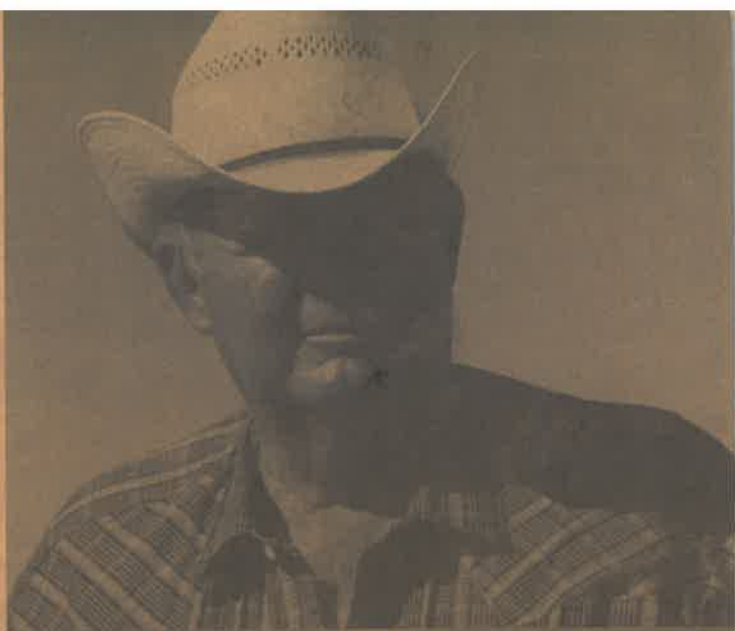




**Arizona  
Pioneer Stockman  
Ranch Histories  
Volume XXI**



# Volume XXI

## 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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## Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

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Dear Pioneers,

Welcome to the Arizona National. We thank you for the stories that you have blessed us with, stories that outline your lives for us. Without your marvelous stories we could not print the book you are about to enjoy. It is stories like these that help us keep the past alive. Future generations will be able to continue to enjoy the history of Arizona through your past.

This will be Volume XXI. We hope that you enjoy this publication and appreciate the efforts of the many volunteers that contributed to this edition. You are our past and the future has much to gain by sharing your life. Once again many thanks and enjoy this year's show. We would like to especially thank the Arizona State Cowbells for making these Ranch Histories possible. They work hard at every show and we appreciate all that they do. Have a blessed New Year.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Brenda Mayberry".

Brenda Mayberry  
President



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*Dearest Pioneers, Families and Friends,*

*My thanks go out to each and every one of you for taking the time to write your stories and for sharing your lives with all of us.*

*Your histories are a way of recording not only your lives but your family, friends, neighbors and those that live around you. It is the only way we have of recording the history of our agriculture, ranching and farming families in our state, and the memories they made for us all to enjoy.*

*These history volumes are a labor of love to put together and publish for all to enjoy. Grant, Mary Ann, Dee, Jody and I all participate in compiling these special stories, along with the Arizona State Cowbells who visit the Pioneers and help them with writing their stories or sometimes just a word of encouragement to get them started.*

*Thank You once again.*

*Best Wishes,*

*Doris French*

*Doris French,  
Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Secretary*

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## LUTHER RUFUS BROWN

### MY LIFE HISTORY AS AN ARIZONA NATIVE PIONEER

I was born in Williams, Arizona on November 5, 1915 to Gertrude and Orville Brown. They called me Luther Rufus after my paternal grandfather R.T. Rufus Brown, and my grandmother's father, Luther Jones.

My father worked with my Grandfather Brown on their ranch, the XA, on the west side of Bill Williams Mountain.

I started to school in Williams in September 1921. By the end of the summer 1921, my grandfather had sold the Williams ranch and bought the Marshall Lake Sheep Co. east of Flagstaff. My father went to help him, and I spent the next few years learning the business and the country. They trailed the sheep from Marshall Lake Ranch in September south to the desert ranch, which was located between New River and Castle Hot Springs. We used this ranch when desert feed permitted. If no winter feed, they trailed into the pastures here in the Salt River Valley, mainly around Buckeye or Coolidge, Arizona.

My grandfather sold the last of his sheep and ranches in spring of 1928. My father took over management of the John Verkamp Sheep Co. We ranged on the Mogollon Rim

country between Promitory Tower, on the Rim, to north of Clear Creek, a very beautiful country.

Mr. Verkamp sold the sheep company in the summer of 1929 to Babbitt Brothers of Flagstaff. My father stayed on as Manager and the next year, 1930, moved the livestock to Sunflower Basin, our headquarter camp being where the Sunflower Station is on the Beeline Highway today. The winter of 1930, I went to my freshman year of high school at Punkin Center. The next fall, in September 1931, I moved back to Glendale to start high school at Glendale High School, where I stayed until graduating in 1934.

I met Wilma Erile Rogers in 1933, and we were married in 1935. We spent the rest of the 1930's in various occupations in the Valley or nearby. In 1936, our daughter, Patricia Irene, was born in Phoenix. Our son, Edwin Lawson, was born in 1938 while I worked at the ice plant in Superior, Arizona.

In 1940, I spent time on Mingus Mountain as a fireguard. Following that season, I went on construction work, starting with the Belmont Ammunition Depot near Flagstaff. I started with the project when it began, and was one of the last people off the job in the fall of 1941.

My father entered into a partnership with Hubert Richardson of Cameron, Arizona. Hubert had the Cameron

Trading Post on Highway 89 at Cameron, and three other Indian trading posts on the reservation. He bought all the Navajo lambs off the west side of the reservation and shipped them to my father and I in western Kansas, mainly wheat fields south and east of Dodge City. We ranged back as far west as Boise City, Oklahoma. My dad and I ran from 6,000-8,000 Indian lambs in the early 1940's.

In 1945, I broke out on my own to run lambs for Cudahy Packing Co. of Cozad, Nebraska. I ran 5,000-10,000 lambs, depending on the availability of pasture. I also ran 1,000-1,500 head of cattle for the Anderson Cattle Co. of Emporia, Kansas. We pastured this stock from September to April, when we closed the operation for the season.

In 1948, my father and I formed a partnership with the Anderson's to put 10,000 Texas yearling weather lambs on the DeSoto Ammunition Ordinance at DeSoto, Kansas. We did this for three years until the Ordinance draughed out. My father came back to Arizona and went to work as Sheep Inspector for the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board in 1950.

I stayed on in Kansas for three more years. I put lambs on DeSoto in 1952 for Swift and Co. Packing Company. Pastures were poor in western Kansas in the fall so, in March of 1953, we sold our equipment and came back to Arizona.



We landed at Parker. I bought a couple of hay trucks and went into the hay business. Fighting this business for the next few years, we finally had enough. In 1961, we finished 800 lambs out for Hubert Richardson in the Harquahala Valley. I tried pasture feeding a few cattle in Harquahala Valley, also with the lambs. Crops were uncertain in Harquahala, so we sold our equipment and moved to Lakin Cattle Co., where we finished a small bunch of steer calves and took them to the sale.

Mr. Lakin offered me a job with them, and I took it on November 2, 1962. Mrs. Brown went to work for them in March 1963, and worked in the office until July of 1991, when she passed away of heart attack. I worked for Lakin until 1970, when I quit to enterprise for a while.

By 1963, Mr. Lakin had quit feeding cattle and allowed me to use the pens to trade cattle out of. I bought Mexican roping steers and resold them. Working from an arena that Mr. Lakin let us have at the ranch, I also campaigned about 150-200 head as a roping string, furnishing cattle for various jackpot ropings over the Valley and around the state. By 1985, the business had gotten so competitive it was hard to make any money at it. In January 1985, we sold our roping stock and quit the business.

In 1983, Mrs. Brown bought a bred racing quarter mare at the Arizona National Horse Sale. We brought this mare home and, when her foal was two years old, I got a trainer's license and started training race horses, a vocation which I followed till spring of 1998 when I was stricken with arthritis and had to sell them all off.

Since that time, I have just been trying to recuperate. I had my 85<sup>th</sup> birthday on November 5, 2000. Thanks to my good friend, Chuck Lakin, I have been doing very well in retirement as he has provided me a good, comfortable home here on the ranch.



## CARL G. STEVENSON

I was born in Southern California in 1917. My Father was an attorney. He died in the flu epidemic of 1918-19. His family was in the citrus business in the Riverside area. My Mother was raised in Southern California. Her father was a successful building contractor.

I attended High School in the San Fernando Valley. I went to The University of California, College of Agriculture, Davis. I graduated in 1940 and in 1941 was inducted into the U.S. Army. I was very fortunate in that I was placed in the Army Veterinary Corp. I was then one of ten lucky inductees to be sent to a six-month course of Veterinary Training. I received the rating of Veterinary Technician. Throughout my four and a half years in the service I held that rating. My wartime service was in North Africa, Italy, France and Germany.

In 1947 I married a local girl. We grew up in the same neighborhood. She also attended The College of Agriculture at Davis. We first lived in Kingman, Arizona. I worked on the construction of Davis Dam (Colorado River). We next spent three years on a large ranch on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley (Cantua Ranch). In 1951 Keith Walden, of Farmers Investment Co., offered me the

opportunity to come to Continental, Arizona and start a cattle feeding operation.

Though I had been feeding cattle in California this was my first real beginning of commercial cattle feeding. The Continental Feed Yard grew and we added a second feedlot in Sahuarita (8 miles north of Continental). The two yards had a capacity of 18,000 head. This was a pretty good size in those days. The area that is now Green Valley was then desert. We pastured steers in summer months.

It was in the early days of Continental that Dr. Bruce Taylor became head of the Animal Science Dept. We became very good friends and I grew to depend a great deal on his Dept. Dr Taylor brought Dr. Wm. Hale to the Animal Science Dept. Bill was not only a great teacher but did a wonderful job of developing graduate students. His real fame came in his research work.

In the fifties cattle feeding was rapidly expanding in Arizona. Dr. Hale dedicated himself to the art of processing milo grain. Milo grain was most abundant in Arizona. Its nutritional values were considered less than barley or corn and sold at a discount. Dr. Hale spent years in research attempting to equalize milo to the other feed grains. I worked with Dr. Hale and we patterned my first steam-cooked-roller-flaked grain after his pioneering

research. It was very successful. Dr. Hale's steam processed roller flaked grain (milo) is now the accepted standard for milo processing. Dr. Hale has been widely acclaimed in the U.S. and well recognized in the world.

It was also in the early fifties that I became acquainted with Dr. Bart Cardon (years later he became Dean of The College of Agriculture). Bart worked with me on formulating our feed rations. Bart wanted to try adding (fat) tallow to our rations. There was little market for non-edible fat. John Haugh had a rendering works in Tucson and so we experimented in adding fat to our rations. How much to add and how to add it was worked out. This, too, like steam flaking, was a real success. Both items are now standard practice in cattle feeding programs.

I believe by the sixties Arizona was leading the nation in the expertise of cattle feeding. We had the first large-scale commercial feedlots. We were out in front in processing grain and in formulating the best rations. As the Plains (Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska) grew into cattle feeding they came to Arizona to steal management. The U. of A. Animal Science Dept. deserves a great deal of credit.

Working for Farmers Investment Co. and its President, Keith Walden, were not only good to work for, but also a

great incentive in my learning process, not just cattle feeding and rations but in making budgets and projections, handling a crew, buying and selling. There were feed requirements, buying stocker cattle and selling fat cattle. There were the business relationships of the various people you had to trade with.

I always wanted my own operation and in 1964 I left Farmers Investment Co. and began Red Rock Feeding Co. We started very small but have worked into a 25,000 head operation. Along the way we acquired 1,200 acres of farmland. We have now been in operation thirty-two years. My son, David, is the General Manager and my daughter, Mary Jo, is our Office Manager.

I was married in 1947. We have four children. The oldest, Thomas, is a pecan farmer in Georgia and West Texas. Mary Jo is our Office Manger. David is General Manger of Red Rock; and my youngest, Barbara, and her husband, Tim, operate a mail order veterinary supply business.

My wife "Pat" became active in the Pima County Cowbelles and became the local President, and then became Arizona State President, and went on to be the National Chairman. She made State Conventions from Coast to Coast and Hawaii. She went on beef promotion trips, giving talks

and T.V. interviews across the Nation. In 1971 she became terminally ill with cancer and passed away later that year. In her memory I funded the "Pat" Stevenson Memorial Scholarship for a U. of A. Animal Science student.

Keith Walden introduced me to my current wife, Betty. She had been widowed much as I had. Betty took advanced graduate study in teaching handicapped children at the U. of A. She was teaching handicapped children when we were married in 1973.

I went on the Board of Directors of the Arizona Cattle Feeders in the early sixties. I was elected Chairman in 1986-87. Also in the sixties I was appointed to the Arizona Beef Council. I was Chairman in 1972-73.

More recently the Arizona Cattle Industry created the "Arizona Cattle Industry Research and Education Foundation". I served as Chairman in 1989-91.

When the federal government mandated the environmental act, and its enactment was set in motion, Arizona created an Advisory Board appointed by the Governor. I was one of two representing the cattle feeding industry. We worked out a set of rules labeled B.M.P. or Better Management Practices. Our work became a model for other states.

I am a member of the President's Club. I am a member of the Ag 100 Council. At this time I remain on the Cattle



Feeders Board and on the Arizona Cattle Industry Research and Education Board. I am on the National Cattlemen's Beef Grading Committee. And socially a member of the Mountain Oyster Club, a private membership made up of cattlemen and horsemen of Southern Arizona. I have served as President of this club.

I am still active in working with my children and especially David in our cattle feeding and farming.

Betty and I are attempting to find more time for travel and to be a little more relaxed in our lives.

In 1991 Red Rock Feeding Co. was listed as No. 96 of the top 100 Private Companies in Arizona. This was done by the Business Journal of Phoenix.

In 1996 I was awarded the Life Time Achievement Award by the U. of A.

In 1997 I was awarded Outstanding Agriculturist (Livestock) by the Ag 100 Council.

In 1999 I was awarded "Cattleman of the Year" by the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

This is now 2001. We are feeding cattle - now at the 28,000 head capacity. Son, David, is the General Manager and my daughter, Mary Jo, our financial Comptroller. We are participants in building a modern beef packing company - "Brawley Beef" - located in Brawley, California.

Operations are to start in November of this year. Red Rock will own 10% of the operation.

I have a small herd of cows in Cochise Co. (South Eastern Arizona). Red Rock also has gone into pasturing steers wherever and whenever we can find adequate pasture.

This should bring my cattle feeding and livestock history to date. I'm in good health and feel I'm not quite ready to quit.



## ALGIA ELVIN KING


Algia Elvin King was born August 8, 1926 at his family's dairy ranch located 1 ½ miles south of Buckeye Road on Lateral 18. The August weather, as usual, was very hot and humid. No doctors in the city of Phoenix wanted to suffer the heat to come out to the west valley to deliver a baby. One of the workers on the Dairy advised Algia's father that he knew a Black doctor that would travel to the west valley to deliver the baby. Dr. Hackett was contacted and driven to the farm to deliver the new baby.

Algia was the son of Algia Vando "A.V." and Charlotte "Lottie" King. His parents had traveled from Springfield, Missouri by covered wagon in 1919 to Glendale, Arizona. Their family at that time included Charlotte's boy Stanley and the couple's three girls, Edith, Fay and Vear. The youngest four children were all born after the family settled in Arizona. They were Viola, Algia, Marie and the baby Virgil.

A. V. and Lottie originally settled in Glendale. They went broke in 1923 in the cotton bust and soon leased a house and 80 acres south of Buckeye Road on Lateral 18. The family brought half a dozen cows with them to the new location. Working hard, Algia's parents could barely keep

the rent paid on the land. However, they did always manage to keep it paid on time. After two years, a couple of men in suits came and said they wanted to sell the ranch to the King's. A. V. was concerned about making the payments but the men assured him that his good payment record would allow the past rent to be used as the down payment on the property. The land payments were to be made twice a year.

By the time Algia was born in 1926, the family had increased their herd from six cows to 75 head. The cows had all been milked by hand. A.V. had put in milking machines in July so that Lottie could bring Algia into the world.

The ranch eventually increased to 600 acres of farmland and 500 head of milk cows. Ninety-eight percent of their milk cows were always Holstein. A.V. and Lottie named their ranch The Paradise Stock Farm because they felt this area was the closest to Paradise they had ever been. A.V. registered a brand he called an Open A, Quarter Circle.  Algia has that brand registered in his name today.

In September of 1932, Algia started school at Riverside Grade School; the oldest grade school in Maricopa County. This school was established in 1872. When Phoenix

established a grade school it was called Elementary Number One; and Riverside was called Elementary Number two.

As all farm boys did, Algia had plenty of chores after school to keep him busy. He chopped wood for the stove and feed the calves. The area around the school was a large farming area for alfalfa hay.

Milk from the Paradise Dairy was poured into ten-gallon cans and Lottie made two delivery trips a day in her car pulling a trailer with the milk cans. She originally hauled milk to the Borden Dairy in downtown Phoenix; then to the Central Avenue Dairy on Central near Indian School. Later milk deliveries were to Webster's Dairy in Glendale and to the Westward Ho Dairy.

School life at Riverside was uneventful for Algia. Work at home was more exciting. At ten years of age he was driving a team at the ranch and helping bring in hay in the summer. His older brother Stanley did not like the life of a farmer and moved away from the valley; so Algia at the young age of twelve was made a foreman on the dairy.

Neighbor's of the King's included Frank Smart, the Hughes Family, Henderson Stockton, an Attorney in Phoenix and right on the Salt River, Jack O'Shields. The King's

property bordered the banks of the Salt on the south side of their fields. The flooding river water came to the top of the banks several times but did not ever overflow them.

Algia can remember several incidents that happened at the ranch. His father had installed an electric fence for the bulls to keep them from going through the board fences. One night a bare wire dropped and rubbed a 110-volt light wire and electrocuted 6 cows. Another time, his Dad was watching his herd eating in a new alfalfa field when he saw they were starting to bloat. A.V. rounded up the cows and started them for home, he lost twelve cows on the road back to the dairy. In later years, only green chop was used in the feed for the dairy. By 1936, the ranch had grown to 440 acres.

There are some fun memories also. Algia's sister Viola kept trying to learn to shoot with her father's rifle. She was finally able to hit a big cottonwood tree that stood in front of the house. She was very proud of herself and drew a target with three circles around her "hit", which of course was in the bull's eye. A.V. tried to hit the bull's eye himself and was not able to succeed. Viola finally told him she had drawn the target after she hit the tree.

