



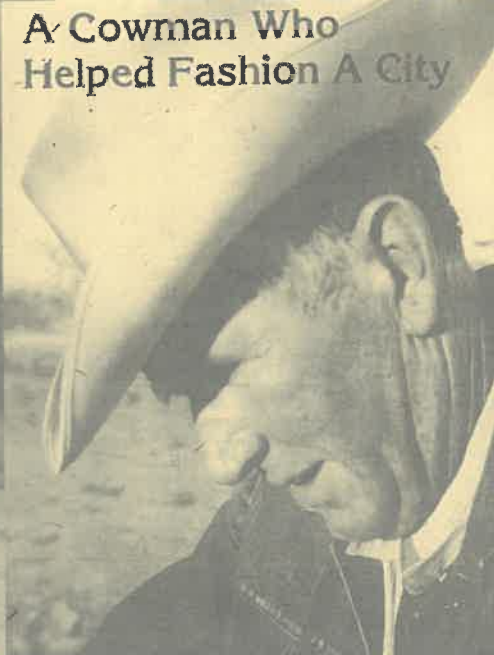
**Arizona
Pioneer Stockmen
Ranch Histories
Volume XXII**

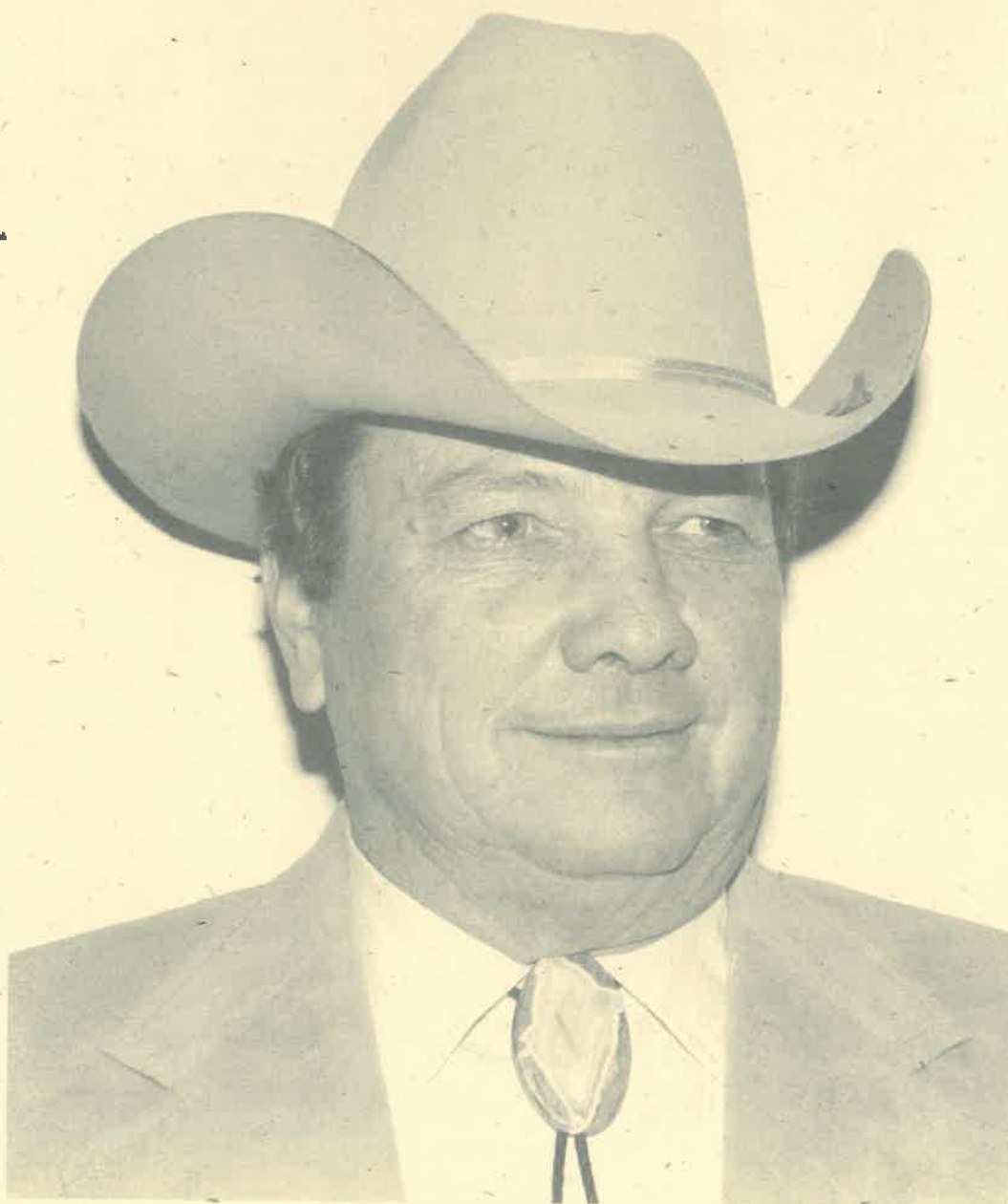


SAM FRAIZER - BILL PIPER
"DECISION-MAKING - SONOITA STYLE"



**A Cowman Who
Helped Fashion A City**





Bob Boice
Arizona Pioneer Stockman
of the year
2005 Show



**Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman**

Volume XXII

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We at the Arizona National Livestock Show have a special place in our hearts for the Pioneer Stockmen of our state. We are proud to participate in the publication and distributing of each volume of Pioneer Ranch Histories. The Pioneers in these volumes make up the heart of Arizona's livestock industry and have helped make the Arizona National what it is today. It is their hard work, dedication and knowledge that has taught and inspired our current generation of stockmen. The telling of each person's story is important, not only for the pleasure of remembering, but for what we can learn from them.

Our special thanks to the volunteers who have worked so hard to make this publication possible, and to each of you who have shared your life story. Thanks for your many contributions. Enjoy this year's Show!

Thank You,



Galyn Knight
President

Arizona National Livestock Show



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ROBERT G. (BOB) BOICE

And Family

This biography is about Robert G. (Bob) Boice, but would be impossible to write without depicting the life of his brother Frank Stephen (Pancho) Boice 1925-1973 as well as they were close in age and their lives paralleled each others into the family business until Pancho's untimely death a month before his 48th birthday in a private plane accident on his way to Grand Junction, Colorado where the brothers owned a feed-lot. Frank Stephen Boice will be referred to as Pancho throughout this writing to differentiate between him and his father Frank Seymour Boice. It will also include the business endeavors of Frank and his brother Henry.

Frank and Henry were the oldest of five children born to Henry S. and LuBelle Gudgeon Boice. Henry was born in 1893 and Frank in 1894 in Independence, Mo. They attended New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, New Mexico together as well graduating in Liberal Arts from Occidental College in Los Angeles, California. Frank continued his education by receiving a degree in Electrical Engineering from Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) with a companion degree from Harvard University. (At the time

Harvard did not have a College of Engineering, therefore sent their students to MIT to round out their offered courses of study and the students received degrees from both institutions) Henry at the age of 27 took over the management of the cattle company after their father's death in 1919. The Chiricahua Cattle Company stock was held by the descendents of the original "Boice, Gates and Johnson". This company owned and operated a ranch in the Sulfur Springs Valley with the headquarters at the West Wells as well as holding grazing leases on the San Carlos and Ft. Apache Indian Reservations. Frank was utilizing his engineering degree by helping develop a submarine detection system for General Electric. At the end of World War I, he joined his brother in the ranching enterprises and managed the ranch in the Sulfur Springs Valley.

Bob Boice considers himself a native of Arizona, but he was actually born in Pasadena, California. His parents were leasing a ranch in Onyx, California from 1924 to 1929. During the time, he and his brother, Frank Stephen (Pancho) Boice were born. Their mother, Mary Grantham, a native Arizonian, born in Duncan in 1904 and had lived in Southern Arizona all her life when she met Frank Boice. Frank and Mary were married in Tombstone, Arizona in 1923.

In 1924 Frank and Mary moved to the ranch in Onyx, California. The ranch was stocked with yearlings coming off the Indian reservations. They were pastured for a year and sold as grass fat two-year olds into the Los Angeles market. When the Indians terminated grazing leases to the White Man in 1928, the Chiricahua Cattle Company acquired The Eureka Ranch near Klondyke, Arizona, The Rail X Ranch near Patagonia, Arizona, The Empire Ranch at Sonoita, and the Arivaca Ranch near the Mexican border to accommodate the cattle moving off the reservation. In 1929 the Frank Boice family moved to the Empire Ranch. Henry with his family moved to the Rail X Ranch. Fred Barnett, a long-time foreman for the Boice brothers was at the Eureka Ranch which ran the purebred Hereford herd and Charles Boice (the younger brother) joined his brothers in the business and lived at the Arivaca Ranch and they sold the Sulfur Springs Valley Ranch. It took five years to move the cattle off the Indian Reservation to these other ranch locations.

From toddlers to school age Bob and his brother were learning to be cowboys. Their mother was a regular hand on round-ups and was considered one of the better "cowboys". Her two sons rode with her and their dad as soon as they were old enough to ride on the round-ups.

For the first few years of their education the boys had a teacher living on the ranch. In 1936 they attended the Empire School (a one-room school from grades 1 to 8) that was located on the east side of the Santa Rita Mountains on Box Canyon Road. They went there for two years. Bob didn't like school very much and preferred to be with the cowboys. After a lecture on how dangerous snakes were he proceeded to tease the cowboys with a dead snake in his little red wagon. His favorite thing was to shadow the cowboy cook and his life's ambition at that time was to become a "chuckwagon cook".

When Pancho was to start 7th grade the boys boarded with a Mrs. Frank on First Avenue in Tucson and attended Roskrige Elementary and Junior High. Bob continued to dislike school. He missed the ranch and his family but looked forward to their weekends at the ranch. The following year they boarded with Elizabeth McKinney, her son, Dan and daughter, JoAnn. Pancho attended Mansfield Jr. High and Bob was enrolled in Sam Hughes Elementary School. Still trying to solve the problem the following year the family rented a house on 5th Street near Cherry Avenue and Mary moved to town with the boys. When Pancho was to start high school they bought a house on Third Street and remained there until the boys graduated from Tucson High

School. Still spending their weekends and summer vacations at the ranch.

By this time their father Frank was becoming more involved with the state and national cattlemen's associations and was able to spend more time in Tucson with the family between all the meetings and traveling. He was President of the state organization in 1935-1936, and was President of the American National Livestock Association (ANLSA) in 1942 -1943. His expertise however was in taxation on ranches. He and attorney Steve Hart from Denver, Colorado established the National Tax Committee and were responsible for revising the Internal Revenue Code to establishing of the Constant Unit Value of inventories and recognition of capital gains and depreciation of breeding stock. Frank remained chairman of this committee until his death in 1956. He was honored in 1958 by being elected into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Ok.

His sons also showed their leadership ability. Pancho was President of his 1944 Senior Class and continue to excel scholastically. With the family together Bob became a better student but continued to dislike school and longed for life on the ranch. He too showed his leadership ability by being a class representative to the Student council his senior year in high school. During their high

school years they both became more involved in School sports and other activities. They both were on the football team and participated in track. After graduating in 1944, Pancho spent two years in the navy attending electronics school and was stationed on a repair ship in the South Pacific. Bob was registered for the draft, passed his physical and was deferred as long as he was in school. The boys both entered the University of Arizona the same year and were in the same pledge class of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity in the fall of 1946. They both graduated in 1950. Pancho received a degree in Electrical Engineering and Bob received a Bachelor of Science in Animal Husbandry.

Chiricahua Cattle Company was changed to Chiricahua Ranches, a partnership that at that time had a tax advantage over corporations. Henry and Frank bought out the other partners and divided the two ranches with Henry owning and operating the Arivaca Ranch and Frank, Mary and their two sons owning and operating the Empire Ranch, under the name of Empire Cattle Company.

While at Tucson High, Bob dated a classmate, Miriam Hamilton. Miriam was born in Tucson in 1928. Her parents had wintered in Tucson from Indiana since 1924 for her father's health. They moved permanently in 1928 and her father established Hamilton Motors on Fourth Avenue across

from the Presbyterian Church. It was the Chrysler Agency for Tucson. Her father's health continued to deteriorate and he passed away in the summer of 1934. Miriam's mother remained in Tucson and raised her three children, and her older sister and brother. Miriam received her degree in Business and Public Administration and was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority.

It was no surprise that after graduation from the University in 1950 Bob and Miriam were married that August. The young couple moved to the Empire Ranch. Stone Collie from Elgin helped them convert an army barracks from Ft. Huachuca into a one-bedroom house cross the drive from the headquarters.

Pancho had married a student from Kalamazoo, Michigan, Sherry Bailey in 1948. Upon graduation, they moved to Pasadena, California to pursue Pancho's engineering interest working for United Geophysical. Their son Steve was born in March of 1951. Bob and Miriam also started their family the following year. Mary Elizabeth was born in Tucson in November of 1951 and Grant in February 1953. Pancho and Sherry missed the ranch life and returned to live at the Empire in 1952. Their daughter Kitty was born that summer, followed by Sherry and Carol to complete their family. They moved into the foreman's adobe house located

on the creek underneath the cottonwood trees near the headquarters. As their family out-grew the little adobe house, they built their house just on the other side of the fence line from the headquarters buildings.

By 1955 it was evident that there were too many chiefs running one operation. In the winter of 1956 the Empire Cattle Company bought the Slash S Ranch south of Globe. The outstanding feature of the ranch was not only the brush and annual spring feed, mostly filaree, but that the property was mostly state lease with patented lands around the waters versus most of the other ranches in the area that are on national forest lands. Bob and Miriam with their two children moved to the new ranch. Miriam became the cook for the cowboys. Unfortunately for the young couple, Frank, Sr. suddenly passed away in April of that year. Bob had a new ranch to operate, completely different than the country he had known on the Empire Ranch. Daughter, Martha was born in Tucson the fall of 1956 since they hadn't yet made many contacts in Globe. By the time, Mary Elizabeth was six and ready to start first grade, Bob remembered too well his unhappy first years in Tucson and insisted Miriam moved with the children to Globe, spending the weekends and summers at the ranch. Daughter Peggy was born in Globe the

fall of 1958 and the family moved into the home they built in Globe and remain there today.

Pancho continued to operate the Empire Ranch. The Slash S Ranch and the Empire Ranch were now owned and operated by Boice and Company.

It didn't take long before Bob and Miriam became involved in organizations related to the cattle industry. Earl Horrell was the Chairman of the Arizona Section of the American Society of Range Management in 1958 and asked Bob to be his Secretary. From there Bob moved up to becoming the Chairman in 1960-61. He has the distinction of being the last Chairman as the title was changed to President the following year. The Gila County Cattlegrowers also recognized his leadership abilities and elected him Secretary in 1960. He served in this position until he was elected their president in 1964 and Miriam took over the Secretarial duties. The Brucellosis Certification Program was established in 1960 and Bob was asked to be the County Chairman. Several ranchers were contacted to voluntarily test their herds for Brucellosis. It was necessary to test 1/5 of all 3 year old and older cows of 20% of the herds in the county. By 1964 Gila County had a modified certified status. By 1966 the county received a Brucellosis Free Certification. During this time the problem with

screwworms had gotten some national attention and the state received matching funds from the federal government to drop sterile flies in densely screwworm-infected areas. Bob became the local Chairman of this committee whose function was to solicit funds from local ranches to match the federal monies. He and County Agent, Pat Gray tried to visit every rancher in the County to encourage \$1 per head contribution on cattle and horses on inventory as of January 1, 1965. This was to be a one-shot deal to cover a two-year program. Some ranchers asked "why contribute since they hadn't had any screwworms for over a year?" The committee members had to explain that the program was why they didn't have any screwworms and needed funding. By 1969 Gila County had only one case of screwworm reported and the program was declared a success. What a change that program made to the Cattle Industry. For the first time in his life screwworms did not dictate how to operate a ranch in southern Arizona - timing of round-ups, branding, castrating and dehorning of cattle. It is amazing that just a few years later in the late 70's, while working during the summer in a feedlot south of Tucson, Arizona, Bob's son, Grant was the only one of the crew that recognized a case of screwworms. Bob also served as a member on the Board of Directors of the University of Arizona Alumni

Association in 1970-73 and was appointed by the Governor to the Arizona Beef Council from 1972-75.

As if that wasn't enough to do while Bob served as President of the Gila County Cattlegrowers Association a group of ranchers with Pat Gray, Gila County Extension Agent spearheaded their interest to try to put together an annual auction to sell their spring yearlings. To test the possibility of an annual sale 11 ranchers gathered their yearlings at the Globe Stockyards and sponsored the first of the Gila County Cattle Growers' annual sales with Bob Boice and Steve Bixby, Sr. as co-chairmen. This was obviously a successful move. In two years time the Association financed and built their own pens on land leased from the local copper company and continued to sponsor this event until last year (2003) when the Forest Service restricted permits on all cattle on the Tonto National Forest because of the extended drought. Therefore, the Gila County Cattlemen had no cattle to put into the sale. Miriam moved from Secretary to Treasurer of the Association and clerked the auction and kept the accounting records until 1984. For 36 years (37 sales) the Gila County Cattlegrowers' Auction was the best method of selling their yearling for the local cattlemen.

Since 1960 Bob has supported the Arizona National Livestock Show. He and his family would spend the week of the show in Phoenix at a local motel so that Bob could volunteer in many different capacities from being on the show committee to being the Superintendent of the Junior Division. By the time his children were old enough to join 4-H they were asking, "Why can't we raise a steer?" There was one major disadvantage. Globe didn't have a 4-H livestock program much less a local fair to show and sell an animal. Gila County was unique because it had two community fairs but no County Fair much less fairgrounds. The same team of Bob and Pat Gray, our local County Agent, started the Gila County Gila-Mon steers 4-H Club in 1964 with six eager members, which included Bob's daughter Mary Elizabeth and son Grant with Bob as their 4-H Leader. As anyone involved with 4-H knows this is a family affair. Since we had no fairgrounds, the six exhibitors with their animals entered the Southern Arizona International Livestock Show that was at that time in conjunction with the Pima County Fair in Tucson. They stayed in a Tucson motel for the week of the show and Miriam fed the young people and her entire family out of small kitchen attached to their motel room. What a learning experience for all concerned. This procedure was repeated the following

year...1966-1967 with twelve exhibitors. In 1967 through 1969 the 4-H Sale was held at the Globe Stockyards.

In 1965, Kendrick Holder had donated 180 acres of State Grazing Lease to Gila County for a fairgrounds east of Globe. Bob was appointed the first Chairman of the First Gila County Fair and Racing Commission. First a horse track was built in order to run horse races that in turn would fund a fair building and fair facility. Gila County held their first horse race in 1967 and county fair in 1970. The 4-Hers now had their own fair and fairgrounds to show and sell their animals. With the help of the U. of A. Extension Office Miriam became the clerk of the 4-H Sale, a position she still holds today. Since 1982 when all the financial records were moved out of the Extension Office, Miriam has kept the Gila County 4-H Livestock financial records at home.

It is no wonder that Bob received the Globe "Man of the Year" award in 1971 and that the Fair Exhibit Hall was named in his honor in 1995. In 1998 the University of Arizona College of Agriculture honored Bob with a Lifetime Achievement Award.

Bob was able to spend the time on all of these projects because the ranch was being managed by a competent

man, Bailey Foster. He and his wife Dorothy and their daughters moved into the house on the Slash S Ranch.

Pancho wasn't idle during this time either. Besides establishing a computerized accounting service in Phoenix, Arizona Ranch Management, he also opened an office in Denver. In 1970-1972 he was President of the Arizona Cattlegrowers' Association and was Vice President of the Arizona National Livestock Show. The 1974 Show was dedicated to him. He also served on the Board of Directors of the Arizona Livestock Production Credit Association. For several years Pancho had been flying his own airplane between all these different locations. There was a winter storm brewing when Pancho left Tucson to meet Bob in Grand Junction, Colorado. Fortunately, they rarely flew together. Over the Peabody Coal Mine Pancho had plane trouble and went down on the Black Mesa in northern Arizona. He was killed instantly. He left his four children, Steve, Kitty, Sherry and Carol and second wife, Jeannie and Bob as executor of these many business enterprises.

In August of 1969 they sold the Empire Ranch to Gulf American Corporation as a real estate development. Tucson determined that there was not enough water to support a community on the Empire Ranch. Gulf American sold the

property to ANAMAX Mining Corp because the test showed there was plenty of water. Boice and Company retained the grazing lease and continued to run cattle until the grazing lease was terminated in 1974. From the late 60's until Pancho's death the brothers through their partnership acquired Western Slope Feeders in Grand Junction, Colorado, the K Bar Feedlot and trucking company in Greeley, Colorado, besides the two ranch operations and Pancho's accounting services. For the next several years Bob was busy trying to keep it all together. Selling off what he could until eventually everything was liquidated with the Empire grazing lease being terminated in 1974, the selling of the cattle in 1975, and the final sale of the Slash S Ranch too "Bud" and Jim Webb on Dec. 31, 1979. Bob was asked to fill Pancho's seat on the Board of Directors of the Arizona Livestock PCA and after several years was elected Chairman of the Board. Again he has the distinction of being a last Chairman, as the following term the title became President. He resigned the position after his son, Grant was hired by the PCA. Along the way Bob had acquired a liquor store in Globe and that became his main focus until May of 1986 when a very astute Globe doctor discovered what was thought a heart attack, showed artery blockage and an abnormal white cell count. Bob had

acute myloid leukemia. After the artery was repaired by angioplasty, chemotherapy was begun at the University of Arizona Medical Center. This reoccurred two more times before Bob was finally in remission after several years of treatment. He has remained in remission for 14 years.

With such a scare, Bob and Miriam started cruising not knowing how many trips they would be able to take. They have now seen every continent and are looking for new places to go. The climax of all their cruising was a celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary in 2000. Their four children, along with their spouses and eight grandchildren joined them on a cruise to Alaska and the train trip through Denali Park to Fairbanks. If they had planned such an event when they were first married they couldn't have picked a better time. The grandchildren were all old enough to be on their own...no baby sitters...yet too young to go to the casino or bar. Bob has said many times that the best part of the trip was that they didn't have to send a single postcard or buy a single souvenir..."the whole family were on the trip with us".

Bob and Miriam are most proud of their four children and feel they are the most important accomplishment of their lives together. All four graduated from college. Mary has a Systems Engineering degree from the University

of Arizona and is a vice-president with Bechtel Corporation in charge of the Six Sigma Program for all the Bechtel offices. She and her husband, Bruce Moreton, also a U. of A. graduate and a vice-president of Bechtel Corporation that oversees all of Bechtel Mexican Operations, have three children. Their son, Robert is a student at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J. Son Matthew is 16 and a junior in High School and daughter Elizabeth is 15 and a sophomore. They live in Darnestown, Maryland. Grant has a degree in Animal Science from the University of Arizona. He managed the feedlot in Loma, Colorado until it was sold and moved to Phoenix to work with the Livestock PCA with Louis Maxcy until the Farmers and Ranchers' PCA were combined into one. He worked with "Bud" Webb of Hebbard and Webb for several years until becoming the Director of the Arizona National Livestock Show in Phoenix. He and his wife Kristi have three daughters. Cheyne is studying Architectural Design at Arizona State University and Mary is in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Arizona. Both will earn their degrees in 2004. Daughter Stephanie is a senior in High School. They live in Scottsdale, Arizona. Martha has a degree in fashion design from Colorado State University in Ft. Collins, Colorado. She did pattern making for several years with different

manufacturers around the Los Angeles area and was with Target in Minneapolis, Minnesota as a manager. She is now involved with body imaging through exercise, diet and health. She and her husband Hamid, a Civil Engineer with the city of Los Angeles, have two children. Rameen is 22 and studying radio electronic at Pearce College in the Los Angeles area and Saura is 19 and has a natural artistic talent, which her grandparents hope she pursues. Peggy has a BS degree in Horticulture from the University of Arizona. She had her own plant store for several years in Tucson. She married Charles Sands and they moved to Missouri where they have been involved in restoration of old historic buildings. They are now moving back to Arizona and will make there home in San Manuel.

Besides traveling whenever possible both Miriam and Bob have kept actively involved with the local 4-H Program working with the County Fair. Son Grant wrote a computer program for the Gila County Fair Livestock Auction that Miriam uses to clerk the sale. This same program has since been modified for several counties through the state. Bob continues to be the official auction photographer.

