

**Arizona National  
Pioneer Stockmen  
Ranch Histories**

**Volume XVIII**



**Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.**





**Bill Roer**  
**Arizona Pioneer Stockman**  
**of the Year**  
**1998 Show**

*Bill Roer's history can be found in Volume XIII*

Arizona National  
Ranch Histories  
of  
Living  
Pioneer Stockman  
Volume XVIII

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

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December, 1997

The Arizona National Livestock Show is proud to publish volume XVIII of our Pioneer Ranch Histories.

Each year this special record of our heritage is compiled by volunteers and published, not only for our pleasure, but for generations to come.

This is an especially important volume as Arizona National Livestock Show celebrates it's "50"th show year.

Many of the Pioneers in this volume, as well as those in previous volumes, have been part of the 50 year history of the Arizona National. They have helped make the show what it is today, as it continues to encourage the youth in our industry to strive for excellence.

Thank You,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "M. A. Engstrom".

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December, 1997

To all our Pioneers, families and friends,

It is a labor of love to once again publish this very special volume of our Pioneer Stockman Histories.

This year we celebrate the "50" year anniversary of The Arizona National Livestock Show. "50" years of encouraging the youth to follow their heritage in this very special industry. As we read these stories, it becomes apparent the show has done its job, as we see more and more follow in the footsteps of these leaders of the industry .

I would like to thank Arizona National, its Executive Director and the staff, for their assistance and their dedication to continuing this wonderful project.

We look forward to the next "50" years and all the memories those years will bring.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Doris French".

Doris French  
Arizona National Pioneer  
Stockman Secretary

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
LORRAINE THOMAS .....	1
LARRY BECK, SR. ....	17
PEGGY MONZINGO .....	19
SE RHEA AND DORIS RHEA .....	29
PETER GROSETA, JR. ....	33
DOUGLAS W. AND MARGARET (PEGGY) CUMMING .....	48
AMOS CHENOWTH .....	54
GEORGANNA BUSHMAN SPURLOCK .....	78
MARGE TUCKER .....	86
LOIS WESSLUND CLARIDGE .....	92
LOWELL R. PEARCE .....	118
BILL MYERS .....	133
JOSEPHINE SCHELL RIGGS .....	142
A. GUY MILLER .....	145

LORRAINE THOMAS

Green Valley, Arizona

I was kind of timid about writing my "Life as an Arizona Pioneer" (pause here while the people who know me best say, "Yeah, right!"), but then I read where Lyman Tenney (Vol. XIV) said, "Everyone who's a living pioneer at 75 is entitled to be in the Living Pioneer Hall of Fame", and since I'm 75 and still alive, and have been in Arizona 70 of my 75 years, here goes---

Both my parents were born in Texas but didn't meet until they were down in Hidalgo County, New Mexico. They were married in 1920, and I was born in the doctor's home in Hachita, New Mexico, on April 8, 1922. My dad, Otis Ray Roberson, was working for the Diamond A's, and we lived first at Dog Springs, and then at the Alamo Hueco. My mother was Maggie Della Sims, sister of Tom, Mike, and Olan Sims, and Pauline Lynch, married to Hugh Lynch. He and my dad had come from Texas and bought a little horse ranch together, but after they married the Sims sisters, they dissolved the partnership and my dad cowboyed for the U-Bars and the Diamond A's. My cousin, Louis Lynch, ended up living in that same old house at the Alamo Hueco 41 years after I did, and I hauled my son Mark and his horse over



there one summer to stay with Louis and learn how real cowboys worked.

My dad left New Mexico in 1924 to go to Los Angeles and be a policeman, and my brother Delbert (Deb) was born in Long Beach. California wasn't the place for any of us, so we moved back to Arizona in 1927, to Santa Cruz County, and bought a little ranch 15 miles south of Patagonia, almost to Washington Camp and Duquesne, just over the hill from Harry Steen at the Mowery. It was a little outfit, no forest permit, and wouldn't run enough cattle to make a living, so my dad worked part of the time for the mines around Patagonia. They were going full-blast at that time - the World's Fair, the Blue Bird, and the Morning Glory were three that I remember.

I started to school in the two-room schoolhouse at Harshaw; Bus Hogan, Vaughn Banta, and I were the only gringos in the primary grades. I remember Dick Jiminez (Vol. XII) was one of the 'big' kids in the other room. Bus Hogan was the half-brother of Norman Hale, who still lives in his grandmother's house, the old Farrell place, just south of where the schoolhouse used to be. I stayed after school across the creek with Margaret Jackson, a colored woman who ran a boarding house for the miners. Her old red brick house was still standing the last time I was down



there. Lizzie Hogan, Bus and Norman's mother, lived across the creek from her; house is gone now.

My mother drove our Essex touring car as a school bus and hauled kids from the Mowery mine down to Harshaw. When it was snowing or raining, one of the boys would hang out the side of the car to keep the windshield clear enough for her to see the road. Imagine the lawsuits that would be filed nowadays!

After we had been at the Mowery about three years, the mines began shutting down, and Dad didn't have any way of adding to his income, so we sold the ranch - no telling how many times it has changed hands since then. My brother lived in the old bunk house as a caretaker for about two years while I was working as the Customs Inspector at Lochiel from 1979 to 1983, so he really went the full circle.

My dad worked as a guard at the prison at Florence for a while, and when I was nine, we moved down to the Baca Float grant on the Santa Cruz River, and my brother and I went to school at the "Little Red" schoolhouse for three years. My dad worked for Bud Parker (father of Alice Gayler, Vol. XVII). Bud and Howell Manning were in partners and had leased the grant to run cattle on it. The river had water in it year-round in those days, with quick sand in lots of places, and my brother and I used to build sand

corrals in it, and run the minnows through as our 'cattle'. Alice Parker was about 13 or 14 years old then, and she would come down with Bud to ride with Deb and me - we had some wild times. I remember once we were running a race back to the house, and my horse drug me off under a low mesquite limb. I was knocked out for a while, and the first voice I heard was Bud's, saying "Oh, she's coming around now, Maggie; her eyes are beginning to track again."

One of the outstanding memories I have of the grant was the skunk episode. We had a lot of rain one summer and one old adobe wall fell out of the bedroom due to runoff soaking into the base. While Dad was in the process of replacing the wall with screen, we still slept out there. Somehow a skunk had come in during the night and hid under my doll bed, and when I discovered him the next morning, my grandmother Sims decided to pick him up by the tail, making sure all four feet were off the ground so he couldn't spray, and carry him out in the yard so my mother could shoot him with the .22, and that's what happened. I can still see his feet busily running through the air. I don't know whether it's true they need leverage to spray, but at least that one must have.

The black soldiers from Camp Little in Nogales used to come out to the grant in the summertime and play polo in the long meadow just east of our house, and there was always a

big celebration down the river at Will Hathaway's on San Juan's Day - horse races and barbecue. Deb and I really got peeved at Dad one year when he sold an Appaloosa horse to J.F. Johnson, a car dealer in Nogales, to play polo on. We called him "Chicken" because his rear end looked like hens roosted there every night, and he was really fast. Deb and I were positive he could beat everything else at Hathaway's that year, but Johnson bought him two days before so my dad couldn't run him - it would ruin him as a polo horse.

John and Tom Rhodes (big in rodeo) used to come down with Bud and rope out in the flat below our house. Once we had a goat that my uncle Olan Sims had given us because he was doing too much damage up at the Tanque Verde Ranch. Uncle Olan was working up there for Jim Converse then. The goat was great to rope until he got smarter than the men, and would duck back the minute Deb let him out of the gate. He fell down our well one day when somebody forgot to put the lid back over the hole, so my dad had to lower Deb down into the well to rescue the goat. It was a shallow hand-dug well only about 30 feet deep, and the water in the bottom about three feet deep, so the little goat's head was sticking out above water, and Deb was small enough to lower down and grab the goat around the belly and pull him back up. I don't remember that we stopped drinking the water - I do remember that we soon barbecued the goat.

We had no bathroom in that house, or in many of the others we lived in until I was about 15; only people who lived in town expected them. Friday night was bath night - we heated the water on top of the cookstove in a big galvanized wash tub, and at least two people shared the water, sometimes more.

From the Grant, we moved up to the 'Swisso', in Pinal County, about half-way between Tucson and Florence, six miles west of Highway #89. An old dirt road ran through our horse pasture over to Red Rock, some 15 miles west of us. We took 100 head of registered Herefords up there, fresh off good grass in Santa Cruz County, to nothing but cholla and prickly pear, and the cows starved to death, and we almost did the same. I don't know what my dad was thinking! This was 1933, big Depression still on; my uncle Mike Sims used to bring us vegetables off the prison farms up at Florence, and my dad put in a garden, and my mother had chickens, and we butchered out the cows and calves as they died. I remember late one afternoon a whole flock of doves lined up to drink along the top edge of our rock and cement cattle trough, and I took a .22 out there and got 19 doves with one shot. Deb and I ran up and down to fish out all the dying birds.

We were neighbors to Glen Perry, and Uncle Al Chapman lived over at the Owl Heads, about four miles south. Bobo

and Clifford Chapman rode burros over to visit with us that summer - they are all gone now. Deb and I rode horseback to the one-room school at Midway (11 kids total enrollment). There was a store, garage, and service station there (all gone now), and an old Mexican owned a ranch under the hill (house and corrals still there), where he let us keep our horses in a pole corral all day. It was about six miles from our house to the school, so in the winter, it was dark when we left home in the morning and almost dark when we got back at night. We saw lots of javelinas, rattlesnakes, rabbits, coyotes, and once a bobcat on our ride to and from school. One really wild afternoon we were 'fussing' (as usual), and Deb put a cholla burr under my saddle blanket and Spook ran half-way home before the burr shook loose, and we finally got him stopped. Scared me, scared Deb, and scared both horses. Dad knew something was rotten in Denmark, because he said, "You crazy kids ran these horses all the way; they're covered with sweat, and you're 30 minutes early!"

I don't remember when I learned to ride - most ranch kids could ride as soon as they could walk. My dad taught us to rope and brand and cut calves and doctor worms because we were the only help he had, so everybody had to know how to do everything. I only remember a horse 'pitching' with me three times, but my brother was a pretty good bronc rider

by the time he was 16 and rode in a few rodeos after the war and before he got married.

I must confess that my heart was never in 'cowboying'. I'd much rather stay home and read a book than get up while it was dark, ride all day long, and come home worn to a frazzle, covered with dust, sweat, and creosote dip.

My dad finally found pasture to lease from Frank Herron down at Marana just east of the railroad tracks, and the four of us drove what was left of our cattle (about 60 head, I think) down there. It was about 30 miles and took us two days because my dad did not want to push them, and we had a few little calves. Deb and I thought it was great fun to camp out again because we hadn't done that since the roundups on the Baca Float.

Dad went to work for Cortaro Farms Company as manager of their cattle feeding lots at Cortaro, which is now covered with some 500 houses and has been annexed by the Town of Marana. We lived in three different houses that the company owned during the four years we were at Marana, and that was the longest I ever got to go to one school. I graduated from 8th grade with eight other kids, I think, and in 1996, my grandson graduated from Marana 8th grade with 356 other kids!! How times have changed.

Cortaro Farms discontinued their cattle feeding operations, and my dad went back up to Florence as a prison

guard again, leaving me in Tucson with my Grandmother Sims to finish out my senior year at Tucson High. It was the only high school in Tucson then and was huge. I hated every minute of it; had to ride a bus from the barrio section over by St. Mary's Hospital, and was miserable. I had been a 'big frog in a small pond' at Marana, and I knew nobody at Tucson High - was a country kid come to town. I graduated in May 1939 with about 350.

I went to NAU (then ASTC) at Flagstaff for my freshman year. There were about as many students as had been at Tucson High. I loved everything about it; worked as a waitress in the dining hall for my room and board, and since about two-thirds of the students worked, nobody looked down on that. The whole year cost me about \$150, something my kids found hard to believe!

My sophomore year, I had to transfer down to the U. of A. and live at home because my dad had gone to work in Tucson as brand inspector. It was not nearly as much fun as the dorms at Flagstaff, and I was right back in the big city! I remember a couple of inspection trips I went along with Dad and we rode all over these hills in what is now Green Valley. Never did I think I would be living here almost 60 years later, surrounded by midwesterners instead of cattle!



At the end of my sophomore year, I went to Washington, D.C., to work for Federal Communications Commission at the magnificent salary of 120 dollars a month, and I had almost as much money to toot off then than I do now! I rode a Trailways bus for four days to get there, and really loved my first taste of adventure and being on my own. Times were much safer then. We used to ride the train up to New York for a weekend and really thought we were grown-up 'women of the world' (I was 19). I saw my first TV up there, and rode my first plane home, and that's where I was when World War II began.

I transferred back to Tucson to work for the Navy Department with the Chief Cable Censor and the office was staffed by sailors all griping because they wanted to go to sea. The call went out for Women Marines in early spring of 1943, so I joined because my dad's youngest brother (five years older than I was) was one of the Marines who were captured when Corregidor in the Philippines fell in early 1942. He was later killed when we bombed a prisoner ship, not knowing it held all our own men. Everybody was very patriotic during WWII, nothing like Korea and Viet Nam.

I went to boot camp in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, for eight weeks, and when that was over, they sent me right back to Washington to work at USMC Headquarters over at the Naval Annex in Arlington, Virginia. I was there until I got

discharged in November 1945, and then I flew out to Los Angeles where my dad and mother had gone to work in the shipyards at San Pedro.

In January 1946, I married Sam George, the first boy I ever dated at Marana High - a cotton farmer's son. We had four children in less than five years - two boys and two girls - seems like all I wore were maternity clothes. Sam was killed in a car wreck in April 1954, when my baby was two and my oldest was seven, and I moved from San Diego back to Fort Huachuca. My folks were living in Nogales by then - Dad was a supervisor for Dept of Agriculture on the Hoof and Mouth Disease Eradication Program.

In August 1955, I married Cliff Thomas, Chief of Maintenance for Post Engineers at Fort Huachuca, and the roping weekends started. Seems like that is all we ever did for ten solid years!

We lived on post for the first year, then moved to Elgin, and I drove our station wagon as a school bus for seven years. My route was to Canelo and back, and I went 54 miles a day, over all-dirt roads, crossing 32 cattleguards. I bought three sets of tires every year, one set of snow tires, and got to be a real expert at changing flats and driving in mud, and dodging bullets from the deer hunters who took over our country every fall. I loved all our friends and neighbors out there; I didn't realize it then,

but those were the happiest years of my life. My kids were all in 4-H, and we were busy chauffeuring them to work-days and meets all over the county, and getting Mark to basketball games and football games and Little League, and we never had time to get everything done. School in Patagonia was 24 miles away and neighbors were at least five or six miles so that was lots of driving on top of the school bus run. We were members of the Elgin Community Club (dances and potlucks), and Santa Cruz Fair and Rodeo Association, and Cliff was on the Rodeo Committee with Reagen Gardner (married to Hettie Lee Gardner, Vol. VIII), and we went to all the functions at the fairgrounds, and lots of dances! All the help in those days was volunteer, and what a good time we had, working our heads off! I remember frying 400 hamburgers on my 40th birthday - one of Sonoita's racing weekends.

From Elgin, we moved to Benson, and all four of my children graduated from Benson High School - Colleen in 1965, Mark in 1966, Chris in 1968, and Kathie in 1970. I worked for Apache Powder Company at St. David, and was rodeo secretary at the roping arena in Benson for Don Getzwiler, who is married to my cousin. Cliff and I were divorced in 1965, and Mark was getting to be quite a roper by then, so I hauled him around some until he got old enough to go alone.

I had always wanted to live in Texas, so I went to Dallas to work in 1970. All my kids were out of high school by then. Colleen had gone to college in Arkansas for two years and married, and Mark had gone to ASU in Tempe for two years and was working for construction, and Chris was at NAU in Flagstaff, and Kathie went to school at Greeley, Colorado, and then Sul Ross at Alpine, Texas.

To make this long story a little shorter, I worked in Dallas for seven years at three different jobs. The best job I had was as secretary to the President of Forrest and Cotton, Consulting Engineers,, employing some 350 engineers - civil, electrical, mining, and construction. One of the most lucrative contracts they had was the planning of the concrete runways for the Dallas-Fort Worth (DFW) Airport, and part of my job was making travel arrangements and writing airline tickets for out-of-state projects, and lots of trips to Peru.

My mother was killed in a car accident at Mayer in 1972, and my dad moved back to Texas after being away for 60 years. He died there in 1976, and I came back home to Arizona in 1977. I went to work for U.S. Customs in Nogales; then was the Customs Inspector at Lochiel for four years until that port of entry was closed. I lived in the old de la Osa ranchhouse out there, and spent my days off in Patagonia, where I still had a mobile home. All I had to do

to get to work was walk across the little wash and open the gate in the chain-link fence. I loved all those farm people from Santa Cruz, Mexico, who used that crossing to get to Nogales and Tucson to do their shopping. A lot of them had intermarried with families in Patagonia whom I knew, and it was almost like crossing my own kinfolks.

Osmeldo de la Osa was still living then, and was having a lot of trouble with Mexicans cutting his fence every night and crossing through his horse pasture. They were trying to avoid the Mexican aduanas who always collected a lot of 'mordida' (extra duty on anything they brought to Mexico from the United States), and also some coming out of Mexico illegally, I'm sure, so he asked me what he should do. He was almost 90 then, and mending fence every day was pretty hard on him, so I told him, "If it were me, Mel, I'd put in a gate, but I'll deny it if you tell anybody I told you so." He came back a few days later and said those Mexicans were real good about closing his gate.

A lot of fun things happened to me at Lochiel, and I was sorry when our government decided to close that port of entry and I had to transfer back to Nogales to work. We rotated every two weeks to about six different locations, and it was all shift work - the border is open 24 hours a day every day. We all hated the graveyard shift worst of all - midnight to 8 in the morning. Working in Nogales was

much more dangerous than Lochiel had been. We had to go to the firing range every three months and qualify with .357 magnums, and I didn't like having a job where I was armed, so on the day we had to qualify with shotguns, I decided to take early retirement. I was 64, anyhow, and had put in 20 years under civil service and 23 years with private industry, and had worked at a job of some kind for 45 years, so it was time to quit.

I retired in June 1986 and blew all my savings on a 31-day trip to Australia and New Zealand (my life-long dream), and moved up to Green Valley soon after. This is a nice place for a person my age to live, even though most of these people are from the east and midwest, and half the time have no idea of what I am talking about, especially if it's the 'good ole days out in the country 30 miles from town'. Once in a blue moon, I get up enough nerve to go to one of the junior rodeos my grandsons rope in, but there are so many contestants, and they last so long any more that I haven't the patience or stamina to sit through them. And they used to be so much fun!!!

My daughter Colleen is married to a mechanic with United Airlines and lives in Denver - they have a grown son and daughter, now married. My daughter Kathleen lives in Montana. She teaches and her husband is a research biologist; they have a daughter and a son, 15 and 13. I

spend a couple of months up there 'in the cool' every summer. Mark is married to Teri Morgan, who used to run barrels, and their boys are both ropers, 14 and 16. They live in Marana. We lost my younger son, Chris, to cancer in 1989.

I've had lots of fun, met lots of good people and a few not-so-good, have done some traveling and am still planning on more. My health is very good (knock on wood), and my hobby is making quilts, the old-time kind with lots of hand Quilting. I've had a great life, and it's not over yet!!!



**LARRY BECK, SR.**

**Cochise, Arizona**

Larry Beck Sr. was born Dec. 3, 1920 in Waterford, Wisconsin. It was here that his parents owned a dairy farm in which he worked along with his brothers and sisters, his job was to deliver milk on a route for .05 a quart, fresh from the farm.

In 1943 he married Ruth Poser. Together they bought a small farm in Ixonia, Wisc. This is where he started in the hog business raising Poland China purebred hogs. He sold his breeding stock and showed his hogs at the county and state fairs. His two sons Larry Jr. and Bob were born and raised on this farm. Until 1963 when Larry Sr. saw an ad in a farm magazine for a manager in southern Arizona he visited the farm. MKG Farm located in Pearce, Arizona he was hired. He called his wife Ruth and said, "well, if you don't mind coming out to the middle of nowhere we will move!" and so they did. That was a tremendous move for the family. The different climate was hard for awhile to get used to the family adjusted and worked together on the farm until 1970 when the farm was sold. At this time Larry Sr. had owned 76 acres across the street and at this time he decided to start up his own hog farm.

