ARIZONA
NATIONAL
STOCK SHOW

Arizona Pioneer Stockman Ranch Histories Volume XX

VOLUME XX

ARIZONA PIONEER STOCKMEN

RANCH HISTORIES

compiled and edited by

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.
and
Doris French

in cooperation with

Arizona State Cowbelles, Inc.

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Welcome to the 53rd annual Arizona National Livestock Show. I hope you have an enjoyable luncheon, and are pleased to meet with other Arizona Pioneers. We at the Arizona National enjoy having all of the Arizona Pioneers at our Show.

I personally wish to thank all of the Arizona Pioneers who contributed to Volume XX of the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories. The Arizona National is proud of its association with Arizona stock people. The histories of the livestock industry in Arizona are unique stories, and the people who made them are even more unique. I encourage all that were affiliated with this chapter of Arizona's history to write their story so that future generations will have a record of them to enjoy. Coinciding with the first year of the 21st Century, we find the livestock industry is alive and healthy, and is manned by second and third generation stockmen. However, if you pay attention to many sources, the industry should be placed on the endangered list.

I also wish to thank all the Cowbelles and other volunteers who contribute to the publication of the Ranch Histories.

Thank you,

Duane E. Webb

Duane E. Webb
President, Arizona National Livestock Show

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TO ALL OUR PIONEERS, FAMILIES AND FRIENDS

This is our 20th Volume of Pioneer Histories.

It is because of the Pioneers lives and the events they bring to us that make these stories and volumes such a success. These are the families who are living their histories as they are written and creating our states future each and every day. They are common folks like you and I.

A special "Thanks" to Arizona National Stock Show for their continued support of the Pioneers, and especially to Jody Yeager who has each and every Pioneer and their histories stored in her mind. She does the behind the scenes necessities to make the book get published and the Pioneer luncheon to be the success it is each year. Hats off to you, Jody!

Til we meet again.

Doris French

Doris French,
Pioneer Stockman Secretary

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GEORGE D. MC BRIDE

I am a second generation Arizona native; born in Pima, Arizona on August 5, 1921. My parents were also Arizona natives born and raised in the Gila Valley. Their parents came to the valley as part of the Mormon migration from Illinois in the late 1800's. I grew up in Pima where I attended both grade school and high school.

I guess I started my life as a cowboy at about fourteen when I went to work for George and Warner Mattice at Klondyke. As a teenager I also worked on a ranch at Central for Jim Smith.

On February 14, 1939, I married my high school sweetheart, Harvetta Follett, and we began our married life at the Little Boguillas Ranch at Hereford, Arizona. Late in 1939 I went to work for Phelps Dodge in Bisbee as a miner; but even then, I was breaking horses in my spare time. While we were in Bisbee our son, Gary, was born in May of 1943. I stayed in the mines until 1945 when I left for another ranch job.

In 1945 I went to work for Fathauer and Shattuck at the I V Bar Ranch east of Douglas where we lived until I retired in 1988. In 1962 my son, Gary, and his wife, Pam, moved to the I V Bar where they raised two sons, Ty and

Troy. From 1989 till 1996 Ty worked at the OK Ranch and Troy at the I V Bar Ranch. Gary continues to work for Walter Lane at the OK Ranch and continues the tradition started over 40 years ago. Over the years three generations of the Mc Bride family worked for and with three generations of the Fathauer family on three different ranches. At one point I managed three ranches for Fathauer and Shattuck: the I V Bar, the OK and the Bar Boot; all in the business of raising registered and commercial Hereford cattle. Registered bulls from the I V Bar went to ranches all over Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico and we showed at livestock shows, fairs and bull shows all over Arizona.

While I was working at the I V Bar I began to raise my own horses; at first for ranch use, then to rodeo and then to show. Gary and I made lots of good using horses. Two went on to receive their Register of Merit from the American Quarter Horse Association. One, Chico Glenn Mac, went to the Quarter Horse World Championship and the PRCA National Finals as a heeling horse. In 1997 Gary and I received recognition for "Twenty Years of Breeding American Quarter Horses" from the A.Q.H.A.

Even though we had only one son, Harvy and I helped raise lots of kids. Several young men got their start with ranching and cattle by spending summers at the I V Bar. I

worked as a 4-H leader for many years and helped lots of kids with calves and horses. We sponsored the I V Bar Invitational Judging for 25 years; making the cattle, the horses and the facility available to 4-H and FFA members from Arizona and New Mexico. Over the years I have received an Honorary Chapter Farmer degree in both New Mexico and Arizona Future Farmers of America.

In 1986 we had the opportunity to buy a small place in Price Canyon and in 1988 Harvy and I went to live at the Little Oaks Ranch. I'm not sure I understood the concept of retirement as I continued to show up for work at the I V Bar. This went on for several years and since they couldn't get rid of me, they decided to give me an award. I think it had to do with staying power. Anyway in 1996 the Arizona Hereford Association honored me as "Cattleman of the Year". I was proud and happy to share this with my family as we had shared the life that made it possible. Harvy passed away on February 7, 2000 and the life partnership that began in 1939 is now an accumulation of wonderful memories. I still live at the Little Oaks Ranch where Gary, Pam and I run a small herd of registered Hereford cattle. I continue to ride good horses, raise good cattle and live the good life; ranch life.

WILLIAM B. SWAHLEN

AND

MARIAN HOUSTON SWAHLEN

William Swahlen (Bill) was born in St. Louis, Missouri October 11, 1918 and lived in the suburb of Webster Groves until he moved to Tucson in September, 1937 to matriculate at the University of Arizona. He majored in Animal Husbandry.

Upon graduation Bill was commissioned ensign in the US Navy and married his college sweetheart, Marian Houston, a member of a pioneer Arizona family.

Marian's grandfather, Andrew Houston, drove his herd of cattle from Visalia, California in 1880 to establish a ranching operation on what is now called Houston Mesa near Payson. In 1890 he married Jane Birchett who was teaching school in nearby Rye. They purchased a homestead southwest of Mesa and spent the remainder of their lives farming that property. After World War I their son, Kenneth became a partner and incorporated cattle feeding into the operation, at one time serving as chairman of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association.

Bill served on destroyers in the Pacific throughout World War II. He was awarded the Silver Star for his

action in battle and received honorary retirement as full commander, USNR.

The day after VJ Day, Bill and Marian returned to Arizona and subsequently bought farm land on McClintock Drive south of the Baseline Road. They spent the next 25 years there, raising two children - William III and Cynthia - and feeding cattle. During that time Bill served as chairman of the Livestock Sanitary Board, chairman of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association and president of the Arizona Beef Council. He was a charter member of Tempe's first Kiwanis Club.

In 1971 the Swahlens' land was subdivided and they bought a cattle ranch near Salmon, Idaho. Since then they have divided their time between Idaho and Arizona.

E. RAY HINSHAW, DVM

As a veterinarian, practicing in Arizona for over fifty years, I never could be classified as rancher (even though I've had a few cows off and run a few cows with Chuck Sheppard on the old Matli ranch north of Prescott). However, my work took me to ranches in almost every county in the state. Maybe that will qualify me as someone who has "worked" on ranches - and dairies - most of my life.

I was born August 18, 1923 in Washington, Iowa. However, I never lived there. My folks had moved to Boulder, Colorado in 1922 but, because Mother knew she was going to have twins, she went back to Richland, Iowa to the family doctor. When we were about six weeks old, she took us to Colorado where we grew up.

In 1941, my brother and I enrolled in Colorado State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts (Colorado A & M now known as Colorado State University) as pre-veterinarians. Everybody's life changed on December 7th when Pearl Harbor was bombed. The war years were spent in college, in the Army and the Navy. As a Pharmacist Mate stationed at the hospital at Farragut Navel Training Center in northern Idaho, I met and married Irene Johnson of

Spokane, Washington in 1945, a "wartime" marriage that so far has lasted 55 years.

Following my discharge from the Navy, we returned to Colorado A & M and we graduated from Veterinary School in 1948. I say "we" because Irene worked at the college library while I went to school and inspected dairies for the city, weekends.

I had been to Arizona once - to the college rodeo at Northern Arizona College in Flagstaff. Our "team" of three guys including Milt Sechrist who put us up at his folk's, Dr. and Mrs. Sechrist's house. It was March of 1947 and we were snowed out. The college canceled the rodeo but they had a silver trophy buckle already made up for the All Around Cowboy. Milt and I were ropers but we had a rough stock rider named Jay Coyle with us. We found one other guy from NAU who would ride so, since the bucking horses were available, they matched a bareback event for the championship and the buckle. Bruce Brockett from Rimrock came over to judge the event and Jay won. We all piled in the pickup and headed back to Fort Collins. The whole trip lasted two days and three nights. As I remember, Bruce Brockett was a candidate for governor sometime later.

Easter vacation in 1948, just before graduation, Irene and I and a classmate came down to talk to Dr. Max Smith

who lived in Safford and Dr. Bob McComb who practiced in Phoenix. Max was looking for someone to replace Dr. John Carney who was moving to Chandler. Dr. McComb showed us around the Phoenix area and took us out a two-lane concrete highway (Van Buren Street) to the little town of Tolleson, 8 miles west of Phoenix, that had no veterinarian.

We decided to take Dr. Max Smith's offer. We arrived in Safford on July 1st, 1948 and Max, who had just married Rita Green left the next day on their honeymoon and didn't get back until the first part of October. It was sink or swim time for a new veterinarian.

The practice area was not in Southeastern Arizona, it was Southeastern Arizona and Southwestern New Mexico. The really big ranches such as the Cherries or Three C's (Chiricahua Cattle Company) Bryce and Mattice, the Double Circle and others no longer existed but the people were still there. Many of them had large allotments on the San Carlos Indian Reservation before they were cancelled in the early 30's.

I had a call to the Double Circle ranch which was still running cattle east of the reservation on Eagle Creek, north of Clifton. Phil McBride had it and in one of the barns was a full keg of brand new ox shoes. Phil said they used to shoe the bulls because the country was so

rough if they got sore footed they couldn't cover the country. Most everybody agreed the Eagle Creek country was among the roughest in the state and I heard many stories of gathering cattle one at a time and leading them out. There was a pumping station in Eagle Creek that pumped water up to the mines in Morenci and Clifton. The road down to it was so steep that once I had to treat a horse that collapsed on the road out.

The Mattice family was from Pima and were farmers, ranchers and dairymen. They lived in Pima, and Warner Mattice was the Senate President of the Arizona Legislature when I was practicing in Safford. His son Len ran the dairy and was a very good friend of mine. One time he called me to treat one of his cows that was bloated. I passed a stomach tube which relieved the pressure immediately and gave her some mineral oil to stop the gas formation. A few days later Len called again and said the cow wasn't doing too good. I went back to the dairy to check her and it looked like her digestive tract had just shut down completely. It had me puzzled until Len told me she got out of the dry corral we put her in and into a corral with green feed and bloated again. Len got a piece of garden hose and tried to pass it to relieve the bloat and she bit off about four feet of hose and swallowed it.

I performed a rumenotomy, surgically removing the piece of garden hose from the cow's stomach, and she made a complete recover. Len nailed the piece of hose over the milk house door and I'm sure whenever anyone asked about it he told them what an expensive piece of hose it was.

I always enjoyed going on calls over in Klondyke on Arivipa Creek. There was a little store and several ranches I visited. Newall Weathersby had a ranch there and Mrs. Weathersby always invited me to dinner when I had any calls there. She was the community nurse for everyone that lived in the whole area and would also treat any dogs I left shots for. Someone brought a nice female shepherd pup into our office as a stray. I gave her all her shots, spayed her and gave her to the Weathersbys. About a year later they sadly told me they had to shoot her. Seems she came howling and screaming into the house through the screen door, foaming at the mouth and ended up banging around behind the kitchen stove. Newall got his gun and shot her. As they gingerly took her outside they solved the case. Instead of rabies she had a bone wedged between her teeth across the roof of her mouth.

The Klondyke area was full of history. It was 51 miles from Safford to the store - the last 35 a graveled road. The road went through Cottenwood Wash where the Wham

robbery took place, named after the officer that was in command when the wagon carrying the payroll from Ft. Grant to Ft. Thomas was held up. Someone showed me the big rock on the old wagon road the bandits hid behind before stepping out to stop the payroll wagon.

The shoot-out in Rattlesnake Canyon left three men dead and touched off the largest man hunt in Arizona history which included many posses and even the U S Army. It ended when the two Power boys and a ranch hand named Sisson surrendered to the Army in Mexico just south of the New Mexico/Mexico border. I knew one of the Power boys when he worked for Frank Colcord at the race track in Phoenix 40 some years later when they were finally pardoned after spending almost all their lives in the State Prison.

There was a fellow down there - I think his name was Merle Haberly or something like that - who could make you a black powder cap and ball rifle if you could furnish the Model T Ford rear axle for the barrel. That really impressed me.

The San Carlos Apache Tribe had a purebred Hereford herd at Pine Top, away up in about the middle of the reservation. They bought the best bred bulls in the country and bred their cows by artificial insemination. Dr. Smith went up there on a call and knocked a hole in the

oil pan of his station wagon and made it back by stuffing rags in the hole. Next time it was my turn. I picked up an Indian cowboy at San Carlos and as we went through the town corrals I noticed a big steer backed up in the corner of one of the pens. He was about 6 feet tall at the withers and only about 2 feet wide. His horns had just been cut off a foot from his head. He had the Double Circle brand on him. The ranch hadn't branded any cattle on the reservation since the early thirties. Here it was about 1950, which would make him around 16 or 17 years old. My patient was a big WHR Hereford bull with lumpy jaw. I treated him and told them if he didn't clear up to call me back in about three weeks, which they did. On the return trip I inquired about the old steer they had gathered. They said he died - just stood back in the corner of the corral and never ate or drank water again. Years later, when I worked for the Livestock Board, we gathered quite a few really big old steers with a helicopter on the lower Gila River down around Agua Caliente but they went right to the auction.

Early in 1952 we moved from Safford to Buckeye to practice. Dr. Bud Powell, who worked with Drs. Jack King and Frank Olvey at the Tovrea stockyards, called and told me the vet in Buckeye had been drafted and didn't plan on

coming back. I soon learned about desert ranches. It was a wet spring and Ross Roberts, the brand inspector, told me the country west of Buckeye was all out to support a couple of thousand head year around but he had inspected 22,000 head onto and off the desert that year. I also learned that the desert made about every five years roughly and everyone got a new pickup and maybe a new family car. Also when the desert was good there was a great demand for loaner horses and a chance to get a green colt a real education.

I think it was that fall that cattle prices hit rock bottom. Steers were 18 cents and heifers less. Cows were about 3 cents. My Kiabab deer hunting partner in Safford, Walter Foote jr., canceled out. Said he had some 45 cent heifers on his cotton stalks and he was too sick to go. Buyers finally agreed to give steer prices for heifers if they could be guaranteed open. One way to guarantee them open was to spay them. I became an itinerant heifer spayer. I called Dr. Clayton Mikkelson in Phoenix to find out how much to charge and we came up with $3 per head for under 50 head and $2 per head for over 50 head. Murray Johnson, who farmed west of Buckeye and had a ranch up near the Grand Canyon, was my first client. From there it was all over the state. Even to Klondyke! At one ranch in

Maricopa County I was spaying and the owner came out to the chutes and asked how many we had done. I counted up and we had done 53 head. "Hold it right there" he said. "Don't do any more." I asked him what was the matter and he said "Nobody works for me and makes $100 dollars a day." I said OK and that I'd come back and finish the next day. I understood his feelings because when I worked one fall putting up hay in North Park, Colorado, the rancher kept telling us the best hay crew he ever had only cost him $1.00 a day and he was paying us $3.00 a day.

In regard to fees, I went on a three day pack trip with the Gila County Sheriff's Posse up in Pleasant Valley one time. We camped at Young the first day and from there made a circle camping at the Q Ranch and then back to Young. The first day we visited various sights that were involved in the so-called Pleasant Valley War. One was a ranch where some killings took place and still had the bullet holes in the ranch house. The owners of the ranch graciously showed us around. When we got back to Young and were ready to leave someone asked if I had my "tools" with me and would I look at a sick horse, I agreed and we went to the same ranch we had visited the first day. The owner was a handicapped person with extremely bowed legs and moved with difficulty. It was his private horse that was

down with colic. I treated him and luckily he responded and in a couple of hours was OK. When asked how much they owed me I told them not a thing and thanked them for being so kind as to show us around. The owner's wife said wait a minute and went into the house returning with a big grocery sack full of jerky and was it good. I ate on it for about a month and as fees go, it tops any I ever received.

There were several small dairies in the Buckeye valley during the 50's and 60's. The largest was Long Brothers Dairy owned by Bob and Marshall Long and Marshall "Junior". They milked about 300 cows, had a hog feeding operation and raised almost all their own feed. Their dairy had originally pasteurized, bottled and delivered their own milk. They tried raising cotton one time, lost money on the crop and never planted another stalk. Junior Long was a gatherer. He and another guy went to Oregon one time and brought back two steam tractors. I went with him to Apache Junction, when all there was there was a filling station, to bring back a great big horse drawn circus wagon. Other dairymen were Virgil Eckkelberry, Glenn Shulz, Carl and George Hegi, Buckeye Bill Roer and Marion Ratliff. Ralph Cooper and Leo Accomazzo were closer to Avondale. All were good clients and I hated to see them phased out by

economics. In 1970 I sold the practice and moved to Humboldt and did only horse practice.

In 1980 I was hired by the Livestock Sanitary Board as an Assistant State Veterinarian. I must say that I was really happy to be back working with cattlemen. It was like coming home. In 1984 Governor Babbitt appointed me State Veterinarian of Arizona - a position from which I retired in 1992. During that time Arizona became a Bovine Tuburculosis Free and Brucellosis Free state. The tuberculosis eradication program had been instigated in 1926 and the brucellosis eradication effort started around 1950. Neither in my opinion, could have possibly been accomplished without the continuous support of the state's livestock industry through the years.

I always enjoyed the Arizona National and Maricopa County Stock Shows. I donated my time writing health certificates and making sure 4H, FFA and other local exhibitors met the entry requirements. As State Veterinarian, updating those requirements meant working closely with the Arizona National. At the ANLS, our Livestock Officers had a house trailer there and were assigned around the clock. All arriving cattle had to be checked for cattle scabies and those not dipped were put through a dipping chute.

In 1991 the Arizona Cattle Feeders and the State Veterinarian's office joined with the Sonoran Cattlemen's Association to form the Arizona/Sonora Animal Health Committee, endorsed and signed by the Governors of both states. It has established a working agreement between Sonora and Arizona that other border states do not enjoy.

My 52 years in Arizona as a veterinarian has allowed me to become acquainted with many, many more livestock industry people all over the state that I surely would never have met if I had been a "local veterinarian". I am now blessed with a world of friends and over a half century of enjoying what I was doing.

DOROTHY E. JOHNSON

I was born in Anna, ILL, on November 7, 1918 to William Clarence and Effie Barringer. Because of a slight health problem of my Dad's, we came to Tucson, Arizona August of 1925, traveling in a 4 door Chevrolet. There were three kids and my parents; I was the youngest. It was a long, hot dry trip that took a week and most likely a nightmare for my parents.

I attended Roskruge School for two years, then we moved to the southside of Tucson, where I attended Safford Elementary, Safford Jr. High and on to Tucson High School, graduating in 1936. While in Tucson High, I met Virgil A. Johnson; we dated off and on during high school. Then we married September 11, 1937 in the front room of my parent's home.

We went to live with Virgil's parents, Walter L. and Ethel L. Johnson. They owned the old Stone place at the foot of Mt. Fagen, in the Santa Rita Mountains. The ranch was watered by springs, with the flat troughs being fed by a pipeline. They ran crossbred cattle (Hereford and Brahmas). This being the best breed for the desert. The ranch was 11 miles south of Vail, Arizona.

Being a city girl, I had to learn to ride a horse so I could help on round-ups. I'm sure I was more a hindrance

than help. Virgil also thought it would be to my advantage to know how to shoot a gun, change a tire and milk a cow (the latter I sometimes wondered).

With Virgil's parents help, Virgil and I bought the John H. Buck Ranch, located on Highway 83, one mile north of the Box Canyon Road on the way to Sonoita. We bordered H.B. Thurber on the south and west, the CCC's Rosemont Camp to the north. The forest permit we shared with High Haven Ranch, was located on the east side of Highway 83. A windmill watered our house; a pipeline fed the trough across Hwy 83 and the rest of the ranch was watered by dirt tanks. We ran Herefords.

The ranch house was a big, four bedroom unfinished place. It had only sub-flooring throughout. One bedroom, dining room and the kitchen had ceilings. The rest of the house you could look up at the tin roof. The mice had a field day at night, jumping from rafter to rafter. This didn't last long, thanks to mousetraps. The kitchen had a sink with no water; so we carried water from the windmill. The icebox was a cooler cooled by wet burlap sacks. The bathroom had no plumbing, but there was a tub (not used) and the outhouse out back, which got plenty of traffic. Best of all, the useable bathtub was located in the pump house at the windmill, where there was a small wood stove

with a big copper boiler to heat the water. The ½ city block walk from the pump house to the main house was sometimes a little chilly.

Learning to cook on a wood stove, bake bread, iron with sad irons, and wash clothes on a scrub board using good old Naptha and P&G bar soap, was quite a challenge for a city girl, but I mustered it. Thankfully, we finally graduated from the regular kerosene lamps to Aladdin lamps and when I got a gasoline iron, I thought I was living uptown.

Virgil's father passed away April of 1942. We sold our place (the Buck Place) to H.B. Thurber and bought the Hidden Springs Ranch from Charles De Baud. As the name indicates, the ranch was watered by springs. We had the Hereford cattle. This ranch joined Virgil's folks' pasture at the top of Mt. Fagan, so Virgil could look after both places.

We had 2 children, Sandra Lee born December 22, 1942, then Walter William, April 24, 1946 at St Mary's in Tucson. They both attended the 2-room schoolhouse in Vail. The bus picked them up and it was about a 50-mile round trip a day. A long commute, just like so many rural kids. We moved in to Tucson so Sandra could go to high school. Sandra was in the first graduating class of Rincon High; Walter went to

Alice Vail Jr. High and then on to Rincon High. We commuted back and forth on the weekends to run the ranches.

Virgil and I were divorced in 1963 and I went to work for the Tucson newspaper in the Classified Department retiring in 1983. I am a charter member of the Arizona State Cow Belles, the Tucson Cow Belles and a member of the American National Cattle Women. My supervisor at the newspaper thought it was a good public relations to continue with my Cow Belles activities, so my days off were the meeting days and I was able to keep in touch with the cattle industry.

It was a good life, good times and a good place to raise kids.

