

ARIZONA
NATIONAL
STOCK SHOW

Pioneer Stockman
Ranch Histories
Volume XIX

2000

Catchin' The Future



Arizona National
Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman
Volume XIX

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

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52⁰⁰_{nd}

Welcome to the 52nd annual Arizona National Livestock Show. I hope that you enjoy yourselves at the luncheon.

I wish to thank all of the Pioneers who contributed to Volume XIX of the Arizona National Pioneer Histories. The Arizona National is proud of its association with Arizona's pioneer stockpersons. These histories of the livestock industry in Arizona are unique stories, and the people who made the history are even more unique. I encourage all who participated in this chapter of Arizona's history to write their story so future generations will have the benefit of them. Coinciding with the coming of the 21st Century, we find we are near the end of three complete generations of livestock families in some cases.

I also wish to thank all of the volunteers who contribute in the publication of the Pioneer Histories.

Thank you,

Duane E. Webb

President, Arizona National Livestock Show



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JANUARY, 2000

TO ALL OUR PIONEERS, FAMILIES AND FRIENDS,

Here we are preparing to start a new milestone in all our lives, the 21st Century. We never thought it would get here and now here we are.

This is our very special edition with the "2000" theme "Catchin The Future" We need to not only follow this theme but we must continue to "Catch The Past" as well and continue to record these wonderful histories to share with generations to come. It is always such a pleasure to see the smiles on the faces of the families and friends of the Pioneers, when they see their histories in print. They derive such joy out of the sharing of these memories and the recording of their family history for all to enjoy and learn from.

Thank you for giving myself and the staff of Arizona National Livestock Show, the pleasure of compiling and printing these for you. It is a labor of love.

Happy Trails!

Doris French,
Pioneer Stockman Secretary

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
C. DELBERT PIERCE.....	1
WILLIAM C. KIMBLE.....	15
FLOYD A. (COTTON) GATLIN.....	27
MAUD ETTA (DUNAGAN) GATLIN.....	30
MARIANNE ETCHART MANTEROLA.....	34
SCOTTY ANDERSON.....	38
WILLIAM F. (BILL) KAMBITCH.....	41
LYDIA MARTINEZ.....	45
RAY M. LORETTE.....	81
EDWIN K. DELPH.....	93
R. LEWIS BOWMAN	97
WILLIAM PAUL, EDWARD AND EMMETT GERALD RYAN	100
JOHN WESSON	111
WALTER D. ARMER, SR.....	114
PETE BERNARDO BIDEGAIN	123
LOUISE BAFFERT KING	134
BONNIE ESTELLE BRAY "ELRAGE"	142
VELMA GATLIN RUTHERFORD WILLIS.....	147
WAIN WRIGHT "WAYNE" COSPER.....	154

C. DELBERT PIERCE

Prescott, Arizona

I came into this world December 19, 1916 in Phoenix, AZ. My parents were Nelson C. Pierce and Hazel A. Pierce. Mother came to the Salt River valley with her family from Ohio. Dad with his from Missouri. Both families came to the valley of the sun, as a member of each family needed a warmer, dryer climate. Anna Beth's parents, Earnest Y. Allgood and Viva M. Allgood, came to the valley, when she was seven, from Comanche, Texas where she was born. We first met in the fifth grade in the little red school house in Scottsdale--still standing.

My folks were hard working, frugal and generous people. By the time I was ten years old, they had purchased forty acres on 44th St. and Osborn Rd. This was in the Scottsdale School District and way out in the boon docks in those days.

My boyhood days here were happy! We were in the country and I did the things all country boys loved to do. There were some deep holes in the old crosscut canal, and I soon found fish there. I used my sling shot on the doves that frequented the large ash trees along Osborn Road. Once in awhile mother would have to warm up the skillet after these ventures. Of course we had chores before and after school. We were never idle. At this time I got my first

horse, a mare named Babe. A year or so later a neighbor boy and I rode our horses to the little red schoolhouse in Scottsdale to Boy Scout meetings. These meetings were once a month at night. There was a road on the bank of the Arizona Canal, which we rode on for 7 or 8 miles. I saved money and purchased two Registered Jersey Heifers about this time and have been sold on cattle and horses since those days. I was a pretty good student and graduated from eighth grade as Salutatorian.

Today, I look back on our high school years in early Scottsdale and they were and are most rewarding. The school only had 125 to 135 students and those of us who wished, could be in a lot of extra curricular activities. In those days the teachers were sincere and dedicated to their profession. We learned accordingly. Anna Beth and I had our first date as juniors when she asked me to a girls league party--a girl ask boy affair. We graduated together in 1935. I received some honors at Scottsdale High of which I'm very proud--President of the Student Body, graduated as Salutatorian, and quarterback on the first ever football team. Anna Beth was also a good student having skipped a grade in grade school.

Anna Beth went to ASU for 3 years. I went to Colorado Aggies (now State) in Ft. Collin's and nearly froze to death the first semester. It started snowing September 25 and

never stopped. I then went to U of A for 1½ years. Anna Beth and I had gone together steady since that first date. We were married in the Allgood home, with just families present, November 8, 1938. This was on my folks 25th anniversary. We were fortunate to celebrate our 25th and the folks 50th together.

I worked for a year or two for Tropical Groves Nursery just down the street from our home. My primary job here was landscaping, which is still enjoyable. At this time we acquired 7 or 8 milk cows, which I milked before work in the morning and a neighbor boy did the same in the evenings. A Borden Creamery truck picked the milk up at the road in 10-gallon cans and hauled them to their plant in Tempe. We received a monthly check from them on the butter fat content, which sure helped out in those early, lean years.

Our first son, Clyde Michael, was born September 27, 1941. The great sorrow and tragedy of our lives occurred December 6, 1947, when our second born, Gary Delbert, was run over and killed on Thomas Rd. in front of our house. He was 4½ years old. What a loss, what a tragedy. To this day we ask ourselves, why? There is no answer. We have been blessed since then with the birth of our daughter, Betsy Mary, born August 12, 1948, and our son Stephen Morris on June 9, 1950. We are pleased these two and their nice

families live close to us in Prescott, and are proud of all eight of our grandchildren.

After Gary's death we were completely devastated and opened a feed and hardware store in a building dad owned in the 3500 block of E. Van Buren. We hoped the change in scenery would ease our great sorrow. After about two years here, dad came by one evening and said he had now acquired 400 acres of farmland in the Northeast Valley, Why didn't I sell the store and manage the farmland. Without hesitation I said ok as we were a very close father and son team. We soon incorporated under the name of Pierce Farms Inc. I was in my late 20's at this time. Steve has retained this name in some of his business affairs.

One of the farms acquired was a run down 200 acres at the Southeast corner of 44th St. (then called Chicago Ave.) and Thomas Rd. It had been farmed to death for many years and we put it all in alfalfa to get a little nitrogen back in the soil. We have many memories of this farm and really got involved with cattle and cattle people here. Among other things we made a deal with Borden's Creamery to raise dairy heifers up to springers and they would buy them for dairymen they were financing. We had 200 heifers at one time and sometimes had a bloat problem. I carried a trocar in the pickup at all times, but our death loss was minimal. However, once after a summer storm, we found 5 dead from a

lightening strike. I could write a book about the times and events that happened here, during several years we owned this farm, but will mention just a couple.

Dad had always had a dream that when he became financially able, he was going to have Shorthorn cattle which he had admired so much growing up in Missouri. Consequently, a mechanic, who worked for him, and I went to Missouri, purchased a truck, went to two registered sales, of which we had previously received and marked catalogues and came home with 23 heifers--the start of a herd. A year later brother Bill and I went clear to Maryland to a renowned breeders dispersal and purchased a bull and a van type truck to haul him home. We bedded him heavy in straw and headed west. We drove straight through taking turns sleeping in the straw with the bull. The roads and hills of West Virginia were crooked as any snake in those days. We sold both trucks we had used to haul our cattle to Phoenix for enough extra to pay all our expenses.

Shorthorn cattle were somewhat of a rarity in Arizona, there being only 2 or 3 small herds. We, therefore, created interest and had many visitors. Carl Safely brought his livestock judging team from University of Arizona and Western Livestock Journal tours stopped on two occasions with both Nelson and son Dick Crow aboard. They later had a tour stop at 7V after we acquired that ranch. It has always

been my practice to have your place as neat and clean as possible when people come to look at your cattle. The overall impression is quite important. Many years ago we went to a highly advertised and prominent Hereford ranch in Oregon. You had to climb over and around all kinds of junk to see the cattle. My feelings were the records on the cattle could be the same.

We also had 10 to 15 Duroc sows at this time and fattened out most of the pigs, but sold a few as weaners. The fat hogs were sold to Tovrea packing plant, as it was a short haul. We built a small feed lot and fed most of the hay and grain we raised. We chopped the hay with a Miller feed mill and blew it into a large enclosed barn. To keep the hay from piling up someone had to stay in there with a fork to scatter it. This task fell to a colored fellow, Buster Williams. He would come out green instead of black. The going wage then was 25 cents an hour. You couldn't get anyone today to do that work period--everything was done by hand the hard way. We fed out 75 to 80 steers every year during the cool months. These were quality Hereford cattle purchased from my friend Dan Clarke and came from their ranch at Arivaca. When these steers were finished we drove them south on 44th street to Tovrea packing plant. This was a distance of about 5 miles and located between Van Buren and Washington, about where 50th street is today. My

brother Bill had returned from the service and joined our operation. His wife Pat and Anna Beth drove their cars and blocked the driveways, of which there weren't many at that time, ahead of the oncoming cattle which Bill and I drove horseback. McDowell was the only road to cross.

We lived in our first home 13 years. During the last year here we managed to purchase 80 acres on the Southeast corner of Hayden and Thomas where we built our second home, raising mostly hay. I was elected to Scottsdale School Board while living here, which was a pleasant, but one time hectic, experience during 3 years on the board. Allied Construction Co., who were good, honest people to deal with, developed all our farms over a period of years. We retained the Southeast corner of Hayden and Thomas and it is leased to a Circle K. With some money from this property we bought a section of land in Paradise Valley, corner of Pinnacle Peak and Pima Rd. for \$5.00 per acre. Pima Rd. wasn't even there at that time. We sold this a few years later for \$90.00 per acre and thought we had really done something. Today land is selling from \$100-200,000 per lot there. Sometimes a man can't see ahead of his nose, but small profits keep you moving ahead.

My interest in ranching continued at a high pitch and Anna Beth and I bought a small ranch East of Mayer on the Agua Fria River. This ranch ran 130 cows and was mostly



state lease land. We used the PP, double P brand on this ranch--the brand is still in the family today. The first year I learned why we bought this ranch perhaps on the cheap side. One of the sheep drives from the Salt River Valley to Arizona high country went the length of the ranch. The sheep cleaned up the grass and everything else edible as they passed through. Today the sheep are trucked--anyway, we sold this place.

Shortly after selling the above ranch an ad appeared in the Arizona Republic on a 160-acre property 20 miles from Payson with a large spring. I answered the ad and the following Sunday a fellow who worked for me, and son Mike, who was about 10, and I went up there. The original Bush highway was being rerouted and called the Beeline. The road was a mess and it took 5 hours from Phoenix to the property 120 miles away. The owner met us and we looked the place over, he told me he wanted cash as he was getting a divorce. Having decided the place was unique as well as beautiful, I made him an offer. He stuck out his hand and said "shake, you've got a deal." We met at a title co. in Phoenix the next day and signed the papers. The place is called Cold Springs Ranch and the spring is one of the larger in Arizona. We irrigate with it and throughout the years have kept a few cattle there. However, in recent years the elk have kept it grubbed out. We keep a caretaker there and

built a sandstone cabin, which the whole family has enjoyed through the years. The spring is one of the main sources of water for the East Verde River.

In 1937 a group of prominent Phoenix businessmen and cattlemen got together and organized the Phoenix Stock Show. The name was later changed to the Arizona National. This show became a reality December 14, 15 and 16, 1948. The first president was Frank Snell, a very dynamic man who got the show off to a great start. We showed our Shorthorn cattle there these first shows under the name of Pierce Farms, Inc. and since then Herefords under the names of Long Meadow and Las Vegas Ranches--a total of 50 years January 1998. For this achievement we were given a beautiful leather album in the opening ceremonies of the '98 show. I served on the stock show board for 23 years.

My interest in cattle and ranching continued and we purchased the Doll Baby Ranch west of Payson. This was mostly a Forest Service permit for 240 cows year long. The ranch had two small houses, a beautiful rock barn and good set of corrals with scales at headquarters. It had live water from both Pine Creek from the north and East Verde from the east. Wes Barnett and his wife Bertha worked for us the years we had this ranch and later at Cold Springs. They were a fine older couple with many years of ranch experience. Wes did a lot of hollering working cattle and



as we were riding one day I asked why and he said, "Hell, Delbert, half of cowboying is hollering." Our cattle were straight Herefords and we purchased good Hereford bulls. We sold our cattle as yearlings in May. They weighed about 600 lbs. which our February and March calves weigh today at weaning in the fall at Las Vegas Ranch. This is primarily due to better genetics and better feed conditions. The yearlings were sold to Hi Kennedy every year. He always came the night before and slept by the corral. Our deal was to pen the cattle from feed and water the night before. Hi was a good man and I enjoyed his friendship through the years. There is a steep and crooked hill going into this ranch called Snow Storm. Sometimes this hill could not be negotiated with a big rig. At times we drove the cattle to our neighbors Bud Jones--a distance of 8 or 9 miles. We went back into the Doll Baby the summer of '97 and the road hasn't improved through the years. This ranch was another learning experience. A man needed a ranch with more deeded land to free you from the shackles of the forest service. Our brands here were  (doll baby) and  which I retained and took to Yavapai County.

Our next ranch was the Las Vegas 20 miles Northwest of Prescott in Williamson Valley in 1959. We obtained this ranch from John Thompson a well known and highly respected rancher. He had registered Hereford cattle, which we still

breed and improve with each calf crop. We continued his annual bull sale for several years where many lasting friendships were made. In the next few years we added 3 adjoining properties. One of these was a 160-acre piece of the meadow joins Las Vegas on the South, which we purchased from Chuck Lakin and his dad. Another 160 acres on the Southwest was purchased from the Matli family. We call this piece today the Middle Place. Larry and Phyllis Stark live here and feed the show cattle here. The other addition was the 7V Ranch in 1973 and the owner was Dorothy Chafin who has remained our good friend. This ranch will be remembered as a top breeder of quarter horses in those days. Steve and his family live here and he manages the combined outfit. The Las Vegas Ranch has 33 sections of deeded land, 7 sections of Prescott forest, and nearly 5 sections of state leased land. We run between 5 and 600 commercial cows, depending on weather and feed conditions, and 150 to 175 registered cows. There are approximately 2 sections of sub-irrigated meadow, part of which we cut hay on. We have 3 strong irrigation wells from which we irrigate and cut fescue hay 3 or 4 times a summer. We put up around 100 tons of hay annually and only during drought times have had to purchase more. In recent years we have started a select herd of Registered Angus. A bull buyer coming to the ranch can now buy Hereford, Angus or both.

During this time our family corporation, Pierce Farms, Inc., purchased the Long Meadow ranch with my good friend Bud Webb the realty agent. This ranch was owned by Mrs. Robert Wilson and joined the Las Vegas on the south. It was also a well known and highly regarded register Hereford operation with an annual sale on the ranch which we continued 6 years. I managed both ranches and we did improve the cattle from the old fashion, squatty type to the cattle we have today with more length and elevation. After dad's death in 1972, this ranch was divided between my sister Bonnie Puntenney's family and my family. We took the part adjoining Las Vegas and incorporated it into that operation. Today Long Meadow is being subdivided on the south end. My brother Bill and sister Marjorie Avery received their share in the remaining Phoenix property.

For 11 years most of our commercial calves have gone to Hitch Feeders at Guymon, Oklahoma where we retain ownership until sold to the packer. They have been good people to work with and the cattle have performed well. This has been profitable for us with the cattle continually gaining over 3 lbs. a day. For many years we have picked out 18 or 20 top steer calves and sold to 4-H club members and most have done quite well. We have supported the Yavapai Cattle Growers sale at the Hays Ranch with 2 calves since owning the Las Vegas. Our calves have always been in top 10 and several

times tops. We have also shown our cattle every fall, the longest cattle exhibitors at the Yavapai County Fair. I would be remiss here if I failed to mention the good job Larry Stark has done showing our registered Hereford cattle. Several years ago he and Steve showed the Grand Champion Female in Denver, the largest and most prestigious Hereford show in the U.S. This was quite an achievement and doesn't happen to many breeders. We haven't shown cattle there since then due to the great expense incurred. Our cattle at the Arizona National have consistently done well. As an example, in this years show, 1998, we took down only six head of cattle. In a fairly strong Hereford show with cattle from 4 states competing, we won best 6 head, get of sire, reserve champion female, and reserve champion bull. Our help on the ranch each have a few cattle and this has been a good incentive. We brand our commercial cattle  and our registered cattle . This ranch has been a dream come true for me.

Anna Beth and I celebrated 59 years of marriage last November. We have toiled, we have rejoiced, and we have sorrowed. The good lord has blessed us and helped us accomplish many things. We have had a good life! The Society for Range Management has given us their annual award two different years. I served on the Yavapai County Extension board for over 20 years and also the County Fair

Board for several. Anna Beth was president of the Yavapai County Cowbells the same year, 1970, I was president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers. In 1995, I was named Hereford breeder of the year and given the award at the annual bull sale. That same year in August at the Arizona Cattle Growers Convention in Springerville, I received the rancher of the year award. I was stunned! What a great honor! After better than 2 years it's still hard to believe. The people in the cattle business are truly the salt of the earth--they just don't come any better!

WILLIAM C. KIMBLE

An Autobiography

In the first instance, since I have been asked to write this rendition, I feel it is somewhat presumptuous of me to really think it possible.

I do want it known that, to me, *life* in all its phases is a wondrous phenomenon. It is a tremendous experience—the only way to appreciate it is to live it! Unencumbered. Unafraid. As Lincoln said; "With malice toward none".

I remember a few things from my early childhood—mostly those things that had to do with change. My Grandfather, C.C. Kimble, was a very unique individual. Having raised 13 children, 12 to adulthood, while at the same time acquiring thousands of acres of land in three states: Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. He had the good fortune to find oil on his Oklahoma property and it was this financial resource that enabled him to accomplish all that he did.

In my case I don't remember him very clearly, but I do know about some of his actions that impressed me as a six to ten year old boy. Many times he had met me on occasions with my father, Floyd, and one of his tactics was to feel in my pockets for money and then proceed to put some change there in, saying at the same time "A damn pocket isn't worth anything if it doesn't have some money in it."

My other early recollection concerns a pony, which he brought up out of Mexico especially for me. Somehow it seems that early on, I was receiving some kind of special treatment.

I was extremely fortunate to have been able to grow up in the country. In those days it was really difficult, because one had to be able to take care of oneself. Distances to town were great and travel was not easy, roads were not paved and automobiles were not plentiful, so one mostly stayed home.

We had to milk cows, feed pigs and chickens and cut wood for home heating and cooking. This all made living a full time job, besides the ranch work that needed to be done. Looking back at it now I sometimes marvel at how in the world we did get it done.

My father, Floyd, developed a registered cow herd and this involved fitting animals for shows around the state. We showed cattle in Douglas, at the Cochise County Fair and at Tucson, at the State Fair. These show cattle were another chore that fell on us. Usually they involved having nurse cows for show calves, usually bull calves, which we fed and fitted for exhibition and sale.

In the early course of events, I some how acquired three registered heifers. They were a prize possession for a kid about ten years of age and one of the heifers early on

delivered me of a fancy bull calf. My dad seemed to know he would make a special show calf and he decided to fit him for the next show in Tucson. This kind of thinking was somewhat foreign to me and since I was going to school in Douglas I decided I needed a bicycle, so I traded the calf for a bicycle. Several months later at the State Show in Tucson that bull calf sold for \$1,000.00! The highest price paid for a calf up to that time in the State. So you can see I learned early that you don't always win in a trade. "A \$35.00 bicycle for a \$1,000 bull--now that is a lesson you don't forget!"

In my lifetime my family has owned three ranches. The Ringbone, at Apache Arizona. The Lee Place in New Mexico and the Hunsaker in Leslie Canyon. The experiences acquired on these places were varied and tended to give me a host of knowledge of the variations between ranches and the differences in soils and vegetation. This country, Southeastern Arizona and Southwestern New Mexico is all similar, but varies a great deal in productive capacity, site and condition, soils, temperatures and moisture all tend to control the vegetation that exists in a given area.

Growing up in the country was a great experience and the contemporary men around came to be a privilege to know. I can name a lot of legends in the ranching business that I grew up with. Ralph Kimble, a cousin, and an excellent cow

man, he ran a neighboring ranch with his brother, Leonard and his dad, my uncle, Gus Kimble. They all seemed to be good with cattle. Then there were the Darnells, Fred and Casey, a pair of rodeo hands who became famous in the arena. Ben Snure, recently named the Cowman of the Year in Arizona, was a neighbor. Congratulations—Ben!