The family invested in a Fordson Tractor that moved hay and raked it with a side delivery; stacking it in piles with a dump rake. In 1938, they bought an old John Deere Hay Baler. It took four men to operate plus the tractor driver.

Algia quit school after 8<sup>th</sup> grade in 1941 to help on the dairy. Pearl Harbor was attacked in December of that year and Algia at 15, continued working full time on the dairy. Two months after Algia turned 18, he was drafted in October of 1944. The Commanding Officers at Luke and Williams Air Bases as well as the Mayor of Phoenix signed his deferment to keep him working at the dairy. During the war, Algia worked 1,275 days without a day off; then took a Saturday afternoon off. He quit keeping track after that.

In 1946, Algia met Maxine Moore, who had come from California to work at her Uncle's fruit stand. There was an instant attraction between the couple and they were married less than three months after they met. The wedding took place on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1946. The couple have three children, two daughters, Clardon and Ivonne and a son Algia Vando.

Algia and his brother Virgil continued to work on the ranch after World War II. In 1949, the Paradise Stock Farm got modern. A pipeline was put in at the dairy and the



King's bought a tank truck for milk delivery. 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue that ran by the buildings continued to be dirt until 1953 when it was finally covered with blacktop.

In 1958, A. V. decided he wanted to retire. Algia and Virgil both knew he would never quit working as long as the dairy was there for him to work at. They decided to sell the dairy to a California dairyman and lease the ranch to pioneer farmer, Walter Haggard.

During the next three years, Algia tried to sell insurance, of which he says "what a joke". In 1961, he went to Glen Canyon Dam and worked as a carpenter for the next 3 ½ years. The family then went to Redding, California where he worked on dams and Interstate Five for fifteen months. It was discovered at this time that A. V. was suffering from cancer and Algia and Maxine returned with their children to be with the family during this time.

Upon his return to Arizona, Algia established a business called Paradise Service putting his carpenter talents to use. His company installed cabinets until Algia's retirement in 1983. After his retirement, he and Maxine opened Paradise Airpark on their property on 59<sup>th</sup> Ave., south of Lower Buckeye Road. This was an F.A.A. approved private airstrip for Ultra Light Planes and small

planes. At one time, the airport had 50 Ultra Lights and six small planes there.

Algia has kept active in community affairs throughout the years and was appointed to the Riverside School Board. He is now serving out his 5<sup>th</sup> elected term on that board. He and Maxine are living in a new home they have built on the property that Algia was born on in 1926.



## **NORMA FRANCES OWENS RYAN**

Norma Frances Owens was born January 19, 1920 at her home in Pinedale, Arizona. It was a cold night in the little mountain town with snow on the ground. Neighbor Clark Webb went to midwife Lottie Webb's home on her ranch between Pinedale and Clay Springs and brought her over in his buggy to deliver the baby.

Norma is the daughter of Francis Delroy "Del" Owens and Florence Emilie Peck. Her older brother Kenneth Peck Owens was born in Snowflake on December 5, 1916.

Florence's English ancestors were some of the earliest settlers of Connecticut, having arrived in New Haven in 1640. All the generations of her family had lived in the New England area. Florence was born in 1881 in New Haven. Her father, George William Peck, was the owner of Peck and Miner Silver Manufacturing Company. Florence graduated from local area schools and was sent to the Connecticut Normal Teacher's College from which she graduated in 1901. Florence taught school in New Haven and lived in her parent's home. She lived a pleasant life that included spending the summers in one of the state's seashore vacation towns. One of Florence's friends, fellow teacher Augusta Crawford, had moved to Arizona for health reasons

and taught school in Pinedale, Arizona. There she met and married Hyrum Cheney. The couple were parents of a new baby boy and Augusta encouraged her friend to come to visit her in Arizona.

At the age of 31, Florence ventured a trip to the west with some of her friends. They came by train to Holbrook in 1913 to see the Grand Canyon and visit Augusta. The Cheney's were just starting their ranch in Pinedale and pictures show a barn and two tents with wood floors and half sidewalls that served as their residence. Florence took lots of pictures of the cowboys branding and handling the cattle. One particular cowboy, Del Owens, appears in a number of her pictures.

Del had asked her to accompany him one day when he was looking for a missing horse. Florence was not used to riding and became tired. Del, wanting to make a larger circuit, asked her to go to a certain wash; then down to a corral and wait for him there. Del was gone longer than he expected and when he arrived at the corral, there was no Florence waiting there. He began to search for her but could not locate her by dark. Del rushed into Pinedale and spread the alarm; a posse was formed and left about midnight to search for Florence. When morning came, Del came back into Pinedale to see if Florence had found her

way in, but there was still no word of her. Then Del spread the word and the men turned out in mass to scour the country. At about 6:30 a.m., Florence had found her way to a Ranger Station and was soon home. Some of the local boys, learning of her arrival, went to Turkey Hill with some dynamite. They were successful in bringing in most of the men, but some were too far-gone to hear the signal and they were out about 20 hours. Florence had apparently gone to the wrong corral and spent a very lonesome night. She was also worried about Del, hoping nothing serious had happened to him. The Holbrook Tribune even carried the story; noting that "Miss Peck, no doubt, will have a very thrilling experience to tell her Connecticut friends."

Florence and Del wrote to each other when she returned to the East Coast and Florence returned to Arizona for a visit the next summer in 1914. She and Del were married in August in Winslow, Arizona. Florence had already signed a teaching contract for the coming school year and returned to Connecticut to teach another year of school. She then returned to Arizona to live a very different lifestyle than she'd lived in New England.

Del was born in 1880 in Virgin City, Utah. When he was two years old, his family moved to Woodruff, Arizona. His grandfather was a stonemason and had come to help

settle Woodruff at the request of his church. Horace Owens' talent as a stonemason was needed to help build sandstone dams on the Little Colorado and Silver Creek. Horace also did contract work for the railroad in the Holbrook area, which included building bridges, warehouses and depots. His son Silas, Del's father, first settled in Woodruff, then moved to Snowflake and later to Pinedale.

As was typical of many men in the small communities in the Pinedale area, Del was a carpenter, cowboy, millwright, shepherd and worked in the lumber industry. In 1905, Del was working in Mesa for Elijah Thomas caring for his sheep. They had built a little camp up on the side of a shallow draw. One night after they went to sleep, a storm blew in and the clouds burst open. Before they knew what was happening, the camp was inundated. The now soaked sheep herders attempted to salvage their essentials from the current. With no shelter, unable to start a fire and soaking wet, they huddled on the high ground until the morning brought a bright sun which dried them out. This trip up the trail to Pinedale was probably as miserable as any they would make.

Del worked as a cowboy for Bernard Hughes when he brought his cattle from Show Low to the Dos S Ranch on Sycamore Creek.

When Florence returned from Connecticut, the first home for the couple was at a camp in Cibicue on the Apache Reservation where Del was caring for sheep. As an Eastern girl, she thought the first few months were quite fascinating. She would ride her horse into the trading post every few weeks to get her mail. Her parents had given her a camera and provided her with film. They wanted to know all about her life and through the years she would take pictures and mail the undeveloped film to New Haven. Her father would get two copies of the pictures made. It is interesting to read his comments written on the back of the copies he mailed to Florence and Del. She tried to take pictures of the Apache Indians at the trading post but they did not like to have their picture taken. She did manage to sneak some pictures from behind a tree or fence when she was at the post.

The couple purchased some land in the Pinedale Township and Del built a frame house, a barn and other buildings. Del was an excellent carpenter and built a number of their pieces of furniture including dressers, desks and later, small rocking chairs for his children.

Back in Pinedale, Del worked again for Elijah Thomas. Besides working with Lige's cattle, Del and his brother Frank also worked with his thrashing machine. It took six



teams to operate the machine and Lige did custom threshing for a number of people. The crew worked in Pinedale, Snowflake, Taylor and Show Low. The crewmembers also received grain for their stipend.

Soon after Norma's birth in 1920, the family moved to Fort Rock where Del worked at that ranch. Norma spent her first few years at this ranch before the family returned again to Pinedale. Del leased some farm ground outside of town and raised grain. The family had a milk cow and Del always raised a big garden. Florence would can vegetables and fruit and store it in the root cellar for family use. Del built teeter-totters, swings and a go-cart for Kenneth. A horseshoe pit was always in evidence and Del loved to pitch horseshoes. Del served on the Pinedale School Board in the 1920's; along with Elijah Thomas and Andrew Peterson.

Pinedale was a small town, with a population of 300 at best, but a big 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration was always planned each year. Dances were held periodically at the local church and live music was played including fiddle music by Del's brother, Frank. Baseball games were popular between the local towns and picnics were held in the pretty pine forests surrounding the town. The town was off the beaten path and Rural Electrification did not come to Pinedale

until 1949. Florence's family in Connecticut sent the children gifts such as fashionable clothes probably more suited to New Haven and Kenneth was the only boy in Pinedale to have a bike for a time. Florence enjoyed the novels her family sent her. Few people in Pinedale had books and they often borrowed them from her. She finally put up a black board so she could keep track of who had borrowed what book.

Since 1921, across the nation, the post World War II economic let down had been deepening into a serious recession. The farming community was the hardest hit sector of the economy. The impact was particularly felt in Pinedale by the low prices offered for cattle.

When Norma was ready to start first grade, Del had invested in a team of horses and a fresnal scraper to build stock tanks. He had a contract to build tanks for Jim Scott on the desert near Florence Junction. Norma and Kenneth started school in September at Pinedale and several months later headed for Florence Junction with their parents. They lived in tents while Del built the stock tanks. Ella Capps, a Pinedale schoolteacher, sent lesson plans to Florence so she could teach her children. The area had numerous rattlesnakes around as the warmth of spring came and Del was constantly worried for the

children's safety. He always swept the camp area in the evening and would check out the ground carefully in the morning to see if any snakes had crawled through the campsite.

In 1928, back in Pinedale, Kenneth was stricken with appendicitis. The closest hospital was in Gallup, New Mexico. Norma stayed with neighbor Nell Slosser when Del, Florence and Kenneth were driven to Holbrook to catch the train for New Mexico. Kenneth's appendix ruptured and he died from the infection and ether pneumonia. He was buried in the small mountain cemetery above Pinedale where Florence planted Lilac Bushes around his tombstone.

Del had an opportunity to build stock tanks in the valley again and the family traveled to Mesa. Florence and Norma lived in town while Del built stock tanks east of Mesa. Norma remembers the horses in the team were Dime and Whistler.

In 1931, Bill Ryan had purchased the Scott Sheep Company between Pinedale and Clay Springs and Del and his brother Asa dug a well for him. Norma met Bill's son Emmett at this time when she would sometimes go with her father to the Scott Ranch. The Ryan family lived at the ranch during the summers when the sheep were in the mountain pastures; winters were spent in Phoenix.

Norma was one of 8 graduates from the Pinedale Grade School. She played a piano solo at the graduation ceremony. Norma then attended Snowflake Union High School. The students rode a bus from Pinedale to Snowflake, which was 18 miles away. Times were hard and the bus driver would make a stop at the shoe repair shop or other places so the students could help their parents by doing errands while in Snowflake for high school.

Del had developed a real talent as a camp cook and during the 1930's he went as a camp cook for a group working for the Geodetic Service while they put up altitude markers around the western United States. Florence and Norma stayed in Pinedale and one summer when he was gone, they would take a picnic lunch everyday to Turkey Hill and would read Florence's Shakespeare books. Norma was a good student and was given a day off from high school to get her first permanent wave. She rode the school bus to Snowflake and the permanent took all day. She finished just in time to take the school bus home. In later years, when Norma was working in Snowflake, her neighbor Irene Bryant would set and wave her hair every Saturday for ten cents.

When Del returned from the Geodetic trip; he went to work for Ryan Brothers. He was famous for his dutch oven biscuits and much in demand by the various sheep companies

as a cook. It didn't matter where the camp was. If it was going to be there for several days, Del had made some tables and benches and made sure everyone was comfortable. In later years, he would be asked to make his dutch oven biscuits for different family reunions in the Pinedale/Snowflake area.

Norma graduated from Snowflake High School in 1937. For a graduation present, her Aunt Ethel and Uncle Frank Owens took her to Payson for a month's visit. The family owned a sawmill near Gordon Canyon and Norma spent part of her visit there with her cousins Keith and Kerm and Kerm's wife Hazel.

In September, Norma attended Gregg Business College in Phoenix. When her studies were completed there, she decided she would like to study nursing considering what the world situation was becoming. Norma went to Snowflake High School to see about taking postgraduate classes in Chemistry and Algebra. The principal, Mr. Fish, talked her into becoming his secretary.

During this time period, Emmett Ryan would visit Norma when his family was in Pinedale during the summers and she saw his family when she was a student at Gregg. During his Pinedale visits, Norma thought he was coming to visit her

father. Del pulled her aside one day and said that Emmett was coming by to see her.

Emmett was called up with the Arizona National Guard Bushmasters and Norma went to visit him when he was stationed in Abilene, Texas. They were married there in December of 1941. Emmett shipped out to Panama for a year and Norma returned to her parent's home in Pinedale. Emmett came back to Georgia for Officers Training School and Norma was able to be with him there. He had a reoccurrence of the malaria he had suffered in Panama and had to drop out of school until he recovered. Emmett was then assigned to the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division and landed at Utah Beach in Normandy on D Day in June/1944. Being wounded twice, Emmett fought all the way to Germany. He returned to the U.S. in 1945 to see for the first time his daughter, Janice who was 15 months old.

Some returning soldiers wondered what they would do after the war, not Emmett. He loved every inch of Arizona and all aspects of the livestock business. He knew he wanted to be in the livestock business with his father.

The story of his father William "Bill" Ryan and Uncles Neil, Joe and Emmet (Ryan Brothers of Gila County) were told in Volume 16 of the Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories.

Emmett's boyhood memories of their ranches appear in Volume 19 along with memories from his brothers Bill and Ed.

While Emmett was in the Army, his father had sold the Scott Sheep Ranch in Pinedale and bought a sheep ranch on the Mogollon Rim near Woods Canyon Lake for a summer sheep range. Emmett's dad and mom still owned their Phoenix home although the sheep were wintered in the eastern area of the Salt River Valley in Chandler, Mesa and Gilbert as well as Florence Junction. Emmett and Norma settled into a small frame house east of Mesa on Higley Road just north of Southern Avenue. The house had no well and water had to be hauled but the couple were happy to finally be able to start their married life. A barn and corrals were built on the location and Emmett was back working for his father in the livestock business.

The first Thanksgiving after the war was a sad one for the Ryan's. Emmett's younger brother Kenneth was missing in action after the battle of Tarawa in the South Pacific. Norma decided to invite Emmett's family for Thanksgiving dinner. She got up early and started cooking. Emmett went on his rounds to check the sheep camps and Norma was busy setting the table with her best white tablecloth and napkins. While Emmett was gone, the coal oil heating stove exploded and ash flew all over the immediate area, much of

it settling on the dining table. Cleaning up this mess was quite a task for Norma in order to get ready for dinner.

The Ryan sheep went up the Heber-Reno Sheep Trail from the east valley to the Mogollon Rim. The long trek averaged 52 days. Bill and Emmett would meet the herders at different locations with supplies and to check out the herds. Their final destination, Ryan Ranch, was in a beautiful setting in Long Tom Canyon. A nice house with an attic area for additional beds was located on the edge of the hill looking over a big meadow. Several outbuildings and a set of corrals were located near the house. A small cabin was located across the meadow from the house. There was no electricity and a "summer refrigerator" was attached up high on one of the buildings out of reach of any wild animals. It consisted of a box frame surrounded by chicken wire to keep food items cool. The ranch was remote but was connected to the forest service phone line for emergencies. There was running water from a storage tank behind the house, although not enough to provide for a toilet; there was still the outhouse at this location.

The Ryan's probably didn't appreciate their outhouse as much as Francis Raymond Line as he quotes the following in his book *Sheep, Stars and Solitude* "The Ryan Ranch outhouse is a fair distance from the other buildings and



faces directly away from them - faces a view so charming that it has never had, and will never have, a door. There to the front is a cairn of rocks - a ledge of honeycombed tufa coming out of the forest, with grasses and forest plants pushing up through cracks in its pitted surface, and pines growing above. Immediately over the privy itself extends the branch of a tree which projects a glorious spray of pine needles into the view. Any picture is better when framed, and all this is framed by the doorway - but never by a door. The woodsy cliff provides complete privacy. This is what I have always dreamed of - a "bathroom" with a view." Although this sounds very poetic; none of the Ryan's remember an outhouse without a door. Line had gone there when the first band of sheep reached the top of the rim and the family had not moved up yet for the summer. Something must have happened to the door over the winter and it was repaired when the family arrived.

Elk were in abundance in the meadow every morning. A rock formation at the north end of the meadow had petroglyphs showing elk or deer and pine trees so the area must have always had an abundance of elk and deer.

Polio was a fear for all parents during the years that the Ryan's had the ranch on the rim. The beautiful setting and cool weather enticed many a relative and friend to

visit the ranch every summer. During one of the last summers at the ranch, all the children really had a hard day of play running around playing tag and hide and seek. Emmett and Norma's daughter Janice complained of a leg ache when she went to bed. She had slept with her leg curled up against her chest and couldn't straighten it out when she woke up the next morning. Everyone instantly thought of polio. Norma put Janice in the car and went to the sheep camps to find Emmett. They headed down to Mesa immediately. It was a long trip in those days as the traveler had to go to Heber, Show Low and down through Globe to Mesa. There was a narrow dirt road down the rim to Payson that was built by the logging companies for their trucks but it was too rough for general traffic. By the time the family got to Globe, Janice could straighten her leg a little bit. Emmett and Norma took her straight to the doctor's office when they reached Mesa and discovered she had pulled a muscle in her leg. There was much relief that it wasn't polio as many Arizona children had come down with that disease.

Emmett and Norma's son William Kenneth was born in 1947 while the couple were residing at the Higley Road house. Bill Ryan purchased 80 acres on the corner of Val Vista and Southern for his east valley headquarters.

Emmett, Norma and the two children moved there shortly before their daughter Nancy was born in 1950. Farms located on the northwest and southeast corners of Val Vista and Southern were owned by Oscar Hovde. Gail Dana owned the farm on the southwest corner. These families were two good neighbors and friends for many years.

Around 1949 or 1950, Bill decided to sell the sheep and go back into the cattle business, purchasing a ranch at Florence Junction. The sheep outfit was sold to Gunner Thude of Chandler. A small set of feedlot pens were built on the Val Vista property to feed cattle brought in from the ranch. When Del Owens tore down these pens a number of years later, they were infested with scorpions. They were put into bottles and given to Mary Alice Erramupze who was attending ASU in Tempe. These scorpions were used by the medical research department in their efforts to develop an anti-venom serum for scorpion bites.

