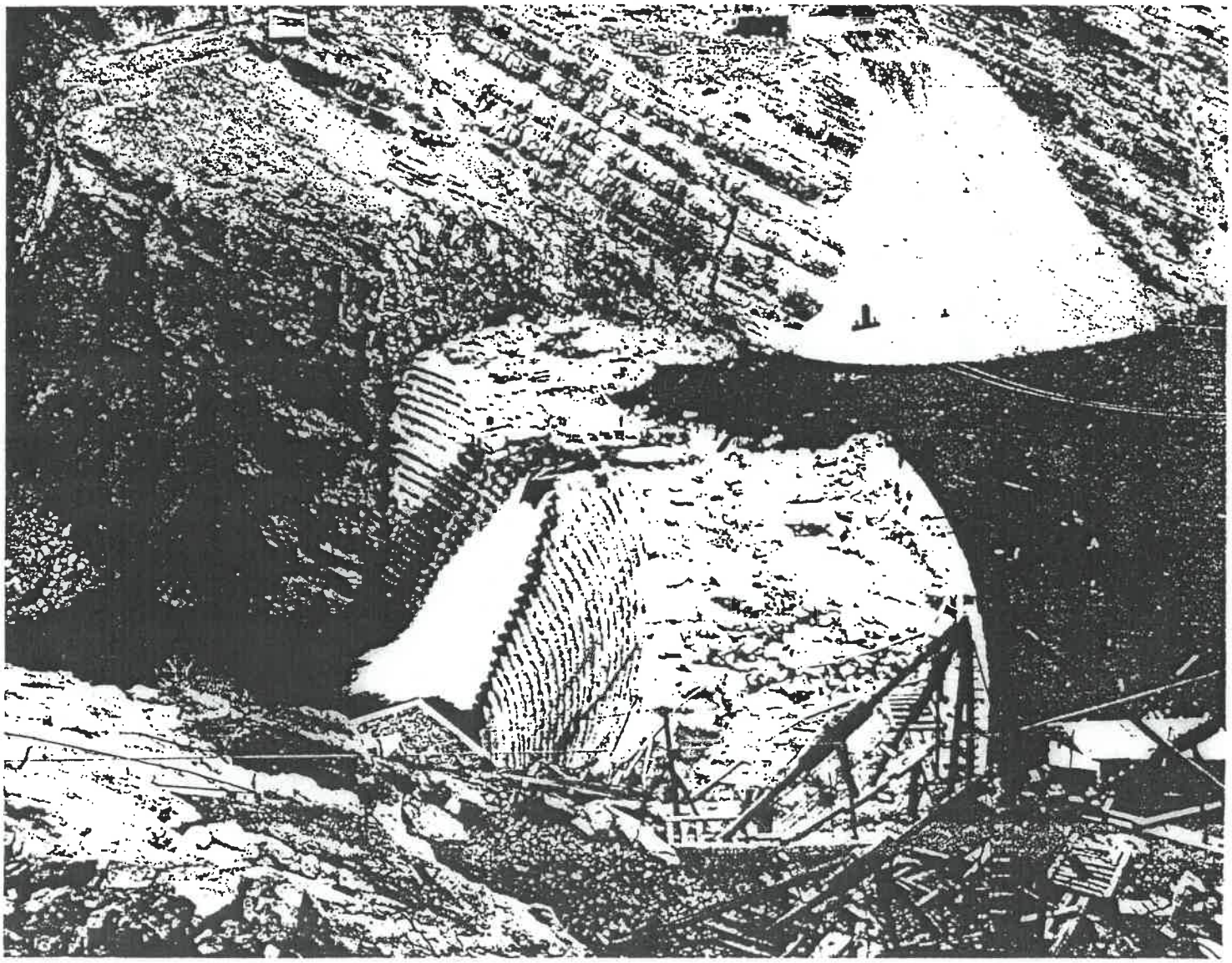
Sincerely,

Bob Crowder

R.E. (Bob) Crowder

GOVERNING BODIES

From the Beginning . . .



DISTRICT NO. 1

BOARD

05/04 - 05/05	Jennings, Henry
05/05 - 05/06	Tuckey, R. A.
05/06 - 05/09	Murphy, Ralph
05/09 - 05/12	Stone, H. H.
05/12 - 05/14	Barkley, Charles H.
05/14 - 05/19	Johnson, Rudolph Sr.
05/19 - 10/30	Gilbert, H. C.
10/30 - 05/32	Walker, Lee
05/32 - 08/34	Wagoner, James H.
08/34 - 05/48	Moore, I. E.
05/48 - 05/52	Conner, H. D.
05/52 - 05/60	Perry, Paul E.
05/60 - 05/81	Ball, Germain H.
05/81 -	Johnson, Rudolph Jr.

COUNCIL

05/04 - 05/15	Walters, G. W.
05/15 - 05/18	Straw, Albert J.
05/18 - 05/24	Ludden, Homer J.
05/24 - 03/26	Wagoner, R. W.
03/26 - 05/26	VACANT
05/26 - 10/28	Boice, Henry G.
10/28 - 05/29	VACANT
05/29 - 05/30	Smith, Richard W.
05/30 - 05/36	Edmiston, T. H.
05/36 - 05/42	Rains, V. T.
05/42 - 05/48	Hoel, W. A.
05/48 - 05/50	Burton, H. T.
05/50 - 12/61	Burnett, W. L.
12/61 - 05/62	VACANT
05/62 - 05/81	Johnson, Rudolph Jr.
05/81 -	Cook, Robert L.
05/04 - 05/05	Tuckey, R. A.
05/05 - 05/07	Walker, J. Ernest
05/07 - 05/12	Foss, J. W.
05/12 - 05/13	VACANT
05/13 - 03/14	Perkins, Fred H.
03/14 - 05/14	VACANT
05/14 - 05/16	Patch, H. K.
05/16 - 05/19	Bartlett, William Hoyt
05/19 - 05/22	Barkley, Charles H.
05/22 - 05/25	Sanderson, Harl A.
05/25 - 10/30	Walker, Lee
10/30 - 05/31	VACANT
05/31 - 05/34	Perry, W. K.
05/34 - 07/49	Sanderson, C. A.
07/49 - 05/50	VACANT
05/50 - 05/64	Williams, Jesse M.
05/64 - 12/70	Abel, Karl F.
12/70 - 01/71	VACANT
01/71 -	Lydic, Howard W.
05/04 - 05/05	Cole, N. B.
05/05 - 02/06	Smithline, Charles
02/06 - 05/06	VACANT
05/06 - 05/13	Wagoner, R. W.
05/13 - 05/20	Kuchler, Rudolph
05/20 - 05/26	Lewis, J. F.
05/26 - 05/32	Bissinger, G. L.
05/32 - 05/35	Fentress, J. L. F.
05/35 - 10/57	Cook, C. A.
10/57 - 05/58	VACANT
05/58 -	Rovey, Emil M.

DISTRICT NO. 2

BOARD

05/04 - 05/10	Orme, John P.
05/10 - 05/11	Wilky, George
05/11 - 05/16	Wilkinson, F. M.
05/16 - 05/17	Humbert, William S.
05/17 - 05/18	Wilkinson, F. M.
05/18 - 09/18	Orme, Lin B.
09/18 - 05/19	Smith, C. Floyd
05/19 - 01/27	Orme, Charles H.
01/27 - 05/33	Welborn, H. Marion
05/33 - 01/39	Johnson, Rudolph Sr.
01/39 - 05/48	Sinnott, J. A.
05/48 - 05/54	Pringle, Bert M.
05/54 - 11/57	Sheely, Ross L.
11/57 - 01/58	VACANT
01/58 - 01/85	Conovaloff, Alex M.
01/85 -	Pendergast, Clarence C. Jr.

COUNCIL

05/04 - 05/17	Wilky, W. H.
05/17 - 05/35	Kimber, Joseph R.
05/35 - 05/48	Fram, Robert Ray
05/48 - 05/49	VACANT
05/49 - 03/54	Fram, Robert Ray
03/54 - 05/54	VACANT
05/54 - 01/58	Conovaloff, Alex M.
01/58 - 05/58	VACANT
05/58 - 05/82	Boulais, Marcel J.
05/82 -	Hart, Wayne A.
05/04 - 05/06	Brown, W. H.
05/06 - 05/21	Greenhaw, Hosea
05/21 - 05/27	Orme, Lin B.
05/27 - 05/36	Pendergast, Ralph K.
05/36 - 05/50	Charlebois, F. A.
05/50 - 03/57	Pendergast, Clarence C.
03/57 - 05/58	VACANT
05/58 - 01/68	Crowder, R. E. Jr. 10 years
01/68 - 05/68	VACANT
05/68 - 01/85	Pendergast, Clarence. C. Jr.
01/85 -	Rovey, Larry D.
05/04 - 05/15	Welborn, Henry M.
05/15 - 09/18	Smith, C. Floyd
09/18 - 05/19	VACANT
05/19 - 05/34	Wilky, George
05/34 - 05/37	Lamar, James C.
05/37 - 05/44	Campbell, W. E.
05/44 - 01/68	Tolby, Manley A.
01/68 - 05/68	VACANT
05/68 - 07/77	Sutton, Cal A.
07/77 - 10/77	VACANT
10/77 - 05/82	Gingg, Conrad
05/82 - 05/86	Conovaloff, Tim A.
05/86 -	Vanderwey, John A.

Rose Mofford
Governor

Office of the Governor

STATE OF ARIZONA

Be it known to all that I,

ROSE MOFFORD,

Governor of the State of Arizona
in the name of and by the authority of
said State, do award

ROBERT E. CROWDER, JR
ARIZONA LIVESTOCK BOARD

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO STATE GOVERNMENT

and I join with my fellow citizens
in extending sincere thanks and best personal wishes.

Given this the fifth day of December, 1990

Rose Mofford

GOVERNOR

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

This certificate is awarded to

Robert E. Crowder

In recognition of your Significant Contribution to the Bush Administration and the U.S. Department of the Interior by serving on the Phoenix-Lower Gila Resource Areas Grazing Advisory Board

January 15, 1993
Date

Manuel Lujan Jr.
Secretary of the Interior

BEN AND FLORENCE SNURE,JR.

Apache, Arizona

Ben Snure,Jr. was born in El Paso, Texas on June 19, 1921. His father, Ben,Sr., was born in Union, Minnesota, while his mother was born near Springfield, Tennessee on the Kentucky, Tennessee border. The couple met when they were both employed in the post office at El Paso, Texas. Ben's father had come to El Paso for health reasons and his mother came to be with a sister who had come earlier. Ben,Sr., had come to Arizona in 1912. He had taken a homestead at Apache and after their marriage in 1920 they came to live at Apache. When it was time for Ben,Jr. to be born, his mother went to El Paso where relatives lived. About a month after his birth, mother and baby returned by train to the homestead. At that time, the only mode of transportation from El Paso to Apache was by rail.

Ben attended elementary school at Apache and when he was ready for high school, Ben and his mother stayed in Douglas during the school year. While attending high school, he went out for track and baseball. He graduated from Douglas High School. When

two girls from his class took the entrance exam to enter Stanford University, he took the test more or less as a challenge. He passed the test and so that is where he attended college. His primary interests had always been the ranch, the Cattle and horses. Since he was R.O.T.C. and there were horse units, he got into the polo program which made him happy. His last year there, the polo program which made him happy. His last year there, the polo program was discontinued due to World War II. He came back to the ranch in 1943, and in June of that year was inducted into the Army. He finished his basic training at Ft. Riley("Republican Flats"), Kansas and on New Year's Day of that year he was on his way to the CBI Theater. He served as an M.P. on the Burma Road while overseas.

He and Florence started seeing each other while they were both home on summer vacations from college. When she came back to Douglas to teach in the fall of 1943, they became engaged and were married on October 30, 1943 in the United Methodist Church in Douglas.

Florence was born in Warren, Arizona at the Copper Queen Hospital on September 29, 1920. Her parents were William and

Florence (Stevenson) Cowan. They were both born in the province of Quebec, Canada. Florence's brothers and William were urged to "Go west, young man" due to economic problems and interests other than farming. Florence spent her first seven years at the NI Ranch which is located northwest of Douglas. This was the ranch where her father had his home and primary operation. When Florence was of school age, the Cowans bought a home in Douglas. When she was nine years old, the ranch house burned. The next summer was spent in the bunkhouse. In 1930, her father died. After that she and her mother stayed in town year round. Just three years later, 1933, her mother died. Florence finished elementary school in Douglas and in 1934, she went to live with an aunt of her sister-in-law's, Mattie Cowan, in California. She graduated from Whittier Union High School in 1938. She returned to Arizona and enrolled in the University of Arizona, majoring in education. Her first year of teaching was at Ray, Arizona. the next year she came back to Douglas where she taught until she and Ben were married. She went back to teaching in 1955. When both of her sons were out of high school, she taught four more years in the little country school at Apache. She says that was a great

experience. Those country schools are a great learning and educational experience for the students and the teachers.

Ben was discharged from the army in 1946. The couple leased a ranch at Apache from his aunt and it was at this time they bought their first bunch of Angus cattle. In 1948, they purchased the Ross Sloan Ranch. They started branding most of their herd with the  brand. The history surrounding this ranch has made life pretty interesting. Treasure seekers still look for buried treasure and history buffs come to see where Geronimo surrendered. When they first moved here, a couple came with a map to dig for the treasure. The "X" marks the spot was right near the dog kennel. Ben was not home the day they dug so diligently and desperately --- without success. When Ben went out to feed the hounds that night after dark, needless to say he found one step the longest he's ever taken. So, the next day, the treasure hunters spent the day filling the excavation. The ranch house is situated in the mouth of Skeleton Canyon. Ben is a true cloud and rain watcher and when he lived at Apache, he had no trouble tracking the progress of the summer rains. From the

house in Skeleton, he couldn't see what was happening with the rains, so he would climb up on the roof and sit on the chimney so he could see over the hills and down in the valley and watch the storms roll in.

In 1969 they purchased the Fairchild Ranch from Art and Barbara Thomasson. In 1981, they, along with their son Rick and daughter-in-law Fran, negotiated to buy the Taylor Ranch from Clifford and Lucille Taylor.

When they started out, all the "good" bred cattle were Herefords. However, they continued to go with Angus and did some cross breeding with Charolais. This seemed like a good cross so they are now running Angus and various Angus crosses.

Ben did some "hound dog" lion hunting after they moved to Skeleton. He says he worked real hard at it and did catch some lions here and there. But the thrill of the hunt was watching the dogs picking up the scent and trailing the lion. He has many exciting and entertaining tales to tell about this sport. Ben also did some rodeoing. He liked calf roping best but in team roping he had some good partners; Fred and Casey Darnell and Joe Glenn. Both his sons have won the calf roping at the Prescott Rodeo. Rick's two younger sons are getting their licks in the

rodeo arena; so Ben says he is basking in their reflected glory.

Ben and Florence have two sons. The older, Bill, lives in Amarillo,Texas where he is a banker with Boatman's Bank. He and his wife, Jan, have a daughter, Sloane and a son, Ben. The younger, Rick and his wife Fran, ranch here in the San Simon Valley, as well as on a ranch southwest of Tucson. They have three sons, Roland, Bill, and Clay.

Ben received his 50 year pin for membership in the Masons in 1993. He has served on both the BLM and Forest Service Advisory boards when they were in existence. He is past president of the Cochise Graham Cattle Growers' Association, and is a member of the Arizona Cattlemans' Association, and the National Cattlemans' Association. It is his very strong opinion that these associations and group activities are most essential to the survival of the cattle industry.

Florence served as president of "The Cowbelles" in 1988. Ben's mother was the lady who suggested the name of this club back in 1939. She was a very clever lady and they were proud of her coming up with this name. Florence was also worthy matron of

the Order of Eastern Star and received her fifty year pin in 1989. She is also a fifty year member of the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority.

Both Ben and Florence feel that it has been a privilege to be able to be in the cattle business. There are ups and downs,as in every business, but they feel that they have been associated with some of the finest people on earth. They say, "We feel we have been blessed and that we have been in this business during the best of times."

[1]

Footnote by Doris French
August, 1996
Ben Snure was named "Cattleman of the Year" by the Arizona Cattlemans Association at their annual convention this summer in Springerville, Arizona.

EVERETT AND EVELYN BRISENDINE

Chino Valley, Arizona

My Mom and Dad, Evelyn and Everett Brisendine, moved to Chino Valley, Arizona, in 1992, purchasing first, a farm in Chino, then a few years later, a little ranch five mile west of Chino. They branded a Double E  . Both from agricultural backgrounds, they worked long and hard to have their own outfit. I am sorry they did not take the time to put their lives into words, but I will do my best.

Evelyn was born in Ross Creek, Alberta, Canada, one of eight children to Byron and Mattie Van Buskirk. The Van Buskirks had come west to Nebraska from upstate New York. They raised their children in Sheridan County, Nebraska, started a post office at Hay Springs and when the boys were grown, moved their construction outfit to Alberta. My Grandfather, Byron stayed behind to marry Mattie Van Horn on Christmas Day of 1892. They finally went to Alberta about 1898, homesteaded there and several of their children, including my mother were born there. They decided to return to Nebraska and because of Grandpa's asthma came to Arizona

about 1926. They lived in Prescott where Grandpa became gardener at the Court House Plaza.

Everett was born in Readout, Oklahoma Territory, one of seven children to Alva and Cordelia Brisendine, February 1, 1906. The family farmed and ranched around the Cimmaron country in the Panhandle and in southeast Kansas. Dad never liked that country. He always told me he was searching for mountains, a little less wind and blowing dirt. He loved horses and had a yearning for adventure that his family never understood. When I grew older and got to know Dad's family I realized we were worlds apart, Cordelia lived to be 100 and to the day she died did not understand why Dad left the plains.

Dan and Jack Boaz grew up together; dreamed and yearned for adventure and left the plains for Arizona arriving in the Verde Valley in February of 1927. They went to Irvin and Bessie Walker's as they had known the Walker family in Kansas. They worked for Walker, they rode buckin' horses, they even worked in the movies and wrangled dudes. They met people from everywhere and from listening to them tell stories when I was a child, I'm sure they finally realized their dreams.

While at the Soda Springs, Dad met Mom who was also working there. During the winter of 31-32, Dad, Jack and Mary (McDonald-Walker) who were married in January, and Jack's sister, Frances were camped together at Montezuma Castle in the old adobe with no glass windows. Dan and Jack slept outdoors in their bedrolls and Mary and Frances slept in the house. Mary still laughs about her "honeymoon".

Dad and Mom were married in Prescott in February or March of 1932, and at that time, were both working for Bruce and Fritzie Brockett at Beaver Creek. Brockett used to put on little rodeos at Chimney Flat. Bill Gray did the same at Cottonwood. All the boys who rode, rode for a hat collection and Mom said they were darn glad to get it. Dad rode saddle broncs; wish he could see his great grandson, Everett Sharp riding now!