My individual capacity evolved into trading in cattle and because of the stocker and feeding operation we developed—growing yearling cattle here and finishing them in the Imperial Valley in California, it became necessary to handle several thousands of cattle each year and much of this acquisition fell to me. During that time it was comparatively easy to find cattle of a suitable quality and weight to process in our operation on many of the local ranches something it would be very difficult to do today because the number of cattle are not there any more.

Ranching is an enterprise that will tax a man to his limit, physically, financially and mentally. It is a very technical, logistical proposition. Of all the requirements, however, the most important is financial ability. Cattle are perishable and they represent many thousands of dollars on the hoof. It is important that they be handled "very carefully."

In one phase of our many phases of operation, we developed an operation whereby we wintered up to 3000

yearlings in the Apache area and then in the spring we would ship them to Clayton, New Mexico where J.B. Kimble would care for them through the summer. This required him to lease several ranches up there for pasture. At the time, pasture for a yearling for the season varied from twelve to \$20 per season (5 to 6 months). Today the same operations will cost upwards of \$60 to \$75 for the same thing. Things change.

In 1941 after graduating from New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, New Mexico in June, I transferred to Stanford University in September for the Fall Quarter of my junior year in college. Unfortunately my education was rudely interrupted on December 7, 1941--Pearl Harbor. In July of 1942 I enlisted in the US Army. Took infantry training at Fort Francis E. Warren in Wyoming (Cheyenne). It was a miserable place to train, snow was too deep for a Southern Arizonan, so I asked to be transferred.

On December 8, 1942 I shipped out for points unknown. After 23 days at sea, we disembarked at Port of Spain, Trinidad and immediately transported to Waller Field, Trinidad.

At this station I was early assigned to the cryptographic section of the 1082nd Signal Co. Service Group. We then took up our duty as protectors of the Panama Canal. Actually we were in anti-submarine warfare, German

submarines were very active in the whole area and they were a potent adversary but by the end of 1943 they had been pretty much eliminated from the area.

We returned to the U.S. in November 1944 and in April of 1945, I was fortunately married to my wife, Louise. She had been my high school sweetheart and the same for all those years after high school. During the war she attended St. Mary's of Notre Dame and then transferred to the University of Arizona where she graduated with honors in the spring of 1944.

We then returned to ranching in Apache. During our years in the cattle business we produced thousands of pounds of beef which the general public in the U.S. got most of the benefit.

Very few people understand the productive processes that puts a steak on their plates. It is a very long and tedious process requiring the mobilization of many elements of production. What we tried to do initially was to horizontally integrate our operation so we purchased the Hunsaker Ranch in Leslie Canyon. This was an excellent ranch, but as in all ranches, rain must fall! I found that it was as productive as the ranch, at Apache, but it was always one to two months later. This is a physical condition that one must adjust to—the climate and the elevation are probably the cause.

We owned the ranch for a period of five or six years and finally sold it in a land swap to the Riggs out of Wilcox. Ed and Herbert Riggs and their brother-in-law, Elmer Lamberson. The ranch has since been in several ownerships but it is still being operated as a cow ranch.

During all this time we had been expanding our operation in a vertical way. Taking cattle off the ranches and feeding them in the Imperial Valley of California around Brawley and El Centro. At one time we were able to top the LA market with a pen of steers, originally from Gus Kimble's ranch which we had finished at Jackson's feed lot out of El Centro. The top price was \$39.65 to Manning Packing Co. At the time this was a satisfying accomplishment. Today it would not seem to be very well thought of.

During all this time, besides being very productive in the beef business, my wife and I became fairly productive in children, only 7, I always figured I was somewhat like an old cowman in a drought. We had 2 crops one early and the other late!

In order of their appearance the children are Melinda, presently a deputy assistant secretary of State in the United States State Department, assigned as a liaison officer to the United Nations. She has served as an economics officer in the State Department since 1971, residing in many nations of the world. In Abijan in West

Africa, then to Egypt, then to Tunisia. She has also made side trips to various other stations in Africa as well as to South Africa. She is presently managing stations in France, Germany and Italy. She speaks three languages has a Master's Degree from Denver University and an MBA from Harvard. All this came from her mother's side of the family!

The next to appear was W.C. Junior. He was born in 1948. Educated at the University of Arizona in Agricultural Economics and is presently a teacher in the Douglas School system.

Next is Susan (Krentz) everyone connected with cattle knows Susie, so I will rest that case.

Next is, Lisa, in Maryland and now in Florida, married to Dr. Stuart Strahl, who has been recently assigned the job of cleaning up the Everglades in Florida, now that's a biggie! Cannot tell how it will turn out.

Then comes Lily (Marguerite) she has three degrees from the Arizona State University and a Masters Degree from Grand Canyon College in Phoenix. She teaches in the Phoenix School system.

Then comes John and then Steve. Steve is serving in the U.S. Navy and will probably make it a full career.

John on the other hand was trained by the Navy in nuclear technology and power generation. He is now

operating a co-generation plant in Fresno, California and finishing his engineering degree at Fresno State College at the same time.

My wife was born in El Paso, Texas the fourth child of William S. Ford who became a train master stationed in Douglas for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

I was born in Bixby, Oklahoma and came to Douglas in July of 1921. We became acquainted in High School, during 1936-1939-40. So you can see it took a long time for us to become really well acquainted, since it was April of 1945 before we were married.

The original Apache Ranch was acquired by my Grandfather C.C. Kimble by purchasing the Homesteads of some 29 or 30 people. His history has already been written up, as has Floyd's. All of us were on the same property, three generations.

Because of our attempts at horizontal and vertical expansion and because of age and illness as well as many financial obligations, we decided to sell the Apache property in 1969 to Peter Wray. It is now owned by Eldon Johnson and is still producing beef.

In the early years around Apache water was short. But during our tenure there, we were able to develop a great deal of water, through wells and surface tanks. One fact that is not generally known is that this area on a

topographical map is described as a savanna, this is an area where the annual evaporation exceeds the annual precipitation. Since the annual rainfall is 12-18 inches and the annual evaporation is 96 inches it can be seen that surface tanks must be very deep in order to last a reasonable period.

For many years we branded the ringbone brand, which we brought in from Oklahoma, it is simply a circle around the left hip bone, easy to brand and easy to read. It has always been considered to be one of the better brands registered in the region. I transferred it to my Grandson, Wesley Kimble, son of W.C. Kimble, Jr. He is gradually building a herd, may take awhile I think he has five or six cows at this time, but a man has to crawl before he can walk. Power to you, Wes, keep it going!

On the Apache ranch we ran up to 5000 head of cattle at various times throughout the year and all the while the ranch was improving. The last year we operated we were able to produce 1,250,000 pounds of beef on 5132 head of yearlings with a death loss of 132 head. It has to be a record for that outfit! Most ranches here will produce upwards of six pounds of beef per acre per year, this was a phenomenal 36 pounds per acre. It probably will not happen again.

There is no question that so called "extraction" industries are in trouble today because of the excessive, propagandic influence of both the environmentalists and the animal rights activists or the endangered species advocates.

On species, the basic problem arises out of the disappearance of the food chain behind the species. So, in a practical sense, unless the food chain behind the particular animal they want to restore is also put in place, the animal will not survive. For example look at the masked bobwhite quail, the government has spent millions trying to reestablish the masked bobwhite in Arizona all to no avail, something is missing and apparently no one knows what it is!

There is no argument that mining is an extraction industry and once the minerals are taken out they are gone, they may exist at greater depths but economics will not allow their continued extraction.

This is not true of cattle and timber these are both renewable resources and because they are, they should be utilized by the economy if for no other reason than to minimize price of product.

But the most practical reason is to hold down the excess vegetation, which creates a fire hazard. For example, this year all over the West there were hundreds of fires, all requiring vast efforts of fire fighters as well as money and other treasures. These can be prevented by

intelligent use of grazing patterns and forest tree cutting, so as to minimize hazards and reduce costs.

There is no question that the present administration is conducting a terrorist campaign against property owners all throughout the West. This campaign is so insidious, and low key that it has not as yet aroused a significant opposition and it may do so, only, after the damage has been done. This effort is a threat to all homeowners, as well, especially those who own land on which their home is built. This is not an attempt to alarm, it is merely a distinct effort to arouse some dynamic opposition to the idea that property in the West should not be owned, it is supposed to be rented from the Government.

FLOYD A. (COTTON) GATLIN

I was born to Amanda Orean (Minnie) Earl and Harvey Kidd Gatlin on December 23, 1919 at the home of Dave and Node Laney in Clifton, Arizona.

I had six brothers, Mid, Claude, Elmer, Lee, Lawrence, and Dan, all dead but me. I have five sisters, Florence at 96 living in a rest home in Silver City, N.M., Lola living in Safford, Evelyn lives in Yuma, Orean living at San Manuel, and Velma who passed away in 1996. We were quite a family.

We lived on the ranch at the mouth of the Blue. We had our own teachers that lived with us. We all helped on the roundup and the girls rode with us.

When Velma had to go to high school we moved to Clifton and went to school for 2 years. Then our neighbor, Mrs. Taylor, came each day and taught us. When I was in the third grade we went to Eagle Creek for school.

After my parents got a divorce we sold the ranch to Joe Slaughter and bought the Solomonville Pass Ranch. Lawrence and I gathered the cattle from the Chitty place while Lee, Claude, and Rush Gilpin, and some other cowboys gathered the other country. Lou Rex stayed at the new place to locate them.

I broke my first colt when I was thirteen, his name was Blue Dan. Later when I was nineteen this same horse stampeded with me and ran into a big tree and broke my jaw and shoulder and cracked my leg all at the same time. It knocked me out and when I came to Lou Rex was working old Blue Dan over, then I konked out again. They had to take me across the Gila River in a trolley car then to town in a Model T Ford about thirty miles on a rough dirt road to a doctor.

The second horse I broke was a three-year-old. He was given to me by Tooly Moore. The colt was called Muddy and he threw me and Buddy Eldrige and Lawrence. Elmer came along and rode him and thrashed him out for me, then I went ahead and broke him. I brought him to Safford with me and later sold him to Putt Golding. After that I broke about as many horses as any man in the country.

After Elmer, Lee, and Claude were married and went on their own, Lawrence and I ran the ranch for mama. I ran it most of the time as Lawrence went to college for two years and I quit school as a freshman. Then we took turns staying at the ranch and working out. Lawrence died with diptheria at the age of twenty-four. Dan had grown up so he and I ran the ranch. After Dan went into the army and came back and got married I bought him out. I have worked for a lot of ranches in my life.

In February of 1940 I married Maudie Dunagan. We had two boys. We lost Clayton but thank God we still have Dale and our grandson, Dusty Lee. We lost our little granddaughter Laure Dale. We are proud of our little family.

Maudie and I kept the ranch until we were forced to sell out on account of the drought. We moved to town and I was a policeman then a deputy sheriff. I then went back to ranch life. I was a stockman for the Indians, then I worked for the Eureka Ranch, the YL, the O-O, the WF, and the Moon Ranch.

I worked for the US Forest Service and was damn glad to retire.

We have had a pretty good life together, not counting our bad luck.

Maudie and I like to go fishing. She thinks we will starve when I retire but I bet we can eat the fish we catch if we are not too damn old to catch them.

We still live at the same place in Safford. Maudie is almost blind, I had surgery a couple of times, gallbladder, and was sent to Tucson where they found one of my intestines had grown to my spine, I just about died but I still cripple around. I'm still able to drive and do the shopping. We still live alone.

Maud Etta (Dunagan) Gatlin

Born January 29, 1918 in Imperial, California came to Duncan, Arizona at the age of three months.

My parents were Wallace and Callie (Supaw) Dunagan. I had six brothers and one sister - George, Homer, Oscar (Bosco), Vera, Maud, Paul (Bud), Steve, and Houston (Hoot). Bosco was in the cattle business while living. Hoot has a ranch on the Gila near Duncan. My Dad worked on ranches when I was young. He later went to work for the Arizona Highway Department.

I went to school in Duncan and Clifton and a country school on the Mule Creek Road near Black Jack. I lived in highway camps in the area and in Clifton until I was married.

I married Floyd Gatlin (Cotton) in 1940. We lived on the old Gatlin Ranch at Solomonville Pass the first years of our married life. The ranch house was infested with scorpions inside and rattlesnakes under the floor, also trade rats that traded horse biscuits for knives, forks & spoons.

After that we went to work for Ray Claridge on the Bonita Creek Ranch north of Safford. We had to pack supplies in on pack mules and rode horseback, as there was no road at that time.

Then we went to the Eureka Ranch between Bonita and Klondike. While on the Eureka Ranch, we adopted Clayton, our oldest son in 1948.

When Clayton was about 2½ years of age, we moved to the YL Ranch west of Ft. Thomas, Cotton worked for Roy Layton. A cute incident happened while we were there. Cotton trapped Quail this time. We were going to have company and have Quail dinner. In the meantime Clayton released them. He told us the little birds wanted out so he let them out.

At another time we took Clayton out to eat, he ordered a hamburger, when it came it was rare and he told us, "this hamburger needs a band aid, it is bleeding."

Clayton was 3½ years of age when Dale, our youngest son was born.

The next ranch we went to was the O Bar O's, near Bonita. It was owned by Betty Lane. While we were there, one incident that we remember, Dale was riding an old gentle horse and Cotton went to take him off. Dale said, "No Dad, I am not full of horse."

While the boys were young, Dale about 4 years and Clayton was in 1st grade, we moved to Kingman, worked on the WF Ranch. One thing that happened while at the WF Ranch - Dale was riding a black horse. Dale got off the horse and into the back of a pick up. Cotton heard a loud noise, he

looked around and the horse had jumped the tailgate and was in the back of the pick up with Dale.

From there we went to the Moon Ranch near Cliff, New Mexico. We were there a short time but that was it. Had to move too, often for the boys to stay in school. When Dale was in the 1st grade, we moved back to our home in Safford and have been there ever since.

Cotton worked for the BIA as stockman, for 2 years then went to work for the Forest Service and stayed with them until retirement.

Clayton served two tours to Viet Nam in the service. He worked on reconnaissance plants. He was Crew Chief Sp. 5. He had just finished his tours of duty and discharged from the service. He had saved his money and bought a new car. He was up on the Graham Mountain road and had a blow out. The car wrecked and he was killed. That was a terrible blow to us.

Dale finished school in Safford; worked in a feed lot at Lubbock, Texas after getting out of school, then from there to Hawaii. He worked for Max Smith, breaking horses. Then he left the Islands and went to work on the King Ranch. After working on different ranches he went to Oklahoma, he trained cutting horses there. He is back in Safford, works for the U Bar Headquarters, but located 12 mi. out of Safford at the P Ranch.

Dale married his wife Polly since returning to Safford. She lives on the ranch. Polly is a good hard working ranch wife. Dale has one son, Dusty Lee Gatlin. He is 25 years of age. He served 4 years with the Coast Guard and since leaving the Coast Guard he is working for a drilling company.

Floyd (Cotton) and I are both 80 years of age and still hanging in there.

MARIANNE ETCHART MANTEROLA

Marianne was born April 14, 1909 in Argentina, South America where her parents Inocense (Alza) and Simon Etchart had migrated from the Basque country of France and Spain. While she was a small child her parents moved the family to La Madeleine, France due to the difficulties of living in the pampas. Her father, who raised sheep, commuted between the two countries for a number of years.

At the age of 17, Marianne emigrated from the Pyrenees to the U.S. arriving in Flagstaff, Arizona in November of 1927, where she had cousins. In 1928 she went to work as a housekeeper for the Tom McCullough family in Flagstaff. She later worked for the Dr. M. Mantanovich family in Phoenix.

On November 21, 1932, Marianne married Jose (Tony) Antonio Manterola in Wickenburg, Arizona with Fermin and Benancia Echeverria as witnesses. They lived in a log cabin, which was one big room. The children remember hauling water to the house in lard buckets from the spring. They also would knit with their huge nails as they played in the swings that were hanging from trees. They would bathe in a big bathtub that Tony had made especially for them. Water was hauled and heated for these baths. Once a week Tony & Fermin Echeverria would go to town to get groceries and the mail. The children would see them coming and run to

meet them, as they knew there was always a candy bar brought for them.

In November of 1923 Tony along with Fermin Echeverria, Mike O'Haco and Mario Jorajuria became equal partners in a sheep outfit that in time became known as the O'Haco Sheep Company. Sheep drives were part of this operation trailing the sheep from the winter ranges in the Wickenburg area to the summer ranges in Winslow. In the 1930's Tony began taking part of the ewes to irrigated pastures in the Glendale-Litchfield area for lambing. After their marriage Marianne & Tony settled in Glendale, spending their summers at the Tillman Ranch located 50 miles southwest of Winslow. Three daughters Sylvia, Carmen and Marie were born during this time and Marianne had many fond memories of her life during those years. Tony began expanding the sheep operations into the Casa Grande area where the family still runs its operation today.

In 1945, Tony left the O'Haco Sheep Co. and he and Marianne bought the Dr. R. D. Raymond outfit, better known as Flagstaff Sheep Company located in the Flagstaff-Williams area. The Woody Mountain Allotment where he had worked for so many seasons for H. B. Kelly was now part of his new outfit. They ran a two-way operation in which 2500 ewes were wintered in irrigated pastures in Casa Grande with lambs produced for the Easter market. Another 2500 ewes

were lambed in February on the Bloody Basin Range and were shipped to the market during the summer months. These ewes were trailed out of the Valley to Cordes and then up the Beaverhead Grief Hill Driveway to the summer allotments on the Coconino Forest. It was during this time that their fourth child Jose Antonio Jr. II (Joe) was born.

On November 23, 1956, Tony passed away in Phoenix at the age of 65. The sheep business, which they had started in 1945, has continued to operate with the help of Joe & Sylvia. Manterola Sheep Company became a corporation in 1968 and they raise sheep and cattle in the Casa Grande and Flagstaff areas. Sylvia, Carmen & Joe still reside in the Casa Grande area. Marie lives in Porterville, California where she has been teaching school for over 35 years.

Marianne has six grandchildren. Her son Joe has four children Michelle, AnNette, Jodi & Joe Jr. (1980-1995). Her daughter Carmen and her husband Joe Auza have two children: Joseph and Yvette. Marianne also has three great grandchildren: Her grandson Joseph and his wife Tammy have one child Jacob Anthony. Her granddaughter Annette and her husband Vernon have two children Conway & Brynne.

Today at the age of 89, Marianne is still active in the sheep operation with the help of her two children Joe & Sylvia. She still enjoys helping out with the sheep when there is work to be done. She helps out during shipping,

shearing and cooks for the sheepherders when needed. She spends her entire summers at the summer ranch in Flagstaff as she has done for the past 63 years. This has become a way of life for her which she enjoys completely as does the rest of her family.

SCOTTY ANDERSON

Douglas, Arizona

After serving in the U.S. Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, and the 112th Cavalry Regiment in New Guinea in the South Pacific for two years;

Scotty and Alice Anderson arrived in Tucson, Arizona from Connecticut, in August 1947, to help teach horsemanship at the Southern Arizona School for Boys, a prep school in Sabino Canyon.

Later worked for Dennis Hunt training his good horses, also for Art Pollard at his Ligthing A Ranch on Tanga Verde Road in Tucson.

In 1952 we moved to Apache, Arizona to work for Fathuer and Shattuch's Ranch for two years.

Went to work for Mrs. Kollmar in White Tail Canyon at Hill Top in the Chiricahua Mountains until she sold the Z-T Ranch to Gene Williams of Scottsdale, Arizona.

The Z-T Ranch sold again in 1965. Mr. Williams arranged for me to buy the 280 head of cows, with the help of Jack Stewart, Valley National Bank. So with \$80.00 in our pocket we got into the cattle business.


Later Ned Hall of Bowie, Arizona, and Alice and I bought the Jack Glass Ranch in Price Canyon, 40 miles north of Douglas, Arizona in 1967.

We ran 400 head of X Bred cattle and 200 "Guest" a year, from all 50 states and 15 foreign countries, spreading the good word about the cattle business to over 6,000 "Guest" and meat eaters for 30 years, many returning to the Ranch as often as twenty times. This represented a lot of income to Arizona and the beef industry.

In the next few years Ned Hall and I put in 22½ miles of 1¼ pipelines from Price Spring, serving 25 water locations. In 1984 Ned sold his interest in the Ranch to Alice and I.

Tim Blevins started the Ranch in Price Canyon in the 1870's.

The Kimble family got the Ranch in 1915 and it remained in their family until Ned Hall, Alice and I bought it in 1967.

We sold our upper ranch in August 1997, and we retained the lower ranch, we now call "Rubicon Crossed Ranch". We brand  and Z-T.

