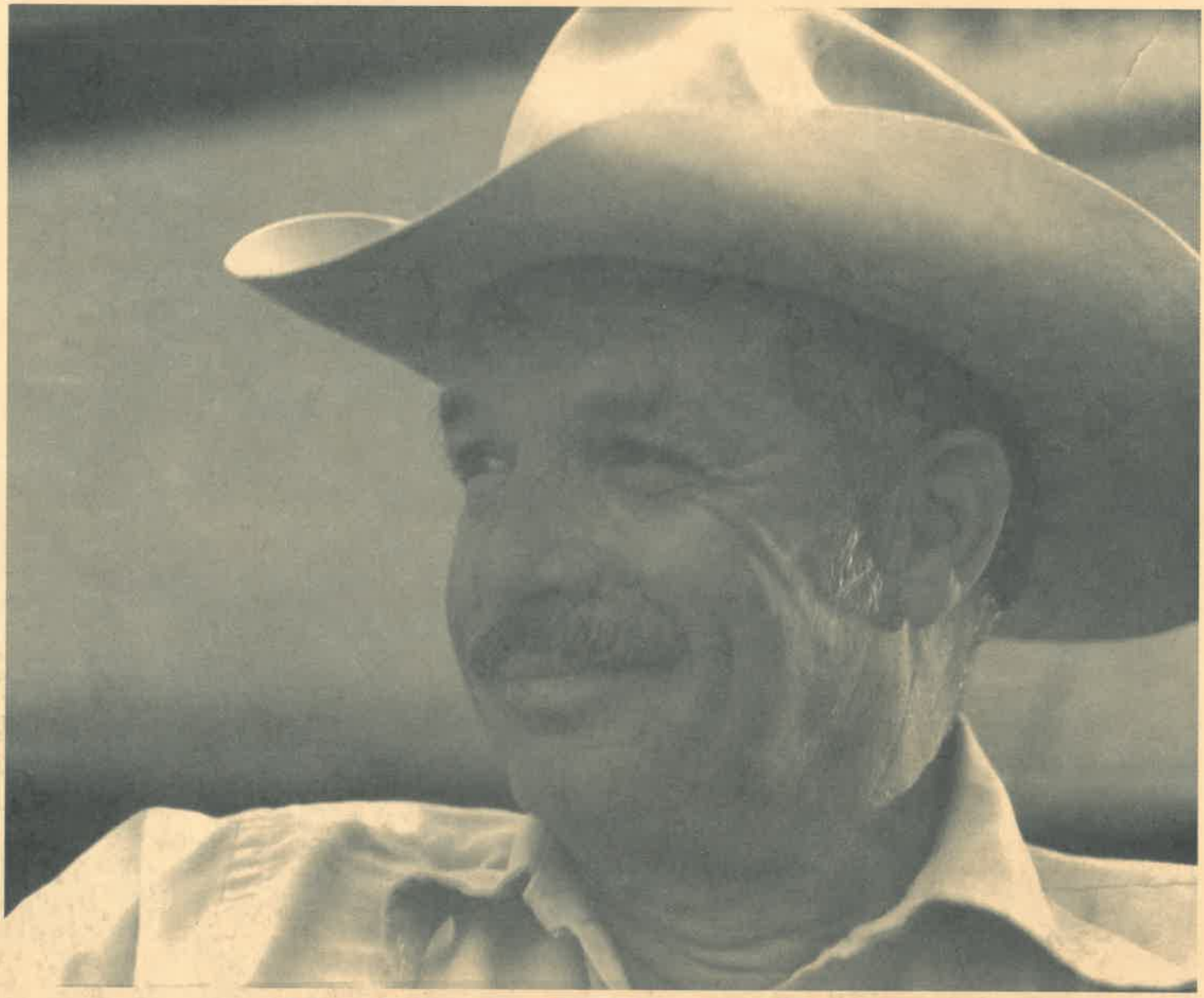
ARIZONA NATIONAL

Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories Volume XXIII



Keri & J. Rukin Jelks, Jr

Arizona Pioneer Stockman of the Year 2006 Show

Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockmen

Volume XXIII

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

ARIZONA NATIONAL

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

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Phone (602) 258-8568 ♦ Fax (602) 257-9190
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December 30, 2005

Dear Pioneers,

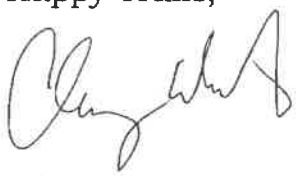
We are pleased to be able to present Volume twenty-three of the Arizona Stockmen Pioneer Histories today during the 58th annual Arizona National Livestock Show.

We hope each of you who contributed to this Volume will take pride in the contribution you have made to preserving the history of ranching in Arizona. The legacy of this history will live on in the series of volumes compiled and edited by Doris French and the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen organization. We are fortunate to have the stories told in the words of the people who lived them. And we are fortunate that each of you helped lay the groundwork for the agriculture industry, which continues to be viable in Arizona today.

In the Fall of one's life, after the cattle have been gathered and the horses put away, it's time to gather with friends and reminisce of times passed your way.

We hope you enjoy the luncheon today, and the pleasure of sharing it with your fellow stockmen. And we thank the volunteers who have worked to make this a special occasion.

Happy Trails,



Clay White
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Preface

It is with great pride that we are publishing Volume XXIII of Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories.

Because of the hard work of the Arizona National Stock Show, the Arizona State Cowbelles and Pioneers throughout the state that encourage and gather stories from other Pioneers, we are able to once record these life experiences as a very special part of Arizona History.

As you read these stories, we hope it will bring to mind someone who is a unique part of our State and you will encourage them to share their history with all of us.

A special thanks to all of you Pioneers for sharing your lives with us.

God bless all of you.

Respectfully Submitted,

Doris French

Doris French
Arizona National Pioneer Ranch History Editor

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To the friends of Hester Cochran

Since their marriage in 1938, Hester and Charlie very much enjoyed exchanging Christmas greetings with their many friends. In my "little book of instructions" Hester added the following note (sometime in 1994):

> *If you would please use my Christmas card list. . . and notify with a duplicated note that I have "went," it would be nice. Thanks.*

As many of you already know, that time has come. In her "things" I found cards from 1999, 2000 and 2001 and have done my best to include each of you who continued to send holiday greetings even though she may not have responded in kind.

Many of you know the special relationship she (and Dad) shared with their two grandsons. With this note I am including a poem written by Brent about his grandparents, especially his Grandmother Hester.
Even though it is July, may the spirit of Christmas bring you peace and joy in each and every day of your lives.

Sincerely,

Susan Cochran Krieg

Last to Leave

Grandmother, the last to leave,
And your memory is why we grieve.
We'll use lessons you all ever gave,
Keep them with us, forever save.

Thanks for the time and precious gifts,
Your open arms are eternally missed.
We remember all you've ever done,
Together cherish our moments of fun.

We learned the joy of cooking food,
And the power of staying true to roots.
We gained humor and began to laugh,
And of course music, reading, writing, and math.

What does the future hold without you?
We don't know but we'll take the cue.
Live our lives like you taught,
Remember you in prayer and thought.

Time to say our last good byes,
And forever wipe tears from our eyes.
Helped us all become what we'll always be,
Lights left on by the last to leave.

--Brent Cochran Krieg

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BERGIER-CHAPMAN FAMILY

Ninety-eight Years at Alto

Willie Chapman Bergier came to the Alto Ranch with her family when she was twelve years old. Her father, Charles C. Chapman, his wife Mary Ann, and their children, Willie, Howard, Joe and Lonnie, along with Charlie's brother Al Chapman came to the Patagonia area from a ranch they had in Blue, Arizona. In 1906 the Chapman family moved all of their belongings, a herd of cattle, and four children to the Alto Ranch. It was a long horseback trip of many weeks.

Charlie Chapman ran cattle on the Alto for the next eighteen years. Willie met and married Bob Bergier in 1914. Bob had come to the Patagonia area in 1900 with his family from Idaho. He was working with Bird Yoas on the Agua Caliente Ranch when he met Willie.

Bob and Willie Bergier lived on various ranches. Around 1919, they moved to the Hard Luck Ranch, four miles west of Patagonia. When Bob had first bought the ranch it was a time of drought. A neighbor came along and asked Bob what he was going to call the place, he looked at his cattle in the corral, they were skin and bones, and relied

"I guess the Hard Luck place". Eighty-five years later the Bergier family still owns the Hard Luck Ranch.

In 1922 Charlie Chapman bought a ranch along the Santa Cruz River and sold the Alto Ranch to Bob and Willie Bergier. Bob, Willie, and their two children, Raymond and Edith moved to the Alto in 1923. Willie nicknamed it the "slip and slide" because her teenage brothers lived in the house for the last two years. It was so dirty and greasy you could slip in the front door and slid out the back door. Bob and Willie increased the size of the ranch by homesteading and buying more ranch land. Ray and Edith went to school at the Alto School, a one-room schoolhouse. The teacher always boarded at the Bergier's house. When the kids got older, Willie stayed in Patagonia so her children could go to high school.

Bob Bergier died in 1950. Ray and his wife Frances and their two sons Bob and Bill came back to Patagonia to help Willie run the Alto and Hard Luck Ranches. Ray and Frances had both been schoolteachers, and Ray had a slaughterhouse and frozen foods business in Coolidge, Arizona. Willie Bergier died in 1961, Ray continued to run the ranches for thirty-three years. Ray died in 2004 at age eighty-eight, seven years after France's death. Bob and his wife Gayle moved to the Hard Luck in 1976, and

lived, worked and raised their son Josh there. Bob and his brother Bill and their families live on and own the Alto and Hard Luck Ranches.

THE EVANS FAMILY

The Ranchers

Doctor James Evans and his two sons, James and John, also a doctor, their wives, and John's son, William Adolphus (nicknamed Dolph), a teenager, migrated to Arizona in 1864 and homesteaded on the bank of the Hassayampa River. They built homes and outbuildings and corrals and acquired farm implements and other necessary tools, cleared the land on the flood plain and started farming and feeding cattle. The water for irrigation was taken from the Hassayampa River about two miles upstream from its confluence with the Gila River. The dam and ditch for theirs and other farms was a community project and was named The Buckeye Canal Company. There were several family farms involved. The dam was of sand and rocks and brush and all the families collaborated in building the dam and digging the ditch with their teams and scrapers, axes, picks, shovels and crowbars, and their bare hands. Whenever the ditch filled with sand or the dam washed out, everybody jumped in with their equipment and did the necessary repairs together.

As Dolph reached adulthood it behooved him to take a wife. His intended was Anna May Gibson of Congress. Dolph didn't feel that he was financially equal to the

undertaking, so, went about searching for a solution. He went to Phoenix and found a considerably well-to-do individual by the name of Frank Brophy. Brophy owned a parcel of land on the north side of the Arizona Canal and on the east side of Center Street (Central Avenue), where now stand the Saint Francis Xavier Catholic Church and Brophy Prep High School. It was a mesquite thicket and extended all the way to Seventh Street between the canal and Camelback Road.

Dolph entered into a contract with Brophy to clear and plough that parcel. He did it with a mule, a twelve-inch mould board walking plow, and axe and a grubbing hoe --- and, of course, lots of sweat and elbow grease. He camped in a tent all the while.

With the money he made from this venture he bought a brand-new buggy, a high-stepping trotting mare (probably got a good trade-in allowance for the mule), brand new fancy harness for the mare (another trade-in?), and some new duds and went to Congress and married Annie. He brought Annie to Hassayampa where they lived for many years in a little house on the edge of the mesa between Hassayampa and Palo Verde overlooking the flood plain and cropland, where she bore him six children: Gus, Sylvia, Claude, Earl, Laura and May.

At times the ranchers in the Hassayampa-Harquahala Valley Association threw their herds together and drove them to Phoenix for shipping to market. This was long before the Carl Pleasant Dam; and when the Agua Fria River was in flood, it was a formidable barrier between the eastern and western communities of the Salt River Valley.

Well, on one of these drives, didn't they just come upon a flooded Agua Fria? Clearly they should have made camp and waited for the flood to subside. They didn't. They tried to swim the cattle across the river.

When the leaders started across they right away started drifting downstream. Dolph rode into the stream to try to head them off and point them toward the opposite bank, but the water was too deep and too swift and Dolph, horse and cattle went on down the creek. It was late fall and cold and everybody was dressed appropriately. With all those heavy clothes and chaps and spurs and boots it was almost impossible for him to make any headway swimming, but, fortunately he was able to grab a willow branch and, with tremendous effort and good fortune, he made his way back to the bank of the river.

He could very probably have drowned, and I wouldn't be here punchin' these keys, because he lived to become my Granddaddy. I am his first-born grandchild; But the horse

didn't make it. Grandpa lost his horse, his saddle, and his Winchester. They were never seen again, as were many of the cattle.

Dolph and his sons acquired five 40-acre parcels of patented land and grazing rights in Harquahala Valley and near Salome under the Public Domain laws of the times.

They devised a home-made well drilling rig and used it to drill four wells in Harquahala Valley and they hand-dug two wells side by side near Salome. They put a windmill on each of the four and a single windmill on the two Salome wells rigged with a rocker-arm arrangement so the windmill pumped both wells simultaneously. They cleared a large piece of ground at Salome and irrigated alfalfa from the reservoir that was filled from the two wells. This hay was needed to feed the horses when on roundup on the northernmost ranges. They acquired a satellite ranch in the high country near Yarnell, on which they held the weaned calves through the winter.

When the older children became of high school age and the old folks had passed on, Dolph sold out and moved to Phoenix, where he established a small dairy on 19th Avenue. He went into cattle brokering and left dairying to the family. Gus, Sylvia, Claude and Annie did most of the

dairying. Earl furthered his education and worked for a prominent hardware company for a spell.

Pretty soon the dairy got to be too small for the family, as the older kids were getting married; so Dolph sold the dairy and bought a big, old house at the corner of Center Street (Central Avenue) and Osborn Road. I was the first born grandchild and I, my brother Robert (Bob), and six or eight of my cousins were born in that house.

In 1922 Earl and Claude took a job cowboying in the Verde Valley and above the rim to the east. When roundup was over Earl took a job as timber foreman in the mine at Jerome --- sixteen hundred feet underground.

Early in 1924 there comes a dude from Indiana in a three-piece suit, name of Clarence B. Laird (He dressed in a 3-piece suit every day of his adult life, even as a rancher). He's looking for a real western cattle ranch to buy. He bought the T-up and T-down Ranch on the headwaters of New River from Billy Cook and Emmet Hensen (sic.?). He barely knew the difference between a cow and a bull, and, being totally ignorant about how to operate a cattle ranch, he offered the Evanses a deal: operate the ranch for twenty years for half interest. Smokin' deal! No investment required.

In November of 1924 the three boys moved to "the Tees" and took over the management of the ranch and range with Earl and Claude in charge of range and livestock and Gus doing the farming, maintenance and mechanicing. Dolph stayed at "The House" and continued with his cattle brokering.

Before long, "The Tees", as the ranch was referred to, was able to purchase the next little outfit down the river, the "Flying Y", from Hosea Cline. The original T outfit consisted of the 70-odd section combined New River and Cottonwood allotments of the Tonto National Forest, along with some 20 or so sections of state grazing leases adjacent to the forest allotment, as well as some small patented parcels, including the ranch headquarters.

What's left of the "Flying Y" can be seen while traveling north on I-17 about four miles north of New River Station. It is marked by some tall palm trees and now belongs to the Audubon Society; a unique riparian bird-watching area.

The addition of the Flying Y outfit expanded the land holdings to a sizeable piece of patented farmable river bottom and grazing rights to some 30 or more sections of desert range. Part of it was stock driveway and some was

jointly controlled and used by both, the Tees and the Locket Sheep Company.

Some problems developed, as with just about everyone, with the advent of "the great depression." Dolph was into a partnership deal on a large package of cattle with a man by the name of McDermott. Dolph (Granddad) had mortgaged his home for the money for the deal and the venture was a flop. McDermott got off with what money came back from the deal and Granddad lost his home where so many of us kids had been born. That old house remained in litigation for many years, standing empty at the corner of Central Avenue and Osborn Road until it was torn down to build a high-rise glass office building.

Dolph and Annie moved to "The Y" and remained under the watchful eye of the rest of the family, as they were getting along in years. Dolph, however, was still active and enthusiastically farmed alfalfa and raised a large garden on the land next to the house and, when there was spring run-off from the mountain, he raised barley hay on the lower fields. That garden was a tremendous asset during the depression.

As time and management progressed additional range land was acquired and some of the hold-over heifers were moved to the desert. The drought of 1932-35 was a

tremendous set-back for everyone, particularly southern Arizona ranchers.

At the same time, F.D.R. was getting his N.R.A. going and what cattle could walk up the chutes and get on the trucks were purchased by the government and slaughtered. Even the veal calves were under nourished, as their mothers weren't able to provide the necessary amount of milk for normal growth. What cattle were unable to climb up the chutes, including any infant calves that had survived the drive, were driven off a ways out of sight and gunned down by government riflemen and left for the coyotes and buzzards. These, too, of course, were paid for by the government. As an example of the kind of prices paid for these "sacrifice" cattle, two suckling calves brought what you now pay for a Big Mac with bacon and cheese.

Rounding up these poor cattle was the most tortuous time of our lives. Most of it was during the summer, when the drought was the most intense. Art, Bob, Dick and I were old enough to participate; I was the oldest, at 13 & 14. I can remember I wore a cheap straw hat that the top got ripped out of before the summer was over, flat-bottomed "clod-hopper" shoes, one cast-off spur and no chaps; I used and old limber cast-off catch-rope and rode an old withered "extra" saddle. The other boys were as poorly equipped as

I was, or worse. We moved the herd from one water source (which were few and far between) to the next during the cool of the evening or early morning. If there was a moon we moved them all night but it was slow. They were only moved a short ways and stopped to rest a while. In the daytime we just loose herded them --- and that was when we slept --- in shifts. We didn't take our clothes off for up to two weeks at a time.

During the depression there wasn't enough money to pay everybody, so Claude took a job running a cattle ranch for Cecil Miller near Flagstaff. Besides, there were several people who had lost their source of income and were allowed to live on the ranch and do some work without causing too heavy a load on the budget (mostly family-connected) and remember: Dolph had a big garden.

At about the same time that the depression was easing up, the war in Europe was getting hot. The demand for beef increased, as did the prices. War materials were being manufactured and big industry was making big money; down-and-outers were going back to work. Local Arizona businesses were also making money and everybody had extra money to invest and nearly wide-open credit. The owners of these were investing. Some of them got into the cattle speculating business. "The Tees" acquired an extra few

hundred sections of desert grazing leases. The drought broke, it rained a lot, and there was plenty of forage, and the outfit drilled wells and dug stock tanks all over the desert.

Claude returned to the ranch and made several trips into Mexico buying cattle for the investors, as well as for the company. At one time there were more than 10,000 head of cattle under the stewardship of the Tees (by now known as the Laird-Evans Cattle Co., Inc.), all strewn out between what is now Bell Road and Black Canyon City and between about where 105th Ave would be and Cave Creek Road.

Among those who came from the east looking to buy " a real western cattle ranch" was a rather affluent dude from Chicago, name of Frank Bard. Through a mutual acquaintance he commissioned Earl and Claude to arrange for him to acquire such a spread. Thus, Earl and Claude became real estate brokers. They arranged for a number of small ranchers along the Agua Fria River above Lake Pleasant and around the lower reaches of the Bradshaw Mountains to sell out. Thus was born The Bard Ranch.

Then Uncle Sam got into the shootin' war. Good cowboys were already getting scarce, as the single ones were being drafted, and now, the rest of them were volunteering. All the third generation of the Dolph Evans

clan left the ranch and joined up, leaving the ranch with mostly inexperienced wannabes and a few too old for the service.

The Laird agreement had been fulfilled any way, so the family decided to split it up. Claude stayed with Laird with the original spread while Earl and Gus took their shares off the desert end. Earl bought out Gus and took on the management of both, his and "The Bard" together. Gus bought a farm in south Tempe/Guadalupe and went into the poultry business. Later on Earl sold out to Bard and assumed the management of the Bard.

Claude and Laird (who was getting on in years) sold out to Ray Cowden, Frank Armer, Levi Reed and the Valley National Bank. He and Earl continued with real estate brokering while doing some real estate speculating themselves. The realty business eventually got to be so demanding for Earl that he left the Bard to devote full time to his other enterprises.

He acquired a ranch on Date Creek west of Congress called "The Little h", The Planet Ranch on the lower Bill Williams River, a farm near Glendale, the farm on the Gila River where is now located the Phoenix International Raceway, and other holdings. All these he re-sold, of course, never living at any of them for any length of time

except the Glendale farm. This he used as a base of operations, while at the same time speculating in cattle and feeding hogs.