With Bob's support Miriam completed a book in 2002 of a Summary of the Gila County Cattle Growers Association from the organization's beginning in 1933 to the 2002 when

many of the Tonto permittees grazing leases were reduced. She donated this publication to the local Cattlemen's group to sell to benefit their scholarship program.

After a lifetime of ranching, Bob misses living on the ranch. With all the governmental regulations and interferences from pseudo-environmentalists that never developed a drop of water, that don't recognize the nutrient value of the brush and grasses, don't know filaree from loco-weed, never saw a calf that was killed by a coyote or lion, never earned a living from agriculture he is grateful to be out of the business. Ranchers are true environmentalists as caretakers of public land. It is the end of a way of life for this fourth generation cowman as well as others who have spent their lives raising cattle. The end of an era!

HOWARD MORGAN

Tucson, Arizona

I was born February 7, 1924 in Winkleman, Arizona. My dad and mother were Burt and Mollie Morgan. My dad homesteaded the Big Spring in Copper Creek in the Galiuro Mountains in 1916. His brands were F Slash J (F/J), I Cross I (I+I), and Backward BM (*gM*). The I+I brand was recorded in 1907 by my grandfather, Wiley Morgan, who owned the Mule Shoe Ranch before 1900. He later owned the Y Six (*Y*) Ranch at Klondyke.

I had one brother, George Morgan, and a cousin, Melvin McClintock who lived with us for a good many years.

My dad sold the Copper Creek Ranch in 1928 and bought the Wood Canyon Ranch from John Bendell in the Chiricahua Mountains. Dad and a crew of eight or nine cowboys drove the cattle and horses from Copper Creek to the Wood Canyon Ranch. It took fourteen days for the one hundred forty mile trip.

We didn't have electricity or inside plumbing, just a pipe that brought water into the house. Since we had no refrigerator, dad made a cooler with four wood legs, a door, two shelves, a covered wood top with tin covering the wood top and screen covering the four sides. The top and

four sides were covered with gunney sacks. A model T Ford gas tank was mounted on top of the cooler and filled with water each day. It dripped on the burlap cover, keeping it wet. It acted like an evaporative cooler. It did a good job of keeping milk, eggs, and vegetables cool. I was around 17 before I lived in a house with indoor plumbing and electricity.

We had a dug well at the house and if you wanted a cold drink, you would draw a bucket of water from the well, which was real cold. The first time I can remember eating Jell-O is when my mother used the cold well water to firm it up. She made some Jell-O, put it into a pail with a lid on it, and lowered it into the well water. It got pretty firm sitting in that cold water.

One of our ranching neighbors, Charlie Gardner, used to match some horse races at the rodeos around the valley and I use to ride some of the matches for him. I was just a kid then and was pretty light. During the hard times in the early thirty's with cheap cattle prices, we had kept steers for a couple of years and when we sold, our neighbor Forrest Mulkins also sold. We gathered about 350 to 400 two and three year old steers that we held in a twenty acre water trap. The next morning, before daylight, we were on our way to the holding trap, which was about a four to five

mile ride from the ranch house. The ride was wet as it had rained most of the night. Before we arrived at the trap, Dad remarked, "I'll bet those steers stampeded during the night." When we rode up, there were only 2 or 3 steers left in the trap, the rest we gathered half way to San Simon where we shipped them on the railroad.

Mom and dad gave me the I Cross I (I+I) brand in about 1932 and in 1941 we sold the ranch to Milton Stansberry from San Angelo, Texas. He wanted the I+I brand. I still have the original recorded certificate from 1907.

I went to school in San Simon for eleven years. We had an old Model T Ford. My cousin drove us fourteen miles to school for several years. We moved to Tucson and I graduated from Tucson High School. I went to the University of Arizona until Uncle Sam called for WWII. I went into the army and to the European Theater. I landed in North Africa and to Italy for about eleven months. We left there and made the invasion of southern France. When the war was over I was in Salsbury, Austria. Several months later I came home and my dad was running the Houston Ranch south of Elgin, Arizona. He was getting ready to ship the calves. I helped him drive the cows and calves to Sonoita and load the calves on the railroad. This sure was a welcome change from the last several years.

I met my future wife, Monta Carol Gardner, at a party in Elgin one night. She is the daughter of a pioneer ranching family, Reagen and Hettie Lee Gardner who had lived in the Sonoita and Elgin area most of their lives. Monta Carol had one brother, Edwin Gardner. Monta Carol and I were married September 7, 1946 in Nogales, Arizona. We have three children; Del Morgan (Tucson, AZ), Hal Morgan (New Iberia, LA), and Teri Thomas (Marana, AZ) and eight grandchildren. All but one was born in southern Arizona.

We lived in Sonoita for a couple of years after we were married. I worked for the highway department building a road from Sonoita, east to the Cochise County line. In 1948 we moved to Nogales where I continued working construction. We leased the old Peck Ranch on the Santa Cruz River for several years. We also leased the Frank Berry place that joined the Mexican border. We branded the Slash Lazy Y (~~A~~). In 1955 I leased another ranch from Hugh Merryweather at Tumacacori, Arizona.

I was appointed a school board member for the Little Red School House District. When we lived on the Santa Cruz River. Our two boys, Del and Hal, went to school there. The school had two rooms and one teacher that taught all the grades, 1 through 8. The school had no central plumbing or heating. We had a school board meeting one

night, which was attended by Will Hathaway (an old timer neighbor rancher), Mr. Bibolet (a bookkeeper for the Yarba Buena Ranch), and myself. I made a motion to replace the old wood floor, which was in pretty bad shape. Mr. Hathaway thought for minute and said, "I haven't heard of anyone falling through it yet." An agreement was finally reached and a new floor was put in.

I raised several good quarter horses while in the ranching business. They were out of the old Parker Trouble horse when Blaine Lewis had him. Our daughter, Teri, made a barrel horse out of one of them and did real well. The last cattle we had was on the shares with the Douglas Ranch at Sonoita.

We moved to Tucson in 1956. I continued working in the construction business and we put on a lot of ropings in Tucson and in Rio Rico when the new hotel was first built. We had some big ropings at Rio Rico. Ropers came from 3 or 4 states to rope there. My wife and I built a new home here in Tucson in 1979 and we still live in the same place. We did a little traveling after I retired in 1986 and I roped a lot for several years. I still do some braiding with nylon rope and enjoy making end tables and coffee tables out of mesquite stumps.

CLAUDE MCNAIR

Born of Pioneer stock - his mother Maggie Lacey McNair came from Texas to Arizona in a covered wagon. His father Phil "Mac" McNair worked on different outfits making his way from Texas to Arizona about the same time.

Claude Warren McNair was born between Shaldon and York at home along the Gila River in Greenlee County, August 20, 1920. He is preceded in death by his parents and six siblings. The one surviving McNair child is Hope and she is with us today.

Times were hard on the Gila River. The family's income was from cattle and in the late '20's there had been a long, severe drought. Claude talked about his mother and brother and sisters moving out to a cow camp and as a child helping burn cactus to feed the livestock.

Also, as a small child he was horseback riding at the age of three. This was before the Taylor Grazing Act and it was still open range. During those days the man with the most cattle was the Range Boss. Along this portion of the Gila River it was Phil McNair, Claude's dad. When Claude was five years old, he and his father started out early one morning to work the cattle. They met up with other reps, two brothers contested Phil's authority. One

brother started to throw rocks at Phil and Phil was seriously injured. He was severely beaten with a big rock, resulting in having the side of his head caved in and the loss of one eye. There was lots of blood and if Phil's son-in-law Lee Rhea had not ridden up at that time Phil would probably have been killed. Claude witnessed the whole incident and was terrified. He kept saying, "I want to go home, I want to go home". Now, Claude was riding his first horse whose name was Leonard. This horse was of thorobred type and finally Phil told him to go on home. Claude said he really opened "Ole Leonard" up getting home to his mother.

Later, this incident resulted in the McNair family selling about 620 head of cattle and moving the remnants of about 80 head to the T Rail Ranch in the Aravaipa Canyon near Klondyke.

Claude stayed on the Aravaipa Family Ranch until February, of 1972 when he traded out and moved his outfit to the Ten Ranch south of Safford.

At the age of 9, Phil gave Claude & Woodrow (his brother) seven head of cows and told them they would have to buy all their own clothes and anything else they needed or wanted.

He graduated from the 8th Grade at the age of 14. Mrs. Margaret Haby was one of his teachers. There were no high school facilities in the Aravaipa or Klondyke at that time. Phil asked him: Do you want to go to school or go to work? Claude chose to go to work.

Claude cowboyed on every ranch that joined the Apache Indian Reservation to the Eureka's north of Bonita. He never signed on steady but he day-worked, primarily at Round-Up time. He usually earned \$1.50 a day and his board, as they usually slept out under the stars in a bedroll. As he worked he would save up his money and buy another cow, building his herd. In 1934 you could buy a pretty good cow and calf for under \$25.00.

During this period he got quite a reputation for trading horses. Somehow, Phil scrapped together \$250.00 and gave it to Claude to trade on. Claude was never to trade one horse for two because if you do that there is just another mouth to feed. Just last week, Claude said he never could recall making a bad trade.

Growing up and later in his life he cowboyed with the very best:

Forty years with Lupe Salazar - The only man to start his cow herd with a Jersey bull.

H. Skeet Bowman up on Stanley Mountain, a man he truly respected.

George & Fred Upshaw - real 'ole time cowboys on the Lower Aravaipa.

Jim Sanford - A real cowman.

The Claridge brothers, George, Ray, Roy and Hugh who built a big ranch up in Klondyke.

Punched cows with Cotton Gatlin for 50 years and never had a disagreement.

Best Mountain Man ever, Jeb Bleak. He wore brogan shoes and would get off his horse and out-run cattle afoot in the Galiuro's. He also had a pet mountain lion.

Partnered with Jim Wilbourn of Douglas - the most honest man he ever knew.

Riley Peck - 60 years of playing tricks on each other and anyone else who crossed their path.

Warner Matice - Riley & Claude's idol - one of the best.

And later, Brad Johnson, a true friend.

When he was around 16 years old, Rulen Moody hired him and another boy to go up on Mount Stanley and gather a ZON cow and her maverick yearling. Claude sent the other boy off down a ravine. Claude rimmed around the other side of the mountain. Going down this canyon he jumped this old

cow and her maverick. The race was on! He had his rope down and built his loop (he was packing two ropes). When everything was just right, he took his shot and roped the cow. When everything pulled hard and tight his front cinch broke and his saddle, with him on it, came over the horse's head. He was tied on hard and fast but the "ole", mean cow was so stunned she just stood there. He jumped up, jerked his rope off the saddle horn, took hooey around an oak tree and had the cow necked up to a tree before she reacted. He then took his flank cinch, put it on where the front cinch was and resaddled his horse. He got his other rope and went down the canyon in the direction the maverick had gone. He found the maverick laying down under a bush, roped him and tied him to another tree. By this time the other kid had gotten there. They sidelined each animal and each led one out. He said he got paid pretty good for that job.

In 1946 Claude met Jesse Erlene Godfrey Taylor at the Pima Bar. Shortly thereafter they married. Erlene moved to an unplastered adobe house with no electricity, bringing her two young daughters, Sherrill Ann and Colleen Kay to the Aravaipa. Claude not only raised the two girls but loved them as his own. Erlene's life was not easy but she was also of Pioneer Stock, her mother having been a Talley.

Claude and Erlene were married for 37 years prior to her death in 1984. Born of this union was Terry Jane in 1947. From the time Terry was in diapers, she was riding with her dad. In 1954, Claude and Erlene got their most coveted wish - a Boy! Lacy Claude was born and the family was complete.

Claude and Erlene were married in March in Lordsburg, New Mexico. Several years later she got very mad at Claude and bawled him out for not remembering their wedding anniversary. Claude got her calmed down and she realized the wedding anniversary of her first marriage was in March also. Claude ribbed her for years about getting her anniversaries mixed up.

Claude would usually leave fairly early, packing a lunch, to go ride. (All ranch work was done on horseback). During summer months he rode constantly doctoring cows with screwworms. He always packed a bottle of Peerless with him. When he came home in the evening he might find a wall knocked out, the house painted or paneling being put up. Erlene was a good carpenter and did all the work herself, striving always to improve her family's quality of life.

In 1948 when Phil died, Claude bought his mom out and ran cows for her to help her out. He was leasing ranches wherever he could building his herd. He drove ore trucks

from the Aravaipa mine to the railroad head at Ft. Thomas at night, working the ranch during the day. He also worked a short time for the Graham County Sheriff's under Sheriff H. Skeet Bowman. But, primarily he worked his ranch.

During the fifties it was an exiting time in the Aravaipa, the family got electricity, a TV and an eight party phone line. Each party had a different ring and when the McNair's phone rang, Erlene would pick it up and say "Bill, get off the Line, it's for us", then she would say "Hello". Bill Salazar answered every call no matter what.

One of the ranches Claude owned was up on Table Mountain looking off into the San Pedro. It was a three hour, four wheel drive road. He built a one room cabin with siphon water from a spring. It had no hot water but did have a wood cook stove. The family would spend a week at a time in camp working cattle. The cattle were gathered and put into a holding pasture. At the end of the gather the calves were cut off and driven down to the Aravaipa to the Bermuda Patch - ready for shipping time.

One time a big 4 or 5 year old steer was gathered along with the sale cattle and was duly named Meathead. When the cattle were started out of the pasture for the drive, Meathead kept running off. There is a difference between a wild steer and a mean steer. Meathead was truly

a wild animal. The herd had crossed Parsons Canyon when Meathead took off down Catclaw - Claude roped him. Tex Salazar was there with a little 4-wheel drive truck with cattle racks on it. Claude and Tex decided to load Meathead and Tex would haul him to the shipping pens in the Aravaipa. Claude had his rope on him so Tex opened up the tailgate and Claude eased the rope over the racks and went to the front of the truck, using the rope and the momentum of the horse to drag Meathead into the back of the truck. Here Terry remembers it one way and Butch remembers it another so you are probably going to have to talk to Tex to get it straight. Terry says Tex closed the tailgate and when he did, Claude let a little slack in the rope, thinking they had him trapped. When Meathead felt the rope go slack he reared up on his hind legs and started over the racks onto the cab of the truck. Tex grabbed his tail and took a dally around the back rack. Claude quickly tied him tight to the front rack and as he did so Meathead's tail came off and Tex was standing there holding his tail. Butch recalls they got the steer loaded and Tex took him on down to the shipping corrals. When Claude and his crew got to the shipping corrals much later, Meathead was still tied in Tex's truck. Remembering Meathead had tried to go over the rack when he was loose, Tex took a dally with his

tail around the rack. Claude took the rope off and opened the tailgate so Meathead could go into the corral. Meathead jumped and Tex didn't let go of his dally. But no matter what, Tex was left standing with Meathead's tail.

Prior to this incident Claude, Terry and Butch (who was about 6) went up to Table Mountain with the sole intention of gathering Meathead. All three of them were packing ropes and Butch was going on about how he wasn't afraid of this ole steer and he was going to rope him. In Virgis Canyon, Claude and Terry got ahead of Butch when they heard him yelling, "I've got him, I've got him". Claude was very concerned because this steer was big, wild and smart. Claude whirled his horse around with Terry at his heels. Sure enough when Claude and Terry got to Butch, he had a big animal roped. But, it wasn't Meathead it was Terry's old pet cow Nancy. Terry was mad because he had roped her pet cow and Claude never let Butch live it down.

While in Klondyke, Claude served over 20 years on the school board. He was also a Director and later President of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers. He was probably the only person with an 8th Grade Education to be appointed to a College Governing Board, serving on the Eastern Arizona Governing Board for a short term. He had many honors in his lifetime but the greatest honor was a few years ago

when he was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Willcox where his portrait hangs in the Museum with the best. Before his death an application was submitted to the Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Association.

After he acquired the Ten Ranch in 1972 he lived at first in Pima and then at Swift Trail. He took his children and their spouses in as partners and formed the Ten Ranch Partnership. In 1986 he married Henrietta Moraga. In 1988 he dissolved the Ten Ranch Partnership and divided the ranch between the 3 children. They each ran 25 head of mother cows for him and he continued to lease additional pasture for about 40 more cows. C&H Cattle Co. They used to say they didn't know how sweet it was but their union lasted 15 years until Henrietta's death.

At that time he moved to the Ten Ranch Headquarters (the first he had ever lived on the ranch) where he remained until his passing. He was still active and was horseback riding with Terry and Jack just nine weeks before his death.

CLAUDE'S PRAYER

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I loved creation better as it stood.
That day you finished it so long ago,

And look upon your work and called it good.

I thank You, Lord, that I was placed so well,
that you made my freedom so complete;

That I was no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.

Thank You for letting me live my life as I begun.

And giving me work that was open to the sky;
Making me a pardner of the wind and the sun,
And never, ever desiring a life soft or high.

Lord, I pray You saw I was easy on the man that was down;
I pray You saw me square and generous with all.

I was careless sometimes Lord, when I was in town,
But never let 'em say I was mean or small.

I pray You saw my life as big and open as the plains;
As honest as the horse between my knees,

Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains;
Free as the hawk circling on the breeze.

Forgive me Lord, if sometimes I forgot.
You know the reasons that were hid.

You understand the things that galled and caused me fret.
You know me better than my mother did.

For 82 years You've kept an eye on all that was done and
said.

And righted me sometimes, when I turned aside.

Now, Oh Lord, I pray you will continue to guide me on this
long, dim trail ahead.

This trail that stretches upward to the Great Divide.

BLESSED IN THE LORD

AMEN

SALLY AND BOB GRENNAN

In post WWII, the early 1940's, southern Arizona's ranching community became host to a new type of pioneer. This generation consisted of restless young families seeking a different environment in which to raise their families. In 1945, Bob and Sally Grennan with their three daughters, 8-year old Judy, 6-year old Nancy and 2-year old Vicky, headed for a month long vacation at the Silver Bell Ranch in Tucson. Traveling across country from New York City was not the hardship of the covered wagon, but was still a testament to the determination and hardy character of those raised in a safe and more luxurious lifestyle on the East coast. Motels were few and far between, the McDonalds concept had yet to be implemented and auto air-conditioning was an innovation of the future, but the Grennan family was "Westward Bound".

Where did these adventurous people come from? Both Bob and Sally were born into middle-class families. Sally in Pittsburgh on May 22, 1913 and Bob in Chicago on August 10, 1912. Sally grew up in the Midwest, small towns, riding her pony in the streets of Marion, Ohio, attending Hathaway Brown prep school and eventually going to Connecticut College. Bob was similarly raised in the

Midwest, attending University School and later going on to Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Bob's talent and involvement with horses began as early as Sally's did, as his family owned an estate near Cleveland. He rode jumpers and avidly played polo.

They were drawn to each other through their similar backgrounds and interests and were married on October 17, 1934. As Bob worked for the family business, Grennan Cakes, a bakery with distributors on the East coast and throughout the Midwest, Bob and Sally began married life in New York City. After living through the war years and having children during that time, they both realized that they wanted something else out of life. They decided to look westward toward open spaces where opportunities to create a new lifestyle were boundless.

After spending a year in Tucson, Bob and Sally began a dedicated search for the perfect place to settle. Soon, they discovered the allure and beauty of the Patagonia area. Here, they found and purchased the Rocking Chair Ranch, 3 ½ miles out of Patagonia on the Harshaw Road, from Lloyd Gatlin. Three brands came with the ranch: the Rocking Chair, B/N, and the LG of the Gatlins.

It was, and is, a beautiful spot, nestled in a canyon mouth, an enormous cottonwood tree guarding the home, lush

grassland (in wet years), and surrounded by majestic mountains. By many standards the ranch was not large, supporting an allotment of 100 head. In order to supplement their income and share their good fortune with others, they decided to run a small guest ranch operation.

The original ranch house was a beautiful adobe (made on the ranch) structure, however was in much need of repairs. The first structure completed was a two bedroom, one bath guesthouse near the main house. The family moved into this house, complete with outdoor fire for cooking and outdoor furniture under the trees for a living room. Many were the times Bob held a piece of tin over the fire during a rainstorm while Sally cooked, and dishes had to be washed in the bathtub. What wonderful memories came from those early days of roughing it!

The main house was gutted, leaving only the four walls and a wonderful wood floor. The interior was re-sectioned into rooms which remain the same today. This house was the hub of the ranching enterprise, the guest operation, and family life. With a huge old rock fireplace dominating the main room, guests, friends, and family gathered together for swapping stories, listening to the radio, and exchanging local news.

During this time, the primary means of transporting items to this area was by rail to Patagonia. This included shipping of cattle and all deliveries. When tubs, sinks, and toilets were ordered and delivered, there was no way to get them to the ranch the same day. Bob spent the night sleeping with and guarding these precious postwar items!

Bob and Sally's Hereford cattle soon dotted the countryside. The core herd was registered cows and bulls, with a calf crop to be sold each fall. The calves were shipped from Patagonia by train and in later years trucked out directly from the ranch. At fall shipping time, neighbors joined together to help each other round-up and drive cattle when necessary.

As the Rocking Chair also had a land allotment in the beautiful San Rafael Valley, the highlight of each year was the 10-mile cattle drive to the Valley in the spring, and the return of the herd back to the ranch in the fall. The route followed the Harshaw Road to the San Rafael, past Ernie Best's ranch house. This was always a focal point as the hermit cattleman had a Coca-Cola poster of a scantily clad girl on his front porch. Also as we rode past Jack Turner's ranch, one of our horses took exception to his black milk cow. This drive was reminiscent of the long cattle drives across the plains, but was just long enough

to be fun and exciting. Of course some years, there were hardships to contend with, such as hot or cold weather, rain, bugs, and very slow moving cattle.

As the family became integrated into the community, these "dudes" became recognized as people who truly could and would help the area to develop. Sally and Bob were both involved in the Patagonia school and town administration and activities. Bob served on the school board for many years. Bob and Sally were instrumental in bringing the 4-H program to the area and served as leaders for many years. Sally worked silently with the Patagonia health nurse, and both were involved with the sports and extracurricular programs at the Patagonia Union High School.

Sally, as an avid cattlemwoman, became a charter member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles in 1947. Today she is still a member of this organization, having participated actively in key positions over the years. Sally served with the Santa Cruz and Arizona Republican Women's Group for most of her life and is a long time member of the Elgin Community Club (as was Bob).

Bob, being involved in the cattle industry, was a member of the Cattlemen's Association and served as Treasurer of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo

Association. He was instrumental in dealing with the state to get the first horse racing meet in Sonoita and in the development of the annual Horse Show as a major event on the Quarter Horse schedule. Sally and a couple of friends worked for years on the trophy committee for the show and it was a pet project of hers.

The Grennan's loved the ranch life, but none more than Sally. In addition to raising three daughters, riding, cooking, entertaining the guests, fixing a water gap after a summer rain, checking cattle for worms (before the days of sterile fly drops), or having a fun moonlight horse back ride and picnic with neighbors, Sally was in her element. She was never happier than when she was on a horse.

Neighbors and friends were a major part of their life. There were no telephone lines, no television and electricity was provided by Kohler plants. Health care was finding Dr. Mock in Patagonia and dependence on each other was necessary. Up the road, lived Jane and Bill Holbrook. Blaine and Laura Lewis and the Seibolds were just down the road. The Harmons, Kolbes, and Carringtons lived on the Sonoita side of Patagonia as well as many other great folks. Picnics, dances, casual dinner gatherings, and working cooperatively to get jobs done and helping each

other in difficult times were all a part of everyday life. These special friendships have lasted a lifetime.

In 1957, with children grown, the Grennans sold the ranch and Bob and Sally settled into a new life in Sonoita and began work at Ft. Huachuca. They took with them, wonderful memories and the satisfaction of knowing that they had lived the ranch life that they had chosen and loved. The Grennan's spent the next forty years as active members of this special county that had become a part of them. They have passed on their love of this special place into the hearts of their daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, a heritage they will always treasure.