Our son Winkie and family work for Mike Johnston, in Wheatland, Wyoming and our daughter, Melodee Boss is nursing in the Douglas, Arizona area.

Alice and I have five wonderful grandchildren.

"What are Cattle Ranchers"

A cattle Rancher is one that raises food, medicine, leather, etc. Pays taxes, serves his community on school boards, election boards, is a scout leader, preacher, school teacher, store keeper, peace officer, judge, yes and even an undertaker, and of course fights his country's wars. I know of no others who do so much for the land, people and country we all love.

Scotty Anderson

WILLIAM F. (BILL) KAMBITCH

Bill Kambitch's story truly depicts one man's hard work, perseverance and making your mark in life the hard way. He is a self-made rancher. Ranching is a challenge at best, but when you put together a ranch, one small parcel at a time, it is a bigger challenge and the result is even more gratifying.

Bill Kambitch was born September 12, 1905, in Douglas, Arizona, to Anton and Dora Kambitch. The building in which he was born still stands at the corner of 15th Street and F Avenue. His father, Anton, was born in Austria and immigrated to the United States at a very young age. He homesteaded near Pearce in Sulphur Springs Valley. The Kambitch family was a large one - Bill had four brothers and three sisters, plus five half brothers and sisters.

Bill's early childhood was spent on the family farm/ranch. The family had cattle and raised beans and other crops by "dry land" farming. He attended school at Light. Because of hard times and the large family, Bill left home at an early age to work for neighboring ranchers - Ike Price and Frank Gears to name a couple. In the mid-1920s, he worked in the mines at Bisbee. When he first went to Bisbee they were not hiring so Bill sold sawdust to meat markets and worked at odd jobs until a job in the mines became available and he was hired. After working in the

mines, he worked for the U.S. Forest Service (intermittently for approximately 26 years). His work for the Forest Service included driving trucks, tractors, smoke chasing during the summer months and almost anything that had to be done.

It was while working for the Forest Service near Alamogordo, New Mexico, he met and married Margaret Williams on December 22, 1930. (She was his active partner and soul mate until her death on August 17, 1997. Margaret also is an Arizona Pioneer.) In late 1931, the Kambitchs moved from New Mexico to Sulphur Springs Valley and lived on a small farm near his family's holdings and tried dry land farming.

When the original road was built to the Chiricahua National Monument, Bill was among the workers, and he and his wife and small daughter lived in a tent during construction.

About 1934, the young couple and their daughter pulled up stakes in the Sulphur Springs Valley and purchased a small ranch (Skull Canyon) located in the Peloncillo Mountains near the Arizona-New Mexico border. Their farm was traded to his father for 40 head of cows. Bill continued to work for the Forest Service as an equipment operator, smoke chaser or whatever to pay the way. Margaret took care of the ranch and drove a school bus. Whenever there was no work available for the Forest Service, Bill

worked construction jobs. (He drove tractor for the El Paso Natural Gas pipeline installation from the southern part of Arizona to Phoenix, he worked as a construction worker and supervisor for Morris-Knudsen during the construction of Fort Huachuca and Camp Kerns near Salt Lake City, Utah. Additionally, he worked as an officer at the Arizona Motor Vehicle Checking Station at Apache, Arizona.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, all income was used to purchase additional property adjacent to Skull Canyon as the homesteaders "starved out and left the area." Land holdings were extended to property along Highway 80 (present headquarters), the Udall Place and Neva Hopkins' property. The Elmer Franklin Ranch at Paradise in the Chiricahuas near Portal also was acquired. In New Mexico, the Tom Noland and Martin Nolan properties were purchased.

In the late 1940s, the country store in nearby Rodeo, New Mexico was purchased. This acquisition included a well-stocked store with hotel rooms upstairs, gas pumps out front, the post office, a restaurant and a rental apartment in the rear. Income from this investment also was used to improve the ranch. While in Rodeo, Bill also served as a deputy sheriff. The Rodeo property was sold in the 1960s, and Bill and Margaret built a home and moved to the present ranch headquarters approximately six miles south of Rodeo.

In 1992, adjoining property was purchased to expand the ranch by half again connecting the valley property along Highway 80 to that in Skull Canyon. Included in this transaction was the Cave Creek forest permit, which joins the Paradise property.

At 93, Bill still maintains "hands on" control of his property and makes a daily tour of the ranch in his pickup. His grandson, Bill Cloudt, has lived and worked on the ranch for the past 18 years, but Bill Kambitch remains the boss. He also spends a lot of his time "directing" and chasing rain. He has a wealth of experience in weathering droughts and fluctuating cattle prices. However, despite the odds, he has managed to put together a nice ranch stocked with Angus-cross cattle, which are continuously being upgraded. He is a conscientious landowner. Unfortunately, like other ranchers, he has never discovered the secret of how to control or regulate the rain. You take what you get! Ranching has always been Bill Kanbitch's life, and he is living proof that dedication and hard work pay off.

On October 7, 1998, shortly after Bill Kambitch's story was completed, he passed away at the age of 93. He was out checking the ranch in his pickup. Apparently, he had opened a gate and got back in his truck and had a heart attack.

LYDIA MARTINEZ

WOMAN OF THE ARIZONA LAND

"Mamina" - Corazon de oro y voluntad de hierro

by Kathleen Thomas

Lydia Grijalva Gomez Martinez is a rock-solid woman whose heritage lies in Spain. Secure with her Spanish culture, her ranching history in Arizona dates to the turn of the century through her father Vidal. Endowed with a keen mind and a work ethic passed down from both sides of her family and zealous belief in Jehovah, she is compassionate, but a formidable opponent in any controversy and a fierce defender of what she believes is just.

She is further tied to the Arizona land by fifty-seven years of marriage to Abelardo Martinez, Sr. Together, they have developed the Martinez Ranch in Greenlee County on the San Francisco River. Historic in its own right, the ranch and the struggles they have experienced are an epic on ranching at its best and worst in the last half of the 20th century.

Abe, known by many folks as "Curley" paid Lydia the supreme compliment when he said, "It takes a pretty good woman and a pretty good man to stay on a ranch."

Lydia Grijalva Gomez was born November 14, 1923 in Morenci, Arizona, into a family with a heritage steeped in culture connected with the land. Her maternal great

grandfather, Jesus Cordova, a carpenter, was of Spanish decent as was her maternal grandfather Jose Maria Grijalva. He was reared near Via Humada in Chihuahua, Mexico where the family raised dairy cattle and made cheese. In Metcalf he met and married Lydia's grandmother, Maria Cordova who also had roots in Spain. They came to Greenlee County from the Membres Valley in New Mexico.

Her father Vidal, born in Spain, in 1893 came from a family who loved livestock and regularly attended ferrias (auctions) as a way to upgrade their herds. His older brother, Alvaro had already left Spain and had not been heard from. A quest for this brother, and Vidal's wish for more personal freedom, caused him to leave his widowed mother Marcelina, a brother Luciano, and two sisters behind and immigrate to America. Entering the country legally, through Ellis Island, New York he migrated to Morenci, Arizona where, at the age of seventeen he worked road construction and later took a job as a grocer's helper. Vidal was ambitious, worked hard and had a good sense for business. Before long, he became a partner in a dairy and owned his own grocery store and later became an American citizen.

At the time Vidal arrived in the Metcalf-Morenci area from Spain, the Grijalvas were already well established in the dairy business near Morenci and were living there as a

family with four children. In 1903 Jose Maria moved his family to Buena Vista, in the verdant Gila Valley near Safford where, eventually, the family would grow to eight; Julia, Joe, Amada, Jesusita, Paul, Pete, Ramon and Augustine, who was only two years older than Lydia. Later the Grijalvas would adopt a five year old niece, Inocenta.

At Buena Vista Jose Maria Grijalva became well known for his crops and the produce from his huge garden. Watermelons, cantaloupe, sweet corn, tomatoes and chili found a ready market in Clifton and Morenci where few gardens existed. Products from his herd of Holstein cows included cheese which he and his daughter Jesusita processed in quantities of twenty pounds daily; ten pounds in the morning and ten pounds at the evening milking. The cheese was aged in their cellar and was so popular it was shipped by surface mail to markets as far away as Globe and Miami.

Not only was Jesusita the favored helper in his cheese making enterprise, she was a talented musician and the most important component in the traditional "tardiada", the matinee dance. Held on Sunday afternoon, it was a get-together for young people of courting age, chaperoned by parents. Jose Maria Grijalva who boasted three daughters was often a host and Jesusita not only sang but played the family organ for these mixers.

Early in 1921, Jesusita had returned from California where she had been attending business school. She and her sister Amada were visiting relatives in Morenci and were sent by another sister, Lydia's Aunt Costancia, to purchase onions for enchiladas, but with the bidding, "Don't go to the Spaniard's store." The reason they did go to the Spaniard's store has not been handed down but Jessie entered, dressed in fashionable riding clothes and although ten years her senior, Vidal fell in love with her.

Jesusita and Vidal, now separated by the miles between Morenci and Safford, continued their courtship by mail for many months because Jesusita's father, understandably, did not want to lose his talented daughter. He finally allowed them to marry when she was twenty years old, on January 17, 1923.

After their marriage Vidal continued with his grocery business in Morenci where it was customary to extend credit to his customers. The years after World War I brought a Depression and with the closure of the Phelps Dodge Mine, his good faith eventually led to the closure of his store. Many were out of work and unable to pay their accounts and he went broke. Although he had lost a good deal, the farsighted Vidal had other ventures in mind. He was the first man of Spanish descent in Morenci to own a brand new

truck; a Reo. He bought and sold crops and produce locally and as far away as Safford and Deming, New Mexico.

Vidal and Jesusita were still living in Morenci when Vidal established his first goat ranching operation on Lower Eagle Creek west of Morenci in the locality of the Eagle Creek Pumping Station. On homestead land and open range he ran about 2000 pure-bred, white Angora goats. The Angora fleece, mohair, was highly sought for women's garments and upholstery. When he ran his first goats, Vidal had a Spaniard, Adolfo Gomez Gonzales as a partner. A Distant cousin to Vidal, he had only one arm and is fondly remembered as Uncle Adolfo; a talented herder and a fine man of strong character. Many recall that Adolfo was so strong that he could do most jobs better with one hand than most men could with two hands.

Vidal pastured his goats in Smith Canyon, Gusway Canyon, Hill's place, Turtle Mountain and Lower Eagle Creek, where at that time a small community existed. Usually, he maintained two herds, with two camps and two herders.

GROWING UP IN THE GOMEZ HOME

Lydia was born in November 1923, in Morenci, followed by Gloria in 1925 and Sylvia in 1927. Just after her younger brother Vidal was born in 1929, the Gomez' brought their family, then numbering four, to the large, red brick house on their first farm known as the Richardson Place, near Solomon. Lydia, the oldest of the four, at the age of six had already started to help her mother around the home. From her father Vidal, came the affectionate title "Little Mamina", for by the age of eight she had stepped into the shoes of "surrogate mother, big sister and protector" to the younger Gomez children. Jesusita bore eleven children between the years of 1923 and 1944. Lydia was followed by Gloria, Sylvia, Vidal, Robert, Alfonso, Angel, Jimmie, Jessie, Marcelina and Olivia. At this writing all eleven of the Gomez children are still living.

Vidal, a shrewd planner, relied heavily on Jesusita in his business dealings for he had never mastered English. She read the newspaper to him and he loved for her to read detective stories, translating the English to Spanish as quickly as she read the words. Of her parents' relationship Lydia says, "My father was a kind man and my mother was a hard worker; she did just what he said to do." Of the many

children and the care of home, "[Jesusita] just went on with it like it was a part of living."

Vidal was always willing to help his fellow man. During the Great Depression there were many transients, often families, struggling west, across America to capture the "California dream". If the migrants were stranded, it was not unusual for him to offer them a little temporary work. He would ask Jesusita to feed them, help them get their laundry done, offer them bathing facilities and bed them down for the night. If vehicles were broken down Vidal would do what he could to help with repairs so that the travelers could get back on the road toward the west.

Eventually, the hardworking Gomez' came to be among the larger landowners in Graham County. In addition to the Eagle Creek holdings, and the original Richardson Place near Solomon, they acquired the Massey farm that adjoined it on one side and the Morris Place, which also touched the original farm. The Montez farm was added and finally the Grijalva holdings at Buena Vista. Vidal also owned a cattle ranch in Greenlee County near Cherry Lodge, which was later sold to Judge Ruskin Lines.

During the time that Jesusita and her family had been living in Safford she had been visiting and reading the Bible with women of the Jehovah's Witnesses and later she became a zealous member. Lydia is also a believer in

Jehovah God and The Kingdom. She lives her faith every day and it is the mainstay of her life.

Lydia became her mother's helpmate, thereby exempting her from most outdoor work but she was out of bed not long after her mother, which was shortly after sunrise, making beds, preparing lunches and dressing little ones. Evenings, before bedtime, there were always diapers to rinse, boil, wash, rinse again and hang in the night air. Another of her duties as long as she attended Solomon School was leaving her own classes to feed her younger brothers outside the school with the lunch she had prepared earlier; sandwiches, biscuits with sweet jams and butters or honey and a two quart jar of milk brought from home. When she and her sisters were dismissed from morning classes they would enjoy the same fare. Coming to the rescue of her little brothers, who were often victims of prejudice in the school yard is the only cloud on her otherwise happy school years. Glenn Kempton a long-time teacher at the Solomon School stands out as a person that was influential in Lydia's life.

For several years, Lydia had been helping her mother with the laundry for the thirteen Gomez' plus the many helpers her father had on the farm. In 1937, when she was about fourteen her father purchased an electric washing machine and from that time until she left home she took over

the washing and the ironing as well as the sewing and mending.

A CCC camp was near the Gomez home, more or less where the San Jose Prison is today and the CCC boys walked near their house, especially, on the weekends. Vidal ruled his household with a strict hand and he told the Gomez girls not to walk that road--and they did not. The Bertoldo family lived nearby and the youngsters could come and see the Gomez' but the Gomez girls were not allowed to walk the road to their house.

The children's social time began on Saturday when it was Lydia's responsibility to see that all the chores were done and that there were clean and pressed Sunday clothes so that they could enjoy a Sunday outing. Their day away from chores was a walk of six or seven miles from Solomon to the home of their Aunt Amada, Uncle Alfred and cousins Frances and Dalia, who lived near the Gila River. Toward evening, after enjoying the day with their relatives they would walk home. When she was older, Lydia had two girlfriends, Lupe Bertoldo and Gloria Giron with whom she had good times but her father spoke against dances and other social events where boys usually meet girls.

For the Gomez family, The Great Depression years were hard. Lydia remembers that there was very little money but because of their frugal habits they got along. Lydia

describes them as learning times. "We learned how to survive." The family of eleven children and two adults had to be fed. Vidal cultivated with horses and every field was hoed and watered by hand, so often there were ten men working on the farm and at least two sheepherders in the camps for which food had to be provided.

On the farm there were always cows and chickens and they had the goats so there was always meat, eggs and milk. Jesusita made butter and cheese so the Gomez' had many things that other people lacked. She was also an expert wildfood gatherer, a cultural aspect of her life carried down through generations. Regularly used in food preparations were Verde Lagas, Purslane, Lambing Quarters, careless weed and wild greens. Mesquite beans were ground and used for sweetener and the young, center sprouts from the Century Agave were also sources of nutrition for families not necessarily poor, but those wise to mother nature.

During the fearsome, Deep Depression, it was common for people to trade government commodities such as salt pork and dry beans for farm eggs, chickens, milk, butter and cheese. Ending up with lots of salt pork, Jesusita would send it to the herders along with bags of dry beans. Only twice during the Depression years is it remembered that Vidal had to ask for help from the government. Both times he had run out of

money with which to buy flour. After Roosevelt was elected they were able to borrow money to go on with their life and pay for their farm.

Cotton had already come to the valley and Vidal farmed on a full scale. He also raised cattle and continued to run goats and sell mohair. As the years went by he became respected for his knowledge of goat production. One thing he enjoyed was having his old friend and fellow goat rancher, Gabino Martinez come by the farm to "talk goat business". Gabino didn't know how to drive a car, and was usually chauffeured by his son Abelardo, who eventually became Lydia's husband. They were familiar visitors because Vidal always knew where available sheepherders could be found.

Abe could not have avoided noticing Lydia, because although not involved in the adult conversations she was always present, doing her chores. Abe will only smile but he must have been watching Lydia, growing up; beautiful and strong and plenty smart as well. When he visited there was never a time to be alone together because at least half a dozen Gomez children were always mobbing the popular Abe Martinez or deliberately being where the couple was.

Abe says that along about the time he was twenty-two or three he began to look for a nice girl to marry and Lydia will admit that Abe was quite a catch. They'd been

acquainted for years but had never had a date. In the spring of 1940, there was a happenstance meeting at a carnival in Morenci. "I went with my dad. I didn't go with Abe and he didn't go with me. I just happened to go and he happened to be there." Who saw who and asked who to do what remains a good-natured debate between them. Challenged by Lydia to a Loopo-plane ride that was so scary Abe became ill, the meeting was enjoyable but came to nothing—or so Lydia thought, because she was summoned to go home with Vidal.

Abe didn't see Lydia again until November of 1940. He'd had a lot of time to think about her. Indeed he did...think a lot about her because the next time he went to the valley, he asked her to marry him. In December he brought her a watch and went away again. Lydia didn't feel any uncertainty but she didn't see Abe again until March 1941, when he made his intentions official with a diamond engagement ring and asked Vidal for Lydia's hand in marriage.

It was a long time between dates, but Abe was busy, building a house for his bride in Clifton and attending to his first cattle ranch; the Johnny Fisher place which comprised 150 deeded acres and a BLM permit. The enterprising Abe also had a mail route on Eagle Creek and Morenci and from Clifton to Lordsburg and return.

Their honeymoon home at 170 Frisco Avenue, on the banks of the San Francisco River, in Clifton was nearly complete but Lydia had never seen it. One Sunday when the Gomez parents were away at the Winkleman goat ranch, Abe came and insisted that she go with him to see her new house. Lydia was minding her baby sister Marcelina that day so they gathered her up, took her along and enjoyed an entire day together. However, even though they were officially engaged Abe had them back at their home in the valley before the Gomez parents returned in the evening.

Abe asked for Lydia's hand three times but Vidal wouldn't say yes. It wasn't that Vidal didn't like Abe, he just didn't want to part with Lydia. In fact when she told her father she wanted to marry Abe Martinez, Vidal did not believe that she was seventeen. Jesusita was supportive of the couple. She said she would not take Lydia's "luck"...in Spanish it is said "Mi esuerte", by not giving them her blessing. Fully aware of the affection that existed between her father and Abe, Lydia would not make her wedding plans until Vidal finally gave his verbal blessing.

In spite of all the years that have passed, the memory of her wedding day still causes Lydia a certain sadness. That morning, Jesusita came to tell Lydia that her father was packing up to go to the goat ranch in Winkelman because he could not bring himself to attend the ceremony. With

motherly wisdom, Jesusita suggested that Lydia find her father and tell him good-bye. She found him outdoors crying like a child. She says, "His tears upset me terribly." Abe and Lydia were married on September 14, 1941 at the minister's home in Thatcher, Arizona.

At the time of their marriage Abe had already made his entry into cattle ranching in Arizona with the purchase of the Fisher Place in 1938 and was managing the Martinez' family ranch in King's Canyon near Polaris. That same year, on a hunting trip near the Mouth of the Blue on the San Francisco River, Abe first saw the Dix Creek Ranch and declared that if he ever had a chance to do it, he would buy the place.

THE BEGINNING OF THE BEST OF TIMES

Lydia and Abe began their married life in the home that Abe built on the banks of the Frisco. All went pretty well according to Lydia, except for the fact that Abe's favorite place to go in town was the pool hall where he enjoyed playing cards. "He would go often and it would aggravate me to no end. Once he came home and I was pretty upset. I grabbed him by the shirt-like this.... Well, I ripped it and he was laughing. After I ended up with the shirt in my hand, than we both laughed. It was hilarious." At times Lydia would assist Abe with the Eagle Creek mail route and later they expanded their service by transporting the

Clifton mail to Lordsburg and returning with the Lordsburg mail for Clifton.

Their first son, Abelardo Martinez, Jr. arrived to greet the world in June 1943. In 1944 Abe and Lydia purchased what they refer to as the Silver Creek Ranch from Earl McGlocklin. It included deeded land, State and BLM permits, bringing their managed holdings to about 20,000 acres with nearly 225 cows.

To arrive at the Silver Creek ranch required Abe and Lydia to leave their vehicle at the main road, then ride horseback to the ranch, a distance of about ten miles. She enjoyed the five room house and remembers that it had one appreciated convenience; cold water piped to the house from the clear spring. The land near the creek was so moist that blackberries grew profusely and she made great quantities of jelly. The Silver Creek Ranch is where she peeled her left index finger to the bone when a folding chair collapsed with her. Seven inches of new snow on the ground and no horses in the corral found Lydia spending a long night in pain. In the morning Abe wrangled the horses, they rode to the truck and visited two doctors in different towns before Lydia was treated with Gentian Violet; an injection and a finger-stall. That night she was back at the ranch making tamales with her dear and faithful friend Paula Cazares, who to this

day, [fifty-one years later], is like a sister, and Bobby, her thirteen year old brother.