DOROTHY REED "DODY" JONES

Childhood Memories

I was born in Holbrook, Arizona, to Tom and Olive Clarke Reed on Jan. 31, 1925, the first of four girls who were to become my dad's "cowboys." Not only were we expected to help with the household chores, we had to ride, brand, and fix fence.

My dad, Tom Reed, got his start in the livestock business the hard way, during the depression that followed World War I. As a kid, he moved to El Paso looking for work, and heard the U.S. Army was selling off horses. He borrowed money from his landlady after she consulted a fortune teller who approved of the deal. He bought and sold the horses for a good profit, gave half to his benefactor, and invested the rest in more horses. Because the landlady refused to take any money from the second sale, he gave her the deeds to five lots in El Paso. She kept them until the day she died.

By the time Dad got to Holbrook, he had a good enough stake to buy a little restaurant in town. He met Olive Clarke, who was working in the court house, and married her in 1923. They moved to the Rocking Chair Ranch 28 miles south of Holbrook. With hard work, thrift and four strong

little girls, they made it through the Great Depression. Money was scarce, but there was always enough to eat, and every day was an adventure - of sorts.

My sister Margaret "Peg" was born at the ranch with my dad delivering. Carol was born in Holbrook and Tamme at the ranch. We were all about two years apart. From the age of seven or eight, I was expected to help take care of my younger sisters.

We girls went to a one-room schoolhouse in Zeniff, a small community three miles from the ranch. When I started first grade, I rode horseback to school as long as weather permitted, then I stayed with neighbors closer to school. When Peg started school, we rode double. By the time Carol and Tamme went to school, we had a car and were driven to and from school.

I would loosen the cinch on the saddle while I left the horse in Burke Prince's corral all day. Young Burke would help me tighten the cinch before I started home after school.

Before going to school one fall morning, my dad told me to go by his cornfield and "Hotcakes" would tie a gunny sack full of fresh corn on the saddle horn for me to take home to my mother. I did, and all went well until I got home. When I started to get off, the saddle turned,

causing me and the sack of corn to fall under the horse. Thank goodness Ginger was a gentle horse, as he just stood and waited until we got straightened out.

As gentle as he was, Ginger hated being tied to the fence, and would rub off his bridle every chance he got. One morning Hotcakes had saddled Ginger for me and tied him up. About that time, my 18-month-old sister, Tamme, wanted to be put up on Ginger until I was ready to go to school. Ginger rubbed the bridle off, and just as I came out the door, he trotted off with Tamme. I ran to catch him, but the faster I ran, the faster Ginger ran.

I called for Hotcakes to come quick, that Ginger was running off with Tamme on his back. Hotcakes was getting ready to shoe a horse in the corral. He jumped on the horse bareback and took off, but the faster he ran, the faster Ginger ran. It seemed like an eternity before Hotcakes got close enough to grab hold of Tamme and save her.

Hotcakes had received his nickname years before when my dad had the restaurant in Holbrook. Dad came in one morning and found a skinny kid about fourteen asleep on the pool table. Dad shook him and said, "When did you eat last?" The boy couldn't remember, so Dad told the cook to fill him up. He ate so many hotcakes, they couldn't

believe it. From then on he was "Hotcakes," and Dad put him to work.

When I was about five, my dad gave me my first big job. He would have me step into a bucket that he had a long rope tied to. He would lower me down into our cistern and have me dip out the muddy water and dirt in the bottom. He would pour some fresh water down into the cistern. To tease me, he'd make sure some splashed on me. I would wash down the sides and bottom before he allowed me into the bucket for my ascent to the top.

When the cistern had been cleaned, Dad poured 150 gallons of fresh water into it. That 150 gallons was all the household water our family had until we ran out again. My mother always said that if the house caught fire, the water bucket would be the first thing to burn, as it was always empty.

Another job I got about that time was when I was once again put in a bucket and lowered down in a culvert that Dad was using to help improve our well where we got our drinking water. My job was to dip the muck out of the bottom. After a while the water started coming up higher on my legs. I was getting scared.

Soon Dad quit putting the bucket down in the culvert. The water kept rising and I started crying. I didn't know

that Theo and Mamie Spurlock had driven up and Dad had gone over to talk to them, forgetting I was there. Then Mamie heard me crying. She went over to my dad and said, "Tom Reed, you get that baby out of there right now!" He pulled me up, but I still remember how scared I was.

Another job I learned when I was five or six, much to my sorrow when I became a teenager, was milking. Delma Hunt was doing the milking for us at that time, and I told my mother I needed a milk bucket so I could learn to milk. My mom emptied a small bucket of peanut butter and off I went, holding Delma's hand, with my little peanut butter bucket in the other hand, for my first cow milking lesson.

When I was a teenager, my dad woke me up at 5 a.m. every morning to do the milking. I lost a few buckets of milk when Bossy kicked it over. Also got my face swatted with her wet, dirty tail more times than I care to remember.

When we got to go to town, the first person I always saw was my dad, and he always told me to "get home before dark and get that cow milked." Good excuse to get me home.

Another memorable incident happened when Peg and I were five and seven. We got our first driving lesson. I can't remember what kind of car it was, but the choke and gas levers were up by the steering wheel. My dad,

Hotcakes, and my uncle, Oscar Reed, were building fence. Uncle Oscar was cutting fence posts and putting them in a big stake-bed truck.

Sometime later, my dad came and got Peg and me and took us back to where they were building fence. When he got to the fence line, my dad stopped the car. He said, "Dody, I'm setting the levers where they belong, so when I whistle, you start the car and drive up to where we are and stop. NOW, DON'T TOUCH THE LEVERS!" Don't ever tell a kid not to touch something and go off and leave them.

Peg and I got bored and pretended we were driving, moving the levers. We knew where they went! Pretty soon, Dad whistled and I started the car. We took off breakneck speed, passing them lickety-split. We started up a hill, and my uncle, coming down the hill with his truckload of posts, was scared to death. He pulled over, just missing us. Soon we were going around and around a cedar tree, still going very fast. My uncle must have yelled at us to turn off the key. We finally got stopped and no one was hurt.

About that same year, Peg had her accident. My poor mother had been cooking for the men who were going to gather and drive our cattle into Holbrook to the railroad. She cooked on a wood stove, and had no sink or running

water. She had just finished feeding our men when my dad came back and told her to feed Spurlock's cowboys. They were about an hour away and had been driving their cattle from Young to Holbrook. So she started cooking all over again, and didn't have enough clean dishes to feed everybody.

We had dishes in the attic from my dad's restaurant in Holbrook. So Mom lifted me up, standing on a table. I handed down the dusty dishes, she got me down, we washed the dishes and fed Spurlock's crew. By this time, we had a two-foot-high stack of dirty plates, cups, pots and pans.

It was about 4 p.m. I was helping Mom with the dishes and Peg was carrying in pinion wood for the heating stove. In a little bit, we heard Peg crying. We ran to her. She had stumbled and fallen, her hands hitting the cement porch, and a log mashing her hand. Her index finger first joint was just dangling and the middle finger badly crushed.

My poor mom was already exhausted, but she hurried to wrap Peg's finger in white linen napkins that had been wedding presents, and brushed her hair, telling me I would have to take care of my other young sisters, two and four. Mom and Peg had to walk across the pasture two and a half to three miles to some neighbors that had a car. She told

me when she was leaving to be careful lighting the kerosene lamps and not to let the little girls around them. If Mr. Fred Baca could get his car started, they would come back for the three of us. If he couldn't get it started, she would have to wait for a car that would be traveling between Heber and Holbrook and catch a ride to get Peg to the doctor.

After dark I heard a car and could see the headlights of Mr. Baca's car. I was so relieved. We made it to Holbrook to Dr. Wilson. After my determined mother told Dr. Wilson he would not cut peg's fingers off, he finally sewed and wrapped them up. My mother didn't have red hair for nothing. Needless to say, she saved Peg's fingers.

In September 1936 Mom and we four girls moved to Zeniff, across the road from the schoolhouse. That was the last year they had school in the one-room schoolhouse. Mrs. Schnider taught all 13 children. There were the four of us; four Schnider children, Mary Louise, Bob, Jack and Janet; two Frost children, Clifford and Tessie; Lee Kutch; Ruth Hunt; and Iva Dell Kendall.

Mom and we girls moved to San Bernardino, California, in September 1937. It was a terrifying experience for me to go from a one-room schoolhouse with thirteen students to

a 2,000-student junior high school. I was twelve and I missed my old friends.

The day school let out, Dad would be there to pick us up. In 1939 we learned we had a new nine-month-old half-sister, Patsy; a sweet stepsister, Jo "Babe"; and a half-brother, Zeb. We older ones learned to really work - moving cattle, working on windmills and other chores, some of mine being milking the cow twice a day, cooking, doing dishes, and cleaning house.

One summer we made adobes by hand, and when they dried, we built an adobe storage room and an open shed.

Another summer my dad rigged up a couple of wagon wheels on the back of a pickup. The wheels were spaced about twelve inches apart on a pipe. One of the wheels was out over the bed of the pickup. That wheel could be taken off or locked on. The reason for this was that we were taking down old smooth wire fences and rolling that wire on his invention. Would you believe an all-girl gang did this? There were many rolls of wire when we got through. Tamme, ten, drove the pickup with her comic book; Carol, twelve, with the help of Peg or Babe, both fourteen, turned the wheels on the bed of the truck; and they took turns helping me, sixteen, feed the wire to them to roll up. Dad

would bring his friends out to the ranch to show off his fencing crew.

While we were rolling wire, some boys from town and some hired hands were setting new posts and stringing barbed wire. When the smooth wire was all rolled (ten miles of three-wire fence), Peg, Babe and I started tying in stays on that ten new miles of barbed wire fence. After that was done, Dad decided we had better take down another fence he didn't need and roll that wire. Then he told us to clean off another fence that tumbleweeds and sand had blown against. We had fun trying to stab the rats that ran out of the tumbleweeds with our pitchforks. If we were lucky enough to kill one, we'd tie it to the fence by its tail. We also put in new stays where needed. Peg, Babe and I got paid $17 each for a summer's work. I bought a concho belt with my wages and still have it.

My most dangerous job was working on windmills. We had two wells. The one at the house was over 400 feet deep. My dad would have me up on the tower to unscrew the rods he pulled with the pickup so they could put on new leathers. I would stay up there until we got them all pulled. Before starting, he'd say, "Now, Dody, be sure to tie off the wheel so it won't blow around and knock you off the tower."

Peg, Babe and I were in our teens when an unusual event occurred. Dad asked me to get the pickup, a shovel and a gunny sack. When I returned, he and I drove to a pasture where the sinkholes are. He drove and I opened gates. As we approached a low, sloping, rocky place, my dad asked me if I noticed anything different. Nothing looked different to me. He told me to get the shovel and gunny sack and follow him. I wondered what job he had for me to do now. He stopped, took the shovel from me, and started digging. Much to my surprise, he was digging up hail stones. There had been a hard hail storm followed by rain the day before. The rain had washed the hail stones into a low place, and the debris covered the hail preserving it. We shoveled a sack full of hailstones. When we got home, our stepmother made a batch of ice cream mixture to go into our two-gallon ice cream freezer. We used the hail for ice and it worked great. We had ice cream every day for two weeks.

When I was older, I flew with my dad in his plane, most of the time scared to death. On one trip, we were coming from the Imperial Valley in California to Holbrook. Dad told me, "We've got to get up to 10,000 feet to cross this mountain. I hope we make it." He was always scaring me.

In 1947 I married Curry Jones in Flagstaff. He was the son of John and Ella Jones, ranchers who had come to Holbrook, Arizona from New Mexico.

Curry had served two years in the army in World War II, then worked for his father on their ranch east of Holbrook. We lived on the Jones ranch for three years until it was sold following the death of Curry's father.

We lived in Springerville for six years when Curry was managing the 7 Trough Ranch. After that, we managed the Rocking Chair Ranch for my dad for three years.

We had two children, John, born in 1948 in Holbrook, and Clarke, born in 1953 in Mesa. John died at age 19 in a vehicle accident near Heber.

Curry, the boys and I moved to Snowflake in 1963 where I have lived ever since. I am a fifty-year member of the Order of Eastern Star, and a member of Northern Arizona Cowbelles since its beginning in 1947. I served as president of Northern Arizona Cowbelles from 1992-1996, and secretary/treasurer from 1996-1998. I am also a member of Arizona State Cowbelles. Over the years, I have enjoyed making quilts, scrapbooks and other craft items for Cowbelles, and helping with all their fundraising and social activities. I have also taken an active part in community affairs such as blood drives. I served as a

Republican Precinct Committeewoman, and remain very active in the Republican Party.

In January 2000 my son Clarke surprised me by giving a Diamond Jubilee birthday party in my honor in Snowflake with many relatives and old friends in attendance.

I have four half-brothers: Tom Reed Jr., born Aug. 18, 1941, in Winslow; Jack Archie Reed, born May 14, 1954; and two adopted twins, Ronald and Donald, born August 9, 1959. Donald died in a car crash. I also have three half-sisters: Patsy, born in 1939; Becky, born June 27, 1962, in Holbrook; and Robin, born March 25, 1966, in Amarillo Texas.

My siblings and I, and Bill and Mary Ann Elkins, are stockholders in my dad's former ranch. I am president of the corporation, Rocking Chair Ranch, Inc.

Note: I want to thank Jo Baeza, free lance magazine writer, author of "Ranch Wife," and longtime friend, for helping me put this story together.

BERT W. MILLS

I was born June 15, 1917 near what was then the XT headquarters about 20 miles south of Animas, N.M. It is now part of the Grey Ranch.

I am the eighth of eleven children and the third of four boys. My dad ran goats at the Cherry Grove. We all got the goat strain of brucellosis, it broke the family. We all survived but we had to leave.

Sometime in the spring of 1921 we left Rodeo, N.M. in two covered wagons headed for the Salt River Valley. I can barely remember the trip. My dad finally got a job with the Whitman Project. They were contemplating rebuilding the Walnut Grove Dam at Wagoner.

I started school at the Walnut Grove School, but when we moved to Wagoner I finished grade school at the Wagoner school and that was all the education I got.

I grew up during the depressions and when they abandoned the Whitman project there was a 30 acre farm and they let us stay there. My dad was a watchman over the equipment that was left there.

I spent 6 months in the CCC Camp at Sedona, Arizona. Then I started working any job I could find. I worked at

the Iron King Mine at Meyer then at the Octave Mine above Wickenburg.

I had always wanted to be a cowboy and after my dad died in 1937 we moved to Prescott.

I got a few day work jobs during spring branding and fall shipping. Bill Honea was foreman on the Verde Ranch at Paulden. He took a liking for me and would look me up when he had a few days work.

When they sold the cows on the Verde Ranch (Ed Hubbel) to the TU Ranch, Lakin Land and Cattle Co., Bill and I gathered three hundred head of cows by ourselves in a snow storm and delivered them to the Cross U. Took us about 2 weeks. I worked for the Cross U until they got the cattle located.

When Bill Honea got the managing job at the Yolo Ranch he gave me a job. That was in the fall of 1938. I worked there until they sold the Yolo Ranch in the spring of '41.

I was a pretty good hand by then and cowboys were scarce as most of them were in the army, it was pretty easy to get a job.

I went to work for the Green Cattle Co. at Seligman in May of 1941. I stayed there until the spring of 1942. I had heard a lot about the ranches around Tucson and being single and nothing to hold me down I loaded my saddle and

bed roll on a Greyhound Bus. I got a job on the Sands Ranch near Benson, Arizona.

I was in a camp near Elgin and hadn't seen anyone for a month or longer so I rode a horse to the headquarters, no one was there. I went back to my camp, it was another 10 days and I had not seen or heard from anyone. I finally called Louie Sands at Glendale, Arizona and learned the foreman had gotten sick and was in a hospital in Phoenix. It was during a drought, the cattle were dying and I did not know what to do.

They finally sent a foreman, Pete Grubb. I helped him get lined out and I quit and went to work for the  Fathaure and Shattuck. They had 2 other ranches. The OK and the Bar Boot. I was foreman on the Bar Boot for a while.

In May of 1947 I went to work for the Bureau of Animal Industry riding the line for the foot and mouth quarantine. I rode the line from the New Mexico line west toward Douglas, about 15 miles. I was promoted to foreman of line riders and transferred to Nogales in February 1948, In Sept. 1950 I was transferred to Ajo. In 1955 the quarantine was lifted and I was transferred back to Douglas as a livestock inspector, inspecting import cattle from Mexico.

I met my wife in Ajo, and we were married in March 1955.

In 1961 I was transferred to Lochiel. My wife went to work for the US Customs and ran the port of entry at Lochiel. I continued inspecting import cattle at Nogales.

During slack time when they were not importing cattle I worked with the screwworm eradication program, also the bruxwlloaia eradication program.

I retired from the government in Oct. 1981. My wife and I had 3 children, a daughter and two sons. We bought a 40 acre parcel when they subdivided the Birt Roberds ranch just inside the Arizona line from Rodeo, N.M.

I have continued doing day work on various ranches in the area. There is a lot more but it's a long story.

THE FABRIC OF A CENTURY OF RANCHING

By Kathleen Thomas

Harold and Jeanette Filleman-the 4 Bar Ranch

North Eagle Creek and the Mesa Allotment

The Filleman Ranch history is a biography of three generations of a ranching family representing more than one hundred years on Arizona ranges. Those years mirror the Filleman family work ethic, their stewardship of the land that serves them, and the preservation of a tradition that shaped the Southwest. Harold recounts the history through the eyes of his grandfather, John Joseph, his father Howard, and now, from his high mountain of experience, he adds his own episodes.

Harold's father, Howard, recorded his memories in his own hand on lined paper. His jottings comprise a remarkable legacy in dates, locations and real life experiences. They chronicle the lives of his parents, John and Annie, his siblings, and others whose names would otherwise be lost to the history of the area. He called his notations *With Malice Toward None* and dedicated them to his father, John Joseph Filleman.

Howard's memoirs, preserved by his daughter Babe, were organized and assembled into an important family document

by his granddaughter, Harol Dee Moore. His niece, Geneva Willis wrote down her own memories as well as word of mouth history from her mother Effie, and her grandmother, Annie. These were handed down to her son, Brice Willis of Safford. Mary Elizabeth Carpenter of Safford, daughter of Mike Filleman, has also expanded the family research and Cleo and Chaucey Coor have recorded Filleman history in their publication, *The Cospers*. From Harold Filleman's Oral History and support material from these documents and the individuals mentioned in the material, this history has been compiled.

Harold is the son of Howard and Bessie Cosper Filleman and the grandson of John Joseph and Annie Chisholm Filleman, who brought the 4 Bar brand from Texas to the Arizona Territory. By 1887 they were firmly settled in the Gila Valley with the brand in use. By 1905 John was familiar with the Eagle Creek country and in 1909 was granted grazing privileges on public land. In 1912 he applied for an Agricultural Homestead and in 1922 he patented 160-acres straddling North Eagle Creek.

This same parcel has remained in Filleman ownership and continues as the commensurate property for the Mesa Allotment on Clifton District, Apache National Forest. Today the Filleman family has the distinction of being one

of only three Federal Allotments on the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests that is retained in original homestead ownership.

Harold Filleman is a cattleman. Working livestock and caring for ranges of varied types and elevations, literally all his life gives him more experience and insight than all of his critics put together. Most important, he understands the natural balance between grass and rainfall. He makes his statement in plain and explicit terms and stands firm. "Everything depends on the rain." Harold believes that the survival of family ranching on public lands will depend upon three factors: Careful attention to nature, a more rational approach to range monitoring, and management plans that are balanced equitably between the environmental community and the family rancher.

There's an old phrase that is used to describe fine men, and it fits Harold Filleman. "He's a man of sterling quality and he comes from a line of good country gentlemen." By his own narrative he describes himself: a cattleman. He grew up on the range and the Filleman ranch has always been a high priority. Life dictated that he have other careers, but those endeavors have never taken him far from Eagle Creek and the Four Bar Mesa. Harold worked for the Arizona Department of Transportation, Brice

Construction at Phelps Dodge, and during the Fifties, for two years as a Cattle Inspector for the State of Arizona. Later he was a partner of Dr. J.J. Lovett in Duncan and was a well recognized and respected law enforcement officer in both Duncan and Clifton. Jeanette, his wife of thirty-one years says, "He was most famous for being peaceful." He retired from the Greenlee County Highway Department in 1982.

The year 2000, finds the fourth and fifth generation of Fillemans sliding into the saddle. Often riding with Harold now, is his son Buzz and his nephew Rob Robinson. Rob is married to Dawnee, daughter of his sister Babe. The two younger men and their sons pitch in with gathering, branding and shipping. Members of the Filleman family still occupy the land settled by Harold's grandfather, John Joseph. Today, the home his father, Howard and mother, Bess built with lumber from the Cosper structure in Pine Flat is located on Babe's forty acre parcel. Harold's daughter, Harol Dee, lives at the grandparent's home place. Harold and his wife, the former Jeanette Pace Scott, headquarter at the small community of York and commute to the Home Ranch and the Mesa Allotment as is required.

Jeanette retired from Phelps Dodge in 1990 after being in bringing PD into the Computer Age. She was on the first

wave of the technological revolution beginning by learning data entry. Later, she was the only female on a team of seven to be sent to Phoenix College for instruction on programming Phelps Dodge's first-on-line computer systems. She returned to work part time for six years and retired again, with the title of Data Analyst in 1996. Range Reform Policies were just around the corner and Jeanette was well equipped to meet the challenge, whether keeping records or speaking out on issues.

Although her maternal lineage is from the Bass family, who ranched in Mule Creek, Jeanette wasn't a born-and-bred ranch woman. She admits, she had a lot to learn. Now with a smile, she knows she's learned it, she can recognize every cow, participates in every phase of the ranch work, and equally important, is a valued liaison in their relationship with the Forest Service.

In his eightieth year now, Harold's face is deeply lined, but there's still more than a hint of the good looks that turned the heads of many young ladies. Tall and straight-backed, his gait could never be faked by a "wannabe" cowboy. He still rides, and in the saddle he's a picture that makes onlookers in pickup trucks envious. His deep, good-natured chuckle is infectious and his speech is soft. Don't be fooled. It often has barbs sharper than the

unkind fences on the rotation pastures he insists are grossly unnecessary.

The decision to set this document into motion was not an easy one for Harold, but given his years, he knows that his tomorrows do not stretch forever. As he began, the past evaded expression. Soon though, the rich threads of the Filleman Family legacy and his own family history began to weave together. Harold's memories came alive in his own words.

John Joseph and Annie Filleman-the Pioneers

John Joseph Filleman was born in 1861 in Medina County, Texas. Family historians agree that he left home at an early age and began working on area farms and ranches. Even West Texas became what John described as "too damned settled," and he became one of the perambulating Texans in search of space and grass. Those were wild, free days in Arizona, when open range belonged to anyone with the intestinal fortitude to use it. By the time John arrived, the larger operators had already preempted grazing lands around springs, rivers, and creeks in the Gila Valley and at higher elevations toward the Grahams. Family history has it that John's first trip to the Arizona Territory was probably trailing a herd for delivery to one of the large cattle outfits, somewhere in southeastern Arizona.