Claude's real estate ventures weren't as wide-spread as Earl's, but he rolled a lot of cattle. This frequently brought him into contact with the State Livestock Sanitary Board and when the district in which he lived (when Ed Cowles retired) became vacant, he was asked to take it over. He served in this capacity for several years, until Chief Inspector Port Parker resigned and the Board asked him to take the job.

In the interim Earl sold the farm and bought the Iron Group Ranch at Morristown. By this time he had enough income coming in, with interest, from the sale of all those other properties he had sold, that he sort of slowed down on the real estate business and settled down to just ranching. He intended to stay right here on his ranch and do what he loved best for the rest of his life --- which indeed he did.

One Sunday his brother-in-law and his daughter and son-in-law were visiting at the ranch. Earl decided to take some salt out to some of the salt grounds on the range. He threw a few blocks in the back of the pickup and

he and the other men went out to do their thing and left the women to do theirs.

Earl always carried a .30-30 behind the seat of the pickup. He was driving up the sand wash from the Double Seven toward the next salt ground when a big buck crossed the wash and headed up a side draw. Earl loved to hunt and just couldn't pass up the opportunity to "bring home the venison."

He jumped out of the truck, grabbed the .30-30 and started running up the ridge to try to get ahead of and above the buck for a good shot. Pres and Rex stayed with the truck. No use going to all the effort and labor of following Earl unless there was meat in the deal. After a while they heard some shots, so they supposed there was meat on the ground.

They moseyed on up the ridge to help Earl dress out his deer and drag it to the truck. After some pokin' around they found the deer, but where was Earl? After hollering for a while and getting no answer, they started searching. They found him up on the side of the hill lying down and obviously in great pain; he had had a severe heart attack.

Of course, being so far from any qualified help, it took a long time and a lot of careful and strenuous work to get him to Phoenix and a reliable hospital.

That was in November 1950. He had another attack that winter. In May, 1951, he had his final and fatal heart attack. He was 48.

At the same time Claude was chief livestock inspector and Lloyd Caveness was secretary of the Livestock Board (top dog under the Board itself). Lloyd was on his way to the office one morning and, as he was crossing an intersection, his vehicle was hit broadside by another that ran a stop sign and slammed into a power pole. Lloyd died at the scene. This happened the same day that Earl died; thus, Claude lost his brother and his very good friend and boss both on the same day.

When Dolph was living at the "Y" he was raising hay on "the lower field." One day he hitched up the old gentle horse, "Diamond", with a dangerously unreliable mule named "Jack" to the mowing machine and started down toward the lower field to cut hay. Nobody knows precisely what happened, but obviously the team stampeded with the mower (apparently Diamond wasn't able to control Jack) and the cast-iron wheels of the mower got broken up when they hit the rocks.

Annie was out in the backyard when she looked out across the alfalfa field and saw Dolph fumbling with the gate, trying to get it open. He had blood all over his head and was unable to use his left hand.

Years previously Earl, Claude and Gus had rigged an old-fashioned "crank-um-up" telephone line between the two ranches; thus, Annie was able to get help right away. Dolph was taken to Phoenix to the hospital. It was determined that he had a bad concussion and his left shoulder was broken and part of his left ear was cut off.

Dolph partially recovered from his injuries, but was unable to do the work he was accustomed to doing. He and Annie were moved to Phoenix where they stayed with a daughter for several years.

When Claude was livestock inspector in the Glendale District and Earl was operating his farm, the two bought a little house in Glendale for their parents. Claude used this as a base of operations and was thus able to look after the old folks while doing his job and carrying on his livestock enterprises.

Dolph became increasingly feeble and nearly blind and by 1948 Annie had sunk into Alzheimers so bad that someone had to go looking for her almost every day, as she would just go off wandering around town "looking for Dolph." It

got so bad that the police recognized her and would pick her up and take her home sometimes. She passed away in 1949.

In the pursuit of his career as livestock broker Dolph was in and out of smoky saloons (he neither drank nor smoked) and among cattle in dusty corrals most of his life. He died of lung cancer in 1950.

Claude retired from the livestock board at age 70 (state law) and spent his last years at the ranch of his brother-in-law at Payson and there passed on at the age of 82. Blessedly he passed away in his sleep.

Gus died of cardiac arrest (also in his sleep) at the home of his son Richard in Gilbert in 1994.

May passed away in 1986 (cancer), Sylvia in '94 (alzheimers), and Laura (brain hemorrhage?) in '97.

ADDENDUM

Gus married Ethel Hayden of Scottsdale; their four children are Arthur, Richard, Raymond and Ruth.

Sylvia married Ed O'Connel of Phoenix; their five are Edward, Barbara, Patrick, Joan and Eileen.

Claude married Myrl Pyle of Payson. Two children: June and Elwood.

Earl married Hope Gable (high school sweethearts at Phoenix Union). They produced two sons, James and Robert. Earl and Hope divorced in 1933 and Earl re-married to Irene Armer Kohl. He adopted her daughter, Alberta.

Robert (Bob) had a ranch on Date Creek west of Congress that wasn't productive enough to suit him, so he went into the well drilling business on the side and was killed in a well-drilling accident in 1948.

Laura married James Cropper and bore him one son, James. Cropper died soon after James was born and she later married Rowland Norris. Their two are Laura Louise and Frank.

May and her husband, Lawrence Monette, added two daughters, Nancy and Mary Kay to the family.

At this writing three more generations follow but are not identified here.

ALBERT R. FACE

Al was born March 31, 1919 in Aberdeen South Dakota where he grew up on the family farm about 20 miles southeast of Aberdeen. As a teenager he experienced the dust bowl days in the 30's. A couple of years, the only thing that grew was Russian thistles which were ensiled and fed to the milk cows. He would gather the cattle daily by foot or on a horse-bare back. At age 10 he borrowed $50.00 from the bank and bought a Registered Holstein heifer for his first 4-H project. His herd grew to 14 head in seven years when he had to sell them all because his family sold out and moved to the state of Washington. The drought and feed shortage was so bad Al used to say you could hang your hat on a cows' hipbone. The depression was so bad that the US Government dug a big pit in the area and paid farmers $18.00 per head for the cattle brought to the pit where they shot the cattle and rolled them into the pit. Al sold three head to the Government.

Al stayed in South Dakota and finished high school there because of his deep involvement in all of the sports. He got part-time odd jobs of every kind to put himself through High School and College. He was awarded a Sears Scholarship to South Dakota State University where he

graduated with an animal science major in June of 1941, at which time he received his Diploma, Officers Commission and his orders to the military Service the same day. In the spring of his last year of college he managed the College of Agriculture's prestigious Little International Livestock Show.

His Military Service ended in 1943 when he received a medical discharge from the service in late 1943. When he was well enough, he went to work for the South Dakota State 4-H Department as a district 4-H Agent until 1945 when he moved to Arizona for his health. He was employed by the Arizona Agricultural Extension Service in November of 1945 as an assistant County Agent in charge of 4-H Club Work in Yuma County. After two or three years in Arizona, in and out of hospitals, he regained his health. In 1947 he was made County Agent in charge of the Yuma County Agricultural program. He organized the Yuma County Cattle Feeders Association, as there were many small feedlots in Yuma County at that time.

In 1948, Al drew a 160 acre homestead in the Bard Valley, CA. 10 miles out of Yuma where Al and his family lived and moon-lighted the farming for two years (while County Agent) which was required to prove upon the homestead. Al built a 250 head feedlot on the farm and

operated it until moving to the Bruce Church Ranch and leased out the Face Farm. Al later fed cattle a few years in a commercial feedlot. In December of 1948, Al was hospitalized with a recurrence of serious asthma until being discharged from the Navy Hospital in San Diego in May 1950. Al's wife, Ellenore, and daughter Carol, age 2, were on the Face Ranch. Ellenore had to go to work teaching Home Ec and arrange for help to take care of the livestock since after two months of illness Al was taken off the U of A payroll, however, he was able to resume his work July 1, 1950. A wonderful Dr. Kenney, who later became head of Scripps Medical Center, prescribed daily medication that Al stayed on for 10 years without any recurrence of asthma. At age 86 Al is enjoying good health. Thanks be to God!

In 1955 he was employed by Bruce Church Ranch to manage their cattle feeding operation and their Brangus breeding operation, which was in its infancy with a herd of each Angus and Brahma with their first half bloods. Within about five years all fractional breeding of Angus, Brahma, half bloods, three quarter bloods, quarter bloods was completed and Al proceeded to breed only 3/8-5/8 Brangus which is of course the percentages of Angus and Brahma in full Brangus. Al began an artificial insemination program that sped up the progress of the Bruce Church Brangus

breeding program. All of the Brangus offspring were subject to the Performance Registry International Program, used in other states on other breeds, for evaluating weaning and yearling weights. Bruce Church Ranch was the first of any Brangus breeder to follow those rules of Performance Testing Standards, except possibly the University of Arizona. One of the yearling bulls weighed 1120 pounds the day he was a year old. That yearling was sired by Oscar 100. Al ran breed advertising that said, **"Award your herd and OSCAR"**. Bruce Church Ranch was also the first cattle breeder in Arizona to use artificial insemination. Al proposed and executed both programs. Al did the collection of semen and the inseminations himself. He developed a Brangus show herd for Bruce Church and showed at the Arizona National several years, later in L.A., San Francisco, and in 1966 took a bull and two females to the Houston Livestock Show where they won Grand Champion Bull, Reserve Champion Female and Champion Get of Sire.

Al got the Bruce Church feedlot up to 14,000. All of the feed for the feedlot cattle was grown on the ranch, which included about 4500 acres of farmland. Two hundred acres, more or less, was devoted to year round pastures of rye grass in the winter to Bermuda grass in the summer.

Alfalfa was used some in late summer. Al was in charge of the field crops and the vegetable crops were under the supervision of another man. Al bought feeder cattle from numerous Arizona Ranches around Prescott and Flagstaff in the north to Wilcox in southern Arizona. Brangus bulls and replacement females were sold throughout the state and nation and to as far as South Africa. Calves from the early days of B.C. Ranch Brangus breeding program were put in the feedlot when weaned if they failed to meet minimum weaning weight requirements or if they had off markings such as having white in front of the navel, excessive white elsewhere or had a tinge of red. Cattle from the feedlot, when finished, were sold to packing houses in Los Angeles. When Brangus animals were included in a shipment, Al would go there and evaluate the Brangus carcasses for rib eye size and thickness of fat around the rib eye... This information was in turn used to evaluate Brangus sires.

In 1970 Bruce Church sold the Brangus herd to Pruett & Wray except for 15 females and a bull, which Al purchased and ran for 15 years. During that time his cattle were shown at the Arizona National and San Francisco. Al had a disbursal sale in 1985. He was in Agricultural Consulting and Farm and Ranch Real Estate Sales 1975-1995 when he went into retirement.

Al enjoyed his involvement with the **Arizona National** (as a director), the **Arizona Cattle Growers** (as a director), the **Arizona Cattle Feeders** (as a director) and the **International Brangus Association** (as a director 19 years and President 2 years). While President of the International Brangus Association he traveled to stock shows across the country praising Brangus cattle and the cattlemen of Arizona.

Al's other interests have been his **Lutheran Church** affiliation where he has served in every capacity as well as his 60 years in **Yuma Rotary Club** during which time he served his district as District Governor and was recognized by his Rotary Club as the Rotarian of the Century. He was director on the **Arizona Western College** Board for 5 years during which time he was chairman of the board two years. Al was principal organizer of the first **Yuma County Fair** in 1952 for which he was recognized as **Yuma County Man of the Year**. In the last ten years his hobby has been playing golf.

Al and his wife, Ellenore, of 63 years, have a daughter, Carol who retired from teaching as a Reading Specialist and a son, Ray who is Vice President and Commercial Loan Officer of the National Bank of Arizona in Yuma. Carol had the Grand Champion Steer at the first Yuma

County Fair. Carol, while she taught in Yuma, is now a winter visitor to Yuma. Al and Ellenore have 5 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren, all of which they are very proud.

BILL WINKLER

My name is Bill Winkler (William A). I was born in Ajo, Arizona - May 4, 1924.

To start my story, my Father worked for the Diamond A Cattle Co in the early 1900's. My Granddad owned a ranch in the Animas Valley until 1917 when he sold out to the Diamond A's now know as the Grey Ranch. He then bought this ranch in Rucker Canyon.

In 1917 my Dad (George Winkler) and my Mother (Kathryn) moved to Ajo and Dad went to work for the mine as a blacksmith. My Granddad was elderly and ill and asked Dad if he would come to Rucker and take the ranch over, which he did. We moved here in 1926 and I have been here ever since, except for 4 years I put in the navy during World War II 1942-1946.

When I came home from the navy, I had a pretty young girl waiting for me. Doris and I were married April 17, 1946. We had two children, a boy Rusty (William M) and a girl Karen Lynn (Barnes). Rusty and his wife, Glenda, live on the ranch, and help us out with the work. They have two children also, a boy and a girl, both live in Tucson. Our daughter is a nurse and has one daughter and both live in Tucson. We have 7 great grandchildren.

We have been thru many droughts and many good years as well. We have always had good cattle. We keep our heifers, so they will know the country. We have two brands (U-Kay Bar) and (Triangle E). The U-Kay Bar is the ranch brand and the Triangle E is used for trading cattle.

We hauled our cattle to La Junta, Colorado for several years. A man from Garden City, Kansas bought them. Last couple of years, expenses have made it prohibitive. We sell them thru local sales now. The dry weather has taken its toll on us, like everyone else.

I have had many close calls in my lifetime. About 25 years ago, I was riding a young horse, and a deer jumped up in front of him and the wreck was on! He ran off and went under a low limb, knocking me out and off. My foot hung in the stirrup, and he dragged me about 100 yards and kicked me in the head. I spent 9 days in I.C.U. and 2 weeks recovery - after that it was back to work. When you are in the ranching business you can expect a few knocks and bruises.

Our story is a successful and happy one. Our children and grandchildren are all doing well, and that makes us very proud.

We have worked hard on this place and held it together, so feel we have paid our dues here, but will

continue to do as much as we can with the help of our son and his wife. Oh well, you have to be tough to be a cowboy! By the way, I do not ride broncs anymore!

LOUIS & BILLIE WINGFIELD

We would probably have to say that our entrance into the cattle business started with helping John Osborne build a large cattle feeding operation at Arlington, Arizona. This was in 1948. It was the first "automatic batch system" feed mill in Arizona, and it attracted a lot of attention, from cattlemen in both Arizona and California. The mill was designed to be capable of producing feed for 30,000 head or more cattle at a time. However, it took us several years to reach pen capacity for that many. In fact we were only feeding a little over 8,000 head by 1950. Billie and I had been able to arrange financing with the First National Bank (in Phoenix) for about 400 head, and the rest belonged to Mr. Osborne.

At the start of World War II, President Roosevelt had put a ceiling on cattle prices, and that ceiling was set at 17 ½ cents per pound. No cattle could be sold for more than 17 ½ cents, so that meant you could not pay more than about 12 or 14 cents for stocker cattle or feeders, if you expected to make a profit on cattle going into a feedlot. In 1950, President Truman, with out any warning, suddenly took the ceiling off all cattle prices. Of course cattle prices started soaring and within twelve months, fat cattle

were bringing as high as 30 cents per pound. With easy arithmetic, you can see how anyone with 8,000 cattle had made a terrific profit, (over a million), in one year. That was a lot more money in 1950 than it is worth today. Since Billie and I were fortunate enough at the time, to own 400 head, we also had made a good profit. This gave us a good start in the cattle business at an early stage in our life. These were good years in the cattle business and it seemed easy to make money.

In 1954 Mrs. Osborne was diagnosed with advanced cancer in many parts of her body. Mr. Osborne immediately decided that he wanted to get rid of the feeding operation so that he could spend more time with her. The Arlington feedlot had grown to such a monster that it seemed almost impossible to find anyone that was willing to stick their neck out and get involved with it. However, a realtor came up with two rather reckless, successful cotton farmers, that were anxious to give it a try. Their problem, (that stood out very obviously) they had absolutely no experience with cattle business. Since they wanted to purchase the business on time this was a serious matter. After several persistent, but fruitless, attempts to do business with Mr. Osborne, they came back with the proposal of taking me in with them as a partner. This made their offer much more

interesting to Mr. Osborne, so he brought their proposal to me. Of course I could see this was a big opportunity for me, and I didn't hesitate to sit down with Chuck Sherrill and Bill Lafollette (who I had never met before) to see if we could work out a deal.

Since I was the only one of the three of us that had any experience with the business, it was readily decided that I would have to be the general manager and in complete control until John Osborne was completely paid off for the 700 acre farm, mill, and feedlot at Arlington. We put equal investments into the venture, established a separate line of credit with First National Bank, and named our new company "Arlington Cattle Co". We were able to take advantage of the gigantic feed supply that Osborne had stacked up. We could use from this supply and replace it with cash or more feed each month, as we used it. These were very profitable years in cattle feeding, and we had Osborne paid off in five years. We became very confident in ourselves and started expanding. We built another lot at Welton, Arizona, that eventually was able to feed about 8,000 head. We started out by using this lot for "green chop" but we were eventually finishing cattle there. We purchased the W.T. Waggoner 1,100 acre farm and feedlot at Arlington, also the 1,700 acre "Enterprise Ranch" below

Gilespie Dam. We also leased any available farms in the area, and we were eventually farming over 5,000 acres, not including farms owned by Sherrill & Lafollette near Welton.

As I have mentioned before, these had been good years for the cattle industry, and cattle business thrived until about 1958, when cattle prices started dropping. It was in late 1959 that I found myself in love with the "Horseshoe Ranch" southeast of Cordes Junction, which was owned by Bernie Erskine. Bernie was a brother-in-law of Barry Goldwater. Bernie and his wife were getting a divorce, and found it necessary to sell the ranch. They also owned the "AY Ranch" between Cleater and Crown King, and they wouldn't sell one without you taking the other also. I met with Bernie and committed myself to buy the two ranches, by convincing myself that I would be able to sell the "AY" within a year and reduce my obligation. (not so) It took me three years to sell it, with a contract to the purchaser, so lenient that when I reread it, it sounded like something I should be buying myself. After I had completed all the paper work to buy the Horseshoe, and made the initial down payments, along with assuming a number of notes, I not only began to find myself somewhat over extended, financially, but becoming disinterested in the big feedlot and farming operations I was still involved in

at Arlington. I set out trying to find a way to dispose of my responsibilities and interest with Sherrill and Lafollette. I concentrated on ways to split off from them, and we eventually settled on a trade.

Among other assets of the trade we (Billie & I) wound up with the W.T. Wagoner 1,100 acre farm and feedlot. With other family members, we operated this farm and feedlot for approximately eight years, when we decided to trade out, and again among other assets, we would up with a cattle ranch in Bloody Basin, known as the Caveness Ranch and Rincon Ranch, (a split off of a part of the "Cartwright Ranch"). These ranches were mostly forest permits, but were rated to carry 550 head of adult cattle. They were very productive as far as forage was concerned and our cattle did well there. The biggest drawback was the isolated location, which made it difficult to bring the cattle out to where we could market them. We kept these ranches for about six years, but decided to sell them so that we could be more consolidated.

The years now were about 1965 to 1970 and we had been having very good rainfall, the deserts were extra green. We had always liked running yearling stocker cattle. We bought about 3,000, three to four hundred pound cattle (mostly out of Mexico) and put them on the desert. We had

the pasture leased, east from I-17, along the Carefree Highway, all the way through Ellsworth E. Brown ("Big Brownie") and Kemper Marley's place in the area of Pinnacle Peak. We had about three years of good deserts and used these same deserts for three seasons. This worked quite well for us, as we would take these cattle, usually, to the Valle Ranch, north of Williams, and leave them for the summer. There were a few years that we cut off about 400 head of the lighter end of the cattle and sent them to Kansas, where we had been leasing some pasture through the summer months. We almost always grazed our cattle, someplace, until they were weighting between 700 and 800 pounds, before we sold them, or put them in the feedlot.

John Osborne passed away July 17, 1975. It might be said that he had been somewhat of a legend to the cattle industry of Arizona. He came to Arizona when he was twenty-one years old, and started working for the Chiricahua Cattle Co., a syndicate that owned and managed between twenty five and thirty thousand cattle, that ran on the Apache Indian reservation northeast of Globe. John advanced from being a general employee, to foreman, then to general manager. He never stopped at that. When the Indian service started taking back control of this vast operation, John managed to salvage control of a large

number of the cattle that were on his lease, many of which were wild and had to be led out. He then moved them out of the reservation where he either sold them or used them to build his own breeding herd. He did this all at the beginning of the "great depression" when most adult cattle were only selling from $5.00 to $15.00 dollars per head. His life had always been so active that he had taken advantage of only "minor" school education. However, he seemed to always possess super wisdom and had a knack for forecasting the future and to be in the right place at the right time to act. He knew the advantages of being able to act at the right time. To be with him, and being able to take part in many of his ventures, was an experience that was priceless. He was a man that seemed to always believe that hard work and persistence would cure a lot of mistakes, and bring you back to the top.