Janet was born in 1933, and Dad was working at Banfield Park for the Bell outfit. During the next couple of years, I know they stayed in the Verde but I don't know exactly where all Dad worked. In 1936, he was driving a truck for a construction job, building a bridge at Dry Creek I believe. At any rate, he had a wreck on graveyard shift and spent the next nine months in the Jerome

Hospital with a broken hip and pelvis. Mama and Janet lived in a tiny apartment around the curve going into Jerome. Their run of bad luck didn't stop for a while. No sooner had Dad gotten out of the Jerome Hospital and still on crutches, trying to work as best he could, than Janet, now about three, became ill. They sold everything they had, horse, Dad's saddle and spurs and borrowed money from Walker and Jim Ralston to take little Janet to California to a doctor. She had cancer and died in January of 1937, in Prescott. My Mom never really got over that. They knew an old fellow named Earl McCutcheon who helped Dad get on at the mine at McCabe west of Humbolt and they were
living there when I was born in April of 1937. Mr McCutcheon helped us all, over the years, bringing in stuff from his garden in Dewey, a chicken now and then, a truly good old soul. After McCabe shut down, my folks moved into Prescott and finally got started again with a real goal in mind. They bought a piece of property in Miller Valley and Dad bought a dump truck. We were always camped out it seemed and when the war began we really camped out. Dad and Mom went to Belmont and Dad ran his dump truck on the job building the facility there and we camped. Then

they went to Kingman to work on the airbase and we camped. I became absolutely fascinated with people who had houses! When they saved enough money to buy the place in Chino, we had a real house. Very little, but a house none the less. And a cow! In 1945, they finally realized their dream with the place west of Chino and cattle. Dad also worked for Carl Rees who ran the Spear S. During my growing up years in Chino, Dad served on the school board and the Irrigation District Board. Mom stayed busy with her garden, canning and butter making. She was a fine musician, playing classical violin, piano and organ, but her artistic talent for the most part, had to be put aside to help Dad with the ranch. They loved Chino Valley and put their hearts and souls into their land. After I started high school in Prescott, Mom did have a couple of violin students. She always had flowers and no one who came to visit ever went away empty handed. She always sent flowers or cream or butter or something with everyone who visited.

I graduated from high school in 1954 and went one year to college in Tempe. The worst dry year we ever had. My folks missed me and I elected to come home and get busy with a real job.

One year as secretary at the Junior High and then a great job at the County Attorney's office for Jack L. Ogg and James P. Boyle. Even then I still helped with spring and fall works and Jack and Jim were very understanding about that. Being an only child was (and still is) a great responsibility.

After I married, my husband and I were in Page and he worked for U.S. West. We came home as often as we could so my parents and his could be around our four children. We finally moved back to my husband's family ranch in Mint Valley in 1965. At that time, my Mom was not doing very well and she died in 1975.

Dad kept his cattle and also worked for Ellen Ginn, selling real estate in Chino. Of course, his first love was still rodeo and he loved to rope. He was instrumental in starting the roping club in Chino. The first arena was at Watson Lake, actually about 1957. The next arena was behind the Log Cabin in Chino and finally at it's present location. I guess Dad never missed a Sunday roping if he could help it.

Before Mom died, Dan had embarked on a new endeavor, writing poetry. He was also a rawhide braider and I encouraged him to share this at the folk art fair at Sharlot Hall Museum in 1975.

Out of that came an opportunity for him to participate in the Bi-Centennial Folk Art Fair at the Smithsonian. I truly think that was the biggest thrill of his life. He spent the next nineteen years appearing at cowboy poetry gatherings, writing and entertaining. During this time, he also was still roping. He traveled over the United States a couple of times. He helped organize the Chino Sheriff's Posse and was Captain one year. He worked for Elderhostel and corresponded with new friends and old all over the world.

In July of 1994, he was walking from the barn to the house and his old hip injury got him. His hip broke and he fell. He currently resides at Mountain View Manor in Prescott, and he can no longer walk or take care of himself.

Four pages of words somehow seem inadequate to describe the lives of two people and their land. My husband, Henry Sharp and I, and our children, Everett, Kelly, Shell and Candace appreciated what our folks and all their neighbors did to keep the land and our traditions and we plan to carry on.

ABELARDO MARTINEZ

STEWARD OF THE LAND

Abelardo Martinez' ranching history in Arizona is as robust and sturdy, as the man we know as Abe. His parents and family called him Chichin and many friends refer to him as "Curley".

When Abe speaks about his life and times, he voices respect and appreciation for the land. And, because the land has served him well, he has faithfully given his labor to its care and improvement. Abe Martinez is as rooted to the land as the oak trees that he has watched grow to maturity on the Martinez Ranch in Greenlee County.

Abe is a modest man, and proud. His bright eyes can snap but he's quick to laugh. He believes in the constancy and reliability of nature, the healing that rain and snow bring, and the promise of the seasons. Asked to talk about himself, he says, jokingly, "Well, I'm just an old goat herder." Then, more seriously, he adds, "I took care of the land and improved it. I like cattle, and

I know the business." He's a native Arizonan and what he knows about the land goes far beyond the cattle business.

A first generation American, Abe is firmly bound to his past. His heritage as well as his culture, originate in Spain. His paternal and maternal grandparents lived in the province of Burgos, where each owned a few acres of land, dealt in sheep and engaged in community grazing.

Abe's father, Gabino Martinez, was born in Rio Ebro, Spain, in 1884. Abe tells that Gabino didn't remember very much about his father, Tomas, but it is known he lived to the age of 92. It is recorded that Gabino's mother's name was Inez and she preceded Gabino's father in death. Abe's father was an only son. He had three sisters, whom, had Abe known them, would have been his aunts, Prudencia, Candida and Lucinda. At a very young age, Gabino was hired out as a servant during the week, and returned home each Sunday because it was his responsibility to gather firewood for his father and sisters to use the following week. It was because of a Sunday encounter with a priest that Gabino began to fear persecution from the powerful Roman Catholic Church.

Gabino married Abe's mother, Ramona Recio, August 10, 1910. Their first son, Pedro, Abe's oldest brother, was born at San Felices Burgos, Spain, on July 31, 1911. Gabino, by word of mouth, heard that Spaniards from his province had been to America, earned money and returned to the homeland. They said that jobs were available for men who were willing to work the mines in Greenlee County. So, in 1912, at the age of 27, Gabino left his young family in Spain, bound for America and hoping for a better life and freedom from fear.

After 30 days on a cargo ship he landed in Tampico, Mexico, and worked his way northward to El Paso, Texas. His destination as Metcalf, Arizona, where he did indeed find work in the mines.

The energetic and ambitious Gabino settled in Metcalf, which was located in a canyon behind Morenci near the Coronado Trail. In 1915, he sent for Ramona and Abe's older brother, Pedro. The family made their home in the canyon, next to the creek on the side of the hill. Constructed of framed lumber, it was much like the other homes in the neighborhood, with four rooms, electricity and running water, which was furnished by the Phelps Dodge mines.

The only amenities lacking in the Martinez home were a telephone and an indoor toilet.

The town of Metcalf does not exist today, except in the memories of those who lived and grew up there. It was a company town and as the ore was mined, the town was entirely covered, by waste from the Morenci Mining Co.

Abe was born May 22, 1917, in Metcalf. His brother Thomas, and his four sisters, Teofila, Clara, Sophia and Inez, were also born there, bringing the number of Martinez children to seven.

Abe remembers his mother Ramona with warmth and admiration. She was tall and well built; hard working and determined that her children grow strong and be educated. In addition to caring for her family she sold milk from her milk cows and firewood gathered by the children each day after school. As if that weren't enough, for a long time, she had at least a half a dozen boarders for whom she cooked delicious meals enhanced by her talent with subtle seasonings from her homeland; olive oil and the mild red chili pepper, pimienton, ordered from California. Garbanzo beans were popular in Spain, therefore they were regular family fare.

Abe recalls a favorite meal made from garbanzo beans, meat, onions and potatoes. There was always a pot of beans, and they were never pintos. Instead, she purchased big, red, kidney beans. Small neighborhood markets ordered boxes of bacalado; the dried, smoked codfish favored by the Spanish families who lived in Metcalf.

Ramona made both cow cheese and goat cheese that was so outstanding that it is still remembered by the family. Made in one pound coffee cans with small holes in the bottom to drain the whey and a weight on top, it was packed in crocks and covered with olive oil. Abe recalls that the cheese would keep for as long as two years. When eaten, there would still be little pockets of cream inside.

Each year, a calf and a pig or two were butchered and several hundred pounds of sausage was made, put into casings, tied with strings, cut to length and smoked. Then, it was preserved for later use by packing it in large crocks and covering it with fat.

Ramona, brown haired and brown eyed, brought her Spanish culture to America in the form of costumes, and a dance known as

the "Jota", performed with castanets. Although there was precious little time for fun, and even though Gabino didn't enjoy dancing, occasionally they walked, with all their children, to dances in Metcalf where the Jota might be part of the evening's agenda. The families were Mexican and Spanish, most of them poor, but all brought something to eat. More than likely there would be some beer and moonshine whiskey. The dancing continued far into the night or early morning, then the family would walk the two miles home.

Gabino still worked in the mines and Ramona became more and more worried that he would contract the malady known at the time as "miner's consumption". In 1928, it was decided that they would use their savings to purchase a ranch near Metcalf, in the vicinity of the old Polaris Mine in King Canyon. It was locally known as the Polland Place. The family refers to that location as "the goat ranch". Ramona, the hard working mother, would never live on the ranch. That same year, at the age of 44, she lost her life to cancer. Abe was 11 years old.

Abe portrays his father with love and reverence. Although he had differences with Roman Catholic beliefs, Gabino did believe in a Higher Power. Abe has a clear recollection of an analogy used by his father. "Well, we're nothing but a soplo - a 'puff'." In Spanish, soplo is a puff of air. Abe says his father meant, "A life is a short time, ended with a soplo - like blowing out a candle."

Abe says his father was, "a real fine man". Gabino was a bit taller than Ramona, and powerfully built. He had no hair, as Abe remembers him, and he had blue eyes. Serious and mild mannered, his life was wholly devoted to creating a future for his family. After Ramona's death, Gabino never remarried. He set his mind to raising the seven children by himself and he went about it tirelessly.

The family home was maintained in Metcalf as was the ranch in King Canyon where 1,700 to 2,000 goats were tended by Gabino and his sons. Abe recalls that his father stayed on the ranch with the goats all week. When the weekend came, the boys would herd the goats and he would return to the home in Metcalf. There, he and

the girls did laundry, baked bread and prepared food for the coming week.

Gabino Martinez became a naturalized citizen of the United States but he could not read or write except for signing his name. "He worked like a slave, taking care of the goats, so we'd get an education." He was relentless in his determination that the children attend school. When the family was at the goat ranch in King Canyon during the school term the father started them off with a carbide lamp at four in the morning. Whatever the weather, they made the five mile walk from the ranch, down the canyon to the Metcalf School. Remembering his father Abe says, "And, don't you think I loved him? I loved him with all my heart."

It could be said that Abe's personal ranch history began at the age of seven, when he and his brothers were given partial responsibility for the band of goats kept by his parents. They grazed on Phelps Dodge property near the family home in Metcalf. "We got out of school at three, we'd come home and we'd have to go hunt the goats. We'd climb a mile and a half up-hill, get the

goats, bring them home, separate them and milk them. The next morning, milk them, turn them out and go to school."

Not everything about goats was pleasing. "A goat man was low-down in those days. They...teased us and they would [call] me 'that chevero', but I didn't care. That went on...that happened." And, goats have other peculiarities. They urinate on themselves and that's what the nannies like. "They get all dirty colored and stinky. That's the way it is!"

With Ramona for an example, Abe learned about entrepreneurship at an early age. He remembers that he and his brothers gathered new pencas from the prickly pear cactus, processed them into nopalitos and sold them by the cupful. For an eight pound lard can full of the peeled chopped pads they would collect about 65 cents. The boys were sent out daily to gather wood to be sold to neighbors. They were young, and so small that in order to load the wood on the burro, one of them would have to stand on a rock and another would hand the wood up. Just before the wild songbirds, called chontes flew from the nest, Abe would capture them and sell them to ladies in the town. The ladies

would cage them and make pets of them and be entertained by their singing.

Abe liked school and did well, but at the end of 11th grade he decided not to continue, in order to help his father on the goat ranch. Not because his father asked him to, but, "Because there were too many goats and he needed help." His father said, "OK, if you've learned enough."

In 1937, Abe's father sold his goats and the entire Martinez family moved to 172 Frisco Avenue in Clifton. Abe's father, Gabino died in 1938, at the Morenci hospital of an infection resulting from surgery on a ruptured appendix.

Abe Martinez still has a fondness for goats. One or two can still be seen at the Martinez Ranch. Abe says, "Goats are OK, but they have bad dispositions and you just about have to live with them 24 hours a day, seven days a week."

When he was 21 years old, Abe was working for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and later for Womack Construction as a foreman. He was assisting his father with a firewood business and had expanded his endeavors to include a mail route to Morenci and

Eagle Creek. Abe was busy, but his real dream was to raise cattle on his own ranch, and that would happen in due time.

When Gabino died in 1938, his daughters were still under age. He had appointed Abe to be his Administrator so it became Abe's responsibility to manage the family ranch in King Canyon.
The ranch was comprised of 160 deeded acres and no longer ran goats, but had a BLM permit for 40 head of cows. Fourteen years later Abe bought his brother's and sister's interest in the ranch, and the family home in Clifton.

In 1938, two things occurred that would shape Abe's life. Johnny Fisher's place was close to the family goat ranch near Polaris. Johnny was fond of Abe, and said he would sell his ranch to him. The Fisher Place consisted of about 150 acres and a State Permit for 100 head of cows. This provided Abe's entry into the cattle business.

That same year, Abe was hunting near the Mouth of the Blue River on the San Francisco River and saw the Dix Creek Ranch. That day he declared that if he ever had a chance to do it, he would

buy that ranch. Ten years later, with a lot of hard work behind him he would realize this dream.

Abe doesn't say exactly, but when he was about 23 or 24, he began to look for a nice girl to marry. Truth to tell, he admits he was one of the more sought after young men in the community. Within two years, he would choose Lydia Grijalva Gomez.

Lydia's mother, Jesusita Cordova Grijalva, was born in 1903. Jesusita's father, Lydia's maternal grandfather, Jose Maria Grijalva was born in Agua Calientes, Mexico, and grew up in Villa Humada where his people had dairy cattle and made cheese. He immigrated into Texas to a small town, San Elesario, near El Paso, then to Metcalf, Arizona.

Lydia's maternal grandmother was Maria Cordova, the daughter of a family that came from the Membres Valley in New Mexico. They also came to Metcalf, and that is where the grandparents met and married.

Lydia's grandfather, Jose Maria Grijalva, had a farm and a diary herd in Buena Vista, in the Gila Valley, and it was there that he and his daughter Jessie, Lydia's mother, made 20 pounds of

cheese daily - 10 pounds in the morning and 10 pounds at night, to market in Morenci, Metcalf, and Clifton. The cheese was also shipped by mail and sold in Miami and Globe.

Lydia's father Vidal Abascal Gomez was born in 1893. He, like Abe's father, was born in Spain to a family who dealt in livestock. In 1908, at the age of 15 he immigrated to America and came to Morenci, where he worked for a local grocer and became a partner in a dairy. Eventually, he opened his own store. One day a young girl dressed in fashionable riding clothes and handsome boots came in to buy onions and tortillas for enchiladas. She was 18 year old Jesusita Grijalva, who had just returned from Los Angles where she had been attending business school. Vidal fell head over heels in love with her and they married a year and a half later. Lydia, the first of the eleven Gomez children was born November 14, 1923.

By 1923, Lydia's father, Vidal Gomez, established his goat business west of Morenci, on Lower Eagle Creek, near the Eagle Pumping station and by 1928, had developed a large farm near Solomonville, Arizona.

Abe and Lydia tell nearly the same version of their courtship. Almost, but not quite. After 55 years of marriage the way they smile at each other as they discuss it, one can see that these are memories they both treasure. They do agree that Abe may have first seen Lydia in Metcalf, when she was 8 or 10, because her mother had many relatives there. Certainly, he saw her many times at her family home, while she was growing up, for Abe's father and Lydia's father were old acquaintances and good friends as well.

During the 30's, Abe's father Gabino, sometimes found himself without sons to herd his goats. The older herders were dying off and the younger ones were able to find better paying jobs. However, if one was available, Lydia's father Vidal would know who he was and where he could be found. Gabino didn't know how to operate an automobile so usually it was Abe who drove his father to see Vidal.

At the Gomez home, Lydia was always there, always working. Abe will only smile, but it is a fact that he had to notice Lydia growing up; beautiful and strong and plenty smart as well.

Mr. Gomez was genuinely fond of Abe, long before he realized that Abe was interested in Lydia as a bride. He enjoyed Abe's company and conversation, and when the two father's visited, Vidal Gomez often asked Abe to butcher lambs or goats for the Gomez table.

As Mr. Gomez grew older, he suffered from a "kind of dizziness", which made it difficult for him to negotiate the narrow, steep road to his goat ranch at Winkleman. He frequently called on Abe to drive him and as careful as Abe was, the experience would still scare the "poor old guy", nearly to death.

Lydia was just 17 and although they'd been acquainted for some time, Abe had never asked Lydia out on a date. Their courtship began in the spring of 1940. Lydia attended a carnival in Morenci with her father, "I went with my dad. I didn't go with [Abe] and he didn't go with me. I just happened to go...and he happened to be there." Who saw who, and asked who to do what, remains a good natured argument between them. Lydia says that she and Abe went on the Loopo plane and it was so scary that Abe started to throw up. Regardless of that, they were enjoying

themselves. Their good time ended abruptly when Lydia's father announced that he was ready to go home and that she had to go with him.

Abe didn't see Lydia again until November, 1940. He had a lot of time to think about her, and he says that he did...think a lot about her. It was serious thinking too, because when he went to the valley to see her, he asked her to marry him, "Right then and there!" In December he brought her a watch and went away again. Lydia didn't feel there was very much uncertainty about the waiting but she didn't see Abe again until March, 1941. It was then that Abe made his intentions official with a diamond engagement ring. Yes, that's a long time between dates, but Abe was busy, building a house for his bride, and attending to his cattle ranch.

Lydia's father jealously guarded all of his daughters, but especially Lydia, the eldest. He called her "Mamina", or "Little Mother". Abe said, "He just hated to part with her."

Naturally, Abe wanted Lydia to see the little house he was finishing for her. Even though they were officially engaged, they

picked a time to go to Clifton when the Gomez parents were at the goat ranch. On the day that they decided to go, Lydia was caring for her little sister, Marcelina, so Abe, Lydia and the three year old went to Clifton to see the new house and Abe had them back at their home in the valley before the Gomez' parents returned in the evening.

Abe asked for Lydia's hand three times, but Vidal, as fond as he was of Abe, never really said yes. Lydia's heart was almost broken on the day of her marriage, for her father packed up and went to the goat ranch and would not attend the wedding. Feeling that she must tell him goodbye, Lydia found him crying like a child and his tears upset her terribly. Abe and Lydia were married on September 14, 1941, at the minister's home in Thatcher, Arizona.

In 1944, Abe and Lydia purchased what the family refers to as the Silver Creek Ranch from Bill McLaughlin. It included the deeded land and permits on State and BLM land. Lydia recalls that the spring was piped to the house and there was an area near the creek with enough moisture that blackberries grew profusely.