In 1886 at the age of twenty-five, John returned to Texas and married Annie Chisholm, daughter of Glen Thornton Chisholm. They returned to the valley and settled at Solomonville, in Graham County where John worked for I.E. Solomon's Big Ranch and began building his cow herd a few animals at a time, by "working them out" instead of taking wages. Chances are he branded the animals, using the 4 Bar, and ran them with those of his employer.

Accounts differ but it is true one of John and Annie's nine children was born in Texas, not Arizona. After Clara was born, without John, Annie returned to Texas to care for her sister who had taken seriously ill. The sister regained her health and Effie, their second child was born at Uvalde in 1891.

Geneva notes that John, Annie, and their four oldest children; Clara, Geneva's mother, Effie, Joe and Harold's father, Howard, moved into the fort at Fort Thomas when they returned from Texas and that John worked for the Indian Services as a line rider and cattle inspector on the San Carlos Reservation. When the military installation at Ft. Thomas was abandoned, they moved to Old Geronimo and Annie operated a hotel. By 1897 it appears that John and Annie owned property described as Township 4 S, Range 22 E, Section 12, and John had his cattle in the Goodwin Wash area and in Blackrock country.

In the United States census for 1900 the Filleman family was recorded in the vicinity of Geronimo. John, Annie and six children: Clara, Effie, Joe, Howard, Coralea, and Mary Annie were recorded and John's occupation was listed as a stockman. By 1904 the family resided in San Carlos where Annie ran a boarding house and the children were enrolled in school.

John worked as stockman or possibly foreman for J.N. Porter, before Porter sold to Vickers' Chiricahua Cattle Company. A well-known cattleman, banker, and entrepreneur, Porter was a partner in the immense T Rail operation after Ming and Jones sold out around the turn of the century. He was an old friend of I.E. Solomon, owned a large spread at Geronimo, and eventually registered nine brands. Porter employed John at two different times and was undoubtedly the individual who sent him into Eagle Creek country for the first time. John would have been with Porter's 4 Bar 4 and NO Bar cattle and in the vicinity where he would soon settle his family and establish the 4 Bar Ranch in order to secure public grazing privileges.

At a young age, John's sons, Joe and Howard assumed a good deal of the responsibility for his cattle in the valley and on the permits and sometimes accompanied him as helpers on the job. Howard left this story of his father and J.N. Porter and how the boys were brought into the cow business through their father.

"When he worked for the 4 Bar 4 outfit, Joe and me would go and stay with him. They worked three or four men and he gave us three old ponies apiece for our mounts. I was ten and Joe was twelve. The first bunch of cattle he drove to Calva, J.N. Porter was there. He and my father

were talking and he asked my father, 'John, what are you paying your boys?' and Papa said, 'I ain't payin' them a damn cent!' [All they were getting was their board.] Mr. Porter said, 'Well now John, you pay them boys $25 a month when you have them with you, they're as good a hands as any you've got.'"

John was working for the Chiricahua Cattle Company also known as the Three C's, on the San Carlos Reservation when it and the Double Circle Cattle Company leased cattle range from the Apache Indian tribe. He was running a crew, at work building a division fence which would separate the two outfits' grazing areas, when he received a letter from the Double Circle Cattle Company. They asked him to be their range boss; he took the job and worked for the Circles until 1913.

Establishing the Home Ranch

September 1898 to December 1904 marked a drought period of nearly seventy-six months in the southeastern portion of the Arizona Territory. No doubt, these were the conditions that caused John Joseph Filleman to seek higher ground. The Forest Service was established in 1905 and by 1906 the Forest Homestead Act, which pertained to agricultural lands within National Forests, was in place.

Forest Service stocking records reveal that in 1909 John was issued a Forest Grazing Permit.

During the drought the Filleman herd was at Ash Flat, on the reservation. With his grazing permit in place John gathered what remained of his stock and sent three of his teenage children, Clara, Howard and Joe, across country to deliver them and a few horses to a grazing area on the Forest Reserve. From family information and evidence of the old corral, it appears that the three youngsters drove the cattle across the reservation from Ash Flat to The Prairie and into Upper Eagle Creek country. From there they took them over the old trail to Pine Flat, right into Upper Sheep Wash and the Chili Creek area. Geneva's mother Effie, related that John Filleman brought in the first roan cattle ever seen on Eagle Creek.

Most likely the stock was settled on Eagle Grazing District Number Four-Pine Flat Division under the supervision of James Sizer, the first District Ranger on Eagle Creek. The precise date when Clara, Joe, and Howard moved the cattle over isn't known, but Effie's marriage date firmly places the Filleman family there in 1909.

By this time Annie had given birth to nine children and the family was complete. Clara, Effie, Joe and Howard, Coralea and Mary Annie were joined by Carl and Walter

[Mike]. Nina, their last child, was born in 1909. Effie's first child, Geneva, was born in 1910, just a few months after her youngest sister. The two girls grew up as sisters, remained very close for their entire lives, and passed away within months of one another.

In 1911 John applied for, but relinquished a small homestead on Middle Prong. Then, in 1912 he picked up a government listing that had been applied for in 1908 by Frank Hodges. Howard recorded that the family lived in an existing cabin and two tents, until a house was built. The Battendorf Brothers' cabin has been confused with the Filleman's home place on Eagle Creek. Howard clarifies this in his memoirs by saying that the cabin was on Porter's 4 Bar 4 range in about 1905. "They used to call the place where I have my cabin now on the [Four Bar] Mesa the Battendorf's cabin."

Claude Nichols had set up a sawmill in Pine Flat and John and Annie gave him his first sawing job, which was to provide lumber for the homestead house. The carpenter who helped out was George Wyatt. He fell in love with their daughter, Effie, and they were married at the newly constructed five-room dwelling.

The Greenlee County publication, the Copper Era, in February 1915 noted that the 19th annual meeting of the

American National Cattle Association had met in El Paso, enforcing the fact that even before the turn of the century, stockmen had begun to understand the power of organizing. The Greenlee County Cattlemen's Association was formed in 1914 and John apparently became a member in 1917. He is quite obvious in a photograph of the group; in the front row, with his straight brimmed hat and mustache.

Howard Filleman - The Second Generation

Howard William Filleman, born June 30, 1895, was the fourth child and the second son of John and Annie. He and his older brother Joe were born in Solomonville and grew to the ages of ten and twelve in various locations in the Gila Valley. They spent most of their time together, learning to be cowpunchers and ultimately, fine cattlemen. The two boys might accompany John at his work on the range and in the camps or he would assign them duties they were capable of carrying out.

In his memoirs, Howard wrote, "The 4 Bar 4 were camped at this cabin and Papa left Joe and me to do a little laundry work. We washed for some of the cowboys, they would pay us five cents for socks and fifteen cents for underclothes and levis. After we finished our laundry, I went in the cabin to get some dried raisins to eat. They

put them in board boxes then and I think the boxes would weigh 25 pounds. When I got in the cabin, Joe closed the door and snapped the lock and I couldn't get out. Papa had the key in his pocket but Joe hadn't thought of that till it was too late."

"Then he tried to get me to put some raisins through a crack where the mortar had fell out between the logs. But I wouldn't do it and I had to stay in that cabin till Papa and the cowboys came in from riding. It was around 4:00 when they got in. After they had unsaddled their horses, they come on to camp. Joe didn't say anything. Papa finally asked him where I was at and Joe told him I was out there in the cabin and couldn't get out. I could hear those cowboys laughing at what Joe had done. So Papa come up and unlocked the door and let me out. It seemed like that was a long old day."

Two of John's brothers, Emil and Otto, came to Arizona from Texas about the same time as he did. John was particularly close to Emil, who, for an unknown reason was always called "Jake." Both Jake and Otto worked for the Double Circle Cattle Company, Jake as a cowpuncher and Otto, sometimes as a cook or a worker on the farm.

At times, Howard and Joe were under the wing of Uncle Jake, whose role it was to supervise them and teach them at

the same time. Howard speaks fondly of this good-natured cowboy. "Jake was herd boss for the Circles in them days. They hired older men to day herd [because] it was a monotonous job for a kid. They said a "button" [youngster]" was too bad to chouse cattle because the young fellow would four-foot them, to make them stay in the herd. Papa put me and Joe on day herd with Uncle Jake one day and Uncle Jake said, 'I want to tell you buttons, to keep them ropes on your saddles.' It was too much of a temptation. The yearlings that the [cowpunchers] cut off from their mamas were always wanting to take off and mother up. Whenever we caught Uncle Jake off over a ridge, we'd roll a few of them. After a couple a days I think he got suspicious and told my dad, [who] said we'd better quit day-herding, that Emil said we was too bad to chouse the cattle."

"Uncle Jake also prospected for gold and put most of his wages into digging mining shafts. He had a couple of partners, Tom and Cal Owens. They had claims on Hooker Mesa and Picket Corral country, north of Geronimo. One week he didn't show up after having been gone a week, and one of the Hinton brothers found him. He'd been thrown by his mule in rough country on the trail to Nine Mile. They found him lying under a little mesquite tree. He'd broken his leg and they figured he'd been there eight days with no water or

food. It was in the summer time and he had a trail beat out around that little tree where he would drag himself to keep in the shade. He finally got well enough to work again for a year or two and then got down again. Coralea took good care of him till he died."

Howard was a good-looking man for sure, because he won Bess Cosper, who was one of the most appealing girls on the Blue River, for his bride. He stood about five feet, ten inches, had dark hair, striking blue eyes, and bushy black eyebrows. Although his education ended after second or third grade it did not affect his success in life. No wonder he was a good cowman, he started at the age of eleven. He chewed tobacco and could usually be seen with a cigar in his mouth, though he rarely lit it and he liked a good stiff drink of Scotch. He was also a "helluva" good poker player and he and Bess hardly ever missed a dance. His daughter-in-law, Jeanette, was once present at an Elks Club Dance and saw him lay his cigar aside, take a partner and schottische like a pro. Somewhere along the way he learned to be a fair-to-middlin' fiddle player.

President of the Greenlee Cattlegrower's Association in both 1955 and 1956, Howard was also on the Board for the Eagle Creek School. It is interesting to note, historically, that four generations have served in that

capacity on Eagle Creek: John, Howard, Harold, and most recently Harold's daughter, Harol Dee Moore.

Howard had the reputation of being all business and that business was the "cow business." More often than not, people who didn't know him well, described him as stern, quiet and serious. He had his own, old time way of kidding people and possessed the fast disappearing, dry, cowboy sense of humor. His yearly calendars served as Howard's journal and his ledger. He recorded a myriad of details on them; especially, when, where and how much it rained. Fifteen years of the old calendars still hang on the wall at the home ranch.

Both Howard and his brother Joe punched cattle at the Circles until the remnant was gathered from the San Carlos Indian Reservation in the late Thirties. The fathers would take time off, and with Harold and Jack to help, would go to their grazing permits to gather cattle, brand, and ship. Harold said, "It was a months' ordeal, goin' in there and gatherin' and drivin' them all the way out to Four Bar Mesa . . . where they could be loaded out on trucks. Back then they were taken to the stock pens by the rails south of Clifton and they would cut 'em, weigh 'em, and load 'em onto box cars."

Howard and Joe were close all through their lives. They both lived and breathed the cattle business. Harold says, "We heard that stuff all the time. Jack and me were around Howard all the time and Joe was just like him. That's all they talked about. They could ride, one behind the other. . . . One of us might be ridin' between 'em and they could be tellin' stories to each other and we couldn't understand 'em. They was just like a couple 'a bucks [Indians]. They'd been around each other all their lives and they could just go through the motions and they knew what each other was sayin."

The Taylor Grazing Act came into effect in 1934 and ultimately brought about the removal of all privately owned cattle from both the San Carlos and White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation grazing lands. Howard had worked for the Double Circle Ranch a good deal of his life, and from 1935 to 1937 he took a contract to gather all the remaining Circles cattle most of which were wild mavericks. He and his brother Joe and some hired cowpunchers and helpers gathered the remnant, a process that took more than two years. Howard wrote, "That was the last of the original Double Circle outfit. There were a few Circle cattle left, but I have an idea what was left died of old age on the range. It was rough and tough work but it was thrilling

work. All the way through it was quite a thrill to pull in behind a big steer down a brushy canyon and catch him. This wasn't work for the amateur cowboy, like those we have today."

Howard was a strict disciplinarian. Harold recalls at least twice when his fanny got warmed a little bit. "I was about seven or eight years old probably and we was visiting someone at Honeymoon. I think he was doing some carpenter work for somebody at the 4 Drag and we stayed, because it was too far back to the house. Evidently, I made a crack at the dinner table. He just got up and took me outside and gave me a talkin' to, and spanked me. Another time I had to sleep with my dad and I was twisting' and turning' and layin' there awake. I knew I was goin' to wake him up, so I slipped out and went outside and set out there on the porch, I don't know how long. Pretty soon he come and got me and I got a spankin' for slippin' off. I guess it scared him."

Howard's sister-in-law, Mildred, and her husband, Fred Johnson are said to have had the first motorized vehicle on Eagle Creek, so it isn't surprising that Howard and Bess had the second one. Their 1923 Studebaker was known as a "light-six" with four doors, two seats, but no windows and

a canvas top that folded back. The convertible has been restored and is drivable.

Folks still remember the story about its purchase and its first road trip, and they still laugh when they tell it. Howard and Bess purchased the car from Spezia's, across from Ernest Schade's Tire Shop in Clifton. When they bought it, they stayed in town at the Reardon Hotel for a few days and practiced driving. It would take nearly a full day to drive to Eagle Creek, so they got up early on the morning they planned to leave. Who knows, it may have even been before daylight. If it was, Howard had an excuse for ripping out the fence at Scott's Coal Yard behind the hotel. The best part of the story--Howard didn't look back and he never stopped the car.

Bessie Cosper Filleman

Girlhood on the Blue River

Bessie Dow Cosper was born on October 2, 1899. She and her sister Mildred Carolyn, born October 3, 1901, were the daughters of John Coston Cosper and Mary Dunagan. When Mary left him with two little girls both under the age of six, John was faced with the serious problem of providing a living for them and rearing them without a mother. No agencies were available in those days to provide help or

guidance, but family alliances were strong and durable so he did the next best thing. John placed the girls with willing relatives. The girls may have lived in various places, but for the most part they were in the home of John's older brother Toles.

J.H. Toles Cosper and his wife Lou Ella operated the hugely successful Y Bar Y outfit a very short distance south on the Blue River from the RNH ranch, where John is said to have homesteaded. Few details exist concerning the arrangement, but the fact that Lou Ella took the girls into her fold was not a surprise to anyone who knew her, or of her. Having nine children of her own, there was probably not even much of a discussion about the solution to the problem. John worked a good deal at the Y Bars, for nearby ranchers, or building trails for the Forest Service and was seldom out of the country where Bess and Mildred were.

Toles, a dynamic individual, was the most prominent man in the Blue River community and held a tight, stout rein on his ranch operation and his family, including Bess and Mildred. Lou Ella needed to be strict, and she was. However, handed down through her family are stories of times when Toles was absent, that Lou Ella would break loose and behave like one of her fun-loving children. It has been written and told that the Cosper children

respected their father, but they adored their mother. Of all Lou Ella's virtues, her benevolence to others is most remembered.

Kittie, who will be 99 years old in this year of 2000, was the second youngest child born to Toles and Lou Ella and also their youngest daughter. Her sisters were ten and fourteen years older than she, so Bess and Mildred were reared in the Cosper home as her sisters. The three grew up in the admittedly advantaged environment provided by Toles's success. Bess and Mildred enjoyed most of the privileges that Kittie did. They also shared her chores and had additional responsibilities as well. They had a carefree childhood, and the shenanigans pulled by this engaging trio on the Blue River are legendary.

Toles built the school and hired the teacher, who lived at the Y Bars with the family. One year is about all it took to require a new teacher the next year! Toles didn't believe in school for girls but Bessie, Mildred and Kittie did get to go to grade school, which was literally just around the corner from the ranch house. Later it was up on KP Creek, so the girls rode. Brad Johnson has this story that came from his mother, Mildred. "Walk and tie" is what they called it. If they were short on horses and long

on kids, they would walk a'ways then let another one ride a'ways. This was to give each kid a chance to ride some."

Later, Bess, Mildred, and Kittie were allowed to go to Clifton and stay with Kittie's older sister, Etta Mae Balke, to attend high school. Bessie was Mildred's protector, even though she was less than two years older and their personalities were decidedly different. Both girls grew up to be beautiful women and where Bessie was calm and settled even cautious, Mildred was flirtatious and daring. There are some recollections of sisterly competition for the attentions of Howard Filleman, but Bessie became his bride.

Dances at Cosper's Y Bar Y ranch are so well remembered that they are part of Blue River history. Toles, well-known for his generosity, loved music and dancing and his hospitality was unexcelled. He even built his ranch house with a special room large enough to accommodate a dance without taking out room partitions.

One or two of these big affairs were held each year and the Cosper family furnished everything, including the food and the music, right down to feed for the horses. Invitation was by word of mouth and the word traveled faster than wireless. The dances might last for three or four days and Kittie remembers that as many as two hundred

people might be on hand. It was one of the few social events that people had to look forward to; they came to dance, and dance is what they did; sleeping at intervals, then dancing again. There are still some folks around that were young tots then; they can remember being put to bed on chairs, under tables, and on shelves in the kitchen. Usually the women found beds and the men used their bedrolls outdoors.

Lou Ella greatly disagreed with drinking and is said to have never allowed it in her home-by anyone, including Toles. However, at the dances, he generally had ample liquor on hand for the males, but strict rules surrounded its consumption. Drinking in the presence of women and children was not tolerated.

The Cosper dances served as an eagerly anticipated event where eligible young men and women could meet. The rule for the Cosper girls was that they could dance with old men, young men, relatives and ranch hands. But under no circumstances were they allowed to go outside the house.

The holiday dance was one of Tole's traditional gatherings. Kittie Cosper Potter recalls, "We'd have Christmas in the evening-Christmas Eve. They'd clear up, and the next day, start the dance." Bess would have been about seventeen years old when she and Howard met, at one

of Cosper's Christmas "doings." It isn't known if they saw one another between times, chances are they did, but after the holiday dance at Cospers' the following year, she received a letter from Howard. All it said was, "Will you marry me? Savvy?" They were wed December 15, 1917 at the old McDowell place, just outside Clifton.

Bess Filleman - Mother and Ranch Wife

Howard and Bess, the newlyweds, settled first on the Blue River on the RNH ranch at the mouth of Steeple Creek where her father, John Cosper, homesteaded. At the time, the Blue River and the adjoining ranges comprised a community of families on small homestead parcels within the boundaries of the Apache National Forest, grazing their livestock on districts set up by the Forest Service. Their first child, Jodie [John Joe DeWitt], was born in Clifton on November 6, 1918, and although it isn't known precisely when Howard and Bess actually moved to the Blue, both Jodie and second-born, Harold, have strong recollections of living there and moving away.

Today, the road that leads to the site of the old RNH on the Lower Blue River, lies in, along, and by the side of the river bed and can still be an adventure for motorists. Visualize Howard and Bess, riding horseback, her pregnancy

full term, eighty years ago. Perhaps Alpine was deliberately chosen as the location for Bess to deliver Harold. The two families must have been acquainted and very likely were friends. Harry Boyer was the ranger in charge of Alpine District in 1920, and had previously held the same post at the Eagle Creek Station just down the creek from the senior Fillemans. The Boyers were respected and well acquainted on the Blue River and in 1926, they would take over the RNH ranch that Howard and Bess would have to give up.

Cosper's Y Bars ranch, a home base for Bess, was just a "spit" down the river and Jodie might have been cared for there until his parents returned with the new baby. Her advanced pregnancy and the distance to Alpine, would have required that she and Howard spend at least one night with friends or family, northward along the river. They made the trip safely, and it can be said with certainty that Harold's association with the Forest Service began at the earliest possible age. He was born July 16, 1920 at the Alpine Ranger Station.

Bess told her granddaughter, Harol Dee, that she and Howard got as far as the Ranger Station in Alpine. Howard and whoever was there went to find someone to help with the delivery. Waiting alone, she was sitting on the edge of a

chair and Harold just kind of, "Fell out on the floor." Surely, there were other details, but forever after, if Bess had to explain for Harold, in her loving way she would say, "It's because he fell out on his head."

One of Harold's memories of the RNH ranch occurred when he was about four. "Like I say, Papa chewed and one day, me and Jodie slipped in there and cut a chunk of the Star plug tobacco. We cut it off to where we didn't think they'd miss it. Right across Steeple Creek was the barn. We went over there and cut that plug of tobacco up in little-bitty squares and we got to chewin' that stuff and evidently we swallered some of that juice. I guess she knew what we'd done and thought she'd just let us get cured right then. Thinkin' back, we might have just eaten it because we came back to the house just as white as sheets-sick and throwin' up. She never did get excited about it, she just put us in there in the livin' room and let it cook." Harold gives a hardy laugh and says, "Then here come the castor oil, and that took care of the party we had."

Jodie has this story to tell of two year old Harold. "We had an old sow with a litter of new babies and one day we heard one of the little pigs screaming. We went out where she was suckling them and there was Harold, sitting

on the old sow. He had one of the pigs, held with its tail in his mouth. No wonder the little fellow was screaming."

Those were hard years for Bess and Howard. Whatever dream's they had thinned out considerably during the drought and Depression that occurred after World War I. By 1925 they had been forced into foreclosure, lost their herd and their ranch. Howard saw what was ahead and had already loaded Bess, the two little boys, and all their belongings onto horses and burros and crossed the Blue Range to North Eagle Creek. "We had moved back from the Blue and I had bought a house up at Pine Flat. I had to tear it down and move the lumber to Eagle with horses and a wagon, it took us about a week to get it moved."

It's hard to believe Howard accomplished all this before Olive was born on Eagle Creek in April 1924. The family was complete now, with Jodie, Harold, and the new baby girl Olive, who would always be called Babe. Picking up on what the parents called each other, Harold and Jodie always addressed their parents by their given names, Bess and Howard, not mom and dad. Babe called Bess "Mom" but called her dad "Howard."

Bess was, by every account, the quintessential ranch wife and mother. She cannot be remembered with dry eyes by her son Harold. One person described her caring and

generous personality in this way: she was the St. Theresa of that community. She gave and did for everyone. Sharing anything and everything was a principle she lived by, expecting nothing more than a thank-you and a smile in return. Another informant says that she didn't show a lot of outward affection, like kissing and hugging. The love was just there.