He had to decide how to design and build all the building layouts everything from scratch and with the help of his sons and many friends he did get it done. After the first building was up he went to the midwest to get his breeding stock. Which consisted of Hampshire and Yorkshire hogs. And he named his farm "Cochise Hog Farm". This developed into the foundation for selling market hogs and 4-H pigs for clubs all over Arizona. His quest was to breed a lean hog well before it was a popular thing to do he succeeded in this, his 4-H program was well respected and created many champions over the years.

Years passed and it was getting harder to find a good market for his pigs. He decided to build his own packing house and market his hogs through it in 1983. Today both businesses still are operating with the Cochise Hog Farm being run by Larry Jr. and Sulphur Springs Meat Packers by Bob, they work together to bring the consumer the best in all natural pork products.

Mr. Larry Beck Sr. passed on August 24, 1997. His leadership and knowledge of the swine business has been very helpful for 4-H and FFA members and other farmers throughout the entire state of Arizona. A loving father, husband, grandfather and friend, his encouragement and willingness to help, all along with his friendliness and kind words will be missed by all.

## PEGGY MONZINGO

Benson, Arizona

No one could have orchestrated the unlikely sequence that brought Peggy Monzingo to Arizona on her honeymoon in 1942. It all started on October 30, 1922 when she was born to Marjorie Streeter and Lynn Arthur Gratiot. A very normal, comfortable childhood; memories of the Good Humor man coming down the street on hot summer days and even pony rides that came by occasionally. (In fact, with the wisdom gleaned one summer in Nevada, she declined to ride one of those ponies because he was constantly tossing his head. Sure enough, just down the street, with another youngster on him, he bucked and threw him. "See, I told you so!") Steeped in history as the descendant of part of the founding party of St. Louis and fur trading ventures, Mary Alice (as she was christened) belonged. But she did decide at about age 4 that her name was Peggy after a visit from a beautiful cousin. So "Big Peg" and "Little Peg" have been fixtures in the family all these years.

Friends down the block, around the corner, country friends who lived on farms for special weekend parties, girl scouts at "their" camp -- it surely would go on forever. Summers were just as stable -- Grandfather's farm at Wheaton, Ill. One summer, after he died, at the Bar Topsy R

dude ranch at Wadsworth, Nevada, owned by Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Joe Richardson was perhaps a defining interlude.

Memories of the damp earth after a shower have never left. Riding a little pot-bellied pony with the frowned-on (but exciting) habit of grabbing a bite to eat as he galloped along after Uncle Joe was not my first riding experience, but I remember it almost better than the livery stable horses we rode outside of St. Louis. Star gazing from the top rail of the corral, Uncle Joe playing his guitar and singing. The smell of home brew beer (seems to me it was in a bathtub.) Swimming at Pyramid Lake. That was the summer I was 8.

From then on, Stonington, Conn., was summer and sometimes Christmas vacation. There, it was the ocean that defined the days. Sailing, swimming, clam bakes on the rocky points, the salt smell of the sea and the lobster boats at the wharves. Lots of relatives so that 8, 10, 16 of us was par for meals (no bare feet in Meme's house!) There the special bonding with grandmother, great Aunts and Uncles cemented a lifelong belief in the importance -- the absolute blessing -- of grandparents in a child's life.

But disaster in the form of a move to Chicago in the middle of freshman year had to be coped with. It seemed less disastrous with an exciting trip to Europe that summer and then, wonder of wonders, boarding school on the Hudson

at Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., The Masters School or Dobbs as we all called it. No student, studies were always a problem, but how I loved it over all. Wonderful friends and roommates. Learning to balance a check book To The Penny (particularly as we were dealing in 5 cent and 10 cent checks)! Costume events, athletic teams, drama club, special societies and leadership goals. Art became my major. Though I can't point to much I remember of the academics, I did come away with some ability to evaluate. That, to me, is a valuable contribution of education in general -- being able to know there are two sides, at least, to a question before a decision is made. Though often scoffed at today, I also think that a liberal arts education gives valuable points of reference for life wherever you are. That, I suppose, is hindsight!

After graduation I had one more contact with the West. Five of us and our dear Biology teacher, Miss Crawford, drove in a station wagon (whose I do not remember) to Jackson Hole, Wyo. And the gorgeous T Cross Ranch. Oh what a summer! New Levis so starchy we stood them up to dry. Fabulous food and people. Evening ball games. Rides to mountain lakes for swims in water so cold I wouldn't put a toe in it today. And of course, handsome cowboys with whom we fell in love. I still have the elk horn boot jack my

summer love made me. How awful that I don't even remember his name.

Then a year and a half at Vassar, majoring still in Art. Good fun with drama productions and disillusionment with academia when I discovered my English Lit teacher didn't even know there was such a thing as a Joshua tree (and I was so dumb I didn't think to go to Webster's Unabridged to show her a picture of one)!

None of this sounds like preparation for over 50 years of cattle ranching! But this is what it turned out to be. December '41 gave me a good excuse to stop college and go to work supporting the war effort. After secretarial school, I took a job as headmaster's secretary in Winnetka, Ill., school. During my summer vacation -- of course in Stonington -- a Winnetka friend visited and asked if she could have a family friend over for Sunday lunch; he was in Coast Guard training at New London nearby. That did it.

From Michigan, his family had bought him an Arizona Ranch. We corresponded, he went to sea, I went to his family's in California when he was back on leave. We married and honeymooned at his Lazy RR Ranch at Patagonia. After VJ day we came back to the ranch for good, bringing his two little boys home with us. Our daughter Lynne was born in '46. As my husband's interest in the ranching business waned, mine grew. By the time the children were

all in school, I was able to spend serious time riding, learning some of the trade and the country. It was a healing time as personal stress had taken its toll on health. Early on I became conscious of the land and what it produced. Even then, in the early '40s there were established exclosures on our Forest Permit that were clearly showing grasses were not improved by lack of grazing. I often look back on that and wonder that those responsible for the land management at the federal level never had the nerve to contradict the anti-cattle movement even with the science in hand. I learned what a good old timer meant when he asked if I had seen the ridges black with gramma. That was wonderful productive country, up the east slop of Mt. Wrightson.

We branded ~~7~~R left rib which could be a tremendous problem in the screw worm days. So we later bought the ~~3~~ right hip, both of which are still owned by the Lazy RR. In about 1950 we bought a carload of registered heifer calves and a few bull calves from T.E. Mitchell in New Mexico. We had determined to raise our own bulls as it was so difficult to buy bulls to work in the rough mountain country we used. From our first calf crop, we took a pen of steers to the Arizona National in 1955 and won the feeder show. Talk about green! That is, inexperienced green! I remember afterwards understanding a little of the marketing ploy



which made the Angus reserve champions the ones that were interviewed, etc. They, of course were an already established herd. That was, regardless, a very high point for us and the beginning of the reputation of the ZR Herefords. We continued to raise our own bulls very successfully and sold the surplus to friends and neighbors in the area. We developed our record system, eventually going on with the Hereford TPR program so that our blood lines traced back to 1951 and the start of that bunch.

In the end, my husband and I separated and I was able to "manage" the ranch since our long-time foreman had the savvy and I could hold up the book work and continue to be helpful with the cattle. I planned to keep the ranch together for the children and to that end had a contract to buy it from him. After a couple of years, though, he convinced me he wanted to return to the ranch so I voluntarily left, (not knowing he had sold the ranch if he could get me off) and I looked for a ranch elsewhere.

Enter Uncle Joe again, who came down from Nevada and helped Ed Monzingo, my foreman, look at available ranches. I guess they had quite a time together, which has nothing to do with me, except that they did locate a ranch in New Mexico that seemed a safer bet for sinking my only lump sum. In the interim, my neighbors at the Crown C let me use their guest house, the Brophys rented me pasture near Sonoita, and

the Boices at the Empire let me store furniture in an empty house there till I knew where I was going. Neighbors!

So, in 1960 I moved my half of the registered herd, my belongings and my daughter to the ZR Hereford Ranch on the Pecos River south of Santa Rosa New Mexico. Always missing Arizona, I did settle in with wonderful people and a tremendous challenge of building a reputation, making friends and a whole new life. My reliance on and friendship with Ed, my foreman, gradually grew to much more and we were married in 1962, both of us dedicated to the job at hand little dreaming what was down the road! I was very active all over the state, not only with our cattle at County Fairs, etc., but with CowBelles. Our lifestyle changed abruptly in 1966 from fancy free grandparents to parents again with the birth of our son Ed Alan! But what a joy he is.

Highlights of the 24 years in New Mexico included putting on a Junior Hereford Field Day for about 400 at the ranch. In '67 we were forced into a herd dispersion following a drought in '63. We kept young heifers and bulls so that the bloodlines we had worked with since '51 would form the base of rebuilding. Running yearlings for a couple of years was an education! CowBelle activities went from committee work to President at the State and then 7 years of Editor of the Jingle Jangle. A newspaper write-up about my

receiving the CowBelle of the Year Award led a friend to write "It's not everyone who gets to read their own obituary!" We continued contact with Arizona, coming over for SAILA and Arizona National shows, bulls sales at Hoopers and so forth.

While all of this was fine, the production record work with our cattle, building toward more efficient genetics under range conditions for bulls was my real focus. So it was hard to lose that continuity when we finally fulfilled our dream of returning to Arizona in 1984. We had hit our third major drought at Santa Rosa, found pasture in Arizona and moved part of the herd here while trying to settle a deal for a part of the San Pedro Ranch at Benson. It finally worked out and we moved the cattle on in March of that year, but cross-fencing was virtually non existent so we had to let go of our registered program. We still branded the ~~3~~ but had had to add a rail to it in New Mexico. There was a protest when we advertised it again in Arizona, not from the old ranch, but we still had to change its location. So we are now on the left hip.

Ed Alan graduated from high school in Ft. Sumner, NM, that year and came home to help. For a young man raised in pickup country, where you fed all winter and chopped ice to boot, he took to this rough little piece of God's country like a duck to water. He didn't have long enough here with

his Dad, who died in '88 after a couple of years' illness, to make it easy. He has had to learn a lot the hard way, but he's surely done that and is a tremendous source of pride to this old cowgirl.

I don't suppose I've done it all, but I've done a lot of it. Post holes, ice chopping, tractor work, not much of a hand with a rope but have picked up heels when a cow or bull needed doctoring in open country. Brand and castrate of course. Fence work and pipe line patching. But when bad knees made me quit riding when I was 69 what I missed the most was just being out there. Seeing the cattle, seeing the forages, feeling a part of these great and marvelous miracles that are part of a rancher's every day. And, of course, I miss being useful to some degree in so many times when 2 horses make it a lot easier than just one.

So now I have a messy desk. Dodge house work as much as I can. I put my efforts to some Bed and Breakfast to help spread the word about ranchers and public lands to people who are too far from it. But spend a good deal of time on letters to editors and such as we all battle to educate the public. We, of course, are not fighting a grazing battle, but an American battle. We are so very important to the American economy and the American system. So I guess my lot will be to "die with my pen in hand" instead of "with my boots on"! So be it, as long as cows

are a part of my life and I can join in the great anticipation of the next calf crop.

P.S. In haste to get this off, I neglected to include several specific Arizona points of pride. I've been more active in Arizona Cattle Growers than I used to and was proud to serve on the Communications Commission, and was really thrilled when Bill McGibbon gave me the Top Wrangler award!

CowBelle activities (I joined Santa Cruz in '47) have been on State and local levels, with San Pedro at Benson and Willcox CowBelles of which I was President in about '86.

A tremendous job to be proud of was the first time the Arizona CowBelles were asked to hold their cook-off at the Scottsdale Culinary Festival. Sue Krentz & I stuck our necks out on that one and its gotten bigger and better ever since!

At the behest of Cochise County ranchers & business people, I went to Washington, D.C. to take our message to Congress when we were trying to pass PRMA. What an eye opening, discouraging venture!

**SE RHEA and DORIS RHEA**

**Chino Valley, Arizona**

Some 56 years ago, we, SE and Doris Rhea, started out as newlyweds at the old Howell Manning Ranch, called "The Sopori" in those days, south of Tucson at a cow camp called "Batamotie".

Two years or so later, we moved on to another ranch west of there, "Andulado", where our first son came to us. From there we moved to the Bear Valley Ranch near the Mexico border. This ranch was not far from Ruby, Arizona. This is some 90 miles south of Tucson where we shopped for supplies. While there our second son became a part of our family also. SE was "called" into the Army during the World War II goings on.

After SE returned, we went to work at the "Santa Rita Ranch" south and east of Tucson. By then we had 3 little boys. After working there a while, we went to work at the "American Flag Ranch" near Oracle. It was an old ranch dating back a long ways in that area. We didn't stay there long, moving on to Nogales where SE worked for the Border Patrol on the "Hoof and Mouth Control" program. We then decided to go back to work at the "Santa Rita Ranch". Our oldest boy started school at a small farming community called Continental, now known as Green Valley, having to

ride in the back of a pickup some miles on a dirt road from the ranch and the school bus at the time had wooden benches on each side for seats. Some time later we moved on to Sasabe, living there in a very small Mexican town. SE worked again for Border Patrol "Hoof and Mouth Control" program.

After those days, we moved to the town of Continental, (Green Valley now), and there was a large cotton farm and sheep and cattle operation. Some time later we moved on to a ranch east of Tucson near Vail, the Mount Fagan Ranch.

Because SE's father was in a serious auto accident, we had to move to Tucson to care for him. SE worked nights as security guard at a mine south of there for a spell. Our oldest son attended college at N.A.U. in Flagstaff, the middle son had gotten married and the youngest was a senior in high school. We came on to the Prescott area, going to work for the C.V. Ranch in "Big Chino" area, moving on from there to the K4 Farms and Ranch. When the Farm closed, we moved over to the K4 Ranch headquarters in Williamson Valley, which years ago had belonged to the famous J.R. Williams, "Out Our Way" cartoonist. The ranch now belongs to the Kieckhefer family. We worked for them for some 16 years or so until retirement caught up with us, moving on to our present home in Chino Valley. SE still goes out to the K4 Ranch, helping out when another "hand is needed", mostly



during roundup times. As you can see, ranching has been our entire life.

SE's parents Sol and Bessie Ward Rhea were married Feb. 14, 1914. He was from Stephens County Texas and she was from Tulia Texas. Both grew up on ranches. Their only son, SE, was born at Amarillo in 1920. In 1922 they came to Arizona, bought a ranch in Arivaca Canyon. Selling out they bought another ranch in the Reddington area later that ranch was sold to the Carlink Ranches. And for a spell Sol operated a slaughter house in Willcox Arizona. SE started to school there.

In 1931 they sold this business and went to work for the old Rail X Ranch near Patagonia owned by the Boice family. They worked there until in 1938 moving on to the Canoa Ranch, owned by Howell Manning. A large ranch running from near the foot of the Santa Rita Mts. west, reaching nearly to the Baboquivari Mts. and from the Arivaca Road north to the San Xavier mines. The main house was located just east off Nogales Highway some miles south of Tucson and another, where the Rhea's lived miles west of Nogales Highway on Arivaca Road. Since this was a large Spanish style house many "happenings" took place there in years past. Also lots of dances and "Get togethers". There were several old hand dug wells later on large dirt tanks which caught run off and held water even during "dry seasons".

There were several cow camps, across the ranch. This one called The Sopori, Banos, Batamotie where SE & Doris started their "married life". Also San Juan Pozo Nuevo - the Navaro - Tenajo - and the old Palo Alto Ranch, Sol was ranch foremen there until bad health brought on retirement. Later he was Livestock Inspector in Tucson.

**PETER GROSETA, JR.**

**Cottonwood, Arizona**

Both of my parents came to the United States from Croatia around the turn of the century. My father, Peter Groseta, Sr., landed at Ellis Island in 1906 and went to Northern California, where he was a lumberjack. He then came to Jerome, Arizona to see his brother, Nick Groseta, where he ended up staying. My father worked in the United Verde Mine and married my mother, Antonia Blazina, in 1914. I was born on October 22, 1917 in Jerome, Arizona. My father worked in the mine until 1922, when my parents bought a farm/ranch in Middle Verde. The ranch was located on the Verde River just above where Hayfield Draw comes into the Verde River. We raised cattle, sheep, turkey, chickens, and ducks down at the Middle Verde Ranch, as well as doing some farming. We butchered and sold them to various families. There was a slaughterhouse between Clarkdale and Jerome, and we would sell the live animals to them to process the meat. That was the main distribution for all the area butcher shops in the Verde Valley. With the animals we butchered at home, we would distribute to families around the valley ourselves. If you wanted five pounds, we'd take a saw and cut off five pounds; not in cuts of meat like steaks and

such. We'd have turkeys mostly just for Christmas and Thanksgiving, some dressed and some live to families.

We also sold fresh crops, such as cabbage, green corn, carrots, sweet potatoes, and fruit such as apples from our orchard. When we picked apples in the fall, we'd dig a pit and cover them up with Johnson grass because there was a better market for apples in the spring. We grew hay and grain up here in Cottonwood, and corn up here and down there (Middle Verde), setting 20 acres aside. That was mainly for feed for the turkeys. I remember eating chicken, turkey and rabbits. We had a few rabbits. There was a lot of work involved, feeding and watering the stock.

We had cattle in Middle Verde. In the early 1930s, we got a grazing permit from the Forest Service. They had a provision that every farm up and down the Verde River automatically had a 10 head permit in conjunction with the private land owned. We ended up with a summer pasture up "on the mountain". My Dad and I drove our cattle from Middle Verde up to Association Pasture near Long Valley. That was my first cattle drive. We drove about 30-35 head of cattle there and we had three horses, with packs on one for grub and bedrolls. It took us about three days to get up there. We had the 25 head in combination with the automatic 10 head and our other personal cattle, just for the summer. It didn't work out at all, because we had too

much of a loss. We couldn't gather all of them in the fall, because it is such big country. Our cattle were mixed with cattle from other ranches and it was difficult to find all of our own cattle. I was just a big, green kid at that time.

We had a lot of friends from towns in Jerome and Clarkdale. They would come down to the ranch in Middle Verde on weekends, that was an old tradition. In those days people visited more than they do nowadays. They'd come down and spend a Sunday afternoon and visit. I can remember my mother preparing meals from rabbits or fried chicken and we would have a big get-together, sort of a party, almost every Sunday. The same thing transpired here when we moved to Cottonwood. We used to have a few head of sheep. We would butcher and barbecue a lamb once in a while. That was the old tradition we'd do on Easter and Fourth of July.

The Yavapai Apaches didn't raise many cattle back in those days. Mainly the Apache Indians farmed little parcels, varying in size from 2-5 acres a piece, raising mostly corn. They'd gather the corn and shell it by hand. I can remember the squaws sitting out around the little brush wigwams and they would pick the corn by hand and throw out a piece of canvas or bedsheet or whatever on the ground, and scatter the corn on there kinda thin and just let it dry

in the sunshine. We used to buy corn from the Indians to feed our turkeys.

Down there in the Middle Verde area, there were lots of horses. The Forest Service would gather a lot of the horses, some wild and some tame. Any horses that didn't have brands out there roaming around on Forest lands would be picked up. At that time there was a fish hatchery at Page Springs and they'd grind the horses up to feed the fish with the horse meat. I picked one young mare out of the bunch and broke her and used her for saddle mare here for quite a while. She was one of those horses they'd rounded up and were going to sell for fish food. I had a saddle horse at Middle Verde. I broke horses but tried to buy horses that were already broken. However, I didn't always have the time to break horses.

Down at Middle Verde, we farmed with teams. I drove the team from Middle Verde up here to Cottonwood pulling an old wagon, which is still sitting in the junk pile. We brought the same team we had down there up here and farmed with them. We had different horses, since horses don't last forever. Teams weighed about 1,300-1,400 pounds, with some smaller than that. Thousand-pound horses couldn't do much farming or team work. We did some plowing up here with those big horses, one mare 1,300 pounds and the other 1,450 pounds (put them on the scale and we weighed them). This

ground is so heavy and tight, it took three head on a plow. In fact, the plow that we rode on, that's all those three head could pull. This was not the first time this land was cultivated. It had been farmed for years.