How to haul a sewing machine on a burro became Abe's mission when Lydia insisted on having hers at the Silver Creek ranch. The machine went in the truck as far as the horse trail. Abe loaded a burro with a bale of hay on each side, installed the sewing machine, feet up on top of the bales and they made their way home.

The young couple, accustomed to hard work, improved the ranch and increased the size of their family. In December of 1944, young Abe had a little brother, Daniel Gabino. Two and a half years later in May of 1947 Robert was born to complete the family.

THE MARTINEZ RANCH - 1948

The Dix Creek Ranch had been on Abe's mind since 1938 and in 1948 he and Lydia purchased it from Bill and Charlotte Taylor. The isolated and historic Ranch on the San Francisco River originated in the 1880's with a squatter, H.M. Dix after whom both the Creek and the Mesa are named. In 1903, Tommy Stockton, a cattleman, bought the ranch, quarried tufa stone from a nearby bluff and built the stately, two story home for his bride. Other owners with recognizable names were Ira Harper and Adam Sliger. Sliger received the patent on the land in 1919. The improvements listed on the application included the masonry home, a corn

crib, a fifty foot tunnel through solid rock for an ascequia, a 2000 foot ditch and an orchard of 1200 bearing fruit trees. When Abe and Lydia bought the ranch only a few of the trees remained and the other improvements existed but most were in poor repair.

The Dix Creek ranch, now the Martinez ranch was reached by driving up the San Francisco river, either in the river bed or beside it for twenty miles in a huge old army jeep with no doors. Lydia counted fifty-eight crossings of the river. When the river was high there was no way in or out except with pack animals; a trip of eight hours.

After the boys started school, Lydia became "fed up" with driving the river and Abe built twelve miles of road across the Pleasant Valley Allotment to connect the ranch with the Mule Creek Road, in New Mexico. On public land, it came with a price tag of \$30,000. It later became a county road and Greenlee County participated in maintenance and due to changes in land ownership and the 1983 flood the Forest Service has, at times helped.

THE WATERS

At the time of purchase, in 1948, the Martinez' cattle range was overgrazed in its entirety. The only dependable watering sources were the San Francisco River and Dix Creek. In order to pay for the ranch and stay in the cattle business Abe and Lydia knew that they would have to develop

a system to supply water over the entire ranch and particularly on the Pleasant Valley Allotment. The Martinez' have absorbed the labor costs and a majority of the materials and supplies to develop a sophisticated watering system which includes twenty-six stock tanks across the permit.

In 1961, Abe's sister Tiofila and her husband, Joe Cueto drilled a 320 foot well on the allotment, and the Duran brothers constructed two stock watering tanks, made of rock and built by hand. Both gasoline and solar have been initiated as sources for moving water. Lydia remembers that they were told by Forest Service engineers that they didn't believe it could be done. The United States Forest Service, Clifton District, has recognized the Martinez' for constructing and maintaining a diverse and effective watering system that has been a benefit to wildlife as well as livestock.

In order to monitor and repair tanks and troughs and care for the cattle, the Martinez' have built a system of four-wheel drive roads and trails over the rangeland primarily at their own expense, and although primitive these roads make it convenient for the forest Service and the public to travel over much of the 14,000 acre allotment by vehicle rather than horseback.

In accordance with long standing water rights, Martinez' have improved a diversion dam across the San Francisco River to water four large pastures on the deeded land where they rotate sixty to seventy head of cows and calves off the range voluntarily, to ease the burden on public land during the summer months.

THE RANCH CULTURE

Although most of Dix Creek is on the Apache National Forest, Abe and Lydia have water rights for the waters from Dix Spring. This resource is used to water domestic stock and wildlife as well. The spring also provides the pure, sparkling water for the ranch headquarters and the enormous garden that furnishes the produce Lydia uses each year to preserve hundreds of quarts of fruits and vegetables for consumption during the winter by the family and ranch workers.

Well schooled by her mothers' culture, Lydia refuses to waste and loves to share. To this day, during the season of garden and fruit harvest she tries to preserve every pound of bounty nature has given. No matter, from her back yard, the ranch garden or orchard, with Abe's help the pots of jam and canners filled with jars simmer far into the night. Seldom does anyone leave her door without their share of her labors. "Water not-want not" is a rule of life with her as it was with the family of her parents and surely those

before: A visitor once observed Lydia making chili rellenos for breakfast in the big kitchen at the ranch. A few hours later, she was seen sifting the flour left from coating the chilies after the egg wash. At lunchtime the flour was used to thicken the gravy served with a roast of beef.

The ranch headquarters was impressive when they purchased it and since then Lydia has patiently created a smooth functioning, well appointed home and together, she and Abe have continued to improve the entire ranch complex. The big house has enjoyed the addition of a modern kitchen and bathroom and a new face on the original fireplace. In the 1970's a food storage room, a bath house and laundry facility was constructed next to the big house. In 1983, the flood spoiled the newly laid carpet. Abe and his workers hauled it out, hosed it clean, stretched rope for a line, let it dry and reinstalled it.

Possibly the most welcomed improvement has been the addition of the generating plant that provides electricity for the ranch headquarters. Even today, it is operated conservatively. Abe must transport all fuel, for whatever purpose, to the ranch over Forest Road 212.

Lydia's strong hand is evident in the modern bunkhouse constructed of burnt adobes, which were made and fired on the site. The deep porch shelters the big kitchen and rooms for the ranch hands. All the ranch food is prepared here on

an imposing wood burning cookstove and everyone eats in the bunkhouse kitchen.

Attached to the bunkhouse is a spacious, homelike ramada. In the summer it is the outdoor living room and the central gathering place for all activities. Lydia does her canning here on propane ranges. The ramada is comfortable for people but all creatures are welcome. The chickens are pets and will lay eggs by the chairs and for reasons unknown, the roosters crow all day and several peacocks parade around as though they own the place. Calm and inviting, there is a peaceful view of the pastures where horses, cows and sheep and even a few goats graze together. This, the San Francisco River and bluffs beyond, create a sight unequaled anywhere short of the Grand Canyon. Scenic, peaceful and beautiful as it is, Lydia is quick to point out that through the years there has been precious little time to sit and enjoy the view that outsiders interpret as the perfect ranch scene from a western novel.

For nearly fifty years, or at least since she put her foot down and demanded to drive a road not a river, Lydia has maneuvered a truck, engaged in four wheel drive, over the road from the ranch, through the canyon, up, over and down the other side of Dix Creek Mesa to the corrals and scales, a distance of seven miles. There she switches back to two wheel drive and continues on to the Mule Creek Road,

another seven miles. In good weather it is an interesting experience and in bad weather it is a guaranteed thrill.

From the Mule Creek Road, which is New Mexico Route 78 on to Three Way and North to Clifton where the Martinez second home was located is a total distance of about forty-five miles. Lydia guesses she has driven the route thousands of times in fifty years.

THE FRISCO RIVER FLOODS - 1972 AND 1983

All three Martinez boys started to school from the house Abe built for Lydia before their marriage, at 170 Frisco Street in Clifton. They purchased the old home next door from Abe's siblings and moved the family there. In 1960, the old house was replaced with a spacious masonry home, built by Arthur Evans. The new dwelling was damaged in 1972, when the San Francisco River flooded, leaving three and a half feet of water inside. In 1983, the river flooded again; five and a half feet of water sat in the house for three days before it receded. Then, three feet of sand and mud remained. It was declared to be fifty percent destroyed but Lydia and Abe, their sons and relatives mucked it out again. They borrowed money and totally refurbished for the second time in eleven years. Later, the area was declared to be flood-disaster prone and all owners were to be bought out at 'fair market value' and relocated. Lydia's spirited,

seven year dispute with the agency over the definition of 'fair market value' was finally resolved in 1998.

Damage from the flood on the San Francisco River in 1983 wasn't limited to the Clifton home. The original builder of the big house on the Martinez ranch surely expected floods because the house is built on a high foundation. In all the years that Abe and Lydia had been owners, it had never had water inside and neither had the bunkhouse. This devastating flood left eighteen inches of water in the big house, and three and a half feet in the bunkhouse. Besides flooding all the deeded land, the rushing waters took cottonwoods and willows up by the roots and destroyed fences, watergaps and irrigation ditches on both sides of the river.

After the 1972 flood, Abe wanted to build a home in Safford, but Lydia resisted because of the distance from the ranch. When the flood came again in 1983, she knew that if another ten year flood occurred on the San Francisco they would be at an age that would prohibit another renovation such as they had gone through twice before. "We were getting older and needed a permanent place nearer doctors and hospitals." These realizations prompted the purchase of their present home on Seventh Avenue in Safford.

A RECIPE FOR LIVING

Besides raising and educating three sons, Abe Jr., Dan and Bob, Abe and Lydia have, through the years invited a number of individuals into their lives and embraced them as family members.

Long ago, there was Manuel Valenzuela, the fine old cowboy that came with the Silver Creek Ranch. Although he was partially blind, mostly deaf and rather crippled, he stayed and worked for Abe and Lydia until he passed away.

Soon after Lydia and Abe moved to the Martinez ranch, Alfredo "Mokey" Alvarez came to them. He was about eleven years old and was at the ranch every summer until he was old enough to go to work on his own. Mokey was about the same age as young Abe and was a wonderful companion to all three boys. More than any other thing he could wish for Mokey wanted a pet pig. Abe gave Mokey the pig but the only way to get the little porker to town was on a burro. It was quite a sight with the good sized pig in a box in front and Mokey sitting behind it. Also, a quite a sound--the pig squealed all the way to Clifton.

There were the McBride boys. The McBride family had seventeen children and of the nine boys in the family, at one time or another Abe and Lydia had seven of the boys at the ranch. One of these was the youngster, Dick McBride who

Lydia says was her husband's shadow before she married him and afterward was there every time she turned around.

Lydia remembers one summer at the ranch when she had sixteen at the table for meals. There were two McBride boys, Billy and George; two Madison boys, Carl and Gene; her three sons, Abe, Dan and Bob; three of her mother's youngest children, Jess, Marcie and Olivia and six adults.

Her helper in the kitchen that summer and for many more to come, was Andreas McWilliams, who was called Mack. The Martinez' had known Mack, who was about sixty-five years old for awhile and knew that he had an alcohol problem. Abe, out of the goodness of his heart, rescued Mack from a dangerous, six week drinking binge and brought him to the ranch to sober up. Mack stayed on and proved himself so useful and endearing that he stayed for thirteen years, taking on kitchen and domestic responsibilities at the ranch that made life easier for Lydia when she necessarily had to be at the Clifton home. Although Mack continued to drink, Abe was able to control his consumption by simply not having alcohol available at the ranch. His health improved a little, but a few years later, he nearly lost his life with an intestinal blockage exacerbated by his long-time overuse of alcohol. He survived the treatment returned to the ranch and with the Martinez' help and encouragement, Mack turned his life around. With their assistance he secured his

Veteran's benefits and pension, became financially independent and was reunited with his son and grandchildren. He stayed on at the ranch until his health failed, then Lydia took him to their home in Clifton and cared for him until he had to be hospitalized. She was near his bedside when he passed away at the Morenci hospital at age seventy-eight.

Johnny Owens is considered a member of the Martinez family. Except for two short intervals and one period of seven years, Johnny has been with them for thirty-seven of his sixty-five years of life. Small for his age, Johnny had a learning disability and a speech impediment. He left school after the eighth grade, at age seventeen. His dream was to be a cowboy. Time proved that it was something that he could accomplish. When he came to live at the ranch, Abe, Jr. was seven, Dan was five and Bob was three. Although Johnny was eighteen, he finished growing up with the three Martinez sons and the three of them played an important part in Johnny's life. He learned to work right along with them and he was treated as another son. Johnny flourished and became a good cowboy, learned to drive and how to manage his own money. "It was great to see how he felt about it. He had a profession. He was a good cowboy—and he really was."

On the ranch he had learned to be independent and had become self supporting so he went back to Texas to see if he could do another kind of work. He tried construction but found he couldn't work under pressure and he came home to the ranch and became an even better cowboy. Just as they would with their own sons, the Martinez' have seen Johnny through all the bad times that life has brought him including accidents and surgeries. Johnny is still with Abe and Lydia and Johnny has no trepidation about saying that the Martinez' are his family.

Many of the improvements at the Martinez Ranch bear the stamp of the Duran brothers, Gilberto, Polo, Arturo and Ramon. They came out of Mexico and each has spent some or most of their lives with Abe and Lydia on the Martinez ranch. Ramon was fourteen when Gilberto brought him to the ranch to work as a helper making rock and concrete walls, foundations and stock tanks. He had been with them eleven years when Abe Jr. obtained his first McDonalds franchise. He went to work for young Abe, as a maintenance supervisor and was with him for fifteen years. A Duran nephew, Rogelio Olvera is still with Abe and Lydia, a faithful employee for ten years.

Claudio Valdenegro, an orphan boy from Mexico came to work at the ranch and became a friend to the Martinez' son Bob. When Bob left the ranch to attend college, Claudio

went to work for Jim Grammer on the old Slaughter ranch above the Mouth of the Blue but he always kept in touch and visited often when Bob was home. Later, Abe and Lydia learned that Claudio had been ill. They took him to a doctor in Morenci where it was found that Claudio had tuberculosis. In order to get treatment they were told he would have to return to Mexico. True to her colors, Lydia disagreed and said so. She pointed out that he had contracted the disease in the United States and that he should be treated here. If he was sent back to Mexico he would not get treated at all, much less with modern drugs. She argued that if he was sent back he would only spread the disease among family and friends and that when he found he was dying he would end up back in Arizona anyway because it is the only place where people cared about him.

Lydia prevailed. She and Abe found a way to admit Claudio to the John Lincoln Hospital in Phoenix where they saw him treated and returned to good health. His employers, the Grammars' held his job for him and he was able to return to work.

In many cases Lydia and Abe were instrumental in helping workers from Mexico become naturalized citizens of the United States. Rogelio Nolasco, had an opportunity to buy a good home for his family at a reasonable price, in Santana, Chihuahua. Lydia recommended that they lend him

the money. It was done and every penny was repaid. In her lifetime, Lydia has transported tons of clothing and household goods to Jehovah's Witnesses across the border in Mexico. There the items are distributed to families who are sincere in their attempt to overcome poverty.

In 1963, both young Abe and Dan had graduated and gone away to college, leaving Lydia with only one chick left in the nest. It was just too quiet and she was lonely without children. She decided to be a foster parent and wanted to do it by taking the most disadvantaged of all children in the area. She applied and was granted three Apache Indian children. A brother and sister, Evelyn age eleven and Wilbert, age thirteen were from San Carlos. Melvin, age ten was from the Fort Grant School for Delinquent Boys. This proved to be one of her more difficult undertakings because each of the youngsters had experienced a difficult childhood. After two weeks Lydia was about to give up but Bob asked her to give them some more time to adjust. She did, and Evelyn and Wilbert were with the Martinez' for nearly three years. Melvin stayed almost five years. The Apache children were treated like family and they were as happy as it was possible for them to be. They especially loved the ranch and the good food that always issued from Lydia's kitchen.

In her lifetime, Lydia has made three trips to Spain. The first in 1952 was with her father and her Uncle Adolfo. The second in 1972 with Abe and Uncle Adolfo who was eighty years old. In 1995 the occasion was a wedding and Lydia returned to Spain with her sisters, Sylvia and Olivia, her youngest brother Jessie and his wife Vicki. Sylvia's daughter Bobbie Jane and granddaughter Alexia also made the trip. Lydia, always involved in any food preparation amazed her Spanish cousins by washing the freshly dressed chickens with Ivory Soap then scrubbing them with baking soda, saying. "These chickens have never taken a bath, I'm giving them one now."

THE MARTINEZ' SONS

Lydia was thrilled when she and Abe started their family. "I wanted a son more than anything. Abe didn't have a preference but was proud to have his first-born named for him. Beaming, she describes each infant. Little Abe, being photographed at only six weeks, jay-bird naked, on his tummy, could hold his head high. He was ready for the world. Danny had the distinction of being the prettiest of her three, with his pink skin, dark curly hair and Lydia's brown eyes. Bob, with beautiful blue eyes had the long nose and small chin. With a mother's pride she says they are all successful, generous, kind and good with people, but all with "their tempers".

While Lydia was raising her boys she says, "I always had the feeling that it was not right for them to make the Martinez ranch their life's work." She believed that each should have a college education and a career of his own. "Every monkey should have his own tree". After seeing a children's story in the Jehovah's Witness magazine, Awake, concerning mother birds who push their mature offspring from the nest so they will fly on their own, she took the theme and used it as an example for her sons. It was a simple lesson and she showed it to them in nature. She and Abe put the lesson into practice with all three of their sons.

Fly on their own they did. Abe Junior graduated from Northern Arizona University with a Bachelor of Science in Education. His Masters Degree is in Counseling and Administration. He married Sharon Garrard. They live in Pinetop and have two children, Melissa, and Abe Martinez, III. Dan graduated from the University of Arizona with a Degree in Science and Pharmacology. He married Stephanie Smith. Their children are Justin and Marlo. Bob attended Eastern Arizona College for two years and the University of Arizona for two years. His major was Agriculture. His wife is the former Pamela Price. They have three married children, Brandon, Karen and Shuana Marie. Brandon and Lauren have a daughter, Megan Ashly and Karen and Joel have a daughter, Aylissa Kaylei.

All three Martinez sons now live away from Greenlee County but individually and collectively they return to pitch in when help is needed.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE FUTURE

When Abe and Lydia bought the Dix Creek Ranch, the Pleasant Valley Allotment of about 24,000 acres and the permit for grazing was transferred to them with the purchase. Therefore, the United States Forest Service is heavily ingrained in the history of the Martinez Ranch and its prosperity as well.

Generally, Abe and Lydia have had a good relationship with the Forest Service as an agency, and particularly well with the district rangers. However since 1995, when the National Environmental Protection Agency directed that rangeland reform be enforced, tensions have developed. Usually friendly relationships between permittees and Forest Service personnel have at times been tense. Likewise, the Forest Service has found it difficult to impose mandates on folks that have been their friends, but they have had no choice.

The number of cattle allowed to graze on the permit, the locations and for what periods of each year is determined by a management plan worked out jointly between the agency and the permittee, on guidelines that must be

responsive to laws and regulations which are already in place governing the management of public lands.

Before the management plans are handed down each permit is evaluated individually, based on studies that reference riparian areas, endangered species and the condition of existing resources, such as water and forage.

Range reform was largely a rumor in 1994, although it had been expected for some time by the Forest Service. Nonetheless, it came as a surprise to Forest Permittees. Most had been faultless in cooperating with the agency and had followed management plans with few criticisms.

In 1995, it became apparent that range reform was imminent and the Permittees organized and hired counsel to represent them as a group. Abe and Lydia joined and actively support the National Cattle Growers Association, the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association, the Allottees Association and People for the United States of America, The Farm Bureau and Stewards of the Range. These groups have opposed the move to reduce numbers of cattle on public ranges. There have been some victories but at this date it appears that their opposition is showing strength beyond the means of the collective ranchers.

Abe and Lydia feel that the expected cut in numbers of cattle allowed on public land combined with the regulations

that have been recently mandated for the protection of riparian areas, the protection of predators such as the mountain lion, bear and coyote and the reintroduction of the Mexican Grey Wolf on public lands not only threatens their ability to stay in the cattle business but the very core of ranching as a culture in the Southwest.

It is their opinion that the well funded, well organized environmental community and a well fueled media campaign has misrepresented the role of ranchers who graze cattle on public lands not only in their stewardship of the land but in the accusation that they are using public land at very little cost to themselves.

According to Lydia, "I feel like the people don't know. They've just read or seen something on TV and they believe it. All of it is something that someone that is prejudiced has come up with and it isn't true."

Another lever the federal government can and is using against the permittee is fencing cattle away from waterways on public land where riparian areas have been determined to exist; in Martinez' case, the San Francisco River and Dix Creek. Although they have well established water rights for use of these sources on their deeded land it is doubtful that the headquarters pastures can support enough cattle for the ranch to remain solvent. "Now we can't use the river pastures on the allotment. This summer they sent someone

from the Forest Service every week to patrol the river. Some of our cows have spent their whole lives in those pastures, it's their home and when we take them off they want to go back there."

Abe and Lydia feel the issues of environment, riparian areas, endangered species and grazing on public land are only precursors to a broader federal agenda. They believe that within their lifetime they will see cattle removed from public lands and that these lands will not only be closed to grazing cattle they will be closed for public use.