The newly purchased Florence Junction ranch did not have a house. Bill ordered a one bedroom pre-fab house to be built and moved to a location near the railroad track that went from Florence to Superior. The house was frame and had a combination living room-kitchen area as well as one bedroom and bathroom. After living in rather rough conditions on some of the ranches; Emmett's family thought

this house was up town when delivery of the little house occurred. There was a good water well located near there for the trains and the ranch could share the well. Norma's Dad, Del Owens, added a screen porch across the front of the house for the cowboys to sleep in and also built a small barn and some horse corrals. A larger set of shipping pens was already on the ranch near where Queen Creek ran through the ranch.

The couple kept their home in Mesa so the children would be able to attend school and Emmett divided his time between Florence Junction and Mesa. One of Norma's least favorite experiences happened on her way to the ranch one Sunday afternoon. She was seven months pregnant with Nancy and had a flat tire right in front of Ned Cross store and tavern in Apache Junction. She asked two men sitting in front of the store to help her but they declined, leaving her to change the tire while they watched her. This should have been a taste of what was to come. The couple kept their home in Mesa while Emmett worked on several different ranches owned by his father. Weekends and summers were spent at the ranches. Vehicles were not as good as they are today and Norma and her children traveling back and forth alone to the ranches had a number of misadventures with overheated engines and flat tires.

Emmett was very active in the American Legion during this time period. He helped start the Merrill-Mitchell Post in Gilbert and worked hard on a building fund. One year Emmett remarked that he wanted to be sure and get in from the Florence Junction Ranch as elections were being held at the American Legion and he knew he would be elected Commander if he wasn't there to decline it. He felt he was too busy to handle the job. Some emergency came up at the ranch, Emmett missed the meeting and sure enough, he was elected Commander. The Legion dedicated their new building on the main street of Gilbert while Emmett was Commander. Norma was active in the American Legion Auxiliary and served as their President.

Around 1954, Bill sold the Florence Junction Ranch to Wayne Taylor and purchased the Box Bar Ranch on the Verde River. It had a nice headquarters and was located very close to the river. There was no electricity and the outhouse was located across the horse pasture, but the house was adequate with a breezeway between the main part of the house and two additional rooms to catch any summer breezes. Bill was always very strict about everything being kept neat and clean and his ranches always reflected that. Other buildings at the Box Bar included a small bunkhouse for the cowboys and a good-sized barn with a

large mesquite pole horse corral. A cook was employed and Emmett's children enjoyed eating "cowboy" food because it always seemed to be better at the ranch than at their home in Mesa. Good old pinto beans and homemade rolls always tasted good. Especially liked were canned peaches, as that fruit along with dried apricots seemed to be a ranch staple due to no refrigerator. All of Bill Ryan's grandkids could swim in the Verde River and best of all there was a jeep that came with the ranch. This was a luxury that Bill would not have had if it didn't come with the ranch.

Emmett's brother Ed enjoyed exploring around the ranch and all the kids would pile in the jeep and they would take off to find Indian ruins and new places along the river.

Unfortunately the 160 acres of patented ground at the headquarters was located on a good fishing hole in the river. The fame of this fishing hole must have spread far and wide as trespassers constantly came through the headquarters. One car pulled right into the horse pasture and the wife and kids had a picnic while the husband walked off to fish. They did not leave when Norma asked them to move. They didn't care the horse were milling around the car with curiosity and we had to detour around the car to make our outhouse trips. The gate was locked after that but people would climb the gate and hike in to the river.

One day Emmett discovered a man trying to saw through the top rail of the gate. He wanted to drive his pickup down to the river and wasn't going to be stopped by the locked gate. A number of years after Bill sold the ranch, the course of the river changed and the fishing hole was no more, which was probably a blessing for the ranch.

In addition to the fishing hole, there was also a fairly shallow area of the river where cattle could be crossed. That section of the river was where they filmed the opening scenes of the "Twenty-Six Men" television western about the Arizona Rangers. A calendar company also like the scenery in that area and asked Bill if they could take some pictures during round up of the cattle crossing the river. The picture turned out great as far as the calendar company was concerned. There were about five men surrounding six head of cattle. Bill and Emmett weren't even in the picture as they had to go gather the rest of the cattle as the cowboys were trying so hard to be included in the picture that they lost most of the herd.

While family members were busy enjoying the ranch, Bill and Emmett, along with the cowboys had plenty of work to do. The ranch had a lot of rough terrain and the horse trailer was rarely used. The men generally always rode horseback to whatever section of the ranch they were

working. Part of the ranch was located at Bartlett Lake. A house located at the lake belonging to the Box Bar had burned down before Ryan's purchased the ranch. The cowboys always camped there for several weeks during roundup. A small boat was used to haul hay across a section of the lake to the horse corrals.

A severe drought occurred in the mid fifties. Bill said he had always wanted a ranch on the river so he would have plenty of water. This did not prove to be such a blessing. The cattle stuck by the river and when the feed was gone, they did not want to leave the security of the river even with the low flow of water. They wouldn't stay in other areas of the ranch that still had some feed left. As the drought worsened, the government provided meal to the ranchers hit hardest by the drought. Bill and his wife Edith were going to take two of their grandchildren, Emmett's daughter Janice and Ed's son Butch to Disneyland the summer of 1957. Bill said they would leave as soon as it rained. It never did rain and Ed finally drove Edith, Janice and Butch to Disneyland.

Emmett and Norma's youngest two children, daughters Frances and Susan were born in 1953 and 1956.

In 1957, Bill decided to semi-retire and sold the Box Bar to Francis Curtis. Emmett stayed long enough to help



the new owner gather the cattle. With only about two days left of roundup, Emmett broke his ankle in a strange accident. He and his horse collided with a cholla cactus while chasing a cow up a draw. Emmett got cholla thorns on the side of his face and the horse got cactus stuck on his hip. The horse started bringing his back foot forward trying to paw the cactus off of him. He hit Emmett's spur so hard, the force of it broke his ankle. His foot and ankle were so swollen by the time he arrived at the hospital that the emergency room had to cut his boot off of him.

Emmett was out of a job with the sale of the Box Bar and he and Norma decided to open a feed store in Scottsdale with Tom and Marge Cooley. It was a big change for Emmett to be working with the public. He made friends with a number of horsemen in the area and enjoyed team roping on Sunday afternoons in Scottsdale. He was a header in the old tie down days. He and Tom also worked with the boys at Judson School with their horsemanship on several occasions. Operating a store wasn't Emmett's idea of fun; he sold out and for a time was a meat inspector when Arizona started a Meat Inspection Department. Prior to the state opening that department; only meat packing plants that qualified for federal inspections had their meat inspected.

In 1958, Sid Moeur was looking for a man to run his Spear S Ranch at New River. He told Emmett that after one year of working at the ranch, he could turn his own cattle out on the ranch. This was the first time the Ryan kids had actually lived full time on a ranch and it was an adventure to them. Janice finished 8<sup>th</sup> grade in Mesa and Billy and Nancy went to the one room school in New River. The next year would find Janice traveling to Phoenix to attend Washington High School, Billy coming down to a grade school located on the west side off of Bell Road for 6<sup>th</sup> grade and Nancy attending little New River school. Frances and Susan were still too young for school at that time. Frances was the right age for Kindergarten but it was not offered in New River.

The barns, corrals and guesthouse were on one side of a wash and the main house was on the other side. That ranch had more rattlesnakes than anyone could imagine. Luckily the dog seemed to have a little bit different bark when he spotted a snake and that helped when the snakes came into the yard. Doing chores was always a challenge. You would go out the back gate from the house and across the wash to the barn. The kids always looked over the trail coming out of the wash and ran as fast as they could to get out of the wash for fear a snake was going to strike

them. One summer Emmett put a wet gunnysack with the blue sprinkles to attract flies. The snakes loved the cool gunnysack so it couldn't be used anymore.

When the family first moved to the Spear S, Sid told them that there was a big Brahma cow that they needed to get rid of. She had gotten mean and was charging people having picnics in the area. Sid told Emmett that if he was able to get her up in the corral, he could butcher her and they would split the meat. Emmett soon located the cow and made a plan to run her down a canyon to the corral. Norma and Billy were to be up on the corral fence out of the way in case the cow was on the fight. Emmett told them he would start yelling as soon as he got close. When the cow ran in the corral, Norma was to jump down and quickly close the gate. Norma and Bill could hear the cow crashing through the brush and soon Emmett was yelling that they were coming in. The cow ran into the corral and Norma jumped down to close the gate. The problem was, when Norma jumped down, her foot landed on a nail sticking out of a board. Emmett didn't realize this and was using his Irish temper yelling at her to get the gate closed. Norma was literally nailed to the board and couldn't get her foot off. She finally got the board off her foot and limped to the gate and got it closed.

The whole New River area had a number of washes and it was easy to get stranded in a heavy rain. One time it rained so hard that the whole family was stranded in different places. Emmett knew the washes were going to run big from the heavy rain so he started driving to the grade school to pickup Nancy. He got stuck between the wash at the house and the wash closer to the school. He had to set in his pickup for a number of hours. In the meantime, Janice and Billy had come up from school in Phoenix and the bus couldn't cross New River to get the bus riders home. The school kids as well as a number of people who worked in Phoenix were stranded at the New River Store on the Black Canyon Highway. It was a Friday night so the girls were bringing home their gym clothes for the weekend. They changed out of their dresses into their gym clothes and proceeded to check out the rising water in New River. Edie Smithhart took packages of Chef Boy Ar De Spagetti from her store shelves and the high school girls helped her prepare dinner for everyone. The rain finally stopped and the washes lowered their water level enough for Emmett to make it to the grade school. All the children had been stranded there, as the school bus couldn't get them home. The schoolteacher and her husband who lived on the school grounds had fixed dinner for all the kids. The first

people to make it to the New River Station were the Pocks who had driven the cattle truck from the T's to pickup their children. Emmett soon made it to the station and picked up his older kids and they headed home. Norma was relieved to see everyone back home safe and sound. There was no phone at the ranch at the time and no one could call her to let her know what was going on. The Smitharts who owned the New River Store were always kind enough to take emergency phone messages and deliver them to the ranch. The Maricopa County Library Bookmobile was always a treat for the Ryan's when it came to New River. There was a non-denominational Sunday School and church service held every Sunday at the schoolhouse. Quite a change from everything that has been built in New River in recent years compared to the much smaller population that lived there in the late 1950's.

The lower end of the ranch was on the Black Canyon Highway and was being sold as Lee Ackerman's Desert Hills and Desert Lake. The "Lake" was actually a large dirt cow tank. There was only one lot with a house built on it at that time, as that owner was the only person who had been successful in digging a water well. Jesse Long had an exceptionally deep well on his acreage; other individuals had drilled dry holes. That part of the ranch is now

Anthem and the sub-dividers have to buy waters from the Indian Tribes.

The next year, Emmett and Norma felt the monies wanted by Sid to run their own cattle was too high. That situation, coupled with fact that there was no longer public transportation to high school in Phoenix, had Emmett looking for a new job. Doc Agee, who was over the Sheep Inspection Department had died and Lester Fuller was promoted to his possession, creating an opening for an Inspector. The family moved back to Mesa and Emmett was a Sheep Inspector for several years. He also got a real estate license and was going to sell ranches for Bruce Amos Real Estate in Tempe. It's not good for an honest rancher to try to sell ranches during a dry year. If you advise your buyer not to buy, you've lost the sell for sure.

Missing the cattle business, Emmett leased the P-Bar Ranch at the site of the present day Fountain Hills. This was an easy commute to the family home in Mesa. The old house was run down but good enough to camp in and Bill Barnett worked there as a cowboy. It was close enough to Phoenix for other family members to come up for BBQ's and horseback riding.

One of the wells on the ranch had an old Fairbanks Jensen 1 cylinder motor that was original to the

headquarters of the ranch. It dated back to the turn of the century and used a crank to start it. The motor blew a head gasket and replacement parts were actually found at an old shop across the street from Cudahy's on 48<sup>th</sup> Street and Washington in Phoenix. They had two head gaskets left that fit the old motor.

At this time, Emmett met the son-in-law of his dad's old friend, M G McCreight. Mac's son-in-law Bob Roether was a cattle buyer down on the Papago Reservation in Sells. He and Emmett went in business together and formed Ryan and Roether. Emmett also had separate holdings under Ryan and Ryan with his dad. Bob bought cattle on the reservation and they were sold at the auction in Casa Grande. Emmett did not renew his lease of the P-Bar and Ryan and Roether leased the rangeland belonging to the Flying E Dude Ranch in Wickenburg. They were busy with Bob buying cattle in Sells and Emmett running the ranch end in Wickenburg. They later leased the Tyson Feedlot on 51<sup>st</sup> Ave and the Salt River Bottom in South Phoenix. One year the river flooded so bad that all the cattle had to be moved up to the corrals from the bottom pastures near the river. Everyone had fun roping tires and whatever else came floating down the river. Emmett and Norma's oldest daughter Janice had married at this time and her husband, B. W. Bryson helped

Emmett in addition to working his job at Navajo Freight Lines. Bill Roer opened a livestock auction in that area and Roether and Ryan started selling their cattle through that auction.

In the years when Roether and Ryan were first in partnership; Emmett provided steers for the All Indian Pow Wow in Flagstaff. The family really enjoyed going to Flagstaff for the event. As the family of one of the stock contractors, they got passes to go behind the chutes and free passes for the carnival. The kids thought they were in 7<sup>th</sup> Heaven. Emmett had a big long-horned steer that was used one year for a "Money Steer". Money was put on the horns and the Indian contestants would run after it in the arena to try and get the money off the horns. The steer was injured so it was butchered after the cattle returned to Casa Grande. Since they knew the meat was going to be tough, Emmett and the guys decided to make jerky out of the whole steer. He teased in later years that they started out making small stripes of meat and were so tired at the end that they were cutting ropes of meat.

After about five years, Emmett and Bob dissolved their partnership and Emmett leased the Conley Ranch in Wendon. Ranch owners, Bert and Betty Conley worked for Emmett on the ranch. The couple lived in the house located off the



road from Wenden to Alamo Lake. There was another house up in the hills that had formerly belonged to a goat rancher. It was adobe with four rooms and a screened front porch. A barn and corrals were also located there. That house was fixed up and a water tank brought up to provide water. They were back to an outhouse again, but did have a generator for electricity. The house even had a fireplace. It was real comfortable for the family when they were at the ranch. Emmett and Norma and their youngest daughter Susan spent summers in the house. By this time, son Bill had married Karen Jackson and daughter Nancy had married Tom Hashem. Frances was still in school but working in Phoenix over the summer. During this time period, Norma was very active in her church, singing in the choir, directing a children's choir and serving as a leader in the Pioneer Girls.

This ranch was on BLM ground and it seemed like there were eternal hassles on getting anything done such as building a fence or working on a natural spring. There were a lot of burros around the Alamo Lake area and they were bad at keeping the calves from water. Working the Wenden Ranch was entirely different from their earlier life at the Box Bar. Cattle prices were better in earlier years and Bill Ryan always had several cowboys working at the

ranch and hired extra men for roundup. Emmett and Bert Conley depended on family and friends to help at roundup times. There were always plenty of volunteers and good camaraderie between everyone helping out.

Emmett got the contract to roundup the cattle on the neighboring Hancock Ranch. They hadn't been branded for several years and were really wild. The last ones had to be roped, as they couldn't be rounded up any other way. Emmett got the remnant over the number of head that Hancock's thought were on the ranch.

Emmett's dad Bill Ryan passed away in 1970. Emmett had bought half interest in the Conley Ranch and Bill had signed the bank notes. Cattle prices were down, there had been two years of bad calf crops and attempts to dig two new wells that were dry. Emmett decided to go ahead and sell out to settle the estate.

After leaving Wenden, Emmett first worked at Hughes and Ganz in Queen Creek; then went to work for his cousin Jack Moloney in Tempe. Jack's business hauled feed from Hughes and Ganz's mill in Queen Creek to Scottsdale Feed Yards. During times when other feed lots were moving to new locations, the company also hauled feed while they were setting up their new mills. Some of the feed lots they hauled for were Lizard Acres at Sun City West, John Wayne's

Red River and Olin Dryer's in Laveen. Emmett and Norma then went into business with their son Bill and his wife Karen in a feed store on 95<sup>th</sup> Ave on the Mesa/Apache Junction Border. In addition to the store, they owned a truck and continued to haul feed from Hughes and Ganz to Scottsdale Feed Yards. This was a particularly frustrating feed run when the 100-year floods hit Phoenix and the truck had to wait for hours to cross the Tempe Bridge on the way to Scottsdale.

In 1967, Emmett and Norma had built a new house along Southern Avenue on the southeast corner of the 80-acre property they had lived on for many years. As new homes began replacing the farmland around them, they decided in 1984 to sell their home and move out to the foothills of the Superstition Mountains in Apache Junction. The feed store was sold and Bill and Karen started a new company. Emmett and Norma had a financial interest in Ramco but were not active in the business. They enjoyed their retirement by spending summers on the Rim as their base; they would take various trips around Northern Arizona and into New Mexico during the summer. Their children and grandchildren had lots of fun coming up to camp and enjoy the cool summer weather.

The couple had been married 57 ½ years when Emmett passed away in April of 1999. Their family consisted of five children, 14 grandchildren and 10 great-grand children. Emmett's daughter Susan Sitton had found a quotation in Elmer Kelton's story "The Smiling Cowboy" which the family felt exactly described their dad and grandfather, "He believed being a cowboy was a privilege reserved to a chosen few. He did not know how the Lord had come to pick him, for his willful nature caused him to stray from the gospel path now and again. But he was not one to question his maker's judgment. He was grateful to be among the chosen."

Norma still resides in Apache Junction and continues to enjoy her church activities as well as being a lifetime member of the American Legion Auxiliary. She also enjoys quilting and all of her descendants have quilts that she has made for each of them. A Ryan family picture was taken in 2000 on the occasion of Norma's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. She is sitting in the middle of the picture, surrounded by family members holding Norma's many quilts.