My sister, Anne, and I went to grade school in Middle Verde and High School in Camp Verde. I graduated in 1935, during the Depression. Both of us rode in a buggy to grade school. It wasn't a big grade school. I went to work in 1936 in Clarkdale at the Smelter. I stayed with a friend there. Shortly after, my Dad negotiated with Phelps Dodge and made a deal to trade the farm in Middle Verde for the one up here in Bridgeport, where my wife, Katherine, and I live now.

In those days, the United Verde Copper Company originally, and then later Phelps Dodge made settlements with the local farmers for smoke damages, because the farmers were suing the copper companies. They came up with a smoke easement and settled with you. That place down there at that time was kind of out of the world - no electricity or anything like that. Up here we had electricity, so that was a big advantage. There was a high school in Clarkdale which was more convenient for my brother Frank to attend. I was working in the smelter and it was more convenient for me to be at home than somewhere else.

When we came up here, I drove the cattle we had in Middle Verde (25-30 hd. More or less) up the river to this area. When we moved up to this place we just packed everything up and moved up here. We didn't have an actual Forest permit for a few years. In 1946, I married Katherine Maglich. In 1948, I personally bought more of the ranch as we know it today. I always had the intention of spreading out, picking up more and more land, which I did. I picked up private land here and there, making what we have today.

The concentrator department that I worked in at the smelter shut down in May of 1953 and the smelter shut down a couple years before that. The concentrates that we made there in Clarkdale, after the smelter shut down, were shipped to El Paso, Texas where they had a refinery for the copper concentrates. At the concentrator, I was on the last shift, the graveyard shift. We pulled the pin and cut the last pound of ore that ran through. Getting a paycheck every two weeks really helped out a lot in the ranching business.

We milked cows and made cheese and butter down in Middle Verde. Up here we sold the milk and cream, shipping it out to a creamery located in Trinidad, Colorado, where a lot of people sent their cream. There was no place to sell the milk and cream around here, other than my mother making cheese and butter and sell that locally to families in



Jerome, Clarkdale and Cottonwood. My mother used a 1.5-2 gallon jar to churn the butter by hand. We separated the milk, with a separator. At first we turned it by hand, then we had it revolutionized to an electric motor. That was a big improvement in extracting the cream from the milk. We had to milk cows in the morning and again in the evening. We liked Jersey and Guernsey, mostly Guernsey cows. The milk had more cream than the Holsteins; Holsteins give more milk, but you don't get the cream.

When mom made cheese, she bought tablets. She made the cheese and let it set for a while, drained it off and hardened up. It was a pliable cheese. I remember eating it with bread and crackers.

Down in Middle Verde we raised crops, mainly produce that we sold to the miners. We raised hay, stacked it loose, and fed our cattle down there. When we came to Bridgeport, we did practically the same thing, but raised more hay. We'd bale it and sell to some of the dairies here - there were quite a few dairies at that time in the Cottonwood area. We sold a lot of hay to horsemen and families that had a milk cow or two and they'd come by and pick up a bale of hay or two. I think we sold more hay than the local feed stores at that time.

The produce that we grew we'd take to the local towns and to the Siler's Cut Rate Store here in Cottonwood. They

were a good outlet for a lot of our produce and poultry (chickens and turkeys) and beef. The stores in Jerome and Clarkdale would also buy from us. Also, the United Verde Hospital in Jerome would buy beef and turkeys from us.

In raising hay, first we had teams here and did all of our farming with horses. The first baler that we had up here was a pickup baler and it was pulled by a team. We didn't have a tractor at that time. We bought it in the Salt River Valley down in Phoenix. We baled all of our hay and various neighbors' hay at that time. We did a lot of custom hay work. We got another pickup baler, a Case, doing the same thing with it for several years. Back in about the early 1940s, we got a John Deere tractor and that modernized the hay business for us quite a bit. We got a John Deere hay mower and a side delivery rake and that was really "up town" at that time. We pulled the baler with the John Deere tractor. All of our farm work was done with the John Deere tractor at that time. In later years, as time went by, we got a Ford tractor and it was pretty handy with a three-point hitch. You could do the work much easier. We had it for years and years after the John Deere played out. In fact, we use the Ford diesel tractor now at the present time for work on the ranch.

When we moved up here in 1936, we did quite a bit of leveling. When the Soil Conservation Service came in

existence in the area, we had the Soil Conservation Service engineers survey our place to level it. We had done some field leveling at that time. At that time, Soil Conservation Service had their own equipment and you rented it or paid them for the use of that equipment. I can remember quite a bit of that here on this place. The fields were up and down and in a lot of small patches. We leveled the whole farm cross-wise, north to south, east to west. We got it pretty much on grade, still had some fall to it towards the river. Later, with the Ford tractor, I got a hydraulic carry-all that I hooked up and did a lot of work myself pulling that around and leveling the fields.


When we came here in 1936, Dad got involved with the Cottonwood Ditch Association right away. The ditch used to go a different route. We changed this ditch channel about three different times. It used to flow through the farmstead where the large cottonwood trees are; from there, it went on across over by the old Armburst place. Next, they moved it on up here above the road and right around the edge of this hill. And then, when the Cottonwood Ditch Association got a government loan in 1948, we had to straighten out the ditch from Scott Wash Flume to where the siphon is on the southwest side of the farm now. We had that changed back in 1947-1948. We couldn't irrigate up here above the road until the Cottonwood Ditch Association




was realigned. This wasn't farm land above the road; it was undeveloped brush land. The Jordans' sweet potato cellar was right in here, about where our house is today.



Dad was ditch boss for many years. I'm ditch boss today; I took over after he was out of the picture. I was a director and secretary for the Association way back. My son, Andy, is now carrying on the tradition with the Cottonwood Ditch Association. He has been President for the past several years.

I had known my wife's family for several years before I married her. I've known the Maglich family all my life, ever since I was big enough to remember anything. In fact, my wife's parents were godparents to my brother, Frank. After we'd grown up and started to get out on our own, I dated her for one and a half years. We got married on September 19, 1946, at St. Cecilia's Catholic Church in Clarkdale. Father Heffner married us. After we got married, we rented a house in Cottonwood from Frank Abbott. He was an old man who worked at the smelter in Clarkdale. We lived there for a while until we got a place to move into down here on the ranch. This was during World War II and you could not get materials to build a house. So I bought a house from the Siler family in Clemenceau and moved it down to the ranch. Over the years, we added on to the house. In

1994, the old ranch house burned down; and my wife and I built a new home, where we are presently living now.

I have been running cattle all of my life. However, in 1948, I made the first big purchase by myself, buying the W Dart Cow Outfit from Norman Fain. I acquired the  brand with that purchase. It was very exciting, a big move for me at that time. I just jumped into and did it. It wasn't a Forest permit, but consisted of several private grazing leases and the cattle. We bought the leases that Fain had, including the cattle. We moved our own cattle from the farm at Bridgeport with the cattle we had purchased and turned them out on the ranch. Phelps Dodge and United Verde Extension were the major landowners that I leased from to graze cattle. Later, my wife, Katherine, and I bought the Verde and Hull Hill-Cherry Forest grazing allotments located between Cottonwood and Camp Verde. Then we moved the cattle from up here, sold some of the private land near Cottonwood and moved some of the cattle to the Forest allotments. We purchased the Verde allotment from Norman Fain and the Hull Hill-Cherry allotment from Robert Reeves. That's where we're at today.

I use the W Dart (  ) Brand. My dad had the brand PG connected (  ); the date on it is registered in my name, but I don't use it. I just use the W Dart which we bought from Norman Fain. Andy has the Open A Anchor (  )-I

don't recall when he got it, but he wanted one of his own. Just like my grandson, Paul, wanted one of his own. Paul now uses the Quarter Circle, Backward J brand (  ). My other son, George, uses the Spear G (  ) brand.

One of the biggest changes in the ranching business is the fencing. The country used to be all open, and have cattle run from Camp Verde clear up here to Cottonwood. Everybody more or less just had a cowboy or two and just rode and gathered their own cattle up and down the river.

There was our ranch, Quail Springs, Fains, Petchauer over on Oak Creek, Gybergs, Godards, Zeke Taylor, Murdocks, Richards, Wingfields, Dutch Dickison, Ralstons and Roy Minter.

After we bought the W Dart cow outfit from Norman Fain in 1948, a year or two later we picked up the D'Arcy property. That was 460 acres and we ran cattle on that land. Previously, we'd had a lease with Mr. D'Arcy, but then he decided he wanted to sell, so I bought it. That worked out really well in increasing our deeded land holdings.

Also a little later, I bought the 160 acres from Paul Hancock and RK Duffy. Mr Duffy was the manager of the accounting department at Phelps Dodge at that time. He and Mr. Hancock were in partnership on that 160 acres. Incidentally, there was a mineral right included on that 160

acres and I still own that. It is one of the few parcels in the Verde Valley where the mineral rights still belong to the private land owner and not a copper company. Most of this land had been deed restricted with sulfur smoke easements and that's where you sign off and release the copper company from any damages that might occur on that ground from now on. But that piece of ground was not smoke-eased and still has its mineral rights intact today. We are still running cattle on this property today.

We ran cattle around where the Cement Plant is now and around the town of Clarkdale, as well as along the Verde River from Clarkdale to the ranch headquarters here at Bridgeport.

We did all that ranch work ourselves. Carl Godard worked for me for several years. Carl and I did all of the cowboying on the outfit. Carl also worked at the smelter. When we were off in the evenings or on our days off, then we would be cowboying quite a bit. Back in, I believe it was 1946 or later, a state law was passed that you had to fence the cattle out of town, so we fenced around Clarkdale and Cottonwood and Centerville. We put up a perimeter fence and that went on for years, until they got to breaking this country up and subdividing it, then we had to do more fencing.

I was always reaching out to find another acre to run a cow on. Back in the early 1940s, I purchased 120 acres of land near Black Canyon. It was known as the old Radokovich property. They used to pipe water up from Black Canyon and they farmed about 20 acres of that property. When I bought it, there was still 20 acres of irrigated land on the tax roll. I bought the land from Emil Kovacovich. He was a businessman who had grocery stores in Jerome, Cottonwood and Camp Verde. I bought it sometime in the early 40s, before I bought the W Dart from Fain. There was a windmill there and we pumped water from that windmill into a little stock pond. Sometimes when the wind wouldn't blow and the water would get low, then we'd haul water from the ranch here in Cottonwood. We'd pump water into a water tank and haul it on the truck, which we still do today when it gets very dry on the ranch. It used to be real good deer, quail and dove hunting around there. We traded that property out to the Forest Service for acreage adjoining our ranch property up here, west of Cottonwood. That was a one-for-one trade with the Forest Service completed in the 1950s.

Also, there was a 40-acre parcel of land available located on the highway going up to Jerome above the Clarkdale water tank. I bought that from United Verde Extension Cooper Company. Today, I still own half of it. I



sold the north half of Highway 89A off to a neighbor and kept the portion on the south side.

I was always looking for more country to run a cow on. My wife and I went to the Williams area and bought the Pronghorn Ranch, which we renamed the Pine Creek Ranch. We bought that in December 1980 from David Blair. We put that together with the ranch down here in Verde Valley and we operate it as one ranching operation.

The W Dart Ranch is a cow/calf operation here in the valley. We wean our calves and hold them over the winter here at Cottonwood. Then, along the middle of May, we haul the yearlings "to the mountain" - Pine Creek Ranch at Williams and let them graze there all summer. We sell them in the fall weighing 800-900 pounds, usually to cattle feeders in the Midwest or the Texas Panhandle. For the past four years, our yearlings have been sold to the same cattle feeder in Kansas. Typically, the yearlings gain 200-300 pounds depending upon the moisture.

My wife and I are still ranching today with my two sons. Andy and his wife, Mary Beth, and George, and now with my grandson, Paul. It is gratifying to keep the ranching business in the family. My grandchildren, Paul, Katy and Anna, are now fourth generation ranchers in Arizona.

DOUGLAS W. and MARGARET (PEGGY) CUMMING

Rio Rico, Arizona

Doug Cumming's Account of His Life

I was born on a cot in the hallway of the old Nogales Hospital on November 30<sup>th</sup> 1918. Mother had been in a regular room, but about midnight a nurse came in and told her that a rancher named Sorrels had been brought in desperately ill with Spanish influenza and the hospital would like to give him her room and place her on a cot in the hall.

I don't remember learning to ride a horse, but do remember riding with Dad during the great drought of 1922 and 1923 and seeing a baby calf standing bewildered by it's mother. She was lying down and too weak to get up and let him nurse.

My boyhood, when not in school, was mostly spent hunting, trapping, and exploring nearby canyons and ridges.

When I was sixteen my father was crippled for life by a fall from a cliff, and I had to drop out of school to work on the ranch. I did, however, manage to complete high school by correspondence courses and later attend the University of Arizona for a year. While at the University, I spent almost every weekend working on the ranch. Except

for time spent in the navy during World War II, I have managed the ranch from then until the present.

In 1946 I married Peggy Titcomb. For several years my wife Peg and I operated a riding business at our ranch, the Rocking H. Among our clients were Bobby Hull, the hockey player, and Mike Ditka, coach of the Chicago Bears.

During most of my adult life I have had a pack of lion hounds. They were used mostly to control lion predation on calves, but occasionally to take clients on lion hunts.

The land and the ecology of Pimeria Alta has always interested me and somehow I feel that I am a part of it and it is part of me. Throughout my life I have been an ardent conservationist and among the beasts of the world I have defended are the coyotes. The coyote has been blamed for acts it has never performed. In extreme cases it may have destroyed a colt or a calf, but should not have been blamed for most such happenings.

In 1961 Peggy and I adopted our two sons Tommy and Jimmy at the ages of 4 and 5. There was a great change in our lives. The boys are still here at the ranch and help with the operation. They also have jobs in Tucson.

In 1969 my brother, Kendall, and I bought the Baboquevari Ranch from the Riggs family. We operated that ranch for about 10 years. We kept replacement heifers from our home ranch over there and bred them to small Angus bulls

to lessen calving problems. We also used the ranch to take out guest riders for the week-ends. In 1979 we sold Baboquevari to the Nature Conservancy.

From 1962-1963 Douglas was President of SCAPA. He was founder and President of the Forum for Better Government in Santa Cruz County. He was a board member for the Calabassas-Tubac school district #35 for 23 years. In 1991 he wrote "A Rancher looks at his Environment" for "Voices from Pimeria Alta". He has been a member of Friends of the Santa Cruz River since it began.

Doug has always loved reading, writing, painting, drawing, and is a great story teller, but most of all he loves ranching.

#### Margaret (Peggy) Cumming

March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1923 a baby girl was born at home on Crawford St. in Nogales, Arizona to Florence and Edward Titcomb. She was named Margaret (Peggy) Edwards Titcomb. Later there would be three brothers added to the family. When I was a small girl there was still money in the family and I always had beautiful little dresses because we had a live-in seamstress. I soon learned to do without and to work for what I wanted.

During my junior and senior high school years I had several girl friends with ranches, so I spent many week-ends visiting them. My aunt was married to the owner of the Lone Mountain Ranch in San Rafael Valley. One of my best friend's father and uncle owned the adjoining ranch, the Bercich Ranch, so I spent much time visiting there. I also spent time with Mabel Barkley on the Guevavi Ranch, which at one time belonged to my Grandfather, Edward Titcomb, who used it for hunting and fishing and growing vegetables like asparagus and artichokes. Another friend and Rainbow sister was Ruth Cumming. I spent a lot of time visiting her. Later I married her brother, Douglas, to whom I have been married for 51 years.

When I graduated from high school I had been working for the telephone company as an operator. Being bi-lingual it came in very handy with International calls. When the war started I was sent to Yuma because there was a shortage of operators. The Army had desert maneuvers there. Douglas was going into the service and I was trying to make up my mind about the navy or nursing. I chose nursing at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix. During my stay I joined the Cadet Nursing Corp program. When the war was over Douglas Cumming and I decided to get married. I graduated from Nursing school on Sept. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1946 and we were married on

Sept. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1946. At first we lived in Nogales and then we started building our house on the Rocking H Ranch.

I worked for nine years as a private duty nurse, then one year as a Public Health Nurse. While I was doing Public Health Nursing the Superintendent of Schools, A.J. Mitchell, invited me to become the school nurse for the Nogales Public Schools. I was there for 14 years. They were probably the most memorable years of my life.

In 1961 Douglas and I adopted two boys, Tom and Jim. During that time we ran a riding business for children and adults. We had many cookouts which kept me very busy on the weekends. It was great fun!

About 1972 I retired from nursing and spent my time helping on the ranch.

Over the years I have been associated with various organizations: The American Red Cross Blood Bank, The Zonta Club, the Santa Cruz County Cowbells where I served as County President in 1984-1985, St. Andrew's Crippled Children's Clinic for poverty children from Mexico for about 18 years, I am currently on the Board of Directors. I was one of the founders of the Santa Cruz County Family Guidance Center and served several years on the Board of Directors. For several years I have volunteered at the Hilltop Art Gallery. Now I am at home on the ranch keeping house, gardening and in general keeping the home fires burning when

I am not busy with my volunteer work at church and in the community.

## AMOS CHENOWTH'S STORY

### McNeal, Arizona

My grandfather, Gus Chenowth, came from Phoenix and settled in the Cienega land. He had a big adobe corral with walls about eight feet tall where they kept the cattle and horses safe from the Indians. This corral was about two acres in size.

Grandad always went to Silver City to get groceries about once a month. When General Miles captured Geronimo, he came by and stayed all night. He locked the Indians up in the corral. General Miles had supper there and the next morning they had breakfast. Grandma Chenowth fed General Miles and Geronimo both two meals.

The next morning when they got ready to leave, General Miles told my grandma that the food wasn't worth paying for, but Geronimo paid for the food the Indians had eaten.

They were only gone about an hour or an hour and a half when my Grandad came from Silver City with the wagon load of groceries. He told one of the boys to saddle him up a certain horse, while he went and got his pistol. When he caught up with General Miles, Miles paid up and Grandpa brought the money home to Grandma.

My grandfather used to have the land all the way from San Simon clear up to Cave Creek. He had a sister named



Ula. She was married to both of the Stewart brothers before she married a Dave Bynchmall, who was a Justice of Peace in Douglas.

My aunt had a peach orchard in Cave Creek. Her brother, Robert Chenoweth, used to bring loads of peaches to deliver all over Douglas. He had lost one arm. It got shot off with a shotgun at the elbow, and when it got infected the Doctor had to take it off at the shoulder. He used to put twelve lugs of peaches on the table and reach down there and pick them up with his good arm and set them out into the truck.

He had a friend who said to him, "Bob, how strong would you be if you had two arms?"

Bob replied, "I'd be just as worthless a so-and-so as you are!"

My Aunt Ula was married to one of the Stewart brothers, and Englishman, and when he died, she married the other Stewart brother. He also died, and they were both buried in the peach orchard. After she married Mr. Bynchmall, he went out and destroyed those graves.

My Dad, Howard Chenoweth, when he was 19 or 20, used to work and go to school over in Silver City. He worked for the Grey Ranch in New Mexico. He broke broncs. One day he was on a bronc and his boss hollered at him, "Hey, Howard, come on over here and have a drink with me."

The house was built on stilts with a porch in the front. When Dad rode over there, the horse would shy away every time the boss stuck out the bottle. He said, "Howard, spur that so-and-so."

Dad spurred him, and the horse jumped right up inside the porch and fell on his left side. The Boss pulled out his gun to shoot the horse, so my Dad pulled his gun and shot and killed the Boss.

As he was riding down the street in Silver City to give himself up, the Marshall shot Dad from behind with a shotgun. He carried the scars on the back of his head for the rest of his life. It knocked him out and he came to in the jail.

First they gave him forty years, then they decided to lynch him. While he was in jail, there was a big snow storm on Christmas Eve. A big party was going on in town, and just the jailer was watching my dad. Meanwhile back at the ranch my grandad asked the boys, "Which of you-all is going to get Howard out of jail? If you don't, I'm going to."

So two of his brothers dressed like women and went to Silver City. They were carrying a plate and told the jailer they had brought Howard his Christmas Eve dinner. The jailer was agreeable, so he opened the cell door, when he discovered that they had a couple of pistols on the plate instead of turkey and dressing. They stuck the jailer in

the cell in my dad's place and took off for the Cienega Ranch. It was snowing like everything. They pitched the key into a snowdrift on their way to the ranch.

After Howard's escape from the jail in Silver City, he and his brothers returned to the Cienega Ranch. A room was hollowed out of a stack of prairie hay, where he stayed for a period of time.