Together with the Fisher place, managing the family ranch and the purchase of the Silver Creek Ranch the Martinez' deeded land had increased to 2,000 acres, with 212 cows on State and BLM land. Abe was now solidly in the ranching business and caring for more than 12,000 acres.

In 1948, ten years after he had first seen the Dix Creek ranch, Abe and Lydia purchased it from Bill and Charlotte Taylor. The ranch included about 140 acres of deeded land on the San Francisco River with extensive water rights on the river and Dix Creek, dating back to 1884. The Forest Permit, known as the Pleasant Valley Allotment, on the Apache National Forest, for 250 head of cows was transferred to the Martinez' at the time of the purchase.

The Dix Creek Ranch originated in the 1880's with a squatter named H.M. Dix, after whom Dix Creek and Dix Mesa are named. About 1903, Tommy Stockton, a cattleman, quarried stone from a nearby bluff and built the stately, two story, stone home for his bride. At that time, about 40 families resided in the area known as "The Mouth of the Blue" [River] and the San Francisco River.

Another well known owner of the Dix Creek Ranch was Ira Harper. Adam Sliger received the patent on the land in 1919. On Sliger's Homestead Application, dated 1912, the masonry home, a corn crib, a 50 foot tunnel through solid rock for an asequia, a 2000 foot ditch and an orchard of 1200 bearing fruit trees are listed. All of these, in various states of repair were still present when Abe and Lydia purchased the ranch in 1948.

At that time, the road to the Dix Creek Ranch was the San Francisco River. By vehicle it was 20 miles - in the river bed or along side it. Lydia counted the crossings, there were 58. When the river was running high, there was no way in or out, except with pack animals, which took about eight hours. In retrospect, it isn't surprising that in the early 1900's, Cattleman Stockton's bride, who was a city girl from California, couldn't adjust to the prospect of "no shopping", and went back home.

Lydia says, "I got fed up, with no way to travel except by the river." She and her three sons had to come and go frequently, so Abe built a road to connect the ranch with the Mule Creek Road, Highway 78. It came with a hefty $30,000 price tag. As time went

on the county helped with the road. When the Foote property went back to Federal ownership, and since the 1983 flood, the Forest service has cooperated in helping to maintain the 12 miles of road across the Pleasant Valley Allotment to the Martinez' deeded land. It became a road for public use, known as Forest Road 212. Today, it's a reasonable road with several miles of 4-wheel driving up and across Dix Mesa and through the canyon, making it an interesting experience anytime and a guaranteed thrill in bad weather.

When the Martinez' purchased the ranch, they knew that the lack of water would be their most serious challenge. "The water situation for the range was terrible, the lower country was overgrazed. The only developed water was a natural spring and that's where the cattle lived. Everything near that water was as bare as a table."

Abe and Lydia knew that in order to pay for the ranch and stay in the cattle business they would need to develop a system to supply water over the entire ranch, particularly on the Pleasant Valley Allotment. This has been accomplished in steps and by

several methods. Labor costs, and the majority of materials and supplies have been Abe's financial responsibility. Twenty-five percent of grazing fees paid by the permittee are returned to the United States Forest Service. These funds are used for range improvement through the Range Betterment Fund but do not necessarily come back to the rancher who paid the fees. Abe describes the amount he has received, as "A drop in the bucket".

In 1961, Abe picked a place for a well, but there was no road to the site. His brother-in-law, Jose Cueto, and his sister, Teofila loaded a drilling rig onto their crawler, traveled overland and successfully drilled a well 320 feet deep. Today, it has a solar pump that supplies two rock tanks, built by hand with the help of the Duran brothers. Water is pumped to these tanks, then a gasoline powered pump lifts the water one and a half miles, uphill, to a steel tank which holds 30,000 gallons. This tank supplies 12 watering troughs by gravity flow, through about 7 miles of pipeline. In order to avoid waste, each trough has a float, a regulator and a check valve. Forest Service engineers told Abe they didn't believe it could be done. Abe said, "I'm not an engineer but I'll show you how to do it."

One thing always leads to another. In order to monitor the tanks and troughs and care for the cattle, Abe has developed a system of 4-wheel drive trails over the rangeland at his own cost. These roads, although primitive, make it convenient for the Forest Service to travel over much of the 14,000 acre allotment by vehicle rather than by horseback. Although Abe built the trails, they are on public land and are used by recreationists, hunters, trappers and fisherman.

Increased watering capabilities on the Forest Allotment was accomplished by the construction of earthen water catchments called [stock] "tanks". Without financial aid, Abe has developed a system of 26 tanks across the allotment. The United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, Clifton District, has recognized and complimented Abe for constructing and maintaining a diverse and effective watering system that has benefitted livestock and wildlife as well.

To improve the irrigation system on the pasture land near the ranch headquarters, and in accordance with his long standing water rights, Abe built a diversion dam across the San Francisco River

to improve the irrigation system that waters four large pastures on the deeded land. From June to October, Abe rotates 60 to 70 head of cows and calves off the range and through these pastures in order to ease the burden on the Forest Service Allotment.

Most of Dix Creek is on the Apache National Forest, but Abe has water rights for the waters from Dix Spring. This spring and the creek provide the pure, sparkling water for the ranch headquarters and Abe's huge garden.

The Dix Creek Ranch has been the Martinez Ranch for almost 50 years now and it has seen some changes. The big house hasn't been altered very much, except for a new face on the fireplace, the modern kitchen and some bathroom improvements. New carpeting had just been installed when the '83 flood came in the front door. True to their fashion, Lydia and Abe took it in their stride. They removed the carpet, washed it with clean water, hung it up to dry and put it down again. The most welcome improvement might have been the generating plant that provides electricity.

Even today it is operated conservatively because all fuel, for whatever purpose, must be transported to the ranch over Forest

Road 212. In the '70's a bathhouse-laundry-storage facility was constructed next to the big house, making their large family gatherings more enjoyable.

On the grounds, Abe has constructed barns, outbuildings, burnt adobe and rock walls. Early on, he rebuilt ditches, took out the old orchard and planted new trees.

A fine, modern bunkhouse has been constructed of burnt adobes, which were made and fired on the site. It's a strong structure with a deep porch that shelters the big kitchen and rooms for the ranch hands. All the ranch food is prepared on an imposing wood burning cookstove and everyone eats in the bunkhouse kitchen.

Attached to the bunkhouse is a spacious, homelike ramada. In the summer it is the center of the ranch headquarters activity. There is a huge barbecue and the propane ranges where, over the years Lydia has prepared hundreds and hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables from Abe's garden and orchard. The ramada is comfortable for people, but all creatures are welcome. The chickens are pets and will lay eggs by your chair, for reasons

unknown, the roosters crow all day and several peacocks strut around as though they own the place.

Noticeable in Abe's pastures are a good number of sheep and a few goats grazing with the cows. "The boys were little and they wanted some sheep, so Lydia bought some lambs." Since then, there have been sheep on the farm portion of the ranch. Abe says, "We sell a few and eat a few and we just enjoy them."

The goat ranching tradition still lives too. When the mood strikes her, Lydia oven roasts a kid that Abe has carefully butchered. With lamb and goat, "The main thing is to bleed them well. Once you start cutting...[and if you are right handed] your left hand should never touch the meat and your right hand should never touch the hide, so the meat won't be strong."

Viewed through a visitor's eyes, the Martinez' Ranch on the San Francisco River is the perfect image of the western lifestyle portrayed in fiction. Quicker than the blink of an eye, Abe, the patron, will tell you what a mistaken idea that is! "You can't tell much about ranching sitting on the ramada."

There have been drought years. Abe has never forgotten the 30's when he was in the goat business with his father. "In '31 and '32 [we had] the best two years ever. It rained every night. [The drought] started in July of '33 and we only had a month of rainy season and not everybody got it. Then it turned dry and never rained till the following July. [It was] the biggest drought that we'd seen in years."

Nor has Abe forgotten the hard times that Mother Nature sent to the country in the 50's. "Oh, those were dry years! It was tough for six or eight years. What made it rougher...we didn't have drinking water for the cattle up where we had the feed. [In about '55,] it was so dry that all the trees in Bull Canyon country died."

Abe says he doesn't believe weather patterns are changing drastically. "If you look back over fifty years, it hasn't changed very much. You have a good wet year, and three or four more. Then it quits raining and you have three or four of dry. On the average there's not much change."

There were other problems in the 50's. In 1951, when the Martinez' had been on the ranch about three years, there was a

screw worm epidemic. "We'd ride from four in the morning till 10 at night. We'd doctor those calves and come back two days later and they were still full of worms. There were no corrals at that time, so we had to ride sometimes, all day and wait till late in the evening because when the calves get worms, they `bush up', they hide. It would be dark sometimes when we'd find 'em and we'd have to be back the next day." Within four years, the ranchers and the United States Department of Agriculture cooperatively eradicated the screw worm.

Ranchers don't count on anything where the weather is concerned, but they're real glad that floods don't last as long as droughts do. Martinez' son, Bob was born in May 1947, and they purchased the ranch in August of '48. That is how they remember the snow that caused the high water in December of 1948. Abe says it was caused by about 27 inches of snow and although it wasn't a big flood, the creek ran high, just after Christmas. The flood of '54 was a big one, and in 1955 there were "some mean storms". On the 25th of July, 1955, there was an isolated storm that hit Abe's country very hard. The rain came down all at once, causing water

to come down the canyon so fast that it tore out big willow trees. High water in 1978 almost came in the bunkhouse - it was at the screen doors! The flood of '83 was the most destructive flood in the time Martinez' have been on the ranch. It took out everything in its path. Water in the bunk house was three and a half feet deep and it was 18 inches deep in the big house.

It is Abe's belief, that all things which occur in nature have a purpose - even the floods. He says the creeks fill in and the floods clean them out. Same with the river. He can point to a place where the '83 flood took out big trees but it rechanneled the Frisco, creating a better flow. At another location, he can shows where the river took some of their deeded land. "Even that was good, because the new channel left more land between the river and the barn. It took out big cottonwoods but they've reseeded and it is more beautiful than it was before."

The big snow of 1967 brought a record drop. "Up in Pleasant Valley, the snow was up to the top of the fences. The javelina population was hit hard by that storm, it almost killed all of them, they froze to death."

The natural progression of life brought three sons to Abe and Lydia. Abe Jr., is married to Sharon Garrard. They have two children, Melissa and Abe III, and live in Pinetop, Arizona. Dan is married to Stephanie Smith, they have a son, Justin and a daughter, Marlo and live in Santa Fe, New Mexico and Abilene, Texas. Bob, the youngest son, is married to Pamela Price. Their children are a son, Brandon and daughters, Karen and Shannon Marie and they live in Flagstaff.

The ranch history would not be complete without mentioning three good and faithful employees that the Martinez' regard as "family". Long ago there was Manuel Valenzuela, the fine old cowboy that came with the Silver Creek ranch. Although he was partly blind, mostly deaf and rather crippled, he stayed and worked for Abe until he passed away. Another, was the fondly remembered Andreas McWilliams. Johnny Owen came to the ranch at the age of 17, is now 63 and is still with the Martinez'.

The Martinez sons can attest to the hard work that goes into life on a cattle ranch. Each of them has roped, branded, walked and rode over every square mile out there. They've been soaked by

sweat and rain, fricasseed by the sun and frozen to the ground in spite of a campfire. They "grew into it", working beside their dad, learning the work ethic from the example set by him and the ranch hands. "The work was a responsibility shared by everybody." All three live away from Greenlee County now, but individually and collectively they return to pitch in when they are needed. Sometimes, with their families, and sometimes not, but the Martinez Ranch continues to be a family operation.

About 1970, Arizona Game and Fish and Arizona Bighorn Sheep, Inc. reintroduced bighorn sheep on the Martinez Ranch. The sheep, transplanted from New Mexico, did well and are thriving. In 1994, Arizona Game and Fish presented Abe with a plaque and a citation which recognized his progressive management of the [Pleasant Valley] Allotment for the benefit of both livestock and wildlife, including the bighorn sheep, and his understanding of the environment and respect for other land users.

In 1994 Abelardo was named Rancher-Father of the year by the Greenlee County Cowbelles.

The United States Forest Service is heavily ingrained in Abe Martinez' ranch history. Likewise, the Martinez' have been a part of Forest Service history on the Apache National Forest for nearly 50 years. Abe has held a series of grazing permits for almost 60 years and he's had the Pleasant Valley Allotment for 48 years.

Abe weighs his words carefully when he discusses his years of association with the Forest Service. Generally, it has been a good alliance and he's gotten on well with the agency, and particularly with the District Rangers. Looking back, thinking about the changes he has seen, he regrets that there has been an erosion of the confidence that once existed between the rancher and the agency.

In 1995, Rangeland Reform was finally presented as a reality to be dealt with and eventually lived with. The unfortunate writing was on the proverbial wall - the power of the western cattlemen wasn't effective against the might of NEPA, [The National Environmental Protection Agency]. Abe says, "The environmentalists were at work and the cattlemen were asleep." The intended effect of the proposal is to provide for healthy,

diverse, sustainable rangeland ecosystems on National Forest System Lands.

When they learned how much it might impact them, the permittees and ranchers alike, raised loud objections, but much of the public showed support for the movement.

The media, the public and even the Forest Service used unkind language to describe the role of Forest Permittees as, having been on a "free ride" too long. Usually friendly relationships between permittees and Forest Service personnel were transformed into tense efforts to avoid confrontation.

The permittees felt they were being forced to pay the price for poor agency management and sub-standard policy enforcement by the local districts. The Forest Service at the district levels, for the most part, didn't like having to impose the mandates on folks that had been their friends - but they had no choice.

Almost everyone concerned agreed that there had been a well organized campaign, through the media, the legislature and

various environmental groups, to convince the public, that rangeland was being reduced to dust by deliberate misuse and overgrazing by ranchers using government allotments.

Abe was adamant. If there was misuse, not all of the blame should lay with the permittees. "The Forest Service's job is to manage the land, and they're not doing it."

In the summer of 1995, every permittee was asking - how could this happen, and why was it happening so quickly? For years, Range Staff had been out, on the ground, on most permits regularly, for a variety of reasons. The permittees had performed and cooperated with whatever range plan had been set out for them and few had ever been in violation in any way.

The permittees charged that the Forest Service and the environmental agencies were attributing the alleged range conditions to cows, and ignoring the fact that, in some cases, if overgrazing existed, the reason was - the constantly increasing, over-population of elk herds. "There aren't half the [number of] cows here that were here 60 years ago. Reducing cattle numbers

won't solve the problem. The elk are overgrazing and...need to be managed." In 1995, Abe felt that the solution, if there was one, should come from Arizona Game and Fish. "The elk herds are moving south and east to lower and lower elevations, competing with cattle for range."

There was tangible fear among permittees in 1995. Rumors flew. Each permittee was asked to meet with the District Ranger and Range Conservationist, where the "Alternatives" were discussed. These ranged from "no action" to "no grazing." None were acceptable to all. The worst scenario was taking all cattle off the range and withdrawing permits. Another, cutting numbers up to 80% and fencing the remaining numbers away from rivers and creeks and forcing pasture rotation. Historically, grazing permits have been issued for ten years. Rangeland reform might mandate that this too, be

changed, to a reduced number of years - as few as three in some cases, and renewable upon yearly inspection and analysis by the Range Staff.

Mid-year 1995, permittees in both Arizona and New Mexico were organizing, having meetings, writing letters to officials and hiring council to represent them as a group. They resolved to make an effort to contest the Federal government for their livelihood, their way of life, and the heritage of their families. Furthermore, they know that they've made a contribution to the culture of the southwest.

In 1996, there were meetings, experts came, and there were appeals, evaluations and studies. The legal system is working and the pressure has, to some extent, eased. Abe's numbers weren't cut, and he has another 10 year permit. But, his Pleasant Valley Allotment will be subject to a full scale Range Analysis sometime the next ten years, probably within five.

Today, Abe and Lydia feel that the environment, riparian areas, endangered species and grazing on public land are only the tip of the iceberg. There are other issues that alarm them. Out there, in a gray, hazy area is the worrisome movement toward heritage areas and the loss of private property rights. The threat is still there. Abe feels that it might take years, but the

Federal Government, NEPA, US Fish and Wildlife Service, Arizona Game and Fish and the Forest Service will, legally, restructure, in order to eliminate grazing cattle on public land.

As for the free ride on federal land? Abe mentions the roads and trails, the well, tanks and pipelines he has built. His yearly grazing fees were $600 per year when he came to the ranch on the San Francisco River and have been as high as $7,000 per year. The corrals and scale he built for his use on the Pleasant Valley Allotment cost $15,000 and are the property of the Federal government, as are the improvements that he has made in the water system at his own cost. He has a $25,000 investment in his five bulls and each is replaced about every 5 years.

Calves are the permittee's leverage and as for all ranchers, predators are a determining factor in the survival rate of the calf crop. Abe attributes most of his calf losses to mountain lion, and bear. He doesn't say he's never been fooled but, "I know when I see the carcass of the calf what killed it."

There are exceptions, but generally, the individual rancher has little or no domination over predators such as mountain lion

and bear on public land. Traditional control methods such as trapping, killing with firearms [an exception being, if he sees the kill occur], and poisoning can no longer be used to protect the cattle. If Abe finds the carcass of a dead cow or calf on the allotment, which is public land, there is a protocol that must be followed and the rules are strictly enforced. Because of new laws, professional hunters with dogs are the best recourse. Often, after the time lapse caused by the routine, still more time passes before the requested hunter and his dogs arrive. In the case of the mountain lion, usually so much time has passed that the animal's tracks can't be found. Mountain lions are elusive, fast moving, and they are adaptable to a wide range of climate and terrain. Abe's rugged country is prime environment for the heavy population he is experiencing. They're out there in numbers, but even if the dogs can track them, few are ever
actually sighted. Abe says, "I was born and raised in these hills [but] I've seen [only] four live lions in 70 years."

Since the ban on the snare and leg-hold trap, there is a noticable increase in coyotes. Frequently, a coyote will clean up

what is left from another predator kill, making it appear that the coyote is responsible. But, coyotes have been known to kill baby calves and when they do, they eat everything. Abe says,] "There is nothing left - nothing." Abe feels that they are responsible for some of his calf losses.

"I feel this way. If [the government feels that the people want to] protect those lions, bears and coyotes], they should be liable for the damage. That's what I feel. This country is too big. You can't just go out riding every day to look for kills. Sometimes, if [a calf] has been killed, you never even see a carcass, so you don't know what your losses are until shipping time."

In 1991 and '92, "We...branded from 180 to 200 head [of calves]. The first year we were short about 35 to 40 head at shipping time. Same thing in '93." The calf crop was down so much that the University of Arizona came to the ranch to test the bulls and the cows for any disease which might be causing them not to breed. They tested for everything that was possible that might be harmful." They found them all healthy and tests showed

that 90% of the cows were bred. In spite of the findings, at shipping time, "That year we only had a 40% to 50% calf crop." Of the predator losses, he says, "It's going to put us out of business."

The future for the Martinez Ranch? A lot will depend on what happens on the Pleasant Valley Allotment. Abe is not a weak competitor and for now, he will ride out the storm. "If I have to get out, [the deeded land] is not going to the Forest." He doesn't seem angry or bitter, just resolved.