Until the late thirties when he finished gathering the Circles remnant, Howard was absent from the home ranch, sometimes three or four weeks at a time. Bess, who is said to have had the cheerful habit of humming while she worked, kept the family and the home ranch together and going. Lucky for her and for her children, her father, John, the one they all called Papa, lived with them most of the time, filling the role of teacher and counselor. Together, Bess and her dad did most everything there was to do, from irrigating to gardening and wood gathering. In addition, Bess had two cows that furnished the family with milk-twice a day, and men did not milk cows, unless there was a crisis! Until Jodie and Harold were in school and a well was dug, all the water used for domestic purposes came by fetching it from the creek, about 200 yards away. On wash day, Bess heated water in the yard, in a big iron pot with a fire under it, rubbed the garments clean on a rub board

with homemade soap, made from animal fat and lye, rinsed them twice and hung them to dry.

The hard-working Bess loved people and was happiest when she was surrounded by family, friends and neighbors. As Harold recalls, "Ever'body on Eagle, they always had to stop there and get a 'bite of somethin' . . . She'd be waitin' for 'em. Sometimes neighbors would stop in that just didn't wanta' cook so they'd run up to Bess'. 'Bess'll have somethin' "

Jeanette remembers preparing a picnic and driving with Harold up to Eagle and saying to Bess, that she and Howard should load up with them and go up to Honeymoon. Bess said, "I've never gone anywhere on a picnic where I didn't have to take something." Harold added, "Not just something-she usually brought everything." Jack said that during the Depression years it was nothing for Bess to have eight or nine people around the place.

Needless to say, Bess had a reputation for being an exceptional cook. She said that her father John, told her that, "If you never do anything else, set a good table," and always, as long as she lived, everyone was welcomed at hers. She could create and cook a feast for a few or a dozen in thirty minutes. She wasn't able to teach her art to any successful degree, because, according to her

granddaughter Harol Dee, "She had her own, pinch, handful--more-or-less and for good measure" technique. Harold well remembers her biscuits, pumpkin pie and, particularly, the beef, sealed in tins, a brand-new method for Bess' generation. Best of all, he tells of her vinegar pie--was a standby for all ranch cooks. It was inexpensive, delicious and required no special ingredients. She and Howard teamed up to preserve mincemeat the traditional way, using beef, together with apples, raisins and spices.

Bess had a great sense of humor and she loved everybody. Brad Johnson says she never saw an enemy, and she always had a house full of people and kids. He loved to stay with his Aunt Bess, and in all the years he knew her, says that he never heard her raise her voice in anger. Harold was two years older than Brad and they spent a lot of time together because their mothers were sisters . "Our houses were ten miles apart and we walked most of the time. All the kids on Eagle Creek--we was all mixed up at different houses all the time, walkin' up and down the creek. If we were at somebody's house, we just stayed there all night. There might be four or five of us boys all in one bed."

With her quick wit and dry sense of humor, she was fun to be with and would try most anything. Ed Cosper recalls

that when he and his brother Phil were living on the Eagle Creek school grounds during the school term with their mother Katie, the boys had a bicycle. Probably on one of her after-lunch excursions down the creek, Bess stopped by and was curious about the bike, asking the boys about it. They asked her if she could ride a bike and she said yes. Perhaps it was her motherly appearance that prompted the boys to ask one more question. Had she ever, really ridden a bike? She said she hadn't but she knew she could. The ride was very short, over a bank and into a ditch, "a terrible wreck" according to Ed.

When Jodie and Harold and Babe needed to be in Clifton to go to school Howard rented a place by the month for the school term and Harold remembers the rent was ten dollars. It was still during the years of the Great Depression. Bess decided to put her skills to work and opened a restaurant in Clifton. "It was up on the east side, beside the [San Francisco] River, there, where there's a bunch of old buildings. The one on the end was the restaurant. That's why I'd have to go to Eagle Creek ever weekend and haul wood to her, so she could have it for her wood stove. She didn't get rich or nothin' but I think she did pretty good. I can remember those meals she'd turn out though, I think for fifty cents. I'd have to walk from school all the way

up there at noon to eat dinner. A year is about all it lasted and the wood was the problem. You could either buy it from the Mexican woodcutters or you hauled it yourself. We couldn't buy it so we just hauled it." Another source adds that good hearted Bess fed lots of relatives "gratis," and was always willing to feed folks that were hungry, but had no money to pay.

When she and Howard built their place on Eagle Creek, and over the years improved it little by little. At that time, the Cattlegrower's was an organization whose members either knew, or knew of each other. They had a magazine that published newsy items about their lives and activities on their ranches. It was like writing to one's friends all at once. Bess was rightfully proud when they finally remodeled their living room and installed a large picture window facing the road, so she wrote, "We remodeled our house and put a big window in the front room and I really like it. I don't have to jump up and run to the door now every time a car goes by to see who it is." It was probably at this time in her life when her daily routine became doing her chores in the morning, resting after lunch for half-an-hour, then going to visit someone up or down the creek.

It's evident from her photographs that Bess was a beautiful girl and matured into an attractive woman. Not a single reference is ever made as to her having been vain. However, she had a lot of pride. She liked to look just as good at home at her cookstove, or taking meals out to her men as she did when she went to a dance, or to a rodeo to watch Howard and Harold rope together. Jeanette remembers, "It wasn't vanity, but she wanted Fanciful Rinse on her hair and she always was made up. We would cook and cook and cook and then right at the last, before we'd leave, she would go in and make up her face, put on clean clothes, then we'd go deliver the meals to the men in the field." A true story about Bess and Howard was told to Cleo Coor by Stella Hughes, well known for publishing cowboy tales and cookbooks. Stella and her husband Mack lived just down the river from the Fillemans and she and Bess were good friends. "Bess was allergic to a certain wasp stings and the doctor had her carry pills at all times to use if she was bitten by wasps, bees or hornets. She and Howard were in the bottom of Turkey Canyon. No roads only narrow trail. Riding her horse Blue, under a limb, a hornet's nest was knocked loose and Bessie suffered numerous stings. Howard spit tobacco juice on the bites, since Bessie had forgotten her medication. They both sat on the trail waiting for

Bessie to die. While they were sitting there Howard remarked gloomily, "If you die Bess, it sure is gonna be hell gettin' your body out of here."

The Cattlegrower's auxiliary organization in Arizona is made up of local groups of ranch women who are known as The Cowbelles. In this part of the country almost everyone is in someway connected with a ranch or is the descendant of someone who was. Since 1948, the Greenlee County group has served as an important advocate for family ranching and from research it appears that Bess was a charter member. In about 1962, Bess, her sister-in-law Maggie, Jimmy Lee, Pearl Crawley and Stella Hughes organized a group known as The Cowbelle's Trail Riders, just for the ladies. The first ride was held in May of 1963, and Bess was the straw boss.

The rides were several days long and often into primitive areas. Organizing and riding on the trips was just one of Bess' achievements, but one she enjoyed greatly. June, 1970 was "her ride." That year she was president of the group and trail boss of the ride. She'd been ill in February with what was thought to be the flu but was determined to join the group and make the trip. After returning, she went to the doctor and was diagnosed with colon cancer. This gracious lady passed away on August

31, 1970. At her services mourners stood outside the church, for there was not even standing room inside.

Harold's daughter, Harol Dee, affirms the other eulogies and adds, "Bess had great faith, lived her beliefs, and she was honest and fair. She was always fun, with her wit and wonderful clean sense of humor, and never spoke down to or badly about anyone." She gives a poignant example of Bess, the grandmother of her children. "She taught Lisa and Val to put their hands together to pray, 'Please God, bring rain', every time they saw a cloud."

Golden Tales from Howard's Golden Years

Harold's wife, Jeanette, says that coming into the Filleman family, right out of an office environment and meeting her new father-in-law, Howard, on his own turf was not easy. "He was so quiet and serious." And, no doubt, straight-faced. "I played pitch against him once, and I thought he wasn't paying attention because all he was talking about were cattle. I tried to run a Jack by him and he never even missed a beat. You know? This cow was here and that motley one was there? He drug in my Jack, just like that!" She couldn't believe it when he'd say, "Do you remember the cow with the ring eye or . . . ?" There were over 200 cows and he could remember every one of them.

One of the best first-person stories concerning Howard's personality also comes from Jeanette in her early acquaintance with him. "I wanted to make a good impression with Howard but he was just so very quiet. I got one-on-one with him one day, trying to get acquainted with him and I said, "You know, you know a relative of mine, my great-uncle Holland Bass, who worked at the Double Circles. Howard just listened to me, telling all of this story and at the end Howard looks at me and says, 'Meanest damn man I ever knew!' I said, "Are we talking about the same person?" He said, 'hell, yes.' Jeanette laughs and says that Howard knew all the time that Bass was a relative of hers. The man was Charlie Walford, who carried severe scaring from that altercation about his face and neck for a lifetime.

In the later years of his life Howard would go to the Mesa nearly every day, "looking for rain." Harold explained, "It would cloud up and he could tell if it was rainin' back in there, but he'd load up the Jeep and he'd have to go over there to see if it was rainin' on his outfit or if the rain had passed it. That's what he lived for is rain. There's no tellin' how many Jeeps he'd wore out cause the roads didn't mean anything to him. He'd spit [tobacco juice] out the window [of the Jeep], so the whole

side would be covered. He'd clean it off every once in a while by going through the river."

Howard lost his wife, Bess, in 1970. He stayed at the 4 Bar home ranch alone and took time during his last years record from memory, graphic, colorful, and detailed stories of his years on the range, the people he knew, and trails and landmarks that have long since disappeared or have been forgotten. He even illustrated some of his tales with sketches of critters with the names they were known by. These stories in his memoirs surpass much modern western fiction, the incidents are exciting, true and verifiable; the characters were real people. In his renditions he is painstakingly accurate, humorous and philosophic. Fortunate indeed, is the Filleman family, who has such a treasure to pass down to their descendants.

In December of 1972, Eagle Creek was up, with the highest water since 1938. Howard took sick after his pickup quit in the middle of the creek and he waded out in water up to his chest. Pneumonia ensued and the doctors found that he had a hole in his heart from a childhood bout with rheumatic fever. The family feels, and with good reason, that he knew his time to go was approaching and he was ready to leave for the other side. Branding time came in May and Howard carried on as usual, riding his horse Buck.

When branding was finished, Howard didn't take his friend home. He turned his trusted, seventeen year old mount loose--there on the range, to live out his life. When October rolled around, after a lifetime spent observing the cycle of gathering and shipping, Howard did not ship a single animal. This line is from his memoirs "All these old cowboys have passed over the Great Divide now and forgotten men like these are people who tamed the west. Howard Filleman was one of the finest. He passed away in February 1973 . He and Bess rest side by side at the Graham Cemetery, north of the Gila River.

John Coston Cosper

Walkin' and Chewin'

John Cosper, Harold Filleman's maternal grandfather, was affectionately known by family as Papa. Fond memories of him are so numerous that to do the gentleman justice would require enormous space. It must be said that he held a revered place in the family of Howard and Bess Filleman and the Eagle Creek and Blue River Communities. To nearly everyone in either locality he was known as Uncle John.

Born in 1860, John was the youngest and only unmarried one of four brothers that came from Texas and migrated to the Blue River by way of New Mexico in the mid 1880's.

Toles became a successful cattleman and a central figure in the Blue Community. Ed and George migrated southward into the Gila Valley and became farmer-ranchers in the Duncan-Virden area.

By 1890 John is said to have homesteaded the RNH on the Blue River at the mouth of Steeple Creek. When he was in his late thirties, he met and married Mary Dow Dunagan, and they had two children, Bessie Dow and Mildred Carolyn. Not much is known about Mary except that she did not stay with John to raise their children. Cleo Coor, Cosper family historian, states that Mary died in 1911, and that she had not lived with her family for many years.

John apparently stayed on the RNH ranch for some time and placed the little girls at the nearby Y Bars with the Toles Cosper family so that they could be taken care of by the benevolent Lou Ella. Years later, he lived with Bess and Howard when they lived at the RNH and moved with them, to Upper Eagle Creek when they left the Blue sometime between 1923 and 1924.

John Cosper was a humble man of short stature who, all through his life preferred walking to riding a horse, or for that matter, riding in a car. He owned a horse, but could usually be seen leading it. His family, Forest Service personnel, and acquaintances all remember him this

way, with one affectionate detail. He usually walked with his hands clasped behind his back. John never owned another place after the RNH, but worked for Toles so that he'd be near his daughters. He hired out to neighboring ranchers as well, and sometimes worked for his brother Ed down in Duncan. Most summers he worked for the Forest Service, building trails.

John left his mark on the Forest in an interesting way. Cleo Coor has the story of a well known incident that might have occurred either while he was building trails for the Forest Service or working as a ranch hand. John was sleeping on the ground in his bedroll, and during the night he was bitten by a skunk. He was badly frightened, because skunks in general are feared to be rabid, and for once, Uncle John saddled his horse instead of walking. He rode all night toward Clifton where he boarded the train for El Paso. There, he endured two weeks of rabies shots which were administered through the abdomen. Thereafter, he had two methods of making his bed, but he never again slept on the ground. He'd make either a hammock in a tree or he'd use forked sticks and poles to construct his bed off the ground. Vestiges of those tree sleepers and makeshift cots could be found on the Forest for many years afterward.

The big fireplace that was used in the three room house that Howard constructed of precut lumber from the old house on Pine Flat was built by John and it is well remembered by Harold. "It saved our lives. Papa just built it outta boulders from the hillside in back. It was five feet [wide], or more and you could put any size wood you wanted to in it."

He just worked and lived with us, always. Papa never just set; he walked ever' where and he continually chewed Star plug tobacco. He walked right up to the end [of his life] and he couldn't hardly get up. I can just see him, walkin' up the road and he always packed his hands behind him, you know, and walked along chewin'."

"I can remember when he got down to just one tooth. I guess he'd lost the one that matched it below and he got to where he had to chew tobacco and eat on his gums and just that one tooth stickin' down there. I guess maybe he never could afford a pair of false teeth-or they didn't make 'em, but as far back as I can remember, he never did have teeth. That one tooth got to hurtin' him and dad went and got the pliers and went in there and got it."

Harold's cousin Jack recalls a summer tradition. "When school was out he'd take me and Harold and Jodie and maybe one or two more boys on the creek and we'd go fishin'. We

all walked and we didn't take but maybe a blanket apiece and we didn't take a lot of food because there were lots of fish then, and he liked to cook fish. We'd walk clear up to what they call Bear Wallow, down to the Black River and we'd fish. Wherever night overtook us, that's where we'd camp. We'd come back through Double Cienega, Fish Creek, and back up into KP Cienega. We never had a tent and he told us, 'If it rains, we'll get under the spruce trees.' And it's true, the limbs are so thick that the water won't hardly penetrate 'em unless the wind blows awful hard. That would go on for two or three weeks and then we'd go back home. We didn't fish all that time though, a lotta the time we'd just camp and mess around."

Iceboxes were fairly common in the early 1900's, remember the twenty-five pound blocks that lasted about a week? That was not an option on Eagle Creek. The iceman didn't deliver fifty miles out of Clifton. Harold remembers a method that worked. "Papa, he knew how to make these coolers with gunnysacks. It was kind of an 'A' shape and he'd make a framework with the shelves and put gunny sacks down on the sides all the way around. Then he'd set a big pot of water on top, hang gunny sacks or cloth outta it and fill that up with water and it would drip just like these swamp coolers. It would more or less siphon the water and

let it run down the gunnysacks and keep them wet. The breeze would blow through it and it would be just as cold as comin' out of that grate there, right in the middle of the summer. I remember it set outdoors there, under a hackberry tree.

"At the time of [World War II] Bess was still using the rub board, packin' water from the river. Well, Papa, that was one of his chores and I'd help him. It was about as far as from here to the highway down there, through those willow thickets to the river. She'd wash about once a week [and] she had one of them big old iron pots, you know? A wash pot on three legs and Papa would pack wood and build a fire under that and then we'd fill 'er up with water and she'd get out there and scrub clothes. We didn't think nothing' about it, it's how everybody did it.

"We did chores with him and we was always gatherin' wood. He worked that river after a flood when the water would bring down lots of good wood. He'd pile that wood then we'd bring it in. We had Papa all of our growing up years, he was around us more than our dad, because [he] was always out campin' [working at the Double Circle]. Papa passed away in 1941 and I went to the service in 1942."

John and Annie Filleman

The Grandparents up the Creek

The Filleman family possesses a rare photograph of John and Annie, which is surely their wedding portrait. The image of the handsome young couple in Victorian clothing speaks volumes. The hat John holds in his hand displays the style that he wore throughout his life and never altered. The tall, uncreased crown and straight brim were as much his trademark as his mustache. Not evident in the photograph is a practice he adopted; he never wore a belt, instead, was always seen with suspenders.

Annie Chisholm, John's bride stands beside him, her pose complementing his. Determination is evident in her face, her meager smile revealing little about what her hopes and fears might have been. She appears correct in every detail required of a proper Texas Miss. The well-defined wasp waistline, modest bustle and the customary folding fan were fashions of the day. Very soon the young girl would become one of the westering women who ventured into Arizona with ambitious, hardworking men.

Annie's father, Glen Thornton Chisholm, has been confused with John Chisholm. Family research has revealed that G. Thornton was in the cattle business and in fact, took the first cattle out of DeWitt County, Texas over John

Chisholm's Trail. In 1868 Thornton was killed when a loaded freight wagon broke loose and rolled over him. He was buried beside the trail where the accident occurred. Jennie, his widow, later married her widowed brother-in-law, John Kelso.

John and Annie's married life in Arizona may have begun in San Simon, where I.E. Solomon had ranching interests, for that was the birthplace of their first child, Clara. Effie was born in Texas and both Joe and Howard were born at the Solomon Hotel at Solomonville. The hotel of course, was owned by I.E. Solomon, who was John Joseph's employer. One family historian indicates that Annie may have worked at the hotel for Mrs. Solomon.

George W.P. Hunt arrived in Arizona in 1881, penniless and riding a burro. By 1910, he was president of the Constitutional Convention and when Arizona became a state in 1912, he became the governor--or as Will Rogers said, "Arizona's perennial governor"--for he was elected to the office for seven terms. This Filleman incident would have happened sometime after 1895 when the Gila Valley Globe and Northern Railway was finally pushed across the reservation to Globe. John was on one of his reservation rides and came upon a man walking, leading a burro. The stranger said he had been prospecting, became lost and his supplies had run

out. Questioned further, John learned the fellow had been a school teacher and had moved to Arizona for his health. What the man most wanted to do, was get back to Globe. John fed him, accompanied him to the railroad tracks and pointed him in the right direction. That man was the clever and colorful George W.P. Hunt.

Howard said that he and Joe worked their dad's cattle during all the years he had worked for wages at the Double Circles. John was so used to being a boss, riding and working cattle, that when he quit and came home to stay, in about 1913, he didn't know what to do with himself and was kind of "lost." Together, the father and sons gathered and branded his calves and John settled down to work for himself.

John Joseph and Annie had nine children and all grew to adult hood: However, two died while in their twenties. Mary Annie, born in 1899, married Johnny Cosper, the sixth child of Toles and Lou Ella Cosper in 1917. Johnny's sister Kittie, now approaching her 99th birthday, affirms the story of young Mary Ann's demise that is nearly a legend. Before she and Johnny were married, she was bitten on the knee by a rattlesnake. The wound never healed properly and caused complications that took her life. Their only son, Wilbert, was just a toddler when Mary Ann died in 1920.

Carl was born in 1902 and died in a roping accident in about 1925. Harold recalls the tragedy. "It was just across the river, not over a quarter of a mile from the house. He was horseback, drivin' this cow . . . I guess he was runnin' her. He roped her and his horse fell and his foot hung to the stirrup someway. The horse got up and fell, then got up and fell again. They went off into the creek and 'forked' a Sycamore tree and that's where he was found. I can remember my granddad Filleman walkin' up and down that point after it happened. He could tell where that horse fell and there's piles of rocks there at each place. I guess they're still there."

The Filleman male descendants have fewer strong memories of Annie than of John. They say she was dark skinned, short and stout, and wore her gray hair in a bun. The typical ranch grandmother, who was a good cook and usually in the background of other memories. So it is fortunate that Effie, the second oldest Filleman child, passed down information about Annie's personality, through her daughter Geneva.

Effie remembered that John and Annie had pet names for each other. Annie called him "Juan" and John called her "Tom". Yes, he was Juan and she was Tom. One day the two of them were attempting to break up a dog fight. The dogs got

under the porch and John said, "Tom, when I pull 'em out you hit 'em with this board." Juan pulled and Tom swung the board. Her aim was high and instead of hitting the dogs she hit Juan. The dog fight was forgotten and a human fight nearly ensued.

One day Annie was walking along the bank, by an irrigation ditch and slipped in. She didn't think anyone saw her, but John had seen it happen. He went to see if she was hurt and when he saw that she wasn't he decided to tease her. He told her the water stopped running on the alfalfa field and he thought the ditch was broken, so he'd walked up to fix it. She was so mad at him she wouldn't let him help her out of the ditch.

Another day they were in the field together where John was irrigating alfalfa. Annie was sitting on the ditch bank supervising. She said, "Juan, that isn't the way you should be doing that." He came over to where she was sitting and said, "If you can do it better, you do it!" He dropped down beside her and sat on a prickly pear pad. He swore she put it under him-and the argument shifted directions.

As intriguing today as when it occurred is this story, passed down about Annie. At the hotel that she operated at Old Geronimo most of her clients were traveling salesmen, or drummers. In the hotel was a small safe in which

travelers could secure their valuables, but Annie never locked it because she couldn't remember the combination. It was in the spring and four of the Filleman children were out in the nearby hills picking poppies when something bright on the ground caught their attention. How could a gold ring with a purple stone be there on the desert? Near the ring was a shiny chunk of glass that didn't belong on the desert floor either. The children surely raced each other home, adrenaline pumping, the "finds" safely buried in their pockets.

The ring was a given, but the chunk of glass? One source says Annie allowed a drummer to take the shiny stone to Mexico to have it "looked at." The trustworthy drummer returned to inform Annie that the shiny chunk of glass really was a large diamond and if divided and cut would make four stones. She consented to let him return to Mexico with the treasure and he brought back four single diamonds of about a carat each. These were earmarked, one stone for each of the children: Clara, Effie, Joe, and Howard. Annie was so proud of the beautiful diamonds that she showed them to everyone that came by. One day she showed them to a drummer who was traveling through. The next time she went to the safe to get them, the diamonds had disappeared from the unlocked safe. So had the drummer. Why the stones were

taken and the ring was not, remains a mystery. Set with a large amethyst stone, incised with a flower, and chased with gold, the ring remains in the family, cherished by an heir of the trusting proprietor of the Geronimo Hotel.