With tears in her eyes she evaluates fifty years of work and finances invested and reinvested in the Martinez ranch on the San Francisco River. "The future of the ranch? It has no future. The day we leave, they will cut the permit. They are already trying to cut it. We could have sold already...if we felt we could sell it to a rancher honestly. But how can you take the money when you know where he will be headed. [The Forest Service] wants us out and they will get us out one way or the other."

"And ranching like we do...who these days, wants to work this hard? We can't get workers. You know where all the cowboys are? They're in the graveyard!"

Finally, Lydia weighs fifty-seven years of marriage and more than fifty-seven years of ranching. "We've made the ranch our life's work. We've invested everything back into

improvements, especially on the allotment and maybe we won't lose that if the courts say so."

Lydia is aware of the rapid passage of time. It is like the rushing waters of the San Francisco River, that passes through the Martinez Ranch. Abe will be eighty-two on his next birthday and she will be seventy-six. Of her life and her marriage and her faith, she concludes. "We have had a beautiful relationship and we seem to get closer as the months and years go by. We realize we are now living on day at a time, but we have enjoyed every bit of it; the good times and the bad times. We have three wonderful, loving sons and their families. All of this comes from our study of the Bible and our faith in our loving Creator, Jehovah the Supreme Almighty God, and his son Jesus Christ.

RAY M. LORETTE

ARIZONA NATIONAL STOCKMAN HALL OF FAME

By

Cleo M. Lorette

I was one of the lucky young men who, fifty six years ago, showed cattle for Dan Thornton's White Mountain Hereford Ranch in the Grand National Livestock Show held in the brand-spanking-new Cow Palace in San Francisco, California in the fall of 1941.

I was a twenty-year-old green-horn kid from Oklahoma, who helped show my father's registered Herefords at the Muskogee, Oklahoma State Fair. There I met Dan Thornton, the owner of the White Mountain Hereford Ranch located in Springerville, Arizona and Gunnison, Colorado. (Dan later became governor of Colorado.)

I felt I was big-time Charlie to be showing among the giants of registered Hereford cattle growers. Among those showing that I remember were the Wyoming Hereford Ranch out of Cheyenne, Wyoming; the Taussig Brothers Hereford of Gremmling, Colorado; the Milky Way Herefords from Phoenix, Arizona and Pulaski Tennessee and Dan Thornton's Triumph Herefords from Springerville, Arizona and Gunnison, Colorado.

I was really impressed with Dan, for he personified Hollywood's version of the flamboyant playboy. He not only

was a very handsome man, but a knowledgeable cattleman and very popular with all the Hereford people showing cattle as well as spectators and the herdsmen who looked after the cattle. He often came down to the show and took four or five herdsmen or apprentices out for a "good meal" and night on the town. For me it was an initiation into a big, wide, wonderful world.

Dan offered me the job of assisting his herdsman, Mitch Munis. The job required I continue on the show circuit from Muskogee to the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, the American Royal in Kansas City, the Golden Spike in Ogden, Utah, the Grand National in San Francisco and the Great Western in Los Angeles. This was a thrilling opportunity for adventure and independence. I had met the girl I knew I wanted to marry and had no prospects for supporting a wife or gainful employment. I had spent my life helping my father on his ranch and there was no future for me there. My parents gave their blessing.

Some of the head herdsmen who worked for other ranches were Art Kilian, Jim Sanders, Pete Graves and the Taussig Brothers. Dan's crew consisted of three men who were nursemaids for a show herd of twelve head of registered Herefords and two Holstein nurse cows. We lived with, ate with and unrolled bedrolls and slept with the cattle in the barns and were on duty twenty-four hours a day. We bathed

the cattle every morning come frost or sunshine. We curried, curled, brushed, shined horns and hooves, doctored, watered and fed the cattle and kept their stalls spotlessly clean. We never left them unattended. This meant we took turns going to the fair concession stands for greasy hamburgers and cokes. The idea of living on hamburgers and coke sounded, at first, like heaven, but soon palled.

All the major ranchers on the show road at that time rented railroad boxcars and installed upper decks about six feet above the cattle. This was where we herdsmen slept, kept our bedrolls, stored the cattle's feed, straw and a large wash tub for food for ourselves when we traveled. Portable ice chests had not yet been invented and we had no way to keep perishable food so we mostly lived on canned Vienna sausages and fruit cocktail. I have never been able to appreciate either since.

The cattle traveled below the deck, bedded in deep straw. We had four fifty-five gallon drums for water. The cattle were fed, watered and the junior calves nursed twice a day while traveling from show to show. Sometimes when the train stopped to switch cars or take on water or coal depression hobos tried to board the boxcars. We had to kick them off.

We traveled from show to show with a caravan that included ten or twelve other exhibitors in boxcars loaded

with show cattle and herdsmen. Since we were considered live freight by the railroad, our boxcars were placed immediately behind the engines and coal cars. Cinders and smoke drifted into the boxcars and the cinders were hard to wash out of the cattle's hair.

In 1941, exotic cattle had not become popular so the bulk of the cattle in the shows were either Hereford or Angus. There were a few Shorthorns.

My first stop was at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas. We were there two weeks and I faced my first crisis in being on my own. I was asleep beside one of the bulls and next to my suitcase when someone stole my suitcase that contained all my clothes, shoes, billfold and glasses. Without my glasses, I was not worth much. I helped get the cattle ready for the show the next day and the boss paid me part of my wages so I could purchase an extra set of clothes, shoes and a small foot locker. I wired my fiancée, who worked for my optometrist who had introduced us. He sent me another pair of glasses. What optometrist would trust anyone for future payment today? He could have taken the money out of the paycheck of my future bride but he didn't.

In Dallas Dan's Triumph Herefords did quite well, winning Reserve Champion Senior Bull. I believe Milky Way won the best ten head class.

From Dallas we went to the American Royal in Kansas City for two weeks then on to the Golden Spike Livestock Show in Ogden, Utah. Our senior bull won Reserve Grand Champion in both shows.

We were excited when we learned the Grand National Livestock Show would open the Cow Palace in San Francisco. We arrived in the Bay Area near Oakland at dusk, where the engines pushed all twelve boxcars of show cattle onto a large railroad barge. Late that evening, a tug-boat pulled us across the bay. You can imagine the excitement of a green kid from Oklahoma riding on a barge across the San Francisco Bay at night and seeing the lights and electric signs of San Francisco's magnificent hotels and restaurants for the first time. The electric sign that nearly took my breath away was the mammoth sign saying "Pacific Gas and Electric Company." Wow!

Our boxcars were unloaded early the next morning. We were trucked to the fantastic, magnificent Cow Palace. It had been getting a lot of publicity as the ultimate in grand show palaces.

The Cow Palace was still under construction. Crews were putting the finishing touches to it, but it was fresh and new and enormous. We were there two weeks getting ready for and participating in the show. Dan's White Mountain Triumph Herefords earned more than their share of trophies.

He had the reserve champion bull in Dallas, Kansas City and Ogden. But the Herb Chandler senior bull from Baker, Oregon won reserve champion in the Cow Palace. The Milky Way Hereford Ranch won the trophy for the best ten head.

When the show ended in San Francisco we headed for Los Angeles for the Great Western Livestock Show. You can imagine the thrill of a Midwestern farm boy seeing his first palm and orange trees.

We were in Los Angeles on December 7th, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. An immediate blackout was ordered for the city. Everyone expected Los Angeles to be bombed next. Nevertheless, the livestock show went on as scheduled. That was the end of the livestock show circuit. I believe this was the last major livestock show held until the end of World War II.

Everyone was returning to their home ranch headquarters and we headed for Holbrook, Arizona with our boxcar loaded with the show cattle and our tack. Dan Thornton met us and told us he and Jessie had purchased the new ranch in Gunnison, Colorado. He asked me to stay with the cattle after we unloaded them in the railroad corrals. The other two herdsmen were taken to the Springerville ranch to prepare for the move to Gunnison. I was there alone for two days and slept in the boxcar.

I wanted to buy an engagement ring for my fiancée, Cleo Evans who was still in Oklahoma. Since there were no jewelry stores in Holbrook, I hitchhiked to Winslow on Route 66 and bought the ring. It cost \$99.00 and I had \$100.00 on me. I didn't have enough to buy my lunch. I hitchhiked back to Holbrook almost broke. The other two herdsmen and the main herd were taken to Gunnison and I was sent to Litchfield Park, Arizona to care for four hundred registered Hereford mother cows, ten bulls and seven horses. Dan had made arrangements to pasture the stock on land owned by Goodyear Farms in Litchfield Park.

I had registered for the draft between trains as we passed through Phoenix, Arizona. I knew my future was uncertain but that the army had great plans for me. I enlisted (rather than waiting to be drafted) in the Air Force and was told to report for duty in September. I called Cleo and told her I would be in Litchfield Park for about three months and we had a neat little house and that we should go ahead and get married. Cleo boarded a Greyhound bus for Phoenix on Friday and arrived on a Sunday. Cleo's mother had told her if she could not get married on Sunday she was to get on the bus and return home. Under no circumstances was she to spend one night in Phoenix unmarried.

I had made arrangements to get a license on Sunday and had talked to a minister. We went to the First Presbyterian Church in downtown Phoenix, Sunday evening and after church were married in pastor Rollo de la Porte's study. We had a three-month honeymoon. Well, I worked some---keeping an eye on and moving the herd from pasture to pasture. We lived in a small three-room house owned by Jack Rogers, one of P.W. Litchfield's Adaman Farmers. In April, Jim Sanders, manager of Thornton's Ranch, came down from Gunnison to help move the herd to their new home in Gunnison. Jim and my old-timer cowboy helper named Gibbs rode in the caboose.

Cleo and I drove the ranch pickup loaded with tack and our belongings to the ranch where we helped Dan and Jessie get established for a month. We then caught a train back to Tulsa, Oklahoma where I planned to help my Dad with the cattle and wheat harvest. In Dalhart, Texas, the train jumped the track. Six or eight cars were derailed and the crash made an awful lot of noise, but fortunately no one was hurt. We were taken to Dalhart where we caught the next train out. The first of September I left Cleo working for an Optometrist in Tulsa and reported for duty.

I was shipped to Las Vegas, New Mexico for basic training and from there to Presque Isle, Maine waiting to be sent to the European Theater of Operation. I was assigned to the North Atlantic Wing of the Air Transport Command. On

first roll call, the officer asked everyone who was from Oklahoma to step out. Five of us did and we were assigned to work as bartenders in the officers club. I guess they figured since Oklahoma was dry we were probably the safest to be entrusted with unlimited liquor. Later, someone noticed I had drafting experience and my MO was changed. I was assigned to the Engineers Division as a draftsman.

I never knew why I was not shipped overseas. Presque Isle was the jumping off place and troops were flown through daily on their way to England. I expected any day to be on one of the planes going to the European Theater, but when three months passed, and I still had not been sent overseas, I called Cleo and she came to Maine and was with me through the rest of the war. She worked as a secretary in Quartermaster Division of the War Department. Later the North Atlantic Wing moved to Manchester, N.H. and we both transferred with it. Cleo was reassigned to Priorities and Traffic and worked on the third floor of the Hoyt Building and I worked in Engineers across the hall. Altogether, we spent three and a half years in Presque Isle and Manchester. When Victory over Japan was declared, I was sent to the West Coast to be part of the army of occupation in Japan, but was never sent over. I was discharged in April of 1946.

I applied to Goodyear Farms to become one of the apprentice farmers under P.W. Litchfield's Adaman Farmer

program. Mr. Litchfield was Chairman of the Board for Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company who had originally opened the desert land for irrigated farming of long-staple cotton to be used for tread in tires in World War I. Mr. Litchfield set up a program to help outstanding young 4H leaders buy their own farms. We had to prove ourselves by working for Goodyear Farms for two years and taking classes in agricultural science at ASU during our apprentice program. This was the same farm where I had wintered Dan Thornton's herd four years before. I was accepted and we moved to Arizona.

I worked for Goodyear Farms for two years and was allowed to rent an eighty acre farm with a new three-room house on it. The following year, we joined thirty-five other farmers who were buying their eighty acres. We were so proud of our farm and new house. Our first year, we raised cotton, alfalfa and milo; we harvested our first crop in the fall of 1947. With the help of Jack Byron, and neighbor Adaman farmers, I built a feed lot and corrals. Our second year (and about ten years afterwards) we pastured and fed cattle.

It was already apparent to me that eighty acres was not enough to support a family, and I had no funds to purchase more land. I supplemented our income doing custom work for others, cutting hay and spraying insecticides. I later

formed a partnership with the Arthur Gerber Company from Chicago and went into the vegetable farming business. We rented land from Liberty to Waddell, Arizona. One year we had over 1,000 acres of lettuce and 600 acres of radishes.

In 1960, Luke Field expanded their runway and took a corner of my eighty acres. With only sixty five acres left, and three little ones in our family, and the jets taking off and landing half a mile from our house, we decided it was time to look for something else.

We sold our farm and moved into Phoenix where I was employed as a loan analyst for the Arizona Farmers Production Credit Association whose headquarters were located at 9th Ave. and Washington. We had field office in Coolidge, Willcox and Safford, Arizona. I was later named President of PCA, a most stressful position. In 1970 I was offered a position as field representative for the Tri-State Livestock Credit, a corporation that had headquarters in San Francisco, California. My duties included service livestock loans in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. I preferred working directly with farmers and this job allowed me to get away from a desk and into the field where I came into contact with cattlemen, dairymen and feed lot operators. I have been employed by Tri-State for twenty-nine years. I retired in 1984 (after a heart attack) but was rehired and continue to work on a part-time basis for Tri-State.

I am still active in the business of financing livestock in three states. In my connection with Tri-State I have seen, counted, appraised and reconciled numbers for thousands and thousands of beef and dairy cattle. When my immediate supervisor, the President in San Francisco, died, I was the only field representative with experience in discounting loans and was sent to San Francisco to fill in until a new director was named. After four months the board selected Jack Caubin from Colorado to be the new President. Jack is still there. Later, the home office moved to Sacramento, California where it remains today.

I have been a member of the Arizona National Livestock Show since the early sixties and helped Palmer Keith run the National Club for about ten years. Cleo and I are proud to be members of the National Pioneer Stockman and each year look forward to meeting and renewing friendships with so many wonderful old livestock friends during the National Livestock Show.

EDWIN K. DELPH

According to the Arizona National Livestock Show, if you are over 75 and have been associated with the livestock industry for many years, you qualify as a pioneer and are asked to write a brief recap of your years of endeavor. I have had a hard time reconciling my new role as pioneer when I think of the Arizona Republic sponsors of the Pioneer's Reunion in the 30's. I personally knew some of those elderly gentlemen with their whiskers and canes and the memory of them verses myself at this juncture is in vivid contrast.

In any event, Chuck Lakin badgered me into writing this. I was born May 25, 1924 in Phoenix at Arizona Deaconess Hospital (the name was changed in 1926 to Good Samaritan). Went to school nine years at Kenilworth, four years at Phoenix Union High School. Enlisted in a Navy V-12 program in 1942. Spent September 1942 to June 1943 at Phoenix Junior College. On July 1, 1943 entered the V-12 program with one year at Flagstaff (now NAU) and one year at the Harvard Business School, compliments of the Navy. Sent to the Pacific for duty as a Supply Officer on a destroyer. Discharged June 1946 and reentered Harvard for the second year leading to a Master's Degree in Business Administration.

Married Margaret Jacobs May 8, 1948 and we recently celebrated 51 years together. Our three children are Edwin, Andy and Suzie and we have seven grandchildren.

Margie's dad was John Jacobs, a prominent farmer (the pioneer agricultural developer of Deer Valley), rancher, businessman and civic leader. I worked for John from March 1948 to his death in 1966 and stayed on to manage his leavings until 1990. His ranching interests included the Beaver Creek Ranch in Colorado (sold in 1947), the Bar D Ranch in Arizona, Red Lake Ranch in New Mexico and a feed lot in Deer Valley. The feed lot was closed in the late 1950's because John's cattle didn't like the smell of the people moving into Deer Valley.

Bar D was a 125 section ranch with a 500 head Forest Service permit. It was operated from 1947 to 1968 when it was sold after John's death to Jim Benedict. Red Lake Ranch in New Mexico was a 114,000 acre deeded land ranch and had a cow herd of 1000 head. We carried the calves over and sold fall yearlings off the ranch. It was traded for in 1951 and it was in the family until fall of 1989.

Having had little experience in the cattle business, I was surprised when John prevailed upon me to oversee the business end of his livestock interests. This, of course, brought me in close contact with the foreman and all aspects of ranching. Red Lake Ranch was kept in the family after

John's death and for another 23 years its management was my responsibility.

On November 1, 1977 Margie and I were fortunate to acquire the O W Ranch in north central Gila County. The O W was started in territorial days (May 1883) by two brothers and has had a long and fascinating history including involvement in the Graham Tewksbury feud. At the base of the Mogollon Rim and between two trout streams the ranch is, by general consensus, one of the most beautiful spots in Arizona. We have a small Forest Service permit so we run a few head in the summer.

I confess I do not consider myself a true cattleman. My function has been to work with the cattlemen to achieve good livestock management and business practices. It has been my good fortune to be associated with people who, as the Montanians would say, are the "pure quill." People like Fritz Taylor who ran the Bar D, Basil Cox and his son B.W. Cox who ran Red Lake for almost 30 years, Jim Benedict who ran Deer Valley Cattle Company, Ray Hunt who ran the O W in the 30's, Dwight Joy who ran the O W for us until his death six years ago and Buster Wheat. Buster is a farmer, rancher, growing lot operator and order buyer from Emporia, Kansas and bought the Red Lake Cattle for over 20 years. His word was his bond and many times bought the cattle sight

unseen. On one occasion he even left a signed blank check and asked me to fill it in after I had weighed the cattle.

We - all of us - have been most fortunate to have lived in the best of times. The 30's were tough, but we were all in the same boat and we survived and probably better for it.

In summary, I still don't feel at age 75 to fit the definition of a pioneer, but if that's what the Arizona National Livestock Show says, I guess I qualify.

R. LEWIS BOWMAN

Bisbee, Arizona

I was born on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation at San Carlos, Arizona in 1924. I attended grammar school there and graduated from high school at Globe, Arizona, 20 miles to the west.

In 1943 I joined the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II. I graduated from flight training as an aerial navigator on B-17 bombers and as a Flight Engineer on B-29s. I was discharged from military service after the war in 1946 and immediately entered into a cattle ranching partnership with my uncle, Ed Bowman, on his Hook and Line Ranch (✓) near Coolidge Dam, Arizona in Pinal and Graham counties. My father, Dick Bowman, was the only one of five Bowman brothers who did not stay in the cattle ranching business.

In 1948 I married Barbara Butler of Coolidge Dam, Arizona whom I had been courting for 14 years! We raised two boys, David and Doug. Both of them graduated from the University of Arizona, David becoming a medical doctor and Doug an educator of handicapped children. They each produced two grand children for us.

In 1950 I went to work for Steve Bixby at Globe, Arizona on his O Cross (♀) ranch of commercial and registered Hereford Cattle. Leaving Bixby's in 1956 and

with the help of Steve, I went to work for Betty Lane at Willcox, Arizona on her O Bar O ($\frac{O}{O}$) ranch. Here I developed my own herd of registered Charolais cattle wearing my Dart L ($\frac{L}{L}$) brand. At this time I was also employed by Sheriff Phil Olander of Cochise county as a sheriff's deputy.

I moved my Charolais herd to Bill Stevenson's SO ranch near Hereford, Arizona in 1960. While continuing to operate my Charolais operation, in 1964 I went to work for the New York Life Insurance Company as a field underwriter, specializing in estate planning for cattle ranchers. I retired from full time work with the New York Life in 1990.

In 1995 I self published a book titled, "Bumfuzzled", a history of the Bowman ranching families and their participation in professional rodeo as contestants and organizers of the first formal organization of professional athletes wherein the athletes maintained control of their activities. The marketing of this book presently occupies much of my time but I am still raising cross-breed beef cattle and maintaining my salesman's license with the New York Life.

Memories of the good and bad times are many in my career as an Arizona Cattle rancher of some 53 years and I remain true to the philosophy of one of my dear departed cowman friends. When asked to name the three best years he

had experienced in the cow business in his lifetime the
cowman friend replied, "Well I guess that would be 1941,
'58' and this next one"!

WILLIAM PAUL, EDWARD and EMMETT GERALD RYAN

Bill, Ed and Emmett Ryan, all native Arizonans, were raised on various ranches throughout Arizona. Their father, William Albert Ryan, was born in Globe in 1886. His parents, William Ryan and Anna Mary Moloney were Irish immigrants from counties Tipperary and Limerick. They were the first white couple married by a Catholic priest in the mining camp of Globe. The boys' mother, Edith Emma, was the daughter of Issac Henry Watkins and Sallie Tallulah Bomar. Edith was born in Silverton, Texas; the daughter of Southerners who had migrated to Texas in the years following the Civil War. In 1896, when Edith was four years old, her family moved to Benson, Arizona. Issac Henry was a medical doctor and came to Arizona to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad. William and Edith had met in Benson when William was working for the forest service in southern Arizona and were married in 1912.

