



ARIZONA
PIONEER STOCKMAN
RANCH HISTORIES
VOLUME XXIV







**Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockmen**

Volume XXIV

Compiled and Edited by:

Doris French

**Arizona National Pioneer Stockman &
Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc**

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The Arizona National Livestock Show is proud to be able to work with the Arizona State Cowbelles to present Arizona Ranch Histories Volume XXIV. For thirty-two years we have collected and published stories from Arizona Pioneers, their ranches and their families. As the years, decades and even centuries slip by, preserving our ranching history and heritage becomes ever more important. Those that first settled Arizona are gone. It is sad to think of all the wonderful stories and history that were not preserved and now lost for all time.

We hope you enjoy these stories and learn a little something about Arizona's deep roots and rich history. When you visit with old timers that talk about how ranching used to be, remind them how important it is to record their stories and history for future generations.

Like those whose stories are published in this volume, Arizona National has seen a lot of changes during our sixty-year history. We are proud to be celebrating our sixtieth show and have learned how important it is to honor the past, as it is the foundation of our future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Grant Boice".

Grant Boice
Executive Director
Arizona National Livestock Show



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To Our Pioneer Stockmen,

We here at Arizona National Livestock Show are proud to present Volume 24 of our Pioneer Ranch Histories.

It is always a pleasure to see another book come together of all of your lives and the part they have taken in making this state the great state it is.

Thank you for sharing and please enjoy this part of your legacy.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Donis French".

Secretary, Arizona National Pioneer Stockmen

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
MINNIE GRIFFIN.....	1
STEPHEN LAURENCE BIXBY, JR.....	19
RAY EVANS.....	23
F. VAN WILSON.....	31
CHARLES FRANCIS HILL.....	37
TERRY O'HACO.....	57
THE MUNDS-BENEDICT FAMILIES.....	83
J.D. MILLER.....	95
JIM LEWIS.....	137
WINIFRED J. BUNDY.....	147
LADORNA RHEA ROMINE CHENOWETH.....	151
MURRAY AND LOLA JOHNSON.....	157

MINNIE GRIFFIN

Let's start when I was born in my grandmother's house on Central St. in Stoughton, Massachusetts on October 12, 1921. I know I went to the first few grades at a small, one room schoolhouse where three different classes were taught. It was during the depression years and my mother and father lived in Brookline, Massachusetts. Mother worked all her life in a chocolate factor dipping chocolates and my father drove a laundry truck. Because she had to work, I was sent to live with my grandparents as soon as school was out for the summer months. It was always sad for me to be left behind although my grandparents were very loving and took very good care of me.

I went to grade school in Brookline and then to Brookline High School where I graduated in 1939. Because of the depression, I knew I would not be able to go to college so I took all business courses to be able to find a job to help my parents.

One summer in my sophomore year, my mother got me a job at Daggetts Chocolate Company in Cambridge. We rode together on the bus every morning and I was glad to have a job. I was a floor girl who delivered the candy to whichever section needed replacements. The carts were

heavy and I had enough candy to last me a lifetime--well, almost. I knew I wanted to finish high school, so one summer working there was enough.

On December 7, 1941, the horrible day that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, I was in the theatre, watching a movie with my friend. It was impossible to believe that anyone would bomb us. I am sure we were all in shock. I will not forget that date and how scary it was.

After graduating from high school, I worked in a laundry for one summer. My girlfriend and I had saved enough money to go to a summer resort for a week's vacation. While there I met a young man who was interested in me and when he learned I was working in a laundry, he suggested I put an application in to Western Union where his sister worked. I took his advice and put in my application. Western Union had me take a test to see if I met their requirements. They accepted me and sent me through their training school. I learned to send and receive teletype messages. After graduation from their school, I was ready to put my training to work. One day I had given the Washington D.C. line and my job was sending the telegrams which read, "We regret to inform you that your son is missing in action", (or killed in action). It was a sad day when we worked on that line. Boston was full

of soldiers, sailors, and marines and my girlfriend and I decided we would join the army. We were inducted into the WAAC's in Boston Garden in March 1943.

I was sent to Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia for basic training. We went on the troop train from South Station in Boston. Wanting to be a good soldier, I volunteered to help serve breakfast. They cooked eggs in a new garbage can and also coffee. I was on the serving line to dish out grape jelly. Sometimes the train would lurch and the jelly didn't go where I wanted it to go. I had some embarrassing moments.

At Ft. Oglethorpe we learned to march in formation and other army stuff. One day we learned that President Roosevelt was visiting the base. We marched in revue for the President and when we approached the revue platform, we were given the "eyes right" command. It was a thrill to see the president and know he was interested in us.

My next orders were to go to Newark, New Jersey to a Radio Training School. I wondered why the army didn't assign me to be a Teletype operator since I already had the skill. Anyway, I earned my Corporal stripes for completing the school in Newark. We were billeted in a hotel there and in the morning when we walked to our class, we walked in uniform past a park where G.I.'s were doing

calisthenics. The soldiers would shout "The WACs and Waves are winning the war parlevouex, the WAC's and Waves are winning the War parlevouex, so what the heck are we fighting for, inky, dinky parlevoux. We would return the chant, changing the last few words to " So what the heck are you fighting for"? All in good fun.

From Newark I was sent to Sedalia, Mo. to an airfield, which was a training base for C47 planes and gliders. I was a Teletype operator on the base. I was called in one morning to hear that I was being sent to Ft. Oglethorpe again--this time for overseas training. We were being sent to England. We had to climb down rope ladders to learn how to get off a ship in trouble. I was told by my commanding officer that the move to Ft. Oglethorpe was to be a secret and for our own safety we should not write or phone about the reason for our move. We could tell our parents in person when we got home for a few day's leave before we left for overseas. A day later, I received a letter from Eleanor (the girl who joined the WAC with me). The letter said, (Guess what? I am being sent to Ft. Oglethorpe for overseas training, etc." I was scared to death thinking someone could have intercepted her letter and our ship would be sunk on the way overseas. We went over on the Queen Mary. On deck one day I asked the English purser if

they ever saw a submarine. He replied, "Oh don't worry, the Queen can outrun any sub." That wasn't what I wanted to hear. We crossed the Atlantic in five days.

We docked in Scotland and after a briefing we were assigned to our individual bases. I was sent to a post in Watford, England. We lived in Quonset huts with bomb shelters nearby. The Germans were sending V2 rockets and Buzz bombs frequently over England. Our base had maps and men plotting the V2 and Buzz bombs from the minute they left Germany. If it came into range near our base, the sirens would sound so we could get to the bomb shelters. You could hear the Buzz bombs but the V2 rockets were silent. This base in Watford was where I met Jimmy, my husband to be.

One day I was waiting in line outside the mess hall with some of my WAC friends, a soldier standing behind me tapped me on the shoulder and wanted to show me something. In his covered hand, he had a little field mouse. I screamed and hit his hand to let the mouse escape. I didn't think it was funny. I told him I was afraid of mice. We went into the mess hall where I sat at a table with my friends and he went to a table with his pals.

He came over to my table and apologized for scaring me. To this day he blames the little mouse for ending up with me and six children.

We began to date, going to the town of Watford where they held dances and once in a while to a movie on base. This was an adventure because of the blackouts all over England. We carried flashlights to find our way to town and back to the base. Jimmy worked in the weather office and often I was the WAC from the teletype office who delivered weather information to his office. These messages were very important as they were sent to the 8th air force bases in other parts of England. This advised the pilots of the weather conditions over Germany and the English Channel before they left with their bombs or if they should cancel their flight that day.

Jimmy was fortunate to meet Glenn Miller when he was in England to entertain the troops. Glenn Miller autographed a dollar bill for me. Glenn Miller was shot down over the English Channel shortly after his show on our base.

I had a friend phone me from the north of London to arrange to meet me in London at the Dorchester Hotel. I said, 'What if the Dorchester is not there (because the Germans were really bombing London), where will we meet?

That meeting never took place. He decided to stay north of London.

The next orders I received was a transfer to Charlori, Belgium leaving Jimmy behind. He was transferred to the 8th AF Headquarters in Hy Wycumb. Their code name was Pinetree. It was a very sad parting for both of us. I didn't know when I would see him again. We had put our papers in that would clear us to marry overseas.

I crossed the English Channel and arrived in Le Havre, France. It was in the middle of winter-right after the Battle of the Bulge. We were taken by truck convoy from Le Havre to Charleroi, Belgium, stopping in a field where the cooks prepared a meal for us. Our tin cups and plates were too cold to enjoy food in the snow covered field. Our truck driver told us if they had to stop suddenly on our way up to Belgium, we were to disperse and scatter away from the truck for our safety in case of an air attack. Fortunately we made it to our new quarters in Charleroi without incident. We were housed in a mansion taken from a Belgium family who had collaborated with the Germans. We walked to our office in a local school building. On the way each morning we would pass little children who would try to speak English to us. "Goot Morning" they would say.

I received a Good Conduct medal and a medal for serving in the ETO (European Theatre of Operations) and also a medal for serving during the Battle of the Bulge.

One morning the Signal Corp people were in my office to set up wires to connect us to England. I got real excited when they said, "Hey, we got Pinetree on the line", this was the code name for the 8th headquarters where Jimmy worked. I said, "Can I talk to England?" They gave me the line and I asked someone over there to please get Jimmy Griffin from the weather station so I could talk to him. A Captain was standing behind me and knew I was talking to Jimmy in England. He said, "Jesus Christ we just got a line through and she's already talking to her boyfriend." I think now that the Captain passed the word to my commanding officer and I was called in and asked if I would like to be transferred back to Pinetree. She told me to go pack. I would be flying out that day. She told me not to tell anyone.

I flew to Pinetree and went to the recreation room. I found a friend of Jimmy and asked him to please find him and send him to the Recreation room but do not tell him I was there. I wanted to surprise him. When Jimmy walked into the room and saw me, he pulled his hat off and threw it across the room, grabbed me up and spun me around. He

was really surprised. We were both so happy to be back together. Our papers were approved and we were married June 11, 1945 in a lovely old church in Hy Wycomb, England. The priest was an army chaplain from the states. Father John Tracy, OMI. We spent our wedding night at The Riviera Hotel in Maidenhead. Jimmy got sick drinking champagne. We gave a toast to each other. He went first and said, "Perseverance is the thing that paved the way to the wedding ring. Here's to our life that's just begun, I'm proud to be the guy who won". I followed with, "Perseverance helped me, too. I set a booby trap for you. You made my heart skip lots of beats but now by gosh you're mine for keeps."

Jimmy and I went to Aberdeen, Scotland on our honeymoon. I had an uncle and aunt (my father's sister Freida) in Aberdeen. Uncle Alex McCall had gone to the United States, where he met and married Freida and took her back to Aberdeen with their first child. Anyway, we took the train from London to Aberdeen to meet my cousins and see a little more of Scotland. My aunt was so happy to see me and meet Jimmy. It was too short a visit.

Going back to our base in England we had to wait for the army to decide what to do with us. The war was over and it was just a matter of getting us back to the states.

It is hard to leave him but I knew he would be following soon. I left England in October of 1945 to sail back to New York on the Queen Mary. When our ship sailed into New York harbor and I saw the Statue of Liberty and the tug boats guiding the big ship into the harbor with their horns blowing to greet the big ship back with the troops was a thrill I will never forget. Jimmy left in November. He came back on a Liberty ship, which was not as comfortable as the Queen to say the least. My mother and I met his ship when it arrived in Boston harbor. He had to go to Ft. Devon near Boston to be discharged. He spent a few days meeting a few of my close friends and family. He was anxious to get home to his family.

We took the train (the Chief) from Boston to Winslow. Jim's Mom Mollie met us and we drove to the ranch. The next day, Jim's family in Globe prepared a very nice dinner and I was to meet all of them. There was his mother, Hattie Trojanovich and his sisters Francis, Mary (Teta), Emma, and Anna Rose. Of course I was on trial, trying to put my best foot forward, hoping they would like me and that I would fit in.

We drove from Winslow to Jim's ranch (40,000 acres, which they leased from the government) with lots of cattle. I never did see a cow on the two mile stretch of dirt road

from Highway 60 to the ranch house. The ranch was 16 miles from Globe. Aunt Mollie had built a beautiful home at the ranch but it burned down while Jimmy was overseas. She converted her canning kitchen to living quarters, adding on a long bedroom and a front porch. We were to share this home. We both had a lot of adjusting to do.

I was pregnant with our first child (Linda) who was born on April 5, 1946. I told her she had crossed the ocean with me on the Queen Mary. When Linda was ready to begin school, we had to move to Globe so she could attend classes. Aunt Mollie had bought a home in Six Shooter Canyon in Globe and had remodeled it. Every summer, as soon as school was out, we would move back to the ranch. The kids loved to be out there with the chickens, peacocks, ducks, guinea hens, horses and baby calves. Sometimes we would have to bottle feed a doggie calf who got separated from it's mother during the cattle drive. The kids played well together, cooking on a little cast-iron stove, picking strawberries from the garden and once in a while riding a horse. We played Canasta in the evening with kerosene lamps providing light. A battery radio provided the news. No T.V. They played outdoors most of the time swimming in a big water trough. No air-conditioning of course. If a

hot summer night got too uncomfortable, we would hop in the trough in our nightgowns and go to bed wet.