OSCAR AND DOROTHEA WALLS

Born in 1910, Oscar Walls was the oldest of ten surviving children of Doshie Whitehurst Walls and William Barlow Walls. Growing up on a farm in Heber Springs, Arkansas, Oscar was no stranger to hard work. Along with his brothers and sisters, they scratched cotton and vegetables out of the bare soil usually using draft horses and whatever equipment they could get in those days. It was those hard first 20 years of Oscar's life that gave him his deeply ingrained spirituality and his sense of being "Head-of-the-Family." Unfortunately, Oscar suffered from asthma and as with many people in the early 1900's was advised to move to Arizona. In 1932, he left the farm in Heber Springs and came to Arizona.

Oscar's first job in Arizona was milking cows for the Everett and Georgia Hampton family in Tempe. It was while working at the Hampton's Sunrise Dairy that Oscar and Dorothea met. The Hampton's daughter Elizabeth was Dorothea's friend and she introduced her to Oscar. Dorothea Nelson and Oscar Walls were married in Prescott, December 21, 1935.

Dorothea was a native Arizonan born in Buckeye March 2, 1910 to Laura Miller Nelson and Albert Lewis Nelson.

She had graduated from Tempe Teacher's College (which is now Arizona State university.) She taught school at Walnut Grove (where she lived with the Jim Carter Family), New River (where she lived with the Evans' Family) and then at the Vulture Mine (South of Wickenburg.)

Oscar's first business venture was the Sunrise Dairy which he purchased from Everett and Georgia Hampton before he married Dorothea. After they were married they leased 70 acres and a barn from Joseph Birchett. On the "Birchett Place" they built dairy facilities that included a place to cool, pasteurize and bottle milk. The dairy was located on Priest Road between 1st and 5th Street in Tempe. Oscar delivered milk to homes and businesses in the Tempe area. He and Dorothea made lifelong friends in Tempe some were Kenneth and Alma Ziegler and Howard and Lucille Pyle.

During this period Oscar and Dorothea became friends with Asbury Schell and Everett Bowman and their families. Asbury taught Oscar to rope and he introduced Oscar to Driftwood-bred quarter horses. From this time forward, roping and Driftwood horses became Oscar's favorite pastime. With Asbury Schell's connections Oscar bought his first Driftwood colt "Mac McCue W." from Katy and Channing Peake in Lompoc, California in 1943. Called "Stud" by the

family or "Old Blue," this horse earned a great reputation and became the center of many stories.

Oscar and Dorothea sold the Sunrise Dairy in the spring of 1945. World War II and the shortages of new vehicles, tires and gas had made delivery of milk and running the dairy a worrisome job. Ranching seemed like a good option allowing Oscar more time for horses and roping. By now, Oscar and Dorothea had three daughters, Carolyn born in 1938, Gayle born in 1940 and Glenna born 1942.

They purchased the Cienega Ranch (official Post Office address Dewey, Arizona). It was located about 25 miles east of Dewey, just above the Verde Valley. It was purchased from the Hannah's in the spring of 1945. The Cienega Ranch had a 350 head cow permit. The cattle brand was a *cf*. The ranch house was in a small canyon located in front of Cienega Creek. A ram pump pumped water into an elevated tank for use in the house and three gardens. The "Home Place" consisted of the main house, a rock house for cold storage, a smoke house, woodshed, chicken house, barn and corrals. The house had no electricity. Located across the creek from the house was an old apple orchard and an arena Oscar had added. There was one windmill on the ranch for cattle water. The Jess Reeves Family was their closest

neighbor. They lived about ½ mile by horseback down the creek.

There were three homesteads on the ranch, in addition to the one where the Walls family lived. One had a pear orchard and one had an abandoned mine. Oscar told stories about trying to pack pears on a young "Wild Colt" he had gotten from Bob Lockett. Oscar picked and packed the pears, wrapping each one individually, and when he got off the colt, to lead him through the gate, the colt balked, bucked and got loose from Oscar and spilled the precious pear cargo all over the ground. The abandoned mine was a visitor attraction for friends from Tempe. But, they soon lost interest because it was so infested with rattlesnakes they couldn't safely go inside.

Dorothea taught at the one-room Yarbor School near Dewey during the 1945-46 school year. Although it was the closest school, it was 17 miles from the ranch house over an unimproved road through five ranch gates. There were nine students, including Carolyn, who was in the second grade. In order to keep the school open 8 students were required. Because of this Gayle who was 4 years old, and another 4 year old, went to school as first graders. Glenna, who was three years old, tagged along and played while Dorothea taught school.

The Cienega Ranch could be run by one cowboy, except during branding or round-up. Oscar was that cowboy and the Dave Murdock Family from Camp Verde became his special helpers and his life-long friends.

"Old Blue" was a 2 year old when Oscar began riding and training him. He was first roped on at the Cienega Ranch and in Camp Verde where Oscar occasionally roped on weekends. The horse had such a good disposition that Oscar bragged about using him to plow the gardens.

After a hard year of commuting to school, Oscar and Dorothea decided they needed to move closer to a school. The ranch was too small to make enough profit to pay a hired cowboy. The Walls sold the Cienega Ranch during the winter of 1946. The family moved back to the Phoenix area where Dorothea taught Physical Education at Osborn School. Carolyn attended the third grade and Gayle officially entered the first grade at age 5 years.

Oscar "scouted" out farms for sale and bought the "Adam's Place" on Broadway and Hardy in Tempe. However, the family couldn't take possession of the property until September 1947. Oscar had time this winter to rope with his good friends, Buck and Gilbert Nichols in Higley and to hang out at the Sportsman's Park Racetrack with his "Old Blue" horse.

During the summer of 1947, the family made their headquarters at Mormon Lake. Oscar spent the summer roping and racing "Old Blue." Oscar and his horse were making a name for themselves. Oscar liked to tell the story about taking "Old Blue" to Durango, Colorado to a Race Meet and Rodeo. Upon arriving in Durango, Oscar unloaded his horse and led him around the stall area. Another man with a racehorse noticed Oscar's blue horse and immediately started talking about matching the "Two Blues" in a horse race. This was just what Oscar had hoped would happen. The race was run and "Old Blue" won. The other man thought Oscar had "run a ringer in on him". He couldn't believe the "Old Blue" that ran the race was the same "slow poke" horse Oscar had unloaded from his horse trailer and had roped on. Oscar had a hard time collecting his winnings as the wife of the losing horse's owner was holding the money. If not for Lonnie McFadden (from Globe, Arizona) assuring them they were beaten by the same horse and telling them to pay-up, Oscar may not have been able to collect the winnings. Lonnie McFadden also just happened to be the brother-in-law of the owner of the beaten horse.

Later that year at a race meet in Holbrook the same man from Durango had another race horse that he wanted to beat "Old Blue" with. So they matched the race. "Old

Blue" won again and the man was very upset that his race horses could be beaten by that "Ole Rope Horse."

"Blue's" nemesis was Joe Bassett's "Crusader."

"Crusader" beat "Old Blue" two times at 300 yards distance. Oscar matched "Old Blue" 57 times and he won 52 of the races. The only times he was beaten was when Oscar raced him at distances greater than 250 yards or when Oscar rode him himself, which he did only once (much to his own embarrassment.)

The time Oscar rode "Old Blue" was on the race track in Prescott. Oscar rode with a stock saddle and when his horse broke from the gate the saddle horn rammed Oscar in the chest knocking him off balance. Oscar was so off balance he pulled the reins and the horse almost went up the curve of the track rather than down the straight of way. Needless to say, the race was lost due to Oscar, not the horse.

The jockeys that usually rode "Old Blue" were Tony Sealy, Billy Floyd and Peewee Coyk. Although, sometimes Oscar's friends rode "Old Blue" in races.

Oscar and Dorothea made many wonderful friends around Flagstaff and the Mormon Lake area including the Lockett and Espil Families.

By September 1948, the Walls Family was able to move into their new Tempe home. Oscar always improved the land he farmed and he always added to his acreage when he had the opportunity. Oscar and Dorothea owned and farmed 140 acres at Broadway and Hardy Drive in Tempe and 120 acres that surrounded the Double Butte in Tempe. They had their own feedlot and roping arena. Plus they rented farm land in West Chandler.

Oscar had many Driftwood colts which he raised from yearlings and trained. Besides "Old Blue," "Poker Chip" was the best known. Oscar bought Poker Chip from Channing and Katy Peake in Lompoc, California and Oscar sold him to J.K. Harris when he was 3 years old. Dale Smith later bought Poker Chip from J.K. Harris. Dale Smith and Poker Chip were well known winners in the RCA calf roping competition. They made a fantastic team. Poker Chip is buried at The Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. Dale and other cowboys often roped with Oscar at his Tempe arena. Young cowboys going to ASU also became a normal sight. Because Oscar and Dorothea had no sons Oscar enjoyed having cowboys come to rope with him.

Oscar had the one and only progeny from Poker Chip. This was because Poker Chip sometimes jumped over the yard fence where he was supposed to be grazing. On one occasion

he happened to breed one of George Hazelton's (a neighbor across the street) mares. Later George gave the filly to Oscar who named her Miss Poker Chip. Oscar had many colts from this mare which he generally bred to record-holding race horses. Miss Poker was a beautiful mare with a great disposition. The Walls grandchildren were privileged to have her to ride as they grew up.

Oscar was proud of the horse races "Old Blue" won, and proud of the big rodeos he won riding him. He was also proud of winning the calf roping at Prescott in 1942 when they had around 150 calf ropers. He also won saddles for being an All-Around Champion at the Chandler, Phoenix and Tucson Rodeos in the team roping.

In 1954, Oscar and Dorothea bought farm property in the Wellton-Mohawk Irrigation and Drainage District in Wellton, Arizona because they could see the population explosion in Tempe was going to make farming around Tempe impossible in the future. One of their prime considerations in buying land was getting fields that joined each other so that equipment or cattle would not have to be moved down roads.

About the time Oscar and Dorothea moved to Dome Valley they started acquiring son-in-laws, Raymond Aguilar

(married to Gayle,) Jon Nickerson (married to Carolyn) and Richard "Dick" Erling (married to Glenna).

After moving to Dome Valley, Oscar and Dorothea started going to Valley Baptist Church. Oscar became a church leader and a deacon for 10 years. From this time forward God became an important part of their daily life. These are some of the family's most important memories.

During the latter part of the 1960's Oscar and Dorothea started traveling. They traveled by motor-caravan with friends to the northern most point in Alaska, on a tour to England, Rome, Greece, Lebanon, Israel, Egypt, and Russia. They went to New Zealand, Australia. They toured USA catfish farms in the Southern States. They went to Nebraska with cattle growers and to Mexico with farmers. A friend of Oscar's quoted him saying "we don't take vacations - we take trips. And we make em short."

The move to the Wellton area, (more specifically Dome Valley) occurred over a number of years and was completed in 1960, after Glenna graduated from high school. Oscar farmed approximately 1500 acres and had a feedlot. The Walls' used the brand L7 in Maricopa and Yuma Counties. The farm produced cotton, alfalfa and Bermuda hay and wheat. Oscar was noted for always adding barnyard manure to his land and owning a multitude of John Deere green

equipment. Oscar once bragged that "I'm a farmer and I'm a good one," and his neighbors would agree. He considered this farm one of the best in the world. Glenna's husband Dick Erling helped Oscar manage the farm. Two employees that especially meant a lot to Oscar were Jim Cline and Nicholas (Pedro) Juarez.

It took Oscar about 10 years to get the farm and feedlot going to his satisfaction before he became restless and started looking for a ranch to buy. Oscar and Dorothea found a dream ranch in the Apache Maid Ranch, which they purchased in 1971.

Oscar and Dorothea bought the Apache Maid Ranch from Kenny Wingfield in the spring of 1972. The ranch had a 1000 head cow permit and a 600 head summer steer permit. The brand that came with the ranch was S-. The Ranch was 294 sections of land located between the Verde Valley in Yavapai County and Hay Lake in Coconino County which were leased from the U.S. Forest Service. The ranch had 420 acres of deeded land with five houses. The winter headquarters, near Rimrock, had 3 houses. The climate there was mild winters and warm summers. The summer headquarters was located near Happy Jack which had an elevations of 7,700 feet. It had beautiful pine trees and nice cool climate in the summer. The long narrow

boundaries of the ranch and the climate caused the cattle to naturally migrate to the lower elevations during winter months and to the higher elevations during summer months. The cattle were pastured on one half of the land each year rotating to the other half the following year. This meant the grasses had time to grow and to re-seed.

When the Walls bought the Apache Maid Ranch most of the cattle were Hereford. Oscar was partial to crossbred cattle so he started buying the best registered purebred Brahman bulls he could find. He was very proud of his "F1 Crosses." Oscar also took pride in his good working cow horses.

Oscar and Dorothea owned the Apache Maid Ranch in an unusual wet weather cycle. Kenny Wingfield had put together an exceptional herd of Hereford Cattle. But because the cows were sometimes too fat there were a lot of open cows or late calves. They were being supplemented in the winter with a 4x1 supplement to salt ration. It was changed to a 2x1 and cows calved in better shape, not giving too much milk (no sour bags) and then started gaining weight when the spring feed came. This caused the cows to be in better shape to breed back.

Oscar bought replacement heifers from the 26 Bar Ranch, Las Vegas Ranch and Hooper Hereford Ranch and also

some from Nebraska. These registered heifers were beautiful but it took them 2-3 years to measure up to those raised on the ranch. You could tell them from the ranch raised heifers as far as you could see them.

The ranch was run by one or two full-time cowboys plus extra "Hands" at round-up and shipping time. Oscar appreciated his Camp Verde friends that helped him on the ranch at special times. Wid Fuller helped run the Apache Maid Ranch the first years of the Walls' ownership. We regretted early on that we didn't have a tape recorder to have his stories on record. They were never just stories; there was always a lesson to be learned. Other cowboys and their wives who lived and worked on the ranch were Harvey and Janet Howell, Don and Rosemary Pope, Bud and JoAnn Taylor and Mack and Charlotte Jones. Long time friends Cecil Billingsley, Hallie and Walt Murdock were greatly appreciated helpers during branding, round-up and shipping times as well as Walls' family members and friends.

At one fall round-up it had been unusually dry around Breezy Bench (the winter headquarters near Camp Verde) and there was concern there wouldn't be enough feed to winter the cows. Therefore 125 cows were cut from the herd and hauled to Breezy Bench where pens were built for them. Alfalfa hay was hauled from the Dome Valley farm and fed to

the cows all winter. When spring came these cows were turned out in February to go up to spring and summer areas with the rest of the herd. When branding time came the calves from the pen fed cows were easily recognizable as they were twenty to thirty pounds lighter with long dull looking hair. The cows and their calves on the open range had done much better. This was the only time cows were taken off the open range to be fed.

Another hard lesson learned was not to breed first calf heifers to good registered Brahman bulls. Several good heifers were lost in that experience. The first calf heifers were then bred to Long Horn bulls which meant smaller calves.

The Hereford-Brahma Cross cows worked very well on the ranch as these cows used the range better and produced heavier calves. They also worked faster, but you needed good fences and good horses.

Ranch work for Oscar was more than a cowboy job. Although there was plenty of riding trying to keep the cattle in the right pastures due to fences being cut by wood cutters and gates being left open by campers and hunters this was not Oscar's main focus. Oscar's passion was improving an already good ranch. He rebuilt fences, improved the shipping and sorting corrals, put in cattle

guards, improved springs, ran a pipe line to the top of House Mountain and put a "trickle tank" up there.

Oscar had a good relationship with the Forest Service as did Kenny Wingfield before him.

Oscar and Dorothea sold the Apache Maid Ranch in 1984 to Buck Neely. Although the Walls Family loved the ranch and hated to see it sold, it was becoming increasingly hard for Oscar and Dorothea to manage 2 or 3 homes and a large ranch and a large farm at the same time. Oscar and Dorothea returned to their Dome Valley farm.

Oscar and Dorothea celebrated 66 years of married life in December 2001. Oscar died at age 91 in July of 2002. Oscar always enjoyed improving his ranches and farms. He enjoyed good horses and good equipment. He loved competition and winning. He liked people and didn't like being alone. Dorothea was his life partner and together they were a fantastic team.

Dorothea is living on the farm in Dome Valley. She turned 94 years old in 2004. She is surrounded by her three daughters and sons-in-law (Jon and Carolyn Nickerson, Raymond and Gayle Aguilar and Dick and Glenna Erling), twelve grandchildren and an ever increasing number of great grandchildren. She is busy with her flowers and making her

treasured "Grandma Blankets." She enjoys visiting with friends and family.

The Walls Family has been blessed by memories of a good life with good people. When reminiscing about old times with old friends we still see a knowing smile come on the face of a friend as he slowly shakes his head and says "I still remember Oscar and that Old Blue Horse."

RICHARD BARKLEY

Born in 1925 at Tanque Verde 20 miles east of Tucson on my dad's ranch. My father along with an uncle owned the ranch, which they had purchased in 1914 or 1915. The two of them had developed a nice farm on the land and also ran cattle. A large spring on the ranch was developed by them and used to irrigate. My father lost the ranch in 1919 and an Englishman purchased it and started a boy's school there. Evans School as it was called was a school for rich kids (dudes, we called them) so they could learn to be westerners and also receive a good education.

My family left Tanque Verde in 1938 and moved to the Guevavi Ranch in Santa Cruz County about eight miles out of Nogales on River Road. Dad worked for one of the boys that had attended Evans School. This ranch had a nice farm and ran cattle and ran almost all the way to Nogales. Alfalfa and barley were grown along with a huge vegetable garden. The Santa Cruz River ran year round and there were huge cottonwood trees along the banks and a large pond where we fished for Bass and Blue Gill. We lived in a small house behind an orchard and across from the large barn all of which still stands today. It was so beautiful in those

days but gone are the cottonwoods and the river is now dry most of the year.

As a young boy I rode my horse three miles from the Guevavi Ranch to the Little Red School House on Highway 82. When I started high school in Nogales I drove an old 1931 Chevy and hauled four other kids to school. The local highway patrolman was a hunting friend of my dads and he gave me some kind of permit to drive. I had learned to drive when I was 11 years old. When I was in my second semester at Nogales High School I left to spend eight months living with my brother Burke in Duncan, Arizona. There we lived in a tent under a Willow tree that had an irrigation ditch along the side where we would get water. It was there where I acquired a passion for peanut butter and honey our main food staple at that time. My brother was training racehorses during this time. I helped him by riding two year old colts.

I had only gone out for football one time in my life and that was while I was in Duncan. I played in a game against Fort Grant. The other team was older and bigger than our guys but we managed in the first half to beat them real bad so the coach put all of us inexperienced players in the game. During the first play I went out for a pass and a big guy clipped me from behind and knocked me out. I

continued to play for several more plays until someone realized I wasn't really there. They put me out of the game and that was the end of my football career.

In 1943 I joined the Navy and was over seas in the South Pacific Theatre aboard the ship Montpelier, where I was a gunner's mate. In 1946 I returned home to the Yerba Buena ranch after surviving 29 months aboard a ship during wartime. It was during this time that my dad was running the Yerba Buena ranch for actor Stewart Granger. Today this is known as the Kino Springs ranch.

For the next few years I worked quite a few jobs on ranches including the Empire Ranch in Sonoita, owned at the time by Boice's. I stayed there for a brief spell riding colts and then I went on to the 61 Ranch out of Nogales for Tom Bell who was running about 900 head of cows. While at Tom Bell's I married for the first time and worked through the worm season and fall round up. For the next three years I worked at the Circle Z near Patagonia wrangling dudes. Finally when I tired of that I went on a brief stint to California and Oregon and came back to Tucson in 1949 and got a job with the State Highway Dept. realigning and paving the road from Sells to Ajo. From there it was on to another cowboy job at Vail for the TM Ranch now called the Flying R Ranch. There I stayed as foreman for

seven years running about 150 cows amidst a lot of rattlesnakes and black tail deer.

While at the TM there were about five ranches that all helped each other on round ups. Once while on a round up at the Andrada ranch, where Clay Howell was foreman, we were spread out on a drive and a big five-point black tailed deer came across in front of me with his tongue hanging out. I jumped out and roped him and luck was with me because Virgil Johnson was close by and ran over and picked up both hind feet. Virgil said "now what are we going to do with him"? I got off my horse and ear marked and castrated him. When we let him loose he was just a little bit mad and on the fight!!

During deer season that fall I was down at Vail and I stopped where the game warden had a roadblock. He had some hunter's stopped that had a couple of deer that he was checking. Someone said, "This deer has been earmarked". I said "yes" and "he's been castrated too"! He sure was fat...

I stopped working at the TM ranch in 1957 and went to Mexico with my brother Burke. He and I had great plans to get rich growing cotton there. We had about 400 acres planted in the Altar Valley, which had good soil and plenty of water. The first year we raised a good crop and the day after we started picking we went out to the farm and

noticed the plants looked funny. I asked my brother what was wrong with them and he said, "It froze last night". This meant we only got one picking instead of three or four that they usually got in that area. This was the first time it had frozen in Altar Valley in 80 years. This was bad news for us, as we owed our cousin for part of our equipment. To make matters worse a Gin in Mexico held the equipment for collateral on money they had advanced us to raise the crop. Fortunately we made just enough on the first picking to pay off the Gin and our cousin. I left Mexico on a fast horse north after that experience. My brother Burke, having more fortitude than me stayed on about 10 more years.

Around 1959 I went back to ranching and worked a couple of ranches in Vail. One was the Andrada, a typical ranch in the area. Wild dogs ran rampant and my friend Clay Howell once killed seven of them out of one bunch. Mule deer were also abundant in those days. Today subdivisions have taken over the Andrada ranch.

From Vail in 1958 I went on to manage one of the largest ranches in the state. Willow Springs located just out of Oracle was a good ranch where we ran about 2000 mother cows. The ranch had Brahma, Brangus and Cross Breeds on it. Over the years I changed completely to

straight Brangus cows. The owners were good enough to me to let me run 50 head of my own. I was also running 50 head of my offspring on Rancho de la Ossa in Sassabe.

During my years at Willow Springs, M.O. Simpson the owner had a hobby raising Pinto horses. He had 50 head of brood mares and 2 stallions. The horse trainer and I traveled all over the US showing the Show String. Both studs in their time won Grand Champion at the National's horse show. We sold horses and used some of them on the ranch to replace our ranch horses.

I stayed at Willow Springs until 1974 when I quit and bought my own small ranch close to Portal. During this time I remarried to a woman who was from back east. She had four children that I enjoyed helping raise. There were three girls and a boy all of which are successful today. Becky has a good bookkeeping job in Tucson, Nancy is a racehorse trainer in Phoenix, Tim is busy buying homes to remodel and sell. Katrina has her own Karate school in Tucson. Later after moving to Sonoita my wife and I broke up. The distance to a city probably caused the break up or whatever!!!

At my ranch near Portal I had eleven sections, 350 acres of farmland and two good wells but I never tried farming again and just ran cattle. The brand I used on my

ranch was the J double Bar on the left shoulder. One pasture was nine sections and the BLM controlled four sections of that permit and the State controlled five sections. The BLM was over riding the state as far as permits went in this pasture. During this time the BLM lost a court case with the environmentalists who thought the BLM was over stocking permits in Arizona. The BLM started sending crews out to reevaluate their carrying capacities on ranches in the Safford area. They actually counted the blades of grass in their marked areas. Right then and there I decided to sell. Twenty-five years later I succeeded. It was a good thing I had around 800 deeded acres, as I was able to sell out to a doctor from Oregon in 1996.

During the time I was running my ranch near Portal I sold ranches and other real estate to supplement my income while I was living in Tucson and commuting to the ranch three or four times a month. In 1980 I moved to Sonoita and opened a real estate office. Shortly thereafter in 1987 I remarried on New Years' Eve. My wife Barbara was managing the Stage Stop Inn in Patagonia and she was putting on a big New Year's Eve party so we decided that we would surprise everyone there just before midnight and get married. We had arranged for the music to stop just before

midnight and have our local minister do the ceremony. All went well until the music stopped and it was announced that we were getting married. Just prior to the announcement I decided to go to the bathroom. My wife found herself standing alone with the preacher on the bandstand. She was looking all around for her husband to be when Sam Frazier a good friend of ours hollered out "Barbara, I think I just saw him barreling up the road in his pick up". I reappeared just in time to save the day, get a few laughs and get a tax deduction for the year. Together with my beautiful wife Barbara we built a new home in Sonoita and formed our own company, Sonoita Realty. We went on to build a thriving real estate business lasting 16 years and then in 2003 we sold the business to our daughter Kathy. After having had a real estate license since 1975 I retired and Barbara stayed on as Associate Broker taking care of our property management division.