The story of William Albert Ryan and his brothers appeared in Volume XVI of the Arizona Ranch Histories. This story tells the adventures of his young sons in their growing up years during Arizona's early statehood.

William and Edith returned to William's home in Globe after their marriage as he was to take over the management of his father's KL Bar Ranch on Bonita Creek in the White

Mountains. Their oldest son, William Paul (Bill) was born in White River in 1913. The KL Bar Ranch was very isolated and could only be reached by horseback. Bill was put in an Apache cradle board which was hung over the horn of his Dad's saddle horn and off to the ranch they would travel.

When Bill was two or three years old, he was outside picking up wood chips as Capp Webb was cutting wood at the ranch on Lofer Cienega. Capp didn't even know Bill was behind him. The ax struck a knot in the wood and went back striking Bill right in the head. Edith got William, who put Bill on the saddle in front of him and traveled all night to Fort Apache. Bill never said a word the entire journey. Upon their arrival at Fort Apache, Bill was sitting on William's lap on the porch waiting for the Doctor. William was extremely worried at Bill's listlessness. All of a sudden a cat ran by and Bill jumped down and started chasing the cat. William knew right then that Bill would be all right. They were gone 3 days before they returned; with Edith not knowing until then if her son had lived through the accident.

Edith went into Globe in 1916 and 1919 for the births of Ed and Emmett. She was soon back out to the Ryan Ranches on the Apache Reservation after each birth.

The family was living at a ranch on East Fork on the Apache Reservation at the time of Emmett's birth. The ranch

was remote and Edith worked hard to raise her family. She especially took pride in her children being clean and would wash clothes every morning; using the scrub board until her knuckles would bleed. Even though the ranch was isolated; relatives from Globe came in abundance in summer months to visit the White Mountains. Edith and Will had 4 other children. Kenneth born in 1921, Edith in 1924, Alice Jean in 1927 and Joanne in 1930. Kenneth was missing in action after the Battle of Tarawa Island during World War II.

In the early 1920's, Ryan Brothers got the beef contract at Fort Apache. Bill was five years old and ready to start school. This enabled the family to stay at Fort Apache during the school year. Bill was one of a few first graders. The school caught fire within weeks of the start of school. Soldiers at the Fort grabbed the water wagon and ran for the school. A wheel fell off the wagon and the school burned to the ground before the wagon could be repaired. Bill did not think this was much of a tragedy and enjoyed a few weeks of rest before a new building was made into the school. Ed remembers Fort Apache had wooden sidewalks and he would ride his tricycle up and down the boards.

Shorty Carraway, a cowboy originally from Iowa, would come by the reservation ranch to visit. One time he came by with a packhorse, a 22 Rifle and a gallon jug of whiskey.

He took the rifle and scabbard off the saddle and hung them on the well. Shorty paid Emmett ten cents to watch his rifle. Liquor was illegal on the reservation and he had smuggled the whiskey in to William. It was immediately hidden and the boys were told it was snakebite medicine and not to tell anybody where it was. Bill did sample it one time and it put him off whiskey for a long time.

The soldiers from Fort Apache liked to come out to Ryan's 5 Slash Ranch on the reservation to let off a little steam and do some partying. This visit to the ranch was always paid when Edith was in Globe having a baby or visiting relatives with the younger children. The soldiers had asked William to order some Scotch Whiskey through a friend he had in New York. The liquor came to McNary by railroad. William had to go to McNary with a packhorse to bring it back to the ranch. The soldiers came out and really had a good time. The barn at the ranch had ice in it and the soldiers were laying on tarps covering the ice. Bill had a little lard bucket and they kept sending him down to the river to bring back buckets of water as they were thirsty from all their partying. He spent the whole day walking back and forth to the river.

The boys always had their horses and dogs for company. When Ed was little his mother caught him with a big butcher knife chasing a little puppy. He was trying to whack off

the dog's tail. They also kept chickens and at times had great adventures trying to catch one for their mother to cook. In later years, a sheepherder named Vincente from their Pinedale Ranch would send Edith live chickens by mail to Phoenix. He thought she would enjoy the fresh chicken.

All ranch children were expected to contribute to the work force and Ryans were no exception. The children were all riding horses at an early age. They were never babied when anything unusual happened to them. Ed went down to the corral once to see what his Uncle Neil was doing with the cattle. Neil had brought a wild cow in and turned her loose by the barn. The cow ran right by Ed and her horn tore Ed's shirt off. Emmett was helping his Uncle Neil and Emmet wrangle some horses. Emmett was to stand in the open gate to keep all the horses in the corral. One of the horses jumped right over Emmett, one of his hooves hitting his head. No sympathy there, only a lecture on why did he let the horse get out. Bill and Ed used to ride double on a little mare called Winnie to help wrangle the horses. Every time they rode her she would run right down the hill and stop suddenly and they would fall right off.

When the boys were young, they always ran down to the barn when the riders came in. Sometimes the cowboys would stop at the house and let the boys ride the horses down to the barn and unsaddle them. Emmett especially liked to ride

his Dad's horse Blue. This horse had already ran under the clothesline with him once. Emmett's foot slipped through the stirrup getting on the horse and Blue started running right for the barn dragging Emmett. A hay mower was right by the barn and Blue jumped the blade of the mower. Luckily Emmett's foot came out of the stirrup when Blue jumped or he would have been dragged right over the blade. All the boys seem to have had their adventures with Blue. He turned so sharp with Ed once that his spur drug the ground. Every time Ed watches a barrel race, he thinks of how that Blue horse could run. Bill was riding Blue once when lightning struck right by, maybe even hitting the horse. The horse flipped and started to roll down the mountain. He rolled over Bill twice before he could get away from him.

Bill was happy to receive a brand new Porter's kids saddle from his Dad. He put the saddle on a gray horse called Slippers and he, along with Emmett on his horse Star, joined the men riding near the Ranger Station. Bill was almost at the top of the hill when he spurred Slippers. The horse turned off to go back down the hill, throwing Bill off to the left. His foot was hung in the stirrup but he still had a hold of the bridle reins. He managed to wrap the reins around his arm and pull himself back up on the saddle. His Uncle Emmet got the horse to stop near the bottom of the hill. The horse had been kicking Bill's leg the whole way

down and did some nerve damage to his leg. We still have the saddle and there is a deep scratch where Bill's spur dug across it as he was being thrown off that brand new saddle.

In the late 1920's, the Apache Tribe notified the Ryans that they would not be renewing the cattle leases on the part of the reservation they occupied. Ryan cattle wearing the 5 Slash brand were gathered in 1929. Cattle buyers were notified that all cattle on the leased land located on East Fork would be sold. The cowboys and cattle were waiting in the shipping pens on the appointed day. No buyers showed up for 2 days. Finally on the third day, the buyer sent someone out to tell Ryans that the stock market crashed and no one had any money to buy their cattle.

Ryans purchased the Cross S Ranch near Globe and moved their cattle there. William's brother Emmet ran that ranch. Brother Neil was hired by the bank to take some cattle to Ely, Nevada to hold there until they could be sold. He was there almost a year before a buyer was found. William, Edith and family headed for the Horseshoe and XL Bar Ranches near Prescott. William had been hired to gather off the Coburn Ranches for the bank. Neil joined him after the stint in Nevada. Edith and the children lived in Prescott during the school year and came out to Bloody Basin for the summers. The boys liked Prescott; after all, they got to

tease the prisoners in the court house jail on Saturday evenings. William would come in from the ranch and on one occasion took Kenneth and Emmett to a restaurant ran by a Chinese man either in or by the Palace Saloon. Kenneth, who was called Tiny due to his size, ate a huge meal of steak and fried potatoes. He finished off the meal with a piece of pie; which he was having trouble eating. The owner told him that if he ate the pie, he'd give him a free meal for eating so much. Kenneth soon finished the pie.

Summers in Bloody Basin were full of work; but also time for fun. Whenever the horses and wagons came in from Prescott with supplies, the boys would run down the hill with their little metal wagon and hitch on the end of the big wagon and be pulled the rest of the way home.

After several years, the work at Bloody Basin was completed. William bought a sheep ranch at the urging of the Valley Bank. Now the Ryan Brothers were in the cattle and sheep business. William's family bought a home in Phoenix near 16th Street and McDowell. That was the edge of Phoenix. They lived across the street from Arizona Governor R C Stanford.

Summer sheep ranges were the Duffield Ranch on Paradise and ranges at Pinedale, McNary and Heber. The boys all made new friends in the area and enjoyed getting out of the heat of the valley for the summer. Emmett and his friend Wayne

Thomas from Pinedale once tied a calf's tail to the church bell in Pinedale and then ran away from the scene as fast as they could.

The sheep were driven from the valley each year to the summer ranges. The horses and the sheep, as well as the people, always took a couple of weeks to get acclimated to the high altitude. Emmett especially liked the trail drive; he would take his school finals early at Phoenix Union and get to miss the last two weeks of school. One year the sheep had been pastured at South Mountain. William, along with Kenneth, Emmett and the herders camped out in order to get an early start on the trail. A good rain came and then a full moon. William woke up and seeing how light it was, thought it was about 4:00 am. He got everybody up, had breakfast and started the band of sheep down Baseline Road. After they got the sheep going good, he looked at his watch and realized he had gotten everyone up around midnight.

When the family lived at the summer ranch near McNary, they really camped. Even though it was the 1930's, this area was typical of isolated ranches around Arizona. No electricity or modern conveniences like Edith had in her winter home in Phoenix. William and Edith slept in a small two room cabin, the three girls slept in a small room in the barn and the boys bunked down in big tents. Visitors also stayed in tents. Looking back over the years, some of the

cousins who used to visit at the various Ryan Ranches for the summer, realize how much work the women were required to do in order to prepare meals and do laundry. Visitors were always made to feel welcome.

One year a group of campers were staying right down from the Ryans at Ditch Camp. These campers were very vocal about their fear of bears. Kenneth got up in the middle of the night and crept up to the top of a hill above their camp. He rolled an old tire down the hill and through their camp. Everyone really scattered, thinking a bear was running through camp. This caused much amusement for the Ryan boys.

Emmett was unhappy with his high school graduation as Phoenix Union would not give you your diploma if you didn't attend the graduation ceremony. He had to go through the rigors of acquiring a new suit and shoes to attend the ceremony, which wasn't a cowboys idea of clothes. Attending the graduation meant he missed most of the trail drive that year. He still complained about it when he was in his seventies. After the ceremony, Emmett raced back to his house, changed into his Levis and boots, grabbed his saddle and bedroll and headed for the ranch, courtesy of his brother Ed who was waiting with his car to whisk him off to the mountains.

Bill, Ed and Emmett's children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews always enjoy hearing the stories of their growing up years on the ranches. It never ceases to amaze them all that the three boys all lived to adulthood and were still in one piece.

JOHN WESSON

John Wesson was born in Deming, New Mexico on April 19, 1922.

In 1928 the family moved to Phoenix and lived on Portland Street.

In 1929 they traded the house for a house near 19th Ave. and Northern that was on 12 acres. They planted citrus but the citrus trees froze, so they raised chickens and sold eggs. They decided to have a dairy farm. Borden's Milk Co. loaned them money to buy 15 or 20 Heifers to breed for milk, and then they would sell cream to Borden's.

In 1939 they rented acreage on Northern and 15th Ave and had a pasture for the cows.

In 1942, the War had started and Borden's needed Grade A Milk so they helped with that facility. They couldn't produce enough feed so leased 80 acres on Glendale 23-27th Ave. and built a milk barn and also with those Grade A facilities.

They then decided to lease 160 acres at 19th Ave and Thomas, which already had a good barn, pasture and a house and moved there.

In 1945 he and his Father started shopping around and found 500 acres on the western outskirts of Buckeye which was a Cotton Farm with 300 acres of farm land and 200 acres

of desert land. We built the First "in & out" dairy barn in Arizona for processing 150 cows. We had a lot of trouble with electricity outages, so decided to sell the cows, and go into cotton.

In 1950 the cotton allotments were taken off because of the Korean War and we found a place out of Gila Bend that had 2 wells and a LOT of good water. We bought 2 sections. It had 100 acres in cultivation and also rented 200 acres, while getting the rest of the land ready for cultivation. After the cotton allotments were reinstated, we started feeding some steers.

On June 4, 1953, John and Phyllis Lund were married. Phyllis was an Arizona native.

In 1959 the Government condemned the farm for the Painted Rock Dam. We sent the steers that we had to Los Angeles to finish, since the Government wanted us off.

In 1960 we moved into Phoenix, but bought land in Roll, Arizona. We took a trailer there for occasional use. We rented the land out. We later sold the land.

In 1966, we bought a quarter section of desert land at Wellton, which we still have.

Since that time we have been buying cattle and feeding them in Feedyards, which we are still doing.

Phyllis and I have 3 children:

William Wesson who lives in Phoenix.

Barbara Ann McCann who with her husband and 2
girls live in Colorado.

Keith Wesson who lives in California.

WALTER D. ARMER, SR.

Fourth Generation Arizonian

My first thought was that this should be the Armer Story since I wasn't born until 1916 and the Armers came to Gila County in the 1870's. Then I started figuring. Of my Father's family, his sister Sara married a Cline of Tonto Basin. Bud Armer married a Chilson of Payson. Tom Armer's first wife was a Cooper of Roosevelt. George Armer married a granddaughter of Col. Ellison of Pleasant Valley. John and Fred married daughters of C.C. Griffin of Pleasant Valley and Tonto. Then in my family my brother Frank married Marion Webb and Ben married Helen Sanders. That covers a good part of the pioneer ranch families in Gila County so I would have had to be very careful about what I said.

My Great-grandparents, Nicholas and Elizabeth Hocker, came to upper Salt River in 1882. C.C. Griffin came to that area in 1884 and in 1888 married Laura Belle Hocker.

My Father, John Armer, married Margie Griffin. Both were born where Roosevelt Lake is now. They had four boys - Frank, Ben, Alvin and Walter. I being the youngest. They were still living at the A+ Ranch north of Roosevelt when I was due. Mother came to Globe and stayed with the William

McFaddens, Pacos McFaddens' parents, until I was born February 11, 1916.

Pacos McFadden's wife Marian was there at the same time, waiting for her youngest, Gordon, to be born. Mother was not quite as trusting as Grandmother Lucinda Armer, whose first child born in this part of Arizona was Preston, born in 1878 at Grape Vine Springs on Salt River with the assistance of an apache squaw as midwife. This was before they homesteaded across the river at the mouth of Armer Gulch.

In the fall of 1916 Frank was 7 years old so the folks bought a house in Globe so we could all go to school. From then on it was Globe during the school year and the ranch on weekends and summer vacation.

That house at 139 North Devereaux had an attic that was opened up into a boys dormitory. In addition to my brothers that dormitory was home to many ranch boys who Mother fed and washed for so they could get an education. The list includes Bill Tanner, Ron Henderson, Bud Webb, the McFadden boys, Fred Armer's boys, John Moore's son, and the list goes on and on.

In 1923 we were living at the Circle Ranch just under McFadden Peak. Pleasant Valley was having a rodeo so we all attended. There were very few accommodations or cafes in those days, so Dad had round-up cook Tink Owens set up camp

along Cherry Creek and cook for all of us as well as anyone else who happened by. We camped out for several days.

We had taken all of our horses from the Circle Ranch as it was only about 20 plus miles. One day a bunch of us boys, the McFadden and Armer kids, ranging in age from 7 to 14, were riding down the lane to the rodeo when we met this drunk cowboy (he was working for Dad at the time). He had a bottle of whiskey and invited us all to have a drink. We all politely declined, at which point he pulled out a pistol and said, "Let's have a drink, boys." Needless to say, we passed the bottle and wet our lips. Thus the saying, "I had my first drink of whiskey when I was 7 years old."

Some years later that cowboy gave that pistol to my brother Ben. He said, "I was sure afraid one of you kids would tell on me because your Father would have killed me if he had found out." Another incident which I remember at that rodeo in 1923: There must have been several camps along Cherry Creek because they had a matched roping between round-up cooks. Tink Owens borrowed my horse for the roping. He must have won something because I got an ice cream cone as my share of the winnings. Having a roping horse at 7 years old is another story that will have to wait.

During and just after WWI the Armers ran cattle from Salome Creek to Cibicue and no one really knew how many

thousand head of cattle they had. That was all open range before the Forest Service fenced the allotment. I wonder if there was even a fence at the Apache Reservation boundary. There was no incentive for management or conservation. If you left any grass someone would move in to utilize it. The Forest Service was really needed and a salvation to the range.

Around 1930 or 1931 we were all summering at the Boyer Camp, including Mother. The Boyers at that time did not have a road in so horseback was the only way to get there (whoever heard of walking when you had a horse?). Mother had started to make a cake when she discovered she did not have enough sugar. The Boyer was 7 or 8 miles from the Bar One Bar Ranch (**I**) on the mountain. I took out for the (**I**) Ranch to get the sugar. Four to 4½ hours later I returned over the mountain trail so that Mother could finish the cake.

I went all through grammar school and high school in Globe. The Armer boys were all involved in sports - football, basketball and track. I was captain of the Globe football team. After high school I went on to the University of Arizona on a football scholarship. I was with the team all four years. At the University my major was range management/animal husbandry. I also took ROTC and was commissioned 2nd Lt. in the horse cavalry upon graduation.

After graduation I went to work for Charlie Pickrell in the Agricultural Extension Service. I was Asst. County Agent, Yavapai County, when Uncle Sam decided he needed me for one year active duty. I entered the army January 20, 1941 and that one year active duty extended to March 1946. In 1941 they still had horses so I was in the horse cavalry at Ft. Riley, Kansas.

June 14, 1941 - while at Ft. Riley I took leave and went to Denver, Colorado where I married Virginia Little of Glendale, Arizona.

The leave was not long enough to go home for the wedding. Virginia's father was having a Rotary convention in Denver so we met halfway.

We had two children, Walter D. Armer, Jr., born at Ft. Riley, and Catherine, born after the war when we had returned to Tucson.

Soon after the war broke out they did away with the horse cavalry so we were all mechanized. From Ft. Riley I was assigned CO of the Recon Troop, 28th Infantry Division, which was in amphibious training in Florida, preparing for the invasion of Europe.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, I was accidentally shot by an officer who was cleaning his 45 pistol before going on guard duty. This was Friday, 13 April 1943. The

wound caused partial paralysis of my left leg, which took about a year for the nerves to regenerate.

That kept me from going overseas with the 28th Infantry Division, which participated in the Normandy Invasion. I did finally get overseas with the Quartermasters but not before the war was practically over (December 1944). I was stationed in England, Wales and France.

After the war I returned home where I went to work for the Arizona Agricultural Extension Service as Range and Livestock Specialist. I was stationed in the state office in Tucson but traveled throughout the state. This experience was very valuable in that it got me acquainted with most of the ranchers in the state.

In 1952 I had a chance to go to work as manager for Tommy Griffin on the Yerba Buena Ranch out of Nogales with a farm at Sahuarita. When I left Extension I thought I had an opportunity to be back on a ranch for the rest of my life. Unfortunately Tommy Griffin developed a brain tumor and passed on in 1955.

In February 1957 the ranch was sold so after five years I was back looking for a job. That was when I decided that ranch jobs were not that secure and I should look for something different. That is when I started in business of my own in ranch management, consulting, appraisals and real estate. Over the years I have managed ranches and farms in

Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, and appraised ranches and farms all over the West. It was not until 1968 that I was able to get a ranch of my own. It was located in the Whetstone Mountains southwest of Benson, AZ. Since then we have had cattle of our own on ranches in Pima and Cochise Counties.

Virginia passed away in 1993. In 1996 I was fortunate to marry a gal I had known for 50 years, Ina Culver Poole. We are now turning more of the ranch operations over to the kids, leaving us more time to travel. Wally has a ranch in the Whetstone Mountains; all the kids have an interest in the Double X Ranch.

The last six years each May, I have been taking the kids and grandkids and now the great grandkids up to the mountain headquarters of the Jackshoe where I spent a good part of my childhood. My nephew and his wife, John and Sue Armer still have the old headquarters on Workman Creek under Armer mountain in the Sierra Anches which was the original Bar One Bar Ranch. We take eight or nine horses, and counting John and Sue's family there will be fifteen to eighteen people. We will spend up to a week riding, eating, telling tall tales around the campfire and generally having a most wonderful time. We take day rides to the top of Armer mountain, Indian ruins on Mescal flat, up Workman Creek to Aztec Peak, top of McFadden Peak, Reynolds Creek

and Circle Ranch and to the Boyer and back, but I think I have them cured of that trip. We even go swimming down in Hells Hole but it is a little longer trip than I remember as a kid.