We owned the Horseshoe Ranch a little over thirty years. Our daughter, Shawn, married Dean Cameron there in 1970, and it wasn't long until they settled there also. Their three children Dee Ann, Brooks, and Kacie were all born while they were there. We built a very nice home, and many ranch improvements, we all loved the place. Our son, Kit had been going to Cal Poly, when he decided that he wanted to spend his life in California. Approaching 1990,

the Forest Service, and BLM, seemed to be influenced by Bruce Babitt, that the whole ranch should be brought under control of the "Park Service" to protect the many, "pre-historic" Indian ruins in the area. The Forest Service, (especially) soon started insinuating that they were considering adopting some very strange restrictions for cattle grazing in that area. Their proposals just didn't seem to be compatible with what we judged to be the proper management for the ranch. We suddenly realized that their practice of importing "new rangers" that had very little experience, from areas that were in no way similar to this, in climate, elevation or moisture, was always going to create problems. These "new rangers" were always wanting to make a name for themselves, by managing theses "high desert" ranches to where they would produce forage like that of Colorado or some other area with 20 or more inches of rainfall annually. We had previous rangers compliment us on our program, and even bring forest personnel from other districts to show them our progress. We felt strongly that our management and rotation program for the ranch had definitely improved the general forage conditions over the ranch. We had made many sacrifices on our part to insure our program was improving the potentiality of the ranch, which was our welfare, and we loved every square

foot of it. We also had managed the ranch longer than any previous owner in the history of the ranch. We found it was extremely hard to accept that a "new ranger" could come in and ride one day over a part of the 70,000 acre (plus) ranch and then write up a management program, that was contradictory and definitely without consideration of ours.

We arranged a sale for the ranch, and decided to apply our efforts in other places. Billie and I have gone into what we will call semi-retirement on a small 23 acre farm in Humboldt. Dean, is following what can be done with "Corienti" (sport cattle) on a desert ranch near Hillside, Arizona.

A. MARION SMITH, B.S., D.V.M

LIFE SOTRY OF "MARION THE VETERINARIAN"

Augustus Marion Smith, native of Hunt and Snowflake, Arizona, was born on an Arizona cattle ranch in Northern Arizona in 1918 and raised cattle and other livestock all of my years while growing up and for all of my fifty years as a practicing veterinarian in Arizona. I am a life member & honor roll member of the American Veterinary Medical Association (from 1944 to 2005) and life member of the Arizona Veterinary Medical Association, from 1947 to present date. I am devoted to the livestock industry of Arizona and to the Arizona Veterinary Profession. I am honored to be a member of the Arizona Living Stockmen Hall of Fame.

MY BIRTH: August 9,1918 in Hunt, Apache County, Arizona, 4th son of nine children (7 boys and 2 girls) born on a small cattle ranch of 400 acres, with over 100 acres of farm land, next to the Little Colorado River, nine miles north of Concho and fifteen miles west of St. Johns, in Apache County.

MY PARENTS: Asahel Henry & Pauline Udall Smith, natives of Snowflake and St. Johns and children of some of the first settlers of those two towns (Jesse N. Smith, and

David K Udall—Stake Presidents of those two areas of Northern Arizona). My parents grew up in Snowflake and St. Johns farming and raising livestock, then started married life in 1910 in Hunt Valley, with only a thirty-acre farm located in "No Man's Land" along side of the Little Colorado River. They then were able to make a down payment on 80 acres of good deeded farmland by the river. Then, each of them filed for and obtained 160-acre homesteads in 1914 and 1916, also by the river. My father's cattle brand was ( ) and by 1922, when they leased the ranch to our neighbor rancher, my uncle John H, Udall, they moved the large family to Snowflake in order to get all of us in good public schools. At that time they had a small herd of about forty beef cows and a good pair of draft horses and one cow horse.

MY EDUCATION

I attended Snowflake Public Schools for 12 years (including four years of vocational Agriculture, in Snowflake Union High School, as a member of The Future Farmers of America (FFA). I graduated from high school in May 1936. I had been active in 4-H Club in the 7th and 8th grades with projects in pig raising, a beef steer, and 100 baby chicks and a first prize in a new unique baby chick

brooder house that my dad helped me design and build. It was copied by other 4-H and FFA members around the town and elsewhere.

In High School FFA, my first year, I raised 200 baby chicks, 1 beef steer, and a registered Jersey Heifer. I increased the laying hen numbers each year, and the Jersey cow and heifer, and garden second year. I added more laying hens and Jersey heifers & cows, corn crop and Jersey cows and heifers and more chickens, and corn projects in my third and fourth years in FFA. Also, in FFA, I was elected FFA Vice President in my Junior Year and President in my senior year, and elected State Vice President in my senior year. I was high point man on the dairy, livestock, and poultry judging teams in junior and senior years, while winning quite a few medals in judging at the Annual FFA State Conventions at the U of A each year. I was one of three in my senior year in the FFA to be named ARIZONA STAR FARMER.

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

(1936 TO 1941)

It was necessary that I put myself through four years of Ag College at the University of Arizona, without any help from home, due to being one of nine children, while my father was sick and supporting my two sisters in Arizona State Teacher's College at Flagstaff. I worked for the Ag College and for my meals, plus pruning trees and shrubs for wealthy homes near the campus, and getting jobs during the summer in addition to helping my family on our farm and dairy. I also worked for other ranchers in summer jobs.

In 1939 in middle of my junior year of Ag College, I received our U of A Ag College appointment and worked at a good salary as a herdsman at the 1939 New York World's Fair for one year at the Borden Company's "Dairy World of Tomorrow" Exhibit. I was appointed by the Dean of Agriculture, for this fine job at the big dairy cattle exhibit as one of the herdsmen of the top thirty cows of each of the five breeds (150 head) selected and on loan from the top dairy breeding and show herds in the U.S. and Canada. This enabled me to buy the clothing and other needful things and save enough money to see me through the rest of 1940 and 1941 at the U of A, with the help of the same jobs I already had.

MEMBER U OF A NATIONAL DAIRY CATTLE JUDGING TEAM IN MY SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR YEAR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

In my sophomore year, I made the U of A National Dairy Cattle Judging team and led our team the next October 1938 in the fall of my junior year in two national collegiate judging contests in judging the five dairy breeds at the Dairy Cattle Congress show in Waterloo, Iowa and at the National Dairy Show in Columbus, Ohio. In my senior year at the University of Arizona I made and led our Livestock Judging team at two national collegiate judging contests in March 1941 at the Amarillo Texas Fat Stock Show and the Fort Worth International Livestock Show. That same senior year in the fall of 1940, I also made the U of A National Poultry Judging Team and was the only U of A Ag student at that time in school history to make both the Dairy Judging Team and the Livestock Judging Team according to the professors in those departments of animal science. (Also, no other Ag Student had ever made all three judging teams up to that time). I had achieved the goal that I set for myself when I won the Roberts Sweepstakes Trophy in my freshman year of 1937, in the All U of A College of Agriculture Aggie Judging week of contests.

In May 1941, at the end of my senior year, I had completed all of the required courses for dual-majors at U of A in both Dairy Husbandry and Animal Husbandry, and also four courses in Animal Nutrition toward a major in that field. I lacked only ten (10) semester hours to receive my BS Degree in Agriculture from the U of A but had applied to get in one of the ten colleges of veterinary medicine in the United States during the Spring Semester of 1941. I would eventually finish getting my BS degree in Agriculture while in veterinary school at Texas A & M University in January 1944, prior to finishing my DVM degree. The reasons that I did not finish my degree at the University of Arizona in my four academic years, was due to having to completely support myself financially while going to college and also having to take lighter number of classes in the two semesters when I was away from school for four and two weeks each on the Dairy and Livestock Judging Teams.

GETTING INTO VETERINARY SCHOOL

In May 1941, I was accepted into Texas A & M College School of Veterinary Medicine, where I spent the four more

years (eight semesters) needed to get my DVM Degree, from 1941 to 1944. (After the first semester, Texas A & M went on a speedup program of three semesters per year, with only two weeks between each semester, due to our entrance into World War II). I was the first student from all of Northern Arizona to be admitted into and graduate from one of the ten veterinary schools in the United States at that time, before World War II, and only the second student from University of Arizona College of Agriculture. There were 108 students accepted in that 1941 freshman class of veterinary school at Texas A & M College School of Veterinary Medicine, and there were only 45 graduates at the end of the four year course in May 1944, with eight of those from the class above held back from the classes above us. All of the other 9 veterinary schools graduated 95 to 98 percent of the students accepted in their first year. It did not make any sense to flunk out so many highly qualified students in the first two years.

COLLEGE DEGREES EARNED

B.S. degree from Texas A & M College January 28, 1944.

D.V.M. Degree from Texas A & M College May 26, 1944

Commission A First Lt. In the Army Veterinary Corps

On graduation, I was one of eight graduate veterinarians that year to be commissioned as First Lieutenant's in the Army Veterinary Corps and served my country for the balance of World War II in Virginia, performing essential veterinary services for another two and one half years in the army until after the war was over.

STATE BOARD EXAMS AND LICENSES TO PRACTICE

Two days after graduation from Texas A & M College with a DVM degree, I took and passed the two full days of Texas State Board ten licensing examinations, which I passed with the third highest grade of our graduating class, with an average score of 90% on the test covering all the basic essentials for practicing veterinary medicine and surgery. My Texas License is #911, dated May 30, 1944. I then went right to Phoenix, Arizona and took the two days of licensing tests and passed with the highest grade of some ten veterinarians taking the tests, and was awarded Arizona Veterinary License #74, June 12, 1944. Later on the next year, while serving in the Army Veterinary Corps in Virginia during the war, I took and passed the Virginia State Board Of Veterinary Examiners and received License

#346, July 6, 1945. I chose to practice in my home state of Arizona.

WORLD WAR II MILITARY SERVICE

I was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Army Veterinary Corps, on May 28, 1944, and served as Assistant Port Veterinarian, at Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation, Newport News, Virginia as one of five veterinarians there at that port who did a variety of essential medical and specialty work. Our biggest time consuming task was the inspected of billions of pounds of foods monthly being shipped overseas to the troops. We also did sanitary inspection of the army mess halls and of ships galleys to prevent and investigate food poisoning of the troops at the army bases. We also inspected shiploads of horses and mules going to the war theaters of North Africa, India, Burma and Italy and we operated a veterinary hospital and looked after the health of hundreds of war dogs, (German Shepherd and Doberman Pinchers) in a large war-dog training center in Newport News, Virginia. We vaccinated and treated the pets (dogs, cats, and horses, and other animals) of military personnel and their families, including rabies vaccination of all dogs in the military

area each year. We euthanized the stray dogs in the military pound, if not claimed within ten days. We had crews of trained veterinary technicians to assist in all of these services.

MY MARRIAGE

March 18, 1945, I was married to Wanda Turley, of my home town of Snowflake, Arizona, in an LDS Chapel in Norfolk, Virginia, during the war, as I could not get leave to go home for one more year, with time enough to be married in Mesa Arizona Temple. Wanda was the girl I had idolized since she was twelve years of age and when I was twenty --- who was now grown up and in her sophomore year at Arizona State College in Tempe. I had not thought that I would wait until age twenty-seven to be married at the time I told her parents in 1938 that she was the most ideal and talented twelve-year old girl I had ever met and that I hoped to find someone just like her to marry within the next two or three years. When I finally got home on a two weeks Christmas leave in December 1944, from my station in Virginia, she was also home from college and all grown up, so our courtship began. We became engaged to be married in two more months and I got her, with her & my parents

approval, to come back to Norfolk to be married in our church there, instead of having to wait one more year to be married in the Mesa Arizona Temple after the end of the war. We were sealed in the Arizona Temple on March 7, 1947 after the war. The army furnished us a home that first year in Hampton, Virginia, close to work at the big port of embarkation (HRPOP). Our first son, David, was born at the big Army hospital of Fort Monroe, near by, on January 1946.

PROMOTIONS

On July 1, 1945, I promoted to Captain and transferred to Fort Eustus, VA., as Station Veterinarian, in charge, at that big permanent army fort and military reservation on the James River. On Dec. 20, 1946, I was released from the army to go into veterinary practice in Phoenix on Jan. 10, 1947, after turning down an offer to remain in the Army Veterinary Corps as a career for the next twenty-five years, with an immediate promotion to Major. Two classmates accepted that offer and retired as full Colonel's at the end of the twenty-five years. With all of the exceptional background and training that I had, I felt that I was needed in a large animal practice in my home state, though the soft life and good career in the

veterinary profession in the army following the war was very tempting.

VETERINARY PRACTICE IN ARIZONA

1947 to 1948 I took the position as Resident Veterinarian for Suncrest Hereford Ranch, owned by Dr. E. Lee Scott, a former animal science professor that I knew at the University of Arizona. He at that time, owned one of the three top registered Hereford Breeding and show herds in the U.S., located in northeast Phoenix, and with a second fitting ranch in Gunison, Colorado at 10,000 feet elevation. At the same time, I served as veterinarian for Western Farms Management Company's cattle ranches in central Arizona. The ranch furnished us a home on the ranch to live in. (Note: in 1947 there were only 35 veterinarians in private practice in Arizona, with ten more in public supported offices (Federal Veterinarian, State Veterinarian, Phoenix Public Health Office, and Dr. William Pistor at the U of A Animal Pathology Department and teaching position). In 1947, Phoenix had a population of only 70,000, Mesa 5,000, Tempe 2,500, Glendale 3,500, and Scottsdale only 1,000).

From 1948 to 1960, after going into private veterinary practice in Northeast Phoenix and Scottsdale, I made 3-day trips, three or four times per year, to Navajo and Apache Counties to treat livestock in the areas where I grew up, as there were no vets there. In 1948 we purchased five acres at 5128 E Thomas Road and built a very new three-bedroom home on it with a classy veterinary office on the front of the home. By then we had our second child, Susan, and I quickly developed my own extensive dairy cattle, beef cattle, and equine mixed large animal practice in those next few years, while taking calls all over the big Salt River Valley at all hours.

HOME AND OFFICE IN PHOENIX ON EAST THOMAS ROAD

When we bought the five acres, we purposely set our home back a few hundred feet from Thomas Road, where I planned to build and animal hospital in the future. We were out in the country between Phoenix and Scottsdale. Wanda took my veterinary calls, managed my office and practice, and assisted me in every way to run a growing practice. On our five acres of irrigated pasture we raised beef and dairy calves, kept three horses, a purebred Jersey

milk cow and all kinds of pets for our growing family of eventually seven outstanding children.

OUR OWN RANCH BRAND

Our cattle and horse brand was apropos to both our names of Marion and Wanda, registered in Arizona - "The Lazy M Bar Lazy W Brand." (). We had our own small five-acre cattle and horse "rancho", for over 35 years, until we developed the property into commercial and apartment buildings. During all those years, we raised from fifteen to as many as twenty head of calves each year on lush pasture and extra feed, along with our family Jersey milk cow. We also had from two to three well trained horses during those years. One large and well-trained black and white Shetland Pony and Quarter Horse Mix, was ideally trained and gentle for children to ride and equally well-trained and strong enough to pull our very nice two-wheeled rubber-tired cart loaded with children or adults. In addition we had our two excellent and well trained quarter horses. We raised and butchered our own beef steers each year and three of our older children raised and showed 4-H beef steers in the Arizona State Fair and Arizona National Livestock Show, each year for four

years. We had set our home back well over two hundred feet from Thomas Road, to allow for our future well-planned animal hospital on the frontage of Thomas Road, the main route to Scottsdale.

INGLESIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

On front of our five-acres, at 5130 East Thomas Road, in 1958, we built our animal hospital, 11 years after I had started in my mixed large animals veterinary practice in Phoenix. We had waited to build our new, "state of the art," modern animal hospital until the city grew up and after I had a very extensive large animal practice to support the venture. It was the most modern and well-planned small animal hospital in the state and most of the Southwest at that time. I then hired other veterinarians to work with and for me in my expanded mixed animal practice. I still continued making trips to Navajo and Apache County to assist the many ranchers and people I knew there with their veterinary problems, for a total of fifteen years until Show Low and Springerville each had a resident veterinarian.

MY GROWING FAMILY

Our seven children came two or more years apart and had the advantage of a great home life, excellent teaching and scientific training in the home and office, good schools, and desires for a good education, and all learning the value of work and high moral standards while growing up. We were a very busy and happy family, and Wanda was the ideal mother, teacher, trainer and veterinarian's wife - the most talented girl I had ever known. After David and Susan, came Jennifer, Carol, Norman, Spencer, and Brian, in that order, each one gifted and talented in many ways, but with their own unique personalities and characters. I give Wanda most of the credit for the training and the talents each one developed.

As indicated early on, Wanda was my chief help in my office and home during those first eleven years of my practice before we built our animal hospital, taking may calls around the clock, day and night, with little hired help, until we built my first animal hospital next to our home and hired other veterinarians and veterinary assistants. Even then, Wanda trained the receptionists, veterinary assistants and nurses in the hospital and was my practice and hospital manager. She continued to keep my

large animal veterinary records and did most of our accounting, with the help of a CPA doing the tax accounting each year.

GRAND OPENING

It was on my 40th birthday, August 9, 1958, when we had the grand opening of our new animal hospital. It had all of the latest in the science and art of construction, cabinetry, comforts, and proficiency for animal care and surgery, including terrazzo tile floors, vitroglaze tile walls, electric radiant heat in acoustic ceilings, and acoustic sound proof walls. It had refrigeration cooling, an inter-com and music system, and nearly all of the amenities you could desire. My extensive mixed large animal practice was still going very strong and I hired other veterinarians to assist me in both the animal hospital and in the existing large animal practice.

Life only got busier and more stressful, though the practice and quality of veterinary medicine and surgery kept improving and was exciting and satisfying. The small animal practice increased rapidly, with an increase in night emergency calls and continuation of large animal emergency calls both day and night and on Sundays and

holidays. I was living the veterinarian's dream of a very busy and fulfilling life, along with my wonderful family life and busy social and church agenda. Veterinarians in those days, immediately following the great depression, worked very long hours for very low fees per hour for the excellent professional work we did. The M D's and Dentists also were not much better paid. It took years to get our fees to a decent level, in keeping with the quality of our work and training.

In a few more years, in 1963, when our seventh child was born, we built Wanda's well planned "dream home" south of Camelback Road in a citrus grove by the new Hopi Elementary School and quite near to Arcadia High School. We then rented our older home on Thomas Road as a large office building for a fertilizer company, and continued to raise our cattle and horses on our little five-acre "rancho".

HIRED AS ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY VETERINARIAN

1953-1960, in addition to my extensive large animal practice over the valley and state, I served as Veterinarian for Arizona State University's large dairy herd and livestock herd in Tempe. (Note: In 1960, the

Arizona State University then hired a full-time faculty veterinarian. I had turned down that opportunity to take that position, having been the Arizona State College Veterinarian for many years, but I still had a large mixed animal practice and 7 children to support, educate, and send through universities to get college degrees and advanced degrees). If we had not raised such a large family and not needed a very good income, I would have liked very much to have taken that faculty position at Arizona State University of teaching and research for the balance of life as a veterinarian.

1955 (Note: After my first years of veterinary practice I had right at 50 dairies (mostly 50 to 100 cow herds with the larger ones two to three hundred cows), eleven registered beef cattle breeding herds, and eight registered horse breeding farms and ranches, that I did veterinary work for on a regular basis. I also had several riding stables, three large beef-cattle feedlots, four hog farms, two goat dairies, and four quite large sheep ranchers that I did veterinary work for, so I could not afford to take the beginning moderate salaried job on the faculty of ASU, though it was tempting and prestigious in the long run!)

A SURGICAL SPECIALTY

By 1954, I had developed a reputation for my skill and success in performing rumenotomies on cattle for the removal of wires, nails, screws and other metallic foreign objects in the reticulums (second stomachs) of cattle, with a very high degree of cures, if diagnosed and operated on in a timely manner. By that time, I had established by successful reputation for performing that operation at a very nominal fee. If surgery was not done soon after the cow showed and attack of peritonitis infection, it was hard to save those cows or bulls due to the spread of infection in the peritoneum, heart, and lungs. It caused the death of more farm raised dairy and beef cattle than any other disease or infection and was known as "traumatic hardware disease" or traumatic reticulitis.