When the summer monsoons came sometimes the creek would run big enough to prevent the truck from crossing. We never had enough of the heavy rains. Jim would go to a hill in front of the ranch house where he had a bucket turned upside down for a seat, and say the Rosary for rain. It was his quiet spot. The rains, or lack of them, affected his moods. I liked it best when we had a rainy summer.

We had to go to bed early when roundup was on, as Jim had to be up early and needed his sleep. The work was hard, the cattle were not always predictable and the cowboys would have to chase the strays back into the herd. The cowboys worked in the dusty corral, building a fire for the branding irons, separating the cattle, tying the calves down, branding, vaccinating, and dehorning. There were many days of hot, dusty, dirty work and extra hands are always welcome. The children got in the corrals whenever they were allowed to help. They loved it.

John had a city friend who wanted to help as a cowboy. One episode I remember John telling. The city cowboy was told to stay behind the herd they were gathering, follow the fence and not let the cattle go down the hill. When the

cowboy got back to camp he said: "Well, John, you told me to follow the fence (I never ~~did~~ find the damn fence), don't let the cattle go down the hill. Well, there was this big mean old bull that looked me in the eye and said "I'm going to go down that hill!" I had to tell John when we got back to camp that that old, mean bull wouldn't stay with the other cattle and he went down the hill. John told the friend that the drive today was in really rough country but the next time he came, the drive would be in much easier country. The cowboy said, "The ~~next~~ time! Do you think I'm coming back again?" It was very funny and true story.

With my first child, I woke up one night and told Jimmy my water broke. We got the baby book out and a flashlight to read what to do. It said when the water broke, birth was imminent. We were at the ranch, 16 miles from town so Jimmy went to tell Aunt Mollie we had better get to town. We went to Globe to Hattie's house where Mollie, Jim's sister lived. She was a nurse and started timing my labor pains. She worked at the hospital where Linda was to be born so that was a lot of comfort to me.

Linda was born breech which was much more difficult than a regular birth. Thank God she was fine. Teta (Mary) took care of me and the baby at her house in bed for 10

days. I had excellent care. Now they go into the hospital and out shortly after delivery.

Linda was the apple of her aunt Teta's eye. She was spoiled with all the aunts doting over her. She enjoyed her years in school and went on to get a Nursing Degree from Mount St. Mary's College in California. Jimmy called on Linda to write his important letters and be his corresponding secretary. She is now working as a Nurse Practitioner and is much respected in her field.

Susie was born on April 14, 1948, a day after her dad's birthday. She was also born breech. I don't remember getting the 10 day bed rest with Susie. She was her father's pal. She loved to help work with him and to this day all she learned from him has been put to good use. I have a list of household fix me ups that she takes care of for me. She can fix anything and there isn't anything she is afraid to tackle. She wants to work in Home Depot when she has to retire from her job as principle of a grade school. Susie is caring, sweet, kind and a devoted daughter. Sue took care of her dad at her home in Chandler when he was recuperating from his triple bypass heart surgery.

Jo Ann was born on September 5, 1950. When she was born breech the doctor had to twist her around to help the

birth. In doing this, her little arm was broken and they had to tape it to her side. I was very frightened when she didn't cry immediately at birth. The doctor said to the nurse, "get a shot of Coramie quick". Then I heard a faint whimper and I thought, thank God, she's O.K. A Yugoslav friend of Hattie's, named Tonya came to see me and the new baby. When she heard about the baby's broken arm she said, "That doctor, him son of a bitch".

Jo Ann did very well in school and went on to nursing school, got her R.N. and then went on to Kansas City to Nurse Anesthetist School. It is a very stressful job and she is very competent and caring. She is a very compassionate person. She is my poker buddy and we have lots of good times together. She and her husband Andy are very good to me.

Now along comes Therese (born on my birthday), October 12, 1952. When the doctor told me I had a girl, I said, "Are you sure?" and he said, "Do you want me to put her back?" I knew Jimmy was looking forward to having a son. In those days we did not know in advance what the sex of a child would be. I never wanted to know. Of course we kept her and loved her dearly. If anything ever got broken she used to say, "You might as well say I did it because I'll get the blame for it anyway." Therese went to Nursing

School, got her R.N, and then went on to become a Chiropractor. She is very successful and has her own office.

Therese devoted a lot of her time to take care of her dad. She drove him to his doctor appointments in Mesa. There were many trips between his diabetes, cancer of the esophagus, triple bypass, and dialysis. On the many trips together, Therese and her dad became very close. He trusted her judgment and expressed his concerns about what problems may be ahead for us. Therese gives me a lot of her time and takes me to my doctor appointments in Globe or in the valley. She made arrangements for me to have a massage every other week. Then there are the trips to Walmart and grocery shopping when I needed it. She takes time off from her busy practice to take me to my hair dresser and dentist and doctor appointments. She saves Wednesday night to take me to the casino to play poker. I enjoy our time together.

Jimmy finally got his son. John was born on May 29, 1957. The nurse who knew Jimmy had four daughters took the baby's diaper off when she showed Jim his son in the nursery window. He came and told me what the nurse had done but he was thrilled that he finally had his son. John learned the hard way what ranching was all about. Jim was

tough to work with. He got mad at John one day and told him to leave. John said that he was fired from his own ranch. He went to live with Steve Sanders and his parents, Della Faye and Fritz in Young. They were very good hearted people and loved John. He and Steve were best buddies all through school. I was worried sick about Jim sending John away and I would go to Young to see him. I had a fight with Jim and told him how much I missed John and that he was way out of line in sending his son away like he did. He had enough of my sniffing and told me to tell John to come home. By that time, John liked what he was doing and liked living with the Sander's family, but he did come home. His dad needed him. Jim was lucky John loved ranching and can now keep the ranch operating.

Janet was born five years later when I was 40 years old. Thank God the pregnancy went normally. When I took her to school for the first day, one of the children asked if I was her grandmother. I went home and told Jimmy. He laughed and I said, "Well, if I am her grandmother then you are her grandfather." Janet went to the U of A and studied medicine. She knew from the beginning that she wanted to be a Chiropractor. She worked hard and graduated from Chiropractor school in Los Angeles. She met and married Brent Cline, from another ranching family near

Globe. She had her own practice in Payson until they decided to move to Globe where Janet went into practice with her sister Therese.

Jim passed away June 13, 1999. He was a sixth generation Arizona native. We were married for 54 years and we all still miss him.

STEPHEN LAURENCE BIXBY, JR

I was born June 18, 1931, at Long Beach, California. I was the 2nd child and only son born to Altha Heckart and Steve Bixby, Sr. My parents had bought the Max Boni Ranch at Globe in 1928 but my mother returned to Long Beach for the birth of her first two children. My father and grandfather were born in California so my parents wanted their first son to be born there also. The rest of my siblings were born in Arizona. I have 6 sisters; Patricia Moase, Anne Bixby, Sally Sturdevent, Buff Voelker, Donna Rose Shirlaw and Susie Halford.

I attended Noftsger Hill School in Globe until 1941 when my parents were divorced and my mother moved to Phoenix. I attended Whittier Elementary in Phoenix and graduated from North Phoenix High School in 1951. During my school years I would return to the ranch every summer to work and learn the ranch operation. After graduation I joined the Navy and served in HU 1, a helicopter rescue squadron. After four years in the Navy, I was anxious to get back to work at the ranch, but first I attended the University of Arizona for one year taking advanced agricultural classes. While at the U of A, I met and married my first wife Donna Fugatt in 1955. We were

divorced in 1980 and in 1982 I married Dorothy Fritz Alberts. Between us we have six daughters; Kelli Bays, Linda Bixby, Stephanie Lynam, Jamie Bixby, Monica Williams and Debbie Alred. We also have 12 grandchildren, 6 girls and 6 boys. But as of 2006 no great grandchildren yet.

I am a fourth generation rancher. The Bixby family came from Massachusetts in the early 1850's and acquired ranches in California and Arizona. I bought my first Hereford steer in 1939 and I showed and sold it at the Tucson Livestock Show, February 1940. With these proceeds I bought a registered Hereford heifer from my father and started building my herd with my Lazy U Cross brand. Twenty years later in 1960 I had enough cattle to buy an interest in the ranch from my dad. Bixby Ranch used the O Cross brand and raised both commercial and registered Herefords. The headquarters was located at Wheatfields on Pinal Creek and ran east to the Apache Mountains. For 36 years we held a registered Hereford Bull Sale Auction and Bar-B-Q. I was in partnership with my father until 1988 when we sold the ranch. At this time Dorothy, Jamie and I moved to Pinetop. In 2004 Dorothy and I relocated to Tonto Basin where we now reside.

I am a member and Past President of the Gila County Cattle Growers, Past President of the Arizona Hereford

Association, a Life Member of the Globe Elks, a member of the Arizona State Cattle Growers, the Arizona National Livestock Show and the Arizona Pioneers. I have also served on the Arizona Beef Board and the Gila/Pinal County Air Pollution Board.

I no longer have a cow or a horse, not even a cow dog, but there is nothing I enjoy more than visiting with my old ranching friends and staying involved in the beef industry.






RAY EVANS

My Grandfather, W A (Dolph) Evans, came to Arizona in 1878 with his parents. He and his father operated a farm for his Uncle, Dr. John Evans; on north Center Street (Central Ave) in Phoenix where the Brophy Prep (high school) is now located. Later they all moved to Palo Verde on the east bank of the Hassayampa River where they homesteaded 3 homesteads. My grandfather entered into a partnership with Charlie Tovrea to operate a butcher shop in the Town of Congress. Dolph would buy the cattle and Tovrea ran the butcher shop for the miners at the Congress Mine. There he met my grandmother Sopha Anna Gibson, the daughter of W W Gibson who was ranching in that area. After their marriage they returned to the Palo Verde area and obtained two "Desert Entry" sections west of the Hassayampa where they were able to run some cattle. It was here that my Father, A A (Gus) Evans, was born. Both of my uncles, Claude and Earl as well as three aunts, Sylvia (O'Connell), Laura (Norris) and May (Monette) were born there also.

Grandpa Evans during this time also traveled the state and bought cattle for different commission houses in Los Angeles. They also had a small ranch in Yarnell during

this period. He was also in partnership with Mr. Reed on the desert Flowerpot Ranch which went from Hassayampa to the area of Salome. During this time my father and mother (Ethel Hayden) were married and moved to the ranch.

In the early 1920's C B Laird contacted my grandfather to go into partnership on a ranch he had bought on New River from Billie Cook. Mr. Laird was an investment man and knew nothing about ranching.

The main brand of this outfit was the  T up and T down. He later bought another ranch on New River from Hosea Cline. The brand that came with this purchase was the  called flying Y. It had a britchen bar across the back legs below the Y. There were several other brands that came with the ranches but those two were the main brands used for cattle. Other brands include 96 96 which we used for a horse brand,  3T not used very much, MH 6 Six Bar,  Shield, MT MT which we used on pasture cattle sometimes. My grandfather's original brand was the  Bar Cross which was also used some on the ranch. My grandfather entered into a partnership with his three sons, AA (Gus), Claude and Earl to actually run the ranch. Both of my older brothers, my sister and 4 of my cousins were born while our parents were living on the "T" ranch.

In addition to being a livestock man our grandfather was a very musical man. He played the piano, violin, guitar, banjo, harmonica and Jew's harp. He played for many dances in the areas where he lived. I can remember as a small boy going to dances either in the schoolhouse at Canyon (now Black Canyon City) or to the store at Rock Springs. He and a Mr. Mulholland who was the line maintenance man for the Central Arizona Light and Power Company (now APS) at Rock Springs would be playing for the dances. My Granddad with his harmonica in his mouth and playing the guitar or playing the fiddle while Mr. Mulholland played either the guitar or a bass he had made played for many dances. Mr. Mulholland also played fiddle some times. Dolph passed this musical talent to his son Earl and to Earl's son Bob, both of whom could play most any instrument. Earl played fiddle, guitar, banjo, trumpet, piano and trombone. Bob was just as musical. This kind of entertainment was common in those days. We went many places to dances, some as far as 75 to 100 miles away, generally staying overnight for these outings. No one else in the family got his musical talent.

During this period on the ranch we had many interesting experiences, as any kid raised on a ranch will understand. One time one of my cousins and my next older

brother came up missing after a dance. Two horses also came up missing. They were finally found jumping their horses off some small bluffs into a large sand dune below them. Early in the Depression while we were still on the ranch I can remember helping move some cows and calves up a canyon on the ranch then we kids were told to leave. We were taken back to the old New River Store to wait for the others. What we did not know was that the government had bought these cows and calves. They drove them further up the canyon and shot all of them. This was during the drought in the early '30's. They paid \$15 a pair to the ranch.