The time came when John Filleman, of course, had to own a car. He bought himself a Chevrolet sedan but it didn't run well for very long. John imagined himself to be a mechanic, and would work on it until it wouldn't run at all. Once, he and Annie were coming from town and as usual she was scolding him about his driving. They were going downhill and it was as though he was riding a horse; he pulled back so hard on the steering wheel that he pulled it off and they wound up in a juniper bush. He put the wheel back on and drove home, with the wheel just stuck on the steering column.

John Joseph stood more than six feet tall, and straight as a post. "He walked with his head reared back and the brim of his hat straight as a table. He was the type that didn't really want kids foolin' around him. He didn't tolerate us much. I know we'd go up there and if one of us happened to sit down in his chair and he'd walk in, he'd just get us by the hair and he'd stand us on our feet. We actually was afraid of him."

After John left the Double Circle Ranch, he and Annie planted and nurtured an orchard by their place on Eagle Creek and it supplied several families for many years. Today, the old orchard is the traditional site for Filleman family gatherings. Few trees remain-but memories do.

Harold and Jack, both octogenarians now, remember the little .410 shotgun their granddad always carried with him to keep the birds out of the orchard. Once, when it was cherry season Harold and Jack had ridden up to the orchard on one horse and tied it to the fence. They were up in the tree eating cherries. "We looked down and there goes Grandpa leadin' Jack's horse, going back to the house. He took [the horse] to his place and tied him up in the yard to the fence there, to where we was gonna have to come there and get him. We fell out of that tree and we didn't know what in the world to do." Knowing they'd have to acknowledge the trespass if they went to get Jack's horse and be soundly scolded or worse for not asking permission, Harold says Jack was so scared he walked home. Harold doesn't say what he did, but the bet would be that he walked home too, rather than face the music with Granddad Filleman.

The orchard must have been a magnet. Jack recalls another incident when Granddad Filleman was guarding his

orchard, not from birds but kids. "I remember it was summer time, and there was four or five of us kids up in them apple trees. We didn't even know he was anywhere around. There he was, walking' around down there, and he says, 'What are you doin' up there!' Boy, we fell out of them trees like birds. He didn't mean anything by it, but we was afraid of him. That was just his way of doing things." In retrospect both men agree on the lesson learned; that Granddad John Filleman may have been stern, but he was wise.

Annie passed away in 1931 and John Joseph in 1942. The pioneering grandparents are buried at the Clifton Cemetery.

The Double Circle Ranch

Hub of the Eagle Creek Community

The Double Circles Ranch grew out of a 640-acre Desert Land Entry in 1878, along the banks of Lower Eagle Creek, and the Double Circle cattle brand was registered in Graham County in 1883. The ranch enjoyed its heyday from about 1909 to 1936 when its range land spread over forest regions and parts of Greenlee, Apache and Graham counties. When John commenced working for them, their grazing lands penetrated far westward onto the San Carlos Reservation and the Apache Indian Reservation. The headquarters ranch was

about thirty-five miles northwest of Clifton, on Lower Eagle Creek. Located close to the border of the reservation it had a supporting farm with its own work force tending fields of grain and alfalfa which irrigated by the creek. There was a commissary, and at one time the community post office, known as Woolaroc was located there.

Since the Double Circles Cattle Company was the largest employer in the area, many fathers and their older sons, representing families up and down Eagle Creek worked as cowpunchers, ranch hands and laborers.

Howard worked for the Circles from the mid-twenties until 1936 or 1937, when private herds had to be removed from reservation grazing lands. Although he was never manager of the outfit, he was, for many years, one of their most knowledgeable and trusted employees. His memoirs are brim full of experiences that cowboys of the twenty-first century can't hope to sample. If they could, it is doubtful that they would choose to subject themselves to the physical punishment and inconvenience required of the rugged cowboys of those times.

Howard noted that at one time the precinct had as many as one hundred voters, but by 1965, there were hardly enough to hold an election. Howard summed it up by saying,

"After the Circles went out of business, so did the community of Eagle Creek."

Eagle Creek School

Heart of the Eagle Creek Community

If the Double Circles was the hub of the community, certainly the Eagle Creek School was the heart. The school is thought to have been established around the turn of the century and it certainly existed when John moved his family to Eagle Creek in 1909. The school endured until 1955, was closed until 1988 and reopened for a period of ten years. In 1998 it closed again because there were no students.

In Howard's time large families were usual, and often the older children didn't get to attend school or if they did it was on an irregular basis. The Cook family lived above the Box on the creek, and had thirteen children. The Gatlin family spent the school term on the creek and although not all the children attended, they were a family of twelve. These and children from the Lamphiers and Browns and the Filleman's younger brood made ample work for one teacher. A photograph made in 1921, by Alice Hightower Cosper, who was the teacher, shows her two children, James Lee and Cora, Nina Filleman, Geneva Wyatt and eight or nine other students.

Families that lived so far away from the school that riding a horse, mule or burro was impractical, often moved

the mothers and children close to the school where they spent the school term in small frame structures or tents. Phil and Ed, sons of Jim Cosper and Katie Fritz Cosper of the VT's on Thomas Creek, spent all the school terms through eighth grade on Eagle Creek, close to the teacher age in a three room, board and batten house. Ed recalls that during those years there were a dozen or more students.

Harold and Jodie started first grade at the school on Eagle Creek at the same time, although Harold was two years younger. Why so young? "I might've threw a fit or somethin' and wanted to go and it got me [out of Bess' hair]. I guess Bess didn't want to send Jodie off by himself and she just killed two birds with one stone.

Jodie adds, "Our transportation consisted of one jackass named Jerusalem. He was slow and gentle but would have a hard time keeping up with a turtle." Bess packed the boy's lunches together in one lard bucket with a bail and Harold says, "It was about four miles to the school and Jodie was bigger. He got the saddle and I rode behind; he wouldn't even let me hold on to him-wouldn't even let me touch him, so I held onto the saddle strings."

Elizabeth Sweeting, the cherished, spinster teacher from New Jersey, was their first teacher. Miss Lacy is

another teacher Harold remembers, "She was redheaded and she's the one that the older boys . . . put the snake in the drawer of her desk. They told her it was me. Heck, I didn't even know it was in her drawer. [What I got] was a whack on my hand with a ruler. I was pretty little, I couldn't have been more'n five or six years old.

The first school bus on Eagle Creek bore little resemblance to the monster child-movers we know today. It was an old Dodge truck with board seats, screens on the sides and curtains that let down. Harold believes that his first ever trip to Clifton was in that school bus. His Uncle Mike was the driver and he and several other children were transported to town to see the first movie any of them had ever seen. It was the silent movie, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. "Course we all got carsick before we got off Eagle Creek because the exhaust came in right over the tail gate. We watched the show during the afternoon and we didn't get back till . . . we traveled all night comin' back. It sticks in my mind as the first time I'd ever been to Clifton. If I went before that I don't remember it. "Harold's cousin Jack, agrees with Harold's recollection. "Most of the time, we never got to go to Clifton over once or twice a year."

When Harold was about twelve years old, the Eagle Creek community had enough school age children to require two teachers. A husband-wife teaching team whose last name was McComb was hired. One April Fool's Day, several adventurous, older boys raised the idea of playing hooky and convinced some of the younger ones to fall in with their idea. When they got off the bus Harold said, "We pulled out and went over in the willow trees where the Double Circle pastured a bunch of pack burros."

"We gathered them up and corralled 'em, then the bigger boys caught the burros and put a rope around the middles of 'em to hang on to and put us small kids on. They got us all loaded up, about ten or fifteen of us and just opened the gate and let all the burros and us go. Those old burros had never been rode-just used for packin'. Heck, we didn't stay with 'em very long. They throwed us and run over us and everything else, buckin' and runnin' mostly. Those big boys got us all mounted out and then stood back and watched.

Harold's cousin Brad who remembers the "playing hooky" incident says, "Mr. McComb is the first teacher that ever spanked my tail. A boy named Gilbert Hudson and Edward Cosper and myself were all little, in the first grade or second. After [all the other boys left], we found out why

and we decided to go follow 'em. We took off and the teacher saw us. He caught up with us and had a little switch and headed us back to the school house and spanked us. In those days our parents didn't hire a lawyer if we got punished, we got punished again when we got home."

Mr. McComb, teacher for the upper grades didn't address the situation when the truants got back to catch the bus for home, but he was waiting for them the next morning when they got off the bus at school. He directed all the boys to one side of the divided school room. "He had a board about two feet long and he called Cotton up first. He started to give him a swat and Herb Nichols, my cousin, Lawrence Gatlin and R.H. Perner and Sam Stoval, they got up and they was goin to whip the teacher. Lawrence, he got up there first and when he did, Mr. McComb hit him right up the side of the head with that board. Then the others went to backin' off, tellin' him to 'come outside'. He said, 'okay' but they got to thinkin' about it and they backed down. That was the end of it, but he went ahead and whipped us. I got mine right along with the rest of 'em. We each got two or three swats. It wasn't too hard, and we all got one then, when we got home."

Harold Filleman - Growing Up with Friends and Family

Folks who venture over to Eagle Creek as visitors, marvel at how well people survive, and declare it is "so isolated." It is--there are no electric lines and there has been no telephone service since the Forest Service took down its line in the sixties, but wireless phones work in one or two locations. Folks employ generators or solar power for lights and butane for cooking. The range deputy that checks in with the sheriff daily on a battery phone to report violators or emergencies, and relays messages to and from the outside world.

No thoughts of inconvenience, lack of mobility or communication entered the young minds of Harold and his cousins and friends. Toys were few. There was no television and radios were scarce. Children made their own entertainment; there were enough to play kick ball and baseball. Today the men, who were boys then, describe the camaraderie they experienced as priceless and those playmates remain friends to this day.

Howard and Bess didn't need a parenting counselor to tell them that children learn by imitating their parents. It's a form of teaching and training as old as mankind. Asked who taught him how to ride, Harold said, "Gosh, that just comes natural. It was so far back I can't remember."

When children were big enough to ride they usually started out with a burro. When the art of staying on and falling off was mastered, the youngsters graduated to gentle, old "wore-out" horses that weren't good for range riding. Receiving a "real good horse" was an event to be remembered.

Learning to rope was art learned by mimicking as well. "We just learned it on our own--I copied my dad, and if you didn't know how to rope, you were an outsider." Harold was one that learned it well. He team roped with his dad and as an amateur with champion ropers, Jim Brister, Young Wells and Skeet Bowman. Most were older than Harold and he says, "I looked up to them to learn the business." If coerced, he'll admit he was very good at it and, in spite of a number of serious injuries, he engaged in roping events actively until he was in his forties.

Harold's father Howard, and Jack's father Joe both had homes and headquarter ranches on Eagle Creek and in early years were partners on the Strayhorse Permit on the other side of Rose Peak. The respective sons, Harold and Jack were born just five months apart and grew up together "from diaper days". Harold says, "We was raised together, closer than me and my brother and sister". Five miles between homes is quite distance, but in those days it was like

living across the street. That was a carefree time for the young boys, they'd ride their burros or they'd walk between the homes, up or down the creek.

What Harold and Jack did, beginning at the age of ten is not a possibility in today's world; necessarily our youth are brought up being cautious; rarely allowed to venture out alone. To send children this young, so far from home, on their own would be unthinkable today. In the Thirties with both fathers away, working at the Double Circle, it was a way of life, it helped the families keep the ranches going. So, just as their fathers did, Harold and Jack tended the cattle on the permit. From the time they were about ten years old, Harold and Jack began camping out, for extended periods of time, on the Strayhorse Permit, putting out salt, fixing fences and tending 200 head of cattle. Harold says it was one of the most wonderful times in his life. Jack says, "We weren't very old, but we thought we were. Our thoughts ran about the same-whatever one thought was a good idea, the other one did too."

The two boys packed up and went to the permit "every chance they got", beginning when school was out. Harold says, "We practically lived over there at Strayhorse." They packed horses and mules with tents, bedrolls and Dutch

ovens, flour, sugar, beans and beef that Bess had preserved at home in sealed cans. With tarps for a cook's fly, they used kyacks for a cupboard and stayed until their groceries ran out. They'd go home, restock and return to the range. This custom was a way of life for them and lasted until both enlisted for World War II.

Jack is specific about parental influence on the two young cowboys. "The calves stuck to their mothers like a postage stamp so we'd watch and see who they mothered up to. We'd get in there and catch 'em and tie 'em down and brand 'em. Then we'd go tell our dads what we'd done. We thought that was one of the finest things that ever was! But, we'd been taught straight and strict, not to be stealin' from somebody, so we only branded the mavericks [yearlings] that belonged to our dads, or we'd use the brand of whoever the cow belonged to."

Bess Filleman's sister Mildred, her husband Fred Johnson and their children, Brad and Chloe Jean, lived several miles north of the Filleman place, along the creek at a location known as Honeymoon Ranger Station. No longer used as an administrative site, the house, barn and surrounding fields were leased to the Johnsons with grazing privileges in the Bear Wallow-Double Cienega area.

Brad, now 79 says, "There were Fillemans in the earliest of my memories. I can't remember when I didn't know Harold. He's a couple of years older than I am and there were no brothers any closer than Harold and I-always. From the time we were little kids, he always stuck up for me. If somebody took a notion to beat me, why he'd always take care of that. I never had any brothers . . . so I adopted him as my brother and he was my closest buddy."

Today, people are rarely buried on their own property. In John Joseph and Howard Filleman's time it was not unusual. Aside from a small private cemetery at the Double Circle headquarters ranch, there wasn't a local cemetery site. Of course, there was no mortuary, and it was mighty impractical to transport a corpse on a two day ride by horse and wagon to Clifton for burial. Consequently, an undocumented number of early residents who passed away in the community were buried on their property.

Harold tells of the passage of their neighbor, who was one of the earliest settlers on the creek. Ole Hagen, whose cuss-word was "beeyeezus," was a talented Norwegian [or Swedish] blacksmith, who lived above the Joe Filleman family place. The bridle bits and spurs he crafted are prized by those lucky enough to own them.

News had traveled down the creek to Howard and Joe that Ole was bad sick and not going to live very long. Whatever medicine that Bess and Jack's wife Maggie had was gathered up, and since no other help was available Howard, Joe, Harold and Jack and a ranch hand, Tommy Swartz went up to see about him.

"We went up and he sure enough was dead when we got there. We got him all ready to bury, bathed him and laid him out on some boards across saw horses on the porch and covered him up with a sheet. Harold was asked, why on the porch and not in the house? Harold laughed and said, "Because it was cooler out there than in the house. My dad had gone to Clifton to get a casket and it came night so we built a big fire out there in the yard and set up with him all night-to keep the cats or whatever, off of 'im."

"This Tommy Swartz, he was kinda jittery anyway and I remember we'd take turns going up the steps-up on the porch to check on 'im every once in awhile. We had his eyes closed and paper stuck on there to hold 'em shut." Harold laughed and continued. "Tommy walked up there and pulled that sheet back to look." He laughed harder as he said, "The wind blew that paper and it was flutterin' and one eye was open. He threw that sheet back and run back down there-scared to death! I'll never forget that, Jack and me was

just kids. Anyway, we dug the grave the next day behind the house there-behind Ole Hagen's place. We had a little funeral all by ourselves and a few Eagle Creek people showed up."

Eagle Creek-The Scene in the Thirties

During the Great Depression the Fillemans were like most everyone in southeastern Arizona. Drought and Depression had impacted their lives before, and as before, they'd had the character and stamina-and the ingenuity to survive the hard times. During the Great Depression, to be sure, no one had any money--in the banks or in their pockets, but few went hungry. Families and extended families were tight-knit units, taking care of each other.

Times were tough but even the communities of Morenci, Clifton and Duncan didn't feel the Great Depression as harshly as in other areas. Most town dwellers had friends and relatives on ranches or farms and cumulatively, people just got by. "We made do, or we did without". Harold is convinced that during the last part of the Great Depression, southeastern Arizona began to recover before other localities because of the new jobs created by Roosevelt's New Deal programs.

Most of the outlying ranches had small farm plots and gardens and on Eagle Creek most were irrigated and even in dry periods there was enough production to get by on. With range beef, a milk cow or two and chickens and pigs on the home place and wild game to fill in, there was usually ample food. Harold was asked if he understood the Great Depression, he answered, "Gosh I don't know whether I understood it or knot, I was born in it, I figured it was a way of life. I guess I was about twenty-one before I knew what a quarter was."

The face of the Eagle Creek community began to change in the early thirties, when Howard and Bess' generation came to realize that their children must have education beyond the 8th grade. The appearance of motor vehicles on Eagle Creek in the early twenties was another change factor. By 1930, most folks had cars and according to Harold, their owners spent lots of time fixing inner tubes on the old hard rubber tires, because the roads were little better than wagon roads and were still maintained with a horse and scraper.

The Double Circle Headquarter Ranch was still a force in the community by virtue of its role as an employer, so it and the school continued as centers of community activity. Slick Rutherford had a store at the Swafford

place, just across the creek from where the old Cook Store used to be and he held dances and rodeos there.

The Forest Service Administrative Site on Eagle Creek, better known as the Eagle Creek Ranger Station was established about 1910 just about a mile south of the school on the west side of the road. Russ Hawk came to the post as ranger in 1935. Harold, a teenager then recalls that Russ was perhaps the most popular ranger Eagle ever had. An expert poker player, he and his wife Marian, were well thought of and popular members of the community. Russ was a rugged outdoors man, liked his job and was fair in his dealings with the permittees on the Forest.

Other changes in Eagle Creek community were brought about by the arrival of the Civilian Conservation Corps Camps under Roosevelt's New Deal. From 1937 to 1941 there were camps on Eagle Creek and at Juan Miller, just east of the Coronado Trail. For a few years these boys brought lots of excitement to that country. A number of the boys married local girls and their grandchildren are abundant.

The excitement the young men lent to the social scene was one thing. The improvements they brought to what is now Forest Road 217 and to the route down the mountain to Clifton and up to Alpine was another, and it was immeasurable. On "The Trail", or the Coronado Trail, also

known as the old Route 666, now US 191 the marks of their talent still survive to a trained eye. Folks on the creek still have to drive both roads to go to Clifton in order to travel to points east or west. Today, Highway 191 is a modern, road in every sense, but still slow and tedious, demanding a flexible destination time and has more twists than a snake in pin curls.

A true, father-son story that Harold tells about the Great Depression, is linked to the Depression that occurred after World War I. It's a story about ingenuity and survival what future generations can glean from Harold, is in his response, when it was pointed out, that there were no trails where he and his dad moved cattle those many years ago, and it is like life. "*The trails are there, you just have to know 'em. You have to know where you're goin.*" Harold admits he didn't fully understand the implications of what he and Howard did until he was a grown man.

Now, more than sixty years later, he shares the story. The post World War I Depression and weather conditions caused Harold's parents to lose RNH ranch on Blue River. The bank foreclosed and forced the sale of Howard's herd. "The cattle he took to Clifton to settle with the bank didn't bring nothin'. They drove 'em all the way down the

Blue and out to the loadin' chutes here on the railroad, and got $2.00 a head for . . . big steers.

"What the bank didn't get, why he gave-or loaned to his sister Coralea [and her husband Bill Edwards]. Bill had bought a ranch in Juan Miller on Turkey Creek, they call it the Chitty place." In short, Howard took part of his herd to Clifton, sold them and paid the bank. A few, he put on his sister's place. It gave Coralea and Bill a start and he'd salvaged a few $2.00 cows. Harold said "That was on the sly-that bunch of cattle was."

"It was years later, before I went to Clifton to go to school that my dad and me went over there a'horseback and Bill and Coralea give him back his cattle. Well, they weren't the same cattle, but the same numbers. Bill cut out-I think about fifty-head and we drove 'em all the way to Stray Horse. A payback is what it was. I never could get nothin' outta him when I questioned him. I was just a big kid and I'd say, 'Well how you gonna pay for these cattle?' He'd say, 'They're ours, I loaned 'em to Bill to get a start [with].'

"I thought at the time, we might'a been stealin' those cows. I wondered all my life and never would ask my dad, 'How come you're sneakin' these cattle over to Stray Horse? I've put two and two together since then and I can see that

he was lookin' ahead to get started again with Joe at Strayhorse."

And it's true, that's the way Coralea and him got their start was outta those cattle. There wasn't no money, you couldn't buy nothin'. They paid [the cattle] back but we had to go get 'em and I think that's why we took 'em that route up to Strayhorse. Maybe he was kinda worried about it. We went up Raspberry, it was a lot easier gettin' up there and my dad knew that. Then we brought 'em right straight through to the AD Bar range and on to Jimmy Cosper's [VT's] and stayed the night. We took 'em the next day off into Blue River and up Raspberry Creek to the North prong, to the upper end of the Strayhorse range and dropped the cows in there. We come up Stray Horse, to Hagen Draw, around the road to Sheep Saddle, went through the fence to Hot Air, into East Eagle to home."

Moving the cows for obscure reasons was part of the intrigue but the long ride through some of the roughest country on the Forest is something Harold has never forgotten. Counting the squares on the Apache Sitgreaves Forest map he and his dad made a circle from Eagle to the Chitty Place then to the VT's up the Blue to the range where the cattle were dropped then home, a ride of forty miles, more or less."

Jodie, Harold and Babe Grow up

Harold and Jodie were sent to 1st grade at the Eagle Creek School the same year, even though Harold was a year and a half younger. Jodie skipped the 3rd grade and the 7th grade and the school only went to 8th grade. There may have been concern, frustration and perhaps anxiety as the parents explored options. When Jodie was ready for his freshman year, an arrangement was made for him because he was the only student at the Eagle Creek School doing high school curriculum. Ina Pflueger taught him five subjects: Spanish, Chemistry, English, Algebra, and History. The next year he went to Los Angeles, stayed with his Aunt Clara and attended Los Angeles Polytechnical school.

It may have been about this time that Bess' sister, Mildred Johnson invited Harold to come to Glendale to attend school with his cousin Brad. Harold says that Brad talked him into it. "I think I went about a week there and came home. I guess that was about the 7th or 8th grade.

When Harold was ready for his freshman year another attempt was made to separate him from family and friends on the creek. "When I was a freshman, my folks sent me in to stay with Aunt Eff [Martin]. Gosh, it scared me to death . . . so many kids that I didn't know . . . . it was the

first time I'd ever been away from home, I was homesick I guess. Well, the first ride I could ketch back to Eagle I went home and refused to go back. So, they put me in school at Eagle for my freshman year too." When Harold was a sophomore, the school situation had gotten so complex; Howard rented a place in Clifton for the school terms and Bess opened her restaurant.

School had always been easy for Jodie and when he returned from California, he was allowed to skip the 11th grade in Clifton. He excelled in sports and won a silver medal in pole vault at the state meet in Tucson his senior year. He graduated from Clifton High School in Clifton in 1937, as salutatorian and was awarded the American Legion Medal of Merit. After graduation he went to work for Texaco Oil Company and in 1940 enrolled at ASU, but college was short-lived because he was soon drafted into the Army.