I continued to do a large number of these surgical operations almost on a daily basis until 1960, when at that time, veterinarians found that by placement of very powerful magnets (about the size of a man's thumb) into the second stomach of a cow (by the use of a balling instrument, or pill pusher used to give cows and horses large pills of medicines by mouth), the magnet would

collect and continue to hold the vast majority of wires, nails, and iron type foreign bodies in the bottom of that stomach and prevent them penetrating through the stomach wall, for up to ten years.

We called the operation rumenotomy, as we did the surgery in a standing position, under local anesthesia, on the left side of the abdomen of the cow, behind the last rib, then by reaching from inside the rumen into the second stomach we found and removed the wires, nails, etc. By that time in 1960, I had performed over 800 of those operations. I then advised all of my dairy and beef herd owners in the valley to let me place magnets into their cows reticulums. After doing that in most all of the herds I did not have many traumatic reticulitis or rumenotomies to do. I had only a few of those operations to do each week in the year following, as the majority of cows in my practice had magnets in their stomachs.

Early on, in my cattle practice, I had developed simplified diagnostic and surgical techniques that saved much time and lowered the cost of the operation to owners. During those years I had been doing spay, neuters, vaccinations of pets in my very classy veterinary office, prior to building Ingleside Animal Hospital in 1958, as there were so few vet hospitals in the valley, and my large

animal clients nearly all had pets of their own and preferred that I operate on and treat them.

1965 After 18 years of dairy and beef cattle practice, I began phasing that out of my practice, due to the growth of Greater Phoenix and the beef and dairy herds moving out of the valley or to the far outskirts. The majority sold out their high priced land or traded for large farm and dairy acreage at distant locations, making it too time-consuming to continue serving them, without charging very high fees.

SOLD INGLESIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

1974 In 1974, I was getting "burned out" in my extensive practice and needed to slow down, so I sold Ingleside Animal Hospital to Dr. Bert Teskey, a colleque in practice, and did relief work for other veterinarians, while taking a "Sabbatical" and me and my family building a summer cabin in Lakeside, Arizona, seven miles south of Show Low and twenty five miles south of Snowflake, where I grew up. My sons, son in law, and my wife, Wanda, helped with

planning and building the cabin during those two summers.

BUILDING DOBSON ROAD ANIMAL CLINIC IN MESA

1975 In 1975 and early 1976, I constructed and opened Dobson Road Animal Clinic at Dobson Ranch Shopping Center in southwest Mesa at Baseline Road and Dobson Road. It was solo veterinarian practice clinic for dogs, cats, lab animals, birds, and exotic pets. I had "dentist hours" for my last 14 years of practice and used The Emergency Animal clinics for after hours veterinary calls, plus I hired relief veterinarians on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, and while on vacations.

1988 I sold Dobson Road Animal Clinic to a good veterinarian friend, Ronald Tenney, DVM.

1989 I had to have my right hip replaced surgically, which was very successful, with a few months of recuperation.

1990-1994 Did relief work for other veterinarians and retired, after 50 years practice!

MY FAMILY AND CHURCH WORK

I was most proud and pleased with each of our seven children, four sons and three daughters, and their growth, schooling, scholarship, talents and personalities. Wanda did a wonderful job training them in the home and assisting them to become good students. She also trained them well in their moral values and in church activities. Each of our four sons became Eagle Scouts, served in Aaronic Priesthood Activities, and went on missions for the LDS Church at age nineteen, after being ordained Elders, following one year of university training. They then all returned from their missions to finish their college educations and three of them went on to go through graduate school training in their chosen professions, one a masters degree, one an MD, and one a CPA and MBA. The oldest majored in accounting and became a plumbing contractor and home builder. Each of our boys were good athletes and developed their skills and leadership abilities in football, basketball or tack and field athletics.

Our three daughters likewise were good students, developed their talents well and two went to college four years and one two years. The oldest one became a medical technologist and bacteriologist and put her husband through dental school. The next daughter was exceptionally

talented in music, with a natural musical ear and taught piano and composed music. Our third daughter was gifted in art and writing and became a registered nurse, with a great and most interesting career in that field.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETIES AND ASSOCIATIONS

1. **THE AMERICAN VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIAITON** - 1944-2002. Life Member and Honor Roll Member.
2. **THE ARIZONA VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION – 1947 to** present. Life Member. Elected AzVMA President in 1962; member of Executive Board several three-year terms. Chairman of many committees (both large and small animal). Program chairman several times.
3. **THE CENTRAL ARIZONA VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION** – Charter Member, when organized in 1956 or 1957.
4. **THE AMERICAN ANIMAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION (AAHA)**- My Ingleside Animal Hospital, at 5130 E Thomas Road in Phoenix in 1958 was the fourth animal hospital in Arizona to qualify to become a member hospital.
5. **THE ARIZONA STATE BOARD OF VETERINARY EXAMINERS** – 1963 TO 1969. Appointed for three two-year terms (6 years) by three succeeding Arizona Governors (Paul Fannin, Sam

Goddard, and Jack Williams), each time on the recommendations of the Executive Boards of the AzVMA.

6. **THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF EQUINE PRACTITIONERS (AAEP)** - Member from 1956 to 1964.

7. **THE ARIZONA ACADEMY OF VETERINARY PRACTICE** - Charter Member. Very active member for 17 years (1971 to 1988), when sold Dobson Road Animal Clinic.

8. **1962 VETERINARIAN FOR THE ARIZONA ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY & THE PHOENIX ZOO** - Dr. A. M Smith was involved in the zoo's first planning in 1961 and was a member of the founding board in 1962, serving as a member of the board of directors for 27 years, until 1988. He served as the zoo's first veterinarian for five years, prior to Dr. Howell Hood being hired in 1967. Was Chairman of the Zoo Animal Health Committee for all 27-years and assisted the zoo veterinarian. Performed a great amount of free veterinary service-work, including drugs, medical supplies and instruments, during the first ten years until the zoo got on its feet financially. Published "A Brief History of Veterinary Medicine at the Phoenix Zoo", which was published by Arizona Veterinary Medical Association.

9. **THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF ZOO PRACTICE (AAZP)** - 1962 TO 1968

10. **THE MORRIS ANIMAL FOUNDATION** - APPOINTED AS Arizona Veterinary chairman from 1975-1978. Made presentations to veterinary association meetings and companion animal (dogs, cats, zoo, and horse clubs)statewide, encouraging donations to the Morris Foundation for animal disease research.

11. **TEACHING, LECTURES, RADIO AND TV TALKS** - 1947 TO 1950. While starting in veterinary practice, Dr. A. Marion Smith taught night classes on livestock diseases and ailments, two nights per week, to World War II Veterans, "On the Job Training Program" at Scottsdale, Mesa, Phoenix Union and Tolleson High Schools. Gave talks over the years to the Scottsdale Farm Bureau and to the Arizona Farm Bureau at Arizona State University, Arizona Cattle Growers, Scottsdale Farm Bureau, Horse Clubs, Scottsdale Arabian Breeders and Quarter Horse Breeders, and other animal clubs, for different breeds and species of animals. Lecture in 1969 " The Nutrition of Sub-Human Primates" to the international convention of the Simian Society of America, held at the Phoenix Zoo Auditorium, and which was published in The Journal of The Simian Society of America for the members.

PROFESSIONAL WRITING

1947 TO 1952 - Dr A Marion Smith wrote a monthly column in the Western Livestock Journal on "Diseases and Ailments of Livestock" for three years.

1955 to 1968 - Authored several brief articles on bovine and equine medicine and surgery, published in Modern Veterinary Practice, two of which were award-winning. Contributed many times to "Practice Tips" in the Jen-Sal and Haver-Lockhart trade journals on bovine and equine medicine, between 1956 and 1960.

1978 to 1955 - Wrote several articles on "Arizona Veterinary History", which were published in The Arizona Veterinarian, during later years of practice.

1973 - As Chairman of the Medical Records Committee of the American Animal Hospital Association, we composed a manuscript for a manual on Veterinary Nomenclature and Abbreviations to be used in hospital clinical records keeping.

1987 to 1988 - Assisted Dr. E. Grant Moody, PhD (former professor of Animal Science and Nutrition at Arizona State University), as contributing editor in writing a new textbook, Raising Small Animals (For Meat, Milk and Eggs), for the Ezra Taft Benson Institute for Food and Agriculture, at Brigham Young University. Dr. A. Marion

Smith authored the sections on the diseases, prevention, treatment, and sanitation practices for swine, milk goats, rabbits, Guinea pigs, and chickens.

1988 - Wrote "Reflections" article published in the AVMA Journal, May 1, 1989, by request of the AVMA Journal for history of my veterinary education and practice to retirement age.

1994 - Wrote a Brief History of Veterinary Medicine at the Phoenix Zoo, for the AzVMA, published for all members of the profession in Arizona.

RESEARCH

1. **HEART-WORM DISEASE IN WAR DOGS DURING WOURLD WAR II.** Drug research trials in 1944-1945, using Winthrop Drug Company's promising experimental drug, Fuadin (Triantimony Tartrate) in the treatment of heartworms.
2. **IDIOPATHIC HEMOGLOBINURIA** of beef cattle, on pasture in Central Arizona, 1947-1948, with the help and cooperation of the State Veterinarian, and the State and Federal Animal Disease Laboratory. Reports in State Veterinarians Epistles.
3. **FLUOROSIS IN CATTLE.** A research study from mid-1947 to late-1951. Dr. Smith a member of research team of

veterinarians and bio-chemists, organized by Stanford University Research Institute, to determine the toxic levels of fluorine in cattle in a large number of different fluoride levels in well waters used by cattle in many parts of the United States. The study was funded by the Aluminum Companies of America and results published in the February 1952 issue of the AVMA Journal.

4. **EARLY ARTIFICIAL BREEDING RESEARCH IN CATTLE** - In 1939 Borden Exposition at the 1939 World's Fair in New York City. Marion assisted Dr. Adrian Mills, the Borden Company veterinarian in artificially breeding 150 top show-cows of the five dairy breeds to grand champion bulls, in which all conceived during a 9-month period. It was the first successful study of its kind and scale. It also had the first successful artificial conception from semen shipped across the continent from San Francisco to New York City, resulting in birth of a Jersey calf. Marion had additional training in A.I. at Texas A & M and made use of it in veterinary practice.
5. **DRUG RESEARCH 1958 TO 1964** - assisted three large human and veterinary drug companies in proving out on animals promising new drugs. These proved to be excellent medicines in veterinary practice and were soon after that licensed by the Federal Drug Agency (FDA) - several for

both veterinary and human use: (1) Schering laboratories: Azium(deximethison), Azimycin, Utonex, and Diathol. (2) Bristol Myers drugs: Milibis, Dexwin, and Dicloxacillan. (3) Pitman Moore Company: one drug used tested out successfully, the well-known Bactrovet (Sufadimethoxine), in veterinary medicine.

6. **INSECTICIDE TOXICITY STUDIES ON CATTLE** - From 1947 to 1954, the insecticides DDT, Benzene Hexachloride, Chlordane, Parathion, and TEPP were sprayed with airplanes, on cotton crops all over the Salt River Valley, three or four times each year, which most often wind-drifted onto adjoining livestock and dairy farms, many of whom Dr. A. Marion Smith was the veterinarian for. Two of these beef and dairy herds who sued the crop dusters and their clients for continued spraying their herds year after year, while spraying the cotton farms next to the herds. He and other veterinarians kept seeing increasing numbers of sick and dying animals, year by year, in those dairies, beef breeding farms, and horse breeding establishments next to the cotton farms, so he made an intensive study of the toxicity of each insecticide, the tests and diagnostic methods, so as to become an expert witness in the impending lawsuits that were being filed by his livestock clients.

In 1954, when many of his livestock clients were again being damaged, Dr. Smith became an "expert witness" in regard to these poisons, for the upcoming court trials of his clients. He did necropsies, blood testing of the herds of cattle and horses, had pathology studies, blood, chemical and other diagnostic tests to prove the poisoning and kept careful clinical records, preparing for what became two "celebrated" court trials that year against the crop dusters.

In the first trial, by the Gainey Hereford Ranch's 200 registered Hereford cattle and twelve registered Arabian Horses, in Scottsdale. Their cotton farm neighbor and the crop duster company, was tried in federal court by a senile, old federal judge, without a jury. He ignored the testimony of the head toxicologist of the University of California, our biochemist, and all the many abortions, death losses, necropsy evidence, blood and fat tests, the sick cattle and horses, and the modern scientific rules of evidence in poisoning cases. He ruled in favor of the dusting company and the cotton farmer - who had ignored the pleas of the cattle and horse ranch for over three years, on threat of law suit, to desist from using airplanes in dusting the crops and quit dumping the poisons all over the cattle and horse ranch.

In the second trial, the O.J.Beckwith Dairy in Arlington, west of Phoenix, with a herd of 100 registered Holstein dairy cows, who's 40-acre dairy farm was completely surrounded on three sides by big cotton farms. An intelligent jury agreed with all of the scientific evidence of poisoning - as presented by veterinarians, Dr. Marion Smith, assisted by Dr. Ray Hinshaw - (evidence from many deaths, aborted fetuses, sick cattle, necropsy and pathology finings, herd blood tests, and clinical records of sick cattle and treatments). The jury was also greatly impressed by the compelling evidence of very sharp drops in the herd milk production for at least 7-10 days after each of the four cotton crop spraying per year, as recorded by the daily milk delivery weights recorded at the Co-op Dairy Milk Processing Plant. That jury turned in a unanimous verdict in favor of the plaintiff (the dairy cattle owner!).

After winning that second court case, in a very convincing manner, the cotton farmers and the airplane-dusting companies, in Arizona and all over the U.S., started "showing respect" for the livestock owners who were asking permission to spray, and using great care in their spraying and dusting of crops from that date on.

LEGISLATIVE ACTIVITIES

GETTING A BRUCELLOSIS OR BANGS DISEASE ERADICATION LAW PASSED:

In 1947 Dr. Smith, and the other large animal veterinarians, including those in the federal office, started blood-testing the herds they did work for, or were assigned to test, and vaccinated all of the heifer calves in the herds in Maricopa County. Marion was really appalled at the number of Bangs Test reactors he found in many of the herds that he tested around the valley and he tried to educate the owners about serious health dangers and the true facts of the disease. 1948, he volunteered to be a member of the AzVMA Legislative Committee and contacted members of the legislature that he knew and many others. Finally, in 1952, an effective Arizona Brucellosis Control Law, was finally passed, including Bangs testing of all cattle and goats sold, with slaughter of reactors and some federal and state indemnity paid, plus vaccination of all heifer calves at six to eight months of age by veterinarians, at state expense. Brucellosis was then

rapidly brought under control in Arizona, within only five years, to where the incidence in cattle and milk goats was very low, and in fifteen years it was down to an incidence of only 0.1%.

A NEW GARBAGE COOKING LAW

In 1955, the AzVMA Legislative Committee was able to get the legislature to pass a law, requiring that all Garbage Fed to Swine in Arizona Must be Cooked. This law was necessary in order to stop the spread of trichinosis in man, and the spread of Vessiclar Exanthema in animals.

ARIZONA MEAT INSPECTION LAW

In 1956, Marion's Legislative Committee helped write, and were able to get the legislature to pass, a new Arizona Meat Inspection Law, that required all of the small meat packing plants in the state, not already federally inspected, to have professional sanitary meat-inspection, by qualified veterinarians, which included all meats sold for human consumption. It stopped the slaughter of a great many sick and badly parasitisized cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, and poultry that had been sold for human consumption without being veterinary inspected.

A NEW RABIES CONTROL LAW

This law was finally passed in 1962, after five years of effort, starting in 1957. As a member of the AzVMA Legislative Committee since 1948, Dr. Smith got to know twenty-two members of the state legislature to pass an effective Arizona Rabies Vaccination, Licensing, and Control Law. In 1957, there was a new and superior three-year Modified Live Virus (MLV) Rabies Vaccine approved and on the market for dogs, which gave adult dogs an immunity of three full years and was badly needed to replace the old one-year phenol-killed Pasteur vaccine. The new three-year vaccine could not be used until the state law was changed. Finally, in 1962, after five years, The New Rabies Control Law was passed by the legislature, after much public pressure was put on powerful Senator Harold Giss of Yuma, who had prevented it from being voted on by the senate for those five years.

NEW VETERINARY PRACTICE ACT

In 1967, after trying for several years, the AzVMA legislative committee, with Dr. Marion Smith as Chairman, got a new and improved Arizona Veterinary Practice Act passed, which enlarged the State Board of Veterinary

Examiners from three to five Arizona licensed veterinarians.

PUBLIC SERVICE

Dr. A Marion Smith was a Charter Member of Scottsdale Sertoma International from 1957 to 1960. He later became a Charter Member of East Phoenix Rotary International from 1962 to 1969. In Scouting, Marion served in many positions, including being a Boy Scout Master, a Scout Troop Committee Chairman, and being a committee member over many year. Also, Dr. Smith was a qualified Merit Badge Counselor in as many as 10 animal-related merit badges for over fifty years, not only for his own troops and neighboring ones, but for boys all over the Salt River Valley, who were sent to him by the Roosevelt Council.

Dr. A. Marion Smith was one of The Organizers and Founders of The Arizona Zoological Society and The Phoenix Zoo, serving on the board of directors from its inception in 1961 to 1988. He was the zoo veterinarian for the first five years, Vice President three terms and continued as Chairman of the Animal Health Committee for 27 years. He also served many times on the Animal Exhibit and Welfare Committee, of the Arizona Zoological Society, and as

Chairman of that important committee two terms. Dr. A. Marion Smith was appointed and served for over twenty years as a member of The Advisory Council to Dean of Agriculture of The University of Arizona.

CHURCH SERVICE

A. Marion Smith, DVM, is a life-long member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon). He served in many capacities in leadership positions, including first counselor to two Bishops of Wards, for nearly ten years; was on a twelve-member Stake High Council for years.

MISSION TO AUSTRALIA

In 1989-1990, Marion and his wife, Wanda, were called by his church and served a fulltime mission in Sydney Australia, along the South Coast of New South Wales. It was a wonderful experience. They came back and Marion resumed veterinary practice as a relief veterinarian, for four more years, while his last two sons were completing expensive professional graduate schools.

BUILDING NEW CHAPELS

Over his adult life, Marion has personally worked in the construction of five large LDS Church Chapels, where his family lived, while contributing to each of them financially, plus being the Building Committee Chairman of one large chapel in Scottsdale in 1954. During his last twelve years, since retiring from practice, Marion has spent two days each week for the past twelve years in doing volunteer work in the beautiful Mesa Arizona Mormon Temple, as an ordinance worker. His four sons each served fulltime, two-year, missions for the LDS Church at ages 19 to 21, respectively in Tennessee, Mexico, Japan, and in Minnesota, at their own and family expense, prior to going on through college.

Marion's wife, Wanda, has served in many leadership positions in their church auxiliary organizations, including Ward Relief Society President and President or a counselor in Primary and in The Young Women's Organizations. Over the years since very young, in high school, college, and after marriage, Wanda has served as Ward organist at various times. In recent years, Wanda has worked in The Mesa Family History and Genealogy Center and in teaching a great many others the science of genealogy

research. We are very pleased that all of our children and their families have been and are still active in the church.

ARIZONA VETERINARIAN OF THE YEAR - 2003

In April 2003, Dr. A. Marion Smith, after over fifty years of practice in Arizona, was nominated for the Distinguished Service Award in Veterinary Medicine, by six of the past presidents of the Arizona Veterinary Medical Association. The awards committee, after finding that Dr. Smith had never received the Veterinarian Of The Year award back some twenty or thirty years earlier, decided that they should give him that award in 2003. Accordingly, at the annual state veterinary convention on May 2003, Dr. A. Marion Smith was named "Veterinarian of The Year" by the Arizona Veterinary Medical Association, following over fifty years of distinguished membership and practice in Arizona. The citation given with the plaque reads, "with a life of exceptional service to the veterinary profession, the livestock industry, to companion animals, and to the Phoenix Zoo and wildlife animals". Marion received a beautiful plaque at the award banquet that he treasures.

LEOMA F. WILKERSON

Grandfather Joe Pierson, on mother's side, moved from San Bernardino, California to Oracle, Arizona in 1885 with Grandma Rowe Pierson. The previous year he had scouted the Catalina Mountains and found where he wanted to establish a ranch Homestead. Joe Pierson and his two brother-in-laws who were both railroad engineers, arranged to have a good shipment of cattle, horses and other domestic animals shipped by train from San Bernardino to Tucson, then they drove the stock to Oracle where he had fenced a pasture to hold them, and started building a two room house. Mother was born in Mammoth, fifteen years later in 1900. A doctor was there to help with her birth. The next year Uncle Carl was born, the last of eight children.