There are no more cattle on the top of the Sierra Anches as it is mostly wilderness area. As a result all the trails are grown up ...filled in with brush, the fences are down so the trails are hard to find. For some reason we don't seem to see the wildlife such as wild turkey and deer as we used to; however there is a lot of sign of Elk moving into the area which was unheard of when I was a kid.

Achievements and Awards

Charter member Range Management Society

Award from Arizona Section of Range Management Society for excellent management of the Cienega Creek Riparian Area

First President Arizona Santa Gertrudis Association

Judge of Santa Gertrudis at the Cow Palace Livestock Show, San Francisco, CA 1967

Judge of Santa Gertrudis at National Western Livestock Show, Denver, CO 1972

Original Board of Directors Central Arizona Water Conservation District

Past Director Agri Business Council of Arizona

10-year member Board of Directors Arizona Livestock Production Credit Assn.

Member Presidents Club, University of Arizona

President Arizona Cattle Growers Assn. 1982-83

Board of Directors National Cattlemen Assn. 1981-83

Regional Vice-President National Cattlemen Assn. 1984-85

Executive Committee National Cattlemen Assn. 1984-85

Arizona Cattleman of the Year 1992

University of Arizona Achievement Award 1993

Kappa Sigma Fraternity A.L. Slonaker Hall of Fame Award 1997

Pete Bernardo Bidegain

Maybe the west isn't as wild as it used to be, but some days, selling real estate can be rougher than riding a bucking bronc.

Pete Bidegain is one cowboy who has had experience doing both. At 81, he hasn't slowed down much. Most recently he was showing a 24,500-acre ranch to prospective buyers. As an associate with Bidegain Realty, based in Sonoita, he specializes in ranch properties. And ranches are what he knows best. His "don't fence me in" attitude has led to a life of distinction.

Pete's life story spans from northern Arizona to the Mexican border and beyond. He was the oldest of nine children born to Bernardo and Jesusa Bidegain on August 11, 1918 in Flagstaff, Arizona. His parents were Basque immigrants that came to America to join family in the early Arizona sheep industry. Bernardo was employee and partner to Dr. Raymond, a well-known sheep rancher. Pete remembers the thrill of living out in the sheep camps with his father, brothers and the herders. It was during this time that the sheepherders used the famous sheep trail and bridge, known as Sheep's Crossing that crossed the Verde River in the Bloody Basin area of central Arizona. This was the route

taken when the sheep were moved from their summer pastures in northern Arizona to the Phoenix area for the winter.

In 1923 Pete and his family moved to the Wilcox-Bonita area when his dad bought Winchester Mountain Ranch. Rex Allen's family was friends of the Bidegains and Rex's dad, Horace, drove Pete and his brother to school in a Model A Ford. Pete remembers that the car ride didn't begin until they had walked two miles to meet him, rain or shine.

It was an incredible stroke of luck when Bernardo sold the ranch in 1928, just in time to save the family finances before the Great Depression of 1929. The Bidegains then moved back to their home in Flagstaff where Pete attended 4th and 5th grades. One of his favorite recollections of Flagstaff was his second-hand sled that was well known as the best around for sledding down Observatory Hill.

As with many occupations, families in similar businesses often banded together for celebrations, family gatherings and industry issues. Sheep ranchers were no exception - even in those early years. At shearing time, families would get together to help each other out. Pete remembers playing with the other kids in the big gunnysacks of wool before they were shooed out to play elsewhere. He still keeps in touch with the Aja and Espil families that continue to be active in the sheep business in northern Arizona.

About 1931, Bernardo purchased the Poole Ranch on the San Pedro River near Benson. Pete and his brothers attended school in Cascabel, where they walked or rode horseback everyday. It was during this time that Arizona experienced one of its most devastating droughts. After school, Pete and his brother, Johnny, would rope orphaned calves and put them on their saddles. They would take them home and put them in the corral. Bernardo finally said "No more" when 15 of the dogies filled his corral. Pete recalls his father being the "maddest Frenchman" he knew when quality beef cattle were going for only \$10 a head.

While still at the Poole Ranch, Pete attended high school in Wilcox. He lived with the Armagnac family, who owned Rix's Sweet Shop in Wilcox for many years. Pete was active in school activities and sports, including football, baseball and basketball. As a senior for the Cowboys, he won the 440-yard dash at the state track meet held at the University of Arizona.

Upon graduating in 1937, Pete was offered a full athletic scholarship to Flagstaff Normal School. The U of A also offered he and his good friend, Joe Wooten, a football and track scholarship. However, the cowboy life called to Pete and he chose to stay and work on the ranch for two years. During this time he took two memorable train trips. One included traveling with a load of cattle to Los Angeles.

The second train ride was to Kansas City with 1,000 head of sheep aboard. He rode in the caboose on the way there, but was able to ride in the passenger car on the way back. He ran out of money on his way home, about the New Mexico line, and he was hungry, as he recalls, so he "jumped off the train running" when they got back home.

In 1939 Pete started college at the University of Arizona. He lived with Stanford Allen who was a partner with the Bidegains on forest permits in the Rincon Mountains where they ran cattle. Pete has great memories of his college friends and the great friends he met. Most of Pete's practical experience on the ranch was used in the classes under his animal husbandry major. His first year, he played on the freshman football team and recalls when they beat the varsity team in spring practice. He also competed on the track team, although it had been two years since he had ran competitively.

His second year he lived with the Bum Post family. That year he pledged the Kappa Sigma fraternity. It was during this time a polo team was forming through ROTC training. Pete remembers them advertising tryouts with a sign that read, "Cowboys and Ranch Hands Preferred." This interested him enough to sign up. Recruits spent the first two weeks practicing hitting the polo balls in a cage while on a stationary horse. The polo field was located behind what is

now the U of A hospital, near Ft. Lowell. The other team members included John Donaldson from New York, now of Sonoita, Dee Wooddell of Nogales, Carl Pollack of St. Louis and Al Smith of New York. When the U of A polo team played Stanford, Pete went up against Ben Snure of Douglas, Arizona, who was a tough competitor.

Pete remembers that although Stanford was well known for being hot shots, they all managed to go out after the game and have a good time. That was, of course, after U of A had beaten Stanford, he adds. In fact, Pete says not only was the polo match great, but a rich alumnus would invite the team to "tea" after the matches. Pete never remembered any tea, but does recall the good whiskey.

One of his last polo matches was against Ft. Bliss, at El Paso, Texas, held on December 7, 1941. This turned out to be the bombing at Pearl Harbor and two days later the Army took the horses from the ROTC program. Pete received an athletic letter for his polo participation and his picture still hangs in the McKale Center with the 1941-42 team.

While at the U of A, Pete was also on the rodeo team and served as rodeo boss. Some of his teammates included Eddie Tappan, Buster Naegle, Carl Pollack and George Morgan. Stanford Allen and Pete were rodeo co-bosses for the 1942 U of A Rodeo after Hughes McKinney joined the service. This was the year Pete won the team roping with Jack Finley from

Dragoon, Arizona. Schools they competed against were California Poly Technic, Texas A & M, Colorado State and New Mexico State. There were lots of good competitors in the college ranks.

The United States was in the middle of World War II at this time so Pete joined the Navy. He did his basic training at San Diego and was sent to Norman, Oklahoma for gunnery school. Pete didn't let something like the Navy keep him from pursuing one of his favorite sports. While in Norman, he was able to rope with the local cowboys who were very impressed with his skill. Meanwhile, his brothers didn't fare as well in the Army. John got malaria in the Phillipines. His other brother, Phillip, was taken prisoner by the Germans, though liberated soon after by the allies. Brother Mike saw much ship duty while he served with the Navy.

Pete volunteered along with 130 others to be part of a flying mission along the Japanese coast. He was sent to Laredo, Texas where, shortly after his arrival, they received news of the end of the war. Pete was released and traveled back to Tucson with his pet goat and good buddy, Fritz McTarnahan.

Once back in Arizona, Pete helped his dad with the sheep they had bought from the Indians at Holbrook. They later sold the herd to Mike O'Haco, a former Kappa Sig

fraternity brother. Pete then worked at Cortero Farms when Bernardo leased it from Tom Clark. He also worked on Mt. Lemmon in the Catalina Mountains as part of a motley crew who were known to "raise hell on the mountain." He would make quite a journey when he rode from the top of Mt. Lemmon to the ranch at Cascabel, proudly claiming he "never had to cut the fence."

While working at Mt. Lemmon, he met Mary Walker. Mary's parents, Almond (Pop) and Dixie (Mom) Walker, leased the horse stables in the summer for Mt. Lemmon trail riders. Mary proved to be more than a casual acquaintance and the pair was soon married. The catastrophic Hoof and Mouth disease broke out shortly afterwards. Fluent in Spanish, Pete was hired as a government inspector for the U.S. to negotiate with the Mexicans. Testing facilities were primitive and there was much confusion about the program, making for less than ideal conditions for Pete and his new bride.

The highlight of living in Mexico was the birth of a daughter, Page Lynn in 1947. Tragically, Mary contracted polio shortly after Page's birth. Emergency procedures were put in effect to airlift her in an iron lung to Tucson Medical Center. While in Tucson, Pete worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad as a switchman. He and former polo

teammate, John Donaldson, leased land in the Rincon Mountains, but lost everything in a cattle market slump.

As an ultimate test of his fortitude, Mary had complications and died, leaving Pete to raise their infant daughter. Mary's parents helped by moving to Casa Grande where Pete was working for Phil Tabor managing the cotton, alfalfa and feedlot operations. Pete worked for Phil for eleven years. At one time, the pair leased the Casa Grande Auction for a year, but Paul Cornelius opened a big new auction in Phoenix and pretty much put them out of business.

Pete preferred cowboying to sheep herding, but was always ready to help his father when he needed it. Bernardo sometimes pastured sheep around Casa Grande and would set up the spring shearing at the Tabor Farm. Pete became good friends with all the Echeverria brothers, who were also involved in the sheep business.

While in Casa Grande, Pete met and married Clorene Thomas in 1951. Clorene had a young daughter, Brenda Ann, whose father had been killed in the war. The new family added Cathryn Lu in 1952, followed by Pete B. Jr., in 1953 and Todd Anthony in 1958. While raising his family around Casa Grande, Pete was involved in forming the Arizona Rodeo Association and served as its president. He also helped from the Casa Grande Riders for family to trail ride, hold gymkhanas and camp out in the desert.

Despite his hard work and civic involvement, Pete always managed to keep a rope handy and a horse in shape. He and his youngest brother, Tex, won the team tying at the Showlow rodeo one year. Tex headed on a big paint horse that Pete and Bill Brophy were partners on. Pete heeled on a Red Man horse called "Roanie" that the Bidegains had raised at the ranch. Tex and Pete also won a \$1,000 match roping held in Silver City, New Mexico against Bob Cloudt and his old friend and polo rival, Ben Snure.

In 1961 Bill Brophy offered Pete the chance to be foreman of the Babacomari Ranch at Elgin, Arizona. This was a large, old Spanish Land Grant that straddled the Santa Cruz and Cochise County boundaries. Pete worked for Frank Brophy, Sr. for 14 years, raising his family on the ranch. The - + (Bar Cross) brand was noted for quality Herefords and well-bred horses, all raised on the ranch's strong grasses. The ranch had its own cattle shipping facilities along the railroad called Bally Brophy. The Babacomari River ran through the ranch providing year round water and a small lake that had been built by a CCC project.

While living at Elgin, Pete served on the Elgin and Patagonia school boards. He produced and participated in the annual Labor Day Rodeo at Sonoita for nine years, while serving on the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Board. Pete served many years on the 4-H council and was always ready to

serve as ringman at the county fair club auctions. He and his family remember those wonderful years and are thankful for the good friends they have in that area.

In 1975, with their family raised, Pete and Clorene moved to Tucson where he became an associate member in Bidegain Real Estate. He became quite well known for his expertise on ranching properties. Soon there after, they moved back to Sonoita on property that was formerly part of the Empire Ranch. He picked the property for the beautiful views of the Santa Rita and Mustang mountain ranges..

Pete has not only made his mark in the Sonoita and Patagonia area, but all of Santa Cruz county. He is well known for his generosity and fun, outgoing personality. He served on the Sonoita Trade Bureau and was even named Sonoita Man of the Year. His special project was Sonoita Helpers, providing Christmas baskets for the needy, homebound and retirees needing assistance. He also served in many capacities with the Sonoita Fair and Rodeo Association.

Pete has recently scaled back his real estate involvement to some degree. He now has a little more time to enjoy weekly golf games and spend time with his family. He has twelve grandchildren and a new great-grandson. Good friends have also always been important to Pete. He and Clorene attend many of the reunions with his Kappa Sigma brothers, Hoof and Mouth Inspectors and the Wilcox cowboys.

And they always enjoy getting together with the many friends they've made all over Arizona.

Pete is a man with many talents and many interests. He has approached life much in the same way he used to ride off Mt. Lemmon - he's "never had to cut any fences."

"There wasn't anything I didn't try that I didn't like," he says, his merry blue eyes twinkling as his face breaks into his familiar smile.

*Story by MariAlice Gayler and Emily Dukes,
granddaughters*

LOUISE BAFFERT KING

I was born December 26, 1919 to Filberto Joseph Baffert and Anna Dorothy Frey Baffert - their second daughter - in Tucson, Arizona. Two more daughters and a son followed.

I was educated at St. Joseph's Academy, a private girls' school, run by the Sisters of St. Joseph's, from elementary through high school. I attended the University of Arizona for two years.

On September 30, 1940 I married William Walter King, third and youngest son of Manuel Joseph King, a prominent cattleman, and Margarita Corra King.

My introduction to the cattle business began with our marriage. In our early married life we drove Grandpa Manuel King out to the ranch every Sunday where he conferred with his three sons who were managing the ranch and the cattle.

I am a charter member of the Arizona Cowbelles - the state organization. I served as second vice-president and as secretary during the early years. I was instrumental in establishing our local chapter, The Tucson Cowbelles, by hosting the luncheon meeting to launch the organization. The following year I served as president.

"98" RANCH HISTORY

Manuel Joseph King, the patriarch of the King Family, was born on December 17, 1867. He came to Arizona as an eighteen-year-old young man from San Leandro, California with a load of four hundred head of short horn cattle destined for the open range in the Altar Valley, south west of Tucson, Arizona.

He was having problems with his step-mother, but also had respiratory health problems. Arizona's dry climate rapidly improved his health. The same year Manuel arrived in Arizona, the Baboquivari Land and Cattle Company was organized. After diligently working, and proving his worth as a cowboy, he became a partner in the company which was headquartered in Mendoza Canyon which is now part of the Anvil Ranch where water was plentiful from a nearby stream and spring. A well was drilled in the Altar Valley at Palo Alto Ranch which became the site of Coberly Ranch in 1887.

Manuel met his future wife, Margarita Corra, who was a teacher at the Ranch School. She was born in Hermosillo, Mexico to a Hispanic mother and an Italian father who came from Italy. They migrated to the United States and settled in Arivaca, a small agricultural and mining town where he ran a grocery store. Margarita was educated in Tucson at St. Joseph's Academy, a private Catholic Boarding School.

They were married at St. Augustine Cathedral by Bishop Granjon of Tucson in 1896 and became the parents of seven children; Margarette, Mary, John, Joe and Bill. Two of their children, Frank and Lupe, died as infants and are buried on the "98 Ranch".

In 1889, Mr. Corra, Margurita's father, established the "98" livestock brand for his grandchildren. A certain number of his cattle were originally marked with the "98" brand and the proceeds from the increase of the cattle in the herd, when they were marketed, was put aside for the children's education.

After the severe draught of 1893, which practically broke all cattlemen in Arizona, Manuel scraped together what money he could find, earn or borrow and bought the Rouse (now the "98") from Judge Rouse, who was on the Bench in Tucson and had the ranch as an investment.

Manuel moved his family to the Rouse and gradually built up his herd of cattle on the open range. Water was scarce in that semi-desert country and development of water sources was a most vital need. Consequently, Manuel, during the ensuing years, spent much of his time and money drilling wells, building earthen dams and improving his breeding cattle herd.

As his cattle holdings built up, he began buying and selling cattle, acquiring other ranches and investing in

Tucson real estate and businesses. At one time, he had investments in one of the first housing developments in Tucson - Menlo Park.

His other holdings were invested in an iron works fabrication business with the prominent Steinfeld family of Tucson and also in commercial real estate on Congress Street.

When the children were of school age, Manuel built a fine, spacious home in Tucson and the family moved to the "City" where the children attended school.

Eventually, the Anvil Ranch was acquired and their headquarters moved and operated from that location. Sons John and Joe, took on the main duties of the ranch operation although Manuel always kept a tight rein on making most of the important decisions.

Manuel died in 1954 at the age of eighty-six, after a long, active and productive life. He rode a horse as well as climbing the windmills to keep them in working condition when he was well into his eighties.

In 1940, his son Bill (William) and I were married after a courtship of one year, at St. Augustine Cathedral, in an early morning ceremony with a breakfast reception at my paternal grandmother's home. I was twenty years old and the second of five daughters and one son born of Filiberto and Anna Fray Baffert.

Filiberto was born in Guaymas, Mexico. His father had immigrated from France and his mother was born in Guaymas of Mexican and Spanish decent. When we were married, Bill was twenty-eight years old and, for the most part, worked for the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company as a bookkeeper.

During World War II, he worked at a defense job at the Davis Monthan Air Force Base and was drafted into the United States Coast Guard in Alameda, California. He served for a short time, but received a Medical Discharge due to a severe respiratory condition. He returned to Tucson and worked at the Consolidated Voltec Airplane Manufacturing Plant.

Every Sunday, all our family would drive Grandpa Manuel out to the Ranch. Bill would always take time off from his town jobs to help with the round-ups in November and May.

In 1942, our first daughter, Margaret Jo, was born, Phyllis followed in 1947 and Joyce arrived in 1949, to complete our family. Bill continued to work as a Motel owner-operator, a real estate agent, a meat market owner, a feed lot operator and, at various times as a cattle trader. He also worked for the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Mexico as a cattle appraiser. He was one of a group of men who worked to eradicate the Hoof and Mouth Disease outbreak in the southern part of Mexico in 1947.

In 1954, Manuel died peacefully in his sleep at the age of eighty-six. His estate was distributed equally to his

children. The Ranch and other investments had been incorporated in the Thirties and the stock was distributed to his heirs after his mother's death.

Two years after Manuel's death, the corporation was dissolved and the town property and ranches were divided among the siblings. John King, the oldest son, bought his sister Margaret's interest. Bill bought Mary Grandona's interest and Joe took over a ranch and farm at Red Rock, Arizona that he had been operating for several years as his share of the estate. Bill choose the Rouse Ranch (currently the "98" Ranch) on the west side of the Sassabe Highway and a couple of homesteads, namely the Scharf and Pena Blanca, which had been bought by King Investment, Inc. over the years, on the east-side of the Sassabe Highway.

He also purchased his sister, Mary Grandona's share. Bill named his ranch after the brand established by his Grandfather, in 1898. As there were no livable buildings on the Ranch, Bill converted the pump house to a primitive camp for himself, the cowboys and the cook until he could build more suitable quarters for himself and his employees.

The first building improvement was a bunkhouse for the help, with a separate room and screened porch for himself. The main house was built in 1962 and incorporated Bill's original room into a modern kitchen, adding a large living-dining room and a fireplace, plus two additional bedrooms, a

bathroom, laundry room, a furnace and included an air conditioning system.

While our children were growing up, we spent many weekends, holidays and summer vacations at the "98". We entertained friends and relatives, preparing big feasts for various holidays, baptisms and weddings.

Bill also worked at expanding his farmland, drilling irrigation wells, building ditches and cultivating his fields. First he planted the land to feed crops, then, in later years, he changed to cotton. He had an extensive feed lot operation and, at one time, brought in young feeder cattle from Texas to feed and grow. He maintained a herd of Hereford and cross-bred cattle on the range as well.

Bill sold his holdings on the eastside of the Sassabe Highway to the Diamond Bell sub-division as the economy took a downturn, which adversely affected cattle prices. As the economy took a downturn, which adversely affected cattle prices, pressure from the bank and loan companies took a toll as well and it became necessary to sell off some of the farmland. Bill had been active in real estate prior to acquiring the "98 Ranch" and was able to complete sales of his own lands.

Bill died on February 1, 1979 of lung cancer, at the age of sixty-seven. The Ranch passed in trust to his widow

Louise and the children. It has been leased to a nephew who operates it in conjunction with his adjacent ranch.

This concludes the history of the "98 Ranch" and the King family involvement in its acquisition and operation.

Written by Louise Baffert King

February 1998

Tucson, Arizona

BONNIE ESTELLE BRAY "ELRAGE"

Bonnie Estelle Bray "Elrage" better known to her children, family, and friends as "Mummie", was born May 24th 1896 to Lee J. and Casandra Bray, joining 2 older sisters and one brother, ending up the fourth daughter of six siblings.