Abe is 79. He has a lot to show for the years. The land - the water - the livestock. Most of all, raising his boys with Lydia. The Martinez ranch is his life and he draws strength from it.

Looking out on his pastures and the river beyond, Abe is pensive. He nods his head and says, "It takes a pretty good woman and a pretty good man to stay on a ranch."

Much of Abe's history is derived from his experience on the land, but there is an element that comes from the culture of his parents. There are things that Abe "just knows." Valuable things,

that will transcend the environmentalists and the bureaucracy.

And, in the end, Abe will be more right than he will be wrong.

Kathleen T. Thomas
Oral Historian

Compiled from the
Oral History of Abe Martinez - 1995

JOHN J. ODLE
Odle Brother Ranch
Mohave County, Arizona

Robert Lee (Bud) Odle and wife Alice Violet Wood Odle were married in 1908 and living at one of their ranches near Globe, Arizona when sons Robert and Edward Odle were born. Robert, November 24, 1909 and Edward, October 21, 1912.

In 1913 Bud sold the ranches near Globe and moved to Peoria, Arizona. In 1914 he bought the John Hardee J outfit on Castle Creek. On July 9, 1917 son John was born in Peoria, Arizona. Bud sold the Castle Creek outfit in the 20's and moved to Phoenix, Arizona. He was now interested in real estate. On April 19, 1929, a daughter, Mary Jane Odle (Bell) was born in Phoenix.

In 1933 Bud bought a ranch in Mohave County, 26 miles east of Kingman, Arizona in the Hualapai Mountains. This ranch consisted of approximately 45 sections of Santa Fe, Government and State lease land. Also, that same year, 30 cows and calves were shipped in from Chino Valley near Prescott, Arizona. One hundred twenty yearling heifers and 30 more cows and calves were shipped in from

Globe. Later Bud turned the ranch over to his three sons, Robert, Edward and John

When the Taylor Grazing Act came in effect the ranch became known as the Odle Brothers Allotment. Later it was called the Yellow Pine Allotment. But, it remained known as the Odle Brother's Ranch. Also, in that period, the brothers acquired ranches on each side of the Odle Brother's Ranch. About this time, the brothers also bought 25,000 acres from the Santa Fe Railroad.

There was no permanent water on the ranch. In the spring the creeks ran from rain and melting snow from the mountain. The brothers pumped old mine shafts to water the cattle through the summer months. In later years, machinery and a well rig were purchased and several wells were drilled, these wells had windmills. Also, earth dams were built to store water from flash floods. Several miles of pipeline were laid and approximately 100 miles of jeep trail so it was easier for the cattle to get from water to feed.

The brand **116** was used at the Odle Brothers Ranch, and was registered in the twentys. BLM issued a permit for 1,000 cattle year long. Also a supplement permit for 250 short age calves. The calves that weighed 400 pounds and up were sold in the Fall. The balance were sold the following Spring.

Robert Odle married Marge Lazear in 1932, and moved to the ranch in 1933. John Odle married Clover Slaughter in 1939. They moved to a section known as Yellow Pine. Edward Odle married Lenore Herridge in 1941 and they lived at the home ranch.

In 1978 the ranch was sold to Don Laughlin. The three brothers retired at this time. Robert died in April 1986. Edward moved to Colorado and John stayed in Kingman, Arizona.

LOUIS T. SHIELDS,

An Arizona Cowpuncher

Louis T. Shields was born November 9, 1913 in Bowie, Arizona to Frank Shields and Florence Riggs Shields, the fifth of nine children.

The Shields Grandfather was a Teamster with Bull Teams that hauled freight to the mines. The Riggs Grandfather raised horses and also sold to the Army and mines. Frank Shields worked for Col. Hooker in his teen years, than ranched on his own in the early 1900's in Bonita, Arizona. He sold out and moved to Wagoner, Arizona in 1917, arriving in October when Louis was nearly four years old.

The seven surviving children all attended elementary school at Wagoner. The five older ones graduated there. Then the old school closed due to lack of children and the younger siblings attended Walnut Grove. Today, the only evidence at the old

Wagoner School is Louis, his sister Theora and the old May Pole, located about 3/4 of a mile from Louis's house.

The Shields family would spend summers at the Palace Station, then the headquarters for their E+L Ranch. The ranch ranged south on both sides at Crook Canyon to the Carter Ranch to the McNary place. Mother Shields and the children would spend the winter in Wagoner so the kids could attend school. In spare time, the older kids would help with the cattle and horses, build roads, fields and fences. Louis and Franklin started working really young. It made them both good hands. They learned to develop the springs into nice watering spots.

From the time Louis was twelve years old he helped the neighboring ranches with roundup and later worked anywhere to make an income. These were depression years and also a quarantine was on the cattle. The quarantine lasted three years. Only the tough hung on, so my family are definitely surviors.

In 1928 the celebrated Yankee Doodle crashed into the side of a mountain near Palace Station. Louis was almost fifteen years old. He, Franklin and their Dad spotted it and packed in the

sheriff and coroner to the crash site they also helped to bring the bodies out. The coroner was a dwarf. His legs were to short to straddle a mount, so he rode in a pack saddle.

Louis is and was adventuresome, so he grew up knowing all of the nooks and crannies in that part of the country. He used the  brand on his cattle and horses. He sure broke some good cutting horses.

In 1934 he married his childhood sweetheart, Lydia Calkins from a neighboring ranch. They lived at the Palace Station when Barbara was born in 1936 and my sister Ann, in 1937. It was quite an experience raising two little girls in the wilderness.
We were full of adventure, and it full of rattle snakes and danger.

Lydia was very talented, she wore many hats; wife, mother, veterinarian, doctor, hunter, cowgirl, cook, artist, truck driver, school bus driver, priest and saint.

In 1940 and 1941 Louis was the firewatch on Mount Union and Loge Morris on Spruce Mountain. Lydia was relief for both so they

could have off two days a week. She rode her little horse Baldy back and forth between the two fire towers.

Louis cowboyed for some really fine people in the Kirkland - Wagoner area. He worked for Rezzonico in the 40's until early 1950's on the H-Britchen and Ranch. It ran from Crown King to Constellation. Part of it was very rough and dry. He developed water in all of the dry areas and built trails to work the cattle easier. A part of that ranch today is called the Hozoni.

In those days there were quite a few wild mustangs which is the prime meal for mountain lions. On occasion, they got a yen for a tame colt or a calf. Louis got some lion hounds and cleaned out a bunch of cats. One time we trailed one over to the Hassyampa where the boulders are larger then a house. Mr. lion got in a nice dark hole between the boulders and hid. Louis got the hounds back and threw in a stick of dyanamite. After it went off we heard some scratching. Lydia who was 4'11''tall decided to peek in and see what she could. As she straddled the hole to look in, Mr. lion shot out through her legs like a bullet. Those short legs sure did scamper up that rock pile.

That ranch that we all loved, sold in 1950. Louis and Lydia had another daughter in 1951, Dixie. They spent some time at Ros at Sandstone, on the Yolo's, and more time at Child's on the Verde River. Dixie had been in home school. Lydia decided it was time to move to Humbolt so Dixie could go to a regular school. Louis worked in the mine for a while, but just couldn't adjust to town life. So he wandered down to Lawton Champie's at Castle Hot Springs and worked at several ranches in that area; Irene Evans, Lawton, AnnaMaes's, Laytons, then back to Yarnell. He still was uncomfortable and unsettled and he and Lydia divorced after 32 years.

Louis wandered down to Wittman with Gail and Laurie Olea; worked in the Matazags with John Cline. In 1986 he went to help Mike O'Haca on the Hashknife. He was out there until 1990 when he came back to Wagoner to help his daughter and son-in-law on their small ranch only about six miles from his family's ranch so many years ago. This is the ranch that his wife Lydia had been born and raised on. The **P7 Bar**.

Louis is now 83 years young, sits a horse as he did when he was a young man. He is still repairing fences, clearing land with an axe and improving trails and water sites. He rides, ropes and manages cattle and if we had hounds he would be after the lions. This is my Dad; a very complex man. I admire his knowledge in natural enviormental experience. His love for the land; he has always been very clean minded, but cusses like a preacher. He seems to have a way at justification for all animal acts of life and death. I would never dare to put my saddle on his horse. He has no time for sissies, and if you take care of your cows he'll take care of you.

The old timer, Bud Calhoun, Vernon Martin, Ted Olea, Matt Lee, Lawton Champie and Cort Carter used to say; there was no one like Louis when it came to handling a rope. With his small loop he could literlly fish a calf out of the middle of the herd. He has the finest behaved horses and cattle dogs.

He still lives alone, cuts his own wood and hauls water in a bucket. He challenges me as to who cooks the best.....

CLAY FRANKLIN (JOE) CORNWALL

Clay Franklin Cornwall, called Joe most of his life, was raised on the Big Sandy, Mohave County, Arizona. Born on June 7, 1918, he was the fourth child of Ida Mae and Thomas Lane Cornwall, and of the third generation of an Arizona pioneer family. Like many men of this period, he learned to ride as he learned to walk, and was not without a rope from age two; roping chickens and any other small animals in his reach. He was called Joe because of a popular tune of the time, "Little Joe the Wrangler".

His grandfather, Adamson Cornwall, came as an unmarried man to Arizona in 1875 from California, and Adamson's father, the Reverend Josephus Cornwall, crossed the continent from Arkansas in a wagon train in 1847 with his large family to Oregon. They were with the famous Donner party prior to it's turning toward California and disaster. Diaries of two of the Cornwell children, ages six and thirteen at the time, and other written remembrances connect the present day Cornwalls to this historic period.

Adamson settled at Knight Creek, close to Hackberry, in an area now know as Cornwall Basin. He then bought the Slavin farm near present day Wikieup, along with the **TO** branded Slavin cattle. His own cattle ranged down into Burro Creek with their ladder brand. While still in California, Adamson attended Sonoma College and taught school for two years. Now in Arizona in 1877, he became the first school teacher in the Big Sandy region; helping build a rock-fronted dugout schoolhouse along the Sandy River bank five miles below the Cornwell ranch. His students were often teenagers beginning first grade.

Two years later, Jennie Lee Hunt came to the Sandy to teach school, and in 1880 she and Adamson were married. Of that union, five children were born. Amy (Mrs. John Neal), Lane (Joe's father), Irene (Mrs. Clyde Cofer), Clay and Clarence.

Joe's other grandfather, William Barlow Stephens, came to Arizona in the early 1880's, working ranches in the Walnut Creek area. he met his wife, Annie Pemberthy, a recent immigrant from England, while he was working for her father, Monte Pemberthy at the American Flag mine in Hualapai Mountains near Kingman. The

Mohave County area had been known as a rich mining district since the 1860's and there were few ranches as such. William and Annie were married in 1889, and from this union eight children were born. In 1893, William acquired land near the Big Sandy and eventually ran as many as five thousand head of cattle. He is said to have shipped the first cattle from Arizona by railroad to Kansas City. The wore the  brand. (EC connected)

Of the Stephen's eight children, the first girl was Ida Mae (Joe's mother), who married Lane Cornwall after attending the Normal School in Flagstaff in 1911. This union yielded six children; Fern (Mrs. Emmett Chapman), Wilbur (Bud), Annalee (Mrs. Ralph Payne), Clay (Joe), Norene (Mrs. Gus Reichardt) and Nancy Elane (Mrs. Worth Duncan).

During the first years of Lane and Ida's marriage, Lane cowboyed at Burro Creek for John Neal, another Arizona ranching pioneer, when three of their children were born. Then moving to the Big Sandy, they homesteaded a section of land and slowly built their ranch beginning with a few head of cattle. There were hard times and hard work, Taylor grazing fees and railroad land lease

fees, but with Bud and Joe's help the ranch kept going and eventually purchased the railroad land. Lane, Bud, and Joe worked for wages whenever they could to help support their familes. Lane worked for the County barn shoeing and tending mules; for the McCraken mine at the water pumps, and even contracted with a mule and fresno scraper to help build the Burro Creek road which became part of Highway 93 to Phoenix from the Big Sandy. Bud worked for local ranchers such as the Campbell brothers at Seligman, and eventually joined the CCC'S in the late thirties for cash to send home.

Joe in 1936-37 worked for Sam Fancher at Cane Springs, a job he enjoyed because Sam was a liberal boss and had a little arena where after the work was done, the hands could rope calves with Sam. Also working there was Ty (Henry) Tyree, Floyd Truman, Judd Bishop and Frank Polk, the famous sculptor. At that time, Frank was carving figures out of wood. Mostly, western cowboys and horses for whomever wanted one.

Joe could play the guitar and fiddle some. In 1937, playing at a schoolhouse dance at Trout Creek with his brother-in-law

Emmett Chapman, he first saw his wife to be, Margie Williams, daughter of a local miner. Joe was nineteen and she was just fifteen. She would dance by with a partner and Joe would wink at her from the bandstand. When the band rested at midnight for an hour, having coffee and cake, Joe asked Margie whether he could come see her. She said yes, but not having an automobile to get the fifty miles there wasn't much visting to count on for Joe.

Then after managing a few visits, Joe's mother Ida asked Margie to stay a few days at the Cornwall place during the Christmas holidays. Margie accepted Joe's proposal of marriage at that time, and on January 4, 1938, a year after meeting, they were married. Their first child Thomas Leroy came in September, 1941. Leonard Denton in February of the next year, and James Joseph in October of 1945. All were born in the old hospital in Kingman.

Those early years were difficult but no one worried about it. There was little cash. Everyone had a garden patch for vegetables, fruit trees, a cow for milk, perhaps a pig or sheep for meat. Other things needed like coffee, sugar and flour were

often bought on credit until the herd was sold. Mail was slow but regular. There were no telephones or electricity yet on the Big Sandy. Indoor plumbing was perhaps a pitcher pump on the kitchen drainboard. Little changed about the way of life in the country due to the Great Depression and then World War II, except that some of the boys had to go and fight. Joe was called by the Draft Board in 1945. Sitting in his underwear at the induction center when announcement of the war's end came, he was sent home.

In 1937, Joe's father purchased the Little Cane Ranch from Lucy Buckley. Margie and Joe moved to Little Cane to raise cattle and boys. Joe was one of the best ropers in the State at tha time so he, often with his new wife and brother Bud, spent as many weekends as their ranch work allowed, traveling to rodeos. he won the breakaway steer roping in Prescott, in July, 1939 and brought home a fine plaque which is now in Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.(Joe said, "I think it belongs in Prescott".) Shortly thereafter, at the Flagstaff rodeo, he won the best time for the day. The judge thought he could not see enough daylight under the calf as it was thrown, so Joe was disqualified. Somewhat

miffed at what seemed an unfair call, the second day in full view of everyone he backed his horse into the chute. Rising in his saddle he slipped off his horse's bridle and hung it on the fence, then nodded for his calf. This little gelding, Pretty Boy, was so cow and roping smart that no headgear was needed.

Joe won the best time for the day again and then retrieved his bridle. This incident became widely known around the local circuts of that time.

His Pretty Boy was a short, stout sorrel pony Joe had bought from Carl Duncun. The horse had an injured knee on one front leg from a horse trailer accident. It was thought that he would not be good for much. Even with that painful knee, which Joe doctored as much as he could, Pretty Boy was one of the best rope horses around. Joe turned down many exceptional offers for him until the horse's death in the 1970's. If the tailgate of the pickup ws put down and he was near, he would load himself into the back, with or without stock racks, like a favorite hound, a halter was not needed. Pretty Boy would brace himself in the pickup bed by spreading his four feet and was ready to go. He was also the most

tolerant kid horse. He was perfectly behaved with the smallest or least knowledgeable rider all his life.

Joe did not use this horse when he got a six month contract in 1946 to erect beacon towers to help airplane navigation around Prescott, Flagstaff and Kingman areas. He used his old brown horse and a favorite mule to pack the prefabricated steel members to the mountain tops where he assembled the tower and beacon. His wife Margie, sometimes accompanied him on these long steep rides. She remembers traveling once in the summer toward Prescott. The borrowed flatbed truck stuffed with a horse, mule
and with the making of one of the beacon towers, she heard a ruckus from the horse behind and saw smoke coming from the rear. Joe stopped; ran back and found his brown horse jumping as wildly as his confines would allow. His hair and part of the bed were smoldering and catching fire. The beacon lenses had focused the sun's rays, like several big magnifyng glasses, producing enough heat to combust the hay and wood and singe the brown horse's hindquarters.

Joe roped constantly and attended rodeos whenever he could. Prescott was a favorite place because of the weather and because again he could meet all his old friends and competitors at this premier Arizona rodeo. Here in 1947, he won the calf roping and brought home a fine trophy saddle with an inscribed silver plate on the back of the cantle. He sold that saddle after using it for thirty years. He said it never did fit any of his horses right and made them sore. He kept the silver plate from it. Like his other trophies, it was much more a reminder of a fine

time than a treasure. Along with the beautiful saddle he was presented a "Champion Calf Roper" bronze which he later gave to Sharlot Hall Museum.

Later in 1947, when ranching was less profitable, Joe moved to Blythe, California. There he became partners with Walter D. Scott. Joe sold his Little Cane ranch to his brother Bud along with his cattle and railroad land interests. He spent the next twelve years doing a variety of things to make a living. Those included gathering wild horses and cattle, some farming and mining

manganese, silver and copper. His last child, Karen Kay, was born in Blythe in 1952.

Joe joined Walt in buying cattle at auction in Ontario and San Jacinto, California and at Talbot's in Phoenix. The cattle were pastured to get weight on them and then they were resold at auction. Joe bought 80 acres of farm land in Blythe with a house on it and raised hay and pasture for cattle. He, Walt and other cowboys roped wild cattle in Cibola along the Colorado River and led them out to sell. They also roped and gathered wild horses near Parker, Arizona, around the dam.

Joe had learned to fly an airplane in a short time. In those days, he would fly over the area in his old Aeronica Champion, spot wild cattle in the dense thickets where they were hiding, holler down to the other cowboys their whereabouts, land on the canal bank and help gather them. One time flying low over the cowboys, the engine quit and he crashed between two trees. Both wings were torn off but he wasn't hurt.

He continued to rodeo as time allowed. He taught his three sons to rope as they became old enough. I 1954 in Wickenburg, Joe

and his boys won first, second and third in the father-and-son team roping. James, nine at the time, had not before roped off a horse anything running. He remembers his dad telling him to leave the reins alone and let his horse follow the steer. Pretty Boy nearly left him in the chute as he plunged out. Joe headed the steer quickly and eased him around, and as James recovered his balance, Pretty Boy had already put him exactly in the right place. He got one swing of his loop, threw it in front of the heels and as he caught both, Pretty Boy was rapidly moving back and tightening the rope. Joe was there on the steer with his piggin' string to win first place. James said he felt he was only along for the ride. That his dad and Pretty Boy did all the work and made it seem easy.

In 1959, Joe moved his family to Fairbanks, Alaska to work heavy construction during the building boom. At that time Alaska had just become a State. He ran a D-8 dozer and a grader in the Fairbanks area. He also worked heavy equipment at Point Barrow and Barter Island even during the seventy-below-zero winters.

One winter he took a job as a bartender at The Working Man's Bar in Fairbanks. It closed one hour in the early moring, during the rough time of gambling and bar fights. Joe was tough and fair in settling the frequent disputes. He never bartended again saying only, that you can't reason with a drunk.