In the late 1930's a group of young people from Yavapai County came together under the sponsorship of Norm and Johnnie Fain. They formed the Yavapai Jr. Cattlegrowers Assoc. Among the founders were the Evans' from New River, Perkins' from Chino Valley, Fain's from Dewey, VanTilborg's from Cleator, Thompson's from Las Vegas Ranch, Cooper's from Waggoner, and several others I don't remember at this time. During the Depression, Claude left the ranch to work for Cecil Miller at Flagstaff and later for Bill Grey at Kingman. My dad left and leased a farm from Dr AJ McIntyre, our family doctor, in the Tolleson area. Later he worked for the US Farm Census in 1934 and for Maricopa

County roads division until the economy was right to return to the ranch. They all remained on the ranch until the mid 1940's when Mrs. Laird needed to sell to get their investment out of the ranch. They sold the ranch to Ray Cowden and Levi Reed with John Cline as their managing partner.

My dad and mother bought a small farm near Tempe AZ where I returned after serving in the Navy during the war. During the next couple of years I worked with Claude and inspected cattle in the Glendale area while living with and helping take care of my grandparents who were in bad health. At this time I registered my own brand to use whenever I needed to. It was **3** 7S sometimes called the 75.

Earl, Claude, Elwood (Claude's son) and I entered into a contract to farm and operate a small ranch on the south side of the Gila River south of Cashion AZ. We grew some wheat and hay and ran a few cattle on the BLM allotment. Claude also had some horses there that he had been able to pick up for trading purposes.

This was not a good farm as the water was pumped directly from the groundwater of the Salt/Gila River. It was very salty so we had to grow whatever was salt tolerant. We were able to get one crop of wheat off of it.

Later, Jim Evans farmed it for a part of a year and Rex Doyle, Earls son-in-law farmed it for about a year and a half. Neither were able to get much from the land. This ranch was where the Phoenix International Raceway is now.

I attended and graduated from Arizona State College in Tempe while working in partnership with my Dad & Mother. We farmed cotton, alfalfa, and fed a few cattle and hogs. We also had some dairy cows.

After my marriage in 1953 to Marlene Davis of Kingman, Arizona I went to work for the USDA as a livestock inspector, traveling all over Arizona and into other states as well in my work. I spent several years working at the Tovrea Stockyards and the Cornelius Livestock Auction as a Federal inspector.

In 1967 my family and I moved to Yuma where my main job was as a line rider on the Mexican Border, keeping livestock from entering the US illegally. I was the first inspector to work at the import pens in San Luis RC Mexico along with Rufe Allen from Ajo. It was our job to see that no diseased or injured animals were allowed to enter the US.

During these years I bought and sold cattle in the Yuma area, pasturing some mother cows in partnership with "Bud" Palmer who was the feedlot manager for Bruce Church

Co. Bud and I pastured cows here in Yuma and also one year we took our cows to Sierra Vista on rented pasture. Needless to say this was during the '70's when the cattle market really was not doing very well. I was able to just about break even on that deal.

I retired from the USDA in 1988 after 36 years with the federal government.

I am now living in Yuma with my wife Marlene (53 years in November). Our daughter Ruth lives here also. She is a teacher. Our son Bob lives in southern California. He is a church administrator and active in Global Ministries. Our younger son Ron lives in Missouri where he has a Family Practice in Medicine.

I have managed to stay in touch with many of the people that I knew when in the ranching business and later in my work as an inspector for the USDA. Many of the people that we first came to know as kids on the old T Ranch are still good friends after 70 plus years.

I have other stories that I could tell but will save them for another time. One was written by my great-grandmother of their trials and tribulations coming to Arizona from Texas. This is the Gibson family that was prominent in the livestock industry for many years in Yavapai and Gila Counties.

F. VAN WILSON

Van was born at Burris, Wyoming on the Wind River Indian Reservation in February 1931 and is an enrollee of the Eastern Shoshone tribe. His family and close relatives were farmers and ranchers. He attended a one-room grade school at Crowheart, Wyoming and helped his family in summers harvesting hay and small grains, so that they had feed for their stock in the winter. They hand milked 15 to 20 cows during WWII to sell the cream as a cash crop changing to raising beef cattle after the war ended. The Wilson family got their start raising beef cattle when they received a Hereford bull and 20 heifers from a program that required them to give a like amount of cattle to another family. A program very much like what Heifer International does. He attended Fremont County Vocational High School in Lander, Wyoming graduating in May of 1949. He played football the last two years helping his team to win the state championship for the Class A schools in the fall of 1948.

He attended Colorado A & M at Ft Collins, Colorado from September 1949 to March 1952 and became a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. He left school to

return in March of 1956 after 2 years on the farm-ranch and a 22-month hitch in the army. He was stationed at bases in New Jersey and Massachusetts after finishing basic training in California and Virginia. He married his high school sweetheart Nancy, in June of 1953. He returned to Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colorado to study animal science and received his Bachelor of Science in March 1958.

Van became assistant agricultural agent in Pinal County Arizona in March 1958. He worked with the cattle feeders and ranchers to deal with the control of cattle grubs, screwworms and range management problems in that county until August 1969. The 3C Ranch at Oracle cooperated in demonstrations to find out if mineral supplementation of the bulls would improve the semen. The ranch's manager, Virgil Mercer, had been to a couple of AI workshops and was familiar with evaluating the fertility of the bulls.

He became Agricultural Agent/County Director for Gila County in September 1969. Van continued Pat Gray's support of the Gila County Cattle Growers' Association by assisting with the planning and preparation of their annual stocker-feeder auction sale, their annual meetings, as well as at the Bixby Ranch bull sale and overseeing the maintenance of the Burch Sale Yard. Van worked closely with Lew Daugherty, U of A Agricultural Economist in developing a computer

program that could be used to clerk and analyze the annual sale, these sales were held each spring for 36 years and serviced as many as 37 ranchers. This program has helped the association members continue to improve the marketing of their livestock. He organized a series of livestock & range management workshops to help the ranchers become more knowledgeable in their management practices and to communicate with the Forest Service personnel. One of the major workshops to deal with bull soundness was by Dr. Jim Wiltbank of Texas A&M (at that time) via a telephone with slides being shown. The predominate browse plants were sampled every month for a year, (A Buckwheat and a Ceanothus (6000 ft elevation) Palo Verde and Jojoba (4000 ft elevation) and Jojoba (2500 ft elevation)). 2 samples from each elevation and had them analyzed for their crude protein content. These plants were sampled like a cow would browse them. Browse use was an important part on the allotment management plans that Gila county ranchers were developing. He also helped with the information collection in the R100 ranch on the San Carlos Reservation between 1962 to 1988. This was a program that Al Lane, Extension Livestock Specialist at the U of A had a big part in setting up to address the breeding problems that were in the registered herd's breeding.

Van retired from the Extension Service in December of 1988 and served as the Gila County Cattle Growers' Association's treasurer from 1990 till September of 2002.

His other activities also include; A volunteer fireman on the Casa Grande Fire Department for 10 years, as an activity bus driver for the Globe schools. He has work for a mail delivery contractor, helped senior citizens prepare their income tax forms as an ARRP tax-advisor. He served on the Junior Livestock and Chaired the Collegiate Judging committee of the Arizona National Livestock Show for several years. He has been a member Globe Rotary Club for 32 years and has served terms in all of the offices including becoming a Paul Harris Fellow. The Globe Chapter of the American Field Service was another group he served. Has life membership in the Arizona County Agents Association and Epsilon Sigma Phi (a fraternal organization of Extension Professionals).

He and his Wife Nancy are both elders in the First Presbyterian Church of Globe, They have five grown daughters, seven grandchildren and an AFS daughter (Renata Meng) in Rio de Janeiro, Brasil, S. A. The 2 two oldest daughters (Gail & Janet) were born while Van was in the Army, Gail at Fort Dix New Jersey and Janet at Fort Devens,

Massachusetts. Cheri, Laura and Val (Laura and Val are twins) were born in Casa Grande, AZ.

I wish to sincerely thank Miriam Boice for all of her help in getting this written, most of this is from the history she did of the Gila County Cattle Growers.

CHARLES FRANCIS HILL

On December 17, 2006 the Hill Family of Duncan had 116 continuous years of ranching, raising cows, and having a business in the Duncan vicinity of Arizona. The original Hill Brothers Joe D., Jim W., John J./Charles M Hill came to Duncan from Texas. They purchased a ranch from the Gebhard Cattle Company on the 17th of December, 1896. They purchased the Saloon in Duncan from Olney in July 1900. They owned Lot 1 Block 1 Town site of Duncan, County of Graham, and Territory of Arizona. Charles M. Hill was the father of our subject.

Charles Francis Hill - October 4, 1895 April 9, 1976

Charles Francis Hill, better known as Charlie Hill was born in Eddy, Carlsbad, New Mexico. His Mother was Marcella Walls, the fourth daughter of Frederick and Mary Ward Walls. Frederick was born in Bonington, Edinburgh Scotland and had traveled all over the world before coming to New Mexico and Arizona to settle down before dying in Duncan, Arizona. Mary Ward was born in Windsor Castle, and as a child played with Queen Victoria, before her Dad was the Concierge to the Queen. Her Mom was an embroiderer for the Queen. Frederick traveled to the United States and was in Eldorado County, California during the 1848 gold

rush, where he and his brother John mined enough gold to buy two clipper ships. They both sailed to various places in the world. Frederick sailed back to England to elope with Mary Ward. They then traveled to Australia, where Rebecca Walls was born. They traveled one last time to England. They traveled to San Francisco and bought a hotel. They traveled to Florida and owned orange orchards. Then they decided to become U.S. Citizens, Frederick sought out citizenship papers in New York, New York.

It was in New Mexico Marcella met John J., alias Charles Monroe Hill. Dick Hill was in New Mexico and Arizona with his two brothers J.W. and Joe Hill. They were known as the Hills Brothers. They ran the Saloon in Duncan, after they bought it from George Olney in July 1900. They also had a saloon and bordello in Clifton. In the 1920 census Charlie had the distinct honor of being listed twice on the census. Down on the farm in Duncan with his wife, two daughters and two sons, and then in Clifton with his two brothers followed by the prostitutes that work at their bordello.

Court records showed that Joe died in 1903, unmarried by Arizona records, but had married earlier in Texas, before leaving the great Texas Hill Country! J. W. Hill

also had married as a kid before coming to Arizona. He is listed on the 1930 census as a widower living with the Campbell family in Sheldon. His young son, and possibly his wife are buried next to his mother and Grandmother in Texas. Jim W. died in 1937 in Duncan. Dick was involved in several legal cases in Graham and later Greenlee County. He was sued as a result on a horse race, he had bet on. He was at his daughter's Marcella's wedding when she married Charles Massey in Duncan. But he too, was dead, as his widow remarried in 1913 to Mr. Dave Davis. Dave Davis became the stepfather to Charlie, Tig, Mary Pearl and Marcella Hill.

Young Charlie Hill was one of the two sons, the older of the two. He could remember walking with the surveyor in downtown Duncan, when they did the original survey of the town plat. His family owned lot 1, and later a lot more lots. For his social security application the U.S. Department of Commerce produced a copy of the 1900 census listing Charles F. Hill, son of Charles M. and Marcella Hill, age 4 born October 1885 in New Mexico.

Charlie grew up in and around Duncan. He did not always get along with his step dad. He had cousins, Fred, Ted and Ed Powell who was close to him in age and they were

buddies. They roamed the hills hunting, and learned the trade of cowboys.

Charlie obtained his cattle brand on July 1, 1919. It was Triangle H Bar. E. W. Stephens was secretary of the Livestock Board. It was recorded in Book 1 in the Office of Live Stock Sanitary Board of Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona.

Charlie registered for the draft in Greenlee County. On that registration he stated he was a cowpuncher for Mr. Gleeson in Greenlee and Graham Counties of Arizona. He enlisted May 26, 1918 into the Army in Greenlee County. He received his discharge at Camp Owen, Boerne, Texas on January 20, 1919.

When he got back to Duncan he worked for Mr. Sanders. Old Man Sanders had the farm and ranch down the river. Charlie worked for him and started his herd by working for a Hereford calf, 6 long months. A girl that worked for the Sanders bunch caught Charlie's eye... That girl was Surrilda S. Hill, everybody called her Rilda. Charlie proposed to Rilda, and she said yes. The wedding took place at the courthouse in Clifton, July 22, 1922. Witnesses were Frank Sanders Brown (Tom's Brown's wife) and Rilda's brother Jake Smith. Rilda and her family had come from Oklahoma and first stayed with Green Smith's at Hell Hole, before coming down the river to Sheldon. Rilda had

worked and practically lived at the Sanders from the time she was 16. Her mother Martha wrote to her grandmother Virginia Castoe Russell, Rilda and George can't get along, so Rilda is leaving, she has a mind of her own. Rilda was 16 when Martha Smith wrote her mom.

Shortly after they married, the Hills lived down the street from Marcella and David Davis, who had married in 1913. This land was owned by Uncle Jim Hill, at the time the Water district maps were compiled in 1920. Dick Hill had died shortly after the marriage of daughter Edith to Addison Massey in 1908. The Davis's house is still the house situated next to the Gila County Fairgrounds. They donated the land for the Fairgrounds to the County. The rest of Dave Davis's patent was the land behind the Fairgrounds and out by the new elementary school.