## MARY DONA CHISHOLM BRYSON

Mary Dona Chisholm Bryson was born, the first of two daughters and one son, in December, 1915 to Donald Chisholm and Creola Moyne Black Chisholm at their home on the corner of Leroux and Hunt in Flagstaff, Arizona. Her father Donald and his brother Jack Chisholm owned a successful ranch near Lake Mary for several years before Donald met and married her mother Creola in December of 1910. Creola was the daughter of one of the original Black brothers, Samuel Craft Black. The Blacks were pioneer lawmen and ranchers in the Flagstaff area arriving in the late 1870's. There were 8 boys, John Thomas, James Level, Samuel Craft, William Davis, George Washington, Matthew Alexander, Robert Henry and Marion Timothy (Bain) and three girls, Mary Elizabeth, Priscilla Jane and Margaret. The Blacks will be an intricate part of Mary Dona's history and mentioned throughout this story.

Mary Dona's father, Donald Chisholm was a Scottish immigrant born 1883 in Montrose, Scotland. Donald and his sister Christina, came to the United States from the Scottish Highlands, when he was about six years old with his parents John Chisholm and Georgina Scott Shaw Chisholm. After a short time in McKeesport Pennsylvania; following

the birth of their third child Aleck, whom they called Jack; the family headed west to Flagstaff. John founded a stone quarry in Switzer Canyon that provided the Moenkopi sandstone used to build Old Main at the present Northern Arizona University. Georgina ran a boarding house at the rock quarry. In her later years, Georgina was called Granny Chisholm by many of the Flagstaff residents. Donald, who physically favored his mother, looked the part of a Scot. He stood barely over five feet tall and had a full head of red hair; both of those physical attributes along with his sense of humor were passed on to his oldest daughter, Mary Dona!

Donald and his brother Jack started purchasing some land around Flagstaff and together formed the Chisholm Brothers Ranch under the brands I.O.U. and the Swinging H. Their ranch land consisted of acreage surrounding the Lake Mary area near Flagstaff. They ran a relatively successful operation, although comparably small in relation to some of the other ranches of the area in the early 1900's. The brothers always kept the Swinging H brand debt free, but humorously, when collateral was needed to run the operations, the cattle and horses branded with I.O.U. were used to raise the necessary monies.

Donald and Jack's sister Christine had met and married a young Flagstaff man in 1903 named Chester Black. The two held their groom's dinner at the boarding house run by Christine's parents. Chester was the son of George Black one the most financially successful Ranchers in Flagstaff and one of the 10 original Black's mentioned in the opening paragraph. Through this association, Donald met Creola Moyne Black.

Creola was one of three daughters and two sons belonging to Samuel Craft Black, third born of the Black Brothers and his wife, Mary Jane "Molly" Taylor Black. Creola, Kansas born, in 1881 was tall and beautiful and as mentioned, kin to some of the wealthiest and wildest stockmen, saloon owners, lawmen in Flagstaff's earliest history.

The Black Brothers started coming to Arizona in the late 1870's. They first arrived in Bowie and Prescott, making their way to Flagstaff. These young men were hardy farmers and ranchers born in West Virginia and raised strict Methodist in the wild country of Kansas. These boys were men of few words, tough, strong in their beliefs and they liked a good card game and a stiff drink.

Two of the brothers, Mary Dona's Great Uncle's George and Matt, started buying up land in the Flagstaff area and



homesteading what was available. They partnered with their sister Mary's husband, James Vail. He was a successful architect known for his work in the historic district along route 66 in Flagstaff.

Uncle Matt married a young girl named Bella Pine and the two settled on the "Mortgage" Ranch outside of Flagstaff. The couple had hard times early on, losing two of their first-born children to Meningitis. After recovering from the loss, the young couple moved to an area way east of town now known as Black Bill Park and settled a small ranch and farm. Matt worked side jobs as a Sheriff Posse man on occasion to supplement the ranch during hard times. Mary Dona was told a story of her Uncle Matt being tried for murder. The newspaper followed the story; and to the best she can recall, Matt Black was attending a party at his brother George's home when another rancher approached him. The rancher called Matt a long nosed son of a bitch and accused him of running the man's calves up the canyon just for meanness. Witnesses say that Matt decided to step outside to put a stop to this kind of talk. Upon stepping outside the door, he saw the man head for his gun strapped to his horse, Matt was quoted as saying something to the affect of "if you touch that gun I will shoot the piss out of you". The man ignored the warning

and Matt shot him twice, killing him. Matt went to trial and in the end was acquitted for self-defense. Matt and Bella went on to live the peaceful life of family folks, raising 4 children and running their homestead until his death at home from a stroke in 1934.

Uncle George Black married the widow of his older brother James who died in 1886. He was a business partner with his brother-in-law Uncle James Vail. They did well together and remained partners for a number of years. At one time they owned over 12,000 acres of ranch land between them in and around the Flagstaff area. The two simply bought up every available piece of land in the surrounding area. Some of what was part of their ranch at that time is now known as Kachina Village, Mountain Aire, land around Woody Mountain and many other pieces around the Flagstaff area. They held land in Seligman as well and wintered their stock in the Verde Valley. They took the stock off of the mountain via sycamore canyon, the trail became known as the Black Vail Trail. They worked under many brands some of which were KHL, 7HK, DK, VVV, DIAMOND A. The two men had also partnered in a bar located and still standing in the historic district of Flagstaff. Soon after the turn of the century, Uncle James and Uncle George decided to dissolve their partnership. Uncle James was interested in

maintaining the ranch, so the two made some sort of deal and it ended up that George took possession of the bar in trade for his half of the stock and James took control of the stock. Each kept their own interest in their respective land holdings. Uncle George re-named the bar Black's Bar and it remained in the family for decades. Through prohibition it was a pool hall, and during World War II, the bar included a cocktail lounge and held dances. Mary Dona recalls spending nights at dances in her Great Uncle's bar. The business was sold in the late 1940's.

George also bought land in Sedona in 1916 that included a two-story hotel on the current Los Abrigados Resort and Spa site. The hotel was destroyed by fire in 1918. The hotel was not rebuilt after the fire, but George Black helped build the bridge that crosses Oak Creek. The foundation he built is still present today under the new bridge.

Shortly after James took control of the ranches and stock, he became injured. A wagon had rolled over and severely broken James' leg. He had traveled several times to other cities to have surgery on his leg, but to no avail, it would not heal. Mary Dona remembers talking to her Great Aunt Mary about what happened next. She was told that James became quite depressed; he knew he would not be

a very successful rancher with this injury to bear. Mary said she became frightened when James came to her one day and asked her to leave the children, who were at this time quite small, in the house alone and walk with him to the carriage house. She just did not feel right about this and would not go with him. A few minutes later, she and others in the Leroux Street neighborhood heard a gun shot in the carriage house. Upon investigation, they found James had taken his own life. Mary went on to sell James' interests in the ranch and stock a short time after his death.

Another of the Black brothers, Uncle Jim Black, lived in Prescott and was the deputy sheriff to Bucky O'Neil. I believe Jim is the reason that each of the other brothers spent time working as lawmen. Jim was a part of the posse, which finally caught the Canyon Diablo Train robbers. Uncle Jim, along with the other men in the posse, were sent to Denver and given a gold medal made from \$20 gold pieces. After retiring from law enforcement, Jim and a man named Hamilton discovered coal north and east of Flagstaff where they filed and claim and sank a shaft. After a short time as a miner, a bucket sent down the shaft fell and struck Uncle Jim breaking his neck, he died instantly. His death was ruled an accident.

It was not all work and no play for the Black Family. In 1885, the newspaper noted that the Black Brothers had introduced croquet at their homes and it was very popular in Flagstaff.

Samuel Craft Black was Mary Dona's Grandfather and one of the older Black brothers. He had married a woman named Mary Jane "Molly" Taylor who was some kin to Zeke Taylor (Taylor's Cabin in Sycamore Canyon). Sam and Molly had married in Kansas and their daughter Creola Moyne was born before they arrived in Flagstaff via the newly operational passenger railroad. The two homesteaded a small farm and ranch near Rio De Flag and raised their family of three daughters and two sons. They ranched under the brand EY. One day Molly had taken the horse and buggy into town to shop. When she arrived in Flagstaff, the town was a buzz with stories of a big black bear that had been attacking homesteads in the region of Sam and Molly's ranch. She turned around and raced home. The children greeted her with cries of excitement about the pretty "big, black dog" they had seen while they were playing in the yard.

Sam spent some time as the City Night Sheriff for Flagstaff and as one of the Arizona Rangers in 1908. His application for the Rangers shows he was previously a City Marshall in West Virginia. His ranching in Northern

Arizona made Sam at one time quite wealthy. He raised a family of good healthy, hardworking, and intelligent children. In addition to Creola, the children included Bertha (Kinsey) and Lulu (Sullivan) as well as brothers Bernard "Bum" and Claude. Creola had arrived at age two in Flagstaff on Thanksgiving Day, 1882. She attended the first little school and later Emerson School. Her sister Lulu was the third white child born in Flagstaff; born in the first frame house in that city.

Bum Black was a Deputy Sheriff and highly regarded for his skill as a wrangler. At one time, according to the Flagstaff paper, he headed off a fight between 30 Mexicans and cowboys in front of his Uncle George's saloon.

Mary Dona says she remembers her grandfather riding herd on her dad and mother's ranch near Lake Mary when she was a little girl. He lived a long life, especially to those days' standards and died quietly in his home in Flagstaff in 1927 after taking ill from a long horse back ride days earlier. His wife Molly passed away in Flagstaff in 1935.

Creola decided to become a schoolteacher and enrolled in Northern Arizona Normal School, now Northern Arizona University. She worked as a housekeeper for the Lumber Mill family; the Riordon's to earn enough money to put

herself through school. She graduated in 1902 with a lifetime teaching certificate; a member of the second graduating class from Northern Arizona University. After graduation, Creola moved to Bisbee to begin her teaching career. Bum Black joined his sister in Bisbee for a short period of time. Around 1908, she returned to Flagstaff where she met the Scottish rancher Donald Chisholm. They married and Creola moved onto the ranch near Lake Mary.

The couple was older compared to those days standards for a newly married couple and for new parents. They both loved to dance and won many waltz contests in the Flagstaff area. Donald liked to spend a bit of time in town at his wife's Uncle George's bar and one night had a bit too much whiskey when he decided to make his sister's husband Chester dance by shooting at his feet. This was not too pleasing to the town's lawmen and Donald spent the night in jail! In addition to Mary Dona, their other children included Bernetta Moyne born in 1918 and a son Samuel John born in 1921. The baby boy died at nine months of age due to a spinal injury at birth. The couple buried Samuel in the Citizens Cemetery in Creola's Uncle James Vail's family plot.

When Bernetta was about 4 years old, she was playing in a mentholathem bottle and had the salve all over her

hands. She picked up some peanuts to eat and because of the mentholathem on her hand, Bernetta inhaled a peanut husk into her lung. Her parents were devastated; this was potentially fatal for a child at that time. The couple took their daughter to Philadelphia for treatment by Dr. C. Jackson, one of the finest lung doctors in the United States. Bernetta was the second person in the U.S. to have something removed from her lung. The long and expensive trips to Philadelphia for Bernetta's health took a toll financially on the couple. They were unable to pay the taxes owed on the land they ranched and were forced to sell the I.O.U. and the Swinging H.

After the ranch was sold, Creola took a job as a teacher for the logging camp out near Mormon Lake. She taught school in a railroad boxcar. Donald worked in the logging camp. He originally drove a team of horses pulling the large two wheel log carriers. A later job was handling a skidder that brought logs down the mountain. Old Man McGonigle, the Wood Boss, always ran his big black horse and jumped the skidder lines. He had been warned many times that he was going to get hurt, as once the logs started down the line there was no stopping them until they reached the bottom of the hill. One day, McGonigle jumped the line and his horse's foot caught the line and the horse



fell, killing the man. This was devastating to the kind hearted Chisholm. Even though the accident was not his fault, he never got over McGonigle's death.

Donald quit working the log run and went to work for the city of Flagstaff. During the Depression of the 1930's, he managed the County Hospital. The family lived in a section of the building so that Donald was on location for his job. The facility's cook, Mrs. Dorsey, would prepare large pots of soup or spaghetti in the hospital kitchen. This food was taken down to the courthouse to feed people. After working at the County Hospital, Don worked at Emerson School. When the Navajo Ordinance was opened, Don went to work there. He retired from the Ordinance and was soon at work again, driving a truck for Coconino County Highway Department; retiring again after that job.

Mary Dona married Eldon "Slim" Altus Bryson, a young kid from Oklahoma in 1937. He had come to Flagstaff with the Civilian Conservation Corp. The newlyweds moved in with Mary Dona's father Donald on Leroux Street in Flagstaff. Eldon served with the Army Air Corps during World War II. The couple have six children, Eldona (Flood), Claudia (Morrow), Jimmy, Bernard "Bum" named for his Great Uncle Bum Black, Donald and Charles.

Shortly after retirement, Donald purchased a small ranch in Chino Valley. Creola had passed away in 1949 and Slim, Mary Dona and their children would go to Chino Valley almost every weekend. Donald and his grandson and namesake Donald Bryson, at that time five years old, stayed on the ranch. To Donald Bryson, these were some of the fondest memories of his lifetime; he adored his grandfather. One night in 1953, young Donald was awakened by his grandfather and asked to ride with him in the truck from Chino Valley to Flagstaff, no questions asked. The little boy did so. When the two got to Flagstaff, Donald dropped his grandson off with his mother, Mary Dona and drove himself to the Flagstaff hospital where he died that same night from a burst appendix. After Donald's death, the family sold the rest of their ranch holdings.

Donald's grandson Donald Bryson and his son Tanner have taken Mary Dona's family into the next generation of ranching with their work under the B Cross Brand on their horse ranch in Page Springs, Arizona.



## JOHN HENRY MAFFEO

John Henry Maffeo was born in Globe, Arizona on April 19, 1914. The son of Henry John (Enrico) Maffeo and Ella Holohan; he is the descendant of two Arizona pioneer families from Ireland and Italy.

John's father, Henry, was born in 1883 in Ivrea, Italy. Henry's father, Guiseppi, made the decision to settle in the United States and came alone to Arizona in 1884. He sent for his wife Maria and his two son's Dominick and Henry in 1885. Maria and the boys arrived in Benson and took the horse stage from Benson to Bisbee to meet Guiseppi who worked for the Copper Queen Mining Company. In later years, many of Maria's family, the Negri's would come from Italy to the Bisbee area.

Three more sons were born to the couple after they settled in Bisbee, Joseph, John and James Stephan. Guiseppi bought a ranch he named the "Last Chance Ranch" located outside of Bisbee. He used the FM brand on this ranch; standing for Familia Maffeo. To get to the ranch, you went down through the flats to Warren. It was located near the border, although there was no such thing as the Mexican side at that time. In Henry's memoir's, he states there was no fence in the area. The Custom House was

located about two miles south of the ranch. The boys used to ride their horses down there to some small stores and buy groceries. Then the U.S. government had some trouble and Uncle Sam gave Mexico some land; moving the border up and fencing the ranch in. Their ranch house was down on the flat near a big draw in the nicest looking country. Nice hay grew in that area that was given to Mexico. Henry was asked if he would have become a Mexican citizen if the ranch border weren't moved. He replied that he was just a kid and didn't know how the people in El Paso determined the border.

After the family moved their headquarters, an adobe house was built for the ranch at the top of a hill. The house was made of Mexican adobe. The roof was also adobe and Guiseppe had a ladder in the back that went up to the roof. The Maffeo's had a Mexican cowboy all of the time and he slept up on the roof.

Guiseppe never worked in the actual mines. He worked in the smelter and had the ranch. When Henry was seven years old, his father died at the age of 38. The youngest son, James Stephen was born after his father's death.

After Guiseppe's death, Maria gave up the ranch and brought some milk cows into town to sell and deliver milk. The boys got up every morning at 5:00; sometimes there

would be snow on the ground. They had a shed up behind the house and the cows would come into the shed. There was a little place on the side where they kept the calves. They raised the calves to a certain size. If they were heifers, they let them grow. If they were steers, they would castrate them, let them grow and sell them to the butcher. One time the butcher killed a big steer right in the Maffeo's back yard. They killed him, cleaned him and got rid of all the stuff by hauling it out in a wagon.

Maria also did laundry for the miners to make ends meet. Her sons had built outdoor fireplaces and got iron from the smelter and built grates to hold the washtubs used to heat water. The Maffeo's burned a lot of wood in order to boil the laundry. The boys were responsible for collecting the wood and also hauling cans of water from the well for their mother. Maria saved her money and invested in rental properties. When she passed away in 1931, she had half a dozen old houses rented to people for \$20.00 and \$25.00 a month.

Henry earned extra money by riding horseback to deliver the Examiner, a paper from California. He also washed dishes. Times were hard and all of Maria's sons worked at odd jobs to add to the family income. One time Henry was washing dishes for Otto Geisenhoffer. There was

a bridge that ran across to a butcher shop and Henry was carrying a big box of boiled beets when a man came along the bridge. Henry threw a beet at the man and hit him in the back of the neck. The man looked at the beet juice and began to holler, "Me Muero" (I'm dying). The man looked up, and seeing the butcher, thinking he was the guilty one, began cussing at him. The butcher had a "butcher's steel" hanging from his belt and hit the man over the head with it. Someone call the cops and here came all the Deputy Sheriff's to get the man and take him to jail. Henry felt sorry for him, as he had thrown the beet that started the whole argument. It was Henry's job to take food to the prisoners and he would take extra pie to give to him. The other prisoner's wanted to know why Henry was so good to him. Henry told them, "If he was your brother-in-law, wouldn't you do the same?"

Henry's Uncle Tom Negri ran cattle, both in the United States and in Mexico. He had one ranch in Tombstone Canyon where there was flat land with Oak trees on the Tombstone side of the divide. Indian scares would send the Negri family to the Stage Station for safety.

Henry didn't go to high school, he went to work. Henry worked in various jobs at the Bisbee mines including being a boss of the steamfitters and working in the

Electrical Department. He also worked at the mines in Cananea, Mexico. Henry would see Colonel Kosterlitsky in the mining company mess hall. He was a deserter from the American Army and was one of the top men in the Mexican Army. The Rurales under him were tough, rode good horses and had good trappings. The Army came in one day when Henry was at the mess hall. The soldiers proceeded to strip down; take off their BVD's; put back on their uniforms and wash the BVD's in the corral water troughs. When it rained, they wore big heavy shoes, like miner's shoes. When the sun was shining, they wore sandals.

Henry eventually headed up to Globe to work as an electrician. He was working in front of John Holohan's house and one day met his daughter Ella. The couple was married on November 1, 1911 in Globe.