Realizing that he was a fugitive in Arizona and New Mexico, he went to Alabama where he worked for a man named Amos Hardin. Howard thought so much of Mr. Hardin that he named his first born son after him.

After a couple of years in Alabama, Howard went to Texas where he got a job with the King Ranch. His ability was noted and much appreciated there, so he was offered a job with the King Ranch holdings in Brazil, so in 1915 he went down there.

Howard assumed the name of Carl Martin while he lived in Brazil. He was put in charge of three huge ranches: Tres Lagola (Three Lakes), Campo Grande (Big Country) and Agua Limpia, which was named for the beautiful river of clear water which ran by the house where Howard's family later lived.

Not too long after he arrived in Brazil, he met a beautiful dark-eyed senorita, Sara Antoinette Yule, whom he

married in 1916. The couple had seven children: Daisy, Amos, Douglas, Ola, Ula, Francis and Ruby.

Amos remembers well that the house was built on stilts with a porch all the way around it. It was sort of split level, the kitchen being on the lowest level, the dining room several steps up, the living room again a few steps up, and with the bedrooms tacked on here and there. There was also a dark room off the kitchen which was used for a storage room. The bananas were picked green, then stored in the dark room to ripen slowly. Amos recalls that the bananas grew pointing up, and that they were small and wonderfully sweet.

Each child had his own orange tree, and there were subtle differences in the taste of the oranges, some sweeter, some a little sourer. Other tropical fruit grew there, mangoes, pineapple, guave and papayas. They always had a big vegetable garden and ate really well. The staple diet, as on most ranches, was beef, beans and rice.

Amos remembers that they had a pet monkey that lived in a little house on a pole in the kitchen. It was kept on the end of a chain, and if it got scared it would scamper up the pole and pull the chain up behind him.

One day the two little boys noticed that the monkey was running his hand down into a hole which had been burned under the kitchen stove. They immediately slipped under the

floor and grabbed the monkey by the hand. Naturally the monkey thought something terrible had caught it. He went berserk and made a terrible mess of the kitchen. The negro cook grabbed her broom and gave Amos and Doug a thrashing.

Amos remembers that the Agua Limpia river was about a half a mile wide. The cowboys would put three canoes together to form a sort of barge. This was connected to a cable which was anchored to two huge trees, one on each side of the river. Then the men pulled the barge across like a ferry. They would lead the horses onto the three canoes and ferry them across the river.

The cattle weren't so lucky. They were pushed through a huge long corral with a chute leading down into the water, where they would swim across the river at an angle. The cattle of choice were brahmas, as they were more resistant to the ticks and the heat than other breeds. Arabian horses were used on the ranches as they could tolerate the heat better than other breeds.

Indians lived near their home at Agua Limpia. They were sort of medium sized and rather husky. The men wore leaf in the front and back, but the women and children didn't wear anything at all. Their hair was straight and black and cut in sort of a bowl cut.

Whenever Howard would butcher a beef, the Indians would show up for the entrails which they proceeded to devour raw,

with much gusto. Amos remembers that the cowboys had a big spit which would hold a whole beef, and when it was ready to eat, they would hack off pieces of the meat with their machetes and gobble it down.

A Boa Constrictor lived near the ranch headquarters. There were several places along the river bank that had been cleared so the cattle could drink out of the river. This snake would slither up a tree and wait until an animal was intent on drinking, then it would drop on it and crush it until every bone in the animal's body was broken. Then the snake would start ejecting a slimy saliva until the victim was coated, then the snake would start swallowing it.

Howard decided that something ought to be done about the snake, so one of the cowboys roped it when it was full and not too lively, then the rest of them hacked it to pieces with their machetes.

This particular snake was 27 feet long and probably 21/2 feet in diameter. It was black and grey in color and Amos was impressed by how big the mouth was. He didn't recall hearing that the snake had ever bothered people.

When Daisy and Amos were old enough to go to school, they went to a boarding school. In order to get there, they had to ride horseback for three days to get to the train station. Then two days on the train. Howard always went with them.

The school was run by an elderly lady and her four daughters, and everything was taught in Portuguese.

The second year that they were there, one evening Howard came, and the first thing they noticed was the black arm band on his left arm. Sure enough, it was just about the worst news possible. Their mother had died in child birth. They did stay at the school and finish the term.

Doug and the sisters stayed with Uncle Paul Spence and his wife while Howard wound up his affairs. By now the Chenoweths had managed to get a pardon for Howard so he decided to return to the United States.

Amos remembers that the boat trip was terribly rough and lasted three weeks. They docked at New Orleans, then took the train to Lordsburg where the family met them.

After Dad brought us back from Brazil, we lived at the Thomas place, which is just before you go across to Hachita. Uncle Hale was married to a woman named Emma Washburn. They lived just across the mountain toward the Animas Valley on the Forrest place, and Uncle Charlie lived at the Cienega.

Dad told Uncle Hale that the Washburns were stealing his cattle, because he'd caught him at it. Uncle Hale wouldn't believe him. He said, "He wouldn't do such a thing."

Dad said, "I caught him with six head taking them across the mountain."

The youngest brother, Robert, went to the bank and borrowed money to hunt gold with. They always talked about the gold bars that were supposed to be hidden someplace, but he didn't tell anybody about borrowing the money.

One day the Banker came over with the Deputy Sheriff and they said they were foreclosing on the Chenowths. When questioned "Why?", they were told that Robert had taken out a note and he'd mortgaged all of the property completely unbeknownst to the rest of the brothers.

The brothers were supposed to have had so many head of cattle, but a lot of them had been stolen. We had the Cienega Ranch, the Forrest place and the Thomas place, so to try to make up the number of cattle that were supposed to have been on the ranch, they would move the cattle from one ranch to the other at night.

The Banker got suspicious and said, "We've already seen these cattle yesterday", so they foreclosed and took all the places away from the Chenowths. The whole works, everything.

My Uncle Charlie made that White Mule (moonshine). We used to get a lot of cracked corn. He used to have a still on the mountain in the side of a wash. It was like a cave in there and was fixed up to have six or eight barrels of whiskey making all the time.



When they'd get the whiskey made, they would make one a little darker and it would be 'Straight American', and the others would have different names.

One time Uncle Charlie took some whiskey up to Lordsburg. This side of the track was dry, but on the other side you could gamble and drink all you wanted to.

Uncle Charlie took a gallon of whiskey to his neighbor on this side of the track that was dry. Uncle Charlie saw a policeman coming. He pushed the door open as he flipped a dollar up into the air. When the policeman looked up, Uncle Charlie opened the door, kicked the whiskey in and closed the door.

The policeman walked up to him and said, "What are you doing, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm just trying to see my neighbor here. I don't seem to be able to hit the door hard enough with my hand, so I was using this silver dollar. Maybe he's asleep."

Slim McGinty was related to Uncle Hale's wife. Uncle Hale said to Dad, "Don't let nobody wrangle horses around here." The still was in the side of the mountain, straight from the Forrest place about a quarter of a mile. They always went around the other way to bring the horses in.

Now Slim McGinty knew they were making moonshine somewhere, and he got up real early one morning and went and

wrangled the horses before anybody else got up. He brought the horses in and then he went and quit.

Later he slipped up there and stole about five gallons of whiskey and took it to Paradise where they were having a dance, and he was selling the whiskey. It wasn't too long after that that they lost the ranch.

(Many years later Cochise College was doing an Archaeology dig in the vicinity and they found the remnants of the still and some barrels in a cave.)

We used to give the mash to the pigs. You never saw pigs get so drunk. They'd squeal and hit each other and fall down. We fed the mash to the horses, too, but it didn't affect the horses at all.

While we still had the ranch (I was seven or eight), we had a friend who had a nice grape arbor. His name was A.J. Love. He made concord grape wine.

They were wonderful people, she was a good cook and I learned how to run a plow while there. Mr. Love had this old horse and he would tie the reins and put them on my shoulder and I'd walk along behind this walking plow and plow for him.

A hobo used to come there when Mrs. Love was home, and he would just stay and stay, and eat and eat. One time she went to visit some of her friends and here comes the hobo.

Mr. Love said, "Oh, oh. We've got our hands full but we'll fix him."

We cooked up a good dinner, and after we finished eating, Mr. Love called the big old yellow cat over to the table. Mr. Love put his plate down and the cat licked it clean.

He put his plate back on the table and said, "Well, I've got my plate ready for supper tonight." Then he took my plate and the hobo's, which the cat cleaned right up.

Mr. Love said, "Well, these are all washed up for supper, so let's go out to the arbor and take a little nap."

The hobo was watching us and we were kind of snoring, so pretty soon the hobo just got up and quietly walked away. We never did see him again.

#### Aunt Ola

When we lost the ranch, somewhere around 1927 or 1928, Dad moved over to McNeal. He had a sister there named Ola Martyr. She was a school teacher and they had 320 acres of land there. We lived about 200 yards from the Frontier School and we'd walk home for lunch. Dad went to work for Ralph Cowan.

We children stayed at my Aunt Ola's place. She was married to a man named Bob Martyr who was nothing but a

wino. They lived in a regular house, but we had to sleep in what used to be hen houses. The girls slept in one of them, and Doug and I slept in the other.

We had to put oil inside of a can and put the bed legs inside of the can, so that the bugs wouldn't climb up into the beds and eat us up.

Every time Ralph would pay Dad, he'd bring the check over and give it to his sister, Ola, so she could buy groceries.

Aunt Ola would go to Bisbee and buy popcorn, a lot of it, and she would grind it and make cereal. She gave it to us for breakfast and supper most of the time.

Dad came over early one evening, about supper time. We were eating, and he said, "What in the world are you kids eating?"

I said, "We're eating our supper."

He said, "What is it?"

We told him it was ground up popcorn. Boy, it made him mad and he rushed over to that building where they had the cement floor and had windows and stuff. He opened the door and there they were, eating potatoes and meat and all kinds of vegetables. Did he ever get on his sister about it!!

He said, "From now on, I'll bring the check and give it to Amos and Daisy." We had an old Chevy coupe with the back out, made into a sort of little truck. I used to drive it

all the time. Dad taught me how to drive, so every month when Dad came, he'd give us his check and we'd go to Bisbee and get the groceries for the coming month.

After a while the Martyrs left. They took up the Boarding House that used to be over the Rexall Drug in Bisbee. There were about six rooms up there, and Aunt Ola rented rooms out and cooked for the men.

We were still living at my Aunt's place, when one time on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May a storm brought in ten inches of snow. We had to walk all the way home through the snow.

Doug and I did the janitor work, cleaned up, swept out and built fires. Our teachers were Mr. and Mrs. A.C. Tanner. They taught us through the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. After we graduated from Grammar School, we would catch a bus and go to Lowell to High School.

While I was going to High School, the PE teacher was Mr. Jack Wilson. He used to put the boxing gloves on us and teach us how to box. I was very good at boxing, as I was active and strong for my size. I also liked it a lot.

#### Working for Ralph

Ralph Cowan owned land from five miles east of Tombstone to five miles north of Douglas, about where Wilson's dairy used to be. He also had cattle at the Harkee

place, which was over toward Sonoita. He had six sections at the Harkee place.

Mr. Harkee was married to a Mexican woman who had a daughter. That property is still standing there like it used to. There's a big iron tank, a windmill and an old house and a shed still standing up like it was fifty years ago.

Ralph let the Harkee place go to Red Sanders, so it's called the Sanders place now. When Ralph divided up his property, he divided it into three portions. Where Don Grey lives clear up to where Bob Straub has a windmill went to Jimmy Cowan. Jimmy sold it to Ernie Aycock and Don Grey is running it. It included the Shepard place, the Pruitt, the Triangle and the Deep Well.

When my Dad was working for him, we used to stay at the Triangle and have to ride through the Shepard (place) and the Pruitt and come down close to the Air Base where the Hunt place was. Dad used to send me home whenever Ralph gave him a check. I rode horseback from the Triangle or the Hunt place all the way to Frontier. There were no fences at all.

We would go to the McNeal Mercantile and buy groceries there. That store would have anything you might want. I used to get a half a sack of beans and a sack of cornmeal and some sowbelly. Which is salt pork (some people don't

know what a sowbelly is), and take it back home to my brother and sisters.

The next day I'd saddle up the horse and go back to where Dad was, all by myself.

The Triangle had a wooden floor and an old wood cook stove and a table. There was a porch made out of tin with a dirt floor where we were supposed to sleep. But we slept out doors. The mosquitoes were so bad that Dad used to gather a lot of dry cow pancakes and build a fire to let the smoke go around our beds to keep the mosquitoes from eating us up.

One time we were moving a bunch of cattle from the JO bar and coming on down to the 4 bar, bringing them on to where the Air Base is now. When we got to McNeal, Ralph said, "I'll go over here to Portzline's and get you boys some soda." Which he did.

He put the bottles in a sack and as he was coming along, his horse got spooked at the sodas rattling and bucked him off. It broke his collar bone and mashed his privates.

Mr. Stolp took him in to the hospital in Douglas. We used to call that horse 'Tom', but after that we called him 'Nut Cracker'.

The Cowans would work you like a dog. We used to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and have breakfast, then go

out and milk the cows, separate the milk, feed the hogs and break up the separator and wash it, then go saddle up the horses and be riding up to Gleason and be there just before the sun came up. We rode in the dark and at noon they always brought food.

I will say they fed you real good. They worked you, but they did feed you. We would never get in 'til after dark. Then we had to get the milk cows, milk them, separate the milk, wash the separator, and feed the hogs. By the time we got through eating, it would be eleven o'clock before we got to bed.

One time we got in early and Ralph and Frank Geer were in the office talking. I was outdoors. Ralph hollered out at me, "Amos, go out and bring in the milk cows." I told him, "Ralph, I don't know what those cows look like in the daylight."

Ralph said, "You damn kid, you're getting smart, aren't you?"

Shipping was always a big thing when Dad was working for Ralph Cowan. We used to ship the cattle by rail from Douglas.

We'd start working at the JO Bar, then come on down to the NI. As we came, we'd bring all the cattle that we wanted to sell and ship. Joe Krentz usually bought all the steer calves.



One fall when Joe Krentz bought Ralph's cattle, we cut them off at the yards and held them there in Douglas. After we loaded them on the train, Joe said, "Ralph, bring all the boys up to the Gadsden and I'll buy them a drink."

Ralph said, "Fine, Joe. I'll just take you up on that."

Now Joe Krentz acted like he was deaf. Everytime you'd talk to him, he'd put his hand up behind his ear. "What did you say? What did you say?"

All the cowboys were lined up there drinking. I was there, but I was too young to drink anything but soda pop.

Ralph was at one end of the Gadsden bar and Joe was at the other. Joe said, "Well, Ralph, let's cheer here!"

Ralph replied, "We'll have a cheer to the drink. Here's to you, you old deaf so-and-so!"

Joe came back with, "Same to you, Ralph, you old deaf so-and so!"

All the cowboys, they got sloppy drunk. As I wasn't old enough to drink, I was just watching them. So the next morning, Ralph fired every cowboy on the place when he got back to the ranch.

When Ralph fired Dad, he said to him, "Howard, I want to ask one favor of you. Will you leave Amos here with me?"

He went on to say, "I'll raise him just like my son. I'll send him to school, see that he has clothes and all."

"Yes," said my Dad, "But wait a minute. It's up to Amos. Do you want to stay, son?"

I told them, "Yes, I'll stay, Dad."

Because I knew times were hard due to the depression. While I lived at the Cowans I had to walk or ride a bicycle three miles from the ranch to the Frontier School to catch the bus. Rain or snow made no difference. I did graduate from the Bisbee High School in 1936.

When I worked for Ralph, he was a State Senator in Phoenix. He would always tell us boys who to vote for and how to vote. Well, I was old enough to do my own voting.

One year a man named Jones, a Republican, was running for Governor. He was opposed by a fellow by the name of Osborne.

Ralph said to me, "Amos, I want you to vote for Jones."

I told him, "Nope. I'm going to vote for Osborne."

"Well," he replied, "Osborne's no good."

I said, "That runs in the family."

He looked at me and demanded, "What do you mean?"

I told him, "He's kin to me. He's my grandma's sister's boy and he's got my vote."

Sure enough, Osborne won, and in a few months Ralph came around and said, "Amos, I've got to apologize to you. Osborne is one heck of a good Governor. He really has helped the state."

Sherman Klump was an old-time cowboy who worked for Ralph. I can't remember just where he came from, but one day he said to me, "Amos, I'd like to have you meet a good friend of mine." So he took me over and introduced me to Tom Riggs.

Mr. Riggs exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned. Do you know we are kinfolk? I married your grandma's sister. She was my first wife."

Her name was Eula Lee Murray. She had two children, Edward Murray and Charles Pickney Riggs.

When I quit Ralph, he was paying me \$15 a month. In 1937 Ralph gave the cowboys and the men with families a raise. When I'd come in, I'd have to ride the bog and it would be late, then Ralph would say, "Amos, you're going to have to do all the chores this evening. The boys have all gone home early on account of pay day."

So I said to him, "How about giving me a raise? I'll give you a week to get somebody to replace me."

"Huh," he said, "I don't need nobody to replace you. I'm paying you all you're worth right now."

"Well," I said, "Fine."

So I up and left. The next morning I drove down to the bunkhouse to get my saddle. Ralph tried to talk me into staying, but I told him, "No, Ralph. You said all you

needed to say. You told me you didn't need me or anybody to replace me."

Then I went to work underground at the Bisbee mine. I was there in 1936 and 1937. When they had a big lay-off I was laid off, so Ralph got me to come back to work for him in 1938.

I had a bad wreck about that time. We'd rounded up the Tedwell Place, and were moving the cattle over to some big corrals that they called the Old Maid.

One calf kept running out. So finally I said, "Dang you, I'm going to get even with you." Just as I roped him, my horse stepped in a hole and the horse fell right over the top of me.

I got up, got back on the horse, drug the calf back to the herd and turned him loose and we finished work.

Sometimes I'd do the slaughtering. Usually we'd kill a heifer because the steers brought more money. I had a friend, Jack Piper, a little Cousin Jack, who would come out from Bisbee to help. So this particular afternoon I shot the calf and then stuck it. After it bled out, we would slide an improvised sled under the carcass to move it.

Well, when I leaned over to pull the calf onto the sled, it put the pressure on my back bone, and it pinched a blood vessel in my spinal column. I just rolled over and passed out right on top of that calf.

Shorty rushed to the house and they took me in to the Calumet Hospital which was there by the Elks. I was unconscious for 30 days. They used to tap my spine five, six times day or night to take pressure off. Dr. Adamson did that. My neck and my back were both broken.

I weighed 140-145 pounds while I was unconscious I lost over 50 pounds and only weighed 88 pounds when I woke up.

When I woke up I could hear music. I looked, and there was Betty Baldridge, a nurse I knew, sitting on a chair at the foot of my bed, reading a book.

I said, "Betty, what the H\_\_\_ are you doing here in my room? Get the heck out of here!"

She told me, "Amos, you've been hurt. You've been unconscious for 30 days."

I replied, "There's nothing wrong with me." But when I tried to move, I couldn't. I was paralyzed.

It just so happened that they were having a March of Dimes dance at the Elks next door. Betty went to phoning and she called Ralph and told him I'd come to. It wasn't ten minutes before the whole room was full of people. I recognized them and could talk to them, but I couldn't do anything but just lay there, flat on my back.

There was a wonderful Doctor in town, an Osteopath by the name of Paul Collins. He used to give me two treatments a day, until I got to where I could walk around pretty good.

But I couldn't see much, only about three feet in front of me. If I got into a car, I would have to close my eyes because it seemed like I was going over a cliff. Finally I got my eyesight back, but I had to wear glasses, which I still do to this day.

Incredibly, Amos recovered completely from this accident. He went on to do a lot of Rodeoing, very successfully. Through his life he raised and trained Quarter horses.

In 1943 Amos married a Douglas girl, LaDorna Romine. LaDorna was strictly a city girl, so it was hard for her to adjust to country life with none of the amenities, and no close neighbors. In 1944 their first son, Rhett, was born. Gone With the Wind was all the rage, and LaDorna's mother begged her to name him after Rhett Butler. Their second baby, Rhonda, was born in 1946.

Amos drilled the first big well on the west side of Whitewater Draw. He cleared 100 acres and raised cotton and maize. In 1952 he returned to the mines in Bisbee and worked there until they closed in 1975.