Charley and Rilda then lived at the ranch in 1924, then at the Rock House in 1934, before living at both the ranch and old Sexton/Sheldon store, simultaneously.

When Charley applied for the Homestead, he applied as a married man with a wife and five children. Final intent certificate was applied for a stock raising homestead, #045317. Affidavit of Louis Dean state Charles F. Hill, wife and five children, Honorable discharge of Charles F. Hill received by BLM, February 15, 1932. On April 23, 1936

final proof was issued by receipt #3183944 and a patent was issued.

Patent #1087753, was issued on April 25, 1936, but not made final, perhaps because payment needed to be made, final June 3, 1936. Louis Dean, Gus Burtcher, Wilmer McKelvey, James Rodgers were witnesses on the intent. I.A. Earheart and J.L. Philips were witnesses on 1932 paperwork.

Charley and Rilda had nine children, eight which lived, they were:

Francis Edith (married Durwood L. Gould)
Bessie Irene (died in infancy) born at the ranch
Ella Mae (married Ira Weaver, "Red")
Rilda Jane (married Eugene Johnston)
Charles Monroe (married Alva Harper)
William (married Peggy Walker)
Miscarriage
Martha (married David May)
Harry (married Phyllis Acres)

Of all the children, only Martha who lived and died in Texas, did not keep a Duncan connection.

Charley and Rilda both worked the Farm and the Ranch with their family. As a child, Frances can remember going to feed the cows at the Ranch. Grannies would always make us fill the old Clorox bottles with water. She would have fried chicken or some other food for lunch. The trip took most of the day. Get out, open the gate, and close the gate. Throw hay and grain out. Fill the water tank. Sometimes we would have a picnic. If one looks a USGS map

of the area of the Ranch, you will see Charlie Hill. A USGA survey man was out at the Ranch one day and asked Grandpa what the name of the hill was, Grandpa replied he didn't know if it had a name. The USGA man replied, well it does now, it's Charlie Hill.

Charlie also worked for the Arizona Highway Department. He retired from the Department in 1957 having served thirteen years.

In their later years, Charley and Rilda built a Jim Walters home on the original Hill property in town on First Street. Of course, having son-in-laws who, one a carpenter (Durwood Gould) and one a plumber, Ira (Red) Weaver, helped with completing the house... I remember as a kid going in to town from the Farm or Ranch, and making sure we gave the Mexican lady that lived behind Grandpa and Grandma, milk for her babies. Grandpa had a garden and it was common to see him out there with a shovel, and manning two canes to get the irrigation the way he wanted it. It was there they lived until they died.

History has a way of making things change.

Charlie was honored by the Arizona National Heritage Livestock Show in 1976. He was made a Charter Member of the Arizona Living Stockman Hall of Fame. He was sick and could not attend the honor luncheon. Charlie died April 8,

1976 and is buried in the Duncan Cemetery and Rilda died in 1979, her ashes were scattered at the Ranch. The three boys, Dick, Bill and Harry purchased the Ranch Rock House from the family.

Frances Edith was born in 1923 at one of the McGrath homes down from the Davis's (now called the Coon's Place). Bessie Irene was born at the ranch, but only lived a few hours. Ella Mae was born in 1924 in Duncan. Rilda Jane (Jerry) was born at the old Sheldon Store, as were Charles Monroe (Dick), William, Martha and Harry. Then the farm across the creek became available. Granny almost died when she lost a child between Bill and Marty. One of the men living with the Hills, Ike Earheart, went all the way to Clifton for ice to keep her alive.

Frances Edith Hill Gould remembers being placed on bed springs on the front porch of the ranch house with little sister Ella Mae to play, safe away from the scorpions and rattlesnakes. As she grew up she remembers having to go up the creek bed to help get water from the well to water the stock. Rilda Jane and Frances remember the time a man was killed on the adjacent ranch. All the children were involved at one time or other going to the ranch to feed, brand or round up the cattle. Rilda Jane, when the well

went dry, she being the smallest, was placed down in the well with a saucepan to dig the well deeper.

The round ups usually brought most of the kids and their families home. The smell of burning leather permeated the air. The bawling of the calves hurt your ears. The butchering of the cows took place down at the farm in Sheldon. Most of the kids and their families were there. The younger kids would have to grind the hamburger. All the adults would do the packaging of the cut up meat.

Frances Edith Hill married Durwood Lindsey Gould in Globe in 1939. They lived in Miami, until the early 70's when they moved back into the Davis's patent land behind the fairgrounds. Durwood passed away in 1994, and is buried in Sheldon next to Arizona. Ella Mae and Red Weaver lived in Sheldon, Miami and Scottsdale and then moved to Duncan to retire on her five acres behind Dick and Bill Hill. Red and Ella have both passed away and they both are buried in the Duncan Cemetery.

Bill and Peggy Hill were involved in an automobile accident in Texas Canyon. Peggy died and Bill is disabled and lives with daughter Jenna Miller in Globe.

Dick and Alva lived on the road to Clifton. Dick was a retired Arizona Highway Maintenance worker, a member of

the Sheriff's Posse, and a traveler in their RV. Dick passed away October, 2007, at the age of 77.

Harry Hill lives in the Duncan house. He is retired from the Arizona Penal System, and the Douglas Police Department. He enjoys traveling to Mexico and taking care of his grandkids, which live in Douglas.

This article was written by Taffy Gould Coutts, daughter of Frances Hill Gould, granddaughter of Charlie and Rilda Hill.

Frederick and Mary Ward Walls (Charlie Hill's grandparents).

The story about what now is known as the Charlie and Rilda Hill history begins partly in 1877 when the Frederick and Mary Ward Walls family arrived from traveling all over the world.

Fred and Mary entered the U.S. in 1866 at the Port of New York City, and ventured across the country to the New Mexico Territory. This was not the first time the Fred Walls had been in the United States, as both he and his brother John had come to the 1849 Gold Rush from England. They had panned enough gold to buy two clipper ships and went back to England. Mary Ward was in England, at the Court of Victoria where she was born and grew up playing with the now queen. Her grandchildren were told of the high tea's where their Grandmother and Grandfather had to wear velvet clothes to attend. After making enough money to allow him to be an entrepreneur, Frederick went and married Mary at Windsor Castle, in St. George's Church. From England they ventured all over the world, in fact several of their older children were born in New Zealand and Australia. Only the younger two children were born in the United States. Marcella was born in Talona, Illinois in 1865. By 1889 the Walls had gone to raise oranges in

Florida, stayed in New Mexico and found that they liked Buckeye, Arizona and Duncan the best. Mary Ward Walls and Frederick Walls, Senior are buried in the old Duncan Cemetery.

The Hill Brothers

Joseph D. Hill, Charles M. Hill, Sr. and Jim W. Hill

Joe, Jim and Charley were all born in Benbrook, Texas to Andrew Jackson and Sarah Elizabeth Hill on their maternal grandfather's Jacob Mathews ranch. This ranch was a first head rights ranch that was ten miles south of Fort Worth to where the Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport is today. Mathews had gotten the land while Texas was still a Mexican Territory from a Comanche Indian Chief. This chief is buried in the family cemetery with the Mathews family. The ranch is still owned by family and indeed is a Texas Historical Pioneer Ranch.

Joseph D. was the oldest and the business head of the family. He was instrumental in establishing a saloon in Clifton. He talked the other two into buying the land in Duncan in 1895 when they arrived. He talked the other two into buying the saloon from Olney and McAllister in June 1900.

The Hill brother brand #9178 was recorded June 30, 1903, H A, Eastern Graham County, Gila River.

Uncle Jim, James W. was the middle son. He was a cowpoke and rancher all his life. He lived all over the Duncan Valley. He applied for a Homestead and after his brothers died withdrew from getting the patent. The land

he had is now where the County Health Office is by the fairgrounds in Duncan. He lived his golden years with the Campbell family at the farm down the river from Duncan. He lived the longest of the three, and died in 1934. He married in Benbrook, but lost his wife and child in childbirth. He never remarried, died a widower.

Charles M. went by three various names that we know of (John J. Charlie, Dick and when young Ollie), was the youngest son. His brand was #2380, ⚡.

It was in Magdalena or Carlisle New Mexico that John J. (Charlie), Jim W. and Joe Hill had wandered from Texas. John J., who went by one of the three aliases, Charlie, Dick and Charles Hill, was born in 1860 in Texas. The three boys from Texas, being raised by their father and maternal grandparents after their mother's early death originally set out for California to the Gold Fields, but only got as far as Arizona. They bought out Olney & McAllister Saloon in June 1900. Sometime in between 1877 and 1895 John J/Charlie and Marcella Walls married, as on the 1900 census Charles M and Marcella had been married 11 years, (1889) and had four children:

Edith	born 1891
Mary Pearl	born 1893
Charles Francis	born 1895
J.D. Tig	born 1898

The 1900 census for Arizona was erroneous as Charles was also listed with his brother J.D. and J.W. in Clifton followed by their bordello prostitutes, for they also owned a saloon there.

Uncle Jim W. Hill lived in Duncan. He had made a trip back to Texas to see his half brothers in Tyler. So Joseph W. Hill died in 1904, Dick (known as Charles, John J., Ollie) died after his daughter Marcella's wedding in or around 1908, and Jim died in 1934.

George and Martha Russell Smith (Surrilda Hill's parents)

Rilda was born November 17, 1906 in Grand, Oklahoma and her mother was Martha Russell. Martha's mother was Virginia Castoe, who was one half Cherokee. Virginia Castoe had married James Johnson Russell in Tennessee before traveling to Oklahoma in the trail of tears. Both Virginia and James are buried in Oklahoma.

Martha had married George M. Smith in Chickasha, Oklahoma before settling in Grand, Oklahoma on 1896 Land Run property George's brother David had gotten for the family.

David Smith went on to become the first state representative from Cordell County to the Oklahoma State House of Representatives. David then died unexpectedly of typhoid fever. George and Martha as well as George's two brothers: John and wife Lillie and Thomas and wife Vetchy had no place to live so they decided to go west. Later Jake went back to Oklahoma when he turned 21 and sold the property. He then came back to Greenlee County, Arizona and married Frankie Ragsdale, while his brother George married Benjamin (Bennie) Ragsdale. Both Jake and George later settled and died in California. Thomas lived in Safford and farmed and raised cattle until his death.

It was in 1906 when the George M. Smith family arrived in Hell Hole, and later Sheldon after they sold their farm in Grand, Oklahoma. George had married Martha Russell in Chickasaw in 1896. When they arrived in Arizona they arrived with:

Ben S. and his Cherokee wife Lucy
Jacob Dennis
Paul David
Surrilda S.
Bessie Irene
Rennie

They also visited George's cousin, Alvis Green Smith who had a ranch up on the Blue. George and Martha moved on to Los Angeles after the 1920 census was taken. Martha died in Los Angeles in 1923 and is buried in Glendale Forest Lawn. George eventually remarried to a Cordelia Downs. He died in El Monte in 1944 and is buried in Rose Hills cemetery in Whittier next to his son Ben and Ben's wife Lucy. There are no headstones marking their graves. Sons George and Jake also lived the rest of their lives in CA. Bessie married Williams, had Patsy, Eddie and William, and is buried in Rose Hills. Rennie was placed in Spandra after her father's death. She later married a Harry Krezmer, then died in 1968. Paul married Tessy in New Mexico and had three children, Phillip, Paul and William.

Divorced Tessie and married Rosalie and moved to Georgia and North Carolina where they both died.

TERRY O'HACO

Terry O'Haco was born Teresa Margaret Savinsky on October 19, 1923 at West Point Military Academy in upper New York state. Her parents were both immigrants. Her father Daniel came from Hungary and was of Czechoslovakian descent. Her mother Catherine came from Ireland. They met in New York, were married and had three girls: Josephine, Fran, and Teresa. Teresa was the youngest and was always called "Trete". Catherine died when Trete was only 12 and she remembers attending her funeral on her 13th birthday. Her father Daniel was a soldier at West Point so the three girls grew up next to the beautiful military academy with its majestic old trees and lush green vegetation everywhere. The lovely Hudson River ran through her hometown and Trete being very athletic loved to speed skate across its frozen surface in the winter.