Ella Holohan's parents had come to the United States from Ireland. Her father, John Holohan was born in Kilkee, Ireland in 1849. He traveled to America when he was 13 years of age to live with his Aunt in Chicago. In 1870, he went to San Francisco, California where he worked as a brakeman for the Southern Pacific Railroad. John later purchased a saloon in that city which he ran for several years.



In 1876, John married Annie Ryan of County Tipperary, Ireland. Annie had come to Madison, Wisconsin from Ireland when she was 14 years of age. She later moved to Chicago, then on to San Francisco where she met John.

The couple moved to Arizona Territory in 1879 with their son Johnny. Their other six children were all born in Arizona. They were Thomas Francis, Cornelius, William, Leola May, Annie Pearl and Ella.

When the family first came to Arizona, John worked in the McMorris mines in Richmond Basin. Within a short time of arrival, John had rented a store in Globe and went into the liquor business. Later he sold that enterprise, using the money to buy a herd of cattle to stock a ranch near the booming mining town of McMillan. John branded an H for Holohan on his cattle.

Annie's brother William Ryan came to Globe in 1881. He became a miner, stockman and merchant in Gila County. He and his son's leased ranches on the Apache Reservation for many years and owned the Five Slash Ranch on the Salt River. William married Annie Moloney, whose Uncle Denis Murphy was an early resident of Globe. Denis had a butcher shop in town and owned the Wineglass Ranch outside of Globe. He always made his cowboys ride old horses into town on Saturday night. He didn't want his good horses

stolen when they were tied up to the hitching posts outside of the saloons in Globe.

The Holohan family lived at times on the ranch and at times in Globe. Tragedy struck the family in 1886 when their sons Thomas, Cornelius and William died within 3 days of each other from diphtheria.

The couple's oldest son Johnny was hired to help drive a herd of cattle from Globe to the railhead in Holbrook in May of 1890. It was quite an adventure for a 13-year-old boy. He wrote his mother that he would be starting home on June 1, going out to good grass for the horses and stay a few days so they could get rested. All but 100 head of the cattle had been loaded on May 30 and the last 100 were loaded on the railroad cars on May 31. He was excited to have seen the train and told his mother that it is a great machine that goes when it starts to. "Well mother, I hear the train coming in, it makes a great noise when you are in a house."

Tragedy struck the family again in 1895 when Johnny was killed in an accident at a cow camp. George Shanley stated that his horse got straddled of a rope and started to jump, his pistol jumping up in the holster. Shanley grabbed his gun and hit the horse over the head and drew back to hit him again; the gun went off at that time.

Riding his horse a short distance away, Johnny was shot in the head. George and Johnny had argued over the ownership of a bull on a previous date and the family always believed the shooting was not an accident and the inquest had freed a murderer. Unfortunately, Annie's cousin, Sheriff Jerry Ryan had drowned in an accident in 1890 or there might have been a more thorough investigation.

Annie died in 1899 and family legend has it that she died of a broken heart over the loss of her sons. John disposed of the ranch at McMillan and his mining properties in 1902 and became connected with the Old Dominion Mining Company in Globe for 3 years. After that time, he became an entrepreneur investing in various properties and businesses in both Globe and Phoenix. One of his properties was on the corner of Center and Fillmore; which was sold to the U.S. Post Office. Another was on Fifth Street and Adams and was the first property sold to the City of Phoenix for the new Civic Plaza.

Henry and Ella were the parents of two children, Lois (Weaver) and John Henry. In 1917 the family moved to Phoenix. There John attended St. Mary's Grammar School, Phoenix Union High School and Tempe Normal School (Now Arizona State University). Shortly after school in Tempe, he joined his father in business forming H J Maffeo and Son

in 1940. Henry became head of the Electrician's Union in Arizona and was a successful businessman in Phoenix, as was John.

John entered the military in 1942, finished basic training and was appointed automotive instructor at Fort Francis E Warren in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He met Mary June Reed, a Wyoming native and they were married in Richmond, Virginia on August 8, 1942. John then traveled around South Africa to Bombay, India, then on to Suez, Cairo and Devesoir Station in Egypt. From there, John convoyed 1800 miles to Tripoli and Tunis. He logged 25,000 miles of travel in World War II before returning to the U.S.

John and Mary reside in Phoenix and are the parents of seven children, Kathleen, Margaret, John, Robert, Martha, Marianne and Lois.



## JOE CRANE

I was born in Humboldt, Yavapai County, Arizona on June 11, 1926. My father had a small dairy and also worked at the smelter in Humboldt. In 1929 we lost about everything. In 1935 we moved to Mayer, Arizona. This was where I first learned about cattle and ranch life.

I spent the next few years growing up with a friend, Don Lessard, on his father's ranch just outside of Mayer. His brand was the L3. About this time the C.C.C. boys were fencing the ranchers' forest allotments, bringing an end to the open range. The C.C.C. greatly improved the range lands by developing waters and controlling erosion. Some of their work can still be seen sixty odd years later.

Some of the highlights of the late thirties and early forties were the annual rodeo at Dewey put on by Perry Henderson. Also in the fall of the year at shipping time the railroad would let us kids ride in the caboose for ten cents out to the stockyards and watch the cattle being loaded. The stockyards were about four miles south of Mayer. Too bad no one had a movie of this. It was quite an experience for me to watch the different herds waiting their turn to get into the pens to be sorted and loaded.

In 1941 my father passed away and I dropped out of school in Mayer to work on different ranches in the area around Mayer. One ranch was owned by Warren Grey on the Agua Fria River. Warren's nephew, Walter Diskin, and I helped with the haying and then worked cattle and horses all summer. The screw worms were very bad in the summer of '41 or '42 and we lost quite a few horses and cattle. During the hay baling I really enjoyed the fact that the baler was stationary and the hay was brought to it. I was too small to buck bales so I got to drive a team all through the hay season.

I worked for Charley Burmister and also Frank Kaufman. Frank's ranch was out on the Bloody Basin Road past the Horseshoe Ranch owned by Lou Charleboise. All of these ranches had some saddle horses that were raised by Bob Allen and Colonel Teskey. I think they were Morgan crossed on big mares. You were sure enough horseback on one of them.

I was working for Frank Kaufman and when it came time to ship we drove his cattle towards Fred Dugas' place then joined with Charley Burmister and some other ranchers to a point about where Cordes Junction is now. I think one buyer bought all the cattle that year (1942). There we joined all the other ranchers and cut back all the cows

from the calves and yearlings and drove about six hundred head on to Mayer where the railroad had built a new stockyard just outside of town. That was three days from Frank's place to Mayer without much sleep.

Those were memorable years. The Mayer country was pretty much isolated in those days with no major roads. A trip to Phoenix on the Old Black Canyon Road took three days - one day down, one day to shop and one day home. One source of entertainment was to chase the wild horses that ran on the sheep trail that ran north out of Phoenix to Flagstaff.

The war started in 1941 and changed the slower lifestyle we had enjoyed for so long. In 1944 I received a greeting from the U.S. Army and got a free trip to Europe for two years, returning in late 1946. I had married Charley Dandreas' daughter, Dorothy, and moved to the Baghdad area.

I was able to lease some range from Clifford Grey and run cattle on part of 60 sections. I recorded my brand in 1948 - certificate #B12439 RS. On Clifford's place Travis Hecle and Bert Smith also had some cattle. Travis was manager of the Bar O just north of Baghdad and Bert's place was in Wild Horse Basin, about seven miles north of



Baghdad. These were two of the best cowboys and cowmen I ever met.

I spent some time working with my father-in-law, Charley Dandrea, on his ranch, which was about fifteen miles southwest of Mayer at a place called Goodwin. He and his neighbor to the north, Biles Goswick, taught me what little I know about being a cowboy and about cattle. It never ceased to amaze me their ability to track cattle, deer, or lions. When branding they could always call the right brand for each calf after we had cut the calves from their mothers.

Giles and his son, George Goswick, were quite famous for their experience as lion hunters. I had the opportunity to accompany them on a couple of hunts and it was a great learning experience. These men are all gone now. They were true pioneers in the cattle industry of Arizona and also true cowboys from another era. It was an honor for me to have ridden with them.

I moved to the valley in 1954 and my interest in the livestock area has been limited to raising of a few horses and trading cattle, mostly roping steers.

## BARBARA G. NICKLES

I was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, May 17 1923. During most of the war years I worked for the Government then taught riding in New Hampshire and at Old Chatham, New York.

My first trip to Arizona was in 1948. I worked for a newspaper in my hometown. It was a job I loved and intended to stay in for the rest of my life. Because I loved Arizona my good boss gave me time off each year so I could come out here for a visit.

Then in March of 1958 my whole life changed! I was staying at the old Rancho Grande on a hill outside of Nogales. One evening, March 12<sup>th</sup>, I looked over my shoulder and met the eyes of Harold "Nick" Nickles. We were married April 19<sup>th</sup> in Hermosillo.

Nick was a bush pilot and guide in Alaska with his hunting outfit on the White River. Some winters after the hunting season was over he would come south and run a friend's ranch in California and also buy steers in Mexico for the ranch.

Nick was born in Oklahoma and raised on the family ranch north of Farmington, New Mexico. He was an old time cowboy.

I have some good memories of lots of adventures in Alaska and on the ranches he ran after leaving the north country. Some are funny, after looking back on them, and some just plain scary like the time we rode up on the moraine of the Russell Glacier. It's just like walking on buckshot on a slippery floor up there. Anyway he was sitting his horse a ways ahead of me, relaxed, hand in his chap pocket. He told me to come up and "look at this". Well I did and immediately wished I hadn't. He was sitting on his horse at the edge of a five hundred foot deep hole in the ice. I could see the water boiling up down there and going back under the ice on it's way down the White River. I said, "Get me out of here!" Those were the last words I spoke to him for three days! I couldn't even look over towards the glacier!

Another time I'd said something that made him mad. Things like that happen when you've been in a cabin together for several months in the dead of winter at 70 degrees minus with the nearest neighbor thirty miles away. They call it "cabin fever!" Anyway it was Spring so when he blew his top I said, "I don't have to take that crap from you" and went out to work in the garden. He knew I was mad because I never used the C\_\_ word. Before long he came stomping out of the cabin and down the clearing to our

airstrip. After a while he came back with his hands behind him. When he got to me he brought his hands out and gave me a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers. I said, "Ooh" and stuck my face down in them. They were full of moose manure. That ended up with him running down the clearing with me in hot pursuit swinging the garden shovel at his hip pockets. We ended up laughing.

One more story than I'll stop. We were running a ranch for a fellow who really wanted to be in the cow business but didn't know much about it. Someone crept up on his blind side and sold him a bunch of Brahmas out of Florida. One morning Nick and I rode out to move them from the holding pasture to the range where they would be for the next couple of months. You all know that you don't work Brahmas like you do other cattle. Don't get them stirred up! Nick motioned for me to go off to one side while he took the other so we could get them to sort of drift over to the open gate in the fence corner.

On the way out to the cattle, passing by what had been an old homestead I had spotted a beautiful, sun purpled wine bottle just laying there in the grass. I had bailed off and grabbed it. What a treasure! Not a chip out of it, the most perfect one I had ever found. I was riding along cradling it - thrilled to pieces.

Well in that bunch of cattle there was one Brahma stag that was the meanest thing on four feet. He hated anyone on horseback. We had spotted him and Nick had taken the side of the bunch where he was. Of course the darn thing drifted over to my side and here he come, head down just bellowing. Nick said later that he knew an accident was about to happen but he was too far away to do anything about it. I was riding a little horse I didn't much care for. He was good with cattle but wanted to jog all the time. Anyway, that animal was coming straight at us and he looked as big as an elephant! I knew he was going to put his head under old "Joggers" belly and that would be all she wrote. For some reason just before he hit us he threw up his head, blew snot all over us and rammed us with his chest with his head right across my lap in the saddle. I don't know how that little horse kept his feet but he did. What could I do but hit that Brahma right between the eyes as hard as I could with my beautiful purple bottle. He staggered off shaking blood out of his eyes while I sat staring at what was left of my bottle.

We left our White River Alaska hunting outfit in 1963 and ran several ranches in California over the next few years. We roamed around in Mexico quite a bit then too.

Even bought a house in Alamos Sonora to use as a headquarters for four years. Lots of stories there too.

Then in the early seventies we came to Arizona. Nick being an old time cowboy he liked to move around a lot. Some of the ranches we worked for - I'll probably forget some.

1971 - Rulan Goodman's /X at Catalina

1972-1976 - Devens & Betty Gust's Four Drag 4L on Eagle Creek

1977 - Santa Margarita Ranch - Altar Valley - Pete Phelps - manager

Red Rock - AZL owners

Sands Ranch - Sands Family

Ocotillo & Willow Springs - Frank Nataros - owner

Box L Warren Hutcherson - south of Holbrook

In the late 1980's Nick retired and broke horses and mules and did some clay work. We had bought our place on W. Rain Valley Loop Rd in 1978 and moved there when he retired. He passed away in 1992.

I've been a Santa Cruz County Cowbelle for about eight years and Historian for five years.

A few years before Nick died I told him he should write down what he could remember about his life as he had

lived such a colorful one. With some grumbling he did. It has taken me several years to put it in order the way it happened as he wrote things down as he thought of them. It is finally done and I've published it under the title "Seventy Five Years Gatherin".

## Gertrude Taylor-Puffenburger

My dad, Arthur Taylor, came to Phoenix after his father died in 1906 in Winfield, Kansas where he was born. He attended Tempe Normal School where he met my mother Mamie Susan Hadsell in 1907. Dad went into the real estate business and his office was in the Monihan building at Central and Washington in Phoenix. He did well there and with his profit, he bought land for himself. He bought a lot on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue and built a nice home of cement block, then sold it. He then bought 70 acres on West Van Buren and he then sold the east corner 10 acres to Greenwood Cemetery for money to go on their wedding trip in June, 1908. Their trip was to Dayton, Ohio to visit mother's family, then to Winfield, Kansas to see Dad's kin.

Grandpa B. A. Hadsell first settled in the Glendale area and worked with Mr. Murphy to start Glendale. I have a map of his first subdivision 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue to 63<sup>rd</sup> Avenue to Glendale Avenue, which was recorded in 1892. Water was short there and later the dam broke. Grandpa Hadsell then went to the Buckeye area where my mother lived. The family ranched there until he died in 1936 at the age of 84. He was the largest beekeeper in the state for years and wrote for the Bee Journal.



I have a picture of my mother with her graduating class at Phoenix Union High School in 1904 on the old building steps. She then went to Tempe Normal School, graduating in 1907. Mother then taught school in Buckeye and was also the school's principle. Her wages were \$80.00 a month and she sent half to her sister Ann Sutherlin, attending Northern Arizona Normal at Flagstaff.

Mother's oldest brother, Walter Hadsell went to the University of Arizona becoming a mining engineer. Walter also took photos of the desert. Many of pictures were enlarged and hand painted. There was no color film at that time. Andrew, (her younger brother) became a minister at West End then to Boise, Idaho.

Mother's other sister, Idora Hadsell Russell, went to Gregg's Business School. She was a secretary for the Territorial Governor from 1908 to 1910. She later graduated from the U of A. She taught school in Morenci High School, Tolleson High and then Ajo High School.

The Buckeye Road Ranch was located at Lateral 18 water a half mile west on the north side. About 1909, dad built a nice farmhouse on 300 acres; he also built a silo, the largest in Arizona. It stood from 1911 to 2000. This was their first home. He built a large milking barn and had about 80 acres of pasture near the river. Dad also had a

ranch north of Camelback near 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue producing feed for the cows. Later he planted 10 acres of peach trees. Dad's brand was Z>

During the First World War, dad was exempted from the war, as he was needed here. He milked up to 140 cows a day. They had this ranch for 20 years. Dad sold milk to Central Avenue Dairy and other creameries.

In 1912, mother was real lucky; one of her Uncles was Dr. Lorence Thayer and he came to the ranch and delivered my brother Melvin Taylor on 4/23/12. Two years later he delivered me 4/24/14.

When I was born they had Melvin come to see his baby sister. He said he would rather go to see the rabbits.

In the fall of 1917, we moved to our new home at 2600 W. Van Buren. It had a nice front porch, living room, kitchen, dining room, two bedrooms and a large screen back porch. Melvin was four years old when bitten by a mad dog - once again Dr. Thayer was a lifesaver.

For years in the winter, dad pastured sheep on some of our pastures; sometimes a lamb would be left. It was Melvin and my job to raise it along with feeding the calves.

Dad had his second dairy on the 40 acres behind our house. He built a caretaker's house behind a milking barn.

He always had from 60 to 75 milk cows. We had a pen for the young calves. Melvin and I had the job of caring for them until 1927.

For a while dad operated a third dairy south of Glendale. One-day dad phoned from Buckeye Ranch, he was driving a herd of cattle to pasture at Camelback and 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue. There was no one to go but me, I was 10 years old and mother gave me a nickel to get a soda pop at Thomas and 27<sup>th</sup> Avenue. So on my big horse I rode to deliver the message before he arrived with the cattle. All went well.

In 1919 the Cave Creek River flooded West Phoenix. Water came up to the floors. The next flood flooded the Capital so a dam was built. Mother, dad and Melvin took large planks in the water and gathered up our chickens and floated them to higher ground. I was too young to help and had to stay on the porch. Our Holstein cow saw the back door open and came through the water, about one half block and climbed up the three steps. She was ready to be milked after which she turned around and went down the steps and back to higher ground.

Dad bought 80 acres on the southwest corner of 16<sup>th</sup> Street and Bethany Home Road. First he planted it all in watermelons. Every summer Melvin would throw them off the truck and I'd catch them. We sold them in our yard. We

made a trip to Prescott one summer and rented an apartment. Dad shipped a railroad car of watermelons and mother, Melvin and I would sell the watermelons on the track south of the station. On our way up to Prescott, our Willis Knight wouldn't make it, so dad turned it around and backed up the steep hill. It is a shame now that most watermelon, cantaloupe and honeydews are picked green and do not have as sweet a flavor. At one time he raised a lot of feed grain, using large equipment. In 1928 he planted all the land in citrus. This area is in houses now and many still have citrus trees in their yard.

In 1924 dad started subdividing the 10 acres on Van Buren. He sold some lots and we moved to a new home at 2610 W. Van Buren. Dad got the specifications for the homes and I drew up the plans for the houses.

Dad started attending the First Baptist Church of Phoenix the first year he was in Arizona. The first church was on Second Avenue south of the railroad tracks. Then they built a brick building at 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue and Monroe. In the 1920 the church was too small. Dad had a basement dug under the church and several rooms were added. Then in 1926 it was decided to build a larger church, which was completed in 1929. Dad had been Sunday School Superintendent from 1917 to 1940. While the new building

was built, the classes were held in the YMCA and the Masonic EST.