VIRGIL E. MERCER

A Biographical Sketch

Virgil was born in 1925 at what was called the "Stork's Nest" in Tucson, the only maternity hospital at the time. He grew up on the ranch his family homesteaded in the 1880's, outside of Mammoth, Arizona in the Galiuro Mountains.

Virgil's great grandfather on his mother's side was Billy Fourr; Billy hailed from Missouri and was a freighter along the Colorado River. He came to Prescott in the mid 1800's. Billy passed away in 1934 at 96, and Virgil insists his longevity was due to the fact that he never saw a doctor.

Virgil's grandmother was Clara Fourr; she was born near Dagoon, AZ and married Dave Adams in the early 1890's. Dave's family were "refugees" from Texas, and their journey out was in horse-drawn wagons. They might have gone further west, but their teams were "borrowed", so they settled in Texas Canyon. The Adams family homestead remains there today, with Adams Peak and Adams Wash named after them.

On Virgil's father's side there were histories of freighting and ranching as well. His grandfather, James

Mercer left England as a small child with his family and settled in Tubac, AZ. He later moved to the Mammoth area, and started in the cattle business. Virgil say his father, A.V. Mercer "was an excellent cowman." After his schooling at Tempe Normal (now ASU) he married Virgil's mother, Joyce, and they moved back to Mammoth and started a ranch near Sombrero Butte.

Virgil recalls his first memories as a 3 year old were of 'bringing up the drags and being thirsty.' He rode his burro to school, about 3 miles, to the mining townsite of Sombrero Butte. There were 5 boys in the school, and a man teacher who was from England, and who Virgil remembers was very strict, but they learned a lot!

For 7th grade Virgil moved into a boarding house in Tucson. He graduated from Roskruge, then Tucson High. Once out of high school he joined the service, and in 1945 he lost an eye and sustained quite a bit of damage to his spine during the invasion of Okinawa, when a mortar went off in front of him. This earned him the Purple Heart, along with many other medals. After 15 months in various Army hospitals, he returned to school at the University of Arizona, where he graduated with a degree in Economics. During his college years he also farmed in Casa Grande and helped on the family ranch.

Someone made the mistake of telling him he would not be able to fly because of the loss of his eye; that was all it took for him to get his pilots license. After graduation, with several years of flying experience, he took a job with an oil company in Mexico which allowed him to utilize his skills as a pilot, as well as negotiate contracts for oil drilling with different governments; he also worked on projects to improve agriculture in the area.

He returned to the US in 1959, and managed a few ranches in Southern Arizona before taking over the family ranch, which had grown to stretch from the San Pedro River to the Galiuro Mountains. Over the years he became somewhat of an authority on grasses and pasture rotation systems, and has been called upon as a consultant both here and in Mexico. In Mexico he saw first hand the value of using controlled burns as a management tool, and he was the first rancher in the US to implement a coordinated plan with the land management agencies for controlled burns on the ranch.

Virgil continued his interest in flying, and was able to incorporate it into working the ranch. For the past 20 years he has flown ultralights on his and neighboring ranches to check waterlines and tanks as well as locate cattle for roundup. His wife Mary monitors the base radio

to note his location and any situations he sees that might need attention. His unique methods of cattle ranching have been featured in several newspapers and magazines here and in Europe, including the LA Times and the National Enquirer; he was also featured on major news networks including ABC, NBC, PBS and CNN.

Virgil says "I've always stressed the importance of working with nature to improve the quality of the lands, and this has been a personal quest all of my life. I've always enjoyed new challenges and ideas. I hope I've shared some of that I've learned along the way".

ROSE C. (WEARNE) BROOKS

Rose C. Wearne was born in Globe, Arizona on October 28, 1924. Her father, Nicholas T. Wearne, came from Silverton, Colorado and was a miner at the Old Dominion Mine in Globe until it closed during the Great Depression. Her mother, Ida Wills Wearne was a homemaker and came to Globe from Truro, Cornwall, England at a very young age. Rose's grandfather, William Wills, had an insurance business and was Mayor of Globe, Arizona until his death in 1928. Rose's grandparents and a stillborn sister are buried in the Globe Cemetery.

Rose attended Grammar School at the old Hill Street School in Globe and had just started Globe Junior High School when the Old Dominion Mine closed. Her dad was hired to work at a mine near Duncan, Arizona where the family moved. Rose had three brothers and a sister, and while in Duncan, another sister was born. Life was not easy with such a large family during the depression, on a miner's salary.

After a couple of years, the mine in Duncan closed, and in March of 1939 the Wearne Family moved to Patagonia, Arizona where "Nick" found work at the Trench Mine.

Patagonia has been home to Rose for 64 years, except for periods of time spent on ranches around Southern Arizona.

As a freshman at Patagonia Union High School, Rose met Stayton Brooks who was raised on a homestead in Sonoita, Arizona. Stayton's life was very different from Rose's, his life included beef cattle, dairy cattle, horses, farming and country life - a real change for a miner's daughter who had lived in the "big cities" of Globe and Duncan, Arizona. After dating for a while, when Rose was a senior in high school, Stayton gave her, his class ring (Stayton graduated from Patagonia Union High School in 1937).

After graduation in May of 1942 from Patagonia High, Rose went to work as a waitress at a small restaurant in Patagonia; Stayton was working for the U. S. Forest Service as a Lookout on Mount Baldy in the Santa Rita Mountains. On June 28, 1942 Rose made her usual walk to the Patagonia Ranger Station to call Stayton on the Forest Service telephone line. Stayton asked her if she would like to come up on Baldy and be his cook - Rose said "yes". Stayton said, "Meet me in Nogales tomorrow and we'll get married" which they did. Rose didn't tell him that she couldn't cook!

Judge Gordon Farley married Rose and Stayton Brooks at the old Nogales Courthouse on June 29, 1942. They spent the night in Madera Canyon, then the next day they rode to the top of Baldy where they remained until fire season was over in August. Rose still recalls "Pinky the mule" as their honeymoon transportation!

During the next few years, Rose and Stayton lived and worked on several ranches - the Hacienda los Encinos at Sonoita, the Crown C Ranch near Sonoita and the Andrada Ranch near Vail, Arizona, but Patagonia was always considered home to them.

On June 25, 1946 Rose and Stayton's son, Bill was born in Nogales, Arizona and on May 3, 1948 their daughter, Linda was born, also in Nogales. They were so happy to have Bill and Linda and eventually decided to stop moving around to ranches and raise their family in Patagonia. Stayton started a construction and repair business, and Rose went to work for Civil Service. Rose first went to work for the U. S. Army in Ft. Huachuca in the Classified Documents Division; then when a job became available with the U. S. Forest Service in Patagonia she transferred and worked there for the next 15 years. When the Coronado Forest Service District Office was moved to Sierra Vista,

Rose then transferred to U. S. Customs in Nogales, Arizona and was able to retire in 1984.

Bill and Linda both graduated from Patagonia High School and went on to college - Bill to Northern Arizona University and Linda to the University of Arizona. Rose and Stayton are so very proud that they both received Masters Degrees and have had successful careers during their busy lives.

Bill is married to Gail (Merriman) and has two sons, Will and Tyler. Rose and Stayton feel very lucky that in addition to two grandsons, they have two great-grandchildren, Alexandriana and Austin. Linda is married to George Vensel and is stepmother to his children by a previous marriage, son Billy and daughter Dess. Linda has also provided many grand-dogs over the years.

In 1979 Rose and Stayton purchased property between Patagonia and Sonoita where they could build a new house and raise a few head of cattle and live in the country they loved so much. The Brooks' call their home the Crittenden Ranch (after the historical Fort Crittenden) and have thoroughly enjoyed the last 21 years living there. The Brooks brand § was recently handed down to their eldest grandson, Will Brooks.

Over the years the Brooks family has been very active in the community and belonged to such organizations as the Santa Cruz County 4-H Programs, the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association, to which they are Lifetime Members. Rose belongs to the Elgin Community Club, which Stayton's mother was a founding member back in the 1930's. Rose also belongs to the Tucson Cowbelle's, Arizona State Cowbelle's, and American National CattleWomen.

Over the years, the "city girl and miner's daughter" has become the "country, cattleman's wife" and after 61+ years of marriage prefers to remain in the country forever!


STAN TURLEY

Sundown Ranch - Aripine, Arizona - about half way between Heber and Clay Springs in Navajo County is where I grew up. My grandfather, Theodore Turley homesteaded on Decker Wash about 25 miles southwest of Snowflake about 1908. After World War II granddad and his five sons Armus, Barr, Fred, Harvey and Harry built some big silos to begin the first feeding operation in northern Arizona. The big financial "bust" of 1920 put them out of business in a hurry leaving dad (Fred) and Uncle Barr to hang on by their finger nails for 16 years to pay off the debt.


Mom went from the ranch to Snowflake to find a mid-wife and my grandmother to help me into the world February 27, 1921. My brother Grant and sisters Wanda, Moneta and Marilyn were all born on the ranch without a doctor around but a good neighbor lady Aunt Elsie Flake helped.

"Sundown Ranch" was named by my grandmother Turley. The idea was to have the work done by sundown, it didn't always happen but that was the idea. Ranching and dry farming in those days was purely subsistence living. Putting up enough feed to keep a few milk cows through the winter to have milk to drink was about all you expected. I loved ranch life, never new anything else. No store for 15

miles, go to town maybe every month or two. Lucky to have a one room school house nearby. Had to have 8 kids to get a country school teacher. They only had seven so they sent me a year early to make 8. As the only one in my class 5 of the 8 years, I was set to be the valedictorian except that Junior Leffler moved in that year so I got to be salutatorian which is not bad. Had to leave home to go to High School in Snowflake where I lived with Virgil and Gerda Flake who were real second parents and so good to me. High School was a big deal for me and got home for the summers and wherever possible which wasn't much.

Dad started me out young with a nice heifer calf and all the offspring which grew to a few head over the years. Not much of a herd but with my own brand of  (Jay Dart) on the left ribs, I felt like a real cattleman. All I ever wanted to do those growing up years was have a big fine ranch with good cattle and horses.

Well, after high school, 3 years at Brigham Young University, two years in New York and Pennsylvania for the "Mormon Church", two years in the Air Corps ending up at Williams Air base with a new wife when the war (WWII) ended. Dad had told me he would help me get what schooling I really wanted, keep me on a mission for the church then when I got married to "come by and see us sometime but

don't plan to stay too long". His place was too small for someone else to join in so when army service ended it was all up to me and no big, fine ranch I had always dreamed of appeared on the surface. All my  cattle were gone by now so a job in the Mesa Post Office looked good after the pay of a PFC Airman. This didn't last long as Dave Heywood a partner in Western Farm Management Co. offered me a job in Eloy, Arizona where they were farming 530 acres of alfalfa for seed and pasture. Eloy was the "wild west" town of the U.S. and the world at that time. 27 killings in the two years we were there. A good hard two years for me and tough years for my wife. It was a great experience but no closer to a ranch for me. Irrigated farming with tractors, other machinery etc. seemed pretty good after dry farming with horses and mules and old worn out equipment. After a couple of years in Eloy a chance to manage a nice big farm in Queen Creek, Arizona for Joe Strobels came and we took it.

This was a step up in every way and we enjoyed the change! After a couple of years on the Strobels farm an opportunity came with a partner Ivan Cluff of Chandler to buy the 480 acre farm of the Germaine Brothers in Queen Creek.

No money down and none in the bank, it was a leap in faith. Now Dad came through with a loan with no collateral to back it and we were in business. Ivan had a D-6 Cat, a plow and disk. We cleared most of the land planted cotton, grain, alfalfa and potatoes. Farming was good and after about 2 years I was able to buy my partner out. Still no ranch but farming was good. Took a little bunch of Dads F-T cows and a good bull to double him in four years which worked out well for both of us. Had irrigated pasture and field crops to clean up.

In 1963 after having a serious accident and losing the sight of one eye and picking up 6 daughters and one son a good chance to sell the farm came along and a move to Mesa and high school for the kids - we were 12 miles away from high school in Queen Creek so this was a big help.

Finally a chance to look for a ranch. Ray Honnas a young cowboy from down Sonoita way had the old Bob Orr AY Ranch with headquarters on Turkey Creek at Cleater. Ranch in Prescott National Forest from Cleater to near Crown King in Yavapai County. 329 year round permit. About 35 sections with good brouse and quite good grass but a rough son-of-a-gun. Needed dogs and had to work cattle in small bunches. We had some lion problems at the AY but our next door neighbors Giles, George and Rink Goswick - 3

generations of great lion hunters helped a lot to keep varmints in check. Old Giles had a record of over 1000 lions as a government trapper. Different from my old ways but a good spread, quite well watered and Ray was a good manager. Branded AY on the left hip. After selling the farm the ranch only needed one manager and that was Ray so I took a position with the First National Bank of Phoenix. Sherman Hazeltine and Ed Corson as bosses and they were good ones along with Stuart Krentz and Jim Armer as associates in the livestock department. The only reason we three cowboys could work for a big bank is that it is easier to teach a cowboy a little banking than to teach a banker cowboying. Jim and Stuart were tops, both are dead now. My job was to go state wide and look over ranches and dairies and some farms to see how they were doing. I really enjoyed this job and visited ranches from Ralph Wingfield on the Mexican border, Stacy brothers and Freddie Fritz on the "Blue", Frank Hunt in Music Mountains near Kingman, Matli brothers, Williamson Valley near Prescott, Dale and George Cline Tonto Basin where George had the oldest forest permit in the United States and was a legend in his own time and E.C. Conway at Greenback Valley east of Pumpkin Center - been in the family 4 generations. Pete Robertson at San Simon, Preston Larson Ranch in Sulphur

Springs Valley, Filleman at Stray Horse Canyon, all five of the San Carlos Apache Cattle Associations from San Carlos to Point of Pines and some of the finest cattle range in Arizona.

Took care of numerous dairies where it was not uncommon to milk up to 1000 head of cows twice a day.

Ranching has always been tough. Dad used to say, "any cowman in business for 30 years had been broke at least twice". Well we had enough problems on the AY that Ray wanted out and I was not in position to take it over so we sold to John Norton. It was a good experience though and a lesson in economics.

After selling the farm in Queen Creek in 1963 for the first time I had a little time on my hands and got talked into running for the Arizona Legislature. Thought it would be good for a term or two but ended up staying for 22 years (1964-1986). This also worked out well with my employment with the bank. As Speaker of the House for 2 years and President of the Senate for 4 years along with being Chairman of the Natural Resources and Agriculture Committees most of the rest of the time. This gave me a chance to help rural Arizona as well as the concern of ranchers, farmers, mines, timber, water and land. Though elected in Maricopa County I somehow always felt like a

Navajo County guy. The best work I ever did in the legislature was to ram-rod the 1994 state water code changes which took two long hard years to accomplish. Time now for more changes. Nothing ever gets finished for all time - time now for more changes. The nicest award I ever got was from the Arizona Cattle Growers Assn. about 1984 for help in the legislature. It was a fine 2 foot statue of an old cowboy holding his saddle in his hand - sort of slumped down like the end of a hard day. Just an example of how some things have changed in Arizona in my lifetime. When first I went to the legislature anyone could kill a mountain lion, take his ears down to old Port Parker at the livestock sanitary board where he would write you out a \$75.00 check, pat you on the back and say "bring me back another one". Now they would call the Sheriff, put you in jail and fine you about \$700.00.

I love Arizona and I love Arizona Ranches and Arizona Ranchers. It really distresses me to see some of the changes going on in the west that so adversely affect the industry as we have known it. Even at the AY we had problems with the Internal Revenue on depreciation of fences and other improvements as well as always fussing with forest service about cutting allotments etc.

I am a strong believer in the concept of multiple use of public land. It is a key to the western livestock industry. The assault now by both the public in general and the environmentalists in particular along with all the lawyers and litigation is truly taking its toll. They all seem determined to get the cattle off the range where they belong for so many good reasons.

Ranching is much easier in many ways now than the old days before horse trailers, squeeze chutes, propane branding fires, insulated water jugs and all sorts of vaccines for every ailment.

I am just glad to have had many years of ranching where the wind blew free, the coyotes howled, the old bull bellered when he was mad and the little calves chased each other around just for the joy of living under the watchful eye of an old cow while their mothers were off to get a drink at some distant water tank. The ~~W~~, FT, 2T, S, W, X-7A all Turley brands are no longer burning the hide of a Turley cow, calf or horse. The prairie dogs are gone and the coyotes don't howl much. The old time ranches are going and a new day is coming and it will be good too. Whatever people make of it. For Arizona "the old horse hit the badger hole" when the lawyers and environmentalists team up to destroy the "good old days". On second thought

maybe they weren't that good after all. Guess it is time to "blow out the lights, the party's over."

FRED EPPINGER

Fred was born in Oklahoma, June 17, 1907. He left home at age 12. He was riding horseback, at the end of the day he rode into a farmers place. The farmer lived alone so he asked Fred to stay with him. Fred had a broken foot so he couldn't walk too well, but he stayed with the farmer and drove a wagon hauling hay.

Fred would not tell the farmer (Buck York) his name so the farmer said "we will call you Little Buck", so Buck is the name he used all of his life.

He worked as a cowboy on several ranches. Then decided to work in the mines. He worked in mines in Mogollon, New Mexico, at Miami Copper in Arizona and for Kerr McGee here in Grants until he retired.

Marge was born in Clifton, Arizona in 1912. She and Fred were married June 29, 1942 in Clifton. They had two children, both preceded Fred in death. Fred died in 1997.

BILL O'BRIEN
Old History
From 1933 on

I was already 10 Years old on the day I was born. At least that's when life got exciting. In 1933 the family was two years into a 10-year economic depression and there were eight more years to go. Those were happy days for me because, although Dad had lost the big house in downtown Los Angeles, we had moved way out to the hill country in west Los Angeles. It took a few years for me to build up a profitable trap line in those chaparral beds but I was able to sell all my salted hides to the Hudson Bay Company's Chicago office.

I wanted to be a cowboy so after mid-winter finals, I quit high school with only one semester to go and caught an empty freight train going from the Long Beach docks to Texas. The boxcars were side lined four hours in Indio so I jumped off to watch a rodeo. Sure enough, a cowboy had just won the day's money in bronc riding. His name was Sid Dispain. He looked like a real one so I asked if he would take me to wherever he was going. It turned out to be Cottonwood, Arizona. He let me off along with my saddle and bed roll at the general store in Cottonwood and after several hours the only job opportunity I got was a chore

boy on the Bell Cattle Company in Rimrock on the east side of the Verde Valley. The pay was \$30 bucks a month including bunk and board.

Port Parker was the boss. That spring was spent milking the two cows, feeding steers, chopping wood, fixing fences, cleaning the corrals, killing and cleaning two Sunday chickens and best of all exercising Dorado the ranch stud which came from Doc Pardee's breeding. I was already pretty handy at most of the chores because of Scout training and working the trap line. On my horse we drove the 400 yearling steers to the summer range around Hutch Mountain. After getting the steers pretty settled on their new summer range, Gordon Carpenter and I had some time and Port ordered us to chop the old sheep corral logs - into small lengths for ranch firewood. It was sure pretty country. Gordon was a great guy and a tough cowboy. I really admired him.

Sometimes we went to the Saturday night dance at Mormon Lake. They sold homemade whiskey there at 10 cents a glass. They wouldn't sell me any probably because I was only 4'8" tall but anyway, it smelled awful. The CCC Camp came to the dance occasionally but they were sure different from cowboys. It was hard for me to find someone to dance with because the girls were mostly taller than I was.

Finally I found one my size, but a CCC kid cut in on my dance partner. He just took her and started dancing. That started a fight right then and there. We were told to go outside and fight it out so most of the cowboys and CCC boys followed us out to watch. I was getting whipped when Gordon stepped in to give me a helping hand and that started a real brawl with the cowboys fighting the CCC guys. Their driver started the truck as if he was going to leave so they all piled in and the fight was over. Gordon threw the tailgate right on top of them, which was uncalled for. But it was a heck of an adventure. We didn't see the CCC boys at the dances after that. Six months later Gordon was murdered by another Verde Valley cowboy named Clyde who thought Gordon was fooling around with his wife. Clyde was tried in the Prescott courts and got two years in prison for doing it.

Port was a great boss and after supper we used to rope goats. They are tougher to rope than calves because they can see backwards and duck an oncoming loop. Things got tough in the late summer and most everyone was let go including me. I was pretty independent with my own bedroll, saddle, 30-30 about \$115 in my boot. I was buying one of the older ranch horses and had him two thirds paid for. Port said, "Go on Bill take him, you've paid enough."

So I saddled up that old horse and just rode out for what seemed like 15 miles. I came on a ranch house on a knoll. A huge man chopping wood in the back of the house waved so I left the horse at the gate and walked over. His name was Irwin Walker and the head gate bore his M Diamond brand. He put me on at \$35 a month, which was \$5 more than I was getting at the Bell Ranch. Later the Bell Ranch was changed to the Dart Ranch and years later became Lake Montezuma.

Irwin and I started right early each morning chopping winter wood for the stove. I was only there two weeks when my very Irish mother arrived from Los Angeles and tracked me to the M Diamond headquarters. She was hopping mad and not even looking at anybody, took me by the ear saying loudly that I was going back to finish my last semester in high school. There was no choice, so I told Irwin I would be back before the vernal equinox. University High School let me enroll in late since it was my last semester and my grades had been pretty good. I graduated that winter and was accepted to Stanford to study law like my dad. He was dead set against me becoming a lawyer because he said the law profession had gotten so dissolute that lawyers would be advertising by the time I graduated. That was okay by me as I would rather be a cowboy than a lawyer. I

graduated by mail from high school that winter and hitchhiked back to Rimrock. Luckily, Irwin took me back in. Besides being big he worked hard and we started plenty early every day. He liked big mules saying they were handier than horses on his rocky rangeland.

In the springtime we would gently start a bunch of his horned Herefords and some great looking black bulls grazing towards the halfway fence and corrals that divided the summer range from the winter range. It was pretty easy work, as the cows knew where to go. Cowboys started arriving from neighboring ranches at the halfway corrals where we had penned the herd. We all camped there for four days and cut and branded all the calves. 'Course I was on the ground crew all during the branding with not a hope of getting to rope because the top hands were faster and Irwin wanted to keep moving.

The last morning Irwin kicked my bedroll earlier than usual and told me to bring in the Remuda. They were in a big barbwire pasture and I felt darn lucky to find them in the dark on that old horse. My day horse was pretty fresh. After early breakfast I just saddled him like any horse and got on. I never had a horse buck so hard since the bee hive adventure on my LA County trap line. As we drove the herd through the gate Irwin counted them using three and

sometimes four fingers at a time. You sure didn't ask him anything when he was counting, "just keep pushing them through", he would say. When the herd was safely pastured at the "Poor Farm" that night Bessie Walker fixed a huge dinner and right after that everyone left.

The next several days Irwin and I fixed all the holes in the fence that the elk had torn up during the winter. We checked all the waters then eased the cow herd out of the pasture scattering them on the forest allotment waters for the summer. The cows knew the range and settled right in. After we spread the bulls out to the different waters, things became pretty routine.

The Forest Service were shooting wild horses claiming they were overgrazing the forest and trampling the spring grass so Irwin and I built horse-trap corrals out of quaken Aspen and set out to catch some. We would stake out remounts and I experienced some of the wildest rides of my life as we tried to herd those wild horses into one of our homemade horse traps. After corralling some, all I had to do at the ranch corral was gentle them a little, take the buck out, teach them to plow rein and come to a skidding stop. Irwin would sell them some place but I never knew where. If they bucked hard and were stubborn he sold them someplace else. Probably to local rodeo contractors for

bronc riding events. The most I ever broke in one month was six. Usually it was two or three.

Irwin and Bessie would leave me for 10 days or so at a time and I sure got good at cooking beans and making biscuits. I would mix just the right amount for two biscuits on an old newspaper. While they were baking I would roll up the newspaper and toss it in the wood stove. The pot of beans would be hot by then and usually I had a half can of spinach mixed in. No mess to clean up. One time I shot a wild turkey, which didn't taste too bad. Another time I came within a hair of roping an antelope as the herd bunched up to crawl under the three strand barbwire fence.