When Trete graduated from high school she moved to New York City. She studied nursing at Lenox Hill Hospital School of Nursing. She graduated with her R.N. in 1944. During her time in nurses training the girls would socialize at night in the dormitory. One particular night Trete remembers an unusual event that happened. One of the girls brought out a Ouija board and was asking the board

silly questions such as "What kind of man were they going to marry?" When Trete asked, the board spelled out COWBOY. They all got a good laugh out of that, especially Trete because the thought of a cowboy for her husband was simply outrageous. The thought had never occurred to her as she had never even seen a cowboy except for in the movies. Besides she was hoping for a doctor or a lawyer. Trete put the thought out of her mind and forgot about it except for an occasional quip from one of the student nurses. "Hey Trete, seen a cowboy lately?" Trete did love horses thought and one beautiful autumn day she and a fellow student nurse rented horses in Central Park. They were peacefully riding along enjoying the colorful trees when all of a sudden two little boys burst out of the bushes screaming at the top of their lungs. The sudden noise spooked the horses and they took off at a dead run. Trete not being an experienced rider lost her right stirrup and when her horse made a quick turn at full gallop, Trete came off of her horse. To her horror she was hung up in the stirrup and the horse began dragging her at full speed through the park. Her life flashed before her eyes as she prayed with all her might when a mounted policeman caught up with her horse and saved her life. She miraculously

wasn't hurt bad. With a sprained ankle she limped through her graduation exercises in 1944.

At this time so many wounded soldiers were coming home from the war, that Terry (which is what people began calling Trete) felt her patriotic call to join the Army Nurse Corp. She completed her basic training at Tilton General Hospital in Brentwood, New Jersey as a neuro-psychiatric nurse. She was then transferred to DeWitt General Hospital in Auburn, California where she was head nurse in a paraplegic ward of 60 men. It was hard keeping her morale up as well as the morale of the poor soldiers who would never walk again.

One morning Terry was caring for one of her patients, turning his thin body to prevent bed sores, when she took a second look at his sleeping face. "My gosh, this man has the longest eyelashes I have ever seen!" "They are unbelievable" she thought. This was the first memory she has of Captain Mike O'Haco. She couldn't wait for him to wake up so she could talk to him. Meanwhile she went over his records. He had been in the last cavalry unit but due to the horses sinking at sea Mike ended up in the infantry. In Nuremberg he had been shot in the back twice by a sniper while saving his commanding officer. He received the Silver Star for his bravery, amongst many other medals.

One of the bullets in his back had hit his spinal cord paralyzing him from the waist down. He had gone from 185 lbs. to 80 lbs.

Terry couldn't help herself. She started paying special attention to this fallen hero. She found out he was Basque and had grown up on a ranch in Arizona. "Oh my Lord, a cowboy, and a gorgeous one at that", she thought. She got goose bumps on her arms remembering the night in the dorm with the Ouija board. As she got to know this cowboy, she found out he was a champion high school athlete receiving scholarships to the University of Arizona in both football and basketball. While at the university, he was on the polo team and president of the senior class. Terry understood why he was so depressed; to have had so much and to have lost it all. She began spending more time with him, even on her days off; trying to get him to love life again.

One day while doing physical therapy on his legs, a miracle happened; his toes began to move. That was enough for Terry; she absolutely knew she could help him walk again. The trouble was Mike didn't think he could. Terry told him it turned out that his spinal cord had not been severed as they had previously thought; just grazed and flattened by the bullet; so there was every possibility he

could walk again. Mike was skeptical but not Terry. She was sure she could get him out of bed. As the nerves in his spine slowly grew back, something else was happening; they were falling in love. Terry devised a plan to get him on his feet. One afternoon, she showed up in the ward all dressed up. She was absolutely gorgeous. When Mike inquired about where she was going, she replied, "There's a big celebration at the officer's club tonight and if you're not there by 8:00 I'll have to accept Captain Smith's offer as my date. See you at 8:00." And she walked out of the ward. Mike watched her walk away and thought "Over my dead body", and began the slow painful job of dressing himself. He said it was one of the hardest things he ever did. It seemed to take forever. Finally he was dressed but now he had to get there on his own two legs. He was bound and determined. Mike started to walk and fell down. He got up and fell down again. He can't remember how many times he fell that night on his way to the officer's club, but he knew he had to be there by 8:00. At exactly 8:00 Terry looked for the hundredth time at the doorway and when she saw a thin, very handsome officer leaning against the doorway, she knew the battle was won.

With each passing day, Mike grew stronger and stronger and then some shocking news came. Terry received orders to

be shipped to North Africa. Mike said, "No!" "You can't leave me." Terry replied, "I have no choice, orders are orders." Mike said, "Not if you get married! You'd be automatically discharged." "Is this a proposal?" Terry asked. Yes. Yes it was.

They took leave and traveled to California together. Mike was the only one out of 60 men to walk out of the ward on his own two feet. Mike and Terry were married in Carmel and honeymooned at the Top of the Mark Hotel in San Francisco. Mike needed time to get discharged so Terry went home to West Point to say good-bye to her dad and sisters before heading to her new life way out west. To her great surprise Terry found out she had gotten pregnant on her honeymoon. Mike was now at the ranch and sent for Terry. She packed her trunk and got on the train at Grand Central Station. She worried all the way across the country. What would Arizona be like? What would ranch life be like? What would her Basque immigrant in-laws be like? From Grand Central Station to the Santa Fe Railroad Station in Winslow, Arizona she worried.

At the station she freshened up and put on her new white sandals and a lovely dress she purchased at Bloomingdales. She wanted to look her best when she met everyone. Her father-in-law, Mike Sr. met her at the

station in a dusty old pickup and gave her his apologies as to why her husband wasn't there. Mike was in the middle of branding cattle and some delay had occurred that prevented them from getting finished on time and once branding begins it must be finished. This was her first lesson as a ranch wife. The cows came first.

Terry wanted to go to the corrals where Mike was branding the calves. She had no idea she was about to travel 50 miles of bumpy, dusty road to the ranch. That train station was the last of civilization and pavement she was to see until here baby was born. Half way through the journey to the ranch a summer squall came up and it rained harder than Terry had ever seen but it was over in a couple of minutes. "This is not where we want to be after it rains," here father-in-law said. "Why?" she asked. "Because where we are is called the "flats" and you're bound to get stuck if you try and cross it, maybe we should go to the headquarters", he said. "Oh please, it doesn't look that wet", Terry said. Mike Sr. said, "OK, I know you must be anxious to see Mike". They hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when they were stuck fast. Mike Sr. got out, got a shovel and some cedar branches and went to work. Terry decided to get out of the truck. She opened the door and stepped out. "Whoa!" Terry sunk up to her ankles in

red mud. When she tried to pull her feet out, the mud sucked off one of her pretty not-so-white anymore sandals. She had to fish it out of the mud and get her hands all muddy. There was no place to wipe them except on her brand-new dress. Needless to say when she reunited with her sweetheart after months of separation she felt like a pregnant little mud hen. Thus began the life of a ranch wife.

Chevelon Butte Cattle Company was the name of this vast ranch. Mike Sr. had come to America from France when he was 14. That was in 1890. He had worked on other ranches until he saved enough money to buy his own. It was more than a hundred thousand acres, which seemed like a giant amount to Terry. The terrain was shocking. Where were large old trees? Where was the green grass? It was so open and so very, very different from New York City and West Point, but there was something magical about it that she grew to love. Their son Michael was born that October in 1946. Jim came along next in 1948. Kathie was born in 1949, Danny in 1951, Jeff in 1957, Karen in 1955, Tess in 1960, and Kim in 1963.

For many years Terry cooked on a wood stove not only for her family but for round-ups and all the cowhands. She had no electricity, not to mention a telephone. It was

like going back in time. She says she would have lost her mind with the silence and loneliness if it hadn't been for all her children.

Mike Sr. had been a sheepman but after Mike Jr. came home from the war they switched to cattle and began to put together a registered herd of Herefords. They also began to breed Quarter Horses. They started out with two good mares and a stallion named Red Pepper. He was a Quarter Horse out of War Chant whose bloodline went back to a Kentucky Derby winner. They also had the bloodline from Three Bars, a famous Quarter Horse. For 50 years Terry and Mike raised horses and at one time had the largest herd of wild mares in the state.

The horse round-ups and brandings were events to behold. Each year they took the two-year old colts out of the herd and broke and sold them. They were renowned for their speed, stamina, performance, and beauty.

As time went by and the market demanded a change in the cattle end of the operation, Terry and Mike quit raising registered Herefords and went to experimenting with exotic cattle. Mike and Terry were breeding for a better animal; one that could stand the harsh conditions and heavy winds of Northern Arizona. They tried Scotch Highlanders; this breed seemed perfect. They had long shaggy hair which

kept them warm, and protected their eyes from the dust, which caused pinkeye problems. They also produced a small calf at birth, which was good for calving. They lost very few first-year heifers during calving. However this breed did not catch on with the cattle buyers and that's what mattered when one went to the bank after shipping. Terry and Mike started experimenting with crossbreds and finally came up with a breed of their very own called a "Beefmaker". This was a cross between a Santa Gertrudis bull and a Hereford cow. They then took this cross and bred it to an Angus bull. The end result seemed to be what the buyers wanted. In the cattle business the goal is to please the consumer and not go broke in the process. Cattle buyers say the O'Hacos raise the finest calves they can find and they return year after year to buy these calves. Next year things might be different but one must do what the market calls for.

After 55 years of marriage and eight children, Terry lost her loving husband Mike in 2001. He was found dead by one of his daughters up at the corrals with a wrench in his hand, trying to turn a valve to get water to the horse tank. He died doing what he loved best, taking care of his animals. He always said he would die with his boots on. He was 81.

Things haven't been the same since Mike died. The family decided to sell all the wild horses but saved the saddle horses and four good mares. It was heartbreaking to see 250 head of the finest bred horses in the west go for barely anything at auction. But that's part of ranching. The draught had gone on for 15 years and there just wasn't enough grass and money to feed that many horses as well as the cattle and the elk. The horse market was down to nothing. It seemed like the only kind of horses people wanted to pay good money for were older well-trained horses that someone had spent years on. There weren't enough cowboys left that needed or could ride young broncs. Times change and one has to change with it, sad as it is. An era was over.

It was a hard thing to lose Mike but Terry will go on. She is 83 years old and has become one tough lady. Terry has the best help in the world: her children. Her son Jim is her right hand man, running the ranch.

Not long ago Terry was told that Chevelon Butte Cattle Company (O'Haco Ranches) is the oldest, privately owned ranch in Arizona. Mike and Terry never had any oil wells or big corporations to help them through the hard times, and believe you me, there were plenty. There were two floods that nearly wiped them out. They also lost their

farm to nefarious thieves. And then there were those awful years of draught. Any one of these catastrophes would have most folks throw in the towel. But Terry and Mike weren't most folks. First of all they had each other, and then they were gifted with a special piece of God's green earth; the ranch. They had excellent business sense and raised eight of the best ranch hands in the world, who loved the ranch with all their hearts and souls; their children.

Sometimes they barely break even but it isn't about the money that keeps this family ranch going. It's love. It's purely love for each other, love for the land, love for the animals, and love for the way of life. Terry says it has always been a labor of love.

Beginning of O'Haco Ranch Legacy

Almost a hundred years ago, fourteen-year-old Michel O'Haco left his home in the Basque Pyrenees, between Franch and Sopain, and traveled to frontier town Phoenix. Today, four generations later, the O'Haco family operates one of northern Arizona's most successful ranch operations.

By: Kathy McCraine (Reprinted with permission, courtesy Arizona Cattelog.)

It was the mid-1890's and Phoenix was still a tiny frontier town of 3,000 people, a dusty stopping off place in the desert. That vast expanse of arid land must have seemed a strange and frightening place to the 14-year-old boy who traveled there alone from the Basque Pyrenees, a craggy land nestled between France and Spain.

He arrived at the newly built Adams Hotel and waited for the uncle who had promised him a job on his sheep ranch near Wickenburg. All day, all night, and all the next day he waited, but still the uncle didn't show. Finally, out of food and out of money, speaking only French and Basque, he managed to get a job at the livery stable next to the hotel for room and board. Twenty days later the uncle he no longer believed existed did show up. Time meant very little in those days and they had simply been busy with the sheep.

This is the story Mike O'Haco likes to tell about his father, Michel, the first four generations of O'Hacos to settle in Arizona. Today one of northern Arizona's most prominent cattlemen, Mike O'Haco is proud of his family history.

"My father worked for his uncle three years until he accumulated enough money to buy sheep of his own," he says. "In those days land was so cheap that if you bought a band of sheep or a herd of cattle, they practically threw the land in free. He partnered with Mike Echeverria on a ranch near Ash Fork; the market went up and they did real well, so they sold out."

The elder O'Haco went to California for a couple of years but he came back to form the O'Haco Sheep Company with three other partners. It would eventually become the largest sheep outfit in the state of Arizona. By 1941 they had properties all over the state, moving their herds from Arizona's northern plateau in summer to the green pastures of the Salt River Valley in the winter. By now they were also running cattle.

In 1941 they decided to dissolve the company. The three partners continued to operate as the O'Haco Sheep Company, while Mike's dad ended up with the Chevelon Butte Ranch at Winslow, the Divide Ranch at Wickenburg, several

thousand sheep and a couple hundred cattle. About that time the war broke out, and young Mike, who was at the University of Arizona, received an Army ROTC commission.

"At that time anybody in agriculture could be deferred, but I wanted to go win that war, and I told my dad I was going," he says. "I thought in six months or a year I would be back, and I could run the ranch for the rest of my life."