Mother grew up on the ranch and she and Uncle Carl rode horseback three miles to school at Oracle. From an early age they both learned much about ranch work. The older brothers and one sister were already gone from home and living their lives, Uncle Nate Pierson gave mother his stock brand N/P before he went into service during World War One and Grandpa Pierson put her brand on several heifer calves. Mother had a trap-line and did well, she saved the money from her pelts all year to buy a pair of chaps, she

and Uncle Carl both decided that they wanted the Angora wool that they saw advertised in the Sears and Roebuck catalog, with the wool to the outside. Well after they arrived they tried them on an rode down to San Pedro and going through the mesquite monte, their new chaps hung up on the low mesquite limbs and they both had to break and cut their way out of the monte, they had to take a lot of kidding from the folks at home.

Mother and Dad met shortly after World War One. He had been in the Re-Mount with a Calvary unit stationed at El Paso, Texas. His name was James H. Durnal and his Dad was Deputy U.S. Marshal out of Tucson but was stationed at Magdalena, Mexico, for the Green-Gold and Silver LLC. He was in charge of transporting raw ore by mule from the Mexico mines to Douglas then returning with the payroll, providing Federal Protection. Consequently, their home was established in Magdalena, Mexico. Dad lived there his first ten years and was fluent in the language and learned much about ranch life and the Vaquero way of working cattle. Dad got so he wouldn't talk English and Grandma decided they had been there long enough. This move may have been one of the reasons that Grandpa and Grandma divorced. She moved to California but Dad said he didn't want to move and stayed with his mother's parents Joe Biggs

on the Biggs Ranch east of Douglas. Later on he moved in with his aunt and uncle, Mollie and Milton Thomas, in Bowie where they ranched. Milton was also a railroad engineer, so Dad took on much of the ranch work with his cousin Milt Jr. The two of them went into the service together when World War One started. About this time Dad met my Mother. After the war was over Dad and Mother married in Tucson. Grandpa Pierson asked Dad if he wanted to work for him at the ranch. It was a good arrangement for everyone. Mother started trapping again and helped the family with the income from the pelts. One time she caught a female coyote. The trap had killed her, but Mother realized the coyote had been nursing pups and she began looking for the den. She found two hungry pups, a male and a female, mother brought them home for me to raise. I named them "Sister and Button" and fed them milk with my doll bottle. They went everywhere with me. I would take them for long walks and they were as gentle as puppies. The male was killed in an accident but the female lived many years at the ranch with Uncle Clarence. She ran with the hounds that he used to hunt lions.

On a visit to Phoenix, Dad knew a veterinarian who was looking for someone to give a good home to a young German Shephard that he had treated but was in good health, so Dad

figured he would be a good companion for me and he was, he stayed right with me wherever I was. I loved my animals and I was alone with them much of the time and they certainly protected me. I named the dog King. He loved to swim, we only had him a few days when Mother took us to a swimming hole on the Salt River. Dad had inflated a small inner tube and put me in it. Mother, King and I were in the river, Mother saw that King was dog paddling next to me but I had slipped out of the tube and King was teaching me how to swim. Our stay in Phoenix had ended and we took King back to Oracle with us and he wouldn't let me out of his sight. He lived a long and healthy life with us.

I was probably eight or nine years old when the depression of the 30's became a real problem for our family. Grandpa Pierson was in very bad health and drought conditions were very hard on the cattle, the calves had very little value, and there was talk in the family of selling out. Before it came to that though, Dad knew Col. Evans who was starting the Evans School at Tanke Verde, 15 miles east of Tucson. Dad was hired to teach ranching skills to eastern boys or young men. They had horses and were taught riding Western style and roping calves. They also had classes for the regular academic subjects. It was designed to be a rounded experience. Dad took the boys

camping on the weekends and taught them survival skills. He taught at the Evans School until its closure at the beginning of WW2, then we moved to Tucson and Dad went to work at Davis Montham AFB under Civil Service. I finished school at Tucson High, worked part time at a downtown theater as cashier, and also started studying tailoring with Max Check and learned much about the profession at his tailor shop on 4th Avenue in Tucson. He was a good teacher and I've used the experience all of my life.

In 1943 I married Pat Bond. He was in the service and was later discharged. We went back to Tucson and Pat's uncle, Tom Clark, was running the Southern Arizona Stockyards and Transportation Co. Pat had been in partners with him before he went into the service, but his uncle picked up where they had left off and Pat was a full partner. The Stockyard had a spur line that accommodated animals being shipped to and from California and Texas. They had feed, water and overnight rest. The brands were checked, etc. If they were sold in Tucson we transported them to their local destination. We also hauled feed and cattle for the local ranchers.

When the Hoof and Mouth disease in Mexico was discovered, known as the A.F.T.O.S.A. eradication, Carlos Rhonstad, President of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Assn. at

the time, asked Pat if he would go to Mexico City as an employee of the U.S. Dept of Agriculture and work with the program in their testing laboratories and in the field. He was fluent in the language and knew how important the program was to the cattle industry. He accepted the job and we spent the next three years in Mexico. When the job ended, we came back to Tucson, but then on to Casa Grande and was employed with the Arizona Feed Co. During that time I gave birth to two boys, three years apart. Things happened that I won't mention here, but our marriage was over. Pat and I went our separate ways.

I eventually moved to Safford and was widowed. I met Forrest Wilkerson who was also a widower, and it seemed right from the start. We both had a lot in common. He was also from a ranch family with solid beliefs in fairness and honesty. He had raised his family of five children and they all seem to have the same characteristics, they work hard and appreciate their lives. We have enjoyed fifteen years of a solid marriage from August 1989, and looking forward to many more.

FRANCES EDITH HILL GOULD

As I take pen in hand, I will try to remember good times and bad. For that was the lives we lived in the 1923 to 2005 years.

My Parents were loving and caring people who worked hard all their lifetimes. Being at the age of 83, I go back to the days when I was 3 years old. I lived on a homestead called the Triangle H Bar Ranch located in Hidalgo County, at the foot of the Vanderbilt Mountains in New Mexico.

The old Carlisle Road on the outskirts of Duncan leads to the ranch.

My parents were Charles Francis Hill and Surrilda S. Smith. I am the oldest of seven surviving children. My name is Frances Edith Hill Gould. My sister's names are Bessie Irene Hill, Ella Mae Hill Weaver, Rilda Jane Hill Johnston, Martha Jean Hill May. My brothers are Charles Monroe Hill (known as Dick), William Hill (Known as Bill) and Harry Hill.

I can remember taking care of my sister Ella. Mother made us a play pen, that was made from a flat bed spring which was hung on wire attached to the porch ceiling and

enclosed it with some kind of screen wire, so the bugs and rattlers couldn't get to us. This way mother could go on and do chores at the homestead. From time to time we would go to a home in Duncan. My father at that time was working for different cattlemen as a cowpuncher.

My Dad, Charles Francis Hill worked for Mr. Bill Sanders, (Gus Sander's father) He took some pay and paid some on a Hereford heifer. That is how he started his cattle herd. In those days they always stayed with the same breed of cattle, didn't mix them as they do today. The reason being they brought more money at the market at that time.

My Dad worked and also lived on the grounds that enclosed the Greenlee County Fairgrounds, as after his father Charles Monroe Hill died his mother Marcella Walls married David Davis who owned the farm and grazing land where the County Fairground exists today. That and the grazing land consists of land that joined the Sanders on one side and the Deans, the O'Neils, Dr. Neighbors and Tom Brown, and the Beavers on the old highway which runs by my Grandmother Hill Davis's place (The Farmhouse and some land still is there today). To My knowledge Grandmother Davis gave the land to the county of Greenlee for the fairgrounds.

I lived and played on the lands where the fairground is today while I was growing up. My Grandmother Hill also had a home in back of where Lehman's Store and the park are today.

Dad and Mom bought a 26-acre farm in Sheldon, when I was about six years old, around 1928 or 1929. That year I started kindergarten, and my bus driver was Tim Chapman, whose family also lived in Sheldon. We lived in the house that was the country store.

That was also the time my Dad obtained a team and a wagon. We were then able to go to the homestead more often, and I was able to help work at different chores. Ella and Dad and I and sometimes Mom would go to the homestead to make sure the cows had water. We had to hand carry buckets of water from up the creek to the watering hole. We would check on the cattle, made dirt tanks to hold water, which took us from sunrise to sundown.

We would then go home to the farm and do the chores, feed the stock, milk cows, make supper and sometimes listen to the radio. The radio was run on batteries, as there was no electricity or gas at the farm until after 1940.

We raised our own food, canned vegetables and beef for the winter. We washed our clothes by hand on a rub board,

ironed with a metal iron, heated on a wood stove that was our only heat. We made our own flour and cereals and molasses syrup. We learned how to make our own mattresses. You made just about everything you needed, as town was 10 miles away, by wagon at that time.

As I look back this kind of life, made us strong and proud, to be an American. We didn't and wouldn't have had allies or invaders or foreigners doing our work that would have been out of the question.

Our good times were to go by wagon to the Fair at the Duncan Fairgrounds. We went to Dances at the Apache Grove.

My Mom and us girls would spend all day getting food ready for theses big days of going on picnics.

We kept our food cool in a homemade outdoor box cooled with wet gunnies sacks placed on screen wire. It kept our butter and milk cold. All the family helped with the ranch and farm. As my sisters and brothers got old enough to work some I missed school, because there were things or chores to be done, someone was always sick but animals had to be fed to help feed us and keep us alive.

Our only Dr. was Dr Neighbors who lived just outside of Duncan on the Carlisle Road. He would have to travel the ten miles to Sheldon to treat us or take care of us. Among the women who were midwifes were Mrs. Stockbridge,

Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Gillespie, Sis Gould, or Mattie Daniels Gould. Mary Josephine Daniels, Mattie's mom was also a mid-wife. I got to help with the mothers when a new baby came in Sheldon. I got to clean and rock the babies and help the midwives with some of their chores.

Mother made our clothing, dresses and bloomers out of used flour and sugar sacks. The boy's britches were made out of Dads worn out Levi's. That reminds me of a story that Bill Stevens told me. My Mother Rilda made his first pair of britches. He is the brother of Norma (Tippet's) O'Dell. Their Mother was Hazel Sanders, Gus Sander's sister. Hazel married Tippet's, Norma's Dad. Later she married Bill Stevens Dad. We were with the Sanders a lot because Rilda had worked for them before and sometimes after she married Charlie Hill, my Dad. Charlie had also worked for the Sanders.

The depression days were hard on the rich and the poor, meaning us. The bank went broke, and there was no money. We had to trade food with the neighbors just to eat. Mom & Dad worried that they would lose the farm as there was no money for seed, food, and oil for the lamps. We were lucky we made our own lard, canned meat, and vegetables. The government gave Dad $1.00 a head for the cattle that you could not feed. Piled them up in a stack

and burned them. Anyway things were hard. No new shoes or clothes, Mom just patched them and put cardboard in our shoes to cover up the holes.

Life was accomplished for us by going to the homestead to pull water for the cattle by hand, making tanks to hold water or branding the calves and separating the calf from its mom to wean them…..from daybreak till sundown. Then time to do chores at the farm, get supper, and get homework done by kerosene lamp, then to bed. Same day in and day out, but it taught my brothers and sisters and I how to work. Things weren't given to us like children today. Who don't know how to work and some time make a living, but it didn't hurt us to do our share. Thought nothing of it we just did what was expected.

As the years went by the depression wasn't as bad as it seemed and things were getting better I continued on to work at the homestead and farm until the year 1939.

I married Durwood Lindsey Gould, August 17, 1939 in Globe, Arizona. Durwood was the son of neighbor/ farmer Vane and Mattie Daniels Gould. Durwood and I lived in Miami, Arizona where he worked at the Copper Mines.

Frances Elaine Gould was born November 11, 1940 at Miami, Arizona.

In December 20, 1942 Loretta Mae Gould Puzzi was born at M-I Hospital. Because of the War, and no work at the mines, Durwood and I traveled to Vallejo, CA in 1942 through 1944. Doris Carroll Gould Flagg was born August 21, 1944 in Vallejo, CA.

We moved back to Miami, Arizona in 1945. We lived at D-19 Reynolds Canyon, in Lower Miami. Taffy Dee Gould Couts was born April 17, 1951 also at M-I Hospital. Durwood and I were involved in the Civil Defense work of the 50's.

Durwood Lindsey Gould, Jr. was born March 4, 1961 also at the M-I Hospital.

In 1969 Durwood was placed on disability because of his hip, and because he could not just supervise, he had to help, but he had a cane, making it a danger at the work place. In 1970~~, my~~ parents Rilda and Charlie Hill gave each one of us kids five acres of land behind the fairgrounds. This land is part of the Grandma Davis patent land. Durwood and I moved a Sante Fe Gas and Electric house to our five acres. We worked on getting the foundation in and the cracks from moving the house from Ash peak to the flat. We then moved back to Duncan.

I worked as the Cafeteria Manager at Duncan Schools until I retired in 1982.

I belong to the Emblem Club, the Rebecah's, and Greenlee County Cowbelles.

Durwood passed away in April 1994 and is buried next to his grandparents Mary Josephine Bowser Daniels and Samuel Leonidus Gould in the Sheldon Cemetery.

I still own and live at the Duncan House, but also reside with my Granddaughter Rebecca Dapper in Phoenix. Elaine Dapper passed away in October, 1994 and was buried with her husband, Roger, in the military cemetery at March AF base. Doris Flagg passed away on September 23 2003, and is buried in Odessa, Delaware. Durwood resides in Texas, and Loretta Puzzi lives in Lower Miami.

This article was edited with the help of my daughter Taffy Couts who lives in Auburn, CA.

J. RUKIN JELKS, JR.

Rukie was born in Tucson, Arizona, on 21 October 1927. His mother, Della Jeffries, died of uremic poisoning shortly after his birth, and his grandmother, Lillian (Simmons) Jelks, took him to her Arkansas farm. He thrived under her affectionate care for the first two years of his life. His father eventually married Mary Coburn Haskell, who legally adopted him. Though Rukie was the "apple of Mary's eye," she was a strict "Victorian" disciplinarian. He also spent some of his early years on his dad's X9 Ranch in Arizona. He remembers, as a very young cowboy, splitting the herd by riding through the middle of it. This very "ignorant" maneuver brought immediate reaction from his dad, who rode up alongside of Rukie, plucked him off his Shetland pony, laid him across his horse's neck, delivered immediate discipline with his *reatta* (rawhide rope), then set him back in his saddle.

The "small world that we live in" still brings old friends together from those early days in Rukie's childhood. He especially remembers the Mexican ranch hands and friends, such as the Figeroa family (Frankie and Trinnie), who live nearby in Sonoita today. Frankie went to work for the Jelks family when he was 14 years old.

There were also Rafael Lopez, Romero Lopez, Marco Comanch, Angel Bererra, and Victoriano Figeroa, who was Frankie's father. Rukie remembers a particularly humorous story about one of the helpers, Pancho. He tells it this way:

I remember after my father and mother were divorced, my father rented the house to some Easterners. At one point, their help had been to town on a Thursday holiday and returned very late at night. Rather than to have to get up early and start the furnace, they lit it before going to bed. At about daylight, Pancho, who milked the cows, arrived and saw smoke coming from the furnace room. He woke the tenant and said, "Senor, the house is on fire,". . . and proceeded to leave and milk the cows. My father was called from Tucson and arrived about the time that the house had burned to the ground. Shortly afterwards, Pancho arrived and questioned my father, "Where shall I put the milk?" Dad looked at the burned out kitchen and said, "Put it right there in the fridge, just like you always do!" Pancho had a routine and could not deviate from it. In his mind, if you were to mow the lawn on Monday or hoe the garden Thursday, you certainly did not do either one on any other day. His wife, Cugar, used to feed the roundup crew, a job which was shared by all the

local ranchers, and I can remember long tables filled with tamales, frijoles, carne seca, and salsa. Bless them all!

Another of my father's stories that I recall evolved around Pancho's great ability to work with rawhide. Each time we butchered, he would stretch the skin and circular cut it from the center, making a rawhide strip which he would stretch on a fence. It would be a quarter of a mile long. He than would shape it to exact size and braid beautiful reattas, bosals (like a hackamore nose band), and other items. Dad had thought that Pancho was an old cowboy until one time, when help was short, he asked him to help with the cattle. It took no time to figure out that Pancho knew next to nothing. Dad questioned him about this and asked where he learned to braid so beautifully. Pancho's answer was "in the penitentiary." "Well, how long were you there, Pancho?" "Two years." "That seems to be a long time in Mexico; what did you do?" "I killed a Chinaman." "And they gave you two years for that?" "One Chinaman, one year… two Chinaman, two years," was his answer.

Mary was the only mother I knew. Thinking back to the X9 days, I remember her as a loving, if not doting, mother on the one hand and a demanding one on the other. When I got into trouble for minor and major infractions I was sent out to a nearby cottonwood tree top to cut a switch, which

was then well applied to bare legs. One routine that is etched in my memory involved a bathing suit. After a swim in our pool it seems when I removed my wet bathing suit, I was always in such a hurry for the next event of the day that I wouldn't remember to pick it up and deposit it in the bathroom. Maybe it was defiance, but after every occasion of getting wet, I got the switch for leaving the wet suit on the floor. If it was defiance, I suppose it was worth the punishment!

Mother was bothered by "sick headaches." She would send me on errands to bring cool drinks to her, and I was always rewarded with great affection for helping to soothe her nervous attacks. She had been raised on a Victorian estate in Cleveland with a lovely Nana to take care of her every whim. I remember always having some sort of "overseer." However, this was a far cry from the other setting. At the ranch, we had Mexican and black help. They weren't always reliable, but they were for the most part very human and kind.

Mom was a fine equestrian and was admired by the Mexican cowboys for her ability to ride, mounted on an English saddle, on the roundups.

During spring when the weather was pleasant, many of my adopted relatives from the East came to visit the "wild

west" - Cousin Pansy Ireland, The Hannas, my Gram Haskell, and my beloved aunts and uncles. Mom's school friends were all welcomed and introduced to the exciting Western setting.

I look back at Mother's eccentricities with a kind of affection, although I will never understand most of her behavior. Her logic of boarding school for a first grader is a memory still vivid and to this day infuriating to me. Punishment at this institution meant being confined to my room and served bread and water for dinner. There are few pleasant memories of that time. It seems I always had to have an answer for "what are you doing?" and "why did you do that?" My wife blames some of my own "hang-ups" on my early training under the strict discipline of a strong-willed and temperamental mother. On the other hand, I must be fair. She was very generous. There was great benevolence in the background. We owe our lifestyle today to this. Her family is extremely charitable and magnanimous in their giving to individuals in need and to hospitals and other organizations helpful to mankind. All this greatly overshadows the shortcomings that I can't seem to forget; but the world is a better place today because of Mary.

I was always very confused about my mother's concern over me. She did not feel that the local school in Vail, Arizona, was the proper place for me, so I was sent to the first grade to Miss Thomas's School in Tucson. Miss Thomas was English and her school was typically English. I do remember my first grade teacher, Mrs. Livesey. She was the only one there with compassion for my feeling of total rejection and abandonment during my first two years of school. Third grade in Thomasville, Georgia, was a failure, because I was unable to understand the teacher's Southern accent. Fourth and fifth grades introduced another school atmosphere, the Judson School in Scottsdale, Arizona. As I remember, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades were spent at the little ranch school in Greenough, Montana.

When Rukie was six years old, his dad and stepmother adopted a baby girl, Barbara. Later, after ten years of marriage, Rukin and Mary divorced. Barby and Rukie went to live with their stepmother, Mary. They spent summers on the beach in La Jolla, California, and Blue Hill, Maine, and winters on Mary's plantation in Thomasville, Georgia. The plantation setting for these growing up years was traditional Southern gentry. Affluent for generations, the Hannas and Haskells enjoyed the finest bird hunting in a

spectacular Southern setting. Their mansions were filled with treasures. Traditional black servants provided a story-book atmosphere, but it was hardly comfortable for a curious and energetic little boy who was supposed to be "seen and not heard."

Mary met "Don," Swift Darneal Hunter, at the Rancho Grande Guest Ranch east of Phoenix, where Don was manager. Subsequently, the attractive couple were married and bought the Paul Greenough Ranch in Greenough, Montana. Rukie attended a little one-room schoolhouse in Greenough, where the teacher attempted to teach eight grades to thirteen students. Rukie recalls a story from the little schoolhouse. One year the male teacher incurred the wrath of the older boy students, and they decided to hang him! Fortunately, they failed. The teacher resigned, but the next teacher had more respect from her students.