When living on Van Buren, we always went to church and either went visiting and to dinner or had someone come to our home. In the summer we always made ice cream in a two-gallon ice cream freezer.

In 1912, Dad had his first new car, a Ford touring car, then a Studebaker, a 28 Willis Knight, and then a Model A. Later my brother and I had a Whippet for school delivery truck, car, etc. My brother and I both graduated from Phoenix College.

Dad took his new Ford touring car, another couple, mother and Melvin (nine months old) and went to see the new Roosevelt Dam. They were almost there when a cow in the road kicked out the headlight. On another trip, dad's oldest brother, Will, came out to Phoenix and we all made the trip to Salt Lake City. Uncle Will, Melvin and I saw (or floated) in the Salt Lake. One place on the road was so muddy the car slid around so dad just went that way. We also went to Nevada to see Don (dad's youngest brother). I was 14 and caught the biggest fish.

Another trip back to Kansas, dad built a travel trailer. It had sides of canvas, back cupboard and door to

let down for a table, double deck beds across and space in the front to dress.

When the depression hit, it hit us hard. The five-point bank closed and we lost all our money. Without it we could not pay the mortgages and lost a lot of property. One-year dad shipped his cotton, prices went down and it was stored and never sold. During the depression we ran a date company and I delivered the packed dates to the store.

We rented a nice house at 2<sup>nd</sup> Street and Moreland. Then bought a home in 1932 at 1630 W. Washington (1/2 block in front of the capital). We lived in this home till the state bought it in 1957. Mom and dad bought a real nice home on the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Portland. My folks lived there until they died. Dad was born 9/12/1879. He died Feb 28, 1959. Mother was born 8/28/1885 and died March 4, 1960.

Living relatives include Melvin Taylor and his children Robert, Larry and William Taylor and my children Charles McCoy, Mary McCoy Rhoton Smith, Maxine McCoy Crandall Antes and Charlotte McCoy Sample Anderson.



## WILLETTA N. RIGGS

It's been said that native Arizonans are a rare breed. However, the Riggs' family history paints a different picture. In fact, the Riggs' family has been a part of Arizona since the late 1800's when they arrived here as early Mormon settlers. Needless to say, they are true pioneers of Arizona.

Willette was born in 1917 on a farm in Gilbert, Arizona, in the home of her grandparents, John and Fannie Nelson. Her mother had moved to Arizona when she was only three years old. After she was born, her parents William and Edith Nelson, took up a homestead of 160 acres south of Gilbert. They continued to live there as her father attempted to farm the land. Eventually however, they had to move back to Gilbert. A lack of proper fertilization made it impossible for her father to farm the area. Life was not easy back then without electricity and running water. Willette remembers vividly the year of 1925, when irrigation became a reality for them. She can recall playing in the new dirt canals, which were eventually paved with cement.

When she was five and a half, Willette began first grade at Chandler Cleveland School. She had to walk one



half mile to catch the bus. She notes, "There was only one bus out here in this desert country. It took an hour to get to and from school." There wasn't any air conditioning or heating in the school either. "We kids were just happy to get to go to school." Willetta proceeded through the Chandler school system until she received her High School Diploma from Chandler High School in 1935.

Soon after, in 1936, she married her high school sweetheart Lyle B. Riggs, a native Arizonan as well. Lyle was the son of Ben and Myrtle Riggs and he was also born in his grandparents home in Mesa, Arizona in 1916. Lyle's father Ben was a water boss for the Roosevelt Water Conservation District for 25 years. The majority of the land was arid back then. The Riggs' family helped to pioneer alot of the land in the south east valley. In 1942, Ben and Lyle began farming. For the most part they took to farming cotton, alfalfa, wheat and barley. They also kept a pen of cattle, which they fed out to sell at the auction.

In 1948 Lyle and Willetta moved to the house on Riggs Lane, which still remains a part of the Riggs Homestead Ranch today. Originally it totaled 420 acres. Willetta remembers a time when all the cotton was picked by hand. To harvest the cotton they would hire people in from Texas.

The laborers would stay behind the Riggs' house on beds of cotton. Eventually however, technology introduced a machine that could do the work of the laborers. Willetta recalls, "It was exciting when we got the machine. I hated to see the hand laborers go, but it was time." During the rest of the year, they only had one hired man. He and Lyle would change the water every morning and night.

Lyle passed away in 1988, but he has left quite a legacy. He and Willetta lived S.E. of Chandler their entire married lives farming and ranching. Their five children all went through the Chandler Schools as well. Their two sons, Ben and Rod, and their daughter, Sherrill Sumrall, still reside in Chandler today. In addition, they also have two other daughters, Loretta Crosby of St. Johns, Arizona and Charlene Powell of Coos Bay, Oregon. They have 22 grandchildren, and 23 great grandchildren. Many of them reside on Riggs Lane, on the original Riggs Homestead Ranch, which now encompasses only about 40 acres. They have added a small store, R Country Store, which is managed by the Riggs family as well. They sell hay, horse feed, livestock supplies, and produce along with many other items. They also offer school tours of the ranch and store. The tours aim to help the children learn about the agricultural heritage and to enjoy the farm experience that

the Riggs' family lived. Willetta adds, "We love our country and land. We hope to instill in children that this is a wonderful life and a great place to live." The Riggs family definitely has a wonderful history to share.

When Willetta and Lyle originally moved to their home in 1948, there were only three homes near them. Willetta notes that, "Most of the original acreage is growing some beautiful homes now." She used to be able to see the San Tan Mountains from her home. Now an eight-foot wall blocks her view. She admits that, "It has taken some time to get used to it and adjust to the changes. I guess they call it progress."

The Riggs have been participating in the Arizona National Livestock Show since 1958. Three of their children, Ben, Rod, and Sherrill, showed animals at ANLS as children. In addition, many grandkids have participated in the Show. In fact, their granddaughter, Roxi Sumrall, has been chosen as the 2003 ANLS Feature Exhibitor. Recently, some of the great grandchildren have begun to show animals in keeping with the family tradition. The Riggs Homestead Ranch has always kept cattle, as well as lambs, goats, and pigs. Even today, their pasture still keeps many show animals for the grandkids that live nearby.

The Riggs' history in Arizona is remarkable. Without even knowing the family many Arizonans are familiar with the Riggs name. They even have a road in the east valley named after them. Their character is remarkable as well. Lyle was not just a farmer. He was an unbelievable man, hardworking and active in his church. He was always willing to lend a hand. Above all he was a great father and husband, a man who is still missed by all who knew him. Willetta, a homemaker, is just as amazing. She is a past PTA President and active community member. Her granddaughter, Roxi Sumrall, admits, "My grandma knows everyone and their family." This isn't very surprising considering her history in Arizona.



### **WILLIAM HERBERT GATES SR.**

William Herbert Gates Sr. was born, September 1, 1927, at home on their dairy farm in the Kyrene area of West Chandler, Arizona. He was the 2<sup>nd</sup> son of Herbert and Maud Gates.

Herbert Ellis Gates was born in Crown, Texas, November 14, 1903, where his father, Eli Fount was an owner of his own cattle and horse ranch. Herbert came with his parents to Arizona in 1918 where they purchased land for their dairy in the Kyrene Area. Fount also was an interpreter for the Mexican people in the area. Herbert went to High School in Tempe where he graduated. Herbert, being the only son, worked with his father to build up the dairy which he then took over upon his fathers' death in 1934. Herbert married Maud Gertrude Powell in Phoenix on December 20, 1924. Maud was born in Collinsville, Illinois on April 27, 1904. Maud came with her parents to the Phoenix area in about 1920. She went to college for two years then started teaching grade school at Kyrene. She met and married Herbert while she was there. Maud then went back to school and finished her education after her children were raised. She graduated from Tempe Normal College, now

ASU, in 1945. Maud taught for the Mesa School District at Alma School until her death in 1969.

William, Bill, went to Kyrene School from 1<sup>st</sup> thru 8<sup>th</sup> grade. He was a very energetic boy that always loved the western way of life. He was active in 4-H throughout his grade school days where he showed dairy, beef cattle and hogs. Bill bought his first horse when he was about 10 years old. He wanted this horse so bad that he gathered duck eggs for his mother to pay for it. He went to High School at Tempe High where he was active in 4-H and FFA. He always held offices in FFA, he was the president his Junior and Senior years. Bill was able to go to Kansas City, Kansas his senior year of High School while he was the State FFA Vice President. This trip was sponsored by the Santa Fe Railroad, it was one of the most memorable things he did. Bill also played football and basketball for Tempe High. He excelled in football, where he played guard for the varsity team from his Sophomore year on. To be able to play football he had to find rides home from school or walk because he lived 10 miles from school. He always tells the story that he had to walk across the barnyard to catch the bus for school and when he got on the bus the kids had made bets whether or not he had "shit" on his shoes. After High School he worked on the dairy farm

with his father, Herbert, and his older brother, Eli, where he did the majority of the dairy and farming and his brother did the mechanic work.

On May 27, 1946 Bill married Phyllis Leah Runyan, in Florence, Arizona. Phyllis is the daughter of Ruble and Gladys Bearden Runyan. Phyllis was born in Jerome, Arizona on December 16, 1929. They made their home in Kyrene on the corner of Williamsfield Road and 48<sup>th</sup> Street. Bill got a deferment from the government not to enter the Military because he was needed on the dairy, he always felt left out because of this. Bill and Phyllis started their family right away, having there first child Linda Sharon Gates on September 20, 1947.

The next three children came soon after that, Karen Lynn Gates on September 13, 1949, Pamela Gertrude Gates on November 17, 1950, William Herbert Gates Jr. on January 30, 1952 and James Robert Gates was born October 30, 1957.

Bill worked with his father and brother on the dairy in Kyrene until they sold it. The dairy was located in Kyrene on the corner of Ray Road and 48<sup>th</sup> Street. They built the dairy up to where they were milking around 400 cows. They also farmed around 1000 acres to feed the cows and themselves. Bill and Phyllis were active in the Farm Bureau and still are. Bill was the president of the Kyrene



Farm Bureau in about 1955. The family went with him to Monterey Beach, California when he was president and it was a time they all remember. They are very active in Square Dancing with the Tempe Tenderfoots, where they made lots of friends. They still can kick up their heels but not quite so high. Bill also won a seat on the counsel for Salt River Project. He was on the counsel for about 10 years.

Bill and Phyllis bought their ranch in Mayer, Arizona in 1972 from Floyd Sasser. That was the year they had the Big Bug fire. Bill and Phyllis didn't move to Mayer until 1976 because they waited for their son Robert to graduate from Marcos de Niza High School. Bill quickly entered into the life of a real cowboy, he learned to rope, fix open range fence and move cattle from one range to another. The life of a cattleman is not much different from that of a dairy farmer so it didn't take much learning. The ranch consisted of Forest, BLM, State and private land. Bill has a cow/calf operation with crossbreds on it. The ranch came with the Quarter Circle T brand, Bill also acquired the WG brand before he came to Mayer. He also uses the old family brand of HG that came from their dairy that was called Desert Land Farms.

Bill was his local Yavapai Cattle Growers President in 1990-91. He also was active in the Lonesome Valley

Sheriff's Posse where he went on many searches. He was also the President in 1979. Bill also is active in the Lyons Club for Mayer, he was President for them in 2000.

Bill and Phyllis still live in Mayer, Arizona where they are active in the community. Their two sons Herbert and Robert are both deceased. Their three daughters live in Mayer with them. Linda Gates had six children, two are deceased. She has five grandchildren. Karen and Dave Williams have five children and six grandchildren. Pam and Ervin Zawacky have five girls and nine grandchildren.



## FLORA LOCARNINI ERRAMUZPE

Flora Locarnini was born December 15, 1909 in Los Alamos, California. Her parents, Joe and Rose were children of Swiss immigrants who had settled in Southern California. Joe owned and operated a cheese factory during Flora's early years. He had a limp from suffering a broken leg when he was a young man. This injury had caused rheumatism to settle in Joe's leg and the damp California air kept him in pain. Joe decided that the drier weather in Arizona would probably improve his health and planned a move to the Salt River Valley.

In 1913, Joe purchased land on the corner of Elliott and Val Vista in Gilbert to establish a dairy. The family moved to Gilbert and all worked to make the dairy a success. The skim milk was fed to pigs and calves raised by Locarnini's and the cream was sold to a local creamery.

Flora's mother Rose would prepare lunch each day and take it by horse and wagon to Joe and their employees at the dairy farm. One day in 1920 when Flora was nine years old, Rose was hooking up their stud horse to the wagon to make her rounds with the lunches she had prepared. The stud horse trampled her to death while she was hooking up the wagon. Rose normally took some of her children with

her, but luckily she was not taking them with her that day and they were safe.

Joe was left a widower with six children to raise in addition to running a busy dairy. Flora had three sisters, Mary, Josie and Ida and two brothers, Charlie and Lawrence. Joe decided to send his children back to Switzerland to stay with one of his aunts. Flora returned to Arizona when she was fifteen, after being away for six years. During her stay in Switzerland, Flora learned to speak Swiss Italian; she learned Spanish after her marriage. Sisters Josie and Ida as well as her brother Charlie also returned to Arizona. Her brother Lawrence died in Switzerland and Mary chose to remain. Upon their return, Flora and her sisters worked hard at their father's dairy, milking forty cows every day.

A young man named Frank Erramuzpe was pasturing sheep across the road from the Locarnini Dairy. He brought the family a leg of lamb and Flora still remembers today that her father thought Frank was a very nice young man and told her to be sure and do something nice for him.

Frank was born in the Basque city of Erazu, Spain and came to the United States in about 1913 when he was twenty-one years old. His sister Marceline was a maid in the home of a Basque rancher in the La Puente/Fullerton area of

Southern California. Frank worked as a stable hand at the ranch and drove teams. Marceline married Isadore Otondo, owner of the Otondo Sheep Company in Arizona. Frank went to work for Otondo and eventually bought his own sheep. In 1928, Frank sold his share of the sheep to Alex and Joe Elorga and returned to Spain to visit his parents.

Upon Frank's return, he worked for the Scott Sheep Company on the desert in the east valley and then worked for another sheep company. That outfit went under and the herder's took it over as they were owed four or five years of wages. Many western sheepherders, especially the Basque, were willing to leave their wages with their employers and would often cash out when they wished to return to their homeland or strike out on their own.

In 1932, Frank started his own sheep operation. He and Flora were married in the Catholic Church in Tempe. They became the parents of three children, Rose Ann, Frank and Mary Alice. Frank decided to make his headquarters in Gilbert and acquired 80 acres across the road from his father-in-law. Joe Locarnini died in 1936 and Frank bought out the shares of Flora's siblings for the 80 acre home ranch at Val Vista and Elliott. Frank & Flora originally lived on that property in the adobe house built by Mr. Locarnini. Frank had it covered in aluminum, siding and

the two-bedroom home was very comfortable for the family. Flora had lived in the house with her family and felt the thick adobe made it cooler in the summer and warmer in the winter. She does remember reading that the winter of 1913 was the coldest on record in the Gilbert area. She can vouch for that as she still has a brand on her knee from getting too close to the walls of the stove during that winter. The Erramuzpe's later built a new home on the property in front of the original house.

The National Forests were created to eliminate the over grazing that was occurring on the open range. Ranchers needed permits to graze stock on the Federal Land and number and movement of the stock also began to be managed. The Sheep men were required to go along with the new government rules on the Arizona forests.

Frank and Flora's first summer range was the Babbitt Winter Ranch southeast of Winslow called the Wallace Allotment in the Cheylon District. The family shared a duplex with the Clarence Hancock family. The duplex as really a little shack and had four rooms on their side. One room had a cement floor and the others were wooden. The wooden floor was broken in and a carpenter had to be hired to repair the house. The Hancock's had their three-year old grandson living with them. The little boy had

just learned to walk and were taken everywhere with the Erramuzpe's. They treated him like their own and often took him to the sheep camps and all the children would ride the horses.

There was no electricity at the duplex but they did have running water. It was pumped from the canyon to a tank that provided water for the sheep and the house.

In 1942, the Erramuzpe's bought the Dutch Joe Ranch, about fourteen miles from the Babbitt Winter Ranch. Winslow and Heber were the nearest towns in either direction from the ranch. Two wool marks were used on the sheep at Dutch Joe. One band carried the mark of a five-point star and the other carried a horseshoe mark. They summered about 3600 head of mother ewes at Dutch Joe. In addition to the mother ewes, in later years Erramuzpe's also ran feeder lambs in the Gilbert area.

Dutch Joe had a log cabin that had originally been a ranger station. The Forest Service had marked logs and put it together log by log on the site. There were two bedrooms in the house and Flora says they felt they were doing all right. She also advises that before they had a pump and tank installed, they had running water, "You went to the well and dipped for water, than ran to the house".



They still had no electricity but eventually had butane lights installed.

Frank took his sheep from Gilbert to Dutch Joe on the Heber-Reno Sheep Trail. The trail begins near Usery Pass north of Mesa and raises 6000 feet before reaching the Heber area near the Mogollon Rim. The trail is 150 miles long and varied one to four miles in width. Frank Junior spent twenty years with the sheep trail. For nineteen of those years he would go with his truck here and there to bring supplies and to check on the herders and the sheep. Frank Junior rode the entire trail once when he was a teenager. He rode a mule and found whenever he would come close to the edge of the precipice, the mule wanted to stand right next to the edge. It was also a mean mule and would try to bite him whenever he saddled it.

In 1945, Frank applied for his U.S. Citizenship papers. His children were all excited when Frank received his Naturalization papers.

Every year, after the sheep started up the trail and school was out, Flora and the three children headed up to meet Frank at summer headquarters. There was not a good road up the rim to Payson in the early years and it was a long trip to Dutch Joe. The family left Gilbert, headed to Apache Junction, up through Globe to Show Low, across to

Heber and on to the ranch. The family took their milk cow, washtubs, an old gas engine powered washing machine, chickens and whatever else they needed for the summer. One time the chicken coop blew off in front of the Ned Cross store in Apache Junction and the chickens had to be rounded up and put back in the coop.

Flora feels the sheep were good to her and Frank; although she realizes the problems facing ranchers today. She was always active in the business transaction end of the livestock. Flora says the sheep made a good living for them, the ranches were paid for and the couple was able to buy the home place. They had their wool and lambs to sell and had good years and bad years. She and Frank Junior can recall some of the bad times that happened with the sheep.