It didn't work out that way. Mike was in the service five years as the war dragged on, serving in North Africa, Italy, France and Germany, and earning the Silver Star among other honors. Two weeks before the war ended a bullet ripped through his spine, leaving him almost completely paralyzed.

"I didn't get my legs back for two years," he says. "From the time I left home, it was seven years before I was able to come back to the ranch."

During his long hospitalization, Mike was cared for by an Army nurse named Teresa Savinsky, and in 1946 they were married. Eventually they had eight children, Michael, James, Kathy, Danny, Jeffery, Karen, Teresa and Kim.

Mike returned in 1948 to take over the Chevelon Butte Ranch south of Winslow. With his father's death in 1954, he sold the ranch at Wickenburg. Then 10 years ago he and his

sons, Michael and Jim, purchased the adjoining Hutchinson Ranch, which they call the 4Cs for Chevelon Canyon Cattle Company. Chevelon Canyon splits the two ranches and about 200,000 acres. They also have a farm at Winslow where they raise hay and permanent pasture, using it as a show place for the bulls they have for sale.

Like his father before him, Mike has always been a Hereford man. He runs 250-300 purebred Herefords primarily to raise replacements and bulls for his commercial herd of 1,500 head. About 90 percent of his commercial replacement heifers come out of the registered herd, while he uses about a quarter of the bulls he raises, and sells the rest to other breeders.

"We had straight Herefords all our lives until six or seven years ago when all the buyers starting asking for more ear," Mike says. "Now we have two programs, one where we run Hereford bulls on crossbred cows and one where we run crossbred bulls on Hereford cows. Seems like people moved away from Herefords for some time, but now everybody thinks the Hereford cow and crossbred bull is the way to go, so we won't ever turn loose of our purebred herd. There's going to continue to be a lot of demand for the Hereford, and we find that with a Hereford cow and a

crossbred bull, you can get just about as good a calf as you can find."

Mike tried several Brahman breeds before deciding that he liked the Santa Gertrudis best. Now he breeds Santa Gertrudis bulls on his top Hereford cows to produce an F1 Cross that he calls a "Beefmaker". He finds that by using the Beefmaker bulls on his Herefords, he maintains a larger percent of Hereford blood and just a little ear. The hybrid vigor from the Brahman blood produces a growthier calf with less fat. Still, the Hereford is his first love.

"Herefords have been here in the Southwest since the first cattle were run, and they have done a good job for Arizonians," he says. "They've done well in the high country, and they're O.K. in the desert; they are just an animal that adapts itself to almost any elevation, and you can't say that about some of the other breeds. A little Brahman blood is fine to get that hybrid vigor and lean meat, but 1/8 to 1/4 Brahman is all you want".

"I like the Hereford's adaptability and uniformity. Properly selected they'll produce as much milk for this part of the country as any breed and more than most of them. They're as well muscled as any breed I know of, and they're gentle cattle."

Mike's Herefords proved their adaptability back in 1967 when one of Arizona's most severe snow storms hit. The snow was five to six feet deep and it stayed cold for two months. A neighbor across the fence was running Angus cattle and lost all of his bulls, while Mike lost only a few of his Hereford bulls.

Because of cold winters, he runs his bulls with the cows nine months out of the year, taking them out in March, April and May. Then he puts them back the first of June so that he gets late February and March calves.

"We just don't want to be calving in December, January and February," he says. "It can get awfully cold and the snow can be so deep. I'd rather not have a calf under those conditions. I've seen calves freeze before they hit the ground in January, but fortunately we don't get severe winters like that every year."

Usually there is enough browse in the winter that he doesn't supplement until two months before calving. When the snow is deep, the cattle will eat salt sage and other times they eat the shorter winter-fat or blue sage. Needle and thread is another common winter grass and in the summer the grama grasses are the most prominent. Mike is able to run 10 to 20 cows per section, and "when grama grass is

good," he says, "these calves and their mamas will put on two-three pounds per day."

Besides using his own home raised bulls, Mike buys at least two to three bulls per year, and doesn't mind paying for the best he can get. He has bought numerous bulls from 26 Bar Ranch and Hooper Herefords, as well as the Arizona Hereford Bull Sale at Prescott, where he frequently tops the sale.

"I find the type of Hereford bulls I want at the Prescott sale," he says. "There are always half a dozen bulls that I can use in my registered herd, and they're not too costly. Other places the same quality bulls would cost twice as much in my opinion."

He figures he has bought the Champion Bull at about 75 percent of the Prescott sales he has attended, and he often buys the Reserve Champion as well.

Despite fairly low key purebred operation, Mike sells numerous bulls locally and in Mexico. Some even sell as far away as Florida. He generally sells them right off pasture at the ranch, but sometimes he conditions them at Scottsdale Feed Yard.

Besides being a successful cattle rancher, Mike O'Haco is one of Arizona's busiest civic workers. Among other activities too numerous to mention, he has served on the

Navajo County Board of Supervisors, the Navajo County Fair Commission, the Arizona Racing Commission, the State A.S.C.S. Committee, and the Arizona Rangeland Advisory Council. He also served three terms as president of the Northern Arizona Cattle Growers' Association.

That 14-year-old boy who came to this country with no money and worked his way up from a simple sheepherder to one of Arizona's largest sheep and cattle producers would be proud today. No doubt he would be proud to see Mike, and now his grandchildren and great grandchildren, continuing the O'Haco ranching tradition begun almost 100 year ago.

A Rancher of Integrity

By Laura Flood

Editor's Note: Mike O'Haco was named Arizona's Cattleman of the Year at the recent Arizona Cattlemen's Association convention in Rio Rico. We at the Arizona Cattlelog add our congratulations to Mike for his dedication to his country, his industry and his family.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the public at large, and especially the younger generation, could look beyond the old-time cattleman closing the barbed-wire gate at sunset? They might grasp the integrity and will he exerted to be where he is today... living in a free country and raising a family in a quiet, unpolluted place. Proud... yet humble.

Mike O'Haco's life reflects the timeless wisdom found in the Bible: "Fight the good fight..." 1 Timothy 1:18; "Run the race to win," 1 Corinthians 9:24; "Cherish your wife as Christ cherished the church," Ephesians 5:25. There is still a good handful of cattlemen in Arizona who strive to follow such doctrines, even amidst opposition by people who work overtime to get rid of any biblical influence in the United States, the same way they are trying to phase out cattle on western lands.

Towards the end of World War II, Mike O'Haco was serving as captain in the army. While in Germany, he led

his company into Nuremburg, where he was attacked as if by a relentless lion ... out to steal, kill and destroy his life. He was shot and wounded, bandaged up and returned to the battlefield ... four times! In the relentless enemy's fourth attempt, the bullet came too close for comfort. With only two weeks left of the war, Mike's spine was grazed, leaving him paralyzed.

With the perseverance of the all-around athlete Mike had displayed in high school and college, he kept on fighting. In his high school days, Mike ran the length of the football field many times and around the track - to win. He earned letters in four sports, including baseball and basketball. All the while, he kept up his studies and was elected student body president his final year. The same honorable record continued in college.

Mike's tremendous energy and motivation, had come to a screeching halt in 1945. There, in a hospital bed in a foreign country, Mike found himself paralyzed from the fight. However, he had much of the race still ahead in his young life. He wanted to go home to the United States ... one nation under God ... and continue to work on his family's ranch. He had a thriving dedication to continue the work his father had painstakingly begun before the turn

of the century. He had created a successful livestock operation, and Mike had always planned to be a part of it.

Mike O'Haco's father, Michel, had journeyed out to Arizona by himself in the 1890's. He was just a 14-year-old pup, who only spoke his native Basque language. Even if there had been a cosmopolitan traveler at the Adams Hotel in Phoenix the day Michel landed there who spoke French or Spanish, they could not have communicated. The Basque people, who live in the Pyrenees mountain range between France and Spain, have a language with no known relationship to any other!

Michel had come to work on his uncle's sheep ranch near Wickenburg. His uncle was busy doing a job ... until it got done ... which left young Mike in a sink-or-swim situation. He did what became customary to his future family and quickly rustled up work in a livery stable near the hotel, for room and board, until his uncle showed up.

It only took Michel three years working for his uncle, with careful stewardship and saving the money he earned, to enable him to buy his own sheep. He formed a partnership with Mike Echeverria, and after some productive years with a healthy sheep market, they sold out. Then the O'Haco Sheep Company was formed with three other partners. In time it became the largest sheep outfit in the state of

Arizona. They utilized the vast northern Arizona range lands for their sheep and acquired cattle by 1941. The sheep were put on the northern plateau in the summer months and moved south to the Salt River Valley in the winter. If there was rain on the desert, some of the older cows were also moved. This was the hard working, and yet creative and industrious, surrounding the younger Mike grew up in.

Mike says, "I didn't think I would be alive this long and able to run cattle. The good Lord was behind all of it, I'm sure." And indeed, with two years of therapy and tender care, Mike was able to walk and ride again! To top it off, as the literal icing on the cake, Mike and Teresa were married in 1946. They have served and cherished one another for 51 years. They had four sons and four daughters, all raised in a healthy ranch environment.

"Our children were good hands," Mike smiles, and adds, "They did things my way." The eldest is Michael, followed by James, Kathy, Danny, Jeffrey, Karen, Teresa and Kim. When Mike returned from his six years in the service, he took over the Chevelon Butte Ranch south of Winslow. After his father passed away in 1954, he sold the ranch at Wickenburg. Twenty years ago, he and his sons, Michael and Jim, purchased the adjoining Hutchinson Ranch. They called it the 4Cs, for Chevelon Canyon Cattle Company.

The O'Hacos are in an exciting place today. The Beefmaker breed that Mike has been developing for over 10 years may soon become a registered breed. The 250 sections that O'Hacos run cattle on used to contain strictly Herefords, after the sheep were phased out. Mike recalls, "Forty years ago it became hard to find help on the sheep ranches of Arizona," adding, "We had a saying: Sheep for money, cattle for respect."

Today Mike has gained respect for his new breed of cattle, which he named "Beefmaker." After trying every type of Brahman bull on his Hereford cows, and some other breeds as well, he found the Santa Gertrudis worked the best. In recent years he has seen a hardy breed develop. He puts the Santa Gertrudis bulls on his top Hereford cows to produce the F1 cross he named Beefmaker. When the Beefmaker bulls are used on the Herefords, he maintains a larger percentage of Hereford blood.

"Santa Gertrudis cattle, which originated on the King Ranch in Texas," Mike explains, "lend just the right amount of ear I like." They are a combination of 5/8 Shorthorn and 3/8 Brahman. Good reports are coming from ranches in Texas and New Mexico that use the Beefmaker cattle, which may soon result in the registration of this new breed.

Life seems to be as productive as a person makes it. From a page in a 1947 *Who's Who* publication, one can see Mike has been busy. In addition to raising cattle, he has been active in civic affairs, serving three terms as chairman of the Navajo County Fair Commission; he has been a member of the Winslow Planning and Zoning Commission and the Navajo Planning and Zoning Commission. He served as director of the Northern Arizona Cattle Growers' Association for three two-year terms. He also has been active in a group called IDEA, the Industrial Development Endeavor Association, which works to bring new industry into the small city of Winslow and Navajo County. He was also county supervisor for eight years and served on the State Racing Commission for six years.

Mike O'Haco is quite an example for an up-and-coming generation of cowboys and ranchers. From a handsome and successful athlete to a courageous soldier, awarded four Purple Hearts, two Silver Stars and a Bronze Star, today he is a humble and devoted family man and rancher. Yep, you have to look beyond the immediate picture to see how the "Son" has worked through a cattleman's life, as the sun is setting beyond the barbed-wire gate.

THE MUNDS-BENEDICT FAMILIES

The Munds and Benedicts ranched and raised cattle in Arizona for nearly 130 years, from the 1870s to 2004. During these decades, their operations changed, as Arizona grew and developed, but raising cattle remained the focus of the family business. When their family tree is shaken, it rains cattle, like a sturdy mesquite tree dropping bean pods in a storm.

William and Sarah Munds were the first family members to ranch in Arizona, arriving in 1876, after leaving Oregon. William Madison Munds had been in Oregon since the age of 14, but family conflict and marital difficulties led the Munds to drive their 110 cattle south to the rough Arizona territory, traveling in two covered wagons, with a 15 horse remuda. William Munds was an adventurous type, taking on this long journey of approximately 1,500 miles. Assisted by their sons, James, then fourteen, and Neil, twelve, the Munds also had help from two additional drovers. Another child, John, was only seven, and he rode in the wagon with Sarah. The teenage boys received an invaluable lesson, becoming cowboys in the truest sense of the word on this drive that took nearly a year. They

traveled through southern Oregon and northern California, across the Sierra Nevadas and along the mountains' eastern slope, then southeast through Nevada to cross the Colorado River at Stone's Ferry. This crossing, maintained by members of the Mormon Church, allowed travelers to cross the Colorado River as they went from St. George, Utah to the new settlements in the Salt River Valley. (Later after the Mormons abandoned this crossing, it became Bonelli's Ferry, and eventually it was covered by the waters of Lake Mead behind the Hoover Dam.)