In 1951, the twins were born, two little girls which they named Rita and Rhetta. The following year Amos LeRoy arrived. Five years later, in 1957 Darryl completed the family.

Amos and LaDorna sold their first place and bought 260 acres on Torn Rose Lane, south of Davis Road and west of McNeal. They raise horses and cattle.

All the children are married and live other places except Darryl, who lives at the ranch and helps his folks. Rhonda died in 1990 and her son passed away this year (1997).

In their retirement, Amos and LaDorna belong to and are active in several organizations: The Southwestern Pioneer Cowboy's Association; Cochise County Historical Society; The Cowbelles and McNeal Ladies Aid.

Amos has seen truly remarkable changes in the Sulphur Springs Valley. In his youth he saw many of the homesteaders leave. With the advent of electricity the valley became an important farming area, and now it is being urbanized.

Amos certainly came up by his own bootstraps. He is living proof that America is the 'Land of Opportunity' for anybody with grit and determination.

## GEORGANNA BUSHMAN SPURLOCK

### Holbrook, Arizona

Georganna Bushman Spurlock was born the second child to Preston Ammaron and Anna Smith Bushman. She entered this world on February 22, 1906. She was named after George Washington who also shares her birthday. Georganna was born in her grandmother's home in Snowflake, Arizona.

Georganna's father was a dry farmer and they lived at "Dry Lake", Arizona, during Georganna's childhood. It was there that she began her "pioneering" so to speak.

At the age of 4, her mother died. Not even a year following the death of her mother, her older brother, Joseph, was killed in a wagon accident. This left Georganna to be the oldest of what would soon become 10 children, all of which were brothers but one. Her father's remarriage just one year following the death of her own mother, was the beginning of having many siblings to help "raise". She laughs about having to "raise" all these boys and how ornery they could be. This left Georganna with quite a sense of responsibility. She attended primary school in Zeniff, Arizona and then was able to attend the Snowflake Academy while living with her grandmother Smith. After graduating High School, she went to work for Fred and Wilma Turley on their "Dude Ranch". She learned so much about this that she



decided that she could do this just as easily on her own, as she had all of her own tack and knew horses very well.

Georganna had her own "Dude Ranch" up until the time that she got married in 1932.

One day, not long ago we wanted to video tape our grandmother telling some of her experiences as a child, in doing so we found out that, well she wasn't as perfect as some of her grandchildren believed, although she never did anything that was mean or sinful. Her spunk came from just plain old interest in livestock of all kinds. One of her most daring escapades was that she would sneak out of the house at night, to watch the wild horses on the range. Some nights they would stampede and she thought this was the best to behold. She would just climb a tree and sit it out while watching. She told us that if one of her kids had ever done something like that she would have likely fallen apart knowing what danger they were in.

Another such incident was when the Hash Knife Outfit began to be disbanded, the whole area had a very large round-up that landed a huge herd of cattle in Dry Lake. When the herd was divided for freighting, there were quite a few doggies that had been left. The ranchers gave permission to the Bushmans to take these and do with them what they would. Georganna was only 8 years old at this time, but she took 7 or 8 dogies herself to raise. This she

did to their maturity and was able to sell them off for a profit.

This love of dogies would continue for the rest of her life. As a young mother herself, she would make a point of going out among the ranches during the calving season every year. When she was to have her fourth child, her due date and the calving season were to be about the same time, this was quite a disappointment to her as she would miss that years calves. We as grandchildren also remember her nursing dogies even up into her late 60's and early 70's. We remember as children, watching as "Namina," as her grandchildren fondly called her, would come out of the house to get into her car, dogies would appear from all directions to talk (nuzzle) their adoptive mother into feeding them. She was so very loving and patient with these little orphans.

Georganna could also hitch and drive a team as well as any man and because of her skill in handling horses, and driving teams, she was given many opportunities to help in many things; such as ranching, hauling freight, hauling mail, and also helping with religious work being done in the surrounding areas. It was just one of these such times that she first met her future husband. At eighteen years of age, she had been called to help the Mormon missionaries to travel from Snowflake to Pleasant Valley because the way was

hard to take by vehicle and Georganna could handle the horses for the others going. There were eight missionaries needed in this area and one woman from England was going along. They asked Georganna to be her companion because of her reputation with horses. Georganna and her company were on the "Bar X" ranch and had given a discussion the previous night, when from an upstairs bedroom, Rans saw her and said to his sister with him, "You see that young woman? That's the girl I'm going to marry real soon." Believe it or not, he did. (but not quite "real soon")

Georganna was quite old when she got married, she was one month away from her 26<sup>th</sup> birthday. This seemed the thing to do as she was waiting for her future husband, Ransom Crockett Spurlock to come around to her way of thinking. Some 8 years of waiting, boy it just takes some men longer than others. Georganna married on January 20, 1932 to the only man she'd ever loved. This was an especially hard winter and the wedding had been moved up two months because of harsh winter storms. Rans had a ranch in Pleasant Valley, Arizona, which is now Young. This ranch was called the "Bar X" ranch. The brand for this ranch was the Circle One ① for the Circle One Livestock Co. After the wedding, the couple had to travel around to Globe and back into the Pleasant Valley area because the mountains over the Heber area were snowed in. On arriving at the

ranch, the young marrieds became snowed in, this lasted for three solid months. She once told us that they had lived on apple pie and love, dry apples being one of the main supplies in the house.

Georganna's husband Rans became interested in raising Hereford cattle at this time and soon realized that he needed a ranch of his own. The Pleasant Valley land was Lease Land and they weren't able to buy it. It was during this time that their first two daughters were born. When the oldest was about 2 years old they relocated to a ranch that was near the Petrified Forest called "The Milky". They continued to use the Circle One brand; but Rans also liked to use the C-Y *cl* that had no particular meaning but he liked it because it didn't blotch. It was while on "The Milky" that their first son was born. Later they purchased approximately 80 sections of land near Joseph City, Arizona. They bought this piece of property in 1934. The land ran from the Manila wash on the South end to the Navajo Reservation on the North end. The ranch was only about 4 sections across though. They named this "The Humpy". They lived in Joseph City, so that the children could attend school. The next three children were born while living in Joseph City, another boy, a girl, and the youngest, a boy that only lived two days. While in Joseph City, they bought a small area of land that was called "Charlie's Place" or

"Hutch Place" north of Holbrook, Arizona. This was done around 1944. The family then moved to Holbrook, Arizona and moved up on the hill to what is now the Jeffers' place, north of Holbrook. "Charlie's Place" was named for Rans' partner in ranching, Charlie Wetzler.

It was while living in Holbrook that Rans bought the "Navajo" ranch located in Navajo, Arizona. The "Humpy" was sold to Lloyd Paulsell and then the "Navajo" ranch was added to the "Milky" and "Charlie's Place". If you are familiar with this area then you will know that this ranch ran for several hundred square miles. The "Navajo" ranch running from the "Milky" to approximately 50 miles west of the New Mexico border on south to St. Johns, Arizona. The trail that they used for driving cattle, ran right under Route 66 and this was a trial for the drovers. It seemed the cattle didn't particularly like to go under the Highway and they would stampede on occasion. Georganna's children remember helping on just some occasion, and have mentioned that this was quite an experience for young children to witness.

Georganna took an active part in the operations and planning of this large ranch. Rans took an interest in breeding while at the "Navajo" ranch. He would try breeding the Brahman with the Hereford, then the Angus with the Hereford, then the Angus with the Brahman, he even bred the Hereford with the Simmental, at one time he bred a Hereford

with a Holstein, needless to say this didn't work real well. Another one of his projects that was very successful, was the placing of windmills. He would have one placed, one for every couple of sections or so. This way you could walk anywhere on the ranch and have water. This was very good for the cattle and always worked. He kept his windmills in working condition at all times. In northern Arizona we have a very large aquifer that is accessible to wells but the moisture received is very minimal. As a result the windmills were a sound business move for that area.

Georganna was also the cook around the ranch. Every morning, at dawn, she would get up and fix a fantastic breakfast for the cowboys working at that time. This served two purposes at once, to be able to sit and map out the days activities and chores, and to let the men start their day off with a full stomach. Just some of the main helpers that we could list are: Doyle Randall, Norman Randall, Merwin DeWitt, John Greenleaf and Bob Masters. Rans' main help for many years came from Charlie DeSpain, who was a great friend and advisor to the Spurlocks until the ranch was sold in 1979. Some of the other helpers that were in on the breakfasts would be the Navajo men that were hired to build fences. As any rancher knows, this is one of the hardest jobs on the ranch. Doug Keams was the main help with these

men, a Navajo man that worked for the Spurlocks for many, many years.

Through the good times, of having a successful ranch that was an inspiration to other ranchers, to the tough times, of having to ship whole herds of cattle to Texas during the drought in 1952-53, Georganna was there to make life easier for all involved. She was the kind of woman that we feel is truly a "pioneer" in the ranching and cattle industry.

## MARGE TUCKER

### Chino Valley, Arizona

#### My Life

I almost became a yankee because I was born in New York state. I was raised in Vermont until my father was told to "go west young man" for his health in 1934 when I was thirteen years old. My mother was a Vermont Quaker and my father came from France when he was twelve years old.

We first arrived in Silver City, N.M. where I had my first ranch job. - skinning - skinning dead cows which the government had left slaughtered and laying out in the fields. The government paid the rancher a dollar or two so he could hopefully outlast the terrible drought. He got another few cents for each hide. He told us the less holes the better but we kids made many holes in those hides.

At first snow we left for Phoenix, arriving there about Dec. 1, then later moved to Prescott.

I spent all the time I could, through my teenage years on the old Aiken ranch in Chino Valley where I earned my first spurs with Betty Wells.

While growing up in Vermont I was determined I was going to marry a farmer with lots of cows and horses. But



now in Arizona, I was destined to marry a cowboy with a few cows and horses. I married Bud Tucker.

He ran his Uncle Sam Rosser's 44 bar ranch on Willow Creek, out of Prescott. He also ran a few cows of his own under the upside-down U-4 brand. To make a living and get ahead, he had to work out a lot and left me home to raise two boys and take care of the cattle. We also worked together on the K4 ranch and ran the Buckhorn ranch near Castle Hot Springs.

We sold our little ranch in 1960 and tried ranching in Oregon for six years but that was long enough, Arizona was calling us back.

Meanwhile we started training horses, everyone liked the way our horses worked and wanted theirs to act the same. Bud trained head horses and I trained heel horses. That lead to breaking colts for others, training and showing.

We always had a few cows and roping steers around and we did day work. I have been a widow now for over sixteen years but I still keep a good horse and saddle and help friends and neighbors through spring and fall works. That's the last thing I would want to give up.

PS: I am a COWBOY POET and am enclosing a couple of my poems that describe my life pretty well.

## RANCH WIDOW

by Marge Tucker

You have heard of the poor ranch widow - a long suffering colleen.

She has a husband who lives on the ranch and is seldom ever seen.

While she has a house in town to put the kids in school Getting together on weekends is usually the general rule.

Then there's the other ranch widow who stays at home on the place,  
Who's husband works on a far-off ranch and she seldom sees his face.

He has to work away from home to feed his cows and children. Taking care of another man's cows, 'cause that's the only thing he's skilled in.

He has to pay the mortgage, buy materials for new fence. He's building for the future and that makes a lot of sense.

So the ranch widow stays at home and tries hard not to fuss. While the kids walk four miles each day to catch the old school bus.

She stays at home, long days go by, 'cause he is really stuck.  
Unless she wants to walk to town, her husband has the truck.

She cleans the barn and feeds the calves after she's milked the cow.  
And throws hay down to the horses from the old hay mow.

She splits some wood for the cook stove and for the fireplace too.  
She gathers eggs and churns butter, and she is almost through

When she hears the clatter of a truck, sounds like her very own.  
Yep, here it comes down off the hill, her husband has come home.

He needs a shave and haircut but he still looks mighty good.

"I had a few hours off" he said "so I brought you some firewood."

"If it don't last til I come again, there's that big snag up the draw."

While you go to town for groceries, I'll sharpen the ax and saw.

"Don't be gone too long, old girl, I have to get back tonight.

The boss wants us saddled up and gone before first light."

So she goes to town and hurries back, hopin' for a hug or two.

It has been almost three weeks and some lovin' is overdue.

But when she carries the groceries in, he says "where are my clean clothes,

And haven't you darned my favorite sox, these all seem to holes."

She follows him out as he heads for the truck with a box of clean levies and shirts.

And she's beginning to think all men on earth are just great big jerks.

But then he takes her in his arms and say "Hon, I wish I could stay,

Give the kids a big hug for me and be good while I'm away.

Oh, by the way, while you're killing time, look for that big-titted cow.

I saw her a couple of months ago and she should have calved by now.

Sometimes her calf can't suck so you'll have to bring her home

And milk her out for a week or two til the calf takes it on his own.

Sorry I don't have time to shoe a horse, I know they are past due,

All the stuff you need is in the shed, I know you can tack on a shoe.

Don't work too hard" he said with a smile, "I'll be back before too long,

Just don't get in trouble, don't let anything go wrong.

We'll be debt-free in twenty years and then we'll take it easy.

I hope you keep from getting bored, find enough to keep you busy."

So there he goes in a cloud of dust, her man, her only love. He's not perfect but he's all hers and she thanks God above.

She knows that he will have to return, he has to get his socks,  
Accidently and on purpose, she forgot to put them in his box.

### A LUCKY MAN

by Marge Tucker

They say a man should have three things, in the course of his active life.

A good cowdog, a handling horse, and finally a faithful wife.

One man lucked out and had all three, a man out of the past. I'll tell you first 'bout his dog and horse, and save the best for last.

Old Cap, he was a big brown horse, Looked proud when he carried a man.

He and the man, they made a team, 'cause the man was a roping hand.

Cap would put him up on a steer, and always give him a shot. The two together were fast and smooth, and they won many a pot.

At cutting old Cap was never a slouch, a cow could never get by him.

He could hold a gate and turn on a dime, run barrels and usually win.

At a running walk, he could work all day, he would never seem to tire.

He kept it up for twenty-five years, 'til he was ready to retire.

Jake, he was a big brown dog, of collie and boxer extraction.

The collie, he put the cow in him, The boxer - aggressive action.

He could take a cow down to the ground, and hold her til he got the demand;

To let her up with no a scar, "that's good" was the command.

He was a help, he could save a horse, climbing rocks and hills so rough.  
He would bring the cows down to a man, he was so smart and tough.  
When some old cow got hot and mad, and sulled up in brush pile.  
Jake would grab a nose or eyelid, and lead them out in grand style.  
Despite his strength, he was so kind, and loved all little folks  
Until his death he was the guardian of calves and cats and colts.

Last but not least, here comes the wife, a gal with looks and vigor.  
She gave the man two handsome sons, and still she kept her figure.  
She worked hard 'long side her man, broke colts and worked the steers.  
Fed calves, milked cows, raised chickens and eggs, she kept it up for years.  
She was the midwife when Jake was born, and she nurtured him a lot.  
She ran barrels for years on Cap, and usually won a pot.  
An attractive house she always kept, Even when she fed a crew.  
She could cook real good, bake bread and pie, and make a real mean stew.  
She loved her man and told him so, In ways that he could see.  
If you haven't guessed who she is by now, I have to tell you, it's me.  
My man has gone on to heaven now, Jake and Cap have gone there too.  
I'll keep my one last saddle and horse, and join them when this life is through.

## LOIS WESSLUND CLARIDGE

### Safford, Arizona

The history of my husband, Samuel Ray Claridge, was published in Volume V, ARIZONA RANCH HISTORIES of 1983. This history covered 76 years of his life and 35 of the 38 years of our marriage. He was killed in a car accident three years later. Rather than be redundant about those years, this story relates more to my early life and the eleven years since his death.

Both maternal and paternal grandparents emigrated from Sweden (he in 1870 and she in 1881) and settled in Ford County, Illinois near the town of Paxton. Charles and Hulda Asp Wesslund acquired many farms and all had many amenities not common at that time - generating plant, smokehouse, indoor plumbing and central heat. The lawns and gardens were beauty spots of the area, much of this due to my father. Three of my grandfather's brothers also settled in the area. A brick factory, a school and a park bore the Wesslund name.

My maternal grandparents, Nils and Signe Anderson Perrson (spelling later changed to Pearson) came to America in 1881. Grandfather Pearson passed away at the age of 63, leaving three minor daughters who were 9, 12, and 14 years of age. My mother, Ellen, was 12. Grandmother Pearson then

moved to a small acreage near Paxton, Illinois and proceeded to support herself and these three young girls. She was a lovely and enterprising woman who managed her thrift and talents. She sold milk, butter, chickens, eggs and tended a large garden. Her main support came from loomng beautiful rugs and had a small house built on her property to hold the loom so it could easily be heated. She taught English in the Swedish schools and spoke without an accent. She felt her children should speak the language of their country so she did not speak Swedish to them or to her grandchildren. She did, however, hold spirited conversation in Swedish with my father who was quite a linguist. She passed away just before Thanksgiving in 1932 at the age of 74. She was the only grandparent I was privileged to know.

My grandfather Wesslund believed in developing well-rounded children so Dad took piano lessons and played the harmonica. His sisters were sent to finishing schools. Dad attended Brown's Business College, and later Coyne Electrical Trade School. He had a lifelong interest in all new inventions and had a collection of early radios and victrolas. He also had one of the first cars in the community. Added to this was a photographic memory which as a child led me to believe he was a walking dictionary! He worked for some time with the Washington Light and Power Company in Spokane, Washington and in Central America.

Traveling was his hobby. After the war, he returned to Paxton as manager of the local telephone company which he helped design and which became the model used for the independent exchanges built in that area of Illinois.

On October 14, 1920, he married my mother, Ellen Esther Pearson, who was the Chief Operator of the phone company. She had trained as a telephone operator in Chicago and returned to her hometown after the new exchange was built. She trained the new operators. I was born on October 8, 1921 and my brother, Richard, was born on June 8, 1923. Mother did not work when we were young, except for unexpected emergencies. Then, she worked the night shift and we were put to bed in the operator's lounge where the fire siren for the town was located. It was quite an experience to be awakened when the siren blew!!

For the first 12 years of my life, we lived on College Hill. It was named this because Augustana College had its first campus there. It was just two blocks from the cemetery and I still can recall the night the Ku Klux Klan marched past our home. I also remember the large groups of people entertained at our home. We had the first swimming pool in town. One Christmas during a snow storm, which made driving impossible, my mother's brother drove a bobsled to town and took us to his farm for Christmas Eve. That was the only time I saw a tree lighted with real candles.



Although Dad did not engage in farming as an adult, my four uncles from both sides of the family did. When it was threshing time, Dad was always there and considered the best hay stacker in several counties. Mom helped with the cooking needed for the threshing crew. I also spent some time each summer on the farm with aunts and uncles so I had quite an interest in agriculture. Added to this was the fact that the University of Illinois and its Agricultural School was only 27 miles from our home. Hogs, of course, and corn were the two big crops of that area.

My parents were not alone in losing most of their fortune during the stock market crash of the 1930's. Many of my Dad's friends committed suicide. His only remark was that it took more courage to face the future. The telephone company had been sold to Illinois Commercial and he was replaced. When I was 12, my parents moved to Chicago where both parents were employed. Dad died in 1953 at the age of 67 years while on his way to work. Mother retired in 1960 and moved to Elmhurst to be near my brother and visited with us during the winter months. At the age of 77, my brother and his wife took her into their home for ten years. At the age of 87, she entered Camelot Health Care Center in Westmont, Illinois where she died on November 17, 1992, one month short of her 97<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My working days began shortly after moving to Chicago. I walked a first grader home from school and stayed with him until his mother came home. I also did other babysitting in the evening. We lived only a block from Lake Michigan and I attended Swift Elementary School which was considered the best elementary school in the Chicago area. It had an indoor swimming pool, so in our daily gym class, three days were spent swimming. Our principal arrived each day in a chauffeur driven car!

I next attended Senn High School and took a commercial course, as I did not know if there would be money for college. These basic courses in typing, shorthand and bookkeeping opened many doors throughout the years and I felt I made a wise decision. I worked in the Vice-Principal's office which added to my work experience.

Dad was a believer in a good education. He stressed that one might lose many material things; and education was something that could never be taken from you. If we chose to attend college, he would do all he could to help us, even though the family income was limited. Both my brothers and I followed his advice and we worked to help achieve our goals.