With Irwin's help I qualified to be a per diem firefighter. That was great because they paid \$1.25 and hour including the time riding to the fire, and all the time fighting it. They didn't pay the over night stay time, which was required to be sure the fire was out, but they did credit the ride time back to the ranch.

Unless there was serious cowboy work required, I was usually riding a pretty rough broke horse. The only wild mustang I ever roped was a blue stallion. The wild horses were tiring from the long chase and I was riding my third stakeout, which was my best horse. Catching him was pretty

easy as the wild bunch were running out of steam. Handling that wild stallion after roping him and being tied hard and fast was more than I knew about. Irwin finally galloped over and helped me out of that jam. It's funny but those wild horses aren't near as big when caught, as they appear in the wild, maybe fourteen-three hands high at the withers. He dallied that stud's nose right into my lap and that is how I led him back to the ranch.

Irwin would lend me out sometimes to the neighboring ranches to help at their roundups: Brucke Broket and his wife Fritzie's Ranch, the Ward Ranch and another, I believe was T Bar S or Bar T Bar. One time on the Broket roundup, I heard Bruce hollering "Fritzie, get that blankety, blank cow out of the blanking canyon." Fritz Taylor was the only one in that canyon and he yelled back to his boss; "Are you yelling at me like that?" Bruce said, "No, I'm talking to Fritzie." "Well," Fritz Taylor yelled back, "On this roundup you call her honey." In those depression days nobody talked to the boss like that. But Fritz could get away with it because he was the top hand. I thought it was pretty funny because Bruce thought he was yelling at his wife and got told off.

In the late summer we drove a jointly owned herd of steers from Upper Verde all the way to the railroad corrals

in Flagstaff. Cueter Back had a dozen head of his own in the herd. He was riding drag and lost some cattle in the Junipers, including himself. By the time he found our camp it was 8:00 o'clock at night and supper was over. He was mad and frustrated. Nobody said a word or even looked at him. Finally someone poured him a coffee and after cooling down a bit, he unleashed his anger to the wind and said, "I was so twisted around I couldn't find my asshole with a set of deer antlers." Everybody laughed and he felt better. As we climbed higher into Pine country the weather really turned cold. It was windy, snowing and cold on the toes. After delivering the cattle to the Flagstaff railroad corrals we all got paid and I caught a bus back to Rimrock carrying my saddle and bedroll. Irwin wasn't on the drive or Bessie would have given us a ride back home.

One afternoon I was riding fence on the Far East side of the M-Diamond ranch. I met Chuck McKeand, a cowboy and a friend, coming the other way working the same fence but from his boss's side of the fence. He was working for the big ranch South of Winslow. We rolled a smoke and talked for a while. He said he was going to college at the U of A in Tucson to study Agriculture and if I had any brains I would go with him. Later I saw Port and he said, "Bill, you better do it". I sent Chuck a penny post card and

asked him to pick me up. Chuck arrived trailering a wild unbroken horse that he had taken for pay but we broke an axle in a rut on the dirt road near Cordez Junction. There was no way out so we just turned the bronc loose on the Norman Fain Ranch. We wired the axle with bailing wire and continued on down the winding Black Canyon road. It took us two days to get to Tucson. We called back to the Fain Ranch about the unbranded horse but Chuck already knew he would never see that horse again. We were early so after I signed the application to attend the University of Arizona, College of Agriculture, Chuck and I drove to Cananea, Mexico where the Green Cattle Company raised top ranch horses. The price was right and we each bought one and took delivery on the Arizona side of the border. The University was an entirely different world than I had ever experienced. I joined the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and to save money worked two meals a day as a hasher at the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house. I joined the U.S. Cavalry ROTC and got on the "B" squad polo team. There was no hope for me getting on the "A" team. Those students arriving from New Mexico Military Institute were already masters of the sport. My cousin Dee Woodell from Nogales was on the "A" team and was a great role model on the Polo Field.

During college years I was able to make a couple of roundups in southern Arizona, one on Frank Boices' Chiricao Cattle Company southwest of Tucson near Arivaca and Henry Boices' Empire Ranch in Sonoita. Also I did a four-day round up in Magdalena Mexico for Uncle Les Woodell's cattle. Some of us Aggies took day jobs as extras when they were making movies in the Sonoita area. They paid forty bucks a day if you had a horse and twenty if you didn't. We rode our "Steel Dust" horses bearing the RO brand and felt pretty grand. They had big jowls and huge hindquarters and were considered the top ranch bred horses in America. Two Tucson men started breeding to the "Steel Dust" type to create a new breed of horses. Mr. Jelks and Mr. Haskell were the founders until well-financed Texans made their move and called their new breed "Quarter Horses" instead of "Steel Dust". Later I sold my horse and doubled my money. I just didn't have the time or cash to take care of him the way I wanted to. Plus the money was really important in those days. Also my fraternity brothers didn't appreciate having two horses corralled next to the fraternity house.

Hitler's armored tanks drove right up to the Presidential Palace in Poland killing not only the cavalrymen but also the famous Polish Cavalry horses

because he considered horses obsolete for war. The U.S. War Department got the message and sold all the Cavalry horses including all the polo ponies at the University of Arizona. That was a sad day for me as I was doing fairly well on the polo team and getting addicted to the game. With the U.S. now at war and the cavalry going to armored tanks I went to downtown Tucson and joined the U.S. Navy as a GOB. The Cavalry ROTC Commander let me know what he thought of me in no uncertain terms leaving the U.S. Cavalry to join the U.S. Navy.

When my orders came to report to the U.S. Navy at Lafayette Louisiana, Captain Yarborough ordered me to a court marshal board hearing. I was a sergeant and appeared in uniform. I made the best speech of my life at that hearing: "What the U.S. Cavalry Means to Me", was how I started out after saluting each of the five hearing officers, "I love the Bivouacs in the Desert, I love the rifle practice, I love the war games of Polo and I love being a U.S. Cavalry man." The officers of the board were all horsemen still wearing jodhpurs, boots and spurs and I knew by their tonsil action that they felt the same way. My closing statement was "Gentlemen, they sold all the horses and have assigned the U.S. cavalry to the tank corps. I am a horseman. I am not a mechanic. I want to

fight for my country and I respectfully request this board grant me an honorable discharge." I saluted each one of them smartly and left the room. They gave me the honorable discharge so I was in the Navy now.

Except for the shooting I had a blast during world war two. The Navy underwent demolition training on Coronado Island, three island landings including Iwo Jima, following the Battleship Missouri into Tokyo Bay where the armistice was signed, setting foot on Japanese soil and returning unscathed as a Lieutenant Jr. Grade and back at the U of A to finish college. My first contact with the "Cattlelog" was after the war in 1946 putting an ad to sell weed burners to ranchers. The U of A was my first sale due I think to the helping hand of Dr. Bart Cardon. I did pretty well in boxing in the Navy and at U of A but never could beat Jack Ogg from Prescott in the wrestling finals. He had to graduate before I could place first in that division. I starved myself from 145 pounds down to 135 pounds so I wouldn't have to box the rally tough fighters like Louie Espiel.

Returning after six years, I was better able to appreciate that everyone in my Ag class were sons and daughters of ranchers and a fat chance I had of ever owning a ranch. So I switched my major interest to Ag Econ and

concentrated on the U.S. wool industry, which was centered in Boston. It was still agriculture, connected with the outdoors and working with the kind of people I understand and like. When Moe Udall beat me for student body president, I took a second look and surprisingly found that I already had enough units to graduate midwinter. In Louisiana I had volunteered to be the Navy butcher for the company and they credited me three units toward my Bachelor of Science degree. That and a stiff 4-unit course of economics in midshipman school at Northwestern University gave me enough credits to graduate by mail.

So I sold my pick-up and headed for Boston. My first job was sweeping floors and unloading wool in a Boston Warehouse. After a couple of warehouse fights as to who was going to pass fleeces up to the grader, I became the passer upper. The grader taught me which mills bought worsted wool, blanket wool, carpet wool, knitting wool, tweed wool, sweater wool and tags. It took some beer drinking with that master wool grader after work to learn the finer points about wool, such as which mills were the big buyers. It was well worth it.

The company's western buyer had died and by then I was a qualified wool grader. They sent me to the "Territories", (as proper Bostonians called the Western

United States), to finish out the buying season. Leaving my new bride, "Sada" with my folks in Santa Monica, I drove to Bakersfield where the spring shearing had started. As luck would have it some Mexicans were having Sunday lunch. They were laughing, drinking "Dego Red Wine" and in good spirits. I sent them a pitcher of wine and they invited me over. My high school and U of A Spanish paid off as they were right out of Mexico and turned out to be sheep shearers. They said, "Be here at 3:30 a.m. and we will lead you to the shearing sheds on the ranch." What a break, as I hadn't the foggiest idea where to start looking for wool. After that I followed them through Northern California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and the Dakotas. We got to be great compadres and they gave me an insight on how this season's wool clip compared to last years.

I kept loading Boston up with samples of available wool clips and the asking price and they would reply with a bid price. The market was working slowly upwards so by the time the freight cars of wool arrived in Boston, everything I bought made money for Draper and Co. including my bum purchases where I underestimated the shrink. I guess they were happy because they sent me, my bride, Sada and a new

Chevrolet, to South Africa where I bought all the wool for Japan and the U.S. for two seasons.

My Cavalry polo training at University of Arizona paid off in South Africa because I met most of the British bankers, shippers and Boer farmers on the polo field. These groups hardly associated with each other anywhere else but it was a great way for an American wool buyer to get acquainted.

On a Friday afternoon, England announced the devaluation of the pound sterling in relation to the dollar. I bought all the warehoused wool I could over the next five days in the four South African ports without the company's approval or knowledge. No cables or telephones operated Friday to Monday in those days. I knew what to do but they couldn't reach me. The devaluation of the pound sterling in relation to the dollar gave us a 23% competitive break compared to the 2-1/2 % commission we were working on. Also personally joint ventured 800 Afrikaner cattle using U.S. Dollars with a Boer rancher on the polo team. We sold the cattle after six months and did just fine.

After four business days the company saw the light and honored all my purchases. So Sada and I came home on a tramp steamer loaded with South African wool and our three

Champion Rhodesian Ridgeback Lion dogs. I had purchased these dogs to keep Sada company while traveling the four South African ports on wool buying trips because of the Mau Mau problem. It took us the next 10 years to persuade the American Kennel Club to accept Rhodesian Ridgebacks as a pure breed. We raised, sold and gave away over 700 puppies during that time. My U of A Breeds and Breeding professor guided me by phone and mail in a scientific out-breeding program so the breed would not sour like the in-bred collies and Irish settlers did twenty-five years before. I only kept pups with perfect ridges and no cists. My bookkeeper kept the Stud Book and we issued pedigrees for one dollar on each certified pup. The money was deposited in the newly founded "Rhodesian Ridgeback Club of America". The AKC used my Pedigree Book of 400 Ridgebacks as the Foundation stock in America. They gave me a polite thank you letter but the Jan 23 '56 Life Magazine said it in four pages. "First new Breed in a Decade".

The Korean War was underway and alpaca was becoming a hot fiber for Navy Jackets and golf sweaters. So after six weeks at our little Massachusetts farm, I left for Peru on my own but with the acquiescence of Draper & Co. and my Sada who was in a family way. Parting was very tough but I promised to return often and did. My base was Arequipa,

Peru, but I traveled the South American Continent buying Alpaca and wool for whatever nation would buy it from me. Sometimes opportunities came up where I used wool, (which has a world price), as money and used the money as the commodity. President Peron was always horsing around with the Argentine Peso and by using arbitrage I could skirt disaster. But you had to be agile and alert 24 hours a day in that business. On my return trips to Boston I would check in for a three-hour chat with the CIA. A wool buyer deals with the heart of a country and stays away from tourist spots. I guess the CIA likes to know what is really going on in a country from a merchant's point of view. They were always polite, didn't take notes and didn't offer money. I was glad to help. Every time I shipped a cargo of wool or alpaca I had to fly back to Boston to get it sold before the ship arrived in order to pay off the bank letters of credit. That kept the banks very happy and the frequent visits made me, my wife, our two young children, Wendy and Justin, happy too. I got home pretty often to our little farm 22 miles southwest of Boston and spent time visiting the banks, old mill customers and developing new ones. It was light work and much time for family life. Sada and I liked fox hunting, tennis, especially playing with the kids and canoeing down

the headwaters of the Charles River, which bordered the farm.

But one autumn day my dear wife, Sada contracted polio. It was her first disaster...mine too. We sold our little farm, the horses and other animals and chose Arizona to live out our lives. I bought a used pickup to conserve money and acquired a little house on 3 acres just north of Camelback Mountain. Sada, our 5-year old daughter - Wendy, and 3-year old son - Justin and I just settled in. Sada was great and did her water exercises religiously. It took five years to get most of her strength back.

With some luck in land trading I managed to acquire the 700 section Eagletail Ranch in the desert west of Phoenix. We cowboyed it for 35-years the old fashioned way which was the only way I knew. I had learned to fly on what was left over G.I. Bill of Rights (which Governor McFarland had bulldozed through Washington, D.C. Bless his heart) and bought a Cessna Tail Dragger. That sure helped in policing the waters and livestock from the air on that big desert ranch. We kept a small cowherd year round and took on Mexican steers during the winter. We shipped everything to leased mountain ranches in the hot weather. The steers and the wiener calves were shipped towards Amarillo sometimes spending a few months' on wheat stubble

fields near the Amarillo feedlots. After the feedlots we tried to have the beef ready for the fat market in March. Some years we wondered where the next meal was coming from. But over the long pull we averaged out pretty well.

Horses were still our prime recreation in those years and during that time with Sada's support I participated in organizing three Arizona trail rides based on the same format as the original "Rancheros Visitadores" in California where I had been a member since 1956. We copied that format on the three Arizona trail ride which are: "Los Charros Desiertos" 1957 in Tucson; "Los Verde Vaqueros" 1961 in Scottsdale and a couples ride "Los Caballeros de La Margarita" 1982 for the Wendy Paine O'Brien Treatment Center (for emotionally disturbed youngsters). Wendy in a moment of depression took her own life. "I love you Mom and Dad but I want to be with God" is all she wrote. These trail rides are all still going strong today but the "Margarita" Ride means the most to us. Wendy was a beautiful girl. She was an artist and signed her paintings with a daisy. Margarita means "Daisy" in Spanish.

As a member of the Arizona Ranch Cowboys Association, Harry Thurston and I team roped at their Williams rodeo also at some Maricopa Posse Ropings. Most of the time it was range roping for strays after the roundup. At the U of

A, we started the "First Intercollegiate Rodeo" I think it was in 1940 or 1941. Ralph Narremore won the Calf Roping and Bud Thurber, Chuck McKeand and I won the Wild Horse Race but Cal Poly took everything else. They were awesome.

Sada asked me the other day when I was going to retire. I told her "my retirement day and my death day were going to be simultaneous". Arizona is a great place to live if you have that cowboy spirit.

FORREST GORDON WILKERSON

My life began on December 5th 1926 in Clifton, Arizona. A couple of years before that, B.F. Wilkerson and Olive Elizabeth Holden were married and became my parents. My dad had proved up on a 640-acre section of good ranch land, next to the Forest service boundary in Central/Eastern Greenlee County, as did two of his brothers, Mosby and Eddie Wilkerson within a few miles of each other. Their fourth and younger brother, Clark Wilkerson did not file under the Homestead Act, but acquired 160 acres nearby on the Forest with three strong springs. The four brothers gathered a string of wild horses and gradually broke and sold them to help Clark pay for his 160 Acres. Through out their lives they all worked together. The long-term droughts and the hard depression of the 30's took a toll on their ability to make their ranches pay, but they still hung on and were totally honest with their dealings with each other, as well as with strangers. I learned many lessons by being around them during those young years by watching how they worked and remembering many conversations. These lessons have served me all of my life.

World War I had come and gone before I was born but two of the older uncles, Mosby and Eddie were in the thick of it in both France and Germany during that time, but I could never get them to say much about it. Mosby received a shrapnel wound across his stomach, but another Clifton Arizona man Mr. Urrea, fighting next to him, drug and carried him back to an aid station, otherwise he probably would have died there.

Some of my earliest memories were riding on a pillow over the saddle horn in front of my Dad or Mother. One time my Dad used a tie-down rig on a gentle mule to pack a load of glass quart canning jars, their lids and several pounds of sugar. I rode on the pillow in front of my Mother, he led the mule and we left the Blackjack homestead before daylight and arrived late in the evening at their friends ranch. At the time I didn't know how far we rode but since, I figured it was at least 20 miles to the North over rough country. They unloaded the mule and put him and the horses in the pasture, I remember seeing them roll and dust themselves before it got dark. Their old bachelor friend had a big peach orchard and then I understood what the trip was about, they all began canning the peaches the next morning, my Dad gave me a couple of ripe ones, probably to keep me occupied and out of the way. They

canned part for us, and part for their old friend. This went on all day until all of our jars and his jars were filled. We stayed overnight again but we left before daylight the next morning with the load firmly packed with straw and grass. We made it back home before dark. I can remember how good those peaches were all that winter.

I was about four years old when, for whatever reason, my Dad and Mother decided to live apart then awhile after that they divorced. Some judge decided I should live one year with one and one year with the other. A few years passed before my Mother remarried, he was a good man who ranched in northern Cochise County. Herndon Getzwiller, he was widowed with two small children, Gordon and JoJane, my Mother did a good job in helping raise them, I got along fine with everyone in that family. Herndon's Dad, Joe Getzwiller, was one of the first ranchers in that part of the County, his allotment laid from Texas Canyon to the San Pedro River to the west. A very big ranch. He told me about first coming into the Arizona Territory before the turn of the century with five hundred head of Texas cattle from West Texas, he said the drive never encountered a barbed wire fence from the time they left until they located at their ranch. He had come out from Texas a few months earlier and decided on his claim.

In the spring of 1938 my Dad had a job with the State Highway Dept in Greenlee County and was drawing a five dollar a day wage, it doesn't seem like much now but then it was very good wages, it allowed him to buy a few heifer calves and help his brothers with their groceries. The Arizona Governor during those hard times would travel throughout the State and pick one man from a large family and give him a State job, if he would agree to help the rest of the family, and my Dad was the one he picked, and of course he agreed to the terms. He helped his brothers whenever he could anyway, as well as seeing that his Mother had what she needed. A chance came up during this time to buy the old Diamond U Ranch located with range in the Black Hills about 8 miles south of Clifton and taking in the Gila and San Francisco Rivers, a scope of 32 sections of State and Government Land. The country had been overgrazed for many years in the lower stretches but the country in the Black Hills had just recently been able to support stock after the Civilian Conservation Corps built one big dirt dam that held water for a good part of the year. The C.C. picked a good spot to catch most of the runoff. The feed was thick a lot of brush and side oats grammer, the droughty stock did good until the tank started drying up and getting boggy, we had to watch the cattle close to keep

them from getting stuck in the bog, by then we rigged up an old one-ton truck to haul water to a metal tank close by the dirt tank and the cattle finally stayed away from the bog problem. That was easier than moving the cattle away from the feed, and a lot cheaper. I can remember a lot of long hard days growing up, by the time I was in the 8th grade I decided to stay with my Dad and finish school in Clifton. World War II started when I was in the 9th grade and continued thru my high school years. I graduated in May 1945 and a month later I received my draft notice, most of the boys in my senior class got their notice too, and so did our young football coach and shop teacher. We traveled to Phoenix in a group and the Army put us through a strict medical examination. The Army doctor that examined me ordered an X-ray of my upper right leg. It appeared swollen. It turned out to be a growth on the bone. Apparently the bone had been cracked up and down the upper part of it when I was playing football. It had been really sore for most of the last years season, but then the soreness left and I didn't think much about it after that. The X-ray showed the growth had advanced at least an inch out of the bone and the Army doctor told me that as long as that condition existed, I was exempted from any military service. He also told me that I would need to have a

civilian surgeon to remove it or chance loosing my leg at the hip. Well there I was stranded in Phoenix with a copy of the X-ray and eight dollars in my pocket. I called a friend in Clifton who told me he would get a hold of my Dad who didn't have a phone at the ranch, and explain what was needed. I gave my friend the phone number where I was at and said I would stay at that number until my Dad called. About three hours later my dad called and told me to take the X-ray to the St. Joseph's Hospital and wait for him there. I think I waited about seven hours before he got there. My Uncle Mosby came with him and they made arrangements for the surgery. I had to stay in the hospital several days before the healing had started, but my Dad had called and found out when I would be released, and he was there to take me home. The next few weeks were miserable. I felt like I was letting everyone down, my country included but in August the war was over and life got back to normal, my leg was slow to heal though, but in a few more weeks I was able to help with the fall roundup.

I still thought a lot about going into the service. I talked to my Dad about it, and he said he could still manage things at the ranch if that's what I wanted to do. He seemed to always be willing to take on more work if it

would help someone else, but I still thought long and hard before leaving him with all of the work.

I checked with the doctor and told him of my plans to enlist in the service if they would take me after my leg had healed. He said the leg was fine and had no problem this time in getting in. I spent three years in the Air Force, two and a half years of that was over seas in the Philippines and Japan. I learned a lot and was discharged after that enlistment was over and I came back home.

In June of 1949 I married Alice Wilma Brown and we began raising our family of five healthy children, three girls and two boys. During the time our children were joining us, a little bunch of cows just wouldn't pay the bills so I went to work as a carpenter apprentice for the Phelps Dodge mine in Morenci. I worked as a carpenter for six years and in 1955 I was offered a job as Deputy Sheriff in Greenlee County, they had a good training program for County Law Enforcement so I took the job. I had a lot to learn but worked with a good experienced partner. I didn't know how working in my hometown would pan out but everything began to click. The hardest part was arresting a schoolmate and football player that had too much to drink and ran into another car. The next day he said I'm glad it was you who brought me in, maybe I'll quit the hard stuff

now. Eight years later I joined the race for the Sheriff's job and was elected to the office. That was a two-year term. After that the terms were four years. I was re-elected three more times. Our children were about grown and the three girls were married so I decided to slow down some. I did serve four years as Greenlee County Supervisor in District Three, before I got out of politics all together.

Some ten years before that we had bought a 160 acre tract of land about four miles south of Clifton, we drilled some good wells on it, and finally got three phase electricity to the property. There was a demand for housing. Clifton had been flooded and people wanted to build on higher ground so we started a small sub-division once we knew the wells could supply the area. Today we have 180 water hook-ups and meters, about 400 people live there and the Water Co. has grown to four-120, 000 gallon storage tanks, two good pressure systems and the underground lines to service the people. I also bought 160 acres from the State and added another 160 acres of BLM land through a Federal Land trade for any future needs. I may interest some of my children in running it but they all have their own lives and they seem to be doing pretty well. If a good buyer should come along, I would be willing to

retire; these advanced years aren't what the young ones were.

My wife, Alice died on May 3rd 1986, the years we had together were hard working but productive for both of us, and for the most part very healthy. She died from an electrical short from and electrical cord when she was working in the yard. The cord arched into her hand. She was taken to the Morenci Hospital. I rode in the ambulance with her and it looked as if they could save her but her heart wouldn't respond and the doctors said the damage was too severe and they couldn't do any more. Our family was very broken up over her death, she always thought of family first.

On August 5th 1989 I married a very nice lady, a year older than me, her name is LeOma. She had been raised on a ranch near Oracle, north of Tucson, her parents were Evelyn Pierson and James H. Darnal. Since our marriage we have been living in Safford. It was a problem at first to find someone capable of running the water company but it has worked out. An old friend who is totally honest, is doing a great job. His name is Bob Ross and he lives at the subdivision so he's right on the problem if one should occur. The books balance each month without a hitch.

My Dad married again later in life and he wanted the ranch to be sold before he died so that's what they did. He had no worries for the few years he had left. I was happy for that.

ART DALMOLIN

Art Dalmolin has been fighting the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), the US Forest Service and the environmentalists for a number of years by writing letters and attending meetings concerning changes made by these groups that have adversely affected the cattle, mining, logging and fishing industries. Art has written to many legislators, Congressmen and even President Bush about these concerns. President Bush acknowledged his letter through Mr. Timco, of the Department of Agriculture. He has been fighting these groups for twenty years.