There were not many pleasure or roping hoses in the Fairbanks area then, but he trimmed and shod those few. He also participated in the few local rodeos. He won the calf roping at North Pole and showed horses at the Fairbanks Midnight Horse Show. It was actually held at midnight in the summer when there was plenty of daylight. Joe spent nearly five years there. He then returned to his family in Blythe.

Not long after, about 1966, Joe worked in a tunneling operation in Henderson, Nevada near the end of a project to bring water from Lake Mead to Las Vegas. It was a dirty and dangerous type of mining job. One day Joe found himself being crushed between a railroad muck car and the headframe used for dumping the cars. He spent some weeks in the Rose De Lima Hospital. Though his hips and pelvis had been severely damaged, he recovered after

some months to the point no one could tell he had been hurt. He rode a horse with some pain although he didn't show any.

Joe took a job in 1970 working Jack Linkletter's 7L ranch, sixteen miles from Pioche, Nevada. There Joe Wright was forman. It was a beautiful ranch with a lots of spring water, meadows, game and fat cattle. He stayed two years until Nevada State Parks purchased the ranch. Finally he came back home to Kingman, Arizona. Claude Neal, Joe's cousin, needed him to work the cattle on his ranch and operate a dozer on Claude's developing subdivision. He remained with Claude for four years.

In the mid-seventies, Joe ran a dozer for Cypress-Bagdad Mining. They were putting in place a large pumping and pipeline system to transfer water from the Big Sandy to the mining and milling operation at Bagdad, over the Aquarius mountain range. After that, for several years Joe spent time in the area with a trap line, taking coyote, fox and bobcat when such were profitable for their fur. It was a time he enjoyed, making little money, as often was the case, but working in the outdoors was always necessary to him.

In the late 70's Wild Horse Annie and many other activists convinced Congress that wild horses and burros ought to be protected and otherwise managed by the BLM. Joe went to work for the BLM in 1980 gathering wild burros as head wrangler. He had plenty of experience trapping and roping wild horses, cattle and burros. Just Joe and his boss Kelly Grissom were there at first. They ropped and trapped hundreds of the plentiful burros around Mohave County to be adopted out later to enthusiasts. The next few years saw more cowboys and even helicopters to help clear out the feral burros so the mountain sheep could be more successful in their original environment. In 1987 at age 69, Joe retired the BLM and the hard and sometimes wild cowboy life due to heart problems.

Now at age 78 he is tended by his wife Margie in a retirement home. His health and memory are impaired but he takes his life now the same as he took all his earlier years; with strength, integrity, humor and love for his family and friends. He is a man without enemies, a hero to his family and will remain something of a legend wherever he went.

JAMES A. GRIFFIN

GRIFFIN CATTLE RANCH

Globe, Arizona

I was born on April 13, 1918 in Globe, Arizona. I am a sixth generation Arizona native, with roots that extend back to the 1700's with Spanish settlement in the Tucson/Tubac area. The first family ranch in Arizona was the Buena Vista Ranch south of Tucson, which was a Spanish land grant to my ancestors. This ranch was abandoned due to Indian raids, during which many family members were killed. The family moved north to Tubac. Cattle ranching remained an important part of the family (the Romero's), and there are still descendants who live in the Tucson area. Romero Road in Tucson is named after my ancestors. My great-grandmother, Maria Concepcion Romero was born in Tucson in 1841, and in 1858, she married John C. Clark, a soldier with the United States Army and commissary chief at the Old Pueblo. He was a veteran of the Mexican War, and had battled Indians before the Civil War. They had three daughters born in Tucson, and moved to

Globe in the late 1870's. It is reported that they built the first permanent home in Globe (something other than lumber and canvas). Their youngest daughter, Manuela(Emma) would grow up to marry Alvin Beach in Globe. She was widowed when their three daughters were aged one to five years, and she became the first matron at the hospital in Globe. She also acted as midwife and delivered many babies. She was courted by George W.P. Hunt when he moved to Globe from Texas, prior to his election as first governor of Arizona. Emma' middle daughter Mollie would become my mother. She was born in Globe on August 29, 1887. Her husband was John Cox Griffin, son of a physician. He was born September 25, 1876, in Hillsboro, Texas. He moved to Globe in the early 1900's to begin ranching in the area, and he and Mollie were married November 7, 1912.

The first ranching venture John would undertake was in partnership with his brother Fred Griffin under the name of Griffin Brothers, when on June 21, 1905 they purchased the Pringle Ranch in the County of Gila, Territory of Arizona, and operated with the Flying H brand, first recorded by Andrew Pringle in 1885.

The Griffin Brothers ran about 4,000 head of cattle on this ranch. Today, it is part of the HT Ranch and is located in the area known as Wheatfields.

After selling that ranch, Fred apparently returned to Texas, and John continued working on several ranches in the area. He also owned or operated or was in partnership with many ranches, including the TV's in Tonto Basin(first recorded to Crouse & Webb in 1887), the Flying V's at Roosevelt (first recorded to J.J. Voxburgh, Los Angeles), and the Wineglass on Cherry Creek (first shows up in the 1916 brand book to Dennis Murphy).

In 1917, John and Mollie purchased a lot on the corner of Hill and Ash Streets in Globe. They hired an architect from El Paso, and designed and built the family home from native tufa stone, quarried near San Carlos.

John was also a businessman and became a vice-president of the First National Bank of Globe. In those days, bank officers personally backed loans, and John acquired several ranches when drought conditions seriously hurt ranchers and they were unable to repay their loans. It was in this manner that John acquired the

X4 ranch from Arch and Dora Sanders, and he sold the 5Y ranch to Albert and Mary Sanders. It was also in this manner that my parents lost the beautiful home they had built. When there was a run on the bank, John was forced to choose between keeping the ranch or keeping the house. They chose to keep the ranch. The house still stands, and today is owned by the Globe School District and serves as the administration building.

The present Griffin Ranch is comprised of what were four different outfits, or at least parts of them. The earliest record on the X4 brand appears in the 1908 brand book, listed to A.F. Sanders, Ft. Thomas. The 1916 brand book lists the X4 to John Griffin. The eastern part of the present ranch was the old JU. The JU brand first appears in the 1920 brand book, listed to Griffin and Caraway. The first cattle brought to the JU area were said to have been turned loose there by Harry Ginn. He is said to have sold out to George & Herman Sidow. They had recorded the I Lazy HL, (connected) in 1891. The western end of the present ranch had been the 4 Lazy Y, recorded to J.J. Combs in the 1916 brand book. Since the acquisition of these four outfits in 1923,

the ranch has carried the X4 brand and operates as Griffin Cattle Ranch.

The ranch is situated approximately 16 miles northeast of Globe on Highway 60 at 7 Mile Wash. When I was a boy, Highway 60 did not exist, and the first trip I made to the ranch took all day. We left Globe by car and drove to San Carlos, where we switched to horses at the Cross Up Ranch. We then completed the trip to ranch headquarters, a three room adobe structure in the old JU area of the ranch. This home was built by the aforementioned Sanders brothers in 1906, still stands, and is in use as a bunkhouse for cowboys. Today, we call it the Adobe Ranch, and it is the base we ride from when we work the northern pastures of the ranch.

Also at the Adobes ther stands a wooden house. This one-room structure is approximately 10 X 20 feet, and we now use it for a tack house. It was an early "mobile home" as it was taken apart in sections, loaded onto burros and moved to other areas of the ranch to serve as living quarters for cowboys working that

particular location. It often stood at Caraway Springs, so named because Shorty Caraway worked at the ranch and lived in this house. The house was also moved to the Brush Pasture when working cattle in that area. Shorty also worked at the Chrysotile Mine north of the ranch, and we had a contract to provide beef for the mining camp. Shorty had come to Arizona from Texas, and also worked as a double for Tom Mix. His life is chronicled in the Ross Santee book, Cowboy.

I was eleven years old when I began helping my father develop permanent waters on the ranch. The first concrete stock tank I remember working on was in 1929 at the Yankee Joe trap. I carried sand, rocks, and the water bucket to assist in making the concrete. That water trough still stands today, with "1929" etched in the corner.

Other waters I helped develop were in Hess Canyon, the Steer Pasture, and Cavey Springs, named for an old-timer, Cavey Gibson. He worked at the ranch during the 1930's and had also worked on the Wineglass when it was owned by Dennis Murphy.

Another early memory I have of living at the Adobes is that of the Cibecue and Whiteriver Apaches. As they traveled to San Carlos afoot, they would spend the night near the Adobes. They walked half-clothed and wearing moccasins, and carried bows and arrows. They would come to the house and talk to us, and my parents would give them coffee, salt pork and beans. They would be on their way again before daylight. I remember some of their names - R14, a White Mountain Apache, and CB 10, A San Carlos Indian. When they were placed on the reservation, they did not have English names and the government issued them numbers by which to identify them when the agent doled out their supplies. Nowdays, many Indians carry Irish and German names due to the influence of the Catholic and Lutheran missionaries who came to offer Christianity.

During Prohibition I was in grammar school and illegal stills were operated by moonshiners on various locations on the ranch. As part of their job, the cowboys regularly checked these areas, so that no cattle would be lost! Also, the moonshiners would dump the mash into the creek. When the quail came each evening to

drink, they became inebriated, and one didn't need a shotgun to provide dinner. All you had to do was pick them up and pack them home! The dogs also drank water from the creek, and a human with a hangover is nothing compared to a dog with a hangover!

Most of the names of places, pastures, and springs on the ranch come from specific people or incidents which happened at those locations. Monument Pasture was so named because it was the location where my father sustained the injuries which led to his death. I was in seventh grade, January, 1932. My father, John Griffin was leading two wild yearlings when the steers became frightened and headed the opposite direction. This caused the horse to rear over backwards and the saddle horn caused extensive internal injuries. While he was cutting himself from the entanglements, a ranch hand arrived on the scene and helped free him. John then rode the two miles to the Adobes, and Doctor Kennedy was summoned from Globe. He transported my father to the hospital in Globe and performed surgery. Unfortunately, my father died the next day, due to shock and loss of blood. He was 56 years old. Among his pall bearers were early day Gila County

cowmen, Ed Horrell, Zee Hayes, John H. Armer and Roy Hittson. After his death, my mother Mollie took over management and operation of the ranch. Shorty Caraway came back to help run the ranch until I was old enough to particpate.

Growing up, I attended elementary school and later Globe High School. I graduated in 1937, and attended both Loyola University in Los Angeles, and the University of Arizona. In 1940, I left college to help operate the ranch, and did so until the United States entered World War II. I enlisted in the army, and after training was sent to Watford, England as a weather observer for the Eigth Air Force. Everything was top secret, and I had no idea I was being sent to England until my south-bound troop ship which had sailed from New Jersey turned toward the North Atlantic. Knowing my mother would be worried, I sent her a telegram inquiring after the well being of our "Cousin Jack" so at least she would know where I was headed.

It was at Ajax (code name for Watford) that I was to meet my beautiful bride, Minnie Keeler of Massachusetts. Minnie was born on October 12, 1921, in Stoughton, Massachusetts, and was reared

in Brookline, MA. She attended Lincoln Grammar School and Brookline High, and graduated in 1939. She worked in a laundry and candy factory until she was hired by Western Union as a teletype operator. She joined the WAAC (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) in March, 1943, and did training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia before being sent to England as a teletype operator with the Eighth Air Force.

Minnie and I were married on June 11, 1945 in High Wycombe, England. We were discharged from the military after the war ended, returned to the United States, and took the train from Massachusetts to Arizona. We arrived in Winslow before Christmas, and went to live at the ranch.

In 1942, Mollie had relocated ranch headquarters to the X4 camp, where she built shipping pens, a beautiful brick home, separate canning kitchen, and detached garage. While I was overseas in 1944, I received a telegram from her informing me that the brick home, less than two years old, had burned to the ground. None of the contents were saved, and most of John

Griffin's papers relating to his early history and the selling and purchasing of ranches were also lost.

When Minnie and I arrived, we added on to the canning kitchen and made our home. During these years, cattle grazed all over the ranch, and we had major round-ups in the spring and fall. Each round-up lasted 30 days, and we worked the northern portion from the Adobes for two weeks, then moved to work the southern half out of the X4's for the remaining two weeks. In the spring, Mollie contracted to sell our cattle with J.I. Wynn of Amarillo, Texas. In the fall, she sold to Tubby Upton in Tempe, whose feedlot was located at the corner of Baseline and McClintock, where the Earnhardt dealership now stands.

This arrangement was utilized until 1966, when the Forest Service severely cut our head permit in an effort to revitalze the land. While others faced with this drastic situation might have sold out, I chose to fight to keep the ranch viable. Recognizing that cutting numbers alone would not work, I sought consultation from the University of Arizona Extension Service, and we worked out a management plan by which we began a grazing rotation system.

This was ridiculed by many neighboring ranchers, who predicted it would never work. Instead, the ensuing thirty years have shown a dramatic improvement in the range conditions, and we have been recognized by the U.S. Forest Service for our efforts.

The ranch today is a family venture. Minnie and I were blessed with five daughters and a son. All are actively involved in the management and day-to-day operation of the ranch, and participate in round-ups and branding, record-keeping and management planning. Four of our daughters have a medical background, which comes in handy for veterinary work. Our son lives at the X4's with his wife and three children, and is responsible for day-to-day operations. We now have 14 grandchildren and two great grandchildren, ranging in age from two to 24. While all have their chores, several of them are old enough to participate in working the ranch. It is our goal to remain a viable operation while enabling the ensuing generations to benefit from the values, traditions and lifestyle which have been handed down through me by my ancestors. It is a legacy to be treasured.

KENDRICK HOLDER

Globe, Arizona

Kendrick was born in Payson, Arizona October 2, 1922. His parents were Frank and Nona Holder who ranched near Rye, Arizona. Kendrick attended grammar school at Tonto Basin and Giscela and later attended Payson High School where he graduated in 1939.

I, Lora Mae Clark was born in Odell, Texas July 4, 1921. My parents ranched on the - X Ranch near Young, Arizona. They were Elvis and Mary E. Clark. I went to school in Young and Globe, Arizona.

We were married in Phoenix, Arizona June 9, 1943. In 1947 we bought the ranch on lower Cherry Creek from Dave Dozier. It was formally the McFadden brother's place and had a permit of 180 head mostly Forest Service land. We ranched there from 1947 to 1957 moving yearly into Globe to educate our three children.
Mitchell Ray Holder who ranches at Salome, near Roosevelt and also near Tonto Basin - he owns the Hot Ranch, once belonging to the Bacon family. Marilyn Stanberry who with her husband have

Arizona Gin Supply and a farm in Buckeye, Arizona. Sharon Sundall, who has a real estate office in Tempe with her husband.

We bought the Lon Walters Ranch near Globe in 1958. Two hundred head permit brand  . We sold that ranch to Don Harington in 1969.

In 1970 we bought the Devore Ranch, again on lower Cherry Creek, permit 428, mostly Forest Service land. We sold it in 1973 to Keith Smith. We then ran cattle in Dripping Springs and Springerville, Arizona, retiring in 1980 we live on part of the Lon Winter's ranch.

We had a wonderful life in the ranching business and feel lucky to have been a part of the Arizona Ranching industry.

BILL PRESTRIDGE

1996 REX ALLEN COWBOY HALL OF FAME INDUCTEE

Long time Clifton area resident William "Bill" S. Prestridge was inducted into the Rex Allen Cowboy Hall of Fame on October 3rd at a banquet ceremony in Willcox, Arizona. A portrait painted by Peta-Anne Tenney will hang in the Rex Allen Cowboy Hall of Fame Museum. Bill was born on December 1, 1913, in Nimrod, Texas (now a ghost town) to Henry and Linnie Prestridge. His father worked for cattle companies throughout the State of Texas. Bill is the oldest of three. His brother Kurt, was born in 1918. He also has a half sister, Vede who is the youngest. When he was eight, his mother was stricken with pneumonia and died. Before she died she asked that her mother, Drucey Smith care for Bill and that Henry keep young Kurt. Bill and his grandmother lived with his uncle. When he was nine, his uncle married and his grandmother moved to live with another son, leaving Bill behind. For three years he worked on his uncle's farm and ranch and cared for their young children. At the age of twelve he decided he had enough and

struck out on his own working up and down the Texas Panhandle. In Munday, Texas, this confident young man walked into the blacksmith shop and asked if anyone was looking for a good man to work on a farm or ranch.

The blacksmith laughed and said "a good man?" but Bill was determined and said "That's right". A fellow in the shop was impressed with Bill and directed him to the McCartney farm. He got a ride out there and went to work chopping cotton. After a short time he went to work for Mr. McCartney's father farming and ranching. When he was thirteen he left and began working odd jobs all through Texas. During this time, he and a friend, Buck Brooker were looking for work and came across a man who needed to get to Oklahoma. He offered Bill and Buck his farm for their old Ford car. They accepted and became owners of a cotton farm. They picked the crop of cotton in the field , bought a new car and got rid of the farm.

In 1932, he followed a rodeo to Duncan, Arizona. After the rodeo he was asked to stay in Duncan by Mr. Lunt and break wild horses, which he did. After he left Mr. Lunt's employ, he started

a business with Tom Crabtree running wild horses in the Black Hills and Turtle Mountain area. A majority of these horses were sold to the San Carlos Apache Indians. In 1933, Mr. Crabtree, moved to Springerville so Bill went to work for Tom Cauthern at the U Diamond ranch on the Gila River. He also worked for Tom's father-in-law, George Hill, a famous train robber(that's another story).

In 1934, friend, Elmer Dowis convinced him to join a government work program, the 3Cs. Bill had no family that needed him but they took him anyway and he was sponsored by Elmer's sister and her husband, Moseby and Lil Wilkerson, his future bride's Aunt and Uncle. While in the 3C Program he worked at Fort Huchuca building the base bakery and taught the 3C workers how to handle the work mules. After a time, he ended up back in Duncan. George Hill found out he was back in the area and offered Bill more money to come back to work for him. Bill lived in wide open space during this time, his home was a camp on the Gila River by the Box.

He worked in this area during one of Arizona's worst droughts where cattle were shot to avoid their suffering. It was here that he met Margaret"Mug" Bertha Jones, daughter of a pioneer ranching family in Stockton Pass and on the Arizona/New Mexico border. Margaret was born in Solomonville, Arizona on May 22, 1917 to Perry Jones, son of Margaret Wilkerson and Katherine Woods Jones, daughter of Bertha Neese Woods. Bertha's mother, Catherine Neese and her family homesteaded in the Stockton Pass area near Mt. Graham on the CN Ranch. Margaret's father, Perry Jones came to Arizona from Sanderson, Texas in the early 1900's. Perry's mother, Margaret Jones Wilkerson, raised her family in Poverty Flats (now just a memory to some) on the Blue River. Perry and his brothers owned much of the land from Clifton to the New Mexico State line. His brothers were Moseby Wilkerson(wife, Lilly Bell Woods Wilkerson), Clark Wilkerson, Ed Wilkerson and Bea Wilkerson. Perry's sister, Vea Sanders, lived near Tombstone. Bill and Mug met on her uncle's ranch when Bill was working as the "stray man" for Tom Cauthen. They fell in love and were married in 1935. He and his new bride moved to

Mogollon, where he worked in the mine operating the mill. His oldest daughter, Viola (Neal), was born in Mogollon in March 1936.