I worked in the cafeteria at the Irving Park YMCA after school and on weekends; clerked in a German bakery; as a

file clerk in the General Offices of the A & P Tea Company; as well as in their large commercial bakery.

By that time, "I had decided to choose nursing as my profession. Dad wasn't too pleased about this as he felt nurses were treated as second-class citizens rather than the professionals they are today. He did relent when I chose to take a five year course of study at Northwestern University and the Evanston Hospital School of Nursing which lead to a Bachelor of Science Degree in Liberal Arts and a Diploma in Nursing from the hospital. This particular course was considered to be one of the best anywhere and was said to be 10 to 20 years ahead of its time.

I was short a year of foreign language to enter Northwestern, so I attended North Park Junior College which had a high school academy on campus where I was permitted to take this course and still matriculate at the college. My days there were the basis for a marvelous education. Classes were small, instructors were dedicated and we had professors who worked closely with the students. I also worked in the Registrar's Office which gave me additional work experience. My first attack of Rheumatic Fever was during Christmas break in 1939. I was able to make up school time and finished the first year at North Park in the spring of 1940.

In the fall of that year, I began studies at Northwestern and again had the fortune of getting secretarial work with the Dean of the Political Science Department, Dr. Kenneth Colegrove. He was the executive Director of the American Political Science Division. Dr. Colegrove was also one of General MacArthur's political advisors on Japan. Many Japanese and German political defectors came to him for assistance and guidance. One of my duties was to transcribe their hand-written notes which were later published. I also typed the doctoral thesis for Mary Earhart Dillon, Amelia Earhart's cousin. I later typed a shortened version for publication which was about Frances Willard, a social reformer who organized the temperance movement on the plan which attained national prohibition. Willard also advocated woman suffrage. Everyday those involved in governing our country passed through those doors. I was privileged to meet Governors, Congressmen and Cabinet Members and was again fortunate to meet other during my years representing the cattle industry.

In the fall of 1941, just before the attack on Pearl Harbor, I moved into the students nurses' dormitory for my practical work. Graduate nurses left in droves. Junior and Senior nurses were put in charge of hospital wards, especially the evening and night shifts. I spent a year of going to bed when the sun came up, or working relief (3 p.m.

to 11 p.m.), and also attended classes during the day. Five months before my graduation, I had a second bout of Rheumatic Fever which resulted in severe heart damage that led to five months in the hospital as a patient. After leaving the hospital, I had a six month convalescence at home. No one expected me to graduate, but I did. I was originally assigned to the newborn nursery, as it was felt the babies couldn't give me an infection. Shortly thereafter, while still a student, I was assigned to the School of Nursing as an instructor due to the shortage of personnel. When I did graduate in the spring of 1945, I continued as a Clinical Instructor in Medical and Surgical Nursing at both Northwestern University and Evanston Hospital. I was recognized by the United States Public Health Service for Meritorious Service as an instructor in the U.S. Cadet Corps. during this time.

Instead of completing a Master's Degree at the University of Chicago, I was advised to move to a drier climate and moved to the Gila Valley in February of 1946 to work for F.W. Knight, M.D. as an office nurse. He often made home visits to ranches throughout the county after regular office hours. His wife and I usually accompanied him. I shared an apartment with the Safford High School Economics teacher who also worked as a 4-H leader for the Graham County Extension Service. She invited me to

accompany her to the Greenlee County Cattlegrowers summer meeting at Hannagan's Meadow. The Graham County Home Demonstration Agent and the Greenlee County Extension Service Agent and his family were also in the group. Staff from the University of Arizona Extension Service demonstrated the enucleation of a cow's cancerous eye. Everyone was waiting for the girl from Chicago to faint. Instead, the wives in attendance were dropping like flies. I set up shop in the lodge and administered first aid! By the time I became the Arizona Cowbelle President, most of these men knew me quite well!

I was invited to a dutch oven supper at the Bryce Brothers Ranch during their roundup and I spent my first Thanksgiving at the Tanner-Armer Ranch in the Sierra Ancas north of Globe.

Shortly after this, I met Samuel Ray Claridge (always called Ray) when he became a patient of Dr. Knight's. He had returned from the service in Burma and India and was suffering from various jungle diseases. Not long after, I attended the Doctor's Futurity Races (named in honor of Dr. Stratton) and Ray was there. He asked me if I'd like to bet on the races and I agreed. He let me pick the horse and he would take the field. Those were pretty fair odds in his favor. I didn't know much about horses, but I won every race. And so our courtship began. This wasn't necessarily

easy. Ray lived at the W.H. Claridge and Sons Ranch in the Aravaipa area, 75 miles from town. They didn't have a telephone so he would come to town on business, ask me for a date, go home and then come back to town that night. So, Ray traveled 300 miles for each date! We were married in Chicago on October 8, 1948. This was my birthday and he said he'd only have to remember one date. He also decided it was a long wedding march from here to there. He agreed to wear a tuxedo, but he did not give up his boots! Thus, I became a member of the "Pioneer Claridge Family" that arrived in the Gila Valley in 1883, settling in Thatcher.

Since there was a great need for nurses in Safford, I continued to work. There were only 17 registered nurses in Graham County, and half of those did not work. I wasn't at the ranch very often during the first four years of our marriage so I always said I was the wife of a cattle rancher instead of a ranch wife.

In 1950, we traded our interests in Aravaipa for the Bonita Creek Ranch north of Safford. This was a pack outfit. Headquarters was a four hour trip from Solomonville Pass that required 54 crossings of the creek. I resigned from Dr. Knight's office and for the next few years spent most of the time helping Ray develop water, fence pastures, move and doctor cattle, and brand. We would stay for two to three weeks at a time. Water came from a spring and we

bathed in the creek. Lighting came from kerosene lamps and I cooked on an old wood stove. Ray made a fatal mistake one day by suggesting his biscuits were better than mine. I'd about had it with the stove and told him he couldn't have anything but the best, so he could make the biscuits. I never did make biscuits throughout our married life and he didn't complain about my cooking! Strangely enough, I am considered a very good cook.

In 1951, our son, Clifford, was born. Seventeen months later, we had premature twin daughters - Lynne Ellen and Lois Ann. About this time, I was told I would not live to raise the children because of the heart damage from Rheumatic Fever, but I decided there wasn't any point in worrying about it and to go on with life.

I should mention that I learned to drive on Mt. Graham, still an interesting road at best, and I had very seldom ridden a horse before I married. A road was built to the pass in 1952, but it had a 20% grade in several places. I polished up my driving skills on that road, along with collecting a few hair-raising experiences. I have never been accused of driving to slow!

We planned to build a home on the ranch closer to Solomonville Pass. After drilling over 500 feet for water, we had a dry hole. Ray decided to buy a house in town because he did not want me driving the steep grades. He did



the commuting for the next 20 years and was gone for a couple of weeks at a time while I was in town dealing with things as best I could.

I went to work for the Safford Schools in 1954, taking on the duties of School Nurse. There was no set program, nor a County Health Department as we know today. Many children were born at home and didn't have birth certificates. Immunizations for childhood diseases were considered to be part of the school health plan. I set up a yearly program to check vision and hearing, and worked to obtain birth certificates so children could be admitted into school. I contacted service clubs in the area to get glasses, surgery, dental care, clothes and textbooks for needy students. With a school district enrollment of 1,800 students, this was more than a full-time job. I became a member of the Arizona Easter Seal Board and for the next 36 years issued sight drafts for children and adults who needed specialist care not available in the Gila Valley. I held this position until the spring of 1965.

While Ray was a Board Member of the Arizona Cattlegrowers, I helped organize the Mt. Graham Cowbells and in 1959 served as President of the Arizona Cowbells. Since I was working, time was of the essence and I sometimes chartered a plane to visit the various Cowbelle groups. Tyne Jernigan was my secretary. I addressed the University

of Arizona Agricultural Agents and Extension Service Leaders at a meeting they held in Tucson and made prognostications about the future of the cattle industry. Some of this was done "tongue in cheek," but it has been amazing to find how much of what I predicted actually came true! I made many other appearances as a representative of the cattle industry, talking with the press and writing a monthly article for the Arizona Cattlelog, our official magazine. The organization did not provide expenses at that time.

While attending the American National Cattlemen's Convention in Salt Lake City in 1961, I was asked to serve as President-Elect of the American National CowBelles for 1962. The Safford School Superintendent said I could absent myself from my school duties when needed, if I provided for a substitute. I rationalized I had spent a year's salary working for the orthodontic treatment my three children were receiving and could, therefore, spend another year's salary for the benefit of the cattle industry. The budgeted allowance for the National President had just been instituted for the magnificent figure of \$500.00. Even in those days, you can imagine how little of the expenses that covered.

I assumed my position at the 11<sup>th</sup> President of the American National CowBelles in Tampa, Florida in January, 1962. Our organization was experiencing rapid growth and

needed to evaluate and attack the problems that had arisen with this. The mechanics of reorganization turned out to be a tremendous task. I made many trips to the Denver Office and a part-time assistant was hired. With dues of \$1.00 a year, it took almost all of the money budgeted for the year's office expenses just to send out the year's three newsletters!

Although hectic, the year had many memorable experiences which included wonderful hospitality wherever I traveled on official business. I traveled more than 42,000 miles on official business, another 15,000 miles on personal business, and continued to work as school nurse while squeezing in my family responsibilities. Such a schedule also produced it humor. My nine year old daughter asked if she could "make an appointment with me as she had some important business to discuss!" While in Denver attending the USDA Land and People Conference without Ray, we celebrated our 14<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. I called him at 5:00 a.m. hoping to find him home before he left for the ranch. When I said, "Happy Anniversary", he asked, "Who is this?" I decided then and there it was time to head home!

I represented the beef industry at a special hearing before the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, John Duncan, in Washington, D.C. Other members of the livestock industry and I expressed our views about promotional problems within

our various areas. There was a representative from the pork, sheep, and poultry industries along with a cattle rancher from Texas and another from Colorado. Although Sabina Larson, the National Secretary, accompanied me, it appeared I was the token woman spokesperson.

I conducted the CowBelles mid-year General Council Meeting in Seattle since the World's Fair was being held there. I visited 10 of our 24 affiliated states: New Mexico, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, Nevada, Utah, California and Arizona. I had planned to visit Oregon and Washington, but due to illness I had to cancel these two visits. In addition to the CowBelle visits to the above-mentioned states, I also addressed most of the Cattle Growers Conventions held in those states; told the CowBelle story to 26 other groups during the year - some on radio, some on television - wrote reports, magazine and newspaper articles on a monthly basis, as well as 600 letters demanded of the office that could not be handled by the part-time Denver staff. I felt chained to the typewriter!

When we met in Las Vegas and Nevada our membership totaled 6,121, a gain of 1,097 during the year. In addition, there were many more helpers since not all local and state members belonged to the national group. We voted to raise the dues to \$2.00 a year (you never heard such a

fuss!). We increased the president's travel expenses and employed more help in the Denver office.

My work could not have been achieved without the wonderful assistance of Tyne Jernigan who served as Secretary when I was President of the Arizona organization, while Sabina Larson served as Secretary during my term as National President. I owe them both a great debt. Neither one had a telephone, so our communication system was a bit unusual. We often said we did it by smoke signal.

Travel experiences would fill a book. I returned to Tucson at 2:00 a.m. one morning only to find I had left the lights on in my locked car. I had only 12 hours to get to Safford, repack, pick up Ray and get to Albuquerque, New Mexico that same day. I also used everything but a pack mule on my travels. That's too long a story for this article! There was the six-week trip of 10,000 miles which the family still refers to as our "Grand Tour" when we drove through 17 states during the months of June and July while making official visits to some of the states mentioned, as well as the National Livestock and Meat Board meeting in Chicago. I managed to acquire the most horrible sunburn you've ever seen while in Denver. I had to buy heavy coats for the girls when we ran into snow in June while visiting Wyoming. Fence posts were under water in Nebraska, and we missed a tornado just by hours in Nebraska and Wisconsin.

We apparently lived charmed lives! Minutes before crowning Ms. South Stock Dakota Grower of 1962, a waiter dumped my dinner plate upside down in my lap. Although saturated from front to back, I wiped off the roast beef, potatoes and gravy and completed the task, and doubt if anyone noticed. Having spent an unforgivable amount of money on the silk dress, it was still the best investment of the year (even if the lining did shrink when it was cleaned!). I have it to this day.

While in Seattle, the American National Cattlemen and CowBelles were guests of the Longacres Race Track where the featured race was the American National Cattlemen's Handicap. It was a pleasure to officiate as Honorary Stewardess for the afternoon and I had the honor of placing the beautiful horseshoe of roses around the neck of the winning horse.

Then, we must not forget Las Vegas where the 66<sup>th</sup> Annual Convention of the American National Cattlemen's Association was held. I met Ronald Reagan when we both appeared as speakers on the same morning program. There was a great worry about our members attending our official functions with all the outside diversions. It turned out to be the largest convention held to date and attendance at all events surpassed our expectations. We had 980 ladies in the main dining room with an overflow in another room. We also

had an unbelievable attendance at our CowBelle business breakfast with 480 present. We were startled to find the head table had been set on the stage of the Tropicana Hotel where the previous evening we had attended a topless review! After the officers recovered from the hilarity of the situation, we proceeded with the meeting. One could say that we truly performed in Las Vegas that year! For the next two years, I served on the Executive Board as a Past President and am still an Honorary Member of the National Board.

Ray managed to enliven our lives with at least one of his 18 major surgeries each of the years between 1961 and 1965. We again met many people then serving as Governors, Cabinet Members, Senators and Congressmen on state and national levels. While attending the 1965 Convention in Memphis, Ray and I were among a very small group invited to a dinner hosted by Winthrop Rockefeller, then Governor of Arkansas. In the years since then, it has been fascinating to watch and see many of these people we met become prominent in the making of our country's history. I think this was indeed an unusual year in the life of a cattleman's wife!

In June of 1962, before leaving on our "Grand Tour," Ray decided to move ranch headquarters nine miles down the creek so as to be closer to town and where we would build a

small home where the children and I could come for weekends, holidays from school and summer vacations. For years I had a plan, but the night before leaving on the trip, I couldn't find it. So, Ray's brother, Orson, built what he considered feasible by remodeling and building on to a Quonset hut! I don't think you care to hear my reaction, but it did at least give us a place to stay. The children loved their experiences and we obtained quite a reputation for the dutch oven dinners we held for groups of 30 to 100 people throughout our years on the ranch. While a ranch hand and I manned the ovens (he didn't speak English and I knew only a little Castillian Spanish), Ray would load guests into the back of the stake truck and take them to see the hieroglyphics painted by earlier settlers and the cave dwellings located there. While stalking a lion on day, Ray found a cave where a broken olla had spewn artifacts that dated back to 1275 A.D. These can be found at the Arizona State Museum in Tucson. These items were considered too potent to keep in the regular kiva and much has been written about them.

The years after 1962 were filled with many activities with the children, the children's activities and the ranch. I served seven years as Worship Committee Chairman; five years as Lay Leader; and three terms on the Board of Trustees for the First United Methodist Church of Safford.



In 1965, I began and 18½ year career in social work with the Department of Public Welfare. In 1972, Ray's health made it necessary for us to retire from ranching and with a heavy heart, we sold our ranch holdings. That same year, I became the Eligibility and Payment Supervisor for the Graham County Department of Economic Security, and in 1977 added the duties of Local Office Coordinator until my retirement in 1983. Throughout my working years, I became involved in many community and civic organizations relative to my work. A list is attached hereto. It displays my days were not idle ones.

All three of our children attended the University of Arizona. In 1969, Cliff matriculated at the U of A College of Agriculture. He married Constance Ray Pleiter, a fellow student. Cliff began a 26 year career with the U.S. Forest Service. He is presently the Fire Management Officer for the Apache-Sitgraves Forest, Alpine District. In 1975, Cliff and Constance's daughter, Courtney, was born. Three months later, Connie died as a result of a melanoma which had grown behind her spinal cord. While Connie was hospitalized in Tucson, Ray was hospitalized in the Intensive Care Unit at Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix on a respirator and fighting for his life. He was not expected to live, but amazingly he did. He was diagnosed with Myasthenia Gravis. This was a very difficult time for our

family. Courtney is now 22 years old and recently married Chad Palmateer. Cliff is now married to Letitia Moore and she works for the Gila Forest, and has two sons, Travis and Jared.

In 1970, the twins also became U of A students. Lynne graduated from the School of Home Economics and taught in that field. She later obtained a primary teaching certificate while working for the Arizona School for Deaf and Blind. She has taught in the Safford Unified School District for 18 years. Lynne has two children, Sean and Kristen Smith. She is married to Robert Reed, formerly the Chief Engineer for the Phelps-Dodge Hidalgo Smelter, but now on special assignment for the New Mexico Division of Phelps Dodge and is based in Silver City, New Mexico. His children are Allyson, Christopher, Derek and Kami.

Lois Ann graduated from the College of Pharmacy and is the Supervisory Pharmacist for the North Bay area (Golden Gate Bridge to Santa Rosa, CA.) for Kaiser Permanente. She has two children, Scott and Erin McDowell. Her husband, Dr. Howard Courtney Hughes has his own consulting business.

Ray and I did a lot of traveling throughout the 38 years of our marriage and had several wonderful trips before his death in January of 1986. We visited Alaska and Hawaii and all but seven of the states in the continental U.S. We visited the Bahamas, 18 of the 19 Mexican states, five of 10

Canadian provinces, plus the Yukon Territory. After Ray's death, I visited the Scandinavian countries and parts of Western Europe. Ray's war years in India and Burma had made him reluctant to travel outside of the North American Continent.

I spend a lot of time with my children and grandchildren. During one recent year, I was away from home 41 weeks out of 52, as I am also on-call for family emergencies. I am an avid reader and enjoy decorating for club activities and other social functions. I have an extensive crystal and silver collection which I share with others. I also have an interesting collection of Indian articles - dolls, baskets, jewelry, Crown Dancers and Kachinas.

I am currently serving my third year of a seven year appointment on the Board of Directors for Community Colleges of Arizona. This, together with other civic work keeps me well-occupied.

My favorite poem written by Edgar Guest in 1959 is IT COULDN'T BE DONE. For someone not expected to live beyond the age of 30, but who has just celebrated her 76<sup>th</sup> birthday, I think I exemplify the last line of the poem which says, "AND SHE DID IT!"

## ADDENDUM

### PROFESSIONAL, COMMUNITY & CIVIC SERVICE

Member, American & Arizona Nurses Association, 1946 through present  
Chairman of State Legislative & Insurance Committees  
President, District No. 14, Arizona Nurses Association, 1952 [assisted in organizing]  
Community Council Board, 1950's  
President, Arizona Cowbells, 1959  
Board of Directors, Arizona Cowbells, 1958 through present  
Board of Directors, Arizona Children's Home, 1955-'56  
President, Junior Woman's Club of Safford, 1955-'56  
Board of Directors, Easter Seal Society, 1955 -'91  
President, American National Cowbells [now American National Cattlemen], 1962  
President, Graham County Mental Health Association, 1964-'65  
President, Swift-Murphy Unit No. 32, American Legion Auxiliary, 1969 [member for 49 yrs.]  
Arizona Girls State Staff, 1971  
Unit Girls State Chairman, Arizona Girls State, 1970-'76  
Board of Directors, Graham County Family Guidance Clinic, 1965-'75  
Graham County Advisory Board, Health Systems Agency of Southeastern Arizona, 1970's  
Board of Directors, Graham County Association of Mentally Retarded Children/Adults, 1964-'78  
Board of Directors & Vice-Chairman, Graham-Greenlee Health Planning Council, 1974-'77  
Chairman, Graham County Health Planning Council, 1974-'77  
[Emergency Telephone Line "911" established in Graham county in 1977]  
Trustee, Safford City-Graham County Library, 1986 through present  
Building Chairman, Safford City-Graham County Library, 1987-'91  
Board of Directors, Safford City-Graham County Library Friends, 1986 through present

Legislative Committee, Chapter 2692, American Association of Retired Persons, early 1990's  
Board Member, Graham County Historical Society, 1986 through present  
Board Member, Graham County Cancer Society, 1948-'88  
Member, Arizona Town Hall, 1987 through present  
President, Woman's Club of Safford, 1989-'90 Board of Directors 1986 through present  
Parliamentarian, Women's Club of Safford, 1997 through present  
Member, General Federation of Women's Clubs, 49 year member  
Member, Arizona Federation of Women's Clubs, 49 year member  
Board of Directors, Gila Valley Arts Council, 1992 through present  
Member, Willcox Cowbelles  
Member, Mayor's Historic Restoration Committee, 1995 through present  
Board of Directors, Community Colleges of Arizona, 1994 through 2001 [7 year term]

#### **POLITICAL ACTIVITIES**

President, Graham County Republican Women, 1987  
Board of Directors, Arizona Republican Women, 1992-'95 [representing District 1]  
Precinct Committeewoman, 1988 through present  
Vice Chairman, Graham County Republican Committee, 1991 through present  
Member, Executive Committee of the Arizona Republican Party, 1991 through present

#### **RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION**

Member, First United Methodist Church of Safford  
Worship Committee Chairman, 7 years  
Lay Leader, 5 years  
Board of Trustees, 3 years

### HONORS & AWARDS

Citation of Merit from the Federal Security Agency, U.S. Public Health Service for Wartime Contribution as Instructor for Members of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps during World War II

Citation of Merit from Governor Fannin and Governor Goddard for work in the field of Mental Health, 1960's

National Women's History Month Recipient, Association of Retired Persons, 1992

Conference Room at the Safford City-Graham County Library named "The Claridge Room" by the Safford City Council for combined 22 years of service given posthumously to my husband, Samuel Ray Claridge, and to me for our combined 22 years of service on the Library Board, 1996

Graham County Historical Society Pioneer Honoree, January 1995

Safford City-Graham County Library Friends Appreciation Award on the occasion of the 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday of our local library, 1996

Named a Member of the Arizona Living Stockman Hall of Fame by the Arizona National Livestock Show, January 1996

Biographical inclusion in FOREMOST WOMEN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY; PERSONALITIES OF AMERICA, WORLD WHO'S WHO OF WOMEN; WHO'S WHO OF AMERICAN WOMEN; & WHO'S WHO IN THE WEST

**LIFE MEMBERSHIPS**

Arizona Congress of Parents & Teachers, 1967

Arizona Cowbelles, Inc.