After crossing the Colorado, the Munds traveled southeast on Hardyville Road, which ran from Hardyville on the upper Colorado River to Prescott, a journey of 165 miles. Traveling through Aztec Pass, between the Santa Maria Mountains and Juniper Mesa, they drove their cattle to Williamson Valley where they celebrated the nation's centennial in November of 1876, by leasing the Bean House Ranch. They put up the first wire fence in that country to hold their 109 head of cattle, having lost one steer while crossing the Colorado River. William Munds began raising alfalfa to sell to the military at nearby Fort Whipple and to miners along Groom Creek, but he also began looking for land to purchase.

The family left Williamson Valley within a year, searching for land of their own. They paused briefly in the Upper Verde Valley before settling on Spring Creek, a tributary of the Verde River, near present-day Cornville and Sedona. Munds soon discovered that summer grazing was poor in the area, so the family began driving their cattle four thousand feet higher to the top of the Mogollon Rim, for summer pasture. They established headquarters some seventeen miles south of the new town of Flagstaff in a large open park surrounded by forest that became known as Munds Park.

During these years, the Munds boys, James, Neil and John, worked with their father raising cattle, learning the business firsthand. While the family business remained the same, other major changes occurred in family partnerships. Sarah and William divorced, and she moved to Bisbee while William eventually moved to Jerome. At the age of twenty, James married Harriet Ann "Hattie" Loy, and the couple homesteaded 160 acres in Munds Park.

James and Hattie Munds farmed and raised cattle, under the JT brand, that they shipped to Kansas City when ready for sale. Hattie gave birth to two daughters, Edna Getha Munds in 1883 in cottonwood and Sara Jane "Jennie" Munds in 1885 in Camp Verde. James Munds built the Munds Trail

gaining easier access to the Munds Park area because it went from Sedona up the hill to Munds Park. The family lived on Oak Creek near Sedona during the winters and spent the summers in Munds Park.

In 1882, the family suffered a terrible tragedy when James Munds died in a freak accident as he picked up a rifle and the barrel discharged, killing him. Hattie was widowed, with the two girls, then just nine and seven. She sold the cattle but continued to live on the homestead, with the assistance of her brother, John Loy, who homesteaded nearby. Hattie completed the necessary steps to "prove up" on the homestead, and like many Arizona ranch women, she carried on, doing the necessary tasks to hold the family together.

Hattie Munds, however, did not want her daughters to spend much time working in the fields, and they always wore bonnets and gloves when outside to protect their skin. Hattie valued education highly, and the girls studied hard to qualify for the territorial Normal School in Tempe. Traveling by wagon, Hattie and girls went to Tempe, taking seven days to make the trip. In 1904, after the girls graduated from Normal School, they found teaching jobs in the Verde Valley, but as often happened with school teachers, they married young men who lived in the area;

Jennie became the wife of Dave Wingfield, while Getha wed Oliver Benedict.

Oliver Avery Benedict moved to Arizona in 1898 from upstate New York. His parents had a dairy farm that required the work of all eight children, but Oliver decided to leave the East after learning that their family friend, William Sanford "Boss" Head, needed help with his business in the Verde Valley. As a boy, Oliver suffered from respiratory ailments, and the family believed the dry climate of Arizona would improve his health. Oliver traveled west by train and then from Prescott by mail stage to the Verde Valley. Boss Head had been working as postmaster in Camp Verde and as a storeowner, but by the time Benedict reached the area, Head had sold the store and was running a herd of horses on a range in the Clear Creek country called the Mud Tanks. Oliver began wrangling horses, working the cattle and farming for Boss Head, becoming known as one of the best horsemen in the valley. He broke wild horses to ride and pull wagons, and became known as an expert in training horses to work ranch chores.

After Oliver Benedict married Getha, they ranched on Clear Creek and irrigated from the Verde River. Getha gave birth to three children, Franklin (1907), Joel (1909), and Mary Lois (1911). The family sold their land on Clear

Creek and bought some acres north of Camp Verde, between Black Ridge and Camp Verde. They farmed there until 1912 when they sold the land because the ditch that irrigated the area ran right by their house, and they were afraid on of their little children would drown.

From 1912 to 1916, the Benedict family ran a dairy farm on twenty acres in Turlock, California. Then they returned to Arizona and worked for a year for John Loy, who was Getha Benedict's uncle. In 1921, Oliver Benedict bought land at the end of the Verde ditch, near Squaw Peak, at the edge of what is today the Cedar Bench Wilderness. There two more sons were born, James Thomas (1919) and Samuel John (1921). Getha taught in the country school which included her own children. Sam even started school at the age of five to help the little country school qualify for the state monies available based on the number of students.

In 1929, Oliver Benedict rented the Callaway Ranch, which included 160 acres north of Camp Verde where the Beaver Creek entered the Verde River. They raised alfalfa, wheat, oats and cattle while also tending an orchard made up of apple, pear and Damson Plum Trees. During the Great Depression, Okies camped by the river and ate extra fruit while their teenage boys helped out on the ranch. During

these years, Oliver Benedict became the "ditch boss" on the Eureka Ditch because he volunteered to maintain the six mile ditch by using scrapers and teams of horses to take out the volunteer vegetation. During harvest, neighboring ranchers helped out; Getha Munds Benedict fed eighteen to twenty workers during these busy times. The children grew up on this ranch, and Sam Benedict, the youngest, graduated high school at Camp Verde High in 1938.

Like her mother, Hattie, Getha Munds Benedict valued education highly and encouraged all five of her children to go to college which they did. Three of them became teachers, (Franklin, Joel and Mary Lois), while Sam studied agronomy first at ASU and then at the University of Arizona where he graduated in 1946. During this time, Sam met his future wife, Kay Hill, on a street corner in Tempe. He gave her a ride, and she ended up marrying him in 1948 and then continued riding with him for decades. Raised on a farm in Douglas, Kay is also a native Arizonan. She became a great partner for Sam, and the couple had three children, Bruce, Jeril and Brett.

Shortly after Sam and Kay married, they purchased the Callaway Ranch with Oliver and Getha Benedict and Sam's brother, Franklin and his wife, Hazel. In 1949, Sam began raising 40 head of purebred polled Hereford cattle on

irrigated pasture. He had one bull and 39 cows and a 96 per cent calf crop. He sold the bull calves, steers and a few heifers at 900 pounds to individuals at private treaty in Camp Verde, keeping the best heifers to replenish the herd. This arrangement continued until 1955 when Sam convinced his father and the other partners to put their ranch up for sale. Oliver Benedict reluctantly agreed to sell, and then it took eighteen months to find a buyer.

By the time the ranch sold, Sam Benedict had his eyes fixed on the feed lot business. Jim Benedict had recently become involved in a feed lot outside of Casa Grande with Ted Decker and Lewis Walmsley in 1954. Louis Johnson, L.J. Russell, and Darwin Parks had also been involved in this business, but they sold their interest in 1952. In 1955, Sam Benedict traveled south from Camp Verde to work in the Arlington Cattle Company for two years, assisting in feed lot management. In 1957, he joined Jim's business, the Benedict Feeding Company, and this became the family's work for nearly the next 50 years.

When Sam Benedict began working at the feed lot, it had a capacity to feed about 2,000 to 3,500 head of cattle. Over the years, the Benedict Feeding Company purchased additional land, including some from the Ethington family in the early 1960s. Gradually they added a series of pens

until their pens totaled 124. They also constructed two 7,000-ton grain storage buildings and purchased a special feed truck. Eventually the operation spread over 140 acres and included a feed mill, office and the pens.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the Benedicts fed many Brahman cross cattle because they endured the heat well and had fewer health problems. They fed these cattle a high energy ration for veal. The United State Army was the biggest customer for the Brahman cattle.

Sam Benedict bought cattle from Arizona and Texas ranchers during the early years. He also purchased cattle for investors who fattened them at the Benedict Feeding Company and then sold them. The Benedicts purchased cattle for their own account and for investors while also custom feeding cattle for customers, including feeding many heifer dairy cows. They separated the different groups in pens and branded all of their new purchases. By the 1970s when they were feeding 20,000 cattle, the feedlot included all types and sizes of cattle, but the Brahman crosses continued to be the best performers.

The Benedicts began experimenting with concentrated rations early, using the first concentrated rations in the Casa Grande area. In the 1960s, the company began using a nutritionist to provide advice regarding feed, and they

also consulted a veterinarian regarding the health and treatment of the animals. In 1966, the Benedict Feeding Company won the national Feeders Award.

Management and shares of ownership changed over the years at the Benedict Feeding Company. In the 1960s, Walmsley sold out to Bill Polete and Sam Benedict. Eventually Decker and Polete sold their shares, and the feedlot was entirely family-owned by the Benedicts. Jim retired from the company in 1978. During these years, the Benedict boys were growing up and in 1973, Jeril Benedict became operations manager at the feedlot. In 1982, Brett Benedict joined the feed lot as farm foreman and computer specialist. By the late 1980s, computers helped to keep the feeding operations clear, organizing specific rations for the cattle in different pens. Later, in the 1990s, Jeril's son Dan began working for the company, assisting in management.

In the late 1990s, daily operation of the feed lot required about 25 employees. The Benedicts handled challenges common to Arizona, such as dust, by using a sprinkler system with lines buried in the ground, along with a water truck to wet the areas that the sprinklers missed. On a daily basis, four to six cowboys worked on horseback, inspecting the cattle for signs of illness,

sizing for fat, moving and doctoring sick animals. They put sick or injured cattle in a hospital area and recovery pen. The operation required work day in and day out because as Sam Benedict state, "The cattle have to eat everyday."

As the Benedict Feeding Company grew, they needed more feed trucks. They began the operation with one "old feed truck" that distributed 200 tons of feed a day. By 2000, they had four feed trucks with the drivers "busier than hell," said Sam Benedict, as they fed the cattle their different rations.

In addition to running the feed lot, the entire Benedict family was involved in community and state organizations. Sam served on the Casa Grande City Council and as President of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association from 1978-1979. Kay directed the Casa Grande Valley Historical Museum for years and served on other city boards. Jeril served on the elementary school board for fourteen years, and Brett served on various city committees and the Presbyterian Church board. They were also active in 4-H leadership. This was a family tradition, explained Sam: "Generations back, we all had a desire to make things better and were willing to serve with the abilities we had to make them better." Sam and Kay, along with their sons,

Jeril and Brett and their wives all volunteered to improve Casa Grande and state organizations.

The Benedicts sold the feedlot in 2004, a few days shy of seeing the company's fifty year anniversary. At that time, the cost of shipping feed and other economic and personal factors made business difficult. The sale ended a Munds-Benedict family tradition of raising cattle in Arizona that lasted from the 1870s to 2004. Sam and Kay Benedict and two of Sam's favorite horses retired to a new home in the Casa Grande Valley for a well-earned rest.

January 2007

J.D. MILLER

My mother was Agnes Florence Hardin-Miller. My father was Lealon Ohenon Miller. I was born at Hope, New Mexico on July 26, 1916. My sister, Evelyn Florene Miller-Watts was born February 27, 1913. My parents later went to Globe, Arizona and my dad worked in the Old Dominion Mines at Globe. There was a flu epidemic in 1918 and many people died. I was told the health doctor was making the people go to the hospital and they were dying fast. My dad had his gun and sat in our front door and told them none of his family was going anywhere and we all got well.

All of this was repeated to me by my family. The next move was to Laveen, Arizona, south of Phoenix where my dad worked on a farm for a man whose name was Thomas. He picked cotton, milked cows by hand, and did farm work. I can barely remember all of this move. The man gave my sister and me a ride on his tractor. I thought that was the biggest machine I ever saw. I don't think we stayed at Laveen, Arizona but maybe a year. My dad wasn't a farmer, he was a rancher and cowboy. My grandfather Miller-Harvey was a rancher. He had sheep and cattle in the Guadalupe Mountains south of Hope, New Mexico. My grandfather W.W. "Ynk" Hardin was also a sheep rancher in the Guadalupe

Mountains. I was the first grandson of the Hardin family, so I was with "Papa" Hardin many times. He would take me with him in his Model T Ford just about every time he went to the ranch.

I remember one trip to the ranch, Papa was taking food supplies to the ranch. He, at that time, bought dried fruit by the large wooden boxes. I found a box of dry prunes and got them open somehow and ate prunes for about twenty miles. Needless to say what the results were.

My mother's brother Uncle Charley Hardin and Lois Watts had just got married in about 1924. They were staying at Papa's ranch, and they took me with them. I found Papa's spurs and thought they needed to be sharpened. There was a grind stone you sat on and used your feet to turn the grinder. I got just one sharpened before Uncle Charley caught me. One time Papa and I were on our way to the ranch and we met a man on horseback at a gate. He said he was going to Hope to let the Sheriff know that a man by the name of Murray was dead at the next ranch. We went on to the ranch and sure enough, the man was lying on the porch on his back, and there was a quilt cover on him, and a cup of bacon grease beside him. There was no other person with him. We went in the house to look around, there was a wash table in the kitchen with a wash pan,

soap, and a bucket of drinking water with a dipper to drink out of. Needless to say, we didn't want to drink, but there was poison in the water bucket and that is what killed the man, we were very lucky not to be thirsty, or we would have been poisoned also.