In 1902, at the age of 6 years, Bonnie and her family moved by horse and wagon from Texas to a very cool location up in the northern part of New Mexico, presently known as Alma and Reserve, where they homesteaded a place called Pine Lawn, and then later moved into Alma, where her mother owned and ran a boarding house. From there Bonnie and her sisters and brothers experienced, and learned a real knowledge of hard work, a very fine attribute of which would help her to survive in later years.

One of the greatest qualities and gifts Mummie left behind to her family was that of obedience (acquired at a very young age) to keep a daily journal/diary of her life, even thou we were informed by her younger sister, Goldie, that the diaries from around 1910 thru 1934 were stolen from the ranch, we are fortunately able to have in our possession the diaries from that time, up until her death. A legacy of her life that her family (children/grandchildren, and including her, great great great grandchildren) can share

from generation to generation that would other wise been lost to us forever. Some of these entries contain tragedy and hard times along with the happy moments of her life. This gives us all a first hand knowledge to try and understand her nature and great strengths.


In 1913 (considered in this age to be too young) at the age of 17 years, Bonnie met and married a man by the name of Mangus Elrage, and moved to Clifton, AZ. where they resided after purchasing a ranch up on the Frisco River by the name of the R.U.S. Eventually they were able to buy some adjoining allotments, the Sunset, Ash Springs and Rattle Snake Gap, with the operations headquarters to be located up on the Frisco River in Limestone Canyon, bringing the settlement to approximately 36 sections, running 435 head of good "ole" hereford cattle, in rough mountainous country and with Gods grace they would have full tanks and running springs as this was their only water supply.

With the establishment of their home/ranch they were blessed with a daughter (Ada Lee) born in 1914, and a son soon after (Mangus Jr. "Buddy") in 1916. Much joy and happiness was brought into Bonnie's life by her children.

As one of the most devastating trials of life any parent could go thru, Mummie was proceeded in death by both of her children. First her only daughter (Ada Lee) passed away in 1937 at the age of 23, Ada Lee left behind a 2 year

old son, Gayle E. Sanders for her mother to care for. Gayle was proceeded in death by a younger baby brother who died in infancy. Mummie raised and then soon adopted her grandson Gayle. In 1974 Mummie once again buried one of her children, her son "Buddy".

In 1936 one year before Ada Lees death, Mummie and her husband (Mangus) chose to go their separate ways, leaving Mummie alone to raise her children, buy and run the entire ranch, doing so with only the help of her children.

Each child learned a lot of obedience and responsibility, each earning their own brand, as stated: Bonnie  , Ada Lee AS , Buddy X , and Gayle 44 . An operation that had many good years along with hard years, which any rancher knows all to well that comes with the territory.

For those who knew or were acquainted with Bonnie would all agree she was a very small, petite woman who maybe stood a whole sum of five feet, but was a strong, powerful and willful woman.

After 60 years of ranching, clear up until the age of 76, (when the ranch sold out), she was still running the operation, riding, and working cattle with the best of them. She had a tremendous love for her horses and animals, all of which had names. Little Red would be the last little sorrel horse she would ever mount.

The only way of life that she had basically known and loved, nearly broke her heart when she had to sell out. A way of life that contained long days of extremely hard work, with very little time for fun or pleasure. But Mummie did, upon occasion, take the time and go watch her grandson, Gayle, whom she had raised after Ada Lees death, compete in the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA) in the event of team roping. Gayle, made and kept one of the top 10 positions in the world for six consecutive years, (late sixties and early seventies). Mummie was also remembered for the love of dancing in which she taught her great grand children "Put Your Little Foot", Waltz, etc. and sometimes made them sugar biscuits. Bonnie had been a member of the AZ. Cattle Growers since 1914.

Bonnie passed from this world in 1979 at 83 years of age.

Bonnie leaves behind, her deceased sons (Buddy) children - Jerry, Tommy and two daughters, Ada Joe and Joleta. Gayle E. Sanders (who presently resides in Clifton, AZ.) is the father of two daughters - Rhonda, Norene and one son, Richard, and many generations of grand children.

The legacy of this pioneer cattle woman is a great loss to the cattle industry. Taking with her more knowledge of ranching than most of us could only hope to gain in a lifetime. A great loss to the ranches once called "home",

and to her family and friends whom still miss her very greatly!

VELMA GATLIN RUTHERFORD WILLIS

As told by Norma Davis and Lola Rex

Velma Gatlin was born November 22, 1908 in Reserve, New Mexico to Harvey Kidd Gatlin and Amanda (Minnie) Oreon Earl Gatlin. She was the sixth child in a family of twelve.

The Gatlins bought a ranch at the mouth of the Blue above Clifton. She went to school with Freddy Fritz and his brother Eddie, along with the Stacy family.

They would often have dances at Freddy's home and maybe stay and dance all night to good old fiddle and guitar music, no such a thing as amplifiers and such.

They had to pack everything in horseback and always had a lot of company. Velma and Lola have talked about having to make pallets on the floor and the house had 5 bedrooms! It was quite a chore just feeding all of those mouths, a lot of sourdough bread, jerky and gravy.

The Gatlins had a teacher at the ranch and when Velma was a freshman, around 1923, they all moved to Clifton for school.

Velma met a handsome cowboy by the name of Jentry (Slick) Rutherford who took her heart away and they got married. He was from Texas and was working for Rush Gilpin, Velma's brother-in-law at the K Ranch.

They worked on many ranches around. Slick and Velma worked for Freddy Fritz for a short time, also the O Bar O at Bonita. James Kenneys D ranch at Carlsbad, New Mexico. Everywhere they worked, Velma always was the cook and she put out some mighty fine meals for the cowboys.

Velma and Slicks first son Joe was still-born. They went on to have three other children, Melvin (Blocky), Jack and Norma. They had a little grocery, beer and wine store at Eagle Creek. They had to travel to Clifton for groceries and supplies for the store.. It was usually quite a long adventure. They had rodeos and dances all of the time.

The children started school up there in the little one room school house. Velma drove the bus (an old dodge car) and sometimes when crossing all of the crossings the kids would have to hold their feet up because the water would come in. There was quite a large community living out there at the time. Everyone was very close.

They moved to Clifton when Norma was a third grader (about 1941). Slick worked for the Highway Department for quite a while. Blocky graduated from high school in Clifton. They moved to York Valley after that, and Slick worked for Phelps Dodge at Morenci.

Velma sewed custom made western shirts on an old treadle sewing machine. She started this because they couldn't find any shirts that had two pockets. I think she

had the measurements of everyone in Greenlee and Graham counties. She also made most all of her and Norma's clothes. Norma had the first pair of red bell-bottom pants ever seen at Duncan High.

After Jack and Norma graduated from Duncan High (Blocky finished at Clifton) they moved to Rattle-snake road camp where Slick was working for the State Highway again. Slick had a heart attack in 1964 and passed away.

Velma had never worked in the public and the family really worried about her, but she just jumped in and went to work for a garment factory in Safford where she had moved after Slicks death. She later went to work in the old Safford Hospital in the kitchen and in the new one after it was built. She broke her wrist working and had to quit her job.

In 1979 at the age of 70-years-old, Velma married an old friend she had known for years, O.B. Bryce Willis from Clifton. She sold her place in Thatcher and moved to Clifton with Bryce. They had a beautiful home there. She and Bryce traveled quite a bit after they married and really enjoyed each other.

Bryce got cancer and was bed-ridden for quite a while. Velma took care of him till he passed away in 1984. Clifton had flooded just before that and there weren't many people

left on Velma's street so her children talked her into moving back to Thatcher, closer to Doctors.

She bought a home at Daley Estates. Velma always had a pretty yard. She loved roses and had some beautiful ones, along with a few fruit trees. She always fed and watched the birds and wildlife around her place. She had lots of quail come to feed every day.

Velma loved her children and grandchildren, she was very proud of all of them, especially her granddaughter, Judi Ann. She had fourteen grandchildren, three great grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

Velma was a member of the Greenlee county Cowbells and the Cowbell trail riders. She was the oldest rider from 1973 until her last ride in 1987. Velma was 79 years old that year. She had two generations on the 1969, 70, 71, and 72 trail rides and three generations on the 1977, 78, 79, 81, 86 and 87 trail rides. Herself, her daughter Norma and granddaughter Judi. She had the honor of being the "Bull Slinger" on her first ride in 1969, the "Queen of the trail ride" in 1973 and attendant to the "Queen" in 1979.

To be able to go on the trail rides you had to be able to ride 25 miles and take care of your own horse. Not only was she capable, but she rode every mile without one complaint. In 1973 the trail riders rode 28 miles in 10 hours on a 3 day ride. While the younger cowbells would be

moaning and groaning, you would not hear one word from this sweet woman who never got to ride, except for once a year on the trail rides.

She was a faithful cowbell, well known for her gracious generosity. She was always there for a friend or when someone was sick. The ladies would look forward to her coming and bringing her delicious cobblers, especially her apricot cobbler. A cowbell friend Daisy May Cannon said, "Velma was one of the most beautiful ladies she ever knew".

Blocky lives in Palmer, Alaska and has three children. Jack passed away in 1997. He had two boys and a stepdaughter. Norma married Jim Davis and has three children.

Velma got cancer and was very sick for about two years before she passed away at her home in Thatcher. Norma, Judi, her granddaughter-in-law Anna and many other family members and friends stayed with and took care of Velma those last two years.

She had so many special nurses and nurses aids caring for her. They all loved her special sense of humor she had even when she was in so much pain. After her passing, a little nurse that cared for her wrote this special letter.

DRIFTING AWAY

April 2, 1996

TO: Velma Willis

As I sit here by your bedside, I watch you as you start to drift away into another world. I see your glowing eyes dancing, but yet the pain that's within shows on your face as you turn your head and look up on high. You can hardly swallow or even speak. But you make sure and let me know with a clear soft spoken voice you tell me thank you, I love you, and when I say thank you I love you too, your face shines like a beautiful shining star. With a twinkle in your eyes and a wink from a beautiful, special person. Then you close your eyes in peace you doze off into a deep sleep and dream of a garden filled with flowers so colorful, grass green as never seen. There is no words they can even express the beauty. You want to stay and enjoy. But a noise awakens you and you tell yourself. I'm still here! Oh! I don't want to be here anymore. How long must I wait before I can stay in the beautiful garden? I will wait

patiently till you take me home. I will never forget you. You will live in my heart forever. I will cherish all the memories and quality time spent with you. The joy you brought into my life as I cared for you with your sense of humor, your smile, your laughter, and tears.

Written By: Terri Quintino.

Velma was laid to rest beside Slick in Clifton. She will be missed by all.....

WAIN WRIGHT "WAYNE" COSPER

1897-1984

Wayne Cosper was born "on the Blue" - in beautiful Blue River Valley of Greenlee County, which was then part of Graham County in the Territory of Arizona. He came from a fine, strong pioneer family, which was one of those instrumental in settling and building the Southwest of today.

The Cosper lineage can be traced back to one Henryck Gasper who was born in Germany in 1733. Henryck was among the original Protestant immigrants who arrived in Charleston, South Carolina in 1768 aboard the ship St. Peter. Henryck married a woman of Dutch descent whose name is unknown. He and his wife had three sons, and these Gaspers - later Cospers - all raised large families, which spread out over South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Alabama and other parts of the South.

The third son, George Henry, was Wayne's great-grandfather. George Henry and one of his brothers became ordained Methodist ministers. The church, which the Rev. George Henry founded, still stands today, the Old Methodist Camp Ground-Bethlehem church in Randolph county, Alabama.

Rev. George Henry married Martha Elizabeth Knopp, who was also of German parentage. They had a family of ten children. Their sixth child, James Glenn, was born in South

Carolina, but raised in Randolph County, Alabama. He married Sarah Caroline Tendell, and he and Sarah became prosperous landowners and merchants. By the time the Civil War started, they had eight children. When James Glenn was 50 years old he was called to serve in the war, and his oldest son, George, also fought. James Glenn's brother George, was also in the war, and died at Shiloh.

After the Civil War there was such devastation throughout the South that many families migrated elsewhere. The Cospers decided upon a move to Texas.

Wayne's father, Joseph Hampton Toles, had been born on July 31, 1857, in Graham, Alabama. He was about twelve years old when his father and one of his uncles decided to leave Alabama. Both brothers had large families, some with grown children who were married and had children of their own. Records tell us that there were some sixty-four adults and forty-six children in the caravan. They settled in several parts of Texas, including Rusk, Bell and Taylor counties. The James Glenn family were in Taylor County many years, where Toles grew to manhood.

Toles and most of his brothers worked on ranches or established spreads of their own. Toles ran a ranch for an old man, where he met Lou Ella Flanagan. Lou Ella was an Irish girl born in Georgia in 1865. Her father was a Methodist minister, also, who had migrated to Texas. Toles

and Lou Ella were married January 22, 1885, and either that year or the next, some of the Cospers began the move to Arizona.

James Glenn and Sarah, together with their four sons, George Henry II, James "Ed", Toles and John Coston and their wives and children went from Texas to Magdalena, New Mexico. The men loaded up wagons with their possessions and drove a small herd of cattle, while the women and children went by train. Some of the cattle bore the first Y-Y brand.

James Glenn and two of his sons, Toles and John, settled temporarily in Magdalena, while the other two, George Henry and Ed chose to settle in Duncan, Arizona, where they went into farming and ranching. Toles and Lou Ella had a baby girl, Effa, born in Magdalena in 1886. In a year or so they moved to Luna, with plans to go down into the Blue Valley. More than once they had to postpone their move due to problems with the Indians. For the next few years, Toles became a leader in the community of Luna, acting as Sheriff, Coroner, Constable and Justice of the Peace. He was honest, intelligent and always known for helping others. While in Luna five more children were born: Etta, DeWitt, Lula, Jimmy and Johnny. Some time before Wayne was born on August 3, 1897, the family finally moved down on the Blue.

They lived first at the head of the Blue and for a while in Cow Canyon before beginning the Y-Y Ranch, better known as the Y-Bars, on a beautiful spot between McKittrick Canyon and Raspberry Creek, across the river from the well-known Turtle Rock formation. There the family lived in a log cabin until the ranch house was built.

Three more children were born: Kittie, Clifton "Babe" and Tommy. The Y-Bars ranch prospered, and the children grew up in a wonderful environment. Toles was a strict father who taught his children obedience, honesty, respect for others, and to be hard-working people who appreciated all the blessings God had given them. There were hired ranch hands and an old Mexican gardener, but the children were all expected to work hard and accept responsibility. The boys all helped work the cattle and other ranch chores, while the girls helped their mother with the vast amount of meals to be prepared and other household chores.

The Y-Bars was a center of activity in those early days as more and more people took up residence in that wild, primitive canyon, which for many years could only be reached by horseback, wagon or foot. There were dances at the Y-Bars, especially at Christmas, which are still remembered today. Toles hired musicians from town to come and play day and night. The women and girls cooked for days, even weeks, beforehand, preparing all sorts of delicious food. Many

people came from miles away and stayed the whole time, sometimes as many as five days! The women and children were provided with beds, while the men pitched their bedrolls out under the stars.

Wayne told of how generous his parents were to others. He remembered times when less-fortunate families were invited for Christmas and under the huge tree were gifts for those children - the very same gifts the Cospers got. When need of most anything, people turned to Toles and Lou Ella, and always received help. Wayne's parents set extremely fine examples for their children, all of whom grew up to be honest, kind, generous people.

It must have been a quite wonderful way to grow up, with the fir-covered mountains, the towering pink and gray cliffs, the beautiful creeks and valleys. There were caves and Indian ruins to explore, horses to ride, all manner of wild animals close at hand. Winters were magical white fairylands with snow-covered trees and frozen creeks; and always the warm, close knit interaction of family and fun.

Wayne was a very bright boy with a droll kind of wit that kept everyone laughing. He used to tell of some of the things that he remembered from his childhood. He said they had an indoor bathroom when he was quite small, and his dad decided to add the further luxury of hot water. He had a container of some kind attached to the wood cook stove, with

a pipe into the bathroom. Everything seemed to be fine until the water started to boil and the contraption blew up. Well, that was the end of the hot water to the bathroom.

Wayne's youngest sister, Kittie Cospers Potter, tells of how their dad warned all of them to stay away from the river when it was in flood stage. The clear, gently-flowing water of the Blue may seem harmless during normal times, but after heavy rains or Spring melt-off, it can be a dangerous, raging torrent that carries huge logs and trees with incredible power. Everyone else heeded what their father said, but Wayne was determined that he was going to rope a log. And he did! But he was nearly dragged into the river, which only made him mad enough that he finally got that log up on the bank. Kittie didn't remember what Toles did with Wayne, but she said he stayed away from the river after that.

Wayne began school in the one-room school house built by his father so that the children would not have to go the many miles on up the river to the existing school. It was about a mile above the ranch, and there Wayne went until after eighth grade. It was typical of early-day country schools, with all grades taught by one teacher in one room. The teachers of that time were paid by the County, but ranchers provided their room and board. The teacher often stayed at the Cospers home.

As other children from the remote area of the Blue did, Wayne had to go into town for high school. He attended Clifton High School and then went on to enter the Roswell New Mexico Military Institute in 1917. After that, he returned to the Blue to help his dad work the cattle during the first World War.

In 1920, Wayne married Dollie Bray, who was born in Texas in 1900. They, like so many of the Cospers, bought a ranch on the Blue, the HU (Hue Bars), where they raised cattle for some time. Then, in Wayne's own words, "I had to sell out as the Forest Service crowded me." For awhile, Wayne helped Doll's sister, Bonnie Elrage, with her ranch on the San Francisco north of Clifton. One summer, Wayne hauled lumber by wagon up to Sunset Peak and built a cabin for Doll and himself. It was on part of Bonnie's range and is only a short distance from the San Francisco, but could only be reached by going over some very rugged terrain. They had adopted-son Laddie with them and a photograph from that time shows two-year old Laddie with his pet deer.

Wayne and Doll had one natural child, a little girl baby who was born in 1921 and died the same day. Some time after that they had a chance to adopt little Laddie, whose natural father was Doll's brother. Not only was he adopted legally, but he became truly a child of their hearts. He was given a fine education and went on to become a

successful accountant and teacher after serving for a time in the Marines.

In 1928 they moved to Litchfield Park, Arizona, where Wayne worked for the SW Cotton Co. repairing houses. He learned the carpenter trade and became very good at it. After that he spent a while remodeling houses in Clifton and Safford. He and Doll and Laddie settled in Clifton in a little home Wayne built for them. Laddie attended school in Clifton, and Wayne went to work in 1942 for W.A. Bechtel Co. who were building the new Phelps Dodge smelter and mill. Wayne worked for Bechtel for about five years. He then went into business for himself building and remodeling houses until he retired in 1967.

Doll died in 1970, which was a terrible devastation to Wayne. She was the light of his life, and their relationship had been a close and loving one. They were a fun-loving couple much loved by family and friends, especially the children in the family. Wayne continued to live on in Clifton for several years after Doll died, then lived with Doll's sister Goldie and husband in Safford until Goldie's husband died. Wayne then moved into a retirement center where he was living up until a few months before he died in the Mt. Graham Community Hospital. To the end, Wayne was lively-minded and witty. A few weeks before he died, Wayne had a near-death experience, which he described

as so many others have as seeing a beautiful light at the end of a dark tunnel. Until then, Wayne was known to be very fearful of death, but the experience completely changed that.

Wayne died December 30, 1984. He is buried in Clifton next to Doll and their baby. He is survived by one sister, Kittie Cosper Potter, 96 of Clifton, and a great granddaughter, Deborah Leigh Cosper of Boston, Mass.

Written by Barbara Mulleneaux, niece to Wayne Cosper, with the help of Kittie Cosper Potter, Wayne's sister. Reference to historical data and other material taken from COSPERS OF THE SOUTHWEST and DOWN ON THE BLUE, both written by Cleo Cosper Coor.

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT COVER

Pete Bernardo Bidegain - U of A The Desert 1942

BACK COVER

Top - Left to Right

Edwin K Delph

Scotty Anderson - what a smile

Middle Left to Right

Marianne Etchart Manterola

Ray M Lorette - Large irrigated farm owned by Goodyear
Tire Co. near Litchfield Park, AZ - February
1942 - Cleo, Snipper & Ray. Cute little
honeymoon house.

Bottom - Left to Right

R. Lewis Bowman - Getting ready to rope
Lydia Martinez & husband Ray

INSIDE BACK COVER

Top - Left to Right

Lydia Martinez

Velma Rutherford Willis

Middle - Left to Right

Louise Baffert King

Walter Armer, Sr. - Deep in Thought

Three Generations of Riders - Judi Fowler, Norma Davis &
Velma Rutherford

Bottom - Left to Right

Bonnie Estelle Bray "Elrage" - on Little Red
Pete Bernard Bidegan