The ranch in Greenough ran 800 cows year round, or 1500 steers during the summer.

We started putting up hay with ten Belgium teams and a Beaver slide stacker. For years we ran a cow/calf operation until Don tired of the long winters with the twice-a-day feedings of hay from horse-drawn sleds. We then pastured steers annually during the summer and bailed our timothy clover and hay, which we sold to racetracks all

over the country. This also gave the folks time to spend winters in the Caribbean and Jamaica and Antigua, where they were charter members of the Mill Reef Club.

Rukie stacked hay with the haying crew and did everyday ranch chores: branding, rounding up the cattle, and mending fences. At about this time the Hunters also accumulated the Tarva Plantation in Georgia.

The neighboring E Bar L Guest Ranch was the site for evening recreation. Rukie's friends, the Potters, Vietors, Stones, and the Ericksons were all ten years and more older than he, but they all enjoyed singing and dancing with guests who came to the ranch. Rukie knew the lyrics to all the Western songs and ballads and was a popular attraction at the gatherings around the bonfire after dinner.

Rukie loved the freedom of his high school years. For the first time he wasn't under the gun of rigid discipline and didn't receive stern correction for his typical teenage infractions. At the Fountain Valley School in Colorado, Rukie thrived on fine arts as taught by Boardman Robinson. He had a "slight" ability in drawing, an interest in drama, and a fine voice inherited from his mother. The discovery of his many talents in high school has led him to say in later years, "I got more out of education in high school than anywhere else."

Don Hunter was a strong influence during Rukie's formative years. It was Don's father, Swift Hunter, who sparked Rukie's interest in minerals. Swift's family was originally from Herrodsville, Kentucky, and Swift had been the chief assayer for Anaconda Copper Mining Company for 30 years. According to Rukie, Don was a brilliant person, with a photographic memory. He graduated from high school at 15. He worked at logging and mining, at shipyards, and on ranches. "You name it, he'd done it." He occasionally went to San Francisco to visit with the stevedores down on the wharf, his old friends. On his last visit, he was hit on the back of the head with a sandbag and suffered a severe concussion, which led to his death. He jumped from a window of the Clift Hotel.

Keri "was always impressed with the fact that Don was a giant of a man. He had huge hands and gave the impression that he could handle any situation." Although he was of normal height, he had an extremely large bone structure. According to Keri, "He was a very sensitive, tender person. He treated Rukie as his own son." Rukie's feelings toward Don were very warm. "If I did something that was wrong, he would just say 'I wish you hadn't done that,' and I felt like going out and hanging myself; I wanted so much to please him."

Don's death was a great shock to his two adopted children. Keri remembers Rukie having to call Barby in Montana. Though it was the tragedy of their lives, Rukie found the words: "It's not the end of the world, honey; don't forget how much we love you." Rukie had Keri, but Barby - who would take care of her? "She is godmother to our son Daniel and is generous of mind and spirit; she is loved and respected by her family and associates."

When it was time for college, Rukie wanted to attend the University of Arizona, but was quickly squelched with a strong right hand across the side of the face delivered by mother Mary, who then announced that he would certainly not be that ungrateful. The University of Montana would be his choice for a higher education.

During the subsequent years in Montana, Rukie became strongly interested in the artifacts, dress, dances, tools, and lore of the Blackfoot Indians who lived in the area. He still remembers their summer encampments. They made smoked moccasins and buckskin shirts and jackets. The tepees were made of lodgepoles covered with elaborately decorated canvas. Although he was never able to walk into the camp, it was alluring to him. This unfulfilled craving to understand other cultures was the deciding factor in his choosing to study anthropology and sociology at the

university. Of the memories Rukie cherishes, skiing during those college days is recalled with greatest relish. The ranch gang was called the "mad morons," and consisted of Potters, Stone, Erickson, and Vietors.

"Our skiing began at a time before there were any conveniences, such as chair lifts. We used to start early in the morning, using seal-skin climbers strapped to the bottoms of our wooden skis. We climbed until after lunch, then enjoyed the forty-five minute ride home. It was a great day when the first rope tow was installed at Diamond Mountain outside of Missoula. During college days, we would occasionally visit Sun Valley, which was the ultimate of luxury." On weekends, they would ski up and down every run all day long using a rope tow. When any of the group "clobbered up royally" or did an "eggbeater," everyone doubled up with cheers and hilarious laughter. It was on one of those weekends that Rukie met the California girl who had never seen a snowflake. After Keri ran over Rukie and several of his friends, he suggested that if she ever wanted to go skiing to call him and he would give her a ride to Diamond Mountain. Keri later told him that it was a strange invitation for a "date."

Their official first date was a trip to Big Mountain in Whitefish, Montana. The weekend was heavily chaperoned,

and there was no "hanky panky!" However, Rukie remembers Keri sitting on his lap, the constant glare of the chaperone shaking her head in a negative wag, and her pointing finger of disapproval. According to Rukie, "it had little effect." That weekend, Keri had her first instruction in controlled skiing. She learned to "snowplow" and then how to "shush" the mountain. The instructor, Tony Matt, was one of the early ski pros teaching rotation and shoulder technique. Rukie and Keri have watched the development of the sport over the past 35 to 40 years. "The ski resorts of Colorado and Utah are almost all new since we began with edgeless wooden skis."

Keri recalls her first impression when Rukie first took her to the ranch to meet Don and Mary. She was impressed with the décor and interested in Rukie's collection of Indian implements and beadwork on scabbards for guns and quivers. The knives, arrowheads, rocks, and minerals were all things one found in a museum "and here they were in his bedroom." His hobby began in his early days, and he is known today as a "collector of collections." The Jelks home is a fascinating live-in gallery portraying the accumulation of travels over the world, along with art and including paintings and bronzes almost all done by friends of the family.

Through the connections with M.A. Hanna Company (Mary Hunter's mother was a Hanna), Rukie found employment with Hercules Powder Company. He had a natural inclination to become a technical service explosive engineer or "powder monkey." He loved to blow things up. He looks back on the experience with fondness, not only because of what he learned but because of the "great people" he met. The company brought Rukie and Keri to Arizona, and Rukie traveled throughout Arizona; Hidalgo County, New Mexico; Clark County, Nevada; and Imperial County, California, peddling dynamite.

Their first son, Rukin III, was born in 1954, and "the handwriting was on the wall" for the job. His traveling salesman days were over; he was now a "family man, "Granny Gillett (Rascha) took care of baby Ruk while the young couple went ranch hunting in California. Rukie's oldest cousin, Coburn Haskell, showed them around Marysville, and they looked at many properties. He kept telling them "you don't need this one" or "you don't need that one." Subsequently, "Coby bought one of them and did well with the investment." Mary's attitude towards Rukie and Keri taking up ranching was negative. She said with finality, "You're not a rancher." According to Rukie, "Mary was the

type of mother who still thought you were a child when you were 45 year old."

Rukie and Keri stayed in Phoenix and together with an old family friend, Peter Gillham, Rukie became involved in the cattle business. Peter and Rukie pastured cattle on Bermuda grass in the Arlington area and ended up leasing the Hurley Feed Pens in Phoenix and the Chet Fuller Feed Pens in Litchfield. The cattle market crashed about 1956, and second son Daniel Hunter was born. Rukie left the cattle business and sold a product called "Activite." The business failed because of insufficient promotional expertise. Rukie still believes in the product today, but thinks they were 20 years ahead of their time.

Rukie's life-long interest in antique weapons led him into business with another acquaintance, Dick Wurtz. Dick's family owned Rancho Grande, where Don and Mary met. The business expanded and contracted, but generally it thrived for about 15 years in Phoenix and Scottsdale. It was called the Pioneer Gun Shop. During those years Rukie became involved in numerous community activities. He was president of "20-30" and was an active member of Phoenix Thunderbirds, Rotary Club #100, and later Midtown Rotary. He was a charter member of the Men's Art Council, Arizona

Mexico Commission, a member of the Maricopa County Jeep Posse, and was also active in the Y.M.C.A.

Though involvements with community were strenuous and time consuming, family always came first. Every school holiday was spent camping in Mexico, skiing in Utah, fishing in California, and exposing the boys to sites away from the city. But dissatisfaction with their lifestyle in Phoenix grew during the early '70s. Keri remembers driving home from a cocktail party in Phoenix one night, when a car full of rowdy boys "sailed through a red light as Rukie was making a left turn, giving them 'the signal'." "That does it!" Rukie exploded. "I hate Phoenix, Arizona," and pounded on the dashboard of the "fashionable blue Cadillac until it broke into pieces." He had had it. They both knew that they were ready to leave the city life and the search was on for a new home, a new atmosphere, and the ideal climate. This led us to Canelo in southern Arizona and a ranch near Tucson, where Rukie's father lived.

In 1973, they moved into their present home on the Diamond C Ranch, and in spite of all the caution over involvement in civic duties, Rukie became more involved with the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Having served on the Advisory Council and on the board while living in Phoenix. Living closer to Tucson brought enough involvement that

Rukie was elected to serve as president of the board of trustees in 1978. This came about because Rukie had been responsible for the early acquisition of the minerals for the present Congden Earth Science Center.

The family ranch is owned in partnership among Keri, Rukie, and their sons. The goal is to consolidate and build the Diamond C Ranch through land trades and acquisition of adjacent properties. This is being done with the help of the Page Land and Cattle Company, the same company that Rukin, Sr., used many years ago. This consolidation reverses the trend in Arizona to subdivide ranches. Southern Arizona was once dominated by large, prosperous cattle ranches. Currently the ranch consists of the Diamond C (in Lyle Canyon near Canelo); the old Houston homestead, originally settled by Walter Houston in the late 1800s, called "the Sycamore." Where Dan is building; and the Triangle M, also a part of the Houston ranch, where Rukin III and family lives. Rukie hopes to preserve this way of life for his descendants. The ranch presently runs a crossbred cow/calf operation, with approximately fifty percent privately owned and fifty percent forest lease land. The ranch is run by the family and also has a Mexican foreman, Joe Quiroga, reminiscent of Rukie's early days as a child on the X9.

Rukie finds it hard to talk about himself, although he does like to relate experiences. He loves people and has enjoyed meeting them over much of the world during the extensive travels that he and Keri have made. There are certain memories that he considers unique. As a teenager in Montana, he saw what is now described as a UFO. Many years later, in 1973, during a cruise to West Africa, he met Allen Hynek, the famous investigator of UFOs. Astoundingly, the sighting coincided with the earliest contemporary UFO reports.

Rukie has often had experiences of "déjà vu" and has, from time to time, mentioned them to Keri. He feels that he is responsible for his own destiny but also believes that he has been watched over and perhaps guided. He and Keri have experienced many "small-world" situations. He knew the writer's father for years, from the "Los Charros" ride, even though he didn't make the connection when he approached him to work on this history. He feels extremely fortunate to have met strangers who have turned out to be friends through mutual acquaintances. Rukin travels in a very wide social spectrum, believing that the adversities that many have to endure build character not always evident among the affluent. He is currently involved with the National Cattlemen's Association, The Arizona Cattle

Association, and the Society for Range Management and serves as a member of the Arizona Beef Council and the Center for Holistic Resource Management.

Keri and Rukie center their interests in their children. The following piece was first written several years ago and then revised in March 1986. The boys are in a very fluid period of their lives, and were a sketch to be written on them five years from now, it would need revision again. The following is a tribute to theirs mother's love for them and will be a lasting interest to their children.

The Jelks are still a close family, working together. Naturally we have our good and bad times, because we live so nearby. It isn't because we see too much of one another; quite the contrary. It is very easy to become so involved in each of our own personal worlds that we unintentionally neglect each other. There are the bad times, but I think that being aware of the nature of the problem practically cures what's wrong. In any event, we are all trying very hard, and we all want to be good friends and to understand one another's feelings.

Rukin used to say, with too much frequency as far as I was concerned, "We'll judge our children by our grandchildren." If that's the criteria, I'm so proud it's sinful. Our grandchildren are precious to us; they are

beautiful, bright, uninhibited, and well behaved. Young Ruk, our firstborn, is a very good, strong father to his girls Robin, Rory, Tarey, and Hanna and loves them with all his heart. He is considerate, fair, and respectful that they are delicate young people with tender feelings or "feelers," as the boys used to call those. Ruk has the unique blessing and gift of good judgment. He is most sympathetic toward those who live an uncomplicated life without the frills of unnecessary luxuries. He loves hunting and fishing best of all, and he has a hunting dog, Jack, who adores him. Ruk is an excellent shot and has a stash in his freezer, boasting duck, quail, dove, venison, antelope, javelina, and fresh saltwater fish. Since he was a very little boy he has been fascinated with motorcycles and airplanes, and is building an airplane hangar and runway for his Cessna 185 near his home. He has his pilot's license and also a motorcycle that serves as a useful tool to round up cattle. He has a great talent for welding, which is indispensable to his chores on the ranch.

Ruk has a good, rugged appearance, with a deep cleft chin. His routine of rounding up cattle, branding, fence building, and serving as farrier to the horses all keep him strong, tanned, and trim.

Our daughter-in-law, Peggy, is more than a daughter. She is a dear friend. I admire many of her qualities: her spunk, her good snap reactions and decisions, and her loving kindness, which is boundless. Above all, she is the most wonderful mother I have ever seen. She and Ruk have a special closeness; their bond in marriage is exceptional. They have a good sense of humor, a major necessity to make a successful union.

Danny, the sensitive member of our trio of boys, is the middle child. He is tall and lean with fine, handsome features. He has a dimple in his cheek, a chiseled cleft in his chin, and a crooked smile when he is self-conscious. He is absolutely oblivious to his good looks, which is refreshing. Danny has many interests and enjoys unusual people. Perhaps his select group of friends is chosen because of their intellect and talent. The field of marine biology has been a source of much interest to him. The photography of undersea life, as well as the subject of freshwater aquaculture, is something he may pursue as a vocation. He absorbs a great deal through his reading, as well as through his extensive travels, and he retains everything well.

He has built an adobe house on the ranch in a remote area over primitive roads with many gates to open to reach

his peaceful haven. He made each adobe by hand, constructing the structure with his dear friend, Paul Thornburg, his pal since school days at Patagonia High School. His home has many interesting facets, with petrified wood, fossils imbedded in rocks, and fascinating objects acquired during his travels to visit mysterious places and people. His home tells a story. Danny is compassionate and very understanding. He also has a wild temper that he has had to overcome as best he can. His frustrations and feelings, when backed into a corner, are what blow the safety valve in his disposition.

Danny has found the love of his life, Barbara Ann Kinney, of Seattle, Washington, whom he met while on a marine biology trip in Roatan, Honduras. She is a relaxed, loving, kind, and generous person. Danny and Barbara enjoy the ocean, with all its attributes. The sea life, the garden beneath the sea, seashells and boats, sailing, fishing, and beachcombing are things they share a love for. Barbara brings the best out of Danny and his love for her is deep and devoted. They were married April 5, 1986, on the yacht Malibu on Lake Washington.

Jimmy, the youngest boy, has had all the benefits of watching his older brothers. "There are two kinds of people: the ones who profit by others' mistakes and those

who make their own mistakes." Jimmy is a blend of that statement. He is extremely gregarious and loves people but is intolerant at the same time (probably his youth showing up!). His intense interest will always make him happy. Jimmy is very knowledgeable about the performers of modern jazz. He enjoys the classics, as well, and plays the drums well enough to be a professional. His good nature attracts everyone, and I doubt there has ever been a "stranger" to him. He meets people so well and is genuine in his feelings. He and Danny have traveled a great deal and have enjoyed exploring faraway corners of this earth. With a variety of interests and being very creative, it is hard for him to settle down to one project. With his artistic nature and ability, he certainly has the potential to be successful in the arts. His good looks are a magnetic force. His dark, thick, curly hair, piercing dark brown eyes, and an engaging smile are irresistible to everyone. Jimmy is a good athlete and enjoys soccer, tennis, and hiking. He has a vitality and enthusiasm that makes the sun shine wherever he goes.

Our boys are fine people, and I can say without reservation they are our very best friends and the nicest people I know. We are proud of all their accomplishments, but most of all, their sterling qualities.

CAROLYN LOUISE GILLETT JELKS

Keri was born in Los Angeles, California, 12 April 1931 and lived in Laguna Beach throughout her childhood. She attended Sacred Heart Convent from the first through the sixth grades and then went to Laguna Beach Junior High School. When World War II broke out, she moved with her parents to West Los Angeles, where her father was president of Harvill Corporation. She graduated from Marymount High School. She remembers her early years in Laguna Beach:

The war years are still vivid in my mind. Living on the coast was dramatic. We observed opaque window shade rules. If anyone didn't obey the strict rules, the Civil Defense worker came to the house and enforced them. The streetlights were painted black on one side, and cars had to drive with their lights dimmed. When Mama and I would go to see a movie, the whole audience would stand for the pledge of allegiance and sing "God Bless America" before the movie started. A tray was sent across the aisles for donations for the Red Cross. Everyone contributed what they could. Too often, the owner of the movie house would come on stage and announce that one of the boys of Laguna Beach had been killed in action. Of course, the newsreel

came on first and the audience hissed and booed when Hitler and Mussolini appeared on the screen.

My mother almost made a game of the ration stamps. She loved to bake, but sugar, chocolate, and most baking ingredients were dear. She and her best friend would call each other after grocery shopping and compare notes on what they were able to get. Everything was scarce, and the grocery store shelves were almost bare. Most of the commodities that we take for granted were rationed. Hardly anyone traveled any distance by car, and we all used the Greyhound bus to go anywhere out of town.

Los Angeles was our nearest big city. Once when Mama and I "went to town," as we called it, we sat in the rear of the bus on the long padded bench. A sailor fell asleep on my shoulder and I nudged Mama, pointing to my burden. She put her finger to her mouth to say, "Let him sleep." I was about nine years old and the young sailor couldn't have been more than 19 years old.

The "war effort" involved every single man (and they were few), woman, and child in the town. Mama belonged to the Red Cross and rolled bandages and knitted scarves and booties for soldiers in the freezing zones of Germany. The children saved tin foil from rationed packages of cigarettes and chewing gum. We rolled it into a big ball

weighing at least ten pounds and were given five to ten dollars, depending on the weight. Copper pennies were nonexistent; we used a metal ore penny the color of lead.

My mother listened to the news constantly. One day I came home with firsthand news that Mussolini died. Her reaction to my great news was, "He did not!" Well, he did, and Mama was later pleased that I was that observant and knew a war was going on. My life was very uncomplicated then, and I had few problems to worry about.

About that time Keri experienced an "identity crisis" and wanted a nickname because she thought Carolyn was too formal. Her father suggested "Carrie," since that was the name everyone called his mother, whom she was named for. "But Daddy, that's so old fashioned," she groaned. "Well," he mused, "You could spell it Keri." That was "perfect," and she has been called Keri ever since. She loved the outdoors. She was a tomboy and spent "many happy years on the uncrowded beaches in Southern California."

Keri wanted to become a nurse after high school graduation, but her family felt that "a young lady would find a better education in more suitable surroundings, not emptying bedpans," and she was encouraged to attend the business administration school. She chose the University of Montana because her two childhood friends, Sylvia and

Nancy, were also going away to school. Her father grumbled, "Montana doesn't even have a good football team"; then, "She'll probably marry some damned cowboy." Her mother, always supportive, defended her: "Carolyn will be just fine; let her go."

The University Pan Hellenic group conducted the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi contest each year. Two girls from each sorority were invited to compete, and wouldn't you know - the two girls from California, Nancy and Keri, were chosen from the Kappa house. The Sigma Chi fraternity entertained all of us at weekly functions at the fraternity house. It was loads of fun, and Nancy and I were thrilled to participate. We met everyone in the Sigma House, and each of us found our favorite. Mine was a big football player type, and his name was so odd I couldn't remember what it was. I looked for him around campus to no avail, and one Sunday, while trying my new skills at skiing on Diamond Mountain, who should I run into literally, but Rukin Jelks. He invited me to go skiing some time, and we had fun together all afternoon on the slopes - the beginning of our romance. I wasn't chosen to be sweetheart of Sigma Chi, but did join three other girls as a runner-up.

Rukin gave me his fraternity pin, and I was given the traditional "Fraternity Serenade" while I stood on the balcony of the Kappa House. Surrounded by my sorority sisters, we watched the men standing and singing ankle deep in the snow in 20-degree-below-zero weather.