Born and raised in Globe, AZ, Art already had a family heritage here. His grandparents came to Globe in the 1880's and both his grandfather and father were miners and cowpunchers. His father had mining claims in the area and Art worked underground in the mines when he was 14 years old. Using jackasses and mules, he packed ore from the Round Mountain area to the mining company's chutes about a mile and a half away. Later he worked underground for the big mining companies.

As a boy, Art and his friends would hold their own rodeos in the sand washes of Globe. They used jackasses and mules or "any critter who was ornery enough to buck."

He broke horses in the Dripping Springs area and did cowboy work on various ranches in the White Mountains, including the PS outfit owned by Bill Slaughter and in Gila and Pinal counties. He has punched cows off and on for most of his life. He cut wood in the Pinal Mountains and packed it out on jackasses (burros) for their own wood supply. "This was before they had chain saws, too," Art stated.

In the summer of 1934, he and a friend were offered a job herding Angora goats for ten dollars a month, which was about 33 cents a day. They only worked one day, as there were too many flies, an unbearable smell, and no screens on the bunkhouse windows.

Art worked at the Vanadium Mine when it closed down in June of 1938. He got a job delivering ice for 40 cents an hour. Globe was a wide open town in those days and he delivered ice to four brothels on Broad Street, which was in the main part of the town. One of the madams was from an old Globe family. He also delivered ice to two other brothels just out of town.

Art was working underground at The Christmas Copper Mine when he received a letter from a college coach. He was offered a job working for the Forest Service doing "blister rust" control out of Priest River, Idaho, where he earned 50 cents an hour. He played semi-pro baseball in

Washington, Idaho, and Trail, British Columbia, at the same time. That fall Art played football and also did some boxing for the University of Idaho.

Later he worked on the Union Pacific railroad from San Pedro, California, to Millford, Utah, and ran round trips to Las Vegas. A locomotive fireman and engineer during the steam engine days, he was also a union leader with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen (BLF & E). He decided to enlist in the military, but as a railroader, his job was considered too important and the military wouldn't take him. Then a recruiter told him how he could get into the service. He served with the Navy amphibious corps in the south Pacific and received a battle star for the Battle of Okinawa.

He married a hometown girl named Josephine English, although everyone called her Jo. She loved to dance and was great at dancing the jitterbug. They have two children, five grandchildren, and seven great grandchildren.

After being discharged from the Navy, Art spent a few months punching cows on the Black River with the PS outfit. Then, he returned to California and his job with the railroad company. In the early 1950's he led a strike against the Union Pacific and Santa Fe railroads and put

pickets at Riverside Junction stopping the railroad from running trains. The railroads started moving all trains over the Southern Pacific railroad. He told the railroad officials that he would put pickets at the Colton, CA tower as all three railroads crossed there. This would have stopped all railroad traffic from CA to the east and would have bottled up the southern CA area from San Diego to Los Angeles and north. The railroad company and the union leaders reached an agreement and the pickets were pulled. If this had not been settled, Art's next move would have been to place pickets at Barstow, CA, on the Bakersfield, CA, route. The strike got bad near the end. Strikers rolled over cars, wrote 'SCAB' on the sides of the cars, and put sugar in gas tanks. Every day it got rougher and there were even some fist fights. After Art threatened to pull the Southern Pacific Railroad out and put pickets at the Colton Tower, the strike was broken.

He coached and managed American Legion baseball teams for a number of years. One year his team won AZ state championship and they went to the regionals in Roswell, New Mexico. They lost 3-2 to a CA Team in extra innings and were the runner-up team in the regionals. Another year he and his team, along with the City of Phoenix officials, were guests of the City of Guadalajara at the Fiesta de

Octobre. This was an All-Star team of mostly high school seniors and college players. They played against the University of Guadalajara, winning all three games. He also managed and coached semi-pro baseball in Phoenix.

Art ran a cattle ranch in the Flagstaff area for six years and then he and his wife moved to Oregon in the late 80's. He saw how the restrictions put on the fishing and logging industries by government groups and environmentalists were putting people out of work. He was a commercial fisherman out of Winchester Bay, Oregon, and gill-netted the Umpqua River.

Art's wife passed away in 1996 after 53 years of marriage and he took up residence in Gold Canyon, Arizona. He married Emma Reay Rogers who was a cute girl he had known since 1934. He used to drive from Globe to Winkelman, AZ, to date her when they were young. Her dad got some wild horses out of Sombrero Butte and some were loose on the San Pedro River. Art roped one, tried to ride it bareback and was thrown into some mesquite bushes. He was really scratched up. Emma was born in Prescott but was raised on the 7/Z Reay Ranch on the San Pedro River near Winkelman, AZ. She is good with horses and knows the ranching business.

Even at 85, he continues to be a cowboy. In the fall of 2002, he was injured while getting ready for roundup on one of his brother, Frank's ranches, the F-D (F Bar D) in New Mexico. He was air evacuated to Scottsdale, AZ, where the doctors put 10 screws and 3 plates in his foot and ankle so he can't do too much ranch work anymore. He says, "We have the younger ones gather, heel, doctor, and brand and cut the livestock now."

He believes that the "cattlemen, loggers, miners, and fishermen should all stick together. We should write letters and let our Congressmen know what's happening. If they don't agree, we should vote them out. Cattle ranchers in the West are almost a thing of the past as 90% of the ranchers' cattle permits have been cut on BLM and Forest Service lands. We are also having trouble with wolves and it's getting worse. It's idiotic to reintroduce the wolves and now they want to put grizzly bear in "The Blue" on the Arizona-New Mexico border."

JOHN GIBSON

Recollections of Stuart F. Rees

The following are excerpts from stories written by Stuart Franklin Rees and sent to his daughter Mary Joan Rees Rundel while she was attending the University of New Mexico. Real persons and actual events are recounted in these stories. The original document was hand written by Stuart, in pencil, on loose-leaf notebook paper, and is in the possession of Jack Thurlby (J.T.) Rundel, son of Mary Joan. These stories speak of John and Julia Gibson, but are truly about the life and times of Stuart and Laura Rees, and are included here to provide those latter generations a glimpse of their life during those hard times. The geographical locations are all in Arizona, and the time of those events witnessed by Stuart would have been from 1922 through 1935; the years he worked on the JI Ranch.

Old John came to Globe when he was four years old in an ox wagon from some place in Texas. I forget the place. When he was a kid and young man he was friendly with the Apaches, spoke the language, would stop and visit with them when they were gathering Boti (acorns). He and an Indian youth hunted for the market in Globe in the early days. Told tales of hunting bear in the Pinals in the place known as the Bear Thicket. He punched cows all over the country around Pleasant Valley, Tonto, Globe and some down south. He told about Indian skirmishes. When he was working for the Tielle Ochoa outfit, which in it's day was a real large outfit down on the border, he either was in the country or could tell a very exacting account of the Bloody Tanks and Apache Leap massacres.

Finally wound up married and worked in the mines. He had worked up to running the hoist out of the Old Dominion Mine. Mrs. (Julia) Gibson was running the Old Dominion Hotel during the first part of the Depression. When they bought the bankrupt JI ranch for \$8,000 (half interest of that was along with Bill Parks) they sold the furniture and lease of the hotel for \$2,000, paid \$1,000 down and had \$1,000 and a lot of courage to run on. There were no buildings (on the ranch). They put up sort of a tent house, gradually boxed it in, and also a sheet-iron bunkhouse, such as it was. There was no road except into Globe from the old Irons Ranch, and only a pack trail to Superior when Gibsons bought the JI ranch. Shortly after he got the ranch I went to work for him at age 19. The ranch had around 800 cows, all wild. They paid it off and bought Bill out, mainly on John's guts. Of course Mrs. Gibson is the only woman in the world who would have seen him through.

John had more raw courage than any man. One morning, by accident, we caught 12 head of 4 and 5 year old steers out of Devil's Canyon on Oak Flat. We saw them before they saw us, and John worked out the strategy. He was to plug the Oak Flat trail going off into Devil's Canyon. If he succeeded, they would have to run about 2 miles to

Ranchoria Creek. I was to beat them if I could to where the trail went through a box in Ranchoria Creek. He figured if I could, that they wouldn't go back up the creek, but would stop in a thicket that was in the box. The Ranchoria Corral was built across the trail they would have to take. John was to put up the bars as he came in behind the steers. Then if the steers started back they would take the same trail back through the corral. With luck we could put up the lower bars and have them caught.

Well, we started off fast when we went, and of course the steers did too. Thinking I heard something, I looked back. John's horse had fell hard and he and John were just getting up. As he got to his knees, he motioned me to go on. Well, I made it to the box before the steers and they bushed up as expected. John should have been there almost as quick as the steers, but he did not show before about half an hour.

When he got there he was kinda white, but had a smile on his face when he saw I had the steers. He told me to start them back out of the box, that he had the upper bars up and tied. We got the steers in the corral, and I put up and tied the bars before I looked up at John. He had been talking the whole time about getting these 12 fat steers down to the packinghouse in Ray. When I did look up at

him, I knew there was something real bad wrong. There was. His shoulder and collarbone were broken all to pieces. To this day I don't know how he put up and bound those bars. As long as he lived he was low on that shoulder.

John loved a good dog, and he had some of the best. Old Pup, the first dog he had on the ranch, was the best cow dog I ever worked with. You hardly ever had to tell Old Pup anything. He knew what to do and did it. Knew when to stop, when to go fast or slow. Everyone said he could count. We would be bringing a herd up a brushy draw, and once in a while Old Pup would stand up above the cattle and watch them go by. If one was missing, he'd go back and bring it up.

The country was quite hard on man and horses. One time I am nearly sure John would have died if he hadn't been so tough. We were down at the Lower EK's range branding when we got snowed in. John had a bad cold for a few days, but he hadn't paid much attention to it. The morning after the snow started he was really sick: weak as a kitten, couldn't breathe, and had a lot of fever. We knew we had to do something. One of us was going to tie a bunch of gunnysacks around our feet for snowshoes and try to make it to Superior for a doctor. About the time we were rustling up sacks, someone wondered just how the Doc

would get back. We decided John had pneumonia and we would just have to go it alone.

There was lots of wood. We took turns chopping so we could keep a fire going all night. There wasn't an ounce of medicine in camp, but there was a gallon of kerosene. So, we tore up a wool blanket, folded up a pad for his chest and one for his back, and saturated them in kerosene. We put them on him and gave him a tablespoon full of the same for good measure. We kept the fire going all night. By morning he was coughing stuff up. Every time he did, he'd say, "Good God, pure kerosene!!" He was well blistered and still sick, but we knew we had it made.

We used to drive the cattle out when they were sold in the fall. Several times we drove them to Phoenix, and once down to Arlington. Usually there were other ranchers who threw their cattle in with John's, and drove them together. In those days there was no one between Whitlow Box (which is a few miles below Superior) and Mesa, except for Desert Wells where there was water. I remember one time we penned the herd in the old prehistoric rock corral at Whitlow. It had been built, no one living knew when, by the Spaniards perhaps for a corral or some kind of barricade. It was laid up of stone. The wall was around 8 feet high and several feet thick at the bottom. It had probably two or

three acres inside. We made camp against the north wall close up because Queen Creek ran about 20 feet from the wall. Some time in the night the cattle stampeded, piled up against the south wall, and went over the top. Once they started over, the wall kept deteriorating 'till they made a large gap. All the cattle got out of the corral, except the few that were trampled to death. We were lucky they didn't run north. They would have taken out the camp and us.

On another trip we were stopped for the night at Desert Wells. There was a covered wagon there with a man and wife with some five or six kids. Along in the night us boys on night herd heard a child screaming in their camp. Some of us went to investigate and found a little girl lying on a pallet by the fire, and the rest of them praying for her. We told them we had an old Chevy truck for our gear and that we could go for a doctor. They would have no part of it. They were Pentecostal, Holy Rollers, or Christian Scientists. I don't know just what, but they would have no doctor, just prayer.

We went over to camp and woke up old John and told him about it. He got right up and started for Mesa in the Chevy. He contacted the constable and he got in touch with the Health Department. They sent some officers and a

pickup with a mattress in it. Guess there was no ambulance. They took her to the hospital. She had a busted appendix. The road at that time was mostly just a rut, pretty rough ride. We left the valley. She would survive.

In 1942 John Gibson sold the JI ranch to Dutch Webb. Dutch had the ranch about ten years, all through the bad drought of the 50's. A lot of the cattle died and the price of yearlings went to the bottom. About 1955 Dutch had a heart attack and died. He left a wife and young son. The ranch was sold to the ASARCO Mining Company and they still own the ranch.

That old ranch was made millions of years ago and Uncle Stuart used to say the Lord had all those rocks left over, so he had them all piled up, let Devils Canyon run through the middle and John Gibson used it for a cow ranch.

STUART F. REES

SOME THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT PAPA

By
William Robert Rees

Papa, Stuart F. Rees, worked on the JI ranch between Superior and Globe, Arizona from the time he was 19 years old. In the early to mid -1930's there was a sever drought throughout Arizona. Springs that had never been known to fail went dry, to include the spring at the ranch house where we lived. Papa had to haul all of our water, on two donkeys named Red and Tilford, from down at the bottom of Queen Creek west of where we lived.

The cattle got so thin and weak, that the government sent men around to the various ranches to kill the weaker ones (to Prevent the spread of disease). They paid the ranchers one to three dollars per head for those they killed. For many years (possibly to this day) you could find piles of bones in places like Oak Flats on the JI Ranch.

Sometime around 1933 to 1935 he was riding alone on a bronc that was bad to buck and mean to get on. This horse would jump sideways and kick as the cowboy was mounting him. Papa had ridden 3 or 4 miles when the bronc broke onto a rough trail. The horse fell on Papa and rolled over

him. Having stomach ulcers, the fall ruptured his stomach. Somehow he was able to keep hold of the bronc, and get on him. It was probably 3 miles to the Oak Flats gate. Even though he was very weak by the time he got there, he managed to get off and open the gate and shut it once through it. This mean bronc, for some unknown reason, just cocked his head and stood there while Papa literally crawled up on him. He still had a mile or so to the ranch house. When he got there he could do no more than simply fall off the horse.

Our house was only 100 yards from the highway, which at the time had very little traffic. Mom ran out there and flagged down a car that was just going by. She told the driver that she needed a doctor. He turned around and drove back to Superior and the doctor left for the ranch immediately. When he got to the ranch, and saw Papa, he said, "There is nothing I can do for you, but I will take you to the hospital in Globe". Papa was operated on, but the surgeon told Mom that they did not expect him to make it. He did make it, however, since he would not be able to work on the ranch for some time, they moved to Buckeye where several family members lived. John Gibson, owner of the JI ranch, owed Papa quite a lot of back wages, and they agreed that 13 heifers would be his wages. These were wild

ranch heifers, and when they were unloaded, they wiped out the fence and headed south into the desert.

Carl Arnold (World Champion Single Steer Roper at the time) had cattle running out there, as soon as he was able to, Papa would ride with Carl to check the cattle. The following year they gathered the herd and every one of those heifers had calved. I believe that the money from sale of those cattle was where Papa got his start. He bought a 20 acre irrigated place between Buckeye and Liberty. Over the years they owned several small ranches in Arizona, Arkansas and Oregon.

S.W. (BUCK) Fletcher

By
Bill Davidson

Arizona is loaded with people in big hats and pointy-toed boots who'd like to be the kind of cowboy S.W. (Buck) Fletcher was for 60 years.

And cowman, for the 77-year-old Tucsonan made that tricky transition when it was still just possible for a young man to come out of somewhere (in his case, West Texas) with a scanty outfit, a few head of stock and ambition, and make the move from cowboy to cowman.

Today, Fletcher can tell you about a lifestyle that is all but gone, even where cowboying survives - a time of wagon-freighting outfits; livestock people migrating in convoys of covered wagons: stockmen going broke from watering stock at ten cents a head; trading ranches and farms like coins at a swap show.

That was 47 years ago, when Fletcher came to Tucson. He was 30. Today he's a synonym for what is and was Western around Tucson - ranching, rodeo showmanship, that modern innovation the cattle rest, sturdy horses and durable cattle.

His father was a wagon freighter out of Shamrock, Texas. He was 14 when his father abandoned some land near

Pyote, Texas, after spending one night on it ("He'd traded for the land, but it didn't look like a rabbit could live on it"). The Fletchers trekked into New Mexico. They were in a four-wagon train herding 70 horses along. It was 1916.

They helped a rancher gather horses near Jal, N.M. In Vaughn, a ten-cent-a-head stock watering fee "just about bankrupted" them. They reached Santa Fe, where as elsewhere in the earlier West, the rule was to do what you had to do to survive. Fletcher built dirt tanks and "really learned how to lose money on horses and cattle."

His father leased a farm near Springer, N.M. When he was killed, the family "sold out and scattered", Fletcher says. Fletcher had learned something about survival in those spare, hard days, though. He had put together a few dollars and bought a skating rink.

"Imagine," he recalls wryly now, "a cowboy with a skating rink!" That lured him into a kind of entertainment prevalent then, a Wild West show. He played the carnival circuit in small-town New Mexico and Colorado all summer that year - 1918 - riding and rodeoing.

For the next several years, Fletcher based himself in Santa Fe. He was a policeman and a prison guard; then homesteaded some land. ("Dry and hard-looking country, but

I lived it out and ran wild cattle and horses. . . There was a lot of water from the Rio Grande and no fences then.") Very different today.

A banker cousin from Amarillo suggested Fletcher try the sheep business. "That was as hard a lick as you could hit a cowboy," he remembers. He hired a few herders, acquired a shearing machine - "I was getting to be a big shot" - and somehow doubled his money.

"I thought that's sure enough money; I won't ever need any more," he laughs now, thinking back across the 20-odd ranches and farms he's owned and all the payrolls and notes at the bank and tax bills he's met in over 50 years since.

From Fat City as a sheepman, Fletcher went to Fountain, Colorado, and bought a large dairy farm. "About 30 minutes afterward, it seemed to me, there was a big milk-suppliers' strike. That ran me back to Santa Fe again."

Fletcher broke horses for a Wild West show based in Missouri for a while, and did ranch work anywhere he could get it, assembling bits and dabs of money.

It paid off. In 1923, he bought the DeVargas Ranch near Santa Fe and leased it out for 6500 head brought north out of a drought by a Silver City outfit. He took a brief

look at Tucson in the mid-1920's; worked on ranches more and "traded, bought and sold" cows in New Mexico.

In 1932, Fletcher relocated where he's been since - the Tucson area. "We bought thousands of little old Indian mules, then shipped 'em to the Deep South for farmers there to use plowing. They'd use 'em a year; then turn the mules loose in the swamp and buy a new one next spring. That was right good business until people started getting tractors."

Even in the early 1930's, Tucson was a Mecca. Fletcher found it profitable to keep and supply horses for the glamorous old El Conquistador Hotel. ("It was way out in the country then," he says of the area that is now a sprawling urban shopping mall.)

Winter visitors rode Fletcher's horses; and local types, too, on their errands of pleasure. Now and then he'd rent horses and gear to the Pima County Sheriff's office to hunt people, usually strayed tourists rather than badmen. But "we'd pack 'em out, dead or alive, in two-three days," Fletcher remarked.

He pondered buying a horse ranch. He asked a hand, Hulen McMinn, for ideas. McMinn suggested the Vail area, where a large colony of black people from Texas had homesteaded. He bought out first one and then another Vail

area colonist until he owned 6000 acres and had some state land as well.

The Vail area horse ranch led Fletcher into providing horses for ten different movie companies shooting on Tucson locations. In 1940, Old Tucson was established as the set for the movie *Arizona*, and both Tucson moviemaking and Fletcher were on their way to a larger kind of success.

Not without some flipflops. *Arizona* aborted the first time out, when its Hollywood backer's budgets collapsed. But 90 days later, they were back in Tucson, cameras grinding.

Fletcher supplied some 700 horses and 1000 cattle. He went from that into a steady groove of providing the stock for Westerns, notably *The Westerner*, a classic in which he also did some long-distance doubling for Gary Cooper.

But between movies, it was difficult holding his operation together. Fletcher "got hold of some dollars" and bought a few ranches, as he puts it so simply now.

"A good-lookin' Widow found the McDonald Ranch (southeast of Tucson) wasn't as much fun as she'd thought it would be." Fletcher bought that for \$60,000 cash - a big roll in those pre-war Great Depression days. He sold it for \$10,000 profit to a liquor dealer who, like the widow, discovered ranching was not so much "fun".

The ranch became the source for gravel for today's Sundt Construction Company.

Fletcher was left with his Rita Ranch and land around Sahuarita. He "got into the cow business more". He recalls a time around Sahuarita when land developers shot off an old rancher's herd of ten-year-old steers after they got onto other people's land. Fletcher had tried to buy the steers at \$30 a head.

The owner, a pioneer Mexican-American rancher in the country, turned Buck down. "He told me that 'where those old steers die, they make the ground rich and the grass grow up tall'. But the old man ended up with nothing - the cattle suddenly dead on someone else's land for zero dollars a head."

Part of the Rita Ranch was sold to the then - Hughes Tool Company - 4800 acres it still holds almost untouched. Fletcher acquired part interest in an Alpine Arizona ranch from old-timer Jess Burke, a long-established rancher in Arizona's high country. Later he traded his Alpine holdings for the Franco Ranch near Tucson, which he sold in 1968 to cattleman Frank Rees.

Fletcher was holding 1500 yearling steers on the Robles Ranch near Three Points; he got into a deal with an

Air Force colonel to ship those steers plus 500 more to the Missouri Ozarks.

"That was the prettiest cow country I've ever seen," Fletcher says about the Ozarks. Once again, he decided to "get a holt". In five years, he bought and stocked five livestock farms as big as 1400 acres. Then, typically, he traded down to two places and sold them to a Tucson man, Rollie May.

Re-enter Fletcher the entertainer, former skating-rink and carnival impresario. He laid out a polo field and rodeo grounds where El Con mall now stands. He sold his stable there and moved the horse operation to the Rita Ranch, where he supplied enough cattle and horses - literally - for a trail drive in the filming of the classic trail-drive story, *Red River*.

Fletcher exceeded all his old performance records on that one, rounding up 1532 steers and 800 horses for the film. "We hunted and gathered every spare horse in the county," he says. "We had old ranch horses, some of 'em still wild . . . And some of the extras on those horses were soda jerks and the like. Some of 'em put on the hardest work for \$10 I ever saw."

That was in the mid-1940's, about the time he met and married his wife, Sally, who was working in a restaurant

near the El Con area. "She was running and skating around that place, and I decided I'd like to know someone like that."

Mrs. Fletcher "made a good hand when she found out what to do". She is still making one, in the Fletchers' spacious mobile home near Vail.

Fletcher kept expanding and wheeling and dealing. He had a few jolts - as when he was in Willcox returning from hauling mares to Clovis, N.M., and read in a Tucson newspaper that his home had been burglarized. "My wife helped run 'em off," he said proudly. Another time when out of town he heard that hail had destroyed the cotton crop around Marana, where he was holding 1500 yearling steers on a lush pasture of "great Indian wheat and filaree". Predictably, the hail wiped out his pasturage as well.

He kept buying, selling and trading "and learning something", he says about the 1950' and 1960's. That rather clearly reveals one of the secrets of Fletcher's success - learning.

He learned, among other things, something of the hotel-motel and tavern business. He also learned to make an occasional rotten guess - as when he gave away his hold

on state land south of Tucson, which ultimately became the Tucson International Airport.

But Fletcher also learned to make the best of guesses. He built and started the Buckaroo Cattle Rest in 1956. It was the first in this region and the only one that has succeeded in it.

He furnished horses for the Tucson Fiesta de los Vaqueros rodeo parade for 14 years. The wagons he scrounged off farms and ranches in Colorado and New Mexico for the filming of Arizona - refurbished and furnished with Fletcher teams - became fixtures in the annual rodeo parades. He sold the land where Anaconda and IBM now headquarter, off Interstate 10 near Wilmot Road. His land at the end of Broadway near Main in Tucson was for years a Tucson institution - the place where Papago Indians sold wood; he had a square block on East 16th Street fenced off for a Papago campground and corrals.

And in almost every case, where it counted, Fletcher made money, as he quietly admits. He knew where to get more. He recalls asking a Tucson banker for a \$125,000 loan to help furnish stock for Red River. Asked where he would go if the bank turned him down, Fletcher said he'd just walk across the street and get it from a neighbor. The bank, as usual, said "yes".