One year they lost around 400 head of ewe lambs. Frank had just bought them and put them in a milo maize field. After the milo is trashed, there is always some heads of the milo maze left in the field. The sheep found the remaining head of maize and were dead in twenty-four hours.

Another year Frank and Frank Junior bought 500 head of yearling ewes from Mike Echeverria in Casa Grande. They trucked the ewes to Sycamore as their sheep had already started up the Heber-Reno trail. Two hundred fifty of the

yearlings were put in each band. About half of the newly purchased ewes died from eating milkweed. The other sheep had been on the trail awhile and had been eating milkweed; it was too much for the new ewes. One of the herders came to the highway to get DPS to get the news to Frank.

In the fall of 1953, Erramuzpe's were lambing on Hugh Nichols place in Gilbert. 722 baby lambs were on the ground when a sever hail and rainstorm hit the area. The heavy rain broke the canal and all the lambs drowned.

Frank Junior joined his father in the sheep business and married Marcy Gomez in 1957. He was active in the Wool Growers and served as a director for the Wool Growers Association. They became the parents of four daughters and a son.

Frank senior died in 1968 after a long illness. The last band of Erramuzpe Sheep was sold that year to Felipe Perez of Glendale. Frank Junior went into the cattle business, raising Mexican steers, which he could summer at Dutch Joe. Their cattle brand is Lazy V4 on the right hip. He is also a talented artist with leather and horseshoe items; and Marcy is a painter.

Rose Ann married Vince Eyherabide and they had two dairies in Buckeye. One of the dairies has been sold to their two sons. Mary Alice married Ted Adamiczyk and they

are the parents of four children. The couple is currently enjoying their retirement in Sierra Vista.

Flora held on to the home place until she became surrounded by subdivisions. The property at Elliot and Val Vista was sold and Flora built a new house next to Frank Junior and Marcy in Gilbert.



## JOHN O. MAGOFFIN

I was born in Buffalo, New York, on March 13, 1920. My first visit to Arizona was in 1927 when my mother came to Castle Hot Springs for her health. Dad had test-driven REO Motor cars in Arizona and had heard about the Hot Springs and hoped it might help her. She died in 1932 so I went to Buffalo to live with my grandmother and two aunts.

After graduating from High School, I went to Cornell for one year and studied Animal Husbandry. This was in 1939. The following year I came to Arizona with the intention of going to the U of A, but instead got a job on a ranch down by Sasabe until June of 1941. At that time I returned to Buffalo and enlisted in the Air Force and went to Airplane Mechanic school and worked on B-17's. I applied for Pilot training but wound up as a Navigator, graduating in 1943.

I was sent back to Tucson where I was assigned to a B-24 crew which was sent overseas to the South Pacific. Coincidentally, my birthday was March 13, we left for the South Pacific on October 13 with the 13<sup>th</sup> Air Force. My first tent was number 13. Obviously my lucky number was 13! I flew on 46 missions against Japanese targets during

my tour of duty, and felt very lucky to get back to the States in one piece!

While waiting to go to Navigation School, I received two telegrams in one day. One of them said that my Dad had died very unexpectedly. While rushing around trying to make arrangements to go home, the other one came, stating that my grandmother had died. The family had a double funeral for them.

After my tour of duty, I returned to the States in July of 1944 and served as a Flight Line Navigator Instructor at Galveston, Texas, and at Colorado Springs, Colorado, for refresher crews returning from combat. In September of 1945 I was discharged from the service.

I visited Buffalo for a little while, then returned to Sasabe. In January of '46 I worked for Bill Colombo and Ida Berry Riggs at Dos Cabezas. In the spring of '47 I got a job on the CS Ranch at Cimmaron, New Mexico. That fall I worked on a ranch east of Trinidad, Colorado, until the following spring. Three spells of -28 degree weather cured me of wanting to ranch in the cold country.

It was back to Buffalo for a short visit, then I returned to Dos Cabezas to work for Bill and Ida Berry (Riggs) and their neighbor, Will DeBorde. I met a girl of the Golden West, Mary Elizabeth Burnett, in the summer of

'49, and we were married in February of 1950. At this time I was working for Myrl Roll.

In September of 1952 we bought the Giff Allaire ranch at Cochise. At that time there were very few ranches in the area and no farming to speak of. Our daughter, Margaret Amelia (Meg) had been born in '51. John Osborne, Jr., (Buz) arrived in 1953, followed by Mary Elizabeth (Molly) in 1956, Matthew Otto (Matt) completed our family in 1958.

The kids started to school at Cochise but one day Jack Busenbark came to see us and asked if we'd consider letting them attend school at Pearce, as that school was down to five students. They would have to shut the school down unless we would send our kids, which we did. At that time both schools had excellent teachers, even though there was only one (teacher) at Pearce and two at Cochise.

Along about 1960 Horizon Corporation started buying up some of the ranches and the Sunsites development took off like gangbusters.

In 1966 we sold most of the ranch to Charlie and Helen Prude and bought the Arizona side of the Guadalupe Canyon Ranch, and later, the neighboring Quimby Ranch. Between the two, we had nine miles of fence on the Mexican Border



and six miles of fence on the New Mexico border. We WERE the corner of the state!

Our children went to Douglas to school. It was eleven miles out to Geronimo Trail where they caught the school bus for the twenty-two mile ride to school. Their attendance record was better than a lot of the kids who lived in town!

In 1975 our home in the canyon burned down, so we moved out to the Quimby Place, which wasn't too bad after some remodeling.

While living in Guadalupe Canyon, we experienced both a hundred-year flood and a hundred-year snowstorm. The flood came the 16<sup>th</sup> of September, 1971. When a dry creek bed turns into a raging river, it is indeed a fearsome sight. The big snowstorm was December 1967. We couldn't get into the ranch house except by walking or horseback, crossing the creek nine times. Warner and Wendy Glenn boarded the kids for six weeks so they could go to school.

When Matt and Anna Bordenhamer got married in 1985 we started seriously thinking of retiring and turning the ranch over to them, which we did in 1988. We moved up to Cochise Stronghold that year, where we live near daughter Molly and her husband, Walter Hunt, and their son,

Jonathan. (We had retained some acreage there when we sold the rest of the ranch to Charlie and Helen Prude).

Daughter Meg and her husband, David Gilmore, live in Loawood, Kansas, a suburb of Kansas City. John and Lori (Treiber) live in Tucson with their two daughters, Caitlin and Claire. He is a Captain for America West Airlines. Matt and Annie have two sons, Christopher and Michael. Matt works for U.S. Customs, as well as on the ranch. Annie does a great job of holding the fort when Matt is at work and the boys are in school.

Our golden years of retirement have been filled with volunteer work and lending a hand to the kids when need be. I've never regretted coming to Arizona and living the ranch life. It's all been very interesting, if not lucrative!



### John Kelley "Jack" Moloney

Jack Moloney was born in Miami, Arizona on June 13, 1921. His mother's family was early Irish settlers in San Francisco and his father had immigrated to Arizona Territory from Ireland. A number of his relatives were early settlers in the mining camp of Globe.

Jack's father, John Joseph Moloney was born on June 21, 1872 in Cloverdale, County Limerick, Ireland. John's father, Michael, had been killed in a horse accident while his mother was pregnant with him. His widowed mother, Mary, along with his brothers and sisters, went to live with his maternal grandmother, Josephine O'Dea Murphy, at her farm. Mary's brother Denis was still living on the farm at that time and was very close to Mary's children. John and his siblings were taught by tutors in their home and were well educated. They were also raised as very devout Catholics.

John's Uncle, Denis Murphy, left Ireland for America in 1880; arriving in Globe, Arizona Territory, in June, 1881. He was joined there several years later by his niece, Anna Mary Moloney, one of John's older sisters.

Anna married William Ryan, originally from County Tipperary, Ireland, in Globe in 1884.

Denis Murphy returned to Ireland for a visit in 1890. Undoubtedly, he told his nephew many stories of his and Anna's new life in the western United States. Denis had worked at several jobs in Gila County before establishing a successful butcher shop business. He also owned the Wineglass Ranch outside of Globe as well as other business interests in the city.

In 1893, John decided he wanted to immigrate to Australia. He planned to travel to that country via America; visiting his Uncle and sister in Arizona Territory as well as visiting relatives in San Francisco.

John landed in New York City and soon found his way to Chicago. John had been lucky enough that he came from Ireland with money for his trip across country as well as some to invest when he arrived in Australia. He decided to stay in Chicago awhile and worked in the stockyards there as a butcher to earn additional money for his trip. After several months, he set out for the Western United States. A train took him from Chicago to the end of the rail track in Safford, Arizona Territory. He purchased a horse and saddle there and rode to Globe. His sister Anna had taken

a different route on her trip there in 1883. She also sailed to New York City from Ireland; however, she took the train to San Francisco to visit relatives before completing her journey to Globe. The last leg of the train journey took her to Los Angeles, Yuma and Maricopa Wells. Upon her arrival there, she boarded a stagecoach bound for Florence; then took another coach over Pioneer Pass to Globe.

John decided he liked Arizona and stayed in Globe, forsaking his dream of settling in Australia. His sister Anna and her husband William Ryan had started a dairy in Six Shooter Canyon using range cows. John worked with them in this business endeavor. At one point, he went horseback to Phoenix to obtain dairy cows for their herd. Traveling at night returning from Phoenix, he took the wrong turn at Devil's Canyon and got lost. He had to wait until daylight to continue his trip to Globe. The milking cows were kept on a large acreage but the cows would sometimes roam clear down to Ruiz Street. A number of people in Globe had two or three milk cows, but no one had previously started a large dairy for the mining camps in the area.

Jack's mother, Mary Alice "May" Kelley was a native of San Francisco. John met her there on one of his many visits to that city. May's father, Michael Kelley was born

in the infamous Hangtown of Northern California. Her maternal family, the Mulcahy's were from Boston. They had traveled around the horn to San Francisco. John and May were married in 1913 in San Francisco and moved to Claypool, Arizona.

In 1907, John had joined William and Anna Ryan as a partner in the Ryan Drug Company that later became the Ryan Evans Drug Stores. He later sold his interest in this business back to his sister and brother-in-law and opened the 3 B Butcher Shop in Miami.

Jack was the youngest child in the family, having two older sisters, Alice Mary born in 1918 and Eleanor born in 1919. Alice died in 1924 of Scarlet Fever. Eleanor graduated from the Sisters of Mercy Nursing School at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix. She married Francis Van De Beuken and the couple moved back to the Miami area after living several years in Phoenix.

John and May were close to John's sister Anna and her husband Will Ryan. Jack's father had not married until he was 41 so his children were the age of Anna's grandchildren rather than her children. Her sons, Bill, Neil, Emmet and Joseph were established as Ryan Brothers Livestock at that time and owned ranches in the Globe area and on the Apache

Reservation. The Moloney family spent time on the ranches especially at the Five Slash Ranch outside of Globe.

Jack's cousin Emmet Ryan and his wife Vola lived on that ranch.

When he was fourteen years old, Jack remembers helping his cousin Neil Ryan drive 21 head of horses from the Five Slash Ranch on Salt River to Will Ryan's sheep ranch near McNary. It took 3 or 4 days and they camped out each night. They crossed above Seneca on the road going to San Carlos and went over to Black River; then White River passing by the Cooley Ranch on to Ryan Ranch at McNary. After delivering the horses, Neil took him to Show Low and Jack caught the stage back to Globe. A dirt road had just been opened through Salt River Canyon. Emmet and Vola Ryan at the Five Slash welcomed this road, as they previously had to go up to Seven Mile Wash to get into Globe.

During summers in high school, Jack worked as a "soda jerk" for Joe Ryan at Gila Drug in Globe. After graduation from high school in 1938, he worked at the drug store for a year to save money to attend the agriculture college at the University of Arizona.

When Jack returned from Tucson, he went to work for Ryan Brothers at their Bar Eleven Ranch. The ranch was



located on the north side of the Salt River just below the bridge. The range was on the bottom end of the Apache Reservation. He received his room and board and \$60.00 a month when he first started working there. Jack received a raise to \$75.00 a month in December, 1941. The Bar Eleven Ranch was isolated but the cowboys usually got into Globe/Miami once a month; sometimes maybe every two months.

In December, 1941, Jack had been gathering cattle at the Bar Eleven and the cowboys were driving them to Griffin's pens outside of Globe. Prior to Griffin's pens, the cattle had to be driven to San Carlos and loaded on the rail cars there. Joe Ryan met the cowboys at Griffin's on December 14, 1941 and told them about Pearl Harbor being bombed on December 7<sup>th</sup>. None of them knew of this event until a week after it happened due to the isolation of the ranch. Joe told Jack he could trade his rope for a rifle before long.

Jack read about a Cadet Program for the Army Air Corps. As soon as the cattle were shipped, he went to see about enlisting. Unfortunately, he failed one part of the written test - the current event section. He had been out at the ranch so long, he was not up on the latest news reports.

A letter was sent to him several months later asking him if he was interested in becoming a Glider Pilot. Jack reported to Luke Field in June, 1942 for his physical. He had been working on Ryan's Ranch in the White Mountains and was not used to the heat in Glendale. He was hungry and while waiting for his physical, ran a couple of blocks down the road to a restaurant to eat and ran back. Jack arrived back at the base just in time for his appointment. He suffered a heat stoke and failed his physical. He was given another chance and upon passing, was allowed five days to return to Globe and get ready for Basic Training.

Jack went to Lubbock, Texas for his early training and graduated in February, 1943. He was one of the first Glider Pilots in the new program. Jack next went to Bowman Field in Louisville, Ky, where he served as an operations officer on an Auxiliary Field. While there, he went to Ft Knox, Ky for ten days of night flight training. His cousin, William Paul Ryan, was stationed there and they enjoyed a visit. Bowman Field was closed and Jack went back to Lubbock for an Advanced Glider School.

Jack then went to Fort Bragg, North Carolina for a three-month assignment. He was training other pilots and his superiors were pleased with his training techniques, as

no pilots had been killed during any of his training classes. His assignment kept getting extended in three-month periods. During his last three months there, the power pilots and planes were sent overseas to prepare for the invasion of Europe. Jack was still on the base when D-Day happened on June 6, 1944. His students participated in the Normandy Invasion along with the English Glider Pilots.

In September, 1944, Jack's father died in Globe. Jack was able to fly from North Carolina to Oklahoma City. He talked his way on a flight to Luke Air Force Base on a C47. The pilot flew over the Ryan Brothers Bar Eleven Ranch in Gila County on the Salt River. He couldn't believe how rough and desolate the country was and commented on how isolated it was. Jack informed him that he had lived and worked there before the war. The Greyhound Bus drivers were on strike and Jack called one of the Ryan Evans Drugs stores as soon as he arrived at Luke Field. A truck was leaving for Superior with a load of supplies. The driver, Tyber, remembered Jack from Globe and went to Luke to pick him up. He let Jack off in Superior to try to hitch hike a ride to Globe. Tyber told Jack that if he was still there after he delivered the supplies, he would take him up to Globe. Many people were generous to military personnel in

those days and Jack caught a ride right away; arriving in Globe in time for his father's funeral.

Jack's provisional group was then sent to Fort Knox, Ky. All the group leaders were asked to get ten volunteers for the European Theater. As Jack was not especially fond of his Commanding Officer, he went to his men and asked for nine volunteers; he was finally on his way overseas. The company sailed on an unescorted luxury ship, The New Amsterdam. President Roosevelt died while Jack was crossing the Atlantic.

Jack returned to Miami after his discharge in December, 1945. Ryan Brothers offered him a choice of jobs - the Five Slash Ranch outside of Globe or the Ryan Livestock Feedlot in Tempe. Jack chose the feedlot that was located at Normal Junction on the railroad tracks.

He worked at the Tempe feedlot until January of 1948 when he went to work for the Border Patrol in the Department of Agriculture. A number of cowboys were being hired by the Ag Department to assist in the eradication of Hoof and Mouth Disease. Jack was stationed down below Ajo at Lukeville and also on the Papago Reservation just east of Lukeville. He also worked at the Oregon Pipe National Monument at Quitobaquito. Jack patrolled the area on

horseback looking for tracks to see if any cattle were being crossed into Arizona. Any cattle found were to be shot and burned. Their bodies were covered with tires and diesel fuel and set on fire. Jack only had to do this twice.

Jack was in the Ajo/Papago Reservation area for four years. He quit the Border Patrol for awhile and worked for the Double Seven Cattle Company out of Sells. He was buying cattle for the Double Seven from the Indians. When he had a full load, he would haul them to M.G. McCreight's feed lot in Tempe. Mac had purchased the feed lot from Ryan Brothers. Jack knew the head doctor working on Hoof and Mouth for the Agriculture Department as he came through Sells frequently and would stop by for a visit. Jack expressed an interest in returning to work on the Hoof and Mouth Disease project. The doctor let Jack come back to work, the only person he ever rehired.

When Jack worked for M.G. McCreight, he hauled horses as well as cattle. McCreight had a horsemeat processing plant in Glendale and processed horsemeat for dog food and fish hatcheries. The processing of horsemeat was very strictly regulated. Many horses were crossed over the border from Mexico to Douglas, Arizona. An Arizona

Veterinarian would inspect the horses when they loaded and would seal the truck. When Jack arrived in Glendale, another Veterinarian would be there to break the seal and the horses went into a sealed killer horse pen. Rebar was added to the top of Jack's trailer to keep any of the horses from jumping out.

During World War II, McCreight had a regular meat market at Five Points in Phoenix where he sold horsemeat. One of his trucks was parked in downtown Prescott and a man in one of the restaurants remarked that the menu must include "filly mignon" today as Mac was in town.

After completing his job on the Arizona border, Jack bought the cattle truck he had been using from McCreight and hauled cattle and horses for Mc Elhaney's who had purchased the Tempe feedlot. He worked for them for 4 years and then sold his truck to McElhaneys.

Jack married Glenda Duke in 1959 and they became the parents of one son and five daughters: Kenneth, Jacque, Kelley, Mary (May), Alice and Eleanor.

Jack and Glenda moved to Flagstaff and Jack worked for Greyhound for four years. He always says that he really

worked for just two years, as there were constant layoffs with the company.

The couple decided more opportunities were in Phoenix and moved their family to the valley. Jack knew the personnel at Cudahy's as he had hauled cattle into their feedlot many times. They hired him to drive one of their cattle trucks. After three years there, Tovrea's approached him about driving a truck for them. Tovrea's were building their new feedlot in Maricopa and needed to haul feed from their mill at 48<sup>th</sup> Street and Washington to Maricopa.