For health reasons, he left the mine and went back to the Duncan/Clifton area to cowboy in '36. From the time he returned from Mogollon until '45 he worked all around Duncan/Clifton area on ranches. In '37, Bill and Margaret were blessed with a son, Bill, and one year later Katherine(Monzingo) was born. In '41, son, James was born, all three in Clifton. Because of tough times Bill and his family moved back to Texas to farm and ranch at the Rafter 3, but like Arizona, Texas was in a drought and they got discouraged and came back to Arizona. When he returned he drove buses for Spoon Brothers. In 1944 their youngest daughter, Deborah(Allred), was born in Morenci.

In '45, he moved to the Willcox area where he went to work for Harry Hooker at the Sierra Bonita Ranch. He worked there running a feed lot. He had been hired as a cowboy and since Harry Hooker wouldn't let hime ride much he quit and went to work for Irvin Palmer (Rancho Sacatel) breaking horses in the Dos Cabesas.

After a short time, he was put in charge of the whole ranch operation. In '47, Palmer sold the ranch. For three months following Bill cared for steers for Marsh Stansberry. Ater selling the steers, he headed to Willcox to look for work and on the way ran into Harry Hooker. He told Mr. Hooker he was looking for work. Mr. Hooker had a reputation for not hiring a man twice, especially if he quits, so Bill didn't ask for a job. Mr. Hooker surprised Bill by offering him a position at the Sierra Bonita. Bill became Ranch Manager at the Sierra Bonita. He worked three years. As a side job he also worked weekends as a bouncer at the Bomkirchner's bar called the "Western". In 1950, his oldest child was starting highschool so Bill left the Sierra Bonita to move and work closer to town. In '50 W.T. Wagner and Tay Cooke bought the Western and Bill went to work full time managing the bar. During this time Boozer Page came into the bar and offered Bill a house and $100 a month to watch his horses at the Old Crutch Ranch in the Dos Cabesas. Living the ranching lifestyle had it's tragedies; in 1948 their son Jimmy, seven, was kicked in the stomach by the family horse and passed away. It was

during this time that while riding the range Bill surrendered his life to Christ.

In the early 50's when his son Bill was in highschool in Willcox, the FFA decided to have a rodeo. They needed an attraction to draw a crowd so Bill, along with Boozer Page, Ted Kortsen and Page Bakarich and the FFA students, asked the only star they knew from Willcox, Rex Allen if he would come to the rodeo. Thus the beginning of the Rex Allen Rodeo and Parade.

Bill has seen a lot of changes in range land in the Willcox area. When he worked for Boozer Page they drove cattle into Willcox from area ranches to stockyards which were in what is now the site of much of the City of Wilcox. Cattle were shipped mostly by rail from these stockyards.

Bill continued to work for Boozer Page until the late 50's when he left and tried his hand at truck driving in Sierra Vista and later in Casa Grande.

In the summer of '59, Jessie Hooker contacted Bill and asked him to come back to Willcox and manage the Sierra Bonita Ranch. The ranch was in financial trouble and the bank gave Hooker's a

year to show a profit or be sold. Bill accepted the offer and with the assistance of the University of Arizona developed some of the many techniques used today to form sound range management. The herd size was increased and the ranch farms produced more grain per acre without the use of chemicals. After sixteen years he retired from the Sierra Bonita Ranch and moved back to Clifton and he and "Mug" continued to go to work on ranches in the capacity of receiving and preparing ranches for sale for such ranchers as Bob Clouts (4 Drag), Freddie Fritz (3X), George Pendleton (PN) in Cloverdale, New Mexico, and Lil and Moseby Wilkerson (H crooked Pole). At the Pendleton ranch his wife "Mug" became ill with Alzheimer's, so he again retired to Clifton where he remained until '94. Bill cared for "Mug" until her death at their home in Verde Lee, near Clifton, on January 13, 1991.

Bill is the root of his family and friends and has tremendous respect for all. For his 80th birthday party his grandson Jim Neal, wrote this poem for him:

COWBOY BILL

I'd like to tell you bout a cowboy named Bill,
wandered out of Texas lookin for thrills,
he had wavy black hair and solid good looks,
just the kind you find in them Louis Lamour books.

Well he broke a trail down the Mogollon Rim,
the work was hard but that didn't much matter to him,
ya see times was awful lean n so was he,
ended up chasin wild horses cuz they was free.

Now that old Bill has a story or two,
an sometimes they're kinda hard to believe by the time he gets through,
but theres one important thing folks got to remember,
he lived it! He lived it from January to December.

Back when there was no such thing as a cattle truck,
an the only thing to ride was a bronc with a certified guarantee to buck,
heck he's broke more horses than some of us have ever saw,
the kind that could kick an fight an were just downright raw.

When you take a herd through those Black Hills rocks,
and not lose a one you're a pretty smart fox,
Bill did that all the time for what little he got paid,
we sit here callin ourselves cowboys but would we have stayed?

There'll come a day when that old hand takes his last ride,
He'll be on old Bullet with that familiar long stride,
and when he tops the last ridge he'll hear a voice from heaven,
I know you, you ride for the 7 bar 7.

___by Jim Neal
August 1993

Now at 82, he is still active, assisting his daughter Katherine and her husband, George Monzingo, on their ranch in St. David. He travels to Nevada each year to assist his Grandson, Jack Neal, on a 500 head ranch for roundup and to drive cattle into and out of the mountains during summer and fall.

ALICE PARKER GAYLER

The fact that Alice Parker was the soul surviving child out of four girls represents the dramatic elements that shaped her life. Having grown up in the harsh conditions on the early southwestern frontier, indicates she was a strong willed person.

Alice Medora Parker, was born on December 28, 1917 in Hachita, New Mexico. Her father was Claude Coates (C.C. "Bud") Parker. He was a renowned cattleman and horseman who traded Mexican cattle in the times when deals were made on a handshake. Her mother was Anna Harper Parker, a trained nurse, from Hollister, California. Bud and Anna met in Mexico when Anna was visiting her sister and brother-in-law who worked on an American-owned cattle ranch. Bud was foreman of the ranch at the time. He married Anna soon after they met.

Alice's three sisters - Helen, Claudia and Anne passed away at young ages with various illnesses that were serious threats in those days due to remote ranch conditions and unavailability of proper medical attention.

Alice and her parents moved to Arizona in 1919 to the A7 Ranch at Bueman Canyon near Benson, Arizona. The family ranched there until 1926 when they moved to Tucson so Alice could attend school. During this time they rented a home where the U of A baseball field is presently located.

Alice attended Roscruge Elementary, Sam Hughes-Mansfield Junior High, and graduated from Tucson High in 1934. She attended business college at the University of Arizona. After her second year she worked temporarily for downtown Tucson businessess and also wrote letters for winter visitors through the Chamber of Commerce. In between work and school Alice accompanied her father Bud, to many popular rodeos across the west such as Cheyenne, Pendleton and Prescott. Alice spent many happy hours at the Cortaro Farms in Tucson caring for and riding Bud's well known rope and ranch horses.

Breezy Cox introduced Alice to Manerd Joseph Gayler at the Sheridan, Wyoming rodeo. She tells that she wasn't real impressed with him at first because he seemed so shy. But apparently, Manerd was very taken with Alice because a few months later at a

Carlsbad, New Mexico rodeo he got very bowed up when Alice showed up at the dance without him. He later wrote her a letter stating how upset he was that she didn't wait and let him pick her up. It must have spurred him into asking her to marry him because they were married soon afterwards on July 12, 1940.

They lived in Casa Grande for approximately two years. Afterward they lived in Tucson for a short time during the war where their daughter, Frances Anne Gayler, was born in 1944.

With the sudden death of Bud Parker in 1946, Manerd took over the management of the vast holdings of the Canoa Ranch at Amado, Arizona. The ranch consisted of 350 sections which ran from the Santa Cruz River to Baboquiviri Peak. They were partners with Hal Manning and ran Brahman cattle, which were some of the first registered with the American Brahman Breeders Association. While at the Canoa Ranch a son, John Roland Gayler was born in 1949.

During this time Manerd and Alice went in partners with Roland Curry on the Poso Nuevo and Palo Alto Ranches, which were

part of the original Canoa Ranch in the Attar Valley. They raised crossbred Brahman cattle and use the **-R** brand.

After leaving the Canoa Ranch they bought the Ruby Star Ranch from Matt Baird. It was the setting for an early Walt Disney movie called "The Horse of the West". They branded their horses with the Ruby Star brand. Alice raised her children at the Ruby Star. In the eleven years at the ranch Alice spent many hours driving her children to the various schools which were miles away.

In 1961, Manerd and Alice purchased the Frank Gear Ranch in Elfrida, Arizona. Soon afterward, they purchased the Clark Ranch in Arivaca, Arizona where they use the **ZV** brand.

Later on in a trade for the Ruby Star, they acquired the T4 Ranch in Nogales, Arizona. Alice designed the spacious headquarters overlooking the Patagonia Red Mountains. From 1965 to 1968 they leased the Baca Float from Tol Pendleton where they ran Santa Gertrudis and Mexican steers. In 1968, they bought the Rosemont Ranch near Sonoita, Arizona where they were partners with their son John. They purchased a third ranch during this time on the desert near Corona De Tucson.

Alice and her family owned many historical brands. The Hairpin  was her father Bud Parker's. They acquired their horse brand the T Rocker  while they were leasing the Baca Float. The Ruby Star  was bought from Matt Baird when he sold them the ranch. The T4 was used at the Nogales ranch. The ZV used at the Rosemont Ranch in Sonoita had been Zack Vail's of the famous Vail brothers and is on display at the Arizona Historical Society. Both the T4 and ZV were used by the Gaylers for over 25 years.

Alice and Manerd took many memorable trips, one of their favorites being to the National Finals Rodeo, since both were rodeo hands and Manerd was one of the original Cowboy Turtles Association members. They attended it for many years in Oklahoma City and the first year it was held in Las Vegas, Nevada. They had lots of good times visiting with old rodeo friends at the Cowboy Turtles Association Reunion. They reminisced over such rodeos as Pendleton, Oregon, Cheyenne, Wyoming and Tucson, Arizona-La Fiesta de Los Vacqueros.

Alice and Manerd were very active in horse racing and had trainers such as Mike Sims who raced at Rillito in Tucson, Prescott Downs and Turf Paradise in Phoenix. Mike Megariz raced horses for them at Santa Fe Downs in New Mexico and Sunland Park in El Paso, Texas. Mick McMillan also trained for them at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico and Sunland Park. A favorite race horse of hers was Gay Earl whom they raised themselves. He entered the winners circle numerous times and fills Alice's picture book.

Alice was always a very outgoing ad active person. She held offices for the Arizona Cowbelles. She belonged to the Tucson chapter first, then when they moved she joined the Nogales chapter and the Sonoita-Elgin chapter and presently is a member of the Benson division. Alice has recently been named an honorary member of the Mountain Oyster Club in Tucson, Arizona.

The real love of Alice's life, her husband Manerd, passed away in April 1990. They would have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in July of that year. After the sales of many of their ranches, Alice retired to her current home in Benson. From

there she can still watch the sun rise and set over the same mountains she rode all over as a girl.

She continues to enjoy visits with her family and many friends in Southern Arizona. Her daughter Fran and her husband, Tony Figueroa, own and race Quarter Horses and Thoroughbreds. their two sons, Tom and Michael are also involved in the racing operation. They live near Alice in St. David, Arizona.

Her son, John and his wife Page, have kept up the ranching tradition. They own and operated a ranch in south central Oklahoma. Their three children, MariAlice, Manerd and Matthew are all involved in the livestock industry and help out on the ranch.

Alice is very proud of her children and grandchildren for maintaining livestock and ranching traditions. They are all very proud of her. Not only for her remarkable life, but for instilling in them values those traditions have.

EVANGELINE "TYNE" JERNIGAN

I was born to pioneer parents Virgil and Zona Hinton McEuen on the family ranch below Indian Hot Springs and across the river from Ft. Thomas, Arizona, November 18, 1917. Early memories of those first years are of playing with numerous cousins living up and down the lane; wading the draws after a summer rain; riding burros and pet horses to pick wild flowers up on Green Flat. A real treat was going to Hot Springs by buggy on a sunday where families from all over the valley came to picnic and swim in the only public pool in the area.

We walked a mile to school where most of the students were our cousins. Our family moved to Ft. Thomas when the older children were of high school age. I graduated from Ft. Thomas High School in 1934 and Gila Junior College, now Eastern Arizona College, in 1936. After completing a business course at Lambson Business College in Phoenix, I returned to Ft. Thomas to work in the family mercantile store. Money was scarce and jobs hard to find as the country was in a deep depression. Sears hired me to

assist in their year-end inventory in January 1939. They kept me on permanently to manage the office which included the bookkeeping, cashier and secretary. I kept this employment until my marriage in December to A.A. "Dee" Jernigan, a rancher in Stockton Pass.

I had much to learn when I came to the ranch as a bride. Learning to cook was the first and mastering the wood cook stove was trial and error! We were modern as we had a BU-GAS refridgerator but was using kerosene lamps years before we purchased a Kohler light plant. Entertainment was mostly with family and friends getting together. We went to horse shows and rodeos and especially enjoyed the Tucson shows.

Interests have been many; sewing and needle work, cooking and entertaining; reading has been most important all my life; geneaology, club work, travel, the Historical Society and collecting dolls and minature shoes.

I served as President of the Safford Junior Womans Club in 1948-1949 and the Womans Club of Safford (senior) in 1963-1964. I am a charter member of the American National Cowbelles, now named

American National Cattlewomen; a past Secretary-Treasurer of the Arizona State Cowbelles and was President of the Mt. Graham Cowbelles in 1959. I now am a member of the Willcox Cowbelles. I am a member of the Order of Eastern Star and All Saints Episcopal Church.

Travels have taken me to many states, also to Mexico, Cuba, (before Castro), and the Hawaiian Islands. Most interesting and educational was a 30 day tour of Western Europe going to France, Spain, Italy, Monaco, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Liechtenstein, Holland and England. A second tour of three weeks was in Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England.

Texas Longhorn cattle purchased from the United States Wildlife Refuge in Lawton, Oklahome in the early 1940's began as a hobby but turned into a nice business venture furnishing them for motion pictures, television and commericals. They were in Kanab, Utah for filming of "The Outlaw Josey Wales; in Colorado and Wyoming filming "Centennial". Our son Lee doubled for an actor who ws unable to ride his horse. Dee took the big steers to Mescal, a movie set near Benson, to be used in "Montie Walsh"

starring Lee Marvin. The longhorns were on location at the Anvil Ranch south of Tucson for filming a segment of "How The West Was Won" with James Arness. All of the cattle used for the filming of "The Sacketts" starring Glen Ford and filmed near Patagonia were from our herd. The TV commercials included Marlboro cigerettes and Anheiser-Busch beer.

NBC television writers and photographers came to the ranch to film cattle scenes which was released to national television viewing from New York City. A taping for the City of Los Angeles was made for release from KNBC Los Angeles in color and sound. Feature articles have appeared in national newspapers and magazines.

The ranch has attracted visitors from over the United States, Mexico, Canada, England, France, Germany, Nigeria, Pakistan and Morocco. Many were guests in the United States of the State Department.

My children are son Lee, married to Marti and daughter Frances, married to Brad Bishop and teaching in Tucson. There are four grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Since Dee's death in 1985, Lee and I continue with the ranch and farm operation. Parading and movie making was put on hold as ranching for us is a full time job. I have missed most, our attending the National Cattle Conventions we attended over many years.

It was an honor to be chosen MARSHAL by the Gila Valley Pro Rodeo Association Turquoise Circuit on August 28, 1993, the first women honored. This is a group of local women who love the sport and put on a first class rodeo in a most professional way in Safford.

I have enjoyed every organization I have been a member of and all of my travels. Living on the ranch, raising my children, and taking an active part in the ranch operation has been a labor of love. December 1996 amounts to 57 years and a life style simple and uncomplicated.

BILL REMINGTON

LIFE AS A COWBOY

At age 79 Bill Remington still has a firm handshake and a big bear hug for the ladies.

I was born in Mondamin, Iowa to Ted and Tillie Remington on August 21, 1917. In 1918, my mom, dad, brother Buck (who was about 17 months older) and I, along with Dad's parents, his two brothers and his grandfather(in other words the whole kit and caboodle) moved to Greenland, Colorado. They bought a ranch in Greenland and then a year later bought another ranch in Falcon, Colorado. We move to Falcon and every spring we drove cattle to Greenland. In the fall we would drive them back to Falcon, which was about 35 miles away. My brother Buck, could ride a horse as good as anyone, but whenever possible he would stay home and help Mom. Dad and I used to drive or lead horses to the Broadmoor near Colorado Springs to sell or trade. A good reining horse would be bought for use as a polo horse. Dan also had a rodeo string of roping cattle and bucking horses. At that time, we did not use

trucks or trailers, so we had to drive them to rodeos which at times were as far away as 125 miles. I remember one night we were riding home when I was about 12 years old. I was complaining about being cold so my Dad told me to get off my horse and walk to warm up. He took my horse and hit a lope. It was dark and I couldn't see a thing. Finally, I caught up with him in about a half mile where he was waiting. Believe me, I was warmed up then. Mom, Dad and Grandma were always pulling stunts like that. I also can remember Grandma sewing the silverware to the tablecloth and putting salt inthe sugar bowl at holiday dinners. We were fortunate that my grandparents lived in the area so the we could visit them often, especially for holidays.

My brother Buck and I went to school in Falcon, Colorado. At the age of eleven we drove ourselves to school in a 1924 Model T. Life wasn't always cowboyin. We played basketball and had a very good team for a one building school (3 floors for 12 grades). Brother Mart was born in 1930. Buck and I always stuck together, so when Buck decided to quit school in the 10th grade, of course I had to quit too.

In 1934, Dad traded the Falcon Ranch for the Cottonwood Ranch near Fountain, Colorado. That ranch in now the Fort Carson bombing range. We had 42-43 sections, which was mostly State lease land, but we had two school sections and townships. We ran 600 head of mother cows so we kept pretty busy. Even with working the cows, I found time to break colts and ride the rough stock for the Hatchet Cattle Company for about two years. A big event was swimming herds across the Arkansas River. Rodeo time was on weekends. Buck didn't participate, but usually went along. I calf-roped, bulldogged, and participated in the wild cow milking and the wild horse races. I had my share of buck-offs and wrecks at home, so I didn't take part in the riding events at the rodeos. Being a firm believer in roping anything that was close, I had many a horse jerked down. Dad, Buck and I played baseball on the Fountain town team. Dad played minor league baseball in Omaha and had a chance to go to a major league team when he was 17 or 18 years old. His folks said, "Not a chance, all those fellas do is drink and party". They weren't against a drink, but their son was not going to be influenced by others.