Childless, living with his wife among neighbors all around on what was once open range, Fletcher thinks the world had changed too much for him to do it the same way now. "It was a pretty hard way to make a living. I doubt a young person could do it now. Land costs and livestock prices are too high. I wouldn't even consider it myself."

"It used to be the loss of a few head of cattle wouldn't kill you. Now it'll put you out of business."

He has some great memories, however hard life was. One is for a pair of Arizona bred horses, Teeter and Tex, which he thinks were the two best he ever owned. "They wouldn't get you in trouble" in their thorny native desert habitat, unlike so many horses from outside Arizona.

His favorite ranch? Probably one of the Missouri Ozark places. "They had the best cattle, the best grass and all that."

And he likes cross-bred Brahma steers - considering the Brahma bull-on-Hereford cow cross the "best cattle ever produced in Arizona".

He's fond of recalling when the foreman of a high-bred Hereford ranch watched his cowboys branding his low-cost steers. The foreman asked Fletcher why he handled such "a sorry grade" of steers.

"Because when one dies, I'm never out much," Fletcher impressed the foreman from the bred-up ranch.

Fletcher had one of the first "blue" Brahma bulls in the country. He "took the fight out of it" by leaving it tied to a 30-foot rope for three weeks. He regrets that a bit.

Now and then, Fletcher says, he wishes he had had children. "That bothers me a little." But he feels that "maybe you need a practice life first, to learn how to do that right."



But while he wasn't into pioneering as a family man, he left a stamp on a country that few heads of even the largest clans leaves. He helped fashion a metropolitan area that his elders wouldn't have believed - and from an era and an open range that today's under-30 generation wouldn't believe either.

MARIE GIBBONS SCHORR

Marie Gibbons Schorr came from the small northeastern town of Honesdale, Pennsylvania. She was raised in a family-atmosphere filled with music and laughter. A young, handsome boy from Maryland enrolled in her high-school. She was 14 years old and he was 16. They fell in love and later they enjoyed 67 years of marriage, five sons, and a very challenging life. Young Wagner, her beau, would drive into town in an old Model A Ford automobile from his family's logging mill. Marie tells stories about that crazy car and it brings big smiles to her Irish face and a sparkle in her eye.

Before her marriage Marie went on to finish her degree in Nursing. During WWII she volunteered in the Civil Defense, as did many wives, worked in the family's Victory Garden and by the end of the war she had four sons. Wagner and Marie then purchased a farm in the Mennonite and Amish region of Bucks County, where their children could roam free, playing in the big barn.

Wagner J.G. Schorr, as a young man, had traveled through southern Arizona in 1934. He fell in love with the grasslands and the open skies and set his sights to return some day! And in 1948 he made his dream come true when he

bought the Canelo Hills Ranch, a commercial cattle ranch located in the high country of eastern Santa Cruz county and he registered two brands; a)  and b) .

The following year, Marie, Wagner and their four young sons started their trek across the country in a station wagon to settle on this ranch. Arriving in Arizona, the weather was hot, the roads were narrow and dusty and the landscape forbidding to eyes accustomed to the green of the North. The road from the small town of Tucson never seemed to end. The country changed from lower desert cacti vegetation to grasslands with small oak trees and junipers. And then, suddenly, they were "home"!

The Canelo Hills Ranch, located on the western slopes of the Huachuca Mountains and bordering the San Rafael Valley was a relatively small ranch with some very rugged terrain. Marie's life changed drastically, from the deep, flat, fertile soil of eastern Pennsylvania to the rangelands of the West.

Her early days on the ranch were far from what she was accustomed to, but in time she got used to that new way of life. She never forgets the very first Christmas they celebrated in 1949. They had quickly become involved with the Elgin Community Club. And in the afternoon everyone brought wonderful foods to share, there was a live band

playing and she says she was never lonely after that Christmas!

As with most ranchers in those days, electricity was made on the ranch, something she had to get used to. To make a telephone call she had to drive about 13 miles. Convenience was when the milk cow showed up at the gate by the milk shed twice a day without having to wrangle her out of the sacaton pasture! Butter had to be churned, the whey was fed to the half wild turkeys, and the milk was plentiful for her growing sons. It took a while to get used to having to do the laundry in an old wringer-washer kept in the tank-house and, with very limited water supply, starting with the sheets and ending with all the jeans, using the same water.

Living out in the country, 35-40 miles from any town, Marie was called on many a times to aid an ailing friend with her nursing experience. Her medical expertise was also called upon by friends looking for advise on how to deal with a cancer-eye in a cow or when vaccinating for black-leg. It was a busy time preparing food for a hungry round-up crew, or driving the open Jeep loaded with food to some small mountain corral and many times pitching in helping to get the work done in the corral. Over the years

she had to learn to deal with every critter from scorpions and ants to rattlesnakes.

Life was not only about working hard. The community life around Canelo was very active. The ranching families depended on each other to get branding or shipping work done. Following the work there was often a softball game to be had. Marie could really swing a mean bat and run like a deer from the cow-pie 1st base continuing on around the grassy field. There were potlucks and dances, there were little community skits put on, often with Marie & Wagner in some role, and there were Christmas parties and steak fries.

From this community dependency came a feeling of service to others. Marie helped re-open the old Elgin school after encouraging Cora Everhart, the county superintendent of education, to permit it. There were 13 children attending when it opened in 1950. She helped convince people in the community to donate time, sanding the floors and get some painting on the building done. Later she served on the School Board for four years.

The Cowbelles had just organized in the area two years earlier, in 1947, and Marie found herself a near-charter member of this organization, working for the betterment of Arizona ranchers. It was to be social organization, an

Auxiliary to the Cattlegrower's Association, but it quickly evolved into a promotional and educational organization along with the social get-togethers. For Marie that work continued over 50 years until present. She served in almost every official capacity including Representative, treasurer, vice-president and beef-promotion chairperson. She helped initiate a Cowbelle scholarship to be given yearly to a high-school graduate, particularly youths from ranching families. This program has grown and is now supporting scholarship for senior students from each county high school. Every year she could also be found at the fairgrounds, slinging hamburgers together with the other Cowbelles at the County Fair and other events in Sonoita.

Many events have occurred over the years for Marie & Wagner, some almost made her pack her bags and return to Pennsylvania. One such event happened in the fall of their first year ranching. Three semi-truck and trailers were hauling their cattle to the stockyards in Sonoita when one of the trucks spun out of control in a sharp curve on the dirt road close to the ranch. The truck and trailer flipped over, killing three calves and injuring many others. Livestock were scattered all over! The neighbors came on horseback to help round up the surviving cattle and the family was able to ship them.

After the fall shipping, Marie was often assigned the job of spotting the wild cows with their big calves from her kitchen window. These cattle hid from the round-up, living up on the mountain slopes. When thirst forced them to come down to the water trough in the big corral she would quickly run to close the gate, trapping them in the enclosure. Over time the cows got used to her, of course. And she tells of the time when those cows were going to be shipped. Wagner, along with some rancher-friends and cowboys, spent a long time on horse, trying to get these wild, part-Brahma cows into the cattle-trailer without any success. As soon as they got to the chute leading up to the truck, they would scatter. Finally John Gates, a neighbor and close friend, shouts: "Tell Marie to come over and get the cows into the chute!" She was called to duty and she managed to coax the cattle into the trailer at a run, scared out of her mind - dressed in shorts and flip-flops! She was quite the sight! John Gates' comment was: "You're the best damned cowboy I've seen!"

There was of course, the rainy seasons with its spectacular lightning storms and flash floods. Many were the times when the children were stranded over night on the school bus because the wash was running, or sometimes the holding pens in the low-lying pastures that held the entire

herd of cattle were washed out. These experiences were shared, and are still shared, by many ranching families as they try to make a living and try to hold on to a special way of life. Marie soon learned the way of the West and she has been enjoying this life ever since.

The family became very active in the 4-H as well. Marie was a 4-H leader for many years and the sons raised calves, sheep, and even a chicken, to show at the Fair. It was a good experience and one that has served them well later in life. She served as a treasurer for many years and also held many other positions within the 4-H Council.

A fifth son was born into the family after many years. This event rejuvenated the spirits of Marie & Wagner and helped continue their community enthusiasm and participation.

Truly, Santa Cruz, its 4-H clubs and many other service clubs have benefited by Marie's helpfulness and involvement through her 55 years in the county. Likewise, Marie's life has been enriched through her involvement in the community and her life in Arizona.

As told by Marie Schorr, Sonoita, AZ, in July 2004.

ROSE (POSY) PIPER

I am not sure that I am a "pioneer", although I qualify by age and have seen many changes since coming to Arizona in 1952. However, the stories in the Pioneer Volumes are important history, so I am grateful to add mine to those of the real pioneers.

I was born June 30, 1929, in a farmhouse two and one-half miles from the small town of Walnut Springs, Texas. I was named Rose Elizabeth Hickok, but I soon acquired the nickname of "Posy", and I have always been called by that name. My parents, Ray and Vic Hickok, lived on a stock farm with me and my brother Norman who was almost four years older than I. They raised cotton, corn, and hay, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, turkeys, and chickens. In the earlier days my dad plowed with horses, but later he had a tractor. We had a few horses to ride, but our place did not require a lot of horseback riding.

We lived at the end of a dirt road; beyond was just our farm. There was a creek running through the farm, and swimming and fishing there was recreation for our family when we had enough rain to keep the creek running. We cooked and heated with wood and used kerosene lamps until we got electricity. We always had running water, but had

to heat water for washing dishes and clothes and baths. I often took cold baths in the hot, humid Texas summers.

I cared for the orphan sheep and goats, feeding them with a bottle, gathered eggs, and sometimes rode to gather cattle with my dad. I loved to ride to the mailbox a mile away and stop by a neighbor's house for a little snack on the way. She always had some homemade bread and jam to share. I rode a half-Shetland pony called Trixie until my dad bought a strawberry roan mare with a colt, and then I rode the mare with the colt following along. When I was twelve we moved from the farm to town, and my life changed quite a lot.

With my two best girlfriends, I still loved to ride when we could find horses whose owners would let us use them occasionally. I grew up in a carefree, friendly small town environment. I was valedictorian of my senior class of only eight students, each of whom went on to do well and live successful lives. I attended John Tarleton College, a two-year school affiliated with Texas A&M, majoring in journalism. I was assistant editor of the college newspaper and also worked part time for the local weekly newspaper as "society editor."

The first summer after I started college I worked for the newspaper in my hometown and played for a women's

softball team. W.T. (Bill) Piper had returned from the Army and was playing for the men's team. He worked at Flat Top Ranch, where both registered and commercial Hereford cattle were raised. We started dating, then he went on the show circuit to several states with the ranch's show herd, and I went back to school. When he returned, we became engaged and were married on June 6, 1948.

W.T. (Bill) had started to school at Texas Technological College the previous January, so we moved to Lubbock, Texas, where we both attended college. He was hired as herdsman for the college farm, and we were furnished a house, meat, and milk along with a small salary. Of course he was using the G.I. Bill to go to college. We raised a garden and had chickens to eat and for eggs, so we did pretty well. At first we didn't own a car, so I walked to school and to the grocery store. Bill usually had a horse to ride to his classes. One day after a big rain, a neighbor whizzed past me as I was carrying an armload of groceries, splashing me with mud but not offering to stop and give me a ride. Soon after that we managed to get a car!

I graduated in 1950, then worked at the Ex-Student's office as a secretary and editor of the newspaper and magazine while he finished college in 1952. Immediately

upon graduation we moved with our six-month old son, Tom, to the Thurber Ranch north of Sonoita, Arizona, where my husband was herdsman and in charge of the show cattle. The ranch was reached by a winding, dirt road from Interstate Highway 10 to within twelve miles of Sonoita. There was no electricity or phone; we had a Kohler plant for power, which we used sparingly.

In those days when Mexican "illegals" came through, we fed them and gave them water. They were harmless and were just looking for work. My children grew up with that concept. A funny thing happened in the 1970's. My son had seen some illegals by our house and had made breakfast for them. They wanted a ride to Tucson, and he was going. When he left, we both forgot about them, but he was barely out of sight when one of them came running and gesturing about his ride to Tucson. I told him to sit on our porch and I chased our son down and made him come back. What was I thinking? It dawned on me after I left that I had acted foolishly. However, when we returned the man was still sitting where I had left him. He called his friends, and they took off with my son for Tucson. What a difference today!

We remained at the Thurber Ranch until 1959. We had two more children, Ted and Terry Jane. Tom started school

at the Empire School on the Thurber Ranch taught by Mr. Thurber's niece, Dorothy Fisher. Work at the Thurber Ranch was constant, for mostly seven days a week. On payday Bill had a day off, so we would go to Tucson to buy groceries (the cupboards were pretty empty by this time) for the next month. We shopped at the old Consumer Market on Sixth Street in Tucson. We would fill up the back seat of our car with groceries that cost us around \$45.00. The groceries would last for a month, except for occasionally buying bread at the store in Sonoita. We lived in a beautiful old adobe house and we had milk and meat furnished by the ranch. Again, we raised chickens, but neither of us found time to have a garden.

In June 1959, we left Thurber's and Bill took a job as manager of the Elgin Hereford Ranch located just southeast of the little village of Elgin, Arizona. Frank Appleton had bought the Newell Clark Ranch which was renamed the Elgin Hereford Ranch. The cattle herd was gradually improved, and a string of cattle was taken to shows in Phoenix, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Utah, and Idaho. We sold herd bull and replacement heifers and became fairly well known as producers of quality registered Herefords.

During this time I was very busy with three children in school who were involved in a lot of activities and I also helped with the ranch bookkeeping and did a lot of cooking. Prospective buyers seemed to come at mealtime fairly often, and I always tried to give them a good meal. Our children were allowed to pick out steers to show in exchange for working on the ranch. For a number of years they showed steers at the Arizona National Livestock Show in Phoenix, The Southern Arizona International Livestock Show in Tucson, and the Santa Cruz County Fair in Sonoita. They also did other 4-H projects and were active at Patagonia High School. I was the chauffeur and the one who kept them clothed and fed and made sure they did their chores, schoolwork, and 4-H record books.

As my children got older, I decided to work. I applied for a job as substitute teacher at Patagonia Union High School, and I was offered a job for three weeks in October 1964, to substitute for the high school English teacher. However, the teacher resigned and I stayed for the rest of the year, teaching English to grades seven through twelve. In order to teach again, I had to get a teaching certificate, so I took classes at the University of Arizona and in 1967, I was hired as the English teacher at Patagonia. I taught there for the next 18 years,

teaching all grades at times, but mostly eleventh and twelfth grades. I also taught journalism and drama, sponsored the school newspaper and yearbook, sponsored classes, and directed over 40 school plays. I coached girls' volleyball for five years, and started a girl's basketball program, which I coached for several years.

In order to keep teaching, I had to get a master's degree in five years. I went to the University of Arizona for evening classes and summer sessions and received my master's in 1973. I had a full teaching load and was raising three teenagers during this time, so those years are pretty much a blur as far as memories go. I just know that I was busy, but I enjoyed what I was doing so I did what I had to do.

Bill had taken a job with the United States Forest Service in 1968 where he worked until his retirement in 1992. I retired from teaching in 1985 and almost immediately was hired as a part time reporter/writer for the Nogales International newspaper in Nogales. I had always wanted to write for a newspaper, and I really enjoyed the eight years that I worked there, even though I certainly didn't make any money. At every chance I wrote about ranchers and ranching issues. After eight years, I was tired of deadlines so I retired from that job.

I had become active again with Cowbelles after I retired from teaching, and I served as representative, treasurer, and finally president of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles. I joined the Arizona State Cowbelles, and worked with the scholarship program before becoming treasurer, an office that I held for the next nine years. I have also served as Publicity and Ways and Means chair. I have been in charge of the annual Cowbelle Auction for the past three years, and this year I am editor of the Cowbelle newsletter, *The Jingle*.

With the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles I have worked with children during our annual Ranch Day. We have had three Ranch Tours for adults, and I have organized the educational presentations for each of those. This year I am Beef Promotion chair.

In 1998 the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles opened our Ranchers' Heritage Center in the Historic 1904 Courthouse in Nogales. I have been chairman of that committee from the beginning. Our center is dedicated to preserving the heritage of ranching in our county through exhibits, photos, information in scrapbooks, and public programs. We have also started a collection of books written by or about Arizona ranch women.

During summers when I was teaching, and after I retired, I have attended many meetings with my husband of ACGA, Society for Range Management, Extension Service, and others as well as workshops at the University of Arizona. We are both interested in keeping up with developments in our industry and attend these meetings as often as we can.

Although we have never owned our own ranch, we have had cattle or worked with cattle all of our 56 years of married life. We have a small herd of cattle on leased land at present. We are both active in volunteer activities, especially 4-H. I have clerked the annual 4-H Sale at the Santa Cruz County Fair for over 40 years, and I often judge 4-H exhibits at the Fair.

I was on the board of the Pimeria Alta Historical Society for ten years, three of those as president. I have also been on the board of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association and Friends of the Patagonia Public Library. I am a member of the 1904 Courthouse Preservation Commission.

We have seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren. We have lived at the edge of Patagonia, Arizona since 1968. We are definitely slowing down, yet we remain active for old codgers, I guess. It has been an interesting and challenging life and we feel lucky to have

spent so many years in beautiful Southern Arizona. The cattle people we have met through the years have been absolutely wonderful. There are no better people anywhere in the world! My work with Cowbelles has greatly enriched my life, and I am so thankful for the privilege of knowing and working with these beautiful ladies.

This year I was named the Arizona Cattlewoman of the Year by the Arizona State Cowbelles. I cannot express in words what an honor that is, because I know the caliber of these women who have honored me. Now, to become a member of the Arizona Pioneers, unworthy though I am, is beyond belief.

My prayer is that Arizona cattlemen, cattlemen, and pioneers may continue to be the lifeblood of this state in the years to come!

MONTA CAROL (GARDNER) MORGAN

I was born in San Francisco, California on June 9, 1929 to Reagen and Hettie Lee (Dalton) Gardner. It was during the depression and my dad went there looking for work. I don't know how long we were there, but when I was about three months old we returned to Arizona.

My parents were married June 8, 1927 in Tucson, Arizona. My Dad was born in Douglas, Arizona on February 9, 1906. My mother was born September 23, 1910 in Fancy Gap, Virginia. She came here with her parents, A.C. Dalton and Lorena (Rector) Dalton in 1916. They homesteaded near Elgin, Arizona. My paternal grandparents, Charlie A. Gardner and Jennie (Barfoot) Gardner, were married in Tombstone, Arizona in 1889. He came out of Texas. It is my understanding that the Barfoot Park in the Chiricahua Mountains is named after my grandmother's family.

My first recollection of where we lived was in Gardner Canyon (not named after my family) north of Sonoita, Arizona and near Greaterville, Arizona. During that time, my dad worked for the CCC's, the Forest Service in the Santa Rita Mountains and part of the time for his dad who had purchased the Old English Ranch, later known as the Singing Valley Ranch.

When my dad was working for the Forest Service, my mother, Edwin (my brother), and I would drive through the Box Canyon Road and meet my dad in Madera Canyon. That road was really narrow and not in very good shape, with places in it too narrow for cars to pass. I think we did this about once a week. On washday, mom had to haul water from a windmill that was nearby. Then she heated it in a tub over a fire she built outside. There weren't any conveniences there, so everything was a major task. One of my first riding experiences was there. We had an old gentle horse my brother and I rode bareback. One day we were riding double and I was sitting behind him. We went under the clothesline. He ducked and I didn't, so I learned a lesson I wouldn't forget.

When Edwin came of school age, the school district was short of students required to qualify for a teacher to come to the Empire School. Since I was only fourteen months younger than my brother, I started when he did. This gave us the minimum number of students needed for a teacher. We went all through school together in the same grades and graduated together. We only went one year to the Empire School (which is no longer there) when we leased and moved to the Dalton Homestead near Elgin. The Dalton family had moved to Nogales and started up a dairy. By then, my dad

had accumulated a small heard of cattle. It was a good move for us. He also raised some good quarter horses. We were never without horses to ride while we were there.

My Grandpa Dalton had built a milk house with a washhouse adjoining it. He had a dairy there and delivered milk to Nogales. The iceboxes in the milk house were quite thick and made to hold blocks of ice. My dad made some home brew and stored it in there. You could hear the bottles blowing up ever so often.

While we lived there we had a cooler outside covered with gunny sacks. I don't recall how they kept them wet but that served as the only cooler we had. After several years we were fortunate to get an Electrolux refrigerator. We also got a gas washing machine. We were definitely making progress, but progress was slow. We didn't have running water or an indoor bathroom while living there. We took baths in a galvanized washtub in water heated on a wood stove.

We attended the Elgin School for the next six years. It had all eight grades in one big room, with a wood burning stove right in the middle of the room. I remember that the Tellez family, who lived close by, had a big old ram. He would come down to the school and he would keep us

in the building or keep us out, depending on where we were at the time.

While living there, someone from Fort Huachuca had roller skating at the Elgin Club House. So my mom would have the mailman bring her enough ice from Nogales to make a couple of freezers of ice cream. She would sell it at the skating event. We had a milk cow and chickens so we had plenty of eggs, cream, and milk. We had good times growing up there.

At the end of our seventh grade, the folks sold the cattle and moved to Patagonia. We finished grade school there. That was quite a change from all eight grades in one room to each grade having a room. And the house we lived in was more modern.

In 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor shook the community. That resulted in quite a few of the High School boys either being drafted or volunteering for the service. In the summer of 1942, four people who lived in Patagonia all came down with polio, all about the same time. I was one of them. Everyone was so afraid of it, they wouldn't come around and my mother couldn't get anyone to help her. It was around the clock care. I owe my recovery to the constant care she gave me. I'm sure it wasn't easy.

While still in High School, my dad went to work for the State Highway Department. We moved back to Sonoita into a house the Highway Department provided for us. I really enjoyed my High School years. I look back on them with fond memories.

In 1945, I met my husband, Howard Morgan. His parents were living on the Houston Ranch at Elgin when he was discharged from the army after World War II. He went to live with them for the time being and helped his dad take care of the ranch. He also found other jobs around there. Howard was born in Winkleman, Arizona on February 7, 1924. In the summer of 1946 he went to work for the State Highway Department. On September 7, 1946 we were married in Nogales, Arizona. We lived in Sonoita until 1948. At that time, we moved to Nogales. We moved a number of times while we were there. We leased some property and bought cattle to put on it. We moved them around when necessary. A lot of our time was spent on the old Peck Place on the Santa Cruz River. We branded the (/—\) and still have the same brand.

By then we had two sons. Del was born on September 27, 1947 and Hal was born on June 21, 1949. On January 9, 1953 our daughter Teri was born. Both boys started school at the Little Red School House on the Patagonia Highway.

I had the privilege of attending a few of the first meetings of the Santa Cruz County Cowbells, which was organized by my mother-in-law, Mollie Morgan.

We moved to Tucson to the Flowing Wells area in 1956. Howard tried to keep the cattle but eventually had to sell them. He quit the Highway Department when we moved to Tucson and started working construction.

About 1969, still wanting to do something with cattle, Howard started putting on ropings. I did the books and announcing. He bought steers and kept them at the Buckskin Bar and Arena, where the ropings were held. We did that for about four years and a couple more at Rio Rico, Arizona. The Tucson Mall now stands where the Buckskin was.

In 1979, we moved to the Northwest side of Tucson, where we still live. One evening our three grand daughters were with us. I had just fixed dinner when a thunderstorm knocked out the electricity. I got the kerosene lamps out, which I always have on hand and ready to use, and we ate dinner by kerosene lamps. We explained to them there was a time when kerosene lamps were all that most people had. They thought it was fun to actually be a part of that, but doubt they'd like it all the time.

In 1986 Howard retired and we did a little traveling for several years. I have belonged to the Tucson Cowbells for a number of years. Our extended family consists of eight grandchildren.

Having been able to be a part of so many phases of life and seeing so many, many changes in the world that has affected our lives, I think I have lived in the very best of times.

SAMUEL JAMES FRAIZER

Sam was born at Ft. Huachuca, Arizona, September 15, 1918. His mother and father were both homesteaders in the Elgin area. Carrie Swigart and James Garfied Fraizer and had married September 12, 1915.