Pearl Harbor was bombed 1942, and the United States became involved in World War II. Jodie tested into the Army Air Corps, and was trained as a mechanic on radial engines at Davis Monthan AFB in Tucson. As Tech. Sergeant with the title of Aerial Engineer he was also a crew chief and immediately dispatched to the west coast awaiting delivery of B-25' bombers and A-20 attack aircraft. It was learned that the Japanese were in the process of sending

submarine patrols along our west coast and Jodie's squadron was sent into anti-submarine patrol, ranging from San Diego to Attu Island, off the coast of Alaska.

This war-time story was repeated thousands of times, but Jodie's had a different ending than most. "One morning I couldn't make the patrol because I had developed a cyst on my tail bone. I checked into the infirmary and was hospitalized for a couple of days. During this period, someone else had taken my place as crew chief on the patrol aircraft. The plane was lost somewhere in the Pacific and never found. My commanding officer sent the usual message to my parents stating that my plane had gone down at sea. When the CO learned that I was on sick call he immediately sent a message that I was safe. I knew nothing of this until Bess brought it up later."

Jodie then decided to go to Officer Candidate school and after its completion was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in charge of the Quartermasters' Division at the New Mexico Army Flight and Training School at Roswell, New Mexico. He met and married Justine Sears there and they later moved to Kirkland Field in Albuquerque for the remainder of his duty time.

Jodie began his career as a successful building contractor in Ruidoso, New Mexico and in the late sixties,

he and Justine returned to southeast Arizona and helped Howard at the ranch. Nineteen seventy-one found them in Flagstaff where Jody was in the building contracting business until he retired. Their children are JoAnn Mickelson, Jerry Filleman and John Jay Filleman, whom Jodie describes as some of the best people he has ever known. He and Justine still live in Flagstaff near their daughter JoAnn.

Harold and Jodie were reared with the same exposure to ranch life, but even early in life, according to Harold, Jodie had his sights on something different. He did chores and worked cattle but didn't have the same liking for it that Harold did. Too, he was exposed to a different lifestyle when he went to school in California. Harold points out more than once, that Jodie predicted that the cattle business would not survive the methods used by John Joseph and their father, Howard.

Harold graduated from Clifton High School in 1939, and speaks about his record. "I studied just enough to get by with B's and C's." I liked world history and really hated English and Math." The thing he liked best about school was sports, particularly football and track. In his senior year he competed in State of Arizona, high school contests in high and low hurdles in Tucson. People he looked up to in

those years are the men that were his role models, the master ropers he learned from, his coach, Jack Belzer, and one of his teachers, Mr. Parker, and his lifelong friend Herman Stute of Safford.

Young men's desire for their own wheels hasn't changed since motorized vehicles became affordable. Harold bought his first one when he got out of high school and got his first job in town, working for Phelps Dodge. He says he was making $2.45 a day and he bought the car on "time." "It cost $908, and it was a brand new 1941 Chevy Club Coupe, two-tone Indian Suntan with a white top. 'Course, $908 was the cash price, so $1,140 was the real price. It took a pay check to pay the $40.40 a month payment." A member of the Clifton community that all the boys looked up to was Tommy Sidebothem, the city marshal. "He kept all of us that were out in our parent's cars and pickups from runnin' around town. He knew all of us that had cars."

In 1942, after Pearl Harbor, Harold was seriously considering enlisting because those boys who didn't were being drafted at a rapid rate. Harold and Harvey Smith, a co-worker at Phelps Dodge, and both their mothers traveled to Phoenix and the young boys, barely in their twenties joined up. It wasn't exactly like they planned but one way or the other Uncle Sam wanted 'em and got 'em. "We went

over and we was going into the Marines. We went into this big building, and the first room we come to was the U.S. Coast Guard. We'd never heard of it, so we decided to just see what they had to say. You know, it wasn't thirty minutes before they had us both signed up! They gave us a month to get straightened out and then we went back to Phoenix and caught the train to Salt Lake City and that's where they swore us in."

"In this agreement we signed when we enlisted it said we would go to Salt Lake City and train, there on the Salt Lake and we thought that would be pretty good. We got into Salt Lake one evening and they swore us in the next day. That day we picked up about a hundred more enlistees and that night we left for Port Townsend, Washington." Enlistment, training and departure to active duty was taking place at such an escalated rate that Harold wasn't even sure how long he signed up for. Fort Townswend was a boot camp where they were supposed to receive two or three weeks of training but there were too many boys to handle. They split the group and he and Harvey were separated. The group that Harold was attached to had already been there for two weeks and they sent him right on to Astoria, Oregon, on the mouth of the Columbia River. "

It is sobering to remember how close Japanese submarines came to the west coast of the United States in World War II. We were heavily fortified and patrolled by all branches of the military including the United States Coast Guard. The preparations against invasion were so intense that young servicemen had very little leave time. In four years, Harold was granted only one trip home. He didn't see overseas duty but his assignments were dangerous enough to make a mother worry a great deal. As Signalman 2nd Class, he did duty aboard a Lightship that patrolled the mouth of the Columbia river, a twenty-two mile wide channel, which contained a mine field about one mile in width. The Lightship tied up at the buoys at the entrance, signaled the ships entering into the channel while they were still ten miles out at sea. The ships approached and were guided through the mine field, which was laid out in an "S" shape. "Talk about your hair standin' up, there was always fog. The fog would raise and there'd be a tanker [or something bigger] sittin' there looking at you. We'd cut loose and take 'em through the mine field and send 'em up the river."

There was a book, wherein the young soldiers could request different duties within the service. Harold realizes now that he was lucky he didn't get what he asked

for, which was a Coast Guard assignment to landing barges that took troops into battle areas and landed them on the invasion beaches. "When you're young you always want to get outta what you're doing. I was wantin' to take off, and I wanted to get 'over there.' We knew we could win the war, they pumped us up to where we had to believe we could."

Harold remembers that his salary was $75 a month and he never sent any of that home. On the contrary, and he laughs heartily as he remembers his mother, "I was writin' home for more. Bess would send me a few dollars every month, whenever she could. You gotta go on liberty and you can't go to town broke."

Babe grew up on Eagle Creek much like her brothers, carefree and insulated from the world outside her small one. If family history is correct, being the youngest child, and only daughter had its advantages. She is said to have been an expert at aggravating her brothers and getting them into trouble while exiting the problem like an expert little politician.

The boys say that Babe slept in the house and they never did. They slept year-around on the screen porch with canvas, roll-down curtains to keep the weather out. Growing up she didn't have to do many chores, or very much of anything that she didn't want to do. One story, and it has

had lots of mileage, is that once she so aggravated Jodie, that he threatened to put her in a frying pan on top of the cookstove. She paid him no mind-so he did it. Bess was not very far away and who got into trouble goes without saying.

To indicate that Babe was spoiled wouldn't be equitable, for time passing has not changed the advantages or the attention that the baby of the family receives. Bess and the children spent school terms in town, starting when Babe was about nine, affording her earlier and broader exposure to "school and town life." Harold says that she was an "A" student and never took a book home.

From the Fillemans Babe inherited her ability to be direct and opinionated without being disrespectful and from her Cosper mother, a wonderful sense of humor and her comfortable, easy going, fun loving personality; with a measure of stubbornness thrown in. She grew up to be both artistic and creative. Musically talented, she took piano lessons, and in high school played saxophone and became accomplished on the accordion and steel guitar. An accomplished seamstress, Babe fashioned and constructed the glamorous outfits worn by her daughter Dawnee, when she entered rodeo queen contests and competed in rodeo events. Her niece Harol Dee, describes her cooking as, "fabulous." During their childhood, Howard taught the children to play

poker as a means of keeping them out of Bess' way. The imaginary stakes were as enormous as cars, heavy equipment and even houses. Babe won, a lot of the time-for a girl, she wasn't bad!

In 1940, Babe married Buddy [Mangus E.] Elrage from Mule Creek. They separated and in 1946 she married Buddy [Norman] McEuen of Ft. Thomas, where their twin daughters, Darcie and Dawnee were born in 1950. During this time Buddy was employed by the State of Arizona and helped out with the 4 Bar cattle. Buddy died unexpectedly in 1982. Babe still maintains their home in Safford where she and Darcie live when they are not in Las Cruces, New Mexico where Dawnee and her family reside. Today it is Dawnee's husband Rob, and their sons, who help take-up the slack on the 4 Bar Ranch and the Mesa Allotment.

The Third Generation-Harold Robert Filleman

Harold was in the United States Coast Guard, stationed at Port Angelus, Washington when he met his first wife. She was Virginia Mae Johnson, born in 1923. When she was sixteen, her father Edward, a successful young businessman, died unexpectedly, leaving his wife Edith and three daughters. Young Virginia did part time work to help meet her own expenses during high school and to realize her

ambition to become a registered nurse. With assistance from her grandmother, she reached that goal.

The USO Club was always open for the young military men, dances were held weekly, and eligible young ladies were welcomed. Harold and Virginia met when she was still a student nurse at Bellingham, and they dated for about a year. Only Harold knows how he convinced her to leave the Pacific Northwest for the remote, high plains desert of the Southwest. Whatever he said, she said yes, and on December 1, 1945 there was a church wedding with the bride in a white gown and the groom in dress uniform. The customary dance and party followed, with all Harold's buddies in attendance. A few months later Harold was discharged and he took his bride home to Eagle Creek.

Transplanting herself from the Pacific Northwest to a remote family ranch fifty miles from Clifton was a giant leap for the young city girl. Virginia didn't write her thoughts in a journal. She had to be impressed, just as any first time visitor to Eagle is, at the unbelievable drive from Morenci, up the Coronado Trail to 9,000 feet of elevation, traversing the mountain by hairpin turns and ending up among the fragrant pines. Harold no doubt had prepared her ahead of time for the dive back down to 5,200 feet of elevation on the "wash board" road, through the

rolling, juniper-studded hills, down to Eagle Creek. The road is still unpaved, and far from an easy ride but then as now, all the bumps are forgotten when the creek is reached and the fine old sycamore and cottonwood trees come into view.

Howard and Bess had never met Virginia, and Harold recalls, "I just brought her home. She had been communicatin' with [my folks] and they was waitin' for us." Harold was happy to find his Chevy waiting for them too; Howard and Bess had paid it off. "We moved in with them and me and my dad rebuilt the old house up above. That was the old [John Joseph] Filleman Ranch. When we got that done, we all moved up there and tore their house down and rebuilt it." To the home originally built by Harold's grandparents they added a bathroom, running water and Virginia, like every homemaker on the creek, used a wood stove and carbide lights.

Virginia brought many talents to her new family. She was an accomplished seamstress and she knitted and crocheted as well. She enjoyed cooking. Desserts and unusual cakes were her culinary specialty. Virginia adjusted to her new surroundings, but she never got over missing fresh, ocean seafood. Eagle Creek offered crawdads and trout and Clifton had canned sardines and tuna fish.

After Harold's discharge from the Coast Guard, he was a beneficiary of the GI Bill and under its provisions, drew compensation for on-the-job training while helping his dad work on the ranch and Forest permit. When that concluded he took employment with the Arizona Department of Transportation and worked out of Grey's Peak on the Coronado Trail running a jack hammer. He worked as far away as Show Low, Sanders, and Globe, and sometimes took his family with him.

Harol Dee, their first child was born December 6, 1946. In 1951, she started school on Eagle Creek. Harol Dee recalls that she and Warren Dunagan were the two youngest students and harassed the older kids to distraction. The school closed for a period of about 30 years when Harol Dee was in second grade. When she started to 3rd grade in Clifton she was scared, "I was sure I couldn't read or write. I started scribbling on a spelling tablet and the teacher gave me A's!" Those who had the most influence on her life? No contest; her grandmother, Bess, and her Auntie Babe. Harol Dee's philosophy is, "Life is an adventure and the only way to fail is to do nothing."

After graduation from Duncan High School in 1964, Harol Dee earned her Cosmetology license in Safford in 1965. She opened a salon in Yuma and it was successful,

until, and she laughs, "I fired seven out of twelve of the operators, then started a commercial janitorial business and obtained a license to sell real estate to pay off my trade debts from the salon."

Harol Dee sketches, and likes to paint, "On anything that doesn't fight back." For her sister-in-law Billie's birthday she sculpted, from chocolate, a piano complete with white and black keys. The thing weighed nine pounds! She wanted to learn to play the piano, so she bought one for $50 and taught herself. Like her grandmother, Bess, Harol Dee can cook for five or fifty, over a campfire or in a kitchen.

Her four beautiful daughters are Harol Dee's greatest achievement. They are Lisa Ann, born, 1965, Valerie Deane, born 1967, Tawnee Dee, born, 1969, and Cody Lee, born 1972. A proud grandmother, Harold Dee can dote on twelve grandchildren. Another of her achievements is the renovation of John Joseph and Annie Filleman's original homestead structure on Eagle Creek. "I've put just about what John and Annie put into it in 1912, which was not much in terms of dollars." A great deal of work has gone into it, and the old place has an important place in her future plans.

The year, 2001, will find Harol Dee taking on a new challenge. With student loans and determination, she's enrolled herself at New Mexico State University at Las Cruces, New Mexico, where she'll pursue a degree in Hotel, Restaurant and Tourism Management. Her goal is to complete the restoration and renovation of the original 4 Bar homestead place as a method of preserving family tradition, and honoring the generations that have preserved the family's ranching heritage. Her vision? To provide a retreat destination that will offer the public a way to sample those traditions by stepping back in time.

Buzz [Howard Edward], was Harold and Virginia's second child. He was born on October 18, 1948. That nick-name, given by his sister who, attempting the word brother, came out with "Buzzer", and the short version stuck. Young Buzz started school in Clifton with his big sister and continued there until 7th grade when the family moved to Virden, New Mexico just across the state line from Duncan.

Buzz continued his elementary school in Duncan, and while in high school he served as student body president, graduating in 1966. At Eastern Arizona College, Thatcher, Arizona he was named in the publication Who's Who in American Junior Colleges. His wife, the former Bill Boyd graduated from Duncan High School in 1968 and they were

married on January 23, 1971. Buzz, already in the Naval Reserves went into the regular navy and served two years of active duty, with tours in Yolosuka, Japan where he was assigned to LST's which made regular runs to Viet Nam. Buzz and Billie's first child, April, was born while he was overseas and he met her for the first time when she was four months old.

While Buzz was in the service, Billie returned to Northern Arizona University, at Flagstaff to finish her degree in Elementary Education. After his tour of duty, Buzz moved his family to Duncan where he worked for Duncan Valley Co-op. Eight months later he embarked on a four year apprenticeship program for electrical inside wiremen. Buzz was the outstanding apprentice for his class, the state of Arizona and the western region of the United States.

After fifteen years in Tucson, he is now regional manager for Sturgeon Electric in Phoenix. In addition to being a fine teacher, Billie is an accomplished pianist and has a large following of students. Their son Mark was born in Tucson and works for his dad at Sturgeon Electric. Amy was also born in Tucson, and is presently a freshman at the University of Arizona. April is married to Clayton Johnson who is training to fly F-18s.

Harold and Virginia's third child, Melanie, was born August 11, 1962. Her biological mother died during childbirth; her father was Harold's cousin Wilbert. A few days after she was born, Harold and Virginia brought her home to join Harol Dee and Buzz as part of their family. Since that day, she has been loved, as a daughter and a sister. Melanie started school in Duncan and went to Ft. Grant with her mother in the late sixties. During high school, in Morenci she excelled in varsity volleyball, and the team won the state championship in 1979. She played first trumpet in the band from fifth grade through twelfth and recalls that in her senior year she received a standing ovation for her first solo, which she dedicated to her mother.

In 1978, Melanie was baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Later that year, Virginia died and she credits the strength that sustained her through that loss, to her belief in God and His Son, Jesus Christ. After Virginia's passing, Melanie stayed with her brother, Buzz and his family and in her junior year went to live with the Goodman family, who remains a special part of her life. She graduated from Morenci High School in 1980, and worked that summer in the Greenlee County Treasurers office in Clifton. From there, it was on to Mesa Community College

in Mesa, Arizona, where she received an AAS Degree. She wasn't first trumpeter in the college band, but she had a wonderful time.

From 1983 to 1986, Melanie worked for W.S. Goorin and Associates of Scottsdale as a secretary and word processor. She met her future husband, Wes Beddes in 1984, at a church dance, became engaged the same year and they were married on June 15, 1985 in Mesa, at the Latter Day Saints Temple.

Wes and Melanie moved to Sacramento, California in February 1986 where she took a position with Roy Heatley Associates and continued working until 1987. Since then, she has been a stay-at-home mom for their children, Ryan, Brandon, Jennifer and Max. She says, "I love being a mom and am so fortunate to have a wonderful husband. He's brought to my life more than I ever dreamed of."

The Eagle Creek School was closing when Harol Dee was ready for third grade and Buzz was ready to start first, so from necessity, Harold moved his family into Clifton. They rented at the Webster Apartments and this afforded Virginia a graceful opportunity to begin her nursing career. In the years that followed, she was employed at the Morenci Hospital, then for Dr. Lovery at the Clifton Clinic until 1962. Devoted to being a fine nurse, Virginia enjoyed her profession to the utmost. She was a loving mother, and over

the years she and Harold took several youngsters into their home to lend a helping hand to other families.

Harold worked for a time for Brice Willis Construction, building roads at various mining locations. These were years that Howard and Bess were managing to operate the ranch and permit alone, but Harold was always on hand to help out, especially with branding and shipping. By the mid-fifties he had taken a position in Clifton as deputy marshal under Sheriff Fred Carrell. For the times, the pay was good. "The county paid $120 a month wages and Phelps Dodge added another $100. I remember, I had to use my own car, it was a 1950 Buick."

In the early 1960s Harold and Virginia moved to Franklin, now known as Virden, New Mexico, where Harold engaged in a partnership with Dr. Joseph J. Lovett, a well known Osteopathic Physician in Duncan. Harold operated the 120-acre farm and cattle enterprise, which included seven sections of State land. According to Harold, it was a satisfactory relationship. "He'd help me on his days off, if there was anything hangin' but that was just more or less exercise for him." Dr. Lovett was presented with an opportunity to purchase a 90-section ranch near San Simon, and although it was an attractive proposition for the doctor, Harold opted out of the partnership.

When the sheriff asked Harold to become the City Marshall of Duncan, he moved the family there. The two children were still in school and Virginia took a position at the hospital in Lordsburg, New Mexico, commuting from Duncan. After Buzz graduated, she and Harold separated and she took a position at the Boy's Detention Center at Fort Grant, Arizona. Virginia passed away after heart bi pass surgery in 1978, and is interred at Ocean View Cemetery in Sequim, Washington.

The 4 Bar Ranch Today

John Filleman left the 4 Bar mark on a well known landmark, known as the Four Bar Mesa on the Apache National Forest. He dubbed it for the brand carried by the stock he grazed there. Since then, the Filleman family has been the only family to hold the federally owned grazing permit known as the Mesa allotment, of which Four Bar Mesa is a part. The Mesa Allotment is administered by the United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service on Clifton District, Apache Sitgreaves National Forest.

The 4 Bar home ranch on Upper Eagle Creek, is the commensurate property to which the Mesa Allotment is tied and a portion of the interest in the Mesa Allotment accompanies each exchange of title. Not many changes have

occurred since the original 160-acre parcel was patented in 1922 and those have been within the Filleman family.

When John Joseph passed away in 1942, Harold's father, Howard bought out his brother's and sister's interests in the land, and therefore the operation of the Mesa Allotment on what was then, the Crook National Forest. Interestingly, Howard purchased Joe's portion of the ownership in the 160-acre homestead parcel by giving Joe his interest in the Strayhorse Allotment. Since allotments, or permits cannot be purchased or sold, this was probably accomplished by, in effect giving Joe an agreed amount of money in the form of cattle on foot, located on the Strayhorse Allotment. After Howard's death in 1973, Jodie, Harold and Babe were owners. In 1976, Jodie sold his interest in the homestead parcel to Babe's daughter Dawnee, and her husband Rob.

The years after Howard passed away, found Harold going to the ranch more and more to work with his brother-in-law, Buddy McEuen, while trying to continue with his employment at the highway department. Then, Jeanette Pace Scott came into Harold's life. It is a good-natured argument between them, that Jeanette does everything, including branding and vaccinating swinging salt blocks and rebuilding corrals, but she won't ride a horse. She reminds him of his saying, "One good dog is worth two cowboys." She says, that she

doesn't need a horse at all--she has two good dogs. Harold admits, that Jeanette moves a lot of cattle on foot with their trained cow-dogs, Pat and Mike. In 1998, Harold bought a nice mule and in his kidding way, said it was for her to ride. "She got him so fat, that no one could ride him." It's a joke between them, because the purpose of the mule really was, to haul salt blocks.

Harold, with his deep chuckle says, that after thirty-one years of marriage to Jeanette, he still isn't sure how many people were involved in their happenstance meeting. As Town Marshall of Duncan, his presence was required at the County Fair where horse races were being held. An attractive lady in the company of her mother struck up a conversation with him. The lady proved to be Jeanette, who engaged Harold in a conversation about his idea of winning horses. Not long after that meeting Jeanette invited Harold to dinner.

Jeanette takes up the story of their courtship. "I didn't know Harold. I was single, living in York. I belonged to a pinochle club and I was let know, that he was single. They told me he was a cop, which was a whammy against him, so I wasn't the least bit interested. We met and talked at the horse races. Then I invited him to dinner. Who would bring the family photo albums on a first

date, except Harold Filleman. I fixed dinner and he set down and showed me all of his family. That was very meaningful." Harold laughs and says, "She was good lookin', smart and she liked to dance."

Marriage followed in 1969, and it has proved to be a successful partnership. Jeanette continued to work for Phelps Dodge and Harold continued to work at Duncan. In 1976, he took a job with the Greenlee County Highway Department as Maintenance Foreman. She summarizes that time in their lives. "Harold and Buddy would go up in the spring and fall and help Howard. Then after Howard died, Cotton Gatlin would help out too. There were times when I'd go up and help cook and things but I was still working and I didn't understand what it was all about. Harold tried to tell me a lot of things but since it was so foreign to me, it really didn't make a lot of sense.

Life was about to take a turn in Harold's sister Babe's life that would affect Harold and Jeanette. On Memorial Day in 1982, Babe's husband, Buddy McEuen died unexpectedly. For many years he'd had a major role, with Harold in all of the work on the 4 Bar. His passing brought about, by necessity, Harold's decision to retire and assume full-time operation of the ranch. Buddy died in May and two

months later, at age 62 Harold retired from the Greenlee County Highway Department.