Buck and I registered for the World War II draft and were classified 2A for raising so much beef. Six months later the draft board contacted us and told us a "good" neighbor was raising hell because we were both at home. At least one boy would have to go into the army. Buck had a bad ankle so I went in as a medic in February 1942. After basic training and then six months training in the Louisiana swamps, going overseas didn't sound too bad. They shipped me out of Seattle to Hawaii for rifle training in the pineapple fields. As a medic, I had not trained for combat before, but since I was being sent to Okinawa, we needed to know how to shoot since the Japanese didn't differentiate between us and the other soldiers. We traded in our medics' insignias for rifles. In late 1943, I arrived in Okinawa and was assigned to the Evac Hospital unit. For an old flat lander,
going in on the LST's was pretty hectic and wild. I would much rather have been on a bucking horse. Unfortunately, I saw a lot of war. Shuri Castle (like Heartbreak Ridge) was passed back and forth between us and the Japanese. Even after Okinawa was secured, there was a lot of fighting for three months. Also, I

survived the big typhoon. It was unbelievable. Finally I got aboard the old banana boat and got through the hurricane, Japanese bombers and Japanese suicide pilots and made it back to the good ole USA. Not only did I go into the Army in February, but I also got out in February in 1946.

Meanwhile, Uncle Sam had taken(for a very small pittance) our ranch and four or five more for use as an army camp during the war crisis in 1943. Mom and Dan tried to keep the cattle together on lease land. They traveled all over Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico to find another ranch, without success. Finally they had to sell the cattle. Originally the ranch owners were to get their ranches back, but instead Camp Carson became a permanent Army base. Dad never did sign the deed over to the government. Buck then went to work on a ranch. I married Phyllis (Punk) Wilson, daughter of Bertie and Kelly Wilson in Colorado Springs in December 1946. The families had been good friends for sometime. In 1947 I worked for Jack Clem in Chandler, Arizona for about a year. It was quite a change from Colorado - weather and trapping cattle on the desert of Salome.

Curly and Paul Gray taught me what NOT to do for a scorpion bite. Don't ever use kerosene and then wrap the kerosene soaked rag around you ankle.

On our way back to Colorado, by the way of Californis, we helped Mac McDermott and Walt Pyeatt gather a bunch of brahmas on the Chilson Ranch in Tehachapi, California. The area's grassy hills were just like ski slopes. Back in Colorado, I broke and rode polo horses for an Englishman. I played polo several times a week at the Broadmoor with the "big wheels". Anyone that knows me would say, "No way would Remington ride a flat saddle and wear English breeches and boots. Ha!" it was great fun, though. We built a home, boarding stables and a roping arena in Colorado Springs. After being in Arizona and seeing team roping, I introduced it at ropings in Colorado Several Colorado Springs Hunt Club members wanted to learn to rope. I turn they asked the ropers and wives on a fox hunt. Did you ever see a bunck of cowboys quiet? Punk tried being friendly and said something to one of the women who, in a whisper said, "I wish those men would quit smoking and talking - they will throw the dogs off their

track". Well, as you suspected they never invited us to another hunt. The stables were taken into the city limits and condemned. So we sold all we could and loaded up our son, Cy, and our daughter Colleen, along with two horses and headed south. We were quite sure Arizona would be warmer and had had enough of Colorado. Again, this move was in February 1954.

One more reason for leaving Colorado, in the early spring of 1948 we had a big snow storm on a ranch west of Pueblo, and in November of 1948 we had a big snow storm on a ranch about 65 miles East of Colorado Springs. Both of these storms had government "Operation Haylift". Bales of hay were dropped by planes twice a week on the ranch to feed the cattle. It lasted seven weeks on each ranch. I also had to use a D6 Cat to scrape our roads so that we could use our pickup with chains to put out cotton seed cakes for about 500 head. The snow was to deep to go on horseback. Many times, I came in from riding with icicles on my eye lashes. Burrr. I get a chill every time I think about it.

I went to work on the Dart Ranch near Rucker Canyon, north of Douglas for Sid Vail and Ella Dana. It took a lot more land to

run a cow in Arizona than it did in Colorado. On the Dart ranch I had to learn about cattle all over again, more or less. We ran Hereford cattle in Colorado and on the Dart Ranch registered Brahmas. I found out you have to have a lot of patience, it was good I was young cause I don't have much of it anymore. If you hold Brahmas up loose, they will eventually work themselves pretty good. I had to keep the horses shod just to be turned out in a horse pasture. I "baby-sat" the stud "Three Bars". It was really something to break and cowboy on "Three-Bar" colts. All neighboring ranchers were very friendly and we got together often to visit, have picnics, play horseshoes and rope. We were at the Dart Ranch for six years and then had a chance to make more money so we moved to the Red Wing Ranch east of Dos Cabezas for Stark Riggs. On the Red Wing Ranch in the Riggs settlement, they were still dyed-in-the-wool Hereford people. Really had some good cattle and quite a few registered. Unfortunately, I had such a good deal with Stark that when cattle prices started down the second year we were there, he couldn't afford to keep me on. Luckily I went to the 99 (Ninety-Nine bar - Hunsaker) Ranch for

Herb Riggs and Elmer Lamberson. We were north of Douglas in Leslie Canyon. I think this area was our favorite place. The 99 Bar had crossbreeds of Angus and Hereford. You sure can't beat the first cross. I was really glad they weren't straight herefords. The screw worm would really have gone through them. Most of the time, Punk, Cy and Colleen were my crew everywhere - riding, fencing or whatever. Jose and Thomas were great hands on the 99, especially when Punk and the kids moved to Douglas to go to school.

Cy and Colleen really earned their education. While at the Dart Ranch, Cy rode about 65 miles a day to go to school in Elfrida. he was the first one on the bus and the last one off. At the Red Wing Ranch, Cy and Colleen rode the bus 50 miles a day over Apache Pass to Bowie. The weather was bad several times and they would have to stay at their bus driver's (Mrs. Doyle) house. After one year of commuting to Douglas from the 99 Ranch, Punk and the kids moved to Douglas and came home on weekends after the football games and FFA. Punk went to work for the Douglas School

District. I didn't mine "batching", but it was great to have them home during the summer and on weekends.

This was during the screw worm time and doing a lot of riding and doctoring was necessary. One year was so bad that all the neighbors got together and helped each other out. I believe that the screw worm eradication was one of the few things the government did for the rancher. It seems like I was always in hot water with the Forest Service and in dealing with their multitude of regulations. As on all ranches in Arizona, we would jump into the pickup every time it rained and run around the ranch to see where it had rained. Sometimes, we weren't too smart about going into some flooded washes. One of the owners of the 99, Herb Riggs, owned a small plane. I got to fly with him a lot and it was quite a thrill to use the little landing strip on the hill right above the ranch house. There were some close calls. Every year we would fly to Waco, Texas to look at bulls which was an interesting experience. I worked for some really good people. Herb and Norma Lee Riggs and family were very special in our lives.

Naturally, we built a roping arena at the 99 and used it for a lot of practice for the Jr. Rodeoers. We went to a Jr. Rodeo with Cy. Colleen rode, but was not interested in competing. I guess I took after my Dad - always trading and selling horses and breaking them. I only wish that I had kept a tally on all the horses I owned (some real good ones and some sorry ones). I could go on and on with different episodes, again some good and some bad.

We moved just north of Douglas. I trained horses and had Mol-Mix Molasses Supplement feed delivery business. I think I got to know every crook and cranny on the ranches in Cochise County. At that time, Roger Riggs on the Bar Boot Ranch, asked me to help him a couple of weeks. That job turned into two years of work. Punk worked for the school district 22 1/2 years and was always involved with several school clubs and activities.

The ranches I worked on were good sod, gramma grass and forest on the Chiricahuas. I had to haul very little water, even in the driest season. Water was from good springs on the forest and windmills and dirt tanks on the deeded land. There were

plenty of rattlesnakes everywhere also. Sid Vail came to the Dart Ranch once and we were out riding together. We came across a rattle snake that went down in a hole. Sid got off his horse and said, "I'll show you how to get a snake out". He picked up some dry grass and poked it into the hole. He then set fire to it. I was still on horseback and said, "I'll be damned". Sid threw up his hands, hollered and ran. He thought that the snake was about to get him. All I was going to tell him was that there was smoke coming out of the hole right behind him. We had a good laugh about that one.

Presently, we are retired in Sierra Vista. We keep busy bowling and traveling around and try to golf. Until a year ago (1995) we have helped our good friends Bill and Cordy Cowan work cattle on the NI Ranch. Or son, Cy and his wife Lisa, and their kids, Camille (age 7) and Cade (age 4) own and work a ranch at Troup, Texas. Our daughter, Colleen, and her husband, Torrey are semi-retired in Pine, Colorado after years in South America and Central America with the U.S. Government. We have had a good life

and consider Arizona our home. Ranching, cattle and horses are the only things in life I have ever known.

A special "thank you" to Susan Krentz for asking me to write about my Arizona "Cowboyin".

A TRIBUTE TO TOM BANE

by Carole O. Morris

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Thoroughbred Breeders Association

With each new year comes many changes. On the Arizona horse racing scene, the retirement of Mr. Tom Bane is surely one of the significant events to transpire with the coming of 1993. Tom, more affectionately known as the "Straw King," will be missed by all who have come to know and admire him. The members of the A.T.B.A., and in particular the staff of the Arizona Thoroughbred, would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to Tom--one of the true pioneers of horse racing in Arizona.

Over the years Tom became a permanent fixture on the Turf Paradise backside. Every morning as the sun began to warm the chill of the Arizona winters, Tom could be found riding his pony up-and-down the shed rows, writing down his daily feed orders. Of even more importance, however, is the fact that throughout the years Tom always made his presence known when important decisions were made regarding the future of his beloved sport of horse racing.

Many people, such as myself, only know Tom as the owner of the Tom Bane Feed Store. He was, indeed a familiar sight to us--but, we knew little else about this man who contributed so greatly to the development and improvement of Thoroughbred racing. Tom was not only an astute entrepreneur, who built a successful business by supplying the finest quality of hay, grain and straw at competitive prices--but, he was also an enthusiastic, devoted horseman, who was committed to supporting the development of Thoroughbred racing in his state. It is for these reasons that the A.T.B.A. wants to make sure that the horsemen are given this opportunity to know Tom for all that he has accomplished in his field.

This is the story of the STRAW KING, as it was told by Tom, himself, during an interview with the author. It focuses on those important events and happenings that shaped his life. Part I of Tom's story reflects on his childhood and teenage memories of events that took place in his native Idaho ranch lands. The remainder of his story will appear in the subsequent issues of the *Arizona Thoroughbred*.

A TRIBUTE TO TOM BANE

Part I

GROWING UP IN IDAHO

Tom was born in Emmett, Idaho, on July 26, 1916, to Mona and Bill Bane. His parents lived on a cattle ranch located on a small island of land surrounded by the Payette River. This ranch was a part of the acreage that had been homesteaded by Tom's grandparents. Ironically, his grandparents had originally only intended to build a small structure and stay just long enough to homestead, but instead they lived here for many years, grazing cattle on the fertile banks of the river.

Tom, being the first-born grandchild, was the pride and joy of his grandparents. As he sipped coffee this rainy December morning of our interview, Tom smiled as he told me the story of his Grandpa crossing the Payette River on horseback to take him to visit his ill Grandma when he was only two-days-old. He quietly reflected for a moment on his memories--reminding me that the only modes of transportation available to reach the Bane ranch during

this time consisted of either swimming a horse across the river or using a small boat.

The ranch always had good working horses to herd the cattle. At a very early age Tom learned to ride and care for these horses. Tom's Dad bought him his first horse when he was about ten years old. Tom's horse had been foaled during the bitter cold Idaho winter and was readily identifiable by his short, frost-bitten ears. Tom and his horse became the best of friends. He worked hard during these years to develop the expert horsemanship skills that would remain with him throughout his life and would help to shape his future success.

The favorite pastime of Tom's young friends was to race their horses on the flat road areas. Thus, a love of horse racing became an intricate part of Tom while he was still a small lad. When Tom was about fourteen, he learned about the lameness problems that frequently occur from the stress of horses pounding their delicate joints on the hard surfaces of the ground. His horse developed bad ankle problems. Tom traded this horse to his

uncle for a sound horse that would, once again make him competitive in these childhood horse racing ventures.

During the late 1920's Tom's family moved to a ranch in Star, Idaho. In addition to their working horses, the Bane's had about 50 head of grazing cattle, 15 head of milk cows, and a Ford tractor--that Tom's Dad had bought to grind the hay and grain. During the cold winter days the only way to start this tractor was to warm the engine first. Tom had watched the men do this by throwing a small amount of hay around the tractor and then setting the hay afire. He chuckled quietly, as he told me the story about the day he decided to start the old tractor. It was parked in a shed in the barn area. Tom carefully scattered the hay around the tractor and then set the hay ablaze. While this had appeared to him to be an easy chore, on that snowy morning Tom learned first-hand that fire is very dangerous and extreme caution must be used at all times. As the flames began to leap into the air, Tom quickly started the tractor and worked frantically to extinguish the fire before the shed burned down. Fortunately, the fire did not damage the shed, but Tom had learned his lesson. This

adventure was a hair raising experience in his young life. It is one of his childhood memories that he vividly remembers today.

In 1930, Tom's Dad passed away. His Mother moved the family back to Emmett. They found a 15 acre ranch that was just right for their five or six milk cows and Tom's team of fancy bald-faced black mares that were full sisters.

Tom was in his first year of high school. Emmett High was located directly across from the stock yards and the town mill. The mill had many teams of mules that were used to pull the slab wood out to the customers who bought this wood to fuel their stoves. Tom recalls spending many days gazing out the school windows, wishing he could drive the mules at the mill and herd the cattle in the stock yards, instead of sitting in the classroom.

Tom's wish was soon to come true. After three months of this day-dreaming, the principal called on Tom's Mother. He informed her that it was his firm opinion that Tom would do her more good working at home than he would if he continued school. Thus, Tom dropped out of school early during his freshman year. He would gain that critical knowledge he needed to become a successful

businessman and leader in the Thoroughbred industry from his real life experiences and not from textbook learning.

Anxious to make some money, Tom quickly got a job with the crews that cleaned the irrigation ditches. This first job lasted for about six weeks. He then got a job hauling sand to build a road. Tom recalls that his job paid about $1.50 per day. With his earnings, he bought a fancy new wagon with rubber tires. Tom was extremely proud of this wagon. Most of the wagons owned by the local ranchers were either iron-wheeled or wood-wheeled. He hooked-up his team of black mares, and set out to start his first business adventure. Tom spent his days delivering wood to the town residents. He found that he could make a comfortable profit by purchasing a load of wood from the mill for about $1.00, and then delivering it to his many customers on a regular basis. Tom's entrepreneurial ambitions were already showing during his teenage years.

The federal government started the WPA projects, about this time. Major road construction began in Idaho, as in many other parts of the country. Tom, always anxious to make some money,

didn't miss out on this opportunity to work. He quickly secured a job on one of these road building crews.

Tom remembers that he had his first encounter with a "tough" foreman on one of these WPA jobs. His crew was hauling sand about 500 feet down the road, dumping it, and then returning for another load. This particular foreman made it his responsibility to make sure that all workers "held the johnson bar firmly on the old fresno (scraper) so they arrived with a full load of sand". On the return trip, the foreman wouldn't let the workers "cheat" by riding the scraper back, but, rather he insisted that everyone walk. At that time, Tom didn't fully appreciate the value of experiences from his early jobs, but he now realizes that learning to do things the right way greatly helped him become successful later in life.

After the dirt hauling projects were completed, a rock crusher was opened to gravel the roads. This job required each worker to have his own four-horse team. Tom borrowed two horses from a friend and secured a job with the gravel hauling crew.

This was a tough job. It required the driver and horses to work six straight hours without stopping for anything. On the first morning, everyone anxiously watched to see which teams would handle the loading and unloading of the gravel. Tom's heart beat rapidly, as he awaited his turn to make his team perform. He knew that his horses had never seen anything like this, much less worked the gravel trap. Tom explained to me that anytime his black mare got into a "tight spot" she would grab the bit and run! He knew this task could quickly become a disastrous adventure for him if he didn't have complete control of his horses.

After watching several teams fail to get the job done, it was finally Tom's turn to demonstrate his skills. he tried repeatedly to accomplish the task at hand, without any degree of cooperation from his team of horses. Tom realized he was in big trouble if he didn't get this load of gravel dumped quickly.

Instinctively, he pulled back on the reins and yelled "whoa" as loudly as he could. The Johnson bar fell back and hit him on the shoulder, but Tom's horses responded appropriately and the gravel was dumped. Tom had earned his spot on the gravel crew and he was

one of the few who stayed with the job until the road was completed. Even at this early age, Tom's expert horsemanship skills were recognized by all of those who worked with him.

Part II

TOM SETS OUT TO EXPLORE THE WORLD

Part two of Tom's story focuses on those events that transpire during his early adult years that helped to shape his future success in the world of Arizona horse racing.

Tom had become restless with life in the Idaho ranch lands and was anxious to explore the world and seek his fortune. After the road building jobs ended Tom found work in the Idaho mines and began core drilling for a company that contracted mining jobs across the country. He was sent to a job located in Christmas, Arizona. It was at this time, during his early twenties that Tom got his first look at the state that he would eventually call "home."

Tom vividly recalls the life of these Arizona miners. The working conditions were terrible. They worked long hours--deep down at the 800 foot level. There was little air available at this depth and they faced health and safety risks each time they descended into the dark tunnels. Tom soon realized that mining would not be a part of his future plans. He eagerly awaited an opportunity that would afford him a chance to pursue other options in life.

This opportunity came in the form of a letter from the military. Tom had been deferred from military service while he was working in Idaho and expected to receive a second deferment. Instead, he was instructed to report to the Courthouse in Globe. Tom left the mines and when he arrived in Globe he spent several days visiting, sightseeing, and investigating the Arizona life style. When he reported to the Courthouse, Tom was informed that he had been called to active duty and was immediately sent to Fort MacArthur to begin basic training. Tom completed basic training in Fresno, California and was assigned to a base located near Salt Lake City, Utah. His troop was soon transferred to a new base

that had just opened near Kerney, Nebraska. Tom enjoyed these moves across country as he was able to visit many areas that he had never seen before.

Tom loved Nebraska. This was race horse country and he soon became friends with some "race trackers" who lived in the nearby town of Paxton. They owned several horses and had raced at the local tracks on the Nebraska circuit. Tom anxiously awaited his three day passes so he could spend this time with his new friends. He recalls how he enjoyed helping them rope the horses into the barn area and spent hours grooming them--while dreaming of the races they would win someday.

Tom had always been an avid hunter. On several occasions he and his friends saddled the horses, fetched the hounds, and set out to chase coyotes across the Nebraska countryside. As they hunted the illusive coyote they talked about their plans for racing. These pleasant week-end adventures were short-lived, however, as Tom was soon called for overseas duty. Race horses and hunting trips would have to wait until the war ended.

When Tom returned to Kerney in 1947, horse racing had also returned to Nebraska. Once again, the tracks at Hasting and Lincoln were bustling with activity. When he was released from active duty, Tom decided to remain in the area. He bought a restaurant located in Dunning, Nebraska with the money he had saved. Tom's good business sense guided him to "the right place, at the right time." He explained that this turned out to be a profitable investment because the county had recently opened for all kinds of gambling. The slot machines and punch boards assured Tom that the restaurant would provide him with a good income--at least for the present time.