American National Cattlemen, Inc.

American Easter Seal Society for 36 years of service, 1991

**LOWELL R. PEARCE**

**Mesa, Arizona**

Most everyone calls me "Rog." My full name is Lowell Rogers Pearce, and I was named after both my father, James Lowell Pearce, and my mother, Ione Rogers. I was born on February 4, 1921, in Linden, Navajo County, Arizona, and was the second child of ten children born to my parents. My father was a rancher and livestock farmer, and my mother was a well-known school teacher in the Linden, Show Low, Shumway, Burton, and Hunt areas. I had seven sisters - Myrna, Adell, Clea, Buena, Vivian, Ione (Babe), and Leone and two brothers - Dean (who died at 14 months) and Joy. When I was two weeks old, I had pneumonia and was not expected to live. Then when I was 12, I had rheumatic fever, and at age 14, I had leakage of the heart.

I learned to ride a horse very young. A few friends have said that I could ride a horse before I could walk. I started school at the age of six and attended both 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grades in Burton, Arizona, 3<sup>rd</sup> in Shumway, 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup> in Linden, and 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> in Snowflake. I then attended four years of high school and graduated from Snowflake High in 1939. I was a member of F.F.A. for four years and was awarded the State Farmer medal, was high point livestock judge, and won a trip to Kansas City, Missouri. I also graduated from the L.D.S. Seminary.

When I was 11 years old, I could milk cows, break wild horses, butcher hogs, haul wagon loads of wood and could hook up and work from one to six horses at the harrow, plow, wagon and slip scraper. I branded calves, herded 150 head of hogs, and prepared them for market. I rode with my father gathering wild horses, breaking broncs and building fence good enough to hold horses, cows, and hogs.




Most of the time my family made its own entertainment. We could make out own sleds in winter time and would rope calves and chase wild horses in the summer. I love to roller skate and have danced on them in several different places. When I was 15 years old, my father was in an accident involving a truck load of rock and was killed. At that time we had 51 head of mainly Hereford cattle and 160 acres to take care of. Thus, it became necessary for me to go to school, run the farm, take care of the livestock, and help my mother raise ten of us children. My father's known brand was the L7 which was later used by my brother, Joy.

I became an Eagle Scout in 1933 and was declared an Honorary Eagle Scout at the same time. Altogether, I worked in scouting for 32 years and received a 30-year pin.

At the age of 19, I married a beautiful singer, Mary Louise Allen, from Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona - the daughter of John Herbert Allen and Hilda Louise Lewis. We were married in the Arizona Temple in Mesa, Arizona, in September 1940. We were blessed with nine living children - Lowell Norman, Donnette, Gerald, Pamela, Jack, Dean (or "Pete" as he's known in the rodeo world), Laverl, Richard (Rick), and Glenna; we also took in three other boys and were foster parents to an Indian girl.

During the winter months, I used to take a pocketful of wheat to eat for lunch while cutting 100 cedar posts a day to sell. I would ship a big majority of cattle from the Show Low area to farms in Texas, which furnished food for about a million people. I have roped three deer, one coyote, two wild pigs, one bear, and have come close to roping and elk and an antelope. I have trapped buzzards and put bells on them; then I would turn them loose. I love wildlife! I have never killed a deer, bear, elk or antelope with a rifle.

In Navajo County, I held a record of being on the Linden Elementary School Board for 28 years. I served as president of the Navajo County Cattle Growers Association for six years and was vice-president for seven years. I served on the A.S.C.S. Board for six years, on the Forest Service Advisory Board for 20 years, on the Farm Home Administration Advisory Board, and as Alternate Advisory Board member for the Livestock P.C. A. I was on the R.C. & D. Board for four years and was secretary of the Clay Springs Allotment Cattle Association for ten years. I am a member of the U.S. Congressional Advisory Board and was invited by President Reagan to go to Washington, D.C. I was chairman of the Cooperative Extension Board for 18 years and have been a 4-H leader and sponsor for 20 years.

I obtained my first ranch from Lawrence Rogers in the late 1940's, which was part of the Linden community allotment. I bought seven grazing permits in the Linden area and about five in the Clay Springs area during the next 10-15 years. At this time, I had about 300 head of cross-bred cattle. I called this my Paticho Lake Ranch. The brand I chose to use was the  and I continue to use that brand today. It has served its purpose well since it doesn't seem to conflict with anyone else's brand.

When I started rodeoing, all the cowboys from the southern part of Arizona called me up here on the mountains a "snowbird" and would not rope with me. I had already been roping with some fancy heelers, who were Indian boys. After we became consistent winners, they (the southerners) dropped the "snowbird," and I had many partners.

One, for instance, was at the Phoenix World Championship Rodeo in 1955. Of the six performances and with my wonderful horse called Cocomo, I was able to tie the fastest steer in competition against cowboys from all over

the world. From a 35ft. barrier box and 35 ft. head start, and with the Butler brothers' 4 and 5-year old toughest steers in the world, I broke every thread on the barrier string but one. As I rode back to the barrier, Dale Smith - president of the Rodeo Cowboy's Association - was holding up the barrier and showed it to me and he said, "Lucky!" These steers weighed approximately 800 pounds and there was not a dog among them. This was considered one of the toughest ropings in the world.

The Lord has indeed been good to me. I never broke a single bone in an arena. And, believe it or not, I never entered an arena without prayer. I was the A.R.A. Champion calf roper in 1961 and was considered one of the top team-roping headers in Arizona.

I put on the first rodeo in Linden in 1944; then I was asked to put on one in Show Low and continued to do so for 34 years. The money raised there was matched by P.B.O. to start building the downtown L.D. S. church house. Show Low had the reputation of having one of the best shows and parade in the northern part of the state of Arizona. I was a rodeo stock contractor in Arizona, New Mexico, California, and the Arizona Indian Reservation for 40 years.

There was one occasion over a 4<sup>th</sup> of July week-end when I furnished the livestock for three rodeos scheduled for the same hours in three different towns, which were Heber, Show Low, and Springerville. And, on top of that, Taylor had a night rodeo in which I furnished the stock. Thus, for three days and three nights, my head never hit the pillow. I was so exhausted and did suffer a slight heart attack from the experience. This was a lesson learned the hard way!

While putting on a televised rodeo in Los Alamitos, Orange County, California, at which Lorne Greene was the parade marshall, Texas Tiny was the rodeo announcer and

manager, and Clint Eastwood was the film star special attraction, the television camera man requested a hole in the fence to the side of a post for his camera.

The first bare-back horse that bucked out hit that \$19,000 camera thus breaking it into a million pieces and swinging that beautiful palomino horse out of the arena and into the bleachers, which has been erected along the outside of the arena across from the main grandstand. This horse, called Mormon Boy, ran over hundreds of people smashing one man in a wheelchair and knocking down people as he went. Then, at the end of the bleachers, he turned around and came back again running over them and the man in the wheelchair (who died) while trying to find that hole in the fence. One woman, sitting on the top row in the grandstand close to my wife, Mary, had a heart attack and died. The television camera man lay in his truck in shock most of the afternoon.

There was a traffic jam of cars entering the rodeo; consequently, the ambulance and medical people were unable to get to the injured. The entire city was moaning and sirens were screaming for miles in every direction. Mormon Boy, thinking of the Warren Hutchinson Ranch south of Winslow, where he was raised, headed straight westward for the ocean. Seeing more water than he'd ever seen before, he became even more confused. As I went to pursue him, in his frustration and to my surprise, he ran straight for my horse which was trembling and shaking. I put my rope over Mormon Boy's head and led him back to the arena in order to put him in the catch pens. Besides the two deaths, there had been 26 people injured.

That afternoon Harvey Palmer of the White Mountain Wildlife Association stationed on Green's Peak near Greer was watching television and said, "I thought I knew that man

who led that horse back into the arena." I have known Harvey Palmer all of my life.

Surprisingly, the Los Alamitos Rodeo Association later bought Mormon Boy from me, and he was the drawing card for their annual rodeo for the next four or five years. And someone even wrote a script for a movie on this theme with Jack Lord starring as Stoney Burke but riding a saddle bronc instead of a bare-back bronc. So, Mormon Boy became quite famous.

In my life, I have met a goodly number of movie stars, such as John Wayne and Ben Johnson - both from whom I've bought cattle. Also, I've known Tex Ritter and his son, John, and Gene O'Brien.

About mid-December of 1967 the weather became very disastrous in Linden with heavy cold setting in. By January 7, 1968, the trees and twigs were frosted equal to those in Canada. The poor cattle were suffering; about 15 head were buried alive in the snow. About 73 inches of snow fell in this vicinity from this ugly storm which lasted three or four days.

My brother, Joy, and I had taken to the air and had flown all around. By the time we found four of the cows, one was dying and the others were too weak to move. All those four cows had eaten in 42 days was the bark from the cedar trees they stood under and all the boughs they could reach. Another group of three that was found was in some buck brush. They had hibernated 40 days. They didn't look quite so bad, but had grubbed that brush off almost to the roots. Altogether I lost 24 calves and had 74 cows slump their calves. What a horrifying sight to behold!

Later that month I walked about 15 miles in the partly frozen snow. Sometimes I would sink down into the snow almost to my hips. On one occasion, my son Dean (Pete), and

I went out on the snowmobile to look for cattle. About 15 miles away from the ranch house, the snowmobile quit. We were stranded, and I truly believed that we would not make it back to the ranch house alive. As the sun was going down, I told Dean that we would never see the sun again in this life. The weather was below zero and we were wet to the waist. Then, miraculously, Aut and Jerry Frost came down a trail in a 4-wheel drive pick-up and with their help, we were able to dig our way safely back to their ranch. That was such a scary, close-to-death experience for me. The suffering and the torture of the animals that I witnessed did indeed change my life forever.

On July 4, 1976, I challenged four of my six sons and several nephews to compete for honors in calf roping. I was riding a 5-year old mare named Oriole. The first day of calf roping, I won second place - much to the disbelief of Jack, Dean (Pete), Laverl, and Rick. Dean said to me, "Aw, Dad, I can't believe it; that was an accident." So, I said, "Dean, I'll tell you what. I'll loan you my horse, saddle, peggin' string, or rope. But, I'm going to beat you again tomorrow." I really didn't think I stood a chance to beat them, but I decided to give it all I had. After all, what did I have to lose? And, to everyone's surprise, and especially my own, I won first place in the two-day average. Everyone just shook their heads. The Lord just must have blessed me; how could I, at my age, beat these younguns'? And this was when, as I had told my boys, I was going to hang up my rope. And thus was the end of may days of rodeo competition.

In the early 1980's I bought my second ranch from Rex and Walt Nichols; it was located just out of Verden, New Mexico. Half of it was in Hidalgo County and half in Grant



County. It was called the Cap Rock Ranch and consisted of 20 some sections in each county.

The elevation was about 4200 ft. and the climate was ideal year around. I had about 450 head of cross-bred cattle at this time. And it was here that I developed a cross-breed of Kianina, Brown-Swiss, and Hereford that made an ideal performance animal for that type of area. This cross-breed became quite popular and seemed to serve both ranchers' and feeders' needs.

During this time, I was dealing with the Triangle V Cattle Co., of which Lee Matney was president. I served as a pall bearer at his funeral in Amarillo, Texas. He bought more cattle from Arizona than any other out-of-state buyer.

During these years my wife, Mary, and I lived mostly in New Mexico. She had been stricken with a cancerous tumor of the sternum called a myeloma and was battling this condition at this time. There were happy times spent on this ranch, but there were also a few difficult, sad times experienced there. After Mary's death in 1989, I decided to sell this ranch to Billy Green and return to my ranch in Linden, which, at that time, seemed to need a lot of catch-up work.

The Linden ranch originally came with a spring of surface water that has served all of my family and many other families well. I have been told by geological surveyors that the best water table in Arizona lays under that spring of surface water some 280 feet.

On my Linden ranch I've spent a great deal of time removing the undesirable plants, such as the juniper and pinions. This has made a landscape which has greatly increased the carrying capacity. My ranch has very productive soil which is free from malapai, or, better known as lava beds.

As I've sold off various parcels of my land for public purposes (such as the fire station and school) as well as to private individuals, I've had many requests for free easements. And it's a fact that I have probably granted more of these than any other man in Linden and perhaps Navajo County. These never cease to be a challenging experience.

In December of 1992, I met my present wife, Cecilia (better known as Candi) in Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona. Actually, my sister, Vivian, introduced us, and we were married in the Arizona Temple in February 1993. She has five grown children. Since then I have come to learn about citrus trees and irrigating (as Candi has over 200 citrus trees) though I still claim to be a better dry-land farmer. To date - I now have 29 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren, and Candi is waiting for her 9<sup>th</sup> grandchild to be born.

I have recently developed a cross-breed of cattle that I think is outstanding - consisting of the Romanola, Brangus, Brown-Swiss, Kianina, and Hereford breeds; I call them Brom Kifords. They are born small, but gain weight quickly. They are fertile, easy calvers, and good milkers and mothers with agreeable dispositions. Also, they are speed to grade choice. Now I can summer them in Show Low and winter them in Lehi (a small rural valley adjacent to Mesa) where Candi and I now live.

Candi and her grandchildren are learning a lot about horses. I have owned many horses over the years. Some of my favorites have been: Peenie (on which I won my first calf-roping at age 14), Snip, Goldie, Pride (on which I won more money than any other), Cocomo, and Independence. I love buckskin horses - always have. Some of the colts that



I've owned were out of Lucky-Blanton stock and were buckskins.

My son, Jack, seems to feel this same way about paint horses. In 1976 he heeled and won the finals in the College World Championship in Bozeman, Montana. My son, Dean (Pete), represented the state of Texas in the North-American rodeo finals as a team roping heeler and won that event on November 11, 1989. That was the last event that my first wife, Mary, witnessed as she passed away that same day from her cancer. Pete Pearce holds a record in Texas, of a 4.1 over a 20 foot score. Dean's son and my grandson, Arles Pearce, age 20, is presently the world's best known trick roper in his age group as well as being a college world champion team roping header and heeler. All of Mary and my children are very talented and some are more professional in their field than our champions.

In Show Low, originally, the land was best used as homestead and/or grazing land. However, nowadays, times have changed so that the land seems to be used mainly for jobs, recreation, and wildlife. I still own seven "free-use" and exempt stock privileges, which take in the Pearce "free-use" pasture and the community pasture. Also, Phelps-Dodge guaranteed me the water rights below the Fool Hollow Dam. Without a doubt, I know that there is a demand or magnet for wildlife related experiences in this White Mountains area. Someday, I hope to help develop a wildlife reserve as this area is truly the "ideal" place for such a development. In this day and age, there is also such a great need for the proper rehabilitation of our youth. And thus, how great it would be if these two causes - the development of wildlife refuge and the rehabilitation of our youth - could come together.

This past summer, 1997, I had the honor to be asked to be the grand marshall of the Show Low 4<sup>th</sup> of July Parade and also to lead the grand entry of the rodeo. This was the first year for the Show Low Rodeo to be successfully reinstated. What a wonderful experience this was, and I'm grateful to have had a small part in it. The words I chose for my banners were: KEEP KIDS OFF DRUGS AND OUT OF JAIL---GO WEST---ENJOY HEAVEN ON EARTH.

My heartfelt thanks to my wife Candi for compiling my story for me.

Footnote by "Rog's" mother

At the ranch in Linden one day, Rog found it necessary to go and search for all the well broke saddle horses. He had to ride a horse Lowell had ridden some. But Snip was frisky and not too well broke. I hated to see him leave on Snip. I asked the Lord to bless him as I saw him go over the hill and out of sight. I got busy washing. About 2 p.m. I reached the clothesline with a basket of clothes to hang. As I stooped to pick up a piece to hang, it seemed I knew something was wrong with Rog. I dropped my right knee to the ground and asked the Lord to protect my son and bring him safely home. When he came riding in just before dusk, he rode up and said, "Mom, did you pray for me today?" I said, "When?" "Oh, about two o'clock." I said, "Why?" He said, "I was chasing the horses, when Snip stepped in a dog-hole and fell. The horn of the saddle landed in my stomach. Snip went right over me. How he kept from killing me, I don't know, unless you were praying for me." Again I thanked the Lord for his protection to me and my children.

Rog Pearce, Rancher

Written by: Robert A. Tinney

Rog Pearce resembled a statue of granite, as he sat straight up like a soldier at attention in the saddle. In the dust, I could still smell the aroma of cow manure and freshly burned hair from branding. As the herd of cattle began to calm down inside the round Corral, so did the dust. The corral was constructed of old greyish white and weathered pine logs, that appeared to be loosely thrown together, close to one hundred years ago.

Covered with dust, his once white Stetson cowboy hat looked tan with a one inch band of sweat encircling the base of the crown. The sides were rolled up closer than most hats, as if he had been using it to swat at cattle when separating them. He was wearing his hat cocked to the right side of his head to block out the hot afternoon sun. Underneath that hat was a bold and determined face that had been cut by fifty eight years of hard summers and winters. His eyes were squinted into black slits of concentration that seemed to post guard on each side of his nose, which resembled that of a Native American's. His lips were always pressed together into a fine line from years of being chapped by the sun. He did not have any facial hair other than the salt and pepper side burns that peeked out from under his hat just in front of his ears. He had a close resemblance to that of John Wayne.

Rog held his left arm up with his forearm bent toward his nose and the weathered back of his left hand was only inches from his face as he pointed his index finger as if he were drawing small circles in the air as he counted his cattle. His powerful and wide sorrel quarter horse under him, shifted her weight on her back hind legs, swaying over to her left side, Rog stayed still in the saddle and did not miss a count as if he had shifted the weight himself. His

red plaid long sleeve shirt fit snug around his barrel chested form and broad shoulders. He was wearing straight leg blue Levi jeans that were covered in dust from the long day's gathering of cattle. I couldn't help from taking time to admire his well worn saddle which read "Arizona State calf roping champion 1961" on the fenders. I often wondered how far he could have gone if it hadn't been for his ranch and family responsibilities. A father of 9 children, Rog would of had it no other way. He was a firm, proud and religious family man.