Harold's retirement and total involvement at the 4 Bar also brought a change in Jeanette's life and in their marriage. "I retired in 1990 and I started going with Harold a lot more. When Harold had his heart attack in 1992, I was very upset. I didn't realize the stress that he'd been under. I had to ask, 'How were you doing this by yourself?' Then, it was too traumatic for me to let him go by himself. Then, I could see how much help he needed so I wouldn't let him go unless I could go with him. I've learned to help and when he goes I go. Now, I've made up my mind, as long as he wants do this, I'll go with him."

It was a transition for Jeanette. "I was frightened that I would be up there by myself with Harold and would need help and wouldn't know where I was. I feel comfortable now, because I know where I am and I can really help him." She says Harold is a patient teacher and not very strict, but tells this about him. "Last year Buzz came by and said, 'Tell Dad that we doubled back and found eight more head of cattle, he'll be pleased about that.' I said, "Was he hard on you?" Buzz said, 'Yes.' The reason is, we can't read sign like he can. He makes me come over and look at the tracks and asks, 'Which direction is she headed?' Well, I

look . . . . He says, 'You're just like those boys, you're not learnin' it. She's headed this direction.'"

Harold pays Jeanette the supreme compliment when he says, "I think that I would have got rid of my part of it, if she hadn't started to go with me up there." Asked if he enjoys having her working along side him? " Oh sure, it's our life. She's done a one-hundred and eighty degree turn-around, since she started and all I can hear now is, 'Let's go up to the Mesa.' She can't wait to go up there, she's crazy about the horses but I never got her on one." No question about it, Harold is proud of the lady he met at the races.

District Ranger, Frank Hayes, Clifton District compliments Jeanette's contributions. "Jeanette has played a huge role and is an excellent modulator for Harold, who tends to address things emotionally. Jeanette is a strong, analytical person who keeps accurate use records and documentation. She has been a real help in terms of the management and the reason the allotment is where it is today.

Harold and Jeanette are able and enjoy the on going, day to day, week to week operation of the Mesa Allotment. In recent years, they have come to depend on Harold's son Buzz, and Babe's daughter, Dawnee's husband, Rob Robinson.

Buzz travels from Phoenix and Rob and his boys from Las Cruces to help gather, brand and ship when Harold needs them. Harold, with his soft spoken wit, tells how it is today. "Buzz and Rob, they've got enough boys that have been helpin' do it. Heck, I have to get 'em up there to do the major jobs anyway. They're all good cowpunchers." Then he laughs and adds, "But, they're rodeo cowpunchers, for them it's like playin' at workin' They don't like to get off of their horses."

Harold joined Jeanette in the Mormon Church, Duncan Ward where one of her activities is working on genealogy in the Extraction Center. He has always been a member of the Greenlee County Cattlemen's Association, he knows his ancestors would turn in their graves if he wasn't. However, Jeanette says when they attend the meetings Harold always insists they leave before nominations for officers begin.

In 1964, Harold was on the committee for the Golden Anniversary Celebration for Greenlee County, which was held at Grey's Peak, on the Coronado Trail. In 1999 he was honored as The Cowbelle's Father Rancher of the Year. Harold is also a charter member of the Greenlee County Golf club. Jeanette's son Eddie operates Gi'Mee's Restaurant just down the hill from their home and other family and

friends are nearby in Safford. They try to visit Melanie and Wes in Sacramento once a year.

Filleman's 4 Bar Ranch and the Forest Service

The Old Era

Harold Filleman was born at the ranger station in Alpine, Arizona and has never been out of the reach of the Forest Service since. Like his father and his grandfather, he is historically tied to the United States Department of Agriculture Forest Service, by the Mesa Allotment, a federally owned grazing area administered by Clifton District, Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. The Mesa Allotment and the home ranch on Eagle Creek make up the Filleman's 4 Bar Ranch. Since 1910, the Forest Service has been the iron hand that determined the family's grazing activities.

Prior to John Fillemans arrival in southeastern Arizona Territory, non-Indian interests in railroads, mining and agriculture were pressing for more land. This was accomplished in part, by the recision of Apache Indian Tribal lands and resettlement of Native Americans on the San Carlos Reservation. Cattlemen were encouraged to provide range beef for rail-building crews, military

consumption and for feeding resettled Indians on the reservation.

Alarmed by the onslaught of timber cutting and overgrazing, the United States Government set up forest reserves in the west, designed to protect timberland and watershed. In 1897, President McKinley signed a bill which created Black Mesa Forest Reserve South. Formation of the Forest Service in 1905, and the Agricultural Homestead act of 1906, were precursors to the Fillemans long association with the bureaucracy. John moved quickly. He applied for a homestead, secured a permit for grazing, then moved his herd off the San Carlos reservation.

The Forest Service administrative site, Honeymoon, was established, on North Eagle Creek, about 1910. Boundaries of the first grazing districts were vague and it was reported that there were "epidemic outbreaks of discord." By 1920, there was a replacement station, further south on Lower Eagle, "amongst the majority of the permittees."

John's first permit, grazing privileges for 50 cows and 5 horses, was probably a subsistence grant, based upon the small homestead he relinquished. After application for the 160-acre Filleman homestead parcel, his allowed numbers were increased to 150. In 1916, in response to World War I demand for beef, John's numbers jumped to 239.

Howard had few comments about Forest Service policy. He did say that, [from 1935 to 1949], Russ Hawk, the Eagle Creek Ranger, made a ride once a year, over the permits on his district, inspected the range, filed his report and a letter was written to each permittee with his recommendations.

In the Great Depression years, drought again impacted ranchers in the west. Harold recalls that in southeast Arizona, there was no water reserve, no feed on the range, and no hope of rain. Harold was young, but remembers that, [most likely the Department of Agriculture], designated inspectors to come into the area and test cattle for disease. Whether the animal was positive or negative, if it was starving, it was taken away and shot. "I know my granddad, they killed about thirty-five head of his. I can remember them drivin' 'em over, just across the road in the head of Corral Canyon and just hittin' off with a gun and killin' 'em. I think he was paid two or three dollars a head."

By the mid-thirties John's preference numbers for grazing on public land were established at 166 cattle year long, and it wasn't long before his sons, Howard and Joe began taking the reins from him. As they were taking over for their father, they put their sons, Harold and Jack, on

the permits looking after the salt, and fences and tending the cattle. By the time the young boys started camping on Strayhorse, fences were appearing, but most were division fences between permits.

Harold, who has worked permits since he was a youngster explains how Howard managed the range. His permit had only one rotation fence; that dividing summer and winter range, and he never betrayed the trust of the Forest Service to care for the land that served him. Records show that except during drought years, the Mesa Allotment was rarely assessed, as over utilized. "If it was up to me, I'd just tear all the fences out, and go to raisin' cattle in places they want to stay on their own.

"Howard had it figured out, where that's the only thing that would work. Say you've got this good range over here, and you've got a bunch of rough country over here. What he'd do is brand in the spring, in the good country. We'd turn those-say they were heifer calves, loose and throw' em back into the rough country, and never bring 'em out of there. That [became] their home. If you did happen to bring them out to the good pasture, they'd go back to their home, in the rough country. They'll survive there just as good as they will on this open country on the Mesa, and they'll stay fat. The old timers figured out the only

way to work cattle in that country. Their parents before 'em had to do it the same way, and it's been passed down through the generations."

Working with the Forest Service was not difficult in the forties and early fifties, due in part to the war effort. "[Howard] told 'em what he thought and that was that." Cooperating with the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service allowed Howard to make improvements on the permit, using machinery.

After Harold returned from World War II, he and Howard continued improvements on the permit, such as tank building and juniper eradication, which are now prohibited. "My dad, had a couple of cats and operators and they come in and cleared all that where [US 191-Coronado Trail] goes across Four Bar Mesa, where the steer pasture is. He and my mother would go over there ever few days and with their grubbin' hoes and when those little junipers would start to come up they'd chop 'em off."

The Coronado Trail, along the Mogollon rim, breaks the Filleman's grazing area along the Four Bar Mesa. It is one of the most beautiful vistas in that part of the state. Any time of year it is breathtaking. Few realize that the roadside beauty was created by calloused, human hands, to develop more than three hundred acres of grazing land.

Later still, Harold and Jeanette also worked the juniper off the grazing land. He remembers telling Jeanette that it would take about six weeks, but more than two years later, they were still working at it. She laughs, and recalls, "Harold put me on the dozer, and he taught me how to hack the junipers off. He couldn't be pleased. First I was hitting them up too high, then I was hitting them down too low, and leaving a hole in the ground. Finally I told him I was going to take him to the office with me and teach him how to operate my computer! That was the end of it."

Eradication is no longer an accepted practice. In a few years the juniper trees will gradually encroach and the Filleman's picturesque steer pasture will return, to what the Forest Service terms, "desired future condition." Almost nothing grows beneath the juniper. Harold states, "When the juniper and the pinion and the elk take over up there, it's goin' to be like it is up there between Springerville and Show Low. There'll be a few whirlwinds goin' out through there and dust storms and that's all." By the time that happens, if the environmental community rules, there won't be any cattle to enhance the scene either.

The New Era

"The whole earth is an intricate, interrelated, interdependent fabric. You destroy any part of it at your own peril." Aldo Leopold

For one hundred years or more, public rangelands were managed for the benefit of cattlemen. By the end of the 20th century this practice would see drastic changes. The Multiple Use-Sustained Yield Act, passed by Congress in 1960, set out that no one use of public land was to take precedence over another. By 1969, the National Environmental Policy Act [NEPA] was passed as a national charter to protect the environment and was used as the authority for The Environmental Quality Improvement Act of 1970.

Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, published in 1962, became a banner for sprouting environmental groups across the nation. *Timeless Heritage: A History of the Forest Service in the Southwest*, says, "The concept of multiple use became involved with the environmental revolution." The Sierra Club, founded in 1892, is the organization to which the revolution can be traced. The Wilderness Club, National Wildlife Federation and the Audubon Society became advocates of environmental protection." Their memberships have grown, are well funded and are powerful.

In the seventies environmental groups used protests, confrontations and lawsuits to prevent environmental interference on national forests. In a short time, a new era arrived for permittees as well. The USDA Forest Service is charged with managing lands on which permittes graze. Early in the nineties, NEPA let it be known that the Forest Service could no longer drag its feet. Districts were deluged with instructions and mandates that were difficult to interpret. Rangers and staff were reluctant to move for fear of being incorrect. To add to the problem, district rangers and staff had long-standing friendships with permittees that stood to be utterly destroyed.

In April 1994, CFR Part 222: Management of Grazing Use Within Rangeland Ecosystems or the USDA proposal to revise the National Forest System rangeland management regulations was called to the permittees attention. For most, on the Apache National Forest, it came without warning. Caught off guard, feeling betrayed, one permittee, said, "The cattlemen were asleep and the environmentalists were working."

Grazing on public land became a fueled debate. The public consumed costly, one-sided ads on television and in newspapers and magazines. Even the Forest Service used unkind language to describe the role of permittees, as

having had a "free ride" for too long. Soon, "Land Abuse," a term that permittees would grow to loath, would be used against them at every turn. Finally, they realized that the power of the western cattleman was not going to be effective against the might of the Environmental Protection Agency.

Stunned, most of the permittees examined records. If the Forest Service was supposed to be managing the land, then why, without warning, was their stewardship to the land being questioned? Range staff had been out on their permits regularly for years. To their knowledge they had cooperated with the agency in whatever requirements had been set forth, including revised management plans. Few had ever been in violation.

In 1995, there was apprehension among the permittees on the Apache National Forest. Each was called in to meet with the district ranger and the range conservationist and rangeland reform "alternatives" were discussed. The worst case was removal of all cattle from the range and withdrawing permits. Reducing the historic ten year grazing leases from ten to five years was also an ominous threat. The permittees organized, had meetings and wrote letters, even hired an attorney to represent them as a group. Some battles were lost, a few were won and the struggle

continued. The ten-year lease reduction didn't come to pass, but the alternatives have been implemented in varying degrees.

Harold, by default, is the Filleman who has dealt with rangeland reform. He doesn't intend to make profound statements, but sometimes he does. "[Rangeland reform] may be the closing episode of ranching-my dads and granddad's way. There'd have to be a new way to save the old way." If history is recorded about the difficult transition in the 1990's, it might tell, that the Forest Service had a moral blind spot in dealing with its long time caretakers. Only time will substantiate the theory that the federal government has chosen to eliminate family ranching on public lands in less than two generations.

Harold won't deny, that historically there were episodes of overgrazing, but no long lasting abuse occurred. "Everything depends on the rain, you might have to over graze one area, until it rains then the grass comes back. When you haven't had any rain in six months, it all looks bad. The grass looks dead, it isn't. That's not our fault or the cattle's fault but [the Forest Service range staff] will pick that year to say the cattle have to go off because they're overgrazing and ruinin' that country. It's not goin' to change till it rains. The ones that own the

cows is the ones that's got the sense to manage it. Why would you abuse it, if it makes a living for you?"

Harold elaborated on land abuse, as he spoke of cuts in allowed grazing numbers. "The permit calls for 166 mother cows. It's been that [number] since my granddad's time. We're down to 70 mother cows. We done that to give the range some relief-to let it come back. From what, I don't know-- it's the same as it's always been. We always keep the numbers down quite a ways below our runnin' capacity because if you get "trespass" and they count you, they'll probably cut your permit-or cancel you. My dad always run about 150, for that reason. Asked if the Forest Service is requiring him to reduce numbers, he replies, "We're doin' it ahead of 'em, but we've always done it. My dad never overstocked. Never. Thank God he passed away before we had to fence it all up.

Those fences are perhaps the most ornery issue between Harold and the Forest Service. He rotates his cattle through five separate pastures, organized around earthen water tanks which are also fenced. "We have to rotate about every two to three months, so many months here, so many months there. Maybe you have to take 'em to that rough country then move 'em plum back over to a pasture on the other side of the range. Somebody thought this up that'd

never been around cattle. They think, it's just like-you can go out there and say, 'Now, you cows, we're goin' outta here, and move over to Four Bar Mesa', and they'll all come a runnin'." He laughs and adds, "It don't happen that way."

Discussing bulls and rotation pastures, Harold was exasperated, but didn't lose his easy going, sense of humor. "We've got six bulls for 70 cows. In fact we bought three new ones last fall. They're up there now, just stayin' together. We threw 'em in with the other cattle and I can just see 'em standin' down there under a tree, all three of 'em, lookin' at each other, trying' to figure out how they got into that kind of a mess. I don't even know if they'll make it through the winter. Heck, the bulls can't stay up with the cows, they get sore footed on account of movin' 'em all the time and they won't do their work. They're standin' around admirin' each other and your cows are on the other side of the range."

Like other permittees, Harold is adjusting because he's had to. District Ranger Frank Hayes has this to say. "Harold has a very good understanding of how cows behave, and it is a well-known fact that he has some very definite ways he feels he should run cattle. He wasn't and still isn't keen on intensive grazing management, but he has adapted and seen good results. He has some of the better

grass on the district, more water availability and few problems with the Forest Service, because Harold does manage and do the things we ask him to. Today he has fat cows and lots of calves. That is an important thing for anyone who has ranched as long as he has."

Harold concedes, that after two or three years on the program, the cows are beginning to become accustomed to staying in the fences on the rotation pastures. On a humorous note, Frank recalls that when the rotation system was first initiated, Harold had cows that refused to cross the highway because they had lived their whole life on one side of the road.

Then Cometh the Wolf

In 1997, under the cloak of the National Environmental Policy Act, The USDI U.S. Fish and Wildlife published its intention to reintroduce the Mexican Gray Wolf to its historic habitat in the Southwest. Results of the Final Environmental Impact study (FEIS), were made public in December of 1996. The Record of Decisions was based on, "a thorough study and analysis of environmental, biological, social, economic, technical and other considerations."

Public interaction meetings were required, well planned, and scheduled throughout the target area and other

areas where there was interest. The presenters were professionals. They were calm, convincing and firm, diplomatic, but unflappable. The meetings were phenomenons. Many folks went away fuming with indignation, others were convinced that it was their right, as Americans, to experience "the lonesome call of the wolf" and see him on public land. Other environmental organizations and privately funded groups involved themselves in the issue, and, like rangeland reform, the wolf reintroduction argument became a media playground.

Ranchers, permittees and residents of at least six counties in Arizona and New Mexico did their homework and attended meetings. They organized, objected, and went public with articles and announcements, but the government service had created a document so airtight, there was no way to assault it. It provided a means whereby the reintroduction program could circumvent the illegal use of the leg-hold trap, in order to recapture the animals. Sierra and Catron counties in New Mexico, have ordinances that prohibit the release of wolves. The decision allowed, that although wolves could not be released in those counties, if they dispersed into those areas there would be no conflict with county regulations. The opponents of the reintroduction program suspected that no matter how much

resistance was brought against it, the wolves were coming. The first wolf release made on the Apache National Forest was in 1998, in the midst of permittees already besieged by rangeland reform.

After tempers cooled, the assessments became more logical and rational, but there were academic and economic questions from the fee-payers, the permittees. Had we indeed, subtracted a link in the food chain when the wolf was extirpated in the thirties, paving the way for an overpopulation of predators, such as coyote and mountain lion? The imported, non-native, specie of elk that is proliferating at an alarming rate, competing with livestock, for feed, on forest permits was a question. Although not native, it was reintroduced after the Merriams elk was killed out by hungry settlers early in the century. In consideration of grazing fees do cattle have as much-or more entitlement to grazing land than elk? Would the wolves kill elk or prefer beef? The wolf proponents inferred that the wolves would harvest the pesky elk, it is their nature. Further the program would reimburse the ranchers for wolf kills. Experienced ranchers knew, that this also was on the side of the wolf proponents. Often, livestock kills-if found at all, are too old to make a definitive judgment on the predator that made it.

In southeastern Arizona, wolves make the front page of weekly papers all too often. It's November 2000, and another gray wolf has been euthanized, this time, due to a mysterious illness. Most folks, ranchers or not, don't feel happiness when they read of wolf deaths. Raised in captivity, the canines are getting the worst of it; they are accustomed to human contact, they have been released, still too weak to survive in the wild, and are accustomed to being fed without hunting. Several human face-offs have been reported. So far, there have been no injuries, but it is a growing concern.

This is taken from the *Mexican Wolf Recovery Program*, Project Update, in part: "As of February 20, 2000, there are 204 total Mexican wolves in the world, of which seven are in three packs, free-ranging in the Apache and Gila National Forests. Since spring 1998, there have been 35 Mexican wolves released, seven wild-born pups, 10 mortalities and five more are presumed dead (one adult, four pups). . . ."

Harold and Jeanette kept a healthy horse on Four Bar Mesa. They called Dandy, "I'd had him shod, and was ridin' him all the time . . . he was fat." The wolf tracking team uses a helicopter to follow packs, locating them by signals from electronic devices on individual animals. They could

tell that several were congregating and that they probably were feeding on a kill. In this case it was the Filleman's horse. The wolf team admits that several days elapsed between the time the wolves were spotted and when Harold and Jeanette were notified. Filleman's went to the Mesa to meet the wolf team and there were four wolves at the site. "They was right behind their pickups. You could hear one howlin' over here and then one howlin' over there and they weren't afraid of the people or the pickups."

The horse had been, as Harold described it, "devoured." Nothing much remained except bones and Jeanette is still not satisfied as to what factors were used to determine that the wolves didn't kill the horse. They stood the cost of replacing the horse, about $1500.

This is what the Wolf Recovery Report said, regarding the horse kill. "On January 6, the Mule Pack, . . . moved south into the Four Bar Mesa area where the Pipestem Pack resided. The Mule Pack was found eating on the carcass of a horse, which investigation determined they did not kill. The decision was made however, to move them to an area with more native prey. All members of the Mule Pack were captured, except [two] who are presumed dead due to consistent sightings revealing only four wolves in the

pack. During capture efforts, [one] sustained a trap injury which led to the eventual amputation of her leg...."

From his trove of personal stories, Harold tells a lobo tale. "When I was a kid out on the Double Circle range, those wolves were out there. The lobo come outta Mexico up there and they were fightin' 'em then. The Circles Ranch was the biggest ranch in the state then, and the owner put up $100, for ever' wolf scalp that anybody could bring in.

"This cowpuncher's name was Happy Stockton. Out there on the range, they'd just gather these cattle and throw 'em all together. This wolf was in there with the cows, in the holdup, and all these cowpunchers was there. They just got their ropes down and waited for him. He came out by this Happy Stockton, and he roped him and caught him right through the mouth, and around the head. He threw the rope over a limb and pulled him off the ground and killed him. They're pretty smart and it takes somebody smarter than they are to catch one of 'em. The same with coyotes. Ain't just everybody that can catch a coyote."

The Forest Service and the Future of the 4 Bar Ranch

In 1997, permittees on the forest were reeling from rangeland reform, trying to recover their equilibrium and

figure out how to survive with the new rules and fewer cattle. More new mandates were to come. United States Fish and Wildlife and Arizona Game and Fish was ever-present on the Forest, carrying out expensive and exhaustive studies on many specie of birds, minnows, fish and frogs.

"In 1998, the monsoon rains came to the Mesa. It looked like a park, and the stock tanks were full. Even so, Harold and Jeanette expressed anxiety about the future of the 4 Bar operation on the Mesa, and agitation with the Forest Service. The constraints of rangeland reform were being felt." Used to, we'd get about 90% of the calf crop. The way it is now, between lions and the road kill, and this rotation deal, where the bulls can't stay up with the cows, we're not gettin' half the calf crop that we used to get." The wolf reintroduction program also caused uneasiness. It was about to begin and it was a threat; no one knew how the dreadfully expensive, cruel experiment would evolve.

The Forest Service was having its own problems. It wasn't wearing its own hat anymore; the agency was experiencing severe downsizing and budget cuts, and was trying to keep abreast of mandates resulting from findings of environmental impact studies and the new emphasis on

wildlife biology. Anxiety and agitation were present on their doorstep too.

At the end of many hours of recording, Harold and the writer took a hard look at his long experience with the Forest Service. Through the years, he came to grips with the agency, one situation at a time. What emerged, had the appearance of a wearing down procedure directed at making it more difficult, more complicated, and more labor intensive for him and Jeanette to operate the permit. Harold, true to his fashion, was reluctant to call it, "an agenda," but admits it sure looks that way when one looks at the list. Applied over a span of years, such a plan, if there is one, could break the will of family ranchers on public land, quietly accomplishing their removal from public grazing land without legal intervention by the government. A hundred years from now, if it proves to be true, it might be found in the history books, found as, Directed Social Change in the American West.

Harold Filleman is a quality person. His underlying sense of humor and good attitude are unshakeable. Judging from his life experiences and his philosophy, he is remarkably fair-minded. In all things, where it seems that he received the unfair end of an issue he makes a simple, but profound statement. "I can sleep at night."