Nancy's beau from the Sigma Chi house was Bruce Anderson. They were married just after our wedding, and Nancy and I were each other's maid and matron of honor. Our courtship was wholesome! Rukin took me deer hunting when we weren't skiing, or we hunted for gophers on the ranch to shoot with a .22. We both enjoyed the outdoors, and our relationship was always one of a strong friendship from the beginning.

We were married in Pasadena, California, at the St. James Episcopal Church. It was a beautiful occasion, and the ceremony was held on a Sunday, because I had planned since I was a youngster to have my wedding on the loveliest day of the week. The reception was held at the home of the parents of my chum Nancy. The garden setting was beautiful. All our relatives on both sides were there to witness the occasion, and everyone celebrated during the reception. Rukie's grandma Lillian and My "Papa" even toasted with champagne. As the black limousine drove us to the airport, we looked at each other and without saying,

but each thinking, "What have I just done!" We spent our honeymoon on the beach in Hawaii. Our special vacation without responsibilities, just having fun one day after another, was a once-in-a-lifetime experience for the bride and groom. Perfect.

I had never been to Arizona, and Rukie wanted to have a visit with his dad and Frances in Tucson, so we extended the honeymoon with a trip to Arizona. Rukin and Frances were thrilled to see us. We had such fun together. We drove to Nogales for shopping and lunch, then on to the village of Magdalena, Mexico, to see Frances' favorite little church, painted sky blue and trimmed in white. We were enjoying each other and our travels so much that it seemed a good idea to go back to Tucson, pack up, and drive to Mexico City! I was agog, needless to say, and could hardly keep my feet on the ground, with all the excitement since our marriage. Rukin prepared a delicious steak on the barbecue and Frances prepared a beautiful green salad for dinner. We planned our forthcoming journey to Mexico and retired early for a fresh start in the morning.

A middle-of-the night telephone call brought us the shattering news of Don's death in San Francisco. I can remember not being able to swallow, my mouth was so dry, and the grey, stunned expression on my new mate's face was

frightening. Frances brought us each a glass of water and comforted us each as well as she could, considering this dreadful communication. Next day, we flew to San Francisco to be with Mary. The sedation she was given was barely helping her, and I'll always remember her wails of grief in the hotel bedroom. There were many details to attend to; I mentioned a few days later that we should call my family to tell them what had happened and where we were. My mother sounded exceptionally sad over this news, and then she told me that my grandfather, darling Sepsell, had been killed in an automobile accident after visiting her over Memorial Day. A double tragedy.

Rukie helped with all the arrangements for Don, and we returned to Montana. When Mary was recovered enough to attend a memorial service, she also returned to the ranch in Greenough. She had to dispose of the ranch itself and all the contents. Many of our antique furnishings were given to us by Mary. It was a very difficult time and a jolt to the young couple for whom most of their sheltered lives had held few serious burdens. Rukie and I found a charming little abode near the university where we "played house." The three-room basement apartment was our nest while my new husband studied courses in anthropology and geology.

After graduation, Rukie went into training with the Hercules Powder Company in Wilmington, Delaware, where the couple spent six months. Keri recalls that brief time with bittersweet humor:

It was far different from my western background. I enjoyed the changing colors in the fall; they were brisk, fun days, but it was a cold grey winter. With my husband gone all the time training with Hercules, I was miserable. I had never been left alone, so of course had never experienced being lonely or sad, or frustrated, or scared at night by myself.

A good friend of the family, Skipper Lofting, would refer to Keri as the "widow, with her head buried in the crook of her arm." Rukie was transferred to Phoenix, Arizona, where the couple was to make their home and raise their family for the next 20 years. When Keri decided it was time to have a family, Rukie was aghast and said, "I'm too young to be a father." Keri was ready to be a mother then, although "I was so naïve that I thought it would be like taking care of a puppy. I said to Rukie, when little Ruk was brought to my bedside in the hospital, 'Look, his eyes are already open! Isn't he wonderful!'"

Rukie involved Keri in his work at Hercules by cajoling her into typing up all his reports. She must have

done a pretty good job, because when baby Ruk was born and Keri came home from the hospital, Rukie had a chair pulled up to the typewriter, with a pillow on it - ready for her to type his reports. Being new to the community in Phoenix with a new husband still traveling a great deal posed somewhat of a problem: where to find some friends. "I joined my sorority alumni group, and these young matrons were to be my dearest friends, and almost all their husbands are Sigma Chis, so we had a common bond." At one of the early sorority functions, Keri attended a potluck dinner. She was asked to bring eating utensils. At the end of the evening, she found that she was missing a spoon. She went to the kitchen and asked the girl washing the dishes if she had seen it. The dishwasher asked what it looked like, and Keri said, "It's sterling silver." Her friend said, "Why in the world would you bring sterling silver to a potluck dinner?" Nobody knew that it was all she had.

On top of raising three little boys, Rukin III, Daniel, and James, Keri was actively engaged in the Junior League of Phoenix. She was chairman of the Arts Council, president of Kappa Kappa Gamma Alumnae, a volunteer for the Visiting Nurse Service, a member of the Barrows Neurological Foundation, was appointed to the Parks and

Recreation Board of Phoenix, and was also a member of a creative stitchery organization, the Family Arts Exchange. She also played tennis at every opportunity. Keri kept her family very close, and the five of them shared experiences throughout the children's growing years. Together they went hunting, fishing, camping, skiing, scuba diving, and playing tennis. Keri most enjoys sewing, gourmet cooking, needlework, and creative writing. Most recently her consuming interest is oil painting. She recalls many gratifying memories of raising three sons with the "love of my life, Rukie." In their home, "Father was the head of the house, and Mother was the heart of the home." Keri's relationship to her boys came out in a conversation between her son Ruk and his wife Peggy. Her daughter-in-law complained, "Why don't you understand women? You had a mother!" Ruk replied, "But Mom was just one of the boys!"

The social and civic obligations in Phoenix were enormous. Rukie and Keri had promised from early on in their marriage that they could always make a change in their lives. They made their home for 20 years in Phoenix. Most of those years were spent in "a beautiful Mediterranean two-story home located in a citrus orchard, with an acre of lawn to play baseball and football." When they left Phoenix, they found an abandoned, dilapidated

quest ranch that Rukie thought had possibilities, located in the southern part of Arizona near the Mexican border in a remote setting 22 miles from any conveniences. Keri says now of the remote location, "I have always felt I would follow Rukie to the end of the earth, and when we set up housekeeping at the ranch, I knew I had arrived."

The ranch name convinced Keri that it had to be theirs. It was the Diamond C. Keri's birthstone is the diamond and her first initial is *c*. "What more did we need?" Rukie and the boys, aged 19, 16, and 12, worked together reconstructing the house during the summer while Keri packed up the accumulation of 20 years. Each weekend Keri's "men" came home worn out, but excited about their new life and took a new load of storage to the ranch on Monday.

Young Ruk had flown the nest and followed his Dad's advice to learn a trade. He went to the ABC School of Welding in Phoenix, off Buckeye Road. One of Keri's "fancy Scottsdale friends" remarked at a cocktail party before they moved to the ranch, "Tell me, Keri, where will Rukin III attend college?" Keri responded, "He is going to the welding school." Her friend gushed in reply, "Oh, of course, the Welding School for Boys; isn't that in New

Hampshire, or is it in Boston?" Keri and Rukie agreed - it was definitely time for the Jelks to make a move.

Danny and Jimmy enrolled in Patagonia High School, which was 32 miles and an hour and a half on the school bus over dusty washboard roads. The "city boys" made a natural transition to the rural life. Keri asked Jimmy one afternoon, "Are the kids different here in the country?" "Sure are," he exclaimed, "I have a girl in my class who had her nose bit off by a horse!"

It was a difficult adjustment for Keri. Suddenly, she realized she had no friends out there: young Ruk was not at home, Rukie was totally immersed in all the ranch projects, and there were "wetbacks," plumbers, carpenters, roofer, and painters to feed three times a day. But the setting was beautiful. The family would sit on the patio at dusk and "listing to the quiet. It was peaceful in contrast to the city. The climate was so different with rains each afternoon during the summer, freezing cold and snow during the winter and the spring time, and the Huachuca Mountains exposing all the migratory birds that pass through annually."

Keri enjoys raising her chickens, collecting colorful eggs, and gardening. She loves to watch the horses graze in the front pasture. Paloma, a white German Shepherd, and

Barney, Danny's beloved Golden Retriever, "wax watchful to keep the horses and the raven, Ichabod, from being too familiar. All these and Cozette, the grey striped, blue-eyed cat, demanding attention," are a part of Keri's life in the country. She gets many hours of contentment from here self-contained studio, where she pours and cast molds. There is a big kiln to fire and "wonderful brushes" to decorate her ceramics - "primitives" as Rukie affectionately calls them. Soft music adds to the atmosphere. The byline "Cowbelle Corner" that appears in the Nogales International, the local weekly newspaper, partially satisfies Keri's craving to write. Being of a gregarious nature, she had to find some friends and joined a local group of women named "Cowbelles." They all looked the same at first, with their natural grey hair, faded levis, hands with veins standing up from hard work, and "a winning smile on each suntanned face." These ladies were united in the beginning because there were so few opportunities to visit, living so far from one another. Now they are a national organization of ranch wives who support their husbands in promoting beef. Keri's experience in organizations in the city had been useful, and she spent the year 1983-84 serving as the president to Arizona State Cowbelles. According to her, she has "made

the transition in ten years to the rural life," and even though her neighbor calls her the "Urban Cowbelle," she feels most comfortable with her recent genuine friends. Rukin, always supportive, travels with her throughout the state, and they share their ranch problems and experiences together.

PEGGY BOICE RUBEL

My great-great-grandfather, Joseph Gudgell, was a prominent farmer and stockman of Bath County, Kentucky, in the heart of the blue-grass country. Before the Civil War, he was compelled to take title to 480 acres of land located near Greenwood, Jackson County, Missouri, in payment of a debt. Although this acreage later became a part of our family's cattle operations, Joseph never saw the land and had little interest in it.

His interest remained in Kentucky where he and his friend, Thomas A. Simpson, formed a strong partnership, specializing in mules, fitting them for sale and disposing of them in various sections of the South. Joseph Gudgell died in 1864, leaving two young sons, Charles and James, with the request that they become wards of his business partner, Thomas A. Simpson.

After Joseph's death, Simpson remained in Kentucky. The two wards, Charles and James, entered the banking business in Kansas City and owned a small interest in a range cattle firm with ranches in Colorado and Montana. In 1870 Simpson moved to Missouri, operating a livery stable at Pleasant Hill. He branched out into raising and training fine horses. He persuaded Charles and James to

leave Kansas City and join him in his operations at Pleasant Hill, which included the 480-acre Greenwood farm inherited from their father.

They formed a partnership, Gudgell and Simpson, consisting of all three men: Thomas A. Simpson; my great-grandfather, Charles S. Gudgell; and his brother, James R. Gudgell. The partnership was to engage in livestock activities from the time the three men came together in Missouri in 1870. Gudgell and Simpson founded the first Hereford herd in Missouri and the second such herd west of the Missouri River. "It became the greatest Hereford breeding establishment ever known in America," according to Henry W. Vaughan in Breeds of Live Stock in America.

The Hereford Breed was founded out of necessity in 1742 in the county of Herefordshire, England, to meet the needs of an expanding food market created by Britain's Industrial Revolution. Thrifty and enterprising farmers were determined to produce a high yield of beef with economical efficiency. The result was the creation of the Hereford Breed that met this goal and also contained valuable characteristics in their uniformity of color (red with white face), early maturity and prolificacy, hardiness, and the ability to thrive under adverse conditions.

In 1881 Simpson went to England to investigate and perhaps import some Herefords for their operation in Missouri. James, the younger of the two brothers, accompanied Simpson to England and they did procure 100 Hereford cows, which were imported to Pleasant Hill. Also procured at that time was the famed bull, Anxiety IV.

Anxiety IV was selected because, as Simpson is quoted as saying, he "had a hind end on him" [http://www.kcstar.com], and "he was the thickest hindquartered bull they could find in all of England." [http://www.msu.edu/~ritchieh/historical/cattletype.html]

The careful breeding of Anxiety IV by Gudgell and Simpson further enlarged the hindquarters of Anxiety IV's calves, improved the mellowness of flesh, and even sped up the maturing process. "No contemporary herd came close to matching the contributions of Gudgell & Simpson and no bull that of Anxiety the 4th." [http://www.kcstar.com]

James was not as well known in the cattle business as his brother, Charles, because he died early in life, in 1897. However, during his lifetime James was very instrumental in persuading the partnership to invest in the Herefords. He also accompanied Simpson on his next trip to England in 1882, resulting in the procurement of an

additional 100 Herefords, mostly females, as well as a number of Angus.

In 1877 Gudgell and Simpson became instrumental in moving herds to mountain states and the northwest United States. Through auction held at the Kansas City stockyards, it was written about the Gudgell and Simpson cattle:

Four years later, they were to gain everlasting renown in the Hereford world through importing and concentrating on the great young sire, Anxiety 4. No other bull comes close to the stature of Anxiety 4 for he is often credited as being the 'Father of American Herefords' and 'the bull that gave Herefords hindquarters.' Today, he is the common ancestor of nearly all Hereford cattle in this country. [http://www.ansi.okstate.edu/breeds/cattle/hereford]

Anxiety IV was used for ten years from 1881 to 1891, and left 174 registered calves. In addition to these, there were a number of his bull calves that were never registered as legacy. Anxiety IV was never sold and died on the property of Gudgell and Simpson.

In 1883 the Gudgell and Simpson partnership moved its principal breeding operation to a farm 33-1/2 miles northeast of Independence, Missouri. They retained the Greenwood Farm (Pleasant Hill) and later also acquired a

farm at Richmond, Kansas. By 1904, they were operating three farms containing 1700 acres and were carrying approximately 750 Herefords.

Following the death of James Gudgell in 1897, my great-grandfather, Charles Gudgell, and Thomas Simpson developed an ideal partnership. Gudgell was a college man knowledgeable in business administration and capable of looking after the business affairs of the operation. He kept the records, named the animals, and prepared the sales catalogues.

Simpson, with a practical knowledge of livestock and an ability to plan matings and discern the possibilities of individuals, employed his talents in primarily running the ranch operations of the breed, although always assisted by Gudgell.

No breeding concern in Hereford history has ever placed more emphasis upon good females than Gudgell and Simpson. Both male and female lines of descent took their names from the dams. It was customary to give the bulls a name beginning with the same letter of the alphabet that began the dam's name and to give the females the name of the dam with a number suffix. This plan originated with my great-grandfather, Charles Gudgell, who devoted many hours of study to properly naming a herd.

The partnership of Gudgell and Simpson dissolved upon the death of Simpson in 1904, but my great-grandfather carried on its operation until he found it too difficult to continue on his own. In 1916 he decided to sell the herd and held a sale on the old farm near Independence, Missouri, on June 28-29, 1916. The sale was followed by a banquet held in the Baltimore Hotel in Kansas City for the visiting breeders that had come from New England to California and from Montana to Mississippi to bid for the prized herd. The total realized for 175 head was $95,260, an average of $544 per animal.

It has been written:

Thus passed into history America's most noted herd of beef cattle, the herd that did more to improve the quality of American beef than any other of any breed. It was truly a scattering of good seed that went into good hands, was carefully nurtured and brought forth an abundant harvest for the Hereford breed.

[http://www.eskimo.com/_bgudgel/gudgarc3]

Following the sale, my great-grandparents moved to Pasadena, California, and, with a new house almost completed, Charles Gudgell died on September 30, 1916, survived by his wife, Laura Bell, and their three children: Frank O. Gudgell, Charles D. Gudgell, and LuBelle Gudgell.

LuBelle Gudgell, daughter of Charles Gudgell (my grandmother) married Henry S. Boice. They had five children: Henry G. Boice (my father), Frank S. Boice, LuBelle Boice, Helen Boice and Charles Boice.

My grandfather, Henry S. Boice, ran cattle in Montana with the Berry-Boice Cattle Co.

He began the operation of the H. S. Boice Cattle Company at the Point of Rocks ranch in Oklahoma, breeding commercial Herefords sired by Gudgell and Simpson bulls. He obtained these bulls after the closing of the XIT, a large cattle operation in Texas. He was unique in ranch life because he did not smoke, drink or use profanity.

Henry S. Boice wanted to provide a better opportunity for his children's learning so he moved the family to Kansas City, Missouri, for the winters, returning the whole family to the ranch in the summers, where his two older boys, Henry and Frank, actively participated in the ranching operation starting at ages 6-1/2 and 5, respectively.

The ranch was quite isolated and, in order to reach it from Kansas City, it was necessary for the family to first take a train from Kansas City, Missouri, into Oklahoma, and then endure a two-day buggy ride from the railroad station in Oklahoma to the ranch headquarters. My grandmother

moved their five small children over this route of train and buggy each summer and then repeated the transfer back to Kansas City each winter. She was one tough lady!

In addition, at some point in her life she had the time to pursue her hobby of painting. She did a portrait of my father at age 6 months and also a painting of Anxiety IV. I remember this latter painting hanging over my father's desk for many years.

In 1905-1906 my grandfather had to close down the H. S. Boice Cattle Company. A heavy influx of settlers lured by fanciful claims and homestead laws, coupled with a severe and extended drought, led to a very low cattle market.

Other cattle companies in operation at the time also experienced the effect of the low market. Foremost among these companies was the XIT, created by an exchange of land involving the construction of the Texas State Capitol building in Austin. A large operation, the XIT (X=Ten, I=in, T=Texas) covered ten Texas counties. After years of operation without being able to pay a dividend, the directors of XIT decided to sell it off and offered my grandfather the position of managing the close-out of the last of its great herd in Texas. My grandfather accepted the offer, moved his family to Channing, Texas, and for

seven years successfully ran the operation until the close-out was completed in 1912.

Another cattle company affected by the low market was the Chiricahua Cattle Company in Arizona, usually referred to as the Three C's (CCC), with a left-side brand that put a C on the jaw, shoulder, and hip of the animals in its herd. Together with W. D. Johnson of Kansas City, my grandfather had earlier purchased an interest in the Three C's. In 1908 he and Johnson, with C.W. Gates, took over the operation of the Three C's, officially changing the name to Boice, Gates and Johnson.

Also, in 1908, my grandfather bought out the Block Ranch in the Carrizozo-Roswell area of New Mexico, a huge range operation. When he became General Manager of the Three C's in southern Arizona, he sold his Block holdings, but there was an interval in his life when he was running the operations at the three ranches all at the same time: the XIT in Texas, the Block Ranch in New Mexico, and the Three C's in Arizona.

Among his last chores for the XIT in 1912, my grandfather liquidated the ranch's huge Gudgell and Simpson purebred herd, selling 400 cows to the Tod ranch in Kansas and, with the XIT directors' consent, buying the remaining 400 head himself at the same price to stock the Three C's

operation in the Sulphur Springs Valley and on the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona.

In 1914, my grandfather, H. S. Boice, wrote:

During the last six years I have given most of my time to the breeding ranch of Boice, Gates and Johnson, formerly known as the Chiricahua Cattle Co., or CCC outfit, in southern Arizona. It is one of the oldest herds in the state and has been one of the best improved for many years, though we have materially improved it and it is still in the process of improvement.

My grandfather died in December 1919 in Pasadena, California.

Two years prior to this, his older son, my father, Henry G. Boice, at the age of 24, had to take over his father's ranching operation because of my grandfather's retirement and eventual ill health. After World War I, my uncle, Frank Boice, moved to Arizona to join my father in the management of the ranches. The two brothers were very close and always made their decisions together.

The family had been running cattle on the San Carlos and Fort Apache Reservations but, when the San Carlos Reservation Apache Indian Tribe decided to run its own cattle, the Boices and all white men lost their grazing leases and had to take their cattle off. Instead of

selling the herd, the brothers decided to purchase more ranches in southern Arizona and expand their operation. Within four years they bought four famed Arizona ranches: the Eureka, north of Wilcox, the Empire, north of Sonoita, the Rail X, between Patagonia and Sonoita, and the Arivaca, southwest of Tucson. It took six years to move 20,000 head from the reservations to these four ranches.

The Eureka Ranch was purchased in 1924, and Fred Barnett, a long-time foreman for the Boice brothers, resided at that ranch. The Empire Ranch was the next one purchased in 1928, and Uncle Frank and his family resided there. The third ranch bought, also in 1928, was the Rail X, and our family resided there. The last ranch bought in 1930 was the Arivaca, and the younger Boice son, Charlie, resided there.