Tom's friend in Paxton had a brother who was working as a groom at Santa Anita Race Track. One of the horses in the barn developed severe foot problems, so the trainer gave the horse to his groom. The young man called his brother in Nebraska and asked him to come to California immediately to pick up the horse. Tom accompanied his friend on the trip. While they were in Southern California they visited several Thoroughbred farms where

Tom found a nice looking filly for sale. He bought this filly and suddenly found himself in the race horse business.

Tom returned to Nebraska to train his horse and manage his restaurant. He trained at the local track during the summer months. When fall arrived, he sold his restaurant and made plans to travel to the Fairgrounds in Phoenix, Arizona. Tom couldn't resist smiling as he told the remainder of the story. He was about to learn his first important race track lesson. When Tom and his friend arrived at the Fairgrounds, they were told that the horses were not eligible for stalls--both were still maidens. They would have to make arrangements to stall off the grounds at a barn located on old Oracle Road.

Tom was about to embark on what would eventually become a very long and successful racing career in Arizona. His filly, Bright Duck, was ready to run In her first race she went down on a water-soaked turn at Ingleside. The young jockey was injured. Tom needed operating cash so he sold Bright Duck to a trainer who took her to Ohio where she won several races. Tom bought a quarter horse gelding named Ranger Hancock. Ranger didn't win for

Tom at the Fairgrounds, but when the Ingleside Track opened he won a couple of races.

It was during this time that Tom met his future wife, Lois Byrd, a native Arizona girl. They began dating seriously during 1950. When the Korean War broke out, Tom was recalled by the military and was sent to Condon, Oregon. Tom and Lois were married in Condon, just 30 days before he was sent to the Korean War. Once again, America's involvement in a war delayed the development of Tom's distinguished career in horse racing.

Tom recalled an event that took place at this time in his life that made him chuckle. On the day that his troop departed from Condon, Lois gave Tom a 20 dollar bill and said: "You won't need this for food, so make some money with it before you arrive in Japan." When the ship docked, Tom had made about$700 playing poker--on just about "every level of the vessel."

Although Lois was from Arizona, she had spent time in San Francisco and returned to the Bay Area to wait for Tom, who was sent to Ishikawa Ammunitions Depot in Okinawa. He remained there for the next thirty months, serving as a Master Sergeant in charge

of vehicle dispatching and maintenance. This was the largest ammunitions depot of its kind and Tom had over 700 vehicles under his direction. Most of the activity consisted of loading and unloading ammunitions ships. Subsequently, this experience became a very valuable learning period in Tom's life.

When Tom returned from the war he was sent to a base located in El Paso, Texas. He had twelve years of military service and seriously considered the military as a career. Lois, however, had other plans. Her Dad still lived a Phoenix and she wanted to return to the area. Had it not been for Lois's desire to go home. Tom's life would have taken an entirely different shape in 1954.

Tom and Lois decided to move to Phoenix. Lois's Dad owned some land in the vicinity of 55th Avenue and Indian School Road which was planted with grain. The grain had just been harvested and the straw was still standing. Tom, who was still without work, baled the straw and stacked it in the barn. When winter arrived he hauled the straw to Sportmans Park (located on 7th Avenue and Osborn) where he sold it to the horsemen. This was the beginning of the Straw King's feed business.

Tom quickly expanded his business to include a good selection of hay and grain. Timothy hay was very much in demand and was not available in Arizona. To the delight of the horsemen, Tom arranged to have timothy shipped out of Ellensburg, Washington. Tom recalls that very little, if any, alfalfa was fed to race horses during these early years. He located a good supply of grass and oat hay from the local farmers. By the time Ingleside Track opened (located near Thomas Road and 46th Street) the horsemen recognized Tom as "the feed man". Long-time Arizona horseman, Woody Brewer, was one of Tom's first customers. When racing moved over to the Fairgrounds, Tom delivered supplies to Lyman Rollins, a leading Arizona trainer for the past three decades.

During this 1955 racing season Tom met two prominent leaders in Arizona racing, Walter Cluer and Jim Herveveau. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship between Tom and Walter. At the time, Walter was involved in negotiations to buy the racing permit from Sportsman Park so that construction could begin on a new racing facility located in an isolated, desert area near Bell

Road and 19th Avenue. Jim Herbeveau, who ran the Ingleside Track, would also become closely associated with racing at its new location. In 1955, the magnitude of the horse racing industry as it exists today, was only a vision, however, would become a reality and Tom Bane would play a major role in the development of this industry.

Part III

THE GLORY YEARS

After completing The Tom Bane story it was apparent that Tom derived unusual satisfaction throughout all phases of his life. This was not coincidental. Tom is a self-made man. He has that unique quality that allows him to replace disappointment with determination. He has always remained aware of his objectives and goals. He was never willing to settle for "compromised" success, nor was he handed success on a silver tray. He was not born into a wealthy family. His office walls are not decorated with diplomas from Harvard or Yale. Tom created his own opportunities in life. More importantly, Tom never dwelled on success, but always worked harder in an effort to further his

accomplishments. Tom Bane has displayed the "winners edge" throughout his life. This is what makes Tom a special person and what makes Tom's story of special interest to all who appreciate how difficult it is to maintain this "winners edge."

When Turf Paradise opened for racing in 1956, Tom realized that great opportunities awaited him. He recognized that this was his chance to achieve success in the world of Arizona horse racing. The decades that followed were his "Glory Years.: Not only did Tom become a recognized breeder,owner, and trainer of Thoroughbred racehorses, but he also became a respected leader among the horsemen, and he built a very successful business.

This article is not intended to summarize the many honors that have been bestowed upon this man, but rather, is intended to reflect those events that hold a special place in Tom's memories.

Tom vividly recalls the early days of Turf Paradise. He remembers the difficulty that he had getting to the track during, or immediately after, an Arizona rain storm. The only sure route to travel was the Black Canyon road--and this was only a "road" in those early days. Bell Road and 19th Avenue were impossible to

travel during rainy times as there were not any drain-off improvements in this remote, outlying area of Phoenix.

The original track and grandstand structures were very similar in appearance to the track and grandstand of today. Tom remembers that the barn area, however, had little resemblance to its present-day counterpart. The original barns housed only a fraction of the number of horses that are now accommodated. There were only four rows of cement stalls--A,B,C,and D each containing seven barns.

The Fairgrounds Racetrack remained open and continued to get racing dates until 1959. Jim Herbeveau moved the Arizona Downs meet from Ingleside Track to Turf Paradise in 1957--at which time Ingleside Race Track permanently closed its doors.

Tom's feed business was a"one-man" operation during these early years. He supplied feed and straw to the trainers at both racing facilities--making for lots of long days and lots of hard work, but also paving the way to develop his business. Straw was his big volume and his straw sales became the backbone of his success. Tom was always searching for new grain fields. During

the 1950's and 60's, the farmers were willing to give Tom the straw--just to get their fields cleaned so that they could prepare for their next crop.

Tom hauled most of his supplies from his home in Tollison. His business grew rapidly, however. and he found that he needed storage barns closer to the track. He fenced-off a small area for straw storage on the west side of 19th Avenue--just south of where the Arizona Animal Hospital is now located.

By 1958, Tom's volume of business had grown so large that he realized that he had to find a place to store hay and straw. He set up a small trailer as an office and built a temporary storage barn close to where the Fish and Game Department is now located on Greenway Road. He also made arrangements to store straw at the Shade Tree Farm.

In 1959, Tom formed a land company with five other horsemen, and they purchased thirty acres located directly west of Turf Paradise. Each member got five acres of land. Tom immediately fenced his ground, and built a ten stall horse barn and a large hay barn. He rented the extra stalls to horsemen who needed more

stalls than they had been allotted. Although this land was perfect for Tom's needs, there were several inconveniences that had to be endured. There were not any telephone lines, electricity, or running water to his property. He used two water tanks to haul water to his barn each day. In 1965, Tom ran a water line over Greenway Road so that he would have running water available.

By the early 1970's, Tom had built three hay barns and about 100 rental stalls. His stall rental was a big business as the demand for off-track stalls was great. He kept all of his stalls rented and also had a waiting list of trainers that needed more stalls.

Tom continued to expand his straw business. Early one morning Tom noticed two semi trucks parked across 19th Avenue. The driver of one of the trucks was waiting for Tom at his barn. He was looking for good barley straw. Tom had about 1,000 bales of excellent barley straw that he had stored from the year before. He decided to sell this "show" straw. When this straw arrived at its destination in New Orleans, the owner of that feed company was

delighted with what he saw. He called Tom to arrange to buy all his straw from him the following year. Tom prepared to increase his volume of straw. He located several new fields of grain, and kept three balers working continuously. Tom shipped over forty car-loads to Florida, Kentucky, and Chicago. When Sunland Park opened in the late 60's, Tom also provided the straw for this meet. He was selling all of the straw that he could bale.

Tom provided straw for the Arizona National Stock Show for over thirty-five years. One year he sold 10,000 bales of straw in a ten-day period. It took three trucks to haul the straw from his storage barns to the Fairgrounds.

During the 1970's, the horsemen started bedding on shavings. Tom explains the switch to shaving because of the lower quality of the straw that was now available. Farmers were planting hybrid varieties of grain and the crops didn't produce the desired length in the straw. Also, with the increased building activity, the acreage of land that was planted in grain was reduced and there wasn't an abundance of straw as there had been just a few years before. By 1982, Tom stopped baling any straw.

Tom always took great pride in the high quality of race horse oats that he provided for his customers. During the 1950's, he purchased his oats from Southwest Feed in Glendale, where he knew the mill foreman. When this foreman was transferred to another location. Tom started buying Colorado oats. Some Colorado oats were of an excellent quality, while others were a disappointment. Tom switched his business to the Fruen Milling Company, in Minnesota. Fruen sold high quality oats at reasonable prices. Tom bought his first 65 ton car-load of oats from Fruen for $3,200--including shipping. He continued his business with Bruce Fruen until the 1980's when he switched to Canadian oats.

Tom watched many of Arizona's prominent horseman "grow-up" on the Turf Paradise backside. He remembers Rusty Duncan as a young boy playing at his father's barn. He remembers Dick Powell, Bob Yeager, Ralph Anderson, Punk Cheeney, and Luke Friar--all learning their lessons about life on the race track. He watched these young men develop their respective skills as horsemen.

Tom's business provided him with satisfaction, but the highlights of his glory years centered around the race horses

that he bred, raised, and trained. Tom got "back" in the horse business quite by accident. His Father-in-law had sent two horses to Prescott in the summer of 1957. There was a dispute with the trainer and Tom was given the horses. He immediately drove to Prescott to see what was happening and Tommy Thompson (the racing secretary) asked Tom if he wanted to run his filly, "Andele." Of course--Tom couldn't resist Andele won her race at Prescott and Tom was encouraged to continue in the racing business. When the Prescott meet ended, Tom shipped Andele to the Fairgrounds where she won again. She also won a race at Turf Paradise before she was retired as a broodmare.

Andele become the foundation mare of Tom's breeding program. Her first foal, Andele's Queen, won her first race but it was her other foals that would provide Tom with the most exciting moments in his life. Andele produced The Straw King, Pay Your Bill, Moon Spudnik, and Blitzer. The win pictures from these colts fill two large albums.

Blitzer was probably the best of Andele's foals. He won his first start at Turf paradise and ran second to Ralph Anderson's

Ribula in the Paradise Futurity. Albert Viscaya took Blitzer to Omaha for the summer where he won four races. Blitzer's next stop was Ruidoso. He won his trial heat, but ran second in the $50,000 added Futurity.

Tom was all smiles as he told about the match race that took place between Blitzer and Richard Hazelton's Wondering Herbie. Tom and Walter Cluer had masterminded this event. The match was planned to also include a good speed colt trained by John Cheeney and one trained by Ralph Anderson. John, however, ran Tom and Walter out of his shed-row! He didn't want any part of their scheme. Each trainer would put up $500 and the track would contribute $1,000--winner take all. There were only two starters--Blitzer and Wandering Herbie. The match was extremely close--only a nose separated the runners at the end. Blitzer prevailed!

Blitzer was seriously injured in the Silver Stakes at Denver. He cut a tendon on his back leg ad the vet questioned whether or not this colt could be saved. Tom was able to nurse him back to health. After several casts, Blitzer was turned-out in a small area. Tom was told that Blitzer might return as a usable saddle

horse. Such was not his fate. After this life-threatening injury, Blitzer returned to the races to record another eighteen victories. Ironically, Tom lost Blitzer in a claiming race at Ruidoso Downs to the man who had trained the winner of the Futurity the year that Blitzer had run second.

Blitzer had a stablemate named Wild Colleoni, who was also a bonafide racehorse. After Blitzer was injured in Denver, This was the only colt that Tom had to run in the fall futurity. He entered Wild Colleoni in a $3,500 claiming race for two-year-olds that was run on Wednesday. Wild Colleoni won that race. Tom entered him right back in the Futurity--which was to be run on Sunday, and he also won this race. Wild Colleoni, however, was not destined to live up to Tom's high expectations. A slab fracture was discovered soon after his futurity victory--and despite his class as a race horse, the injury limited his longevity and his number of starts each year.

The Straw King and Moon Spudnik also won a number of races for Tom. He told a unique story about these full brothers. In 1967, Tom sold the colts to Walter Jarvis, who took them to Beulah

Park. On April 22, Moon Spudnick won the first race and The Straw King won the second race, combining for a $78 daily double payoff. This unusual daily double victory was covered in an article in the Daily Racing Form.

Tom became a respected leader of the Arizona horsemen, and in 1968 he was elected President of the HBPA, a position which he held for the next four years. During his term of office many problems developed. The horsemen had started campaigning to raise the purses at Turf Paradise. Tom remembers the Southern California strike--and the resulting problems that this strike brought to Arizona. Many California horses came to Turf to race. As a result, the purses were raised for the better horses, and the cheaper races remained about the same. These were difficult issues to resolve. There were many disputes among the HBPA board members. Tom worked hard during his years in office to restore harmony to the organization and to provide a strong leadership for the HBPA members. In 1972, Tom was selected, along with other HBPA board members from across the country, to attend the races at

Ascot as guests of the Queen. Tom considers this visit to England as one of the highlights of his racing career.

Tom has always been a leader with the Arizona Thoroughbred Breeders Association. He had been a Board member of this organization since its inception and his accomplishments with the ATBA are too numerous to mention in this article.

The Glory Years wouldn't be complete without discussing Tom's special friend, Walter Cluer, and the good times that Tom and Walter shared. Tom particularly remembers a hunting trip to British Columbia in 1972. It took thirty-two days to trail the horses into the wilderness area where the hunting began. Tom, Walter, and Skipper Hooper were flown deep into the wilderness area, where two guides helped them hunt wolves, caribou, moose and bears for seven days.

The hunters secured their trophies--two grizzly bears, three caribou, and a moose. This was an experience that Tom will never forget.

During the years when John Simms was Governor of New Mexico, he invited Skipper, Walter, and Tom on a hunting trip that took

place on his ranch. This was another wonderful experience that Tom shared with his good friends. The hunters were not successful at securing any moose, but the fun was abundant and the memories will long remain.

Tom and Walter frequently journeyed to Lee's Ferry on fishing trips. They had a regular guide that accompanied them on these expeditions. The fishing was always good and it was also a wonderful opportunity for Tom to visit with his best friend.

More recently, however, Tom played another role in Walter's life. As Walter's physical condition began to fail, Tom took great pride in helping Walter stay active and make sure that Walter felt that he was still an important part of racing. Frequently they visited the barn where Walter's horses were kept, and Tom always took Walter to the races when his horses ran. Walter Cluer's passing brought great sorrow to Tom and ended a friendship that spanned forty years.

Tom is now retired. He has sold his feed business, but continues to help out whenever he is needed. He still owns two saddle horses, but his interests are primarily in improving his

team penning skills. If the same dynamics continue to dominate Tom's life it will only be a matter of time until he becomes the "best" in this rodeo event. Tom only knows one way to live--and that is with the "winners edge."

POSTSCRIPT: by: Jody Yeager

I went to work for Tom and Lois prior to the electric and water. The office was a golf cart and the phone was in the horse barn alley way.

"Gip" a dingo Australian shepherd dog and I became very good loyal friends. What a treat when the office was built and had all the modern conviences. When Tom was not available his long right arm, "Big Apple" was available to guide me. Great times remembered.

Tom served on the Arizona National Board ten years as well as the Arizona Horsemen's Association board ten years. He is a lifetime member of the Arizona Breeders Board In 1986 Tom received the Julip Cup Award for dedicated services by The Blood Horse magazine. He also served on the Arizona Team Penning

Association Board for four years and was in the top ten penners for five years. Although Tom is retired, he still drives a span of mules at Rawhide for cook-outs and private parties

GROVER B. LESUEUR,JR.

I, Grover B. LeSueur,Jr. was born in Eager, Arizona on October 23, 1921. My wife Iris Lee LeSueur was born in Nutrioso, Arizona on January 27, 1923. Iris attended elementary school in Nutrioso while I spent my growing up years in the general area of Eager and Springerville. We met while attending Round Valley High School.

My grandfather William Francis LeSueur owned the Horseshoe Spring Ranch approximately eight miles east of Springerville. My father, Grover Bruce LeSueur,Sr. homesteaded just east of his dad's Horseshoe Springs Ranch in 1923, when I was just two years old. I still run the "Staple A" () brand that my father owned, and I later added the "5 - T"()brand to my operation. My father also owned a farm in Milligan Valley which is around eight miles south of Eager.

I spent my childhood days working and playing on these two ranches until I graduated from high school in 1939. That fall, I attended Arizona State Teacher's College in Flagstaff. In November of 1942, I was inducted into the U.S. Army and served in

Europe during W.W. II. I was discharged in September of 1945, and returned home and married my high school sweetheart Iris, two years later in 1947.

When I returned home from the service, I went to work on the farm and ranches. I acquired the Milligan Valley farm in 1946 and my grandfather's and father's ranches fourteen years later in 1960.

I continued to work these ranches with my family until 1986. At that time, my health failed and I was forced to spend part of my time in the Mesa area near doctors.

Since that time, my daughter Cherylann LeSueur Thompson and her husband John have continued to maintain and care for the farm and ranches.

These ranches have been in our family for four generations for over 70 years.

FRONT COVER

EVANGELINE "TYNE JERNIGAN	SAFFORD, ARIZONA
LOUIS SHIELDS - DIANA	KIRKLAND, ARIZONA
TOM BANE - WHIPLASH, TEAM PENNING HORSE	PHOENIX, ARIZONA
JOE & MARGIE CORNWALL - CHRISTMAS 1986	KINGMAN, ARIZONA

BACK COVER

BILL REMINGTON - CHECKING A HORSESHOE	SIERRA VISTA, AZ
ALICE PARKER GAYLOR	BENSON, ARIZONA
BOB CROWDER - CATTLE-SPREADER WELL -	JOHN WEISSER, (B.C. NEPHEW) BOB CROWDER HAND SHAKE CLOSING SALE OF RANCH DEAL TO MARVIN ROBERTS, BUYER.
WILLIAM "BILL" PRESTRIDGE	COCHISE, ARIZONA
BILL REMINGTON	SIERRA VISTA, AZ