Jeanette Filleman is poised, and well spoken. She's a smart people-person and receives the credit for keeping the peace between Harold and the ranger and the range staff. At meetings, she will speak directly to the issues and she's an excellent mediator for Harold, who tends to get ruffled. She isn't about to hesitate to defend her husband either. In 1991, it was insinuated, in writing that Harold had committed a serious and deliberate act with his cattle. It was wrong, she took it up with the Forest Supervisor.

Harold was given his first chores on Arizona rangeland, roughly seventy years ago. Today, he's riding into a new century, still actively involved in caring for the land and livestock. Jeanette works with him, at nearly every kind of work that needs to be done on the Mesa. Earmarking, branding, vaccinating and working the squeeze chute are tasks she never dreamed she could, or would do. In 1998, she and Harold worked 81 days together, on the Mesa. Wolves were present on the allotment in 1999; they moved their travel trailer up and spent 112 days. So far, in 2000 their days total 106. Their grazing fees for this year, on 74 cows was almost $1300.

Harold's dialog is more optimistic on the subject of the future of the 4 Bar ranch in 2000 than it was in 1998. This year, the calf crop is back up, the cows are getting

used to the rotation pastures and the wolves haven't played havoc with the profits. The rains came, the tanks are full and the feed on the Mesa will be abundant. He doesn't see any relief in the pressure from the environmental community, but his range looks good, and if he decides, or someone does, that the range will support more cattle, the ranch might do more than just support itself.

Harold is feeling his years, and although not much has changed with the Forest Service, he has family and he has hope. "[My attitude] is about the same as it's always been. I'm tired of fighting the battle. Here I am, 80 years old and it's the same old fight that it's always been. Now, I don't think [the children] will ever get rid of it. There's no debt hangin' over it and so it makes enough to run itself. But for them, it'll be a different kind of operation."

Writer's note

Retracing more than a hundred years of ranching on Arizona land, by a single family has been a unique pleasure, and an honor. All the descendants of the pioneers, John and Annie, haven't been recounted here, but a good number of them worked on, and cared for the land.

They reared their children to be worthwhile individuals, and nurtured a family heritage, entrenched in ranch culture. It says much about the character and stamina of these outstanding people. What a legacy! They can, truly wear it proudly, like a mantle, to protect against whatever challenges await family ranching on public land in Arizona.

This document was compiled, in part, from Harold Filleman's Oral history, recorded and transcribed for the USDA Forest Service by Kathleen Thomas. She thanks the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest, Clifton District for their support.

Jesse "Jack" Crawford Benton

Jesse "Jack" Benton was born in 1905 in Benson, Arizona to Jesse James Benton and Bennie Eaker Benton. The family included his older brother Frank who was born in Benson in 1902. Two younger siblings, Edward "Cot" Bomar and little sister Evelyn, were born in 1907 and 1917 in Douglas.

Jack's father was born in Kentucky and in 1872, when he was eight years old, his family joined a wagon train of relatives and friends heading for Texas. They eventually settled in Denton County, north of Fort Worth. Jesse recalls in his book "Cow By The Tail", how difficult it was to start a ranch from scratch. Fields had to cleared and worked, plowed for the first time and the building of barns and a house. Dangerous Indians and outlaws were still in abundance in that part of Texas and often rode or camped nearby. The great cattle herds had begun to pass through that area and after his mother's death when he was twelve, Jesse, riding his Kentucky mare, headed up the trail with a herd belonging to Tobe Odem from Southern Texas. He had to provide his own saddle and bedroll and was paid $30.00 a month plus horses and chuck. Mr. Odem used to bet other individuals that Jesse could outrun them on the Kentucky

mare and he always won the bets. After Jesse's first trail drive to Dodge City, Kansas, Odem banded some of his cowboys together with the outfits of Lee Scott Cattle Company and Conkle and Little and Jesse joined these men in driving the horses home to South Texas.

Jesse worked for Mr. Odem for several years at his ranch on the north prong of the Red River. In 1882, Jesse and Gus White decided to head to Arizona to see what it was like there to work for a big outfit such as the Hash Knife or San Simon Cattle Company. The Texas cowboys first worked for the Show Low Cattle Company. They felt it was easier working cattle in Arizona than in Texas. The climate was better and not as many head of cattle on the ranch. Jesse always had a friendly argument going with the Arizona cowboys about what type of rope was best to use. The Arizona cowboys had a rope made of plaited rawhide fifty to seventy-five feet in length while Jesse's rope was a manila rope about thirty feet long. The local cowboys laughed at the Texans for tying their ropes on their saddlehorns, telling them they could get their horse jerked down and break their necks.

Jesse and Gus heard about the gold and silver strikes in Tombstone and after two years in Arizona, decided to head in that direction. In Tombstone, he and Gus ran into

every outlaw they ever knew or heard of from Texas. After deciding they didn't want to be miners, Jesse and Gus headed for Northern Arizona where Jesse would be involved in ranching near Winslow for the next eight years. At Dove Springs, fifteen miles north of Winslow, the two Texans settled down to ranching. Jesse built a two-room house of volcanic rock and also rock corrals at this ranch. Game was plentiful and Gus and Jesse earned extra income by furnishing a butcher in Winslow, Julius Krantz, plenty of venison at five cents a pound. Jesse also owned part of a ranch at the top of Tonto Basin with David Horrest and Julius Krantz.

Gus eventually headed back to Texas and Jesse sold out in Winslow and after knocking around some, landed in Wilcox. He had money he wanted to invest and talked to Mr. Morgan, head of the Norton-Morgan Mercantile company, regarding investments in the area. Morgan acted as a banker for the town as there was not yet a bank in the area. He advised Jesse that a new mine had opened up in Pearce and told him to go take a look around and see what investments he might want to make there. While in Pearce, Jesse ate at a boarding house run by Mrs. Lemons. She was feeding about 100 miners at every meal and they were howling for milk each and every meal. Starting a dairy

seemed like a good opportunity and Mrs. Lemons offered to pay Jesse fifty cents a gallon and would take from fifty to seventy-five gallons a day. She contracted to buy milk for a year. There were no big dairies in Arizona and Jesse rode around to all the small Mormon villages in the area and brought back twenty-seven cows and their calves to Pearce. The dairy business was going well and the town was growing fast but Jesse didn't see much of a future for himself in the dairy business. After selling the dairy, Jesse went into partnership on a butcher shop in Pearce with Ed Wolf. Jesse did all the cattle buying and Ed was the butcher and manned the shop. They bought an average of ten cattle a day at fourteen to twenty dollars a head and the meat was sold for ten cents a pound. Jesse also bought plenty of sheep and hogs for the butcher shop.

One day Jesse rode up lonesome Tex Canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains looking for cattle to buy and he ran into a ranch in the wild and beautiful locality at the south end of the range, a wooded region with a spring and a chinked log house in the clearing. The place made his heart skip a beat and he wanted the ranch for himself. Jesse felt he was getting along in years, being in his middle thirties, and the idea of a wife and children had begun to appeal to him. Jesse recognized two of the

occupants; outlaws from Texas. He asked about buying the ranch but was told it was not for sale. The location was an ideal hideout.

Later, a holdup occurred at Stein's Pass and a U S Marshall from New Mexico had taken up the trail and followed the outlaws to the ranch in Tex Canyon. All but one of the inhabitants of the ranch was arrested for the robbery. The owner was later arrested and mortgaged his ranch to his lawyer for his defense fund. The lawyer didn't want the ranch and the outlaws remembered Jesse's offer to buy the ranch. The ranch was sold to Jesse for $1500.00 and included two hundred head of cattle. Jesse continued buying cattle for the butcher shop and sent the best cows out to the newly acquired ranch. He also acquired a few horses and eventually he and Ed Wolf sold the meat business and headed to the ranch. It was a wonderful ranch, knee-high grass, big trees and game of every description in the canyons and mountains whereabouts. Thirty steps from the house was a spring that ran year round. Between the house and the spring were two big cottonwood trees planted by John Long in 1882. They had been brought from the Soldier's Water Hole in the Sulpher Springs Valley as little saplings. There were also wild grapevines that spread through an oak tree. Jesse later

grafted them with a cultivated grapevine and got big purple juice grapes every summer. Lobo wolves were a big problem at the ranch and as cattle prices began to improve, cowmen were offering twenty-five dollar bounty on each wolf caught.

On July 24th, 1900, Jesse married Bennie Eaker in Benson. Bennie was born in Spartenburg, South Carolina and her maternal relatives, the Bomars, were a prominent family in that area, having first settled in Virginia in the 1700's. Her grandfather, Alexander Carlton Bomar, was Sheriff of Spartenburg County before the Civil War. Bennie's mother Sallie Tallulah Bomar married Benjamin Eaker, a railroad station manager in Spartenburg and they were the parents of four children, one dying as a small child. Benjamin died and Sallie married Issac Henry Watkins, a graduate of Vanderbilt University's medical school, who had moved to Silverton, Texas. He practiced medicine and owned a pharmacy in that city. Sallie's brothers, like many Southerners, were also in Silverton, having left the poor economy of the South after the Civil War. Sallie and Henry both had consumption and when Henry was offered a job as a doctor for the Southern Pacific Rail Road in Benson, the couple and their children moved to

Benson in the hope that the Arizona climate will be beneficial to the adult's health.

After their first year in Arizona, Dr. Watkins wrote a letter to one of Sallie's brothers in Silverton. "I don't really think you can do anything with Texans here as they are about as plentiful as they are there. I really doubt if you can do any better here. This is good stock country, though not as good as there, besides the cattle are so hard to gather though there is more money here. My collections last year duly left 5% over my books. Everything is very high, butter and eggs go for forty cents. All are well pleased and in good health". Dr. Watkins also mentioned that Bennie and her sister Blanche were still old maids. That did not last long with the scarcity of women in Arizona Territory.

The early married years of the Benton family were spent on their Spear E ranch in Tex Canyon. Jesse had a house in Pearce dismantled and moved to the ranch so the family had comfortable living quarters. It was a lonely place and Bennie rarely had the company of other women. One night a law enforcement officer stopped for the night with a prostitute he had arrested in New Mexico. Bennie spent half the night visiting with the women, she was

lonely for female company and didn't care what the circumstances of the visit were.

After the first two boys were born, Bennie would spread a Navajo blanket under the trees and Jesse's dog, Old Riley, would make sure nothing bothered the boys. He would nudge them back on the blanket if they tried to crawl off. He would stay there as long as the boys were on the blanket, never whining or snipping, no matter how many times the boys pulled or bit his ears. When Jack was very young he came down with membranous croup at the ranch and had to be taken to the doctor forty-five miles away. It was an eleven-mile buckboard ride to the railroad and Old Riley insisted on going along to take care of Jack. Jesse finally gave up and let him come in the buckboard to the train.

When Jesse first moved to the ranch, it was a sixty-five mile trip over cattle trails to Wilcox for supplies. The railroad built in 1903 was a blessing to all of the ranchers in the area. Supplies could be ordered one day and received the next. While the family first lived at the ranch in Tex Canyon, there was no school. Jesse went to Tombstone and talked them into setting up a school district. There was no money for a school building so Jesse saw that it was built and advertised for a teacher.

Miss Nona McDonald answered the ad and taught at that school for five years. She boarded with the Benton's and was paid extra to give the Benton boys additional instruction in the evenings on business methods and arithmetic. Her only request was for a phonograph in the school; the first school in Cochise County to have one.

Jesse and Bennie later built a house in Douglas and divided their time between the ranch and town. When the Spear E was sold, the family bought the Barnadino Ranch, which bordered the Slaughter Ranch. Jesse also purchased some farms in the Saint David area. When Jack was eight years old and staying at the house in Douglas, he delivered newspapers by horseback.

In addition to the croup mentioned previously, Jack also developed diphtheria, which left him very weak. During this illness, the doctor had damaged Jack's throat when inserting a silver tube in it and he couldn't talk. One day his mother took him for a ride in Douglas in a baby buggy as he was too weak to walk. A little boy recovering from whooping cough came over to see who was in the buggy and coughed all over Jesse, giving him whooping cough. That turned out to be a blessing in disguise as all the coughing exercised his vocal cords and he could talk again. The doctor did tell his parents that he had been so ill he

wouldn't live past nine years of age and advised they should take him out of school and just let him do what he wanted so he could enjoy life. Jack's early formal education was thus ended; although he did later go to high school.

In addition to the owning the Spear E Ranch, Jesse was buying cattle in Mexico and crossing them at the border in Douglas. After the cattle were inspected at the border, they were all marked with a "D" for duty paid. Since Jack was now out of school and doing what he wanted, he would go with his Dad's cattle buyer, Sherman Crump on his trips into Mexico to buy cattle. On one trip, the cattle had just arrived back in the pens in Douglas when Pancho Villa and his men came to the border and starting shooting up the area. The Benton's house in Douglas was on the last street before the border and it was all open space between the house and the cattle pens. Old Crump told Jack to ride his horse home as fast as he could and get in the safety of his house. Jesse and Bennie could see their son running his horse towards the house and the shooting started again. Jack fell off his horse and Bennie just knew Villa's men had shot him. It turned out his cinch had broken and the saddle turned causing Jack to fall off his horse. Another time Jack and his friend Lloyd Adams were watching Pancho

Villa's men in another scuffle at the border. Jack and Lloyd thought they were well hidden as they stood by an old adobe house about thirty feet north of the border so they were close to the excitement. A bullet flew right over their heads and hit the adobe wall, falling to the ground right beside Jack. He reached over and picked up the bullet that was still hot to the touch.

When Jack was eleven years old, he and Sherman Crump worked for Jimmy Paramour in gathering off the last of the cattle for the San Simon Cattle Company when they went out of business in 1917.

Whenever the whole family were staying at the Barnadino Ranch, Bennie and Jesse would sometimes go to town and tell the kids there were three rules to remember when they were gone - no haystacks, no windmills and no broncs. Of course, they put the ideas right into the kid's heads. One time Jack rode a calf and got his arm caught in the mesquite pole fence and broke it. Another time, several neighbor kids came to visit and one of them fell off a bull and was unconscious. The kids thought he was dead and didn't know what to do. Finally they grabbed his arms and legs and threw him in the water trough. They figured if he was dead, it wouldn't hurt it anyway. He gained consciousness very quickly after the dunking.

Life on western ranches was tough and created tough children to help do all the hard work in assisting their parents in making a living. Jack remembers he and his two brothers riding fence at an early age, armed with rifles in case of trouble. A neighbor told Jack's Aunt Neen that a cowboy was telling him he was going to ride by the ranch and fire a warning shot over the house to teach the Benton boys a lesson. The neighbor warned him that he better not, the boys were tough and would probably fire back and shoot him.

When Jack was about ten or eleven, the family owned a horse that would run off every time he was let out of the corral. Jesse went into Douglas for a week and left Jack and Cot at the ranch. Jack put a fifty-foot rope on the horse and tied the other end to a stake in the ground. The horse ran out of the gate and hit the end of the rope and turned a complete somersault. They put him back in the corral and put another rope on him staked in a different direction creating the same result. The horse just lay on the ground after the second try and Cot thought he was dead. The horse finally got up and after that, Jack or Cot would lead him out of the corral and he would just stand there while they saddled him. When their Dad came home, he couldn't get over how the horse would just stand there. He

told the boys - "See, I keep telling you mutton-headed boys that if you just have patience with these horses they will turn out all right."

By 1908, both Bennie's mother and stepfather had died of Consumption and the Benton's were generous in helping care for their younger children. The youngest, Neen, lived with the Benton's during many of her growing up years. Her sister Edith lived with the Benton's for awhile, returning to Benson to keep house for her brothers Bub and Paul who worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Edith met William Albert Ryan while he was working as a Forest Ranger in Southern Arizona. They were married and moved to Globe, then to the Apache Indian Reservation where William ran his father's ranch on Bonita Creek.

When Jack was seventeen he decided to venture out on his own and went to work for the Bouquillas Ranch making thirty dollars a month. He saved his money for six months and then went to Bisbee. He was able to buy three pair of Levi's, three new shirts and a hat. The hat cost five dollars. He also bought a new pair of chaps for $12.00 and treated himself to a bath and a hair cut. Jack figured that since he was working at least twelve hours a day, seven days a week, he was probably making eight cents an hour.

Eight of the Bouquillas cowboys including Jack, got into a fight in a bar in town during the trip and Sheriff Harry Wheeler put them in jail. He called the Bouqillas and told them he had their cowboys. "Keep 'em" was the reply; but the foreman Pink Murray was sent after them. The sheriff said there was no fine, but keep the boys out of town. Murray chewed on them all the way back to Hereford. He told them if they ever got in a fight in town again, he would leave them in jail. Jack also worked for the Diamond A Ranch in Southern Arizona.

The Benton boys eventually headed off in different directions from ranching. Frank went to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad when he was fifteen and worked for them for fifty-five years. Jesse's younger brother Cot became a successful saddlemaker, owning a shop in California. Cot and his wife Lela, came back to enjoy Southern Arizona in their retirement years. Jack worked off and on for Caterpiller and other equipment companies for many years. It was said of him that there wasn't a piece of heavy equipment that he couldn't put together, fix or operate. Their younger sister Evelyn married and was the mother of four children.

Jack rodeoed throughout the southwest and competed in calf roping, team roping, bull dogging and bronc riding.

He was an early member of the Cowboy Turtle Association and holds membership card number 1030. The prize money was very different in Jack's early rodeo career and he felt rich when he won $15.00 in the bulldogging event.

Jack went to California for a time and worked for the White Motor Company. He and his friends would wonder up to Oakdale to earn some extra money. Rodeo Contractor Andy Jaragai would pay them ten dollars a head to test out his broncs.

After the three boys were grown, Jesse decided to return to the Kentucky of his youth and work on obtaining his share of some family land. Eventually the ranch and farms in Arizona were sold and Jesse and Bennie were divorced. Bennie later married Ed Echols, a Texas cowboy who would serve several terms as Sheriff of Pima County.

Ed Echols was born in Stockdale, Texas in 1879. He and his brother came to Arizona in 1902 in a covered wagon. The brothers' first job in Arizona was cutting wood that they sold for $6.00 a cord in Bisbee and Douglas. In 1904, Ed broke 70 head of horses at the Green Cattle Company's Snake Ranch on the San Pedro River. Pink Murray was the Wagon Boss and Ed said he wouldn't hire a man that didn't have a six shooter with him all the time.

Ed was exceptionally skilled in roping events and transferred that skill into a living. He joined the Miller Brothers 101 Wild West and performed with Tom Mix. Ed was with the show when it gave a performance in Jamestown, Virginia, celebrating the 300th anniversary of the Jamestown settlement.

Ed later joined the Buffalo Bill Cody Wild West Show and in 1912 gave his best performance. While traveling with Cody, he entered the Steer Roping at the Calgary Stampede on his horse Ribbon. He won $1500.00 in prize money and the title of World Champion Steer Roper. He beat out 37 other ropers and received a medal in addition to his prize money.

Ed ranched in the Dragoon area for 17 years. He and his first wife Ida Fourr lived on a ranch in Russellville that Ed owned in partnership with Mr. Fiege. The C Bar brand was used at that ranch. Ed hit on a plan to earn some rodeo prize money and pay off his ranch. He decided he would take his best horse and travel with The Tex Austin Wild West Show and Rodeo that was on the way to London. In 1924, when the show first hit London, they took the city by storm. One afternoon there was paid admission for 116,000 people. The rodeo was open to all comers and Ed gave the English credit for bravery. No one could talk an English

Doctor out of riding the famous bronc horse "Midnight" and the doctor was killed in the ride. Eventually the Humane Society threw the cowboys in jail and wouldn't let them have any rodeos. Ed ran short of money and had to sell his horse. He returned to the United States on a coal boat and headed to Benson. The bank foreclosed on his ranch and he was bust. When Ed was asked how he liked London, his reply was "It's no place for a cowboy, it's too far East. There's not much coffee and too much tea."

In 1932, Ed moved to Tucson and became a cattle inspector for three years. He was then elected Sheriff of Pima County for the next 10 years. His friend, Will Rogers, once flew in to campaign for him. The voters loved seeing Rogers, but he had landed in the wrong County and none of them could vote for Ed. In 1940, western author, Walt Coburn, brought Ed's old friend Tom Mix over to Ed's house for a visit. Walt spent the evening listening to Ed and Tom swap tales. Ed told Walt that even though he used to sow a lot of wild oats himself, "wearing' a Sheriff's badge sawed my horns off, but a cowpuncher wearin' a Sheriff's badge takes care of his own kind, regardless."

Tom Mix left Tucson the next morning and was killed in an automobile accident on the Florence Highway. Ed was

instrumental in getting a monument erected on the Florence Highway at what became known as Tom Mix Wash.

In the late 1940's both Ed Echols and Jack Benton worked for the government during the Hoof and Mouth epidemic. Jack had previously traveled all over Mexico buying cattle and knew the territory. Jack's job was to convince the Mexicans and Indians to have their cattle vaccinated. It was a tough job as the Communists had already come through and told the Indians that vaccinating their cattle would cause their women to become sterile, to cause death and every story you could imagine. Jack's job was to convince the people otherwise. In one case, he was taken to a village deep in Mexico where no Gringo had been before. The Chief liked Jack's Levi jacket and was given it as a gift. He also wanted Jack's Levi pants but was denied that request. Jack did order him two pair of zoot suit pants, some T-shirts and a Derby hat. Jack's friend flew them into Mexico from Phoenix and the clothes and hat were given to the Chief. He was very happy with Jack and presented him with a poncho from natural white and black wool that he had woven himself. The tribe did make a really strong alcoholic drink that the Americans were forced to drink to be friendly. It tasted terrible and had to be forced down by Jack and his friends.

Ed Echols died in 1969 at the age of eighty-nine. He will be remembered in Tucson as one of the founders of the Fiesta de Los Vaqueros Rodeo. Jack Benton wears Ed's Pima County Sheriff's ring commemorating his years in law enforcement.

Jack and his wife Euna reside in Tucson. He has two children, a daughter Hope and a son Michael. Jack is a member of the Southwest Pioneer Cowboy's Association and looks forward to their annual meetings in the Chiricachua Mountains not far as the crow flies from the Spear E Ranch in Tex Canyon.

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT COVER

Top Right

Mr. & Mrs. Swahlen

Middle - Left to Right

E. Ray Hinshaw D.V.M.
Bert & Helen Miller

Bottom

Dody Reed Jones 1-2000
George D. McBride - At his home

BACK COVER

Top

Dody Reed Jones - Back Row; Pet horse Ginger, Harry Prebble, who later became husband of Peg, friend John Lee, Dody & our cousin Bobby Clark
Front Row; Tamme, Carol & Peg
August 1937 Zeniff, Arizona

Middle

George D. McBride - Riding B.J. his old cutting horse 10-20-99

Bill Swahlen

Bottom

Harold Filleman - Riding the Four Bar Ranch