He was educated in the country school at Vaughan and his high school years in Patagonia. Attended a year in A.S.U. studying Electrical Engineering.

Growing up on the ranch, the family was still dry farming, but after a year of unsuccessful harvesting of a pinto bean crop, Sam left for California, where he worked at Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego.

Sam met his future wife, Ilene Maake from Nebraska and married in 1942. He was then drafted into the navy and after his discharge returned to Arizona. He built a service station at the crossroads of Highway 82 and 83 in Sonoita, where he was close enough to help his family at the ranch, nine miles from Sonoita. He served on the Sulphur Springs Electric board for many years.

We had adopted two children, a daughter Lynn, who married James F. Kelley, has two boys James and Patrick, and lives in Tucson. A son, Ross James who lives on the ranch. His parents had passed away - Jim in 1955 and

Carrie in 1973; after which he had full responsibility of the ranch. They had established a herd of cattle around 150-200 head.

The cattle were mixed breeds. The eradication of the screw worm problem made the cattle business much easier. He had good friends and neighbors who helped in times of branding and shipping. Like his mother, had named several of the cattle and was a passing joke when someone wanted to buy an animal to say - where do you want the spots?

We sold the business in Sonoita in 1979 and did some traveling. Sam passed away in 1991. After that we sold the cattle and leased the pastures for grazing.

Sam loved his family and the ranch, so when he passed away - it closed a chapter leaving many memories.

ZONA MILLER

Zona Miller, owner of Miller Farms Investments, LLC, in Laveen, Arizona, was born to parents, Radius and Leara Hudson who originally owned and farmed part of the land now occupied by Miller Farms. Radius and Leara Hudson farmed in Missouri prior to moving to Arizona. There they raised cattle, hogs and did general farming. The couple moved from Missouri to Arizona in 1919 and lived and worked on a farm in Phoenix at 40th Street and Thomas road for three years before moving to their own farm in Laveen.

While living in Phoenix, Leara and Radius hosted the birth of their first child, Zona, inside a tent! Although, Zona relates now, "It was a very nice tent with screen walls, a door, and roll down canvas sides." Leara named her new daughter Zona, a shortened version of Arizona. Such was the blessed event that welcomed into the world, Zona Hudson Miller, now owner of Miller Farms Investments, LLC, located in part on the exact same ground on West Elliot Road in Laveen, Arizona where the original farm was started, eighty two years ago.

Zona and her younger brother, Radius Jr., attended elementary school in Laveen. They both attended and graduated from Phoenix Union High School. After high

school, Zona attended Arizona State University and graduated in 1940 with a teaching degree. She taught 4th grade for a year at Wilson School in Phoenix and her salary for that year was \$1,050.

When Zona married in 1941 it was to Lawrence, 'Larry', Dale Miller. They were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, in the judges chambers there.

Larry was from Kansas originally and was also from a farm family. Zona and Larry met at a church meeting. Soon after their marriage, Larry went into the service and before being sent overseas he and Zona went together to Alexandria, Louisiana for a year and then to Illinois for eight months. When Larry finally went overseas, Zona stayed in their home in Phoenix, worked at Air Research and paid off their house located at 14th Street and Thomas Road.

After Larry returned from WWII, he and Zona sold their home in Phoenix and entered into the farming business with Zona's father, and her brother Ray Jr. in Laveen.

Larry and Ray Jr. were both veterans of World War II. After the war, Larry and Zona along with Ray and his wife, Tina, shared the present acreage with Zona's parents. This property consisted of 240 acres between Elliot Road and Dobbins Road around 59th Avenue in Laveen, just south of Phoenix.

About 1954 Zona became active in the Laveen Cowbells and was also secretary for a while. She has been a member for 50 years!

On their land, the Hudsons and the Millers raised alfalfa, cotton, grains, and hygery (like maize). As the years passed Larry and Zona shared the farming responsibilities with Zona's brother, Ray Jr. Larry and Ray Jr. each farmed with Radius Sr. At first, Ray Jr. farmed and Larry took over the baling operation. In time, both farmed. In six years or so, Ray Jr. rented the Miller property and Larry sold farm machinery. After Ray no longer farmed, a nephew, David worked the farm.

Zona and Larry had two children, Allan and Dale, a girl. Allan has always stayed in the farming business and is farming the Miller property now although Zona has been in charge of the business end of the farm since 1998 and has shared responsibilities with her children.

When Radius Sr. died in 1952, Leara, who suffered a couple of serious strokes, moved in with Zona. She died in 1980.

Zona took an active part in the Arizona National Livestock Show and Sale by working in the office for several years during the shows which are held at the

fairgrounds at 19th Avenue and McDowell Roads at the end of each December.

The family farm in Laveen is being sold to developers in 40 acre parcels who will then subdivide the land for single family housing and a new shopping area.

As Zona relates, "The economics of running a farming business today has become very expensive, especially because of the tremendous increase in fees for maintaining an adequate water supply for raising the crops and the high cost of farming equipment. 160 acres is no longer profitable."

HELEN METZGER SHACKELFORD

My ranch life began, I'm told, on the first warm weekend in May 1 1928. I was born in January in Flagstaff, but not deemed ranch ready until May. I spent every summer thereafter until 1949 when I was married, then lived mostly in Phoenix and was able to be there only part time.

Husband, Jim, although not ranch born, was an Arizona native and knew the land.

Ranching to me is with 'Herb', my brother, H. Herbert Metzger, he was seven years older than I and as a boy, a good hand while I was learning. Learning not to walk under all the horses, not to poke the cows, don't make funny noises at the bulls and on and on, but most importantly, and useful all my life 'don't whimper' and 'if it hurt, don't do it again' - words to live by.

My father, Harry H. Metzger had been stricken with what was probably spinal meningitis the year I was born. He was quite crippled and warned - six months to live. He defiantly made it to age 86, but a good bit of his active cowboying was curtailed. Dad loved and revered the land, his legacy to Herb and me. Coming to the 'nowadays', I am disgusted and saddened by the destruction of the land by off-roaders, hunter, picnickers and others who 'Love the

Land'. A trip through the country now would indicate, the land is being loved to death. There are those who care and take care as do the ranchers, but they are the few.

When we were youngsters and Herb could drive the truck and I was learning; one of our chores was to scatter salt over the range. We were always admonished 'Don't come back the way you went out; that makes ugly tracks'. I wonder what happened to that logic. It must be remembered that ranchers are the stewards of the land, they pay for it whether it supports them or not and basic to country life is 'don't foul the nest'.

My mother's brother, Uncle Art Perry, was a great influence in ranch life. My maternal grandparents had arrived in Flagstaff in 1893. They bought a ranch in the Rodgers Lake area and my mother was born on that ranch. Shortly after 1900 they bought and remained on ranches just east of Mormon Lake in the Long Valley referred to as Ashurst Run, titled for the Henry Ashurst Ranch and Ashurst Lake into which it drains. Mom and Uncle Art grew up there. Summers on the ranch, winter and school in town.

My father and his brother had come west to 'be cowboys' from their home in Ohio. They spent a winter in glamorous Wyoming, declared it too cold and came to Arizona. Dad had ridden his first horse from Cheyenne to

Canton, Ohio and back when he was about 19 to visit and show off his horse and his riding. Upon return he began buying homesteads in the Mormon Lake area. After WW1 many settlers had come to the Mormon Lake area, but sadly and often their dreams were destroyed. There are graves of two babies who succumbed, probably to flu, on two of the ranches unmarked, but as children we knew the sites of those graves and never rode by, nor do I now, without a thought for the babes and parents. It was, and still can be a harsh, cold and wonderfully lonely land. And now my brother Herb's ashes rest on the ranch, unmarked too.

The family continued to call the ranches by the names of first owners - not only handy site locations, but remembering those who had come before. Visiting remains of those rude little homesteaders cabins we marveled at the stamina of those early dreamers.

Through the years dad bought several brands, most importantly was a merger when he and my mother, Gertrude Perry were married. My grandfather's name was George Perry and he had branded Lazy GP. *Go* Dad and mother then branded a swinging MP. *MB* My mother's brother Arthur Perry still operated the Lazy GP and as the ranches co-mingled he also assumed responsibilities of "Uncle Manager" of the swinging MP. He was a good tutor and influence,

being a good rider, good cowboy, fine artist, wood carver, guide and all'round lovable uncle to Herb and to me. His son, my cousin Larry, spent all summers with us too, so I had in essence two big brothers.


Among special memories of 'when we were kids' there were literally hundred of antelope grazing among the cattle. Mornings we would watch them drift into the valley, gold and white in the sun and sometimes the excitement of watching a skulking coyote emerge from the Jack pines. The antelope would gently, but quickly glide among the grazing cattle. Coyotes usually gave up in the bright light of day and slunk away as silently as they had come. One day Uncle Perry rode in with something tucked in his shirt - a tiny baby antelope. Coyotes had attacked the mother and the vultures were circling overhead. The baby was alive. Mother made a nursing device from a rubber glove. We named her Nancy. When she grew a bit and wobbled less she wanted to nurse the milk cows who did not welcome the little stranger so she soon learned to drink from a pan, slurping and bubbling. After a meal the dogs would clean her face and romp with her. We thought she might suffer an identity crisis, but no, as autumn came Nancy drifted farther toward the herds in the pasture and one day she joined them. Next spring the herds came again

and one yearling would come quite close and watch us. We were sure it was Nancy, remembering but gone home.

Also, and probably at the risk of social and political upheaval, we had a coyote pup! Dad still had an office in town as well as ranching and learned that a tiny pup had been trapped at the Grand Canyon, in the park, and was going to be destroyed. The pup had lived around the general store and the Bright Angel Lodge, learning to become a hazard to visitors and to itself. Not wanting it to suffer the duplicity of man, Dad brought 'Katie' to the ranch. She lived in a dog cage, but remained coyote and unreliable, although she did learn to go a bit on leash. Handled with heavy gloves Uncle Perry or one of the cowboys would take her out. We walked out with her in evening time as she practiced sneaking and howling, setting off a wondrous cacaphony of wild coyote chorus. By autumn she had grown and Dad made arrangements for her to go to a zoo in California. From where it was reported she was admired, spoiled and happy.

Early on ranchers strove to enhance and develop water sources, a must for cattle and for wildlife. These years a great drought has stricken the area and were it not for the ranch tanks there would be even less livelihood for all the creatures. Until my teen years, I'd never seen any elk and

now it is common to meet them on your back porch eating the fruit trees and drinking the dog's water.

I can think of no emotion or experience of ranch life that doesn't involve my brother Herb. After WW11 Uncle Perry pretty much retired to his own scaled down outfit. Herb having had a time out with the U.S. Army was married to Jane Darrow a transplanted Arizonan from Winnetka, Illinois; He graduated, a degree in agriculture from the University of Arizona. Herb and Jane began a brand Flying M  and so it has remained with additions of the U6 and the D/T with ranch purchases southeast of Flagstaff. Addition of two daughters, Kit and Diana, and son Jack expanded ranch operations.

Plunging fully and happily into ranching, Herb served as president of Coconino Cattle Growers, member of the Farm Bureau, was president of Arizona Cattle Growers, Vice President of Public Lands Council and member of the Texas Longhorn Breeders Association. The later occasioned by his "I always wanted some longhorns". All the family enjoyed the antics of longhorns and the great steer "Highpockets" became a ranch treasure that I have often drawn and painted.

When I am at the ranch now, I am amazed at the changes in operations. No longer the roping and tying so long

associated with branding. Modern corrals, squeezes etc. So much easier on the stock and incidentally the ranch hands. But still hard, hard work. Yet some things never change. Still easy to be unseated by a spooked horse, challenged by a provoked cow, calves still get born the hard way - backwards. Wind still blows - in you face, wire gates still tangle, animals still bog in muddy tanks, bulls you are feeding, still try to kill you, trucks are late, and all that great stuff that makes for 'cowboy art'.

There is some unwritten rule that states, "the youngest member of the crew gets to ride drag and inhale dust from moving a herd". I was that 'hand'. Young, short and female, such fine recommendations. But good preparation for whatever followed. My dad used to say that a bonus of ranching was, "whatever smacks you in life - you've seen worse" and additionally "ranching is the only business allowing you to go broke over and over and still be in business" funny, but true. I asked him once to explain the early and lingering mystique of the cowboy. His reply, "the work was so hard, the pay was so bad, the whole scene of weather, half broke horses etc. We all lied about it", sort of a wonderful wild west fairytale.

As a child the neighbors I knew were both cattle ranchers and sheep growers with nary a 'range war'. The

herders kept the sheep from fouling water holes which pleased the cattle and a visit to a sheep camp was a fun adventure. According to me, the only way to enjoy mutton is at a campfire, from a dutch oven or a 3# coffee can bubbling with wild onions and a lot of chili, hard biscuits and coffee that would float a saddleblanket, and try not to think of an ailing old ewe humped up under a tree in the rain.

Dad was very much into range management and improvement. Whenever a dirt tank was built or repaired, he would 'borrow' a band of sheep to come in, tramp the tank bed and also use their fancy footwork to aireate and re-seed the surrounding area. We thought that 'neat' to have a band for a day!

Ahead of his time, dad and then Herb both were adamant about moving cattle from one pasture or allotment to another, as in, 'graze it down, move them, and watch with pleasure as the range will regrow'. Now it is a world of electric fences, computer tallies, some round-ups on four wheels, yet on the home front not much changes; still lots of hazards, storm, no storm, wash out, drought and always the unexpected and plentiful visitors, who want to get horseback and take pictures. My sister-in-law, an immensely talented horsewoman, curator of family

memorabilia and superb cook quickly learned the vagaries of wood stoves and serving, perhaps tea for two or a full meal for four or twenty at odd hours. Living mostly in Phoenix, in self defense, I became an artist and as an artist, I have been able, not only to wonderfully recall, but faithfully preserve and portray the spectacular vistas of years gone by. Often I think that the rancher and the artist are the only true preservationist. On canvas I have been able to share the magnificent skies, sunrise, sunset and the awesome spectacle of storms. My audience of collectors have been very kind in comments of my skies; to which I reply "watching the weather for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a century gives one a pretty good idea of authentic", and, I can make it rain.

Pondering my advanced years it is sobering to be considered a pioneer rancher; such terms conjure images of gracious ladies, perhaps in sunbonnets, aprons, canning things, doing wonderful handwork-quilts and such. That persona is yet to come. I'm still in training on four-wheelers. I can get on a horse if I can find a big rock and when all the help is away in winter I can still pitch hay from a pick-up and watch out for a cold hungry bull with an attitude. As an aged aunt so long as I am able I shall return to the ranch and at least imagine that I'm

helpful. Of course I tend to ramble and preach a mite re.
save the land, leave it alone, and as a painter present my
west, not as it has become, but as it was, loved, honored
and protected.

LEONARD N ROGERS

I, Leonard Nelo Rogers, was born August 8, 1922, to Floyd and Arizola Rogers. I was raised on my parents homestead ranch, Colter Creek Ranch, near Nutrioso, Arizona. I went to grade school in Nutrioso, Arizona. After I graduated from grade school I went to Round Valley High School in Eagar-Springerville, AZ. I graduated from high school in 1941, and enlisted in the Navy from 1942 to 1946.

I married Lela Jean "Haws" Rogers in 1948, and we had three children together. She passed away in 1981. I married Phyllis Mae "Gillespie" Rogers in 1990, and we are presently still married.

I raised pure-bred Hereford Cattle for Hooper Hereford Ranch for a few years.

This year so far, is the driest with less water, that I have seen in my 81 years.

LEO ROGERS

I was born July 8, 1920 in Nutrioso, Arizona. I have been a rancher all of my life. I have seen a lot of changes in the cow business. I am 84 years old and still ride a horse. I have some cattle. The last 4 years have been dryer than any time in my life. Cattle prices are higher than any time I have seen.

LOUISE "STEVENS" and HOWARD TAFT EASLEY

My name is Louise Stevens Easley. I was born in Nogales, Arizona, but my mother was there just long enough to have the baby. I was actually raised on a ranch north east of Patagonia where my parents had a not-too large ranch that they acquired by Homesteading. They acquired their deed in 1920, signed by Woodrow Wilson.

I attended Elementary and High School in Patagonia, then went on to ASU where I earned my Master's Degree. Howard too has his Master's Degree.

In 1936 I married Howard Taft Easley. We now have been married 67 years, come November.

For many years, my mother ran the ranch and after all expenses were paid, split the profits evenly with my Dad, George Louis Stevens, as they were divorced and the land was never divided. I have briefly written this in a little book that has had three printings. It is too long to write again.

After Mama died, Howard and I have kept a few cattle at the ranch, but since the Forest Permit was sold, we have very little pasture land.

Louise Easley has written a book, *And Then There Was Patagonia*, a fascinating history of her hometown. With her permission, I have condensed some facts about her and her husband, Howard, found in the book.

Louise writes, "I am the second generation and with a member of the third generation, we are still holding on to it (her parents' homestead). All other homesteaders in this area, either starved out, sold and left, or died. We were a little more fortunate than most as Dad had a job most of the time to support the family and the ranch."

Louise recalls that their house burned in 1920 when she was five years old. The family later tore down a boarding house on an abandoned mining claim. From the salvaged lumber they built a small home on the ranch.

Her father, George Lewis Stevens, was in law enforcement as a county ranger, livestock inspector, deputy sheriff, and in U.S. Customs Patrol. He died young, at the age of sixty-three. Her mother, Lucy Reagen Stevens, married at the age of seventeen and was a mother of two children before she was twenty. Following her divorce in 1929, she ran the ranch and was, in Louise's words, "a real Western woman." She died at the age of 88, almost 89, after living a fiercely independent life until losing here eyesight during the last five years of her life.

Louise grew up on the ranch, riding and helping with chores. She recalls going to dances, swimming in a neighboring swimming hole, and pulling pranks with her friends that were good, clean fun but might cause them to "end up in Juvenile Court today." But there were no drugs involved, she said.

A favorite event for young people was taking a horseback trip up on Mt. Wrightson, or Mt. Baldy. Accompanied by chaperones, the youngsters would spend three or four nights. They hiked, played cards, and cooked. There was a cabin on top for sleeping, with the girls inside and the boys on the porch.

Howard Taft Easley was born in Southern Indiana, the sixth child in a family of seven children. His mother died when he was eleven years old, and he was raised by his father. He joined the navy when he wasn't old enough for a regular enlistment and was honorably discharged when he was only nineteen. He came to visit a friend, Buster Sorrells, in Patagonia, and has been there except when he had to leave for work or to get his education.

Louise and Howard were married November 21, 1936. "From then on, things that happened were basically a joint endeavor," Louise wrote. "Howard had various jobs and I followed him wherever his work took him." He worked for

the U.S. Customs Service for several years, then was drafted into the Navy again.

While Howard was away from home for twenty-seven months, Louise worked in an airplane factory. When he returned, he was again with the Customs Service. After a while with the Department of Agriculture, he decided to go back to school on the G.I. Bill. Both entered Arizona State College (now ASU) in Tempe.

Louise completed her degree in 1950 and started teaching in the Willcox High School. Howard finished in 1951 and taught in Benson. Both attended summer school until they received their masters degrees: Louise in 1953 and Howard in 1956.

Later, Howard became a deputy U.S. Marshal and Louise started teaching in Tucson, where she remained until 1977. Howard eventually became U.S. Marshal for the District of Arizona, retiring in 1977. The couple returned to Patagonia and built a home where they still reside today.

By Posy Piper

PHYLLIS LEAH RUNYAN GATES

Phyllis Leah Runyan Gates was born December 16, 1929 in Jerome, Arizona. She was the second daughter of Ruble C. and Gladys Bearden Runyan. Ruble was raised on a farm in Byres, Oklahoma and came to Jerome in the early 1900's to work as a blacksmith in the mines. Ruble met and married Gladys Bearden in 1926 while in Jerome. Gladys came with her family from New Mexico in the early 1920's. Gladys graduated from Mingus Mountain High School then attended Arizona State Teachers College in Tempe. Gladys finished College after having two children, Morine and Phyllis. To help with the family income during the depression and have some fun Ruble played the mandolin at dances and on the local radio, Gladys was a seamstress and did sewing to help out. Phyllis and her family moved to Williamson Valley where her mother taught school and her dad worked at the Vulture mine. During the war their family moved to Tempe where Morine and Phyllis attended High School. Her dad worked for Allison Steel and then Salt River Project where he retired in 1972. Gladys taught school with the Mesa School District at Jordan School then moved to Baltz School District where she retired in 1972.

Phyllis met "Bill" William Herbert Gates while attending Tempe High School. Bill had graduated in 1945 and Phyllis had finished her junior year when they married May 27, 1946. Phyllis graduated Tempe Union High School as Phyllis Runyan Gates. Phyllis and Bill moved into their own home, which was located on the corner of Williams Field Road and 48th Street, in 1947. They lived in this home until 1976. Bill worked with his father, Herbert Gates and his brother Eli on the family dairy. Phyllis, being a dairy farmers wife, was always busy helping her husband with the animals and hay that they raised. They had five children three girls and two boys. Linda, Karen, Pamela, Herbert Jr. and Robert. Phyllis learned how to run a large family and take care of herself too. She became a very good cook, could keep a house clean and run a tractor if she had to. She found that she loved to ride horses and square dance. Phyllis and Bill belonged to the Tempe Tenderfoots, a square dance group, for 35 years. There were times when they would get in from a dance on Saturday night at 12:00am and Bill found that he had to milk the 350 cow herd at 1:00am, which left the next day for Phyllis to try to keep the house quite. They loved to dance and mix with their friends, the last time they danced was about four months before Bill passed away. Phyllis was a member

of the Tempe Junior Women's Club for years where she was the President at one time. She also was active in the Kyrene School PTA, which she was President for a while. Phyllis and Bill were both very active in the Farm Bureau all of their lives together. Phyllis' life was not without struggle, her son Robert had Muscular Dystrophy and was in a wheel chair. She worked at Kyrene Elementary School as a secretary for seven years so she could be there if he needed her. Robert went to High School and after he graduated then they all moved to the ranch in Mayer in 1978. Phyllis was always there for her children very seldom missing anything they did which kept her on the road a lot. Living twenty miles from town made her be very organized with meals and all that a housewife does to keep a large family going.

Phyllis and Bill bought a ranch in Mayer Arizona in 1972 after selling the dairy, and quickly became active in the Cattle Industry. They were able to move on to the ranch in 1978 and loved living in this small town. Phyllis was on the Mayer School Board for almost nine years. She and Bill got very active in the Yavapai Cattlegrowers and the Arizona Cattlemen's Associations. Phyllis loves being a Cowbelle and has been active in this group since 1981. She was President of her local in 1986 and than President

of the state in 1992. She also has gotten all her girls involved in the Cowbelles so that keeps her doing lots of extra things too. Phyllis was chosen as Cattlewomen of the Year in 2003, which was a big honor for her.

Phyllis has had some losses in her life too. Her son Robert died in 1978, then her son Herbert died in 1997 but her biggest loss came when her beloved husband of 57 years, Bill, died on July 31, 2003. Phyllis lives on the Quarter Circle T Ranch she and Bill bought with her girls living close to her.

Phyllis has 14 grandchildren, 2 are deceased, and 20 great grandchildren.

BACK COVER

Top

Left: Rose C. "Wearne" Brooks
Middle: Howard Morgan
Right: Monta Carol "Gardner" Morgan

Middle

Left: Marge Eppinger
Middle: Fred Eppinger
Right: Sally & Bob Grennan

Bottom

Left: Stan Turley
Middle: Phyllis Gates - Past State Cowbelle President
Right: Forest Gordon Wilkerson

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT COVER

Top Richard Barkley

Middle

Left: Marie Gibbons Schorr
Middle: Robert "Bob" & Miriam Boice
Right: Samuel James Frazier - serious conversation with
 Bill Piper

Bottom

Left: Bill O'Brien
Middle: S.W. "Buck" Fletcher
Right: Zona Miller

INSIDE FRONT COVER

Robert G. "Bob" Boice

INSIDE BACK COVER

Top

Left: Oscar Walls on "Old Blue"
Middle: Dorothea Walls - working the chutes
Right: Virgil E. Mercer

Middle

Left: Leo Roberts
Middle: Helen Metzger Shackelford
Right: Rose "Posy" Piper

Bottom

Left: Art J. Dalmolin
Middle: Claude McNair
Right: Leonard & Phyllis Rogers