The four ranches were commonly referred to as the "Cherry Cows" or the Three C's (Chiricahua Cattle Company) because of their location in the Chiricahua Mountains, taking in a large area of the Sulphur Springs Valley. Cowboys called the moon, "the Cherry Cow sun", because they would start work before the sun came up and didn't quit until it went down. One cowboy, Luis Romero, who had worked for the Cherry Cows at Arivaca most of his life,

described his life as "I work all day for $1 and work all night to keep my job!"

Daddy was the general manager of the four ranches. I remember him being gone a lot, especially during round-up time in the spring and fall.

The Boice brothers continued using Hereford bulls that came from the same bloodlines of the Gudgell and Simpson herd dispersed in 1916 at Independence, Missouri. This was made possible through transactions with his cousin, Albert Mitchell, whose father, Thomas E. Mitchell, had been a buyer at the 1916 sale of the Gudgell and Simpson herd.

On a trip to Phoenix to look at some steers at the Fred Tait farm, Daddy met my Mother, Margaret Ann Tait. The Tait farm was located where Sky Harbor Airport is today. The Taits came from Scotland to Illinois and then to Phoenix.

When my parents were married in 1924, after the honeymoon, Daddy took Mother as a bride from Phoenix to the Ash Flat Headquarters on the San Carlos Indian Reservation. This was a challenging situation for the bride, beginning with the first day when Daddy asked her to prepare dinner for the cowboys while he fed the horses. When Daddy returned from this chore, there was no dinner ready. Inquiring why there was no dinner ready, my mother

responded that it was because she couldn't find the cookbook. When the cowboys came in, they found my father elbow-deep in flour, making biscuits. To add insult to injury, the bride was then informed that they needed to sleep outside because of numerous fleas in the bedroom. Welcome Home!

In truth, Mother was a great cook, with or without a cookbook. The task assigned to her that first day as a newlywed in a new location was simply a matter of being unprepared to take on her new duties as a wife so quickly. It did not take long, however, for her to become famous for her wonderful food and beautifully prepared dinner parties. She also became highly involved in the arrangements and preparations for the ladies' luncheons and other functions of the American Cattle Growers Association.

There are still some local Indian cowboys living today who remember when my Mother was at the ranch, and there were no other women for miles around. Each morning the cowboys would buck their horses to show off their cowboy skills in true rodeo fashion for her. When she was not there, the Indian cowboys very calmly rode out each morning.

In 1921, at age 27, Daddy was elected Vice President of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. This

Association had been founded in 1904, had a strong beginning, but was now tapering off in effectiveness. There was a 50% drop in cow numbers due to the severe drought; no credit was available because there were no buyers; and the per-capita consumption of beef had dropped from 79 pounds in 1900 to 45 pounds.

Facing this challenge, Daddy was elected to and served as President of the Association through 1927. Being the longest serving President of the Association to this day, no President has ever surpassed his record in office. One of the first things he did was to establish the Arizona Livestock Show in Tucson. The Three C's received first place for a pen of yearling steers at the 1935 Show.

Daddy was a strong supporter of the Stock Show, believing that "you look at your own cattle all the time and you don't see what others are doing and that is not good." In addition, he would frequently advise that "every cowman needs to attend at least one stock show every year or two to keep abreast of the changes."

After going through periods of depression and drought during his reign, he left the position in 1927 with the membership rolls up and a surplus in the bank. I am proud of my family's contribution to the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, starting with my father Henry G. Boice. He,

my brother Fred Boice, my Uncle Frank Boice, and his son Pancho Boice have all served as president of the Association. To this day the Association is one of the strongest and most effective organizations in Arizona.

My parents had three children: Henry S. Boice, Margaret Ann Boice (me), and Fred Tait Boice. I was born in Phoenix on Christmas Day, December 25, 1927, and lived on the Rail X Ranch until I was ten years old.

My early recollection of living on the Rail X Ranch was primarily the wonderful opportunity of riding. I loved "to go with 'em" when they worked the cattle. I would make a rope halter and, just for something to do, would teach the doggie calves how to lead.

My older brother, Henry, died at the age of two, the year I was born. My younger brother, Fred, and I received our first schooling from a woman that came to the ranch from Patagonia.

Living at the Rail X was isolated as far as getting to play with other kids. We did, however, often play with our cousins, Pancho and Bob, at the Empire ranch because it was only 18 miles from the Rail X. We were like three brothers and a sister. Pancho could build the best "forts" to play in!

We also were known to raid samples of jerky from its special storage place to eat during our play, which was a special treat because jerky takes a long time to make. It is very thin sliced beef covered with pepper and salt and dried on wire strung across whatever is available. This procedure could take days or even weeks, depending on the weather. (The pepper was to keep the flies off.) This dried beef is still my favorite food and when it is ground up and made into gravy to put over hot biscuits, YUM!

Jerky, frijole beans, salt pork, dried fruit and canned milk were the staples in the cow camps because they required no refrigeration and traveled well in wagons and later in pickups. The cooking facilities were not very good so round-up cooks were very hard to find. According to Daddy, they were cranky and unclean and the food was terrible. I remember one that Fred and I liked because he made fried pies out of the dried fruit that were very tasty. I also remember one cook especially because I found a lizard in my beans!

In the early days in the cow camps, they buried the beans with the salt pork and water in large lard cans under the fire coals after breakfast. Then when they came back at suppertime, the beans were ready to eat and, with the jerky gravy and hot biscuits (dutch oven), supper was

ready. There was very little change in the menu from week to week!

Probably the most memorable get-togethers for the family were Shipping Day, the Fourth of July, and Christmas. The cattle to be shipped were trail-driven to Sonoita from the Rail X and the Empire ranches. This was very exciting for the four of us, Pancho, Bob, Fred and me. When we got old enough, we helped to drive the cattle to Sonoita, and for entertainment we would run along the tops of the cattle pen's fence at the rail yards until we were spotted, "caught", and told to get down.

On the Fourth of July we always went to the Empire ranch, where the family and neighbors gathered in the yard for fun and fireworks, among Aunt Mary's beautiful flowers.

Christmas is still to this day a very happy and exciting time for me. I love Santa Claus. Living at the ranch, it was always traditional to go out and cut the "perfect" living Christmas tree for our home. At this time in the year, there is always so much love and joy. It is "Merry Christmas" and "Happy Birthday" for me, which makes it more special. Of course, having jerky gravy on hot biscuits as our traditional Christmas morning breakfast helped a lot in the celebration.

In 1937, when I was ten years old, Daddy sold the Rail X Ranch, and the family was moved to Tucson. It was, therefore, necessary for him to commute between Tucson and the three ranches. I was very unhappy living in Tucson, missing the ranch activities and particularly riding. Because of this, Daddy frequently took me with him when he went to the Empire Ranch. Sometimes it was not easy for him to take me because I was a girl. We would return home after several days working cattle, all dusty and dirty, and Daddy would say to me, "Now, Sissy, don't look tired because Mama will be mad at me."

My mother tried very hard to raise me to be a "lady." She was very disappointed because, instead of wearing dresses and going to dancing classes, I just wanted to be riding horses and working cattle. My Aunt Mary (Uncle Frank's wife) loved to ride and work cattle too, and she would invite me to come and stay a while with her family at the Empire Ranch. I remember that, when visiting, Bob would do the milking and I wrangled the horses every morning, which meant, of course, that I was no help to my Aunt Mary!

My uncle Charlie (Daddy's youngest brother), assisted in the operation of the ranches from 1924 to 1945. He first managed the Eureka and then the Arivaca. Later, the

brothers bought out the other partners in the operation and changed the name from the Three C's to the Chiricahua Ranches. In 1945 Uncle Charlie wanted to liquidate his interest in the ranches. He sold part of the Arivaca and moved to Flagstaff and then to California.

After Uncle Charlie left the Arivaca Ranch, we spent summers there and winters in Tucson for school. The house at Arivaca was built of old adobe bricks; it also still had the old square-headed nails. It later burned down while Fred and his family resided there. Luckily they had gone to visit friends at Amado and fortunately had taken their children with them.

Following Uncle Charlie's departure, Daddy and Uncle Frank established a partnership whereby Daddy managed the remaining part of the Arivaca and Uncle Frank managed the remaining part of the Empire Ranch.

Both Uncle Charlie and Uncle Frank died in 1956.

In 1946, my first year of college at the University of Arizona, Dan Casement, a good friend of our family, sent me a two-year-old stud colt named Jack Paw, No. 2640. Dan was one of the early breeders of Quarter Horses. Also, on one occasion when Cousin Albert was shipping bulls to Daddy from New Mexico via train, he included six fillies for me

in with the carload of bulls. These gifts to me from Dan and Cousin Albert started me breeding Quarter Horses.

In 1949, I married Jack Rubel, and we bought Rancho Seco, which had been part of the Arivaca Ranch. Jack and I continued its operation in my family tradition of breeding Herefords with bloodlines going back to my great-grandfather's time.

There was no house on Rancho Seco so we built one on a ridge facing the Cerro Colorado Mountains. This was one of the first burnt-adobe houses built in Arizona. We were very isolated, no phone, and the electricity was a Kohler plant. The closest café/bar/dance hall was in Kingsley on the Nogales highway (the nearest paved road) about an hour away, and there were two ranch gates in between. Arivaca was the closest town.

Jack and I have three children: John, born in 1951, Tom born in 1952, and Lynn born in 1958. Later we brought into our family Mike Wattis, also born in 1951, and consider him as our third son.

Today, our children are grown. Our sons are married and have families of their own, and our daughter has taken on the Business World.

Son John lives in Prescott. He married Nora Baum and they have two offspring, a daughter, Cy, and a son, John

Boice, otherwise known as "J.B." John is a natural cowboy with his first love in growing up being roping. He has taken on several endeavors in his adult life, being a realtor, learning to fly small planes, cultivating a Christmas tree acreage, and managing city projects.

Son Tom lives in Mesa. He married Leslie Spear, the granddaughter of the Vail family that sold the Empire Ranch to the Three C's. They are both graduates of NAU and have one daughter, Anne, who is married to a Mesa Police Officer, Mike Micci. Tom has done a lot of working cattle but his first love is the shooting sports. He teaches and shoots competitively today. After high school, he served in the U.S. Army and did a tour of duty in South Vietnam.

Son Mike lives in Tucson. He married Jane Jarrell and they have two daughters, Amy and Kate. In high school Mike earned the Best All-Round Athlete Award, lettering in football, basketball, baseball and track. Today he owns and operates a real-estate development company specializing in residential and commercial projects. In addition, for the past 25 years he has been extremely active in the leadership of a number of community organizations.

Daughter Lynn lives in Boise, Idaho. She arrived too late to be a part of our ranch life but she has become an avid horse lover and exhibitor. She has shown her Quarter

Horses for eight years and has had the honor going to the National Finals for three years in Trail.

She has had varied opportunities in the Business World, first as a paralegal and now working in the Human Resources field.

After four years, we sold Rancho Seco and bought the X Bar 1 ranch in Yavapai and Mohave Counties, again breeding Herefords. The X Bar 1 ranch is 60 miles long and goes from 6000 feet in altitude down to 2500 feet. The cattle were up on top during the summer and down below at Hackberry during the winter. During our years at the X Bar 1, we also raised, showed and raced Quarter Horses. One mare, Miss Corsar, did so well racing that she helped pay the mortgage on the ranch. Two half-sisters won the Prescott Futurity for us two years in a row.

Our first years at the X Bar 1 ranch were quite memorable. There was no feed and little water. The ranch had two headquarters, one on top where we lived and one at Hackberry where the Tribble family lived. Dud Tribble, one fine cowman, was invaluable to us. Our young cowboys included John Dud Tribble, age 17, Ernie Nelson , age 18, Jon Peek, nicknamed "Pruney", age 14, Kip Arnold, age 12, and, of course, our two sons, John and Tom, ages 2 and 1 respectively.

This was one hard-working crew!!! If I didn't have food on the table when they came in, they would be asleep on the front lawn outside. Most understandable, as they had moved cattle up the hill in the morning, had breakfast at 3:00 a.m., and then gone to the dirt tanks to pull the cows out that were stuck in the muddy tanks. These young men went that "extra mile" every day. This loyal crew would clean up in the one bathroom, and we would drive every Saturday night 80 miles to Kingman to square-dance, taking the Tribbles with us. "Pruney" feels that his time at the X Bar 1 Ranch was his character-building years. Later "Pruney" became a very successful vet and President of the California Veterinarians Association.

Our ranch headquarters was down fourteen miles of dirt road, 36 miles from Seligman. Seligman was my grocery store and telephone. John started first grade in 1957, and I rented a house in Seligman. Monday through Friday we were in Seligman, and Friday night to Monday morning we were at the ranch. I was pregnant with Lynn, trying to keep up two houses, all of which could be explained as: "Not a good situation!"

Because of the distance from the ranch to the nearest business center, Jack had his own airplane and flew a lot. The year Lynn was born, in 1958, I learned to fly so that I

would be able to take over the controls of the plane if anything happened. After receiving my license, my only passenger when I was flying was my dog, Chato, as I was hesitant to take anyone else. Chato did not seem to mind and never looked anxious or frightened. He was a good passenger!

In 1958 we bought a home in Prescott so the kids could go to school in town. Later we sold the X Bar 1, in about 1968. Now, 47 years later, I am still in the same house in Prescott.

I like to travel and have been very lucky in my life to have traveled and seen a lot of the world. During our high-school years, my family took Fred and me on summer trips.

Then, after World War II, Mother and Daddy and mother's sister, Catherine Evans, and her family from Illinois took a trip to Europe. We were in England on part of the trip and Fred and I looked and looked for the Herefords as we were going through Herefordshire, England, but did not see any! But I believe that this trip to Europe was for me a better education than college.

Prior to our divorce in 1972, I would accompany Jack on some of his business trips to South America where he was sent as a consultant to evaluate cattle problems. One of

these trips took us to a ranch about a day's drive outside of Caracas, Venezuela. The bones on their cattle were breaking from lack of calcium. Another trip was to the Amazon River, which we reached by boat and plane. It was very primitive, and they were just then beginning to use money instead of bartering. We also went to Maui, Hawaii, where it was disclosed that the cattle had a liver disease. These forays into another world of cattle breeding were interesting and exciting for me.

I have traveled to 12 European countries, all the Scandinavian countries, the Panama Canal, Hong Kong, China, Australia, New Zealand, Alaska and Africa. One of the most exciting tours was seeing the Lipizzan Horses perform in Vienna.

As I have mentioned, my love of horses started early, and I still ride and enjoy them today, including participating in trail rides throughout the USA and Canada. I belong to several trail-riding groups:

The Las Damas ladies ride once a month except in the summer months and, during the first week in May, 120 of us camp out and ride for five days. I just celebrated my 30th year on this ride.

The Desert Saddle Bags have 16 rides a year in different areas of Arizona and I have been riding with this group for about 20 years.

I ride with the Prescott Saddle Club sometimes on Saturdays around the Prescott area. These are all people who love horses and love to ride. I am very lucky to be able to ride with good friends through differing countryside, some of which are awesomely beautiful.

There are numerous four-to-five-day rides throughout the year in different areas throughout the State of Arizona: the Margarita Ride in October benefits the Wendy Center (for disturbed youngsters) and also in September, the RVR ride is near Payson. Both rides are in very pretty country and lots of fun.

I have ridden the "Inn to Inn" on Icelandic Ponies in Vermont in the Fall when the scenery is spectacular with deep multi-colors covering the mountains. I have galloped in the Pacific Ocean and through the Redwood Forest with its magnificent Redwood trees. I have also camped in the breathtaking mountains of Colorado and Canada.

Beginning in 1972, I spent five summers going on pack trips in the Bob Marshall Wilderness, outside of Augusta, Montana. On one of the trips, we had been in the

Mountains for twenty days and, when we came out, we learned for the first time that a week earlier Nixon had resigned!

Also, in the last 20-plus years I have helped with Spring and Fall round-ups on the Savoini and Ridgen Ranches here near Prescott. These ranches are raising cross-breds, and I keep telling them that they need to get back into those **Herefords!** for the Hybrid One.

Referring back to the four "would-be brothers and sister" who played together as children, Fred, Bob, Pancho, and me, I need to first mention that all the boys were very active in the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and the Arizona National Livestock Show. Attending the Shows was always a very special time for me too because I had a wonderful time meeting old friends and keeping up with the industry.

I also did volunteer work for the Stock Show, which was fun. After several years of volunteering, when I had proved my worth, I was promoted to the position of going to the airport and collecting the judges as they arrived. Sometimes they wanted to go to their motels and sometimes they liked to be taken right to the Show immediately. At the airport I could easily "spot" them if they wore boots and cowboy hats. This responsibility sometimes had its funny and/or embarrassing moments, however. For instance,

one day after I had picked up a man (no hat, no boots) at the airport, we started chatting along the way to the Show. He was asking how it was going and what was going on. I told him everything was going very well and it was too bad he had missed the night before, as we had had a really fun evening. I explained in detail what a great evening it was and then went on to say that regrettably tonight was the Junior Banquet and this was always dull and boring. I added that my cousin usually went to sleep during the speech at this banquet. Continuing our conversation, I then asked him what he was judging. His response: "I am not judging. I am the speaker at the Junior Banquet tonight!" Oh, my!!!!

My brother, Fred, graduated from Occidental College, and in 1952 married Ann Kelley. They moved to the Arivaca shortly after that. As with grandmother, Ann raised five children on a ranch and also taught in the one-room Sopori School for two years. Later they bought a house in Tucson for school in the winter, and Ann continued to teach there for 24 years. During this time she had a number of students in her classroom that represented three generations of a family that had been taught by her before her retirement.

In her "spare" time, she also managed to take an active role in community affairs. The two of us, starting out as sisters-in-law, have become very close friends.

Daddy and Fred continued to raise only Herefords at Arivaca. They also consulted with the University of Arizona on improving Arizona range grasses along with the Hereford breed. By this time, it was getting more and more difficult to ranch in Arizona. The Arivaca was sold in 1978 and that was the end of raising Herefords by the Boice family.

Cousin Pancho regrettably was killed in 1973 in his small plane piloting alone on the way to Colorado.

My Cousin Bob married Miriam Hamilton, my best friend since the third-grade (and still is today). They lived at the Empire Ranch for several years and then moved to the Slash S Ranch out of Globe. Their son, Grant, is now Director of the Arizona National Livestock Show.

To quote my cousin, Bob:

I miss the life of ranching. With all the government 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 a lion, never earned a living from agriculture,

I am grateful to be out of the business. Ranchers are true environmentalists as caretakers of public land. It is the end of the way of life for breeding Herefords, as well as others who have spent their lives raising cattle.

The end of an era.

Yes, it is truly an end of an era and, as far as I am concerned, there is only one breed of cattle and that is

The beautiful red and white-faced Hereford.

I am a very proud descendant of the Gudgell/Boice family.

EPILOGUE

"Between a Horse's Ears"

by

Peggy Boice

for

The Tucson High School Quarterly, March 1946

I love to look at the world between the ears of a horse, to look as far as I can see across wide-open country, dotted with horses and cattle that will soon be coming up the draw, to watch a horse do the work he was put on earth to do—working cattle. His eyes are shining as he works, never refusing to do what he is asked, but doing it with every ounce of his strength and best of his heart.

As I stand on a high ridge watching the cattle and men moving along toward me, yet many miles away, the "outside" world does not exist. I think how nice it is to get up before dawn, saddle a horse, get on, and never get off until the sun has gone down. What a comforting feeling it is to look between an intelligent pair of ears as you ride along. Those ears are the words of a horse, and they speak

as clearly and intelligently as any person. They show anger, eagerness, weariness, and intelligence.

Sometimes, riding alone by yourself, you find you are carrying on a conversation with your horse. He has one ear cocked toward you, listening, as he travels along. He probably doesn't understand you; yet he is listening to the tone of your voice.

The days are long and miserable sometimes, but he will carry you 'til he drops. I am sure that if it hadn't been for the quickness and intelligence of my horse at times, we both could have been killed.

Even though the world looks tired and troubled now, I am encouraged, for you see,

I am looking at it between the ears of a horse.

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT COVER

Top

Right: Albert R. "Al" Face
While President of the International
Brangus Breeders Associaiton.
Champion Brangus Bull Arizona National
Livestock Show

Middle

A. Marion Smith, D.V.M.

Bottom

Left: Peggy Boice Rubel
Right: Bill & Doris Winkler

BACK COVER

Top

Left: Raymond Bergier
Right: Francis Edith Hill Gould
Standing on bridge crossing over Gila River
in the early 1930's

Middle

Left: Leoma Wilkerson
Right: Louis Wingfield

Bottom

Left: J. Rukin Jelk' 5 years old
X9 Ranch north of Vail
Right: Teenagers 'bout 1925 Evans Family
L to R Frank Bond - June Evans - Jim Evans - Bob Evans
Frank & June Married Later