When Rog was finished counting the 400 + head of cattle, he carefully placed his lariat that he had been holding in his right hand, over his saddle horn. He got off of his horse in a smooth and very experienced manner. Once squarely on the ground, you could see his five foot seven inch frame of approximately 170 pounds. His posture was still straight as he slid the reins over his horses head and led her to the corral fence to stake her. His legs were bowed from hanging on a horse most all of his life. His toes were pointed slightly outward as he walked. His posture told it all, he was proud with a swagger that could be seen for a mile. As he approached my location, I noticed him lift his eyebrows and a brief grin came to the right side of his mouth as he gave me a look as if to say, "wow, we did it, what a long day." In a strong and harsh voice that resembled that of John Wayne's, Rog said, "Well, that was a good job, getting those rounded up and branded. We will let em stay in this holding pasture for tonight and we will ship em tomorrow."

*Written as a school assignment 12-05-96*

## THE ULTIMATE COWBOY

By S. Gibbons Frost

By 7 a.m., I became a passenger in father's cattle truck.

As he drove toward Joe Tank in the rain, he said, "Rog said to take you up on to where you could follow Hog Wash down to Roger Weber's place. He'll meet you there." Sept. 27, 1985 was off and running.

Two hours and a tired bottom later, I pulled old Smokey to a stop near the allotment gate. I leaned forward to check for cattle sign.

"Horse and dogs," I said to myself, as I sat back and nudged my mount forward. Near a seep hole where cattle had watered, I heard Rog's dogs.

I had loped up the draw but a few hundred yards when a cow and calf rounded the bend, with the dogs in hot pursuit.

Then came Lowell Rogers Pearce, sitting straight and comfortable atop a chestnut sorrel mare, that possessed obvious speed and a graceful gait. He extended his hand out of an orange rain coat and said, "How are you?"

"Fine."

I kicked Smokey around and began following the greatest cowhand I have ever known.

"Any cattle at Joe Tank?"

I answered: "Some sign, but no cattle."

"Could you hold these up while I make another round?" he suggested in his typical, tactful way.

Nine-thirty a.m. found me less comfortable, and 10 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. were progressively worse.

By 11 a.m. we fell in behind that cow and calf headed for Rog's water lot near his Linden home. "I know they're here, but we can't find them," he said.

I thought, "If Rog Pearce can't find them, who could?" and kicked old Smokey into a trot.

Upon reaching the Pearces, where the cattle he had gathered the day before were milling around, I stepped off. My knees were killing me.

"Do you want to eat lunch with us?" Rog asked. Having been saved on numerous occasions by Mary's delicious lunches, I quickly accepted.

Dad had promised to take over at noon, so I slowly dialed his number. No answer. I tried my wife. No answer, either.

Rigor mortis seemed somehow familiar as I sat down at the Pearce table. Green corn, hot soup, two ham sandwiches, jello, green salad and several glasses of fresh well water almost made me forget my posterior.

As I stood up to leave, I remembered.

"I'll help you on down through the Greeson place, then ride on home," I offered. Rog stepped on a fresh horse, and smiled.

By 1 p.m. we had reached the gate into the community pasture. I yelled at Rog, "I better go."

"We're going right by your place in a few minutes with these cattle," he offered.

"No, I've got a 1:30 appointment."

The mile-and-a-half home seemed like five, for I had ridden once again with the ultimate cowboy.

**BILL MYERS**

**Prescott, Arizona**

I was born March 31st, 1911 between Geronimo and Ft. Thomas near Emery, Arizona on the W 7 Ranch (Winsor was my grandparent's name and there were 7 in the family, henceforth the W 7 brand.) Our cattle were Longhorns except for our herd of milk stock which were Jerseys and Holsteins. Mom and I milked on an average of 12 cows morning and evening. We strained the milk through a cloth and I turned the separator. What cream we didn't sell we used for the family and the extra we fed to the pigs and then we ate the pigs. The cream to be taken to Ft. Thomas to be sold was loaded in the milk can on my horse and I took it the 3 miles to the Arizona Eastern Railroad to be put on the Ft. Thomas train. There I exchanged cans. Each month one of the cans would have a check in it for the month's worth of cream.

My Dad died when I was very young leaving 5 of us, 3 sisters and 1 brother. (Two sisters and my brother have passed away. One sister lives in Tucson). My uncle ran the place and we had 3 hired hands. I taught myself to rope and ride and chase those wild cattle through the thickets of Mesquite and Catclaw. One day when I was about 12 or 13 I remember my Uncle coming over the ridge yelling at me because I had roped a wild calf and was branding him and NOT doing what I was told to do, I guess. He wasn't a roper but finally decided it was all right for me to help the other Hands get the job done.

One day my uncle came and said he had gotten work at the Inspiration Mine. He was taking all the teams and wagons and 2 riding horses (one of which was mine!) One horse for the Superintendent and one for the foreman. Not long after that the Company got a car for the Superintendent



so they didn't need my horse anymore & wanted me to come down to Miami to get it. I caught a ride with some people who were going to Miami and went to my Uncle's at 1002 Live Oak St. The horse corrals were in Claypool. My uncle went to work early at 4 in the morning so I ate breakfast with him and went to Claypool to get my horse. The corral boss said he didn't know what to do. He couldn't find the saddle. I told him I had a long way to go so to just help me on and I started to ride bareback. It was 60 miles to where I lived. I got to San Carlos and started to ride across the bridge. The horse wouldn't go across so I turned off to the right side of the bridge but the bank was soft. My horse started to slide so he turned and jumped into the undercut whirlpool of water just below him. I fell off but I got his tail and he pulled me across to the bank and I got back on. The water wasn't that deep anywhere else along there.

I would ride away & my legs would burn and I would get off and run along the road leading my horse until I would get tired and then I would lead My horse over to a rock or bank and get back on to ride some more. One time I couldn't find a thing to stand on so I took my left shoe off and tied it to the bridle rein. I stuck my big toe just above the horse's knee and grabbed a handful of mane and landed up on top of my stomach. Gradually I turned my right leg around and sat up straight and was off again. I don't know how many times that happened. Finally I got to Bylas about 12 miles from home and the horse evidently knew we were close to home. I just rode him on home. The folks were really surprised when I came riding in just as it was getting good and dark. I was 12 years old then.

~~Later on we moved to Safford. We drove the milk stock~~  
the 30-40 miles to Safford along the South side of the Gila



River and right through the middle of Thatcher and Pima! In Safford we farmed both sides of the Railroad. The ridge there had a gate that was never shut that went under the railroad. The last time I went by there the clearance under the railroad where we used to ride horses was only about 3 feet.

In Safford my mother married Jesse Lofgren. He had 3 children. I went to school in Ft. Thomas. I worked at learning mechanics and welding but wasn't very interested. We had lost the Ranch through mismanagement.

When we moved to Phoenix I went to school at Phoenix Union High School for one and a-half years but quit school when I was 14 years old as a mule skinner. I was never very big and running those plows and fresnos was a hard job for a kid.

We worked seven miles East of Mesa on widening big banks on the canal. When we finished that we moved to Peoria and worked on building big embankments to control flood in the canal. When we finished that job, the boss says, "hook up those mules on the cook shack" which was 10 ft. wide and 20 ft. long. "We are on our way to the Grand Canyon to work on a road from the Grand Canyon to meet up with the road to Flagstaff. That was 1926. One incidence with the cook shack was crossing a big gully and I could see the wheel was going to be hanging out over the edge so I anchored it with a rope over the top of the cook shack to my friend's saddle horn on the opposite side. I was glad I was able to drive it across there without mishap because there would have been 15 guys pretty bitter at me come supper time. Those 4 mules knew what they were doing.

About one mile from the Grand Canyon we set up corrals for the mules. The Surveyors drove "blue tops" for us to follow to build the road. We leveled and filled the

roadbed. To move the big rocks we rigged up what we called a "stone boat" pulled by the 2 lead mules. I can remember those rocks rolling down those canyons.

Vallandingham Construction Company were the owners of the mules and equipment. Snow and frozen ground stopped that work and put us out of a job. I went back home to Phoenix. I had several jobs that would last only so long so I got a job in Dawson's Music Store. The store had several employees. When the Depression hit I was the only one left and worked there from 1930 to 1939. During the 1930's I delivered pianos in a 1936 Ford V-8 pickup to a lot of remote ranches and towns all over Arizona. I was always under a time limit. I especially remember some of the fast trips up over Yarnell. I had taught myself how to repair phonographs and radios and all the other service jobs in the store. There was a little misunderstanding with Mister Dawson and I quit and started my own radio shop on 12th St. and Van Buren which I done very well with until the Selective Service send me my notice to come and get my number checked. I had passed over the age limit so got deferred and worked in my radio shop until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. My number was reviewed in a hurry! I was, in a very short time, sent first to Shepardville, Texas, then to Mobile, Alabama & then to Pontchartrain, La. I hurried up and called the office and I was on my way overseas; eight days on a big ship and a small boat put me in Glasco, Scotland on baggage assignment. They sent me to Essex, Braintree. The next trip was to the Mediterranean Seas to Oran, North Africa. Went to Tunis from there to Torrinto, the instep of Italy, to a little field about half way to Foggio and San Svero. There we trained to work on airplanes, tanks, cars, and everything in the service. Finally worked on IFF (identification of friend or Foe) and

the Norden Bomb Sight. The war ended and all the outfit was being classed to go home. The only one left was me! The fellows all wrote on my tent a big "R" (restricted) which kept me there and a new outfit moved in and started to train to be sent to the Pacific. I just waited for further orders and they finally came! I was sent to Naples, Italy, issued new uniforms and wound up on a ship to Oran, Africa. There I transferred to a revised LST with all the bomb sight & IFF equipment. Eighteen days on the ocean and we at Hampton Roads, Virginia. They wouldn't let us land because the dock workers were on strike! We went on up the Coast to Boston, Mass. This was a huge ship with thousands of soldiers on it. We went right on up to the dock. I got off and kneeled down and kissed the good earth. I went over to where there were 4 telephones and a long line of soldiers waiting their turn. Finally got to one and called the folks. My mother started crying. I told her there was a long line of soldiers waiting for the phone and that I possibly would be home in about 3 weeks.

The train took us to El Paso, Texas where we were discharged. The train was just leaving going West! We ran along side the train and people grabbed our barracks bags through the window. Then they helped us on the train. We sat in the isle and children came over and asked us all kinds of questions about the war. The fellow who was with me didn't remember his name, only Linkey. We arrived in Phoenix early in the morning so Linkey says, "Don't bother your folks. I'll call my wife and we will take you home." My folks were extremely happy! Two days later several people came by to say "Hello". Several wanted me to go deer hunting with them. My cousin, Carl Winsor, wanted me to go hunting with him up to Dugas Ranch. Said, "Fred, will loan us some horses". I had a wonderful time. Fred wanted me to

stay & go on the roundup with him. We agreed I would go and have Thanksgiving with my folks and then I would come to the Ranch and have Thanksgiving with them.

We rode on the Roundup several days. We were riding along, Fred was talking about a place where this cow had three calves over the years and she always run down into this big canyon (Government Gap) and they could never outsmart her. About that time he says, "There she is now!" Before I stopped to think, I spurred my horse, uncoiled my rope and it went over her head. I tried to jerk it up so it would be closer to her head and took the slack out of the rope. As the cow hit the end of the rope, the horse who was used to a right handed roper, was almost jerked over. She stopped by a big cedar tree and I went one way and she went the other. By that time Fred came down by my side and said, "Kid, don't you ever rope anything on one of my horses with that rope tied fast to that horn! The way to do this is to dally the rope." I never said anything back to him but I just looked at his hand and parts of 3 fingers were gone! But he eased up the situation by saying, "For a Dude, you done about as good as I have ever seen!" We tied her up to the cedar tree and he looked at me, laughed and said, "Maybe you should just work for me." We then went on rounding up that area and a day or two later we came back by that area with some more cattle and untied the cow and let her go to water with the others; she led the rest. We got them in the pasture and went to the line shack.

I fed and watered the horses and Fred went to the cabin to cook supper. The smell was wonderful as we were getting ready to eat. All of a sudden the lights from a car came through the door! Fred says to me, "Kid, we're surrounded!" I grabbed the frying pan in one hand and the quarter of venison in the other and hit the back door so hard it

knocked the latch off the wall. I stuck the frying pan under a rock and the hind leg under a bush, Came back in, closed the door and Fred and I were eating a plate full of biscuits and gravy when the door opened and in walked Phoebe, Fred's daughter. She said, "Poppa, this is a cattle buyer to talk to you." Fred said, "Sit down over there. We worked hard today and we are hungry". Phoebe says, "Poppa, this is your son, Alfred!" Alfred had been taken prisoner in the Philipines and was on the Death March when they were rescued by the Army. He was in pretty bad shape & weighed only 120 lbs. and was over 6 ft. 2 inches tall. We continued to talk. Fred and Phoebe took care of the dishes and table. Alfred and I talked about the Service. We both agreed it would be hard to try and do it again. We continued on roundup several more days. We gathered all the cattle from the pasture and drove them down the trail about 6 miles to the stockyards on the hill where the trucks would pick up the ones to be sold. The rest we would put into another pasture. (I've been coming back to Dugas to help with the roundups almost every year since.)

I went home and thought I'd better get a job. I was getting about broke. Fred wanted to pay me for working for him but I told him he didn't owe me anything. He started to hand me money in one hand and I put it in the other hand and handed it to Mrs. Dugas. We were having a hard time to keep from laughing and I don't know if she ever told him or not.

I went home, doing nothing for awhile, and then went down to the Dawson Music Co. All the people seemed happy to see me and were happy I hadn't gotten badly injured in the war. Mr. Dawson had passed away so Jr. wanted me to come back to work for him. I told him to give me a few days to think about it. After thinking it over I went back to work

for him. He got sick and his wife tried to keep the store going, but finally decided to close the store.

I went to the Emerson Radio Distributor and he say, "Why don't you come and work for me?" so I went to work for them. Later the owner decided to retire and his son and nephew took over so I worked for them. They finally decided to quit business as Emerson went out of business in Arizona. The sales representative came over to check merchandise and rented 2 big trucks to haul the merchandise back to California. We loaded up and made a detour by my house and left off a table model there (which we still use) and by his house and left one there. When we got to L.A. we checked all the merchandise into the warehouse, all paper work was resolved and they gave us a plane ticket home. People that I had repaired radios and phonographs for, went next door to see where I was so I gave my phone number to them and I had all the work that I could do and then some. I worked that way for sometime. Then being over the age, I decided to retire and collect my S.S. and did a little work for friends and neighbors.

I also hunted Deer at Dugas with Colonel Teskey (who married Fred Dugas' daughter, Phoebe) and ran the ranch. We also hunted together for many years. Most recently, Frank Hamblin and I were drawn out to go elk hunting and we had good success. I still enjoy the out of doors and hope to get drawn again sometime.

I waited a long time to get married but I met Lucille M. Braden at a dance and we were married June 2nd, 1951. Getting married was the greatest thing I ever did and we've been dancing together ever since. We get along so well and we are extremely happy. We both enjoy the outdoors and have done a lot of hunting and fishing together. She's a much

better fisherman than I am and always catches more and much bigger fish than I do.



JOSEPHINE SCHELL RIGGS

Mayer, Arizona

YESTERDAY'S PONY TRACKS

My parents Joseph E. and Mary Lucretia Schell, homesteaded the Cross Y ranch at Canon (now Black Canyon City) in about 1912, and lived there and ran cattle for many years. I was born in 1921 at the Frog Tanks Dam (now Lake Pleasant) where my grandfather owned a small ranch. Of course it is now all under water and I like to tell people they covered it up so such an event couldn't take place there again.

I went to school in the old red school house at Canon for the first two years when a new school house was built. When I was in the fifth grade my two older sisters became ready for high school and my parents bought a house in Glendale. We would go to Glendale on Sunday nights and return to the ranch on Friday evenings to ride and work on the ranch. My mother was a great gardner and always had a pen full of fryer chickens. She had a garden and chickens at both places. Also she had two big yards full of roses and other flowers and it seemed she always had a quilt she had pieced in the quilting frames. I won't go into her other accomplishments but I've said many times, "I'm not half the woman my mother was!"

Once a little sister was born when there was no one home at the ranch but my sister Mae, who is two years younger than I, and me. I was only three or four years old at the time, but I remember it all clearly. My two older sisters, who were about nine and eleven and rode nine miles to school horseback, finally got home along late in the evening, and I was relieved of the responsibility of



watching the little sister that mother had depended on me to do. To our sorrow the baby died and Mother told me years later she thought she let it get too cold.

It seemed I would never get old enough to ride with the men but eventually that day came. Daddy depended on our help and I don't remember him ever having to ask us. We loved it! There was a terrible drought and also the depression at the same time. There was no sale for cattle and Daddy finally sold to the government. I went on roundup and we camped at Badger Springs for two weeks and held the cattle in the old Rich in Bat Mine pasture on Black Mesa. We could hear the cattle grinding their teeth at night and Daddy said it was because they wanted water. The day the cattle inspectors came to cull the cattle and shoot the ones they thought were too poor to make it to wherever they were shipped to, Chicago I think, they needed my saddle and I was left in camp. Later in the afternoon I rode up to the pasture bareback Dead cattle were everywhere and Daddy sent me back to camp. He was unhappy because they had shot many cattle he thought were OK and left poorer ones to be shipped. We drove those that were left to the shipping pens at Mayer and loaded them in the box cars of the train.

The following year I pulled a boo boo Daddy never let me forget. He sent Mae and I up on Black Mesa and told us to bring everything we saw down to a branding corral on the Agua Fria and he would ride another area and gather cattle and meet us at the branding corral to brand. In our bunch we had an old cow that belonged to a neighboring ranch, but seemed determined to go with us. We cut her out and ran her back several times but she would follow. Finally I told Mae to take the cattle on and I would run her a long way back. I ran her nearly off Black Mesa. We took the cattle on down the steep old Black Mesa trail and met Daddy at the corral,

only to find we had one calf too many. I was thirteen and Mae was eleven, we had been around cattle all our lives and were too dense to realize that poor old cow just wanted her baby. We couldn't take it back because we had covered too many miles and could never find that old cow again. I don't think Daddy ever got tired of kidding us and calling us little rustlers.

Daddy sold the ranch in 1939 to Willie Stroup and it has changed hands many times since. I was invited to a barbecue there several years ago and was introduced to the lady who owned it at that time. She asked what I thought of it and if I thought they had improved it. I couldn't think of a suitable answer because it was all gone. The big ditch of clear water that was lined with tall cottonwood trees and ran in front of the ranch house, the big orchard behind the house, Mother's big yard and roses, the ranch house itself, and all the big patches of green fields were gone. There was nothing left of the home I so dearly loved but the big red bluffs of the canyon the Agua Fria had carved.

I probably should also mention my father, his brothers and nephews were all born and raised in Arizona. They were all cowmen and were all well known in the state at the time of their lives.

I now live on a small ranch in Mayer that we bought in 1951. We used to have plenty of water but that seems to be a thing of the past. It's still my beloved home and has been for forty six years. My husband, Paul, and I had three lovely daughters and they all live within twenty miles. He passed away in 1990. We were married fifty four years.

**A. GUY MILLER**  
**San Simon, Arizona**

Guy Miller born on the family ranch in Cochise County north of Apache, Arizona, January 5, 1923. Grew up on the same ranch.

Attended school at Apache and Douglas. Married Audrey Morrow Miller December 28, 1942, in Lordsburg, New Mexico. She was born in Bisbee, Arizona, May 31, 1927 and raised in East White Tail Canyon, Cochise County, Arizona.

Moved to Sulphur Canyon on the Three Triangle Ranch in December, 1943. Guy and Audrey raised two daughters there. He worked for Birt Roberds on the Three Triangle ranch until 1969 when the ranch was sold to a Minnesota Corporation. Guy then managed the ranch for them until 1979 when the Millers along with their partners Ben and Sharon Steele purchased the ranch. After the purchase Guy continued to manage the ranch.

In 1978 Two Power, an Arizona Limited Partnership was formed, the Millers became partners and were the general partner until both Three Triangle and Two Power were sold in 1997.

The Millers have one daughter deceased. One daughter and son-in-law residing in Tucson. Two grandsons and one great granddaughter.

## COVER IDENTIFICATION

### FRONT

Top - Left to Right

Peggy Cumming  
Douglas Cumming

Bottom - Left to Right

Marge Tucker  
Peggy Monzingo & Ed Alan Monzingo

### BACK

Top - Left to Right

Lowell R. Pearce  
Lois Claridge

Middle Right

Josephine & Paul Riggs

Bottom - Left to Right

Bill Myers - 1948 Roundup -- Dugas  
Lorraine R. Thomas - 75th Birthday