Jack wasn't interested in this proposition at first, but when Tovrea's said they would sell him a truck and he could use their trailers, he decided to take them up on the offer. In 12 years Jack built his business up to 12 trucks. His main deliveries were from the mill at Hughes and Ganz in Queen Creek to Scottsdale Feed Yards. When other feedlots were moving and hadn't put in their mills yet, Jack's company would haul feed for them. At various times he hauled feed for John Wayne's Red River, Circle One in Sun City and Olin Dryers in Laveen.

Jack sold his trucking company and went to work for Penmore Manufacturing in Tempe. He took a weekly trip from

Tempe to Pennsylvania and would bring raw materials back to Arizona. He also worked for Arizona Block and hauled cinder blocks from Flagstaff to Mesa.

Jack retired after working ten years for Arizona Block. He lives in Mesa and is an active member of the Veteran's of Foreign Wars in Tempe.





## WILLIAM T. (BILL) PIPER

I was born in Izora, Texas, February 27, 1927. My parents were Joe Piper and Alzie Oveta Mariott Piper. I grew up on a stock farm near Adamsville, in the hill country of Texas. We farmed with horses and mules and raised beef cattle, milk cows, sheep, turkeys, hogs, and chickens. We sold cream and eggs.

I started to plow with a pair of big mules when I was 8 years old. I could not lift the levers out of the ground. I just turned with them down. If I got on the wrong row I had to go to the other end because I could not stop those big mules.

At about the same time I started tying bales with hay wire for a hay baler where the mule went around and around. I had to run around the baler and stick the wires back through. My granddad had to stack the bales as I could not move them. I also plowed land with a double disk and four mules.

The first year I went to school my mother took me about four miles horseback and returned in the afternoon after me. The second year we had a cousin to stay with us and I rode horseback with her. The next year my brother

started to school and we rode on separate horses along together. I rode a big colt that was kinda lazy. My brother would flip a homemade quirt under his tail to make him gallop faster.

I rode to school horseback for all eleven years, but the last two years I would ride about three miles and catch a bus and ride fifteen more. I would play sports after school, then hitchhike back to my horse. I worked shearing sheep and goats on weekends. I had three brothers and two sisters, all younger than me.

I started showing steers and lambs for 4-H at the county fair when I was eleven years old. I also showed steers at the Houston and Fort Worth livestock shows.

After graduation I worked at a lumber yard until I was drafted into the Army. I was eighteen in February and drafted May 3, 1945. There were two busloads of us and only two were high school graduates. The rest were drafted out of high school.

I was in basic training when the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. I finished basic and went to Japan in the Army of Occupation. It took thirty days on a ship to get there. I went in the Signal Corps and helped to put field wire back through Hiroshima to tie the Australian occupation troops to our switchboard.

I have lots of interesting pictures I took while doing this. The destruction was unbelievable!

I was discharged on Christmas Day, 1946. I returned to my family, who lived on the Flat Top Ranch near Walnut Springs, Texas, where my dad was pasture foreman. I worked with the show cattle at Flat Top for one year. We showed cattle at Fort Worth and Dallas, Texas; Lincoln, Nebraska; Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky; Memphis, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia.

The summer before I went on the show circuit, I played softball at Walnut Springs and met my future bride, Posy Hickok. That January, 1948, I started to college at Texas Technological College in Lubbock, Texas. I also worked on the college farm there.

We were married June 6, 1948, and moved to an apartment in Lubbock. We both went to school. The herdsman at the college farm moved, and we moved into a house on the farm. I showed cattle at Dallas, Fort Worth, San Angelo, and Lubbock while I was going to school. I was on judging teams that went to Denver, Fort Worth, Kansas City, and Chicago. Posy graduated and worked at the Ex-Student office on campus.

Immediately after graduation we moved to the H.B. Thurber Ranch near Sonoita, Arizona, with our six month old

son Tom. We were there six years, during which time our second son, Ted, and our daughter, Terry, were born.

Then I became manager for Elgin Hereford Ranch, near Elgin, Arizona, and we moved there in June, 1959. While there I served on the Elgin Elementary School Board. I ran for County Supervisor but didn't win. I was also Chairman of the Santa Cruz County Fair for several years.

Our children went to Patagonia Union High School, 25 miles away, when they entered seventh grade. They were active in sports and other extracurricular activities as well as 4-H. They would each show three steers each year when they became nine years old. They showed at the Arizona National Livestock Show, SAILA in Tucson, and the Santa Cruz County Fair.

In 1967 we moved from Elgin to Canelo. I was hired as manager for Buenas Aires Ranch near Sasabe. Posy and the kids stayed in Canelo but came to Sasabe on the weekends. That job was short lived and in June, 1968, I went to work on the road crew for the U.S. Forest Service. We moved to our present home in Patagonia. I also worked in fire and range for the Forest Service, but returned as Road Crew Foreman where I was in charge of roads for five forest districts. I retired January, 1992, but after ten years I

still get inquiries from people about when I am going to blade their roads.

While I was road foreman I was elected president of the Arizona Section of the Society for Range Management. I had first joined SRM in 1954 and I always kept my interest in range conservation and have always had a small herd of cattle. I have remained active in SRM and served on the awards committee for 16 years.

I am still a 4-H leader. This year I received the Inaugural Clover Award from the State 4-H organization for over 40 years of being involved with 4-H.

I have had some cows on leased land since 1963. I started out with registered Herefords and now run crossbreds. I say that some people go play golf, but I go and check the cows.

We have two sons, Tom and Ted, and a daughter, Terry. We have two grandsons, five granddaughters, and three great grandkids. I have continued to work on fires since retiring ten years ago. I am a COTR and went to ten fires this past summer. I am active in the Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, and Masonic Lodge.



## HATTIE WILSON

I came to ranching from suburbia, reluctantly.

My husband Ted bought a ranch west of Nogales in January 1961, while we were vacationing at a guest ranch, the Casa Rosada, in Patagonia that belonged to the Kolb family. The ranch he bought belonged to Bill and Punk Harrison. It had been called the Harrison Ranch. We named it the Mariposa Ranch after the mountains to the west of us.

Punk made a point of helping me learn how to be a ranch housewife. She left a milk separator in the kitchen, explained how to use it and how to pasteurize the milk from the ranch cow, then taught me how to make refried beans. I gave away the separator and bought milk from the Mastick dairy and never made the refried beans, too fattening.

In those days I had a part time maid who threw tortillas as though she were making giant butterflies and she taught me to make jicama and horchata. Back in the '60s there were no cokes in the local stores, so we drank lemonade, iced tea and local drinks.

Living here during the summer became a visit to another world. The children and I helped on the gathers,



and worked the cattle. My specialty was shots for black leg.

In those days we fought screw worm infections and that entailed frequent, daylong rides, which I enjoyed.

Finally in 1971 we moved from Hinsdale, Illinois to Nogales. Sometime after that I stood outside the house and saw white boxes float down from a government plane flying low over the Mariposa valley. The boxes held radiated flies to mate with our infected flies and so eliminate the screw worm problem.

Our ranch carried at its peak more than 500 cattle because besides our lease on seven sections of Coronado Forest land we leased land from Bill Harrison. He had sold us a herd of polled Herefords which we began breeding with Brahma bulls until our steer took to jumping over the corral fences.

We added other mixes but not scientifically. By the 80s the town of Nogales began expanding toward our ranch. The twin plants came into Sonora and the Coronado Forest west of us became a drug trail. Also the Forest Service kept cutting the number of cattle we could run on our permit. By the 90s ranching was a loosing business.

In the year 2000 we sold the headquarters and corrals to Manuel Huerta, a trucker, and he parks his trucks on his

land and runs a few cattle. The bulk of the land was sold to a developer, Fairfield, for housing but they have returned it.

For us here in the Santa Cruz Valley ranching is no longer feasible. The land is now used for houses and warehouses. My family and I were privileged to have a few years of old-fashioned American ranching during the 60s and 70s.

The good times were the roundups at Community Well sitting around a noon time fire while Guero heated the coffee and cheese sandwiches, never any meat.

And I will never forget El Mocho, a small Mexican, one-armed, who equipped himself with a rifle on a stand so he could shoot our cattle. He would somehow drag one back to Mexico and sell it.

He became so well-known that one night at the Cavern, Tony Kyriakis told us we were probably eating our own meat. Finally, Sheriff Bracamonte caught him and El Mocho, as his request, was sent to a U.S. prison.

One piece of information asked for was a report on the water situation. When we bought the ranch in 1961 the well was 60 feet deep. When we sold it in the year 2000 the well was 600 feet deep.



### **Bettie Jo Marsh Roach**

Bettie Jo Marsh was the youngest of three children born to Claude Alfred Marsh & Laura Belle Medlock, both pioneer Arizona residents that came to Arizona prior to statehood. Bettie was born February 20, 1925 on 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Baseline in the Valley, and was raised on the family's farm just down the street at 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue (Tecolote) and Vineyard, which was known as the "Old Phil Reber Place," with her brother Virgil and sister Bernice. Her mother passing away when she was only three years old. Bettie's father Claude built the family home from adobe bricks. He was able to get the soil for the adobe at the corner of 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Southern. The home was one of the most modern and up to date homes in the valley, at the time of its construction. Claude owned the farm until his death in 1976, when it was sold. The family home was torn down in the early 80's.

Laura Belle was the daughter of Perry William Medlock and Elizabeth Wells, and she came to Laveen, Arizona from Poughkeepsie, Arkansas about 1910, with her father and two brothers Claude and Floyd. Floyd being one of the first to develop and build an exclusive subdivision in the valley when he began developing Medlock Place in 1926. Perry had

a farm on 47<sup>th</sup> Avenue, just south of Dobbins which he was farming in 1920. He farmed in the valley until his death in 1925. It was on this farm that Laura Belle was living when she met her future husband Claude.

Claude Alfred was the son of John Newton Marsh and Bettie Ann Waggoner. He came to Duncan, Arizona from Sweetwater, Oklahoma, about 1910, with his parents and five brothers, Floyd, Virgil, Arthur, Jewel and John. Floyd being a mink rancher instrumental in the development of a color of mink called Jet Black. A brother Lonnie was born after they arrived in Arizona. John Newton farmed near Duncan until his death in 1913. In 1919 the widow Marsh married Elmer Cheatham and moved to Laveen onto the "Old Fred Galusha Farm" at 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Elliot. Claude followed not long after, apparently living with his mother and step-father Elmer. It is here that he was living when he met and married Laura Belle Medlock in January 1921.

When Claude and Laura Belle first married, they lived in a tent home in the mesquites at what is now the Cheatham Dairy on 51<sup>st</sup> Avenue. Before long they moved to the old Westphal place on about 23<sup>rd</sup> Avenue and South Mountain for two years. This is where their first two children, Virgil and Bernice were born. The family then moved to 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Baseline for awhile, which is where Bettie Jo was born,

and eventually they moved to the farm on 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue. It was during this time that Laura Belle became ill with tuberculosis. Bettie remembers that her mother lived in a tent in the yard, and the children would go out and visit her while she brushed their hair, etc. Laura Belle eventually passed away in June of 1928.

Bettie also had an older half-sister Mary Ruth, and, it wasn't too many years before she and her siblings were joined by a step-brother Bernard, & step-sisters Genevieve and Virginia Flynn. Soon to follow were half-sister Lois and half-brother Claude. Claude really had his hands full with a home full of children that sometimes expanded to nine.

Bettie Jo attended Roosevelt Grammar School and Phoenix Union High School. It was while she was attending Phoenix Union that she met and eventually married John L. Roach on December 14, 1941, in Salome, Arizona.

John had come to Arizona in 1938 when he was chosen as part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> group of Paul W. Litchfield's, Adaman Farms apprentice farmers project. He was dairy farming at the time W.W.II broke out, and he got drafted in 1942. He and Bettie Jo moved from one army base to another. Stops that included Abilene, Texas for basic training, El Paso, Texas for Veterinary School, El Reno, Oklahoma, where daughter

Barbara was born in February 1944, and Norfolk, Virginia. John and Bettie returned to the farms in 1946 to resume their farming endeavors, switching from dairy farming to general farming and cattle feeding. At this time they still owed Goodyear Farms \$1,500.00. Goodyear Farms rented them 80 acres of newly cleared desert land located a couple of miles from their previous dairy farm. Again, their neighbor to the north was "Gene" Baker. John and Bettie built some cattle pens and began feeding about 60 head of cattle along with the farming operation. It was about the time that John and Bettie began feeding cattle that they obtained the brand which they used to mark all of their cattle, and later the partnership that was to be formed, also used this brand. The brand has recently been transferred to their daughter Barbara. Early on in this operation John built a mechanized manger to cut down his feeding time from 1 ½ hours to 7 minutes, and muscle power cut to nil. In February 1952 the Arizona Ranchman published an article about his engineering design. John and Bettie eventually purchased this farm, and paid off his long standing \$1,500.00 debt to Goodyear Farms.

In 1954 the United States Government condemned their farm for runway expansion at Luke Air Force Base. At the same time they also condemned their neighbor's farm to the

north. Their neighbors being A.E. "Gene" Baker, and his wife Doris. So they went into partnership together and bought a 500 acre farm on the east side of Luke Field. They built cattle pens, and again began feeding cattle. And again the Government condemned their land. This time it was 140 acres for Air Force housing..

In 1957 the Roach & Baker Partnership bought 200 acres in Wellton, Yuma Co., AZ, and later added two adjoining farms of 320 acres. This acreage was in alfalfa, so the partnership began buying feeder lambs to graze the fields. They continued with that operation for about two years. They then built cattle pens, and began moving their cattle feeding operation in Litchfield, down to Wellton. They continued to feed between 1500-2000 cattle in Wellton until 1980, when the 100 year flood came and put the pens under water. It was about that time that John's older brother Dale, who was managing the feedlot, decided that would be a good time to retire. The decision was made not to reopen the feedlot.

A couple of years after the closing of the feedlot, the partnership decided to lease out the farm land both in Wellton and Litchfield, so they could "retire". Since that time John and Bettie have spent their time traveling around the United States visiting friends and relatives, and



pursuing Bettie's Genealogy passion, which means they traipse through a lot of old overgrown cemeteries, and visit a lot of musty old courthouses and libraries.

Throughout the years John has been active in a number of civic and professional organizations. They include Farm Bureau, which he joined in 1946, is a past president, and still belongs. He was a charter member of the Arizona Cattlemen's Association. He joined Kiwanis in 1955, was president in 1967, and is still a member. As part of his Kiwanis activities, he became a Key Club advisor, and was the District Administrator from 1973-1975. He was president of the Goodyear-Litchfield Chamber of Commerce in 1972. He was also a longtime member of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association, and the Arizona Cotton Growers Association.

Bettie and John celebrated their 60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary last year. They have one child Barbara, who lives in Laveen with her husband Thomas C. "Topper" McReynolds, son of T.C. "Tommy" McReynolds, and Hazel Heustiss, deceased, of Camp Verde. Barbara and Topper are co-owners of the Harcuvar-Lamberson Ranch located near Alamo Lake. Bettie and John also have three grandchildren, Kimberly Woodhead of Tolleson; Lisa Apolinar of Cave Creek; and Thomas C. "Tom" McReynolds of Laveen. They have three

great-grandchildren, James and Jarrod Woodhead of Tolleson,  
and Gabriella Apolinar of Cave Creek.



## **Bill Hudspeth**

Bill Hudspeth's father, Lee, was a well-known member of the southern Arizona ranching community. Around 1910 he owned a ranch and ran cattle in Guadalupe Canyon, which later became Davis McDonald's ranch. After he left Guadalupe Canyon, Lee worked on a number of ranches in Mexico, including Marion Williams' Santa Rosa Ranch and one owned by the Montezuma Copper Company near Nacozari, where Bill was born in 1922. Bill can't actually remember it, but was told that the ranch was so isolated that Lee had to bring the provisions in on a pack mule.

When Bill was just a little shaver, Lee took a job with the Green Cattle Company RO Ranch at Palominas. The counterpart Mexican ranch, the ORO, would send steers, a thousand head at a time, to the RO Palominas Ranch. At the border crossing the animals were run through a dipping vat where they jumped into the vat on the Mexican side and climbed out on the U.S. side.

Bill started to school in Cananea, Mexico, learning his lessons in Spanish for the first and second grade. From the third grade through sixth he attended school in Palominas and during those years he helped his dad on the ranch. His favorite teacher was Miss Rose Clinton, later

Mrs. Rose Smith, who was the daughter of homesteaders.

Bill recalls that the cowboys would drive huge herds of cattle right by the schoolhouse on their way to the corrals at Hereford.

In 1936, Lee retired and moved to Douglas where Bill continued his education, but he joined the Marines before graduation from high school. In the Marines he was trained to be an airplane mechanic and went to the Solomon Islands until the end of World War II.

In 1943, Bill married Louise Edmonds and they had two sons, Joe and William.

After the war, Bill got a job at the Junction Mine in Bisbee where his job was Boiler Maker's helper. In 1950, he went to work at the Fire Department in Douglas and worked there for thirty-four years, the last nine of them as Fire Chief. His proudest accomplishment was in getting an ambulance at the fire station. Today there are three fully equipped ambulances ready for any emergency.

Many times on his days off, Bill would help ranchers around Douglas, keeping his hand in the skills he had learned as a youngster.

In the meantime Louise's sister, Theodore, had married Fred Price, the youngest son of "Grandma" Price, one of the first homesteaders at Turkey Creek. After Fred died,

Theodore married Charlie Smith and if they needed help Bill and Louise were always available. When Theodore passed away in 1970, she left the ranch to Bill and Louise, where they lived part of the time.

At the present time, Bill's son Joe, a retired Naval Lt. Commander and his wife Fidela, live on the ranch. As of this writing, due to the drought, there are just a few head of cattle on the ranch.

## COVER IDENTIFICATION

### FRONT COVER

#### Top

William "Bill" Piper

#### Middle

Left: Joe Dash & new saddle 11/26/99

Right: Barbara Nickles

#### Bottom

Left: Mary Donna Bryson

Middle: Bill Gates

Right: Norma Owens - 1932

### BACK COVER

#### Top

Left: Willetta Riggs

Right: Gertrude & John Puffinberger

#### Middle

- John & Flora Erramuzpe

#### Bottom

Left: Jack Moloney & daughter Linda - Irish Reunion -  
Globe, AZ 2001

Middle: Left to Right  
Sister Marie King - "Maxine & Algia"  
Brother Virgil, Father A.V. - Mother Lottie King

Right: John Maffeo