Another time we lived about a block from where Papa and Grandma Hardin lived and I could see Papa when he left his house in the Model T Ford. I saw him leave and I thought he was going someplace and I wanted to go. I ran down the street and he slowed the car down and I jumped on the running board and my feet slipped off and I fell off and rolled under the car and he ran over me. The wheel didn't hurt me but I was scared, and I jumped up and ran home and crawled under the bed and hid from Papa, he got turned around and came to our house. He was scared also and didn't know if I was hurt or not. Boy, oh boy, I was afraid Papa wouldn't take me with him anymore, but he always did.

I remember when my Grandmother Miller died, I was about 5 years old and it was 1921. The funeral coach was a horse drawn affair, it had hard rubber tires and was so quiet on the gravel roads. No noise could be heard except the shoes of the horses on the gravel road. She is buried in the West Hope, New Mexico Cemetery. My grand dad also

is buried there. I remember my grandparents Papa and Grandma Hardin, Grand dad Harvey-Miller, my great-aunt Tempie Woodson, my mother, my sister, and myself, leaving Hope, New Mexico to go to the Hot Springs in New Mexico to take a series of hot baths. We picked Aunt Tempie up at Alamagordo, New Mexico. That was in the days of dirt and mud and sand roads. The road that Papa started out on was straight through the white sands west of Alamagordo. We got out in the white sands and the wind had blown so hard that the road was not to be seen. All the people left me in the car and were looking for the road. I got scared and ran away from the car. Aunt Tempie heard me crying and running but caught me and asked what was the matter. I told her I saw a snake, and I threw a rock at it. But that she didn't buy because she said, "Young man, there isn't a rock in these white sands in ten miles of here." We found our way on across the White Sands, on to Hot Springs, which is Truth or Consequences, New Mexico now.

I started to school at Hope in 1921. Grades one, two & three were in one building. I was in fourth grade and all the children from the third grade to the High School went to the same two story building. One day about 10 o'clock we heard a man hollering, "Fire, fire!" The coal furnace had blown up. We were out of school for about two

months until it was repaired. I was in the fifth grade in 1926, and in September, my dad's friend, Ed Bowman and his wife Louise came to see us. He had a ranch south of old San Carlos, Arizona. He offered my dad a job. We had a 1926 Chevrolet car and dad made a two wheel trailer to pull. We loaded all we could on the car and trailer and started to Arizona. It took about 4 days to make the trip, now it takes only one day.

My sister stayed with Louise's folks at Safford, Arizona the rest of the school year and Louise taught me at the ranch the next year. My mother moved to Safford to send us to school. We went to Safford School in 1927 and 1928. In 1929, my sister Evelyn and I went to Deming, New Mexico School and we stayed with my mother's sister Aunt Oma Riley. We went the first half there until Christmas time. Then Evelyn went to Globe School the last half and stayed with Arch Sanders family, which was my dad's cousin. I stayed with Ed and Louise Bowman at the Hook and Line Ranch six miles down the Gila River below the Coolidge Dam and rode horseback to the school there. On Friday, I would go from the Hook and Line Ranch to the Steeple Eight Ranch where mother and dad lived. It was about ten miles between ranches. My dad had some coyote and bobcat traps set, and I would check them on my way home. I came to a trap that

had a skunk in it and I got off my horse to kill it. I got me a rock to throw at it but was too close and the skunk sprayed me. Oh boy, it hit me in the eyes and I thought I was blind. I couldn't see, but the creek had running water in it. I stumbled to the water and really splashed water in my eyes and face. Finally I could see, I don't know if I killed the skunk or not. I was so glad I wasn't blind. My mother had burned my clothes up, I smelled like a skunk for a few days.

I finished that year of school at the Coolidge Dam School, and while I was staying with Ed and Louise Bowman, Ed killed a beef and he put a hind quarter of it on a pack mule and told me to take it to a man at the Dam, who had a little Café and store, and I could have the money and buy a pair of boots. He paid me \$14.00 for the meat. The next time we went to Safford, I bought me a pair of Nocona Boots. The next year, my mother, my sister Evelyn and I moved to Globe to go to school. I didn't like it at Globe after about two months, so Mother came back to the ranch. Evelyn stayed with the Sanders and finished high school. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hamman at Coolidge Dam and finished the eighth grade in 1931, which was all the school I got.

In the meantime, Ed Bowman and my dad decided to go into the Angora goat business. My uncle Foy Riley and his brother-in-law Ledru Hyatt had 1,000 head of Angora goats in the Cook Peak Mountains, north of Deming, New Mexico. So Ed Bowman traded one hundred cows for the goats. I don't know how he got the cows to Deming, railroad I guess. But my mother, dad, and goat herder drove the one thousand goats cross country to the ranch where we were living. This was in 1930.

The Depression was getting started good by now. We weren't making much money with the goats and couldn't pay the goat herder to work so my dad put me to herding the goats. We had good rain and lots of feed for the goats. The first year I think we raised six hundred new kid goats. The mohair wool was sheared from the goats but there wasn't a good piece per pound of wool, about ten cents a pound. It got worse the next year. We had a big herd of goats but no money.

My dad got a job at Coolidge Dam on a road job for a few days. It sure did help us. He got \$5.00 a day. There was a man that lived there that had a motorcycle with a side car on it and my dad had him take him to Safford, Arizona. He bought me a new pair of work shoes for \$1.98 and a bill of groceries. I had worn my shoes out but still

had one. I rode a horse and burro to herd the goats. A neighbor Armon Sanders came by my herd to visit me and I didn't want him to see my bare foot so I sat down on a big rock with my bare feet under me.

There were some people by the name of Butler. I went to school with the boy Darrell and his sister Barbara at Coolidge Dam. Sometimes my dad would herd the goats for two days and I would ride fifteen miles to the dam to get the mail. I would stay all night with them and sometimes Mr. Butler would take us to the picture show in Globe. Boy, that was a treat. They also had electricity, running water, and a refrigerator that made ice. Darrell came home with me for a few days, but he had to go with me to herd goats. He didn't stay very long. People took my picture at the dam, thought I was an Indian boy.

My uncle Ross Miller and his son Harvey came to our place, horseback from Hot Springs, New Mexico. Our goat herd had grown to about two thousand by now and my dad made a deal with my uncle to herd one herd of goats and I herded the other. Dad was to pay my uncle in goats because we didn't have any money. In 1933 Uncle Charley Hardin, Uncle John Hardin and Uncle Charley's wife Lois, and her brother Bill Watts came from Dunken, New Mexico to visit. They wanted to take a trip to the Petrified Forest and take my

folks with them. Uncle Charley had some money so he hired a man to herd my herd of goats so I could go. That was the first time I had been anywhere except to the Coolidge Dam in three years.

My sister and Bill Watts were sweet on each other from school days at Hope, New Mexico. When we went back home, Evelyn went with Uncle Charley and Aunt Lois to their ranch. That was in the early summer of 1933, and they got married in Roswell, New Mexico on July 31, 1933. My Uncle Charley offered to send me to the New Mexico Military Institute School at Roswell, New Mexico. I thought that was maybe a way to get more school and not to have to herd goats. But my dad said if I would stay with the goats, he would give me a third interest in the goats. So I didn't take Uncle Charley's offer.

My dad's contract with Ed Bowman was about up, so we decided to take our part of the goats and go someplace in New Mexico and find a ranch to lease, September 23, 1933. My mother went to Uncle Charley's ranch and my Uncle Ross and Harvey Miller and my dad and I started out driving our twelve hundred head of goats. We had five or six horses, one burro and a pack outfit to carry our beds and camp outfit. It was in the days before the "Taylor Grazin" or later the Bureau of Land Management and we just went cross

country. Some stupid thing happened along the way. Uncle Ross found a half bottle of whisky along side of the road on the Indian Reservation about Calva, Arizona so he drank some and he asked me to take a taste of it, and I did. Not too smart, it could have been poison. About two days later we were south of Pima, Arizona and a farmer came out to the herd and asked my dad if he had any younger, male goats. He said he would trade a good horse for two or three goats. So the trade was made. The man told my dad that the horse was just a little crazy to get on, but if you would catch hold of the bridle head strap when you got on he was all right. But if you didn't, he sure would buck and pitch. He said he had thrown all of his hired hands right off.

Anyway, my dad put his saddle on him, caught hold of the head stall and got on without any trouble. We traveled on about two miles and got off our horses to get a drink of water out of a ditch. My dad said to me, "I think I'll see what the horse will do if I just get on Him." Boy, did he find out. He never did get his right foot in the stirrup but he rode the horse. I guess that was the first time the old gray horse hadn't thrown someone off. So we named him Checker.

The next stop was south of San Jose, Arizona. We were about out of food, no money, dad had a 45 Colt single

action pistol, and there was a little store on the road. So he went down and traded the gun for \$6.00 worth of some food, and we were on our way following highway 70 to Duncan, Arizona. At this time Uncle Ross and Harvey stopped at this place and my dad paid Uncle Ross off with one hundred goats for his work at the ranch we left. We got to Duncan, Arizona in about three days and dad knew some people there, so we stopped there a few days and he visited around. It was in October by now, and it had started to rain most every day. We did not have a tent to sleep in. We had our bedroll in a canvas tarp to keep us dry. But if it was raining, we'd just sit up all night and had a fire going. Maybe!

We were between Duncan, Arizona and Lordsburg, New Mexico and it rained all day and night. I could see the cars go by on the highway and thought how nice and warm they must be. My dad would have to go ahead and find places to water the goats, such as a dirt tank or windmill. We got just out of Lordsburg and we were just about out of food again. Dad butchered a fat mutton goat, and rode to town and traded it to a Chinese restaurant man for some money. He bought enough food to last a few more days. We went north on the Silver City, New Mexico road. We camped under a road bridge that night, out of the rain. Boy, that

was nice. We went on northeast to a road that went east toward Hurley, New Mexico onto the Mimbres River. This is where my mother and Uncle Charley Hardin found us, to see how we were making it. Uncle Charley had a horse trailer with him, and was going back to the ranch where our Star Car was and our belongings.

My dad had to go across a large cattle ranch, and the foreman sent a man to help dad with the goats. So mother and Uncle Charley and I started back to the ranch to get our belongings. We stopped at San Jose and my Uncle gave the man the \$6.00 my dad had got for the forty-five caliber pistol. We went on to Safford and Uncle Charley said to me, "You need a shave." I was seventeen years old and had never had a shave in a barber shop, so I went in and told the barber to give me a shave. I'll bet I smelled just like a goat, I don't know when I had had a bath last.

At the ranch we went and loaded all of our belongings in the old Star Car and the horse trailer and left out. The old car was a 1924 Model Touring Car, with two seats but no top. That was before drivers licenses but anyway here we went, and between Duncan, Arizona and Lordsburg, the old car's clutch burned out, and wouldn't go. So Uncle Charley tied a chain on behind his horse trailer and tied it to the old car and pulled me to the north of Deming, New

Mexico to a little place called Floredia, and left it. We went on north to Lake Valley, New Mexico and that is where we found my dad and the herd of goats.

Mother and Uncle Charley went on to Uncle Charley's ranch in Dunken, New Mexico and dad and I went on east with the goats. We crossed the Rio Grande River just about where the Cabello Dam is this day. We went through the Palomis Gap in the Cabello Mountains. There was a man at a little ranch who had about two hundred goats, his name was Charlie Rusten. He asked my dad where we were going. My dad said he was looking for a place to lease for the goats. He said why don't you stay here until you find something. So that is what he did. He went back to the place where we had left the old car. Uncle Charley must of let dad have some money to go back with. My Uncle Foy Riley lived close by and was a mechanic, so he fixed the car and dad had something to run around in.

So I stayed in the Cabello Mountains with the goats. The feed was so good and after about three hundred miles of travel, the goats were ready to stop and graze on the feed. I was by myself for forty-five days while dad was looking for a place. He knew a man in Hot Springs, New Mexico. G.W. Caldwell, he went to see him for some information. He told dad he had a place in the San Andreas Mountains, which

was about forty miles from where I was at with the goats. So later they mad a deal for him to lease the place. So dad went to Uncle Charley's ranch and got my mother, who was staying with them all this time, from September 1933 to December 1933. They came back to where I was and told me the news.

It took four days to reach the place in the San Andreas Mountains. It was December 5th when I got there with the goats. It was the first time I had slept in a house in four months except the two days we went to get the old car and belongings in Arizona. The grass and feed was good, and me and the goats were ready to stop. We had a dog that was very good with the goat herd. He saved me lots of work. He knew what to do driving the goat herd.

The house was two rooms, a large room and a small kitchen. We lived and slept in the same room. There was a windmill two miles from the house. We had to haul our water from the well. There was a man close to us on a homestead that had a wagon and team of horses dad borrowed to haul water in some barrels and a small storage tank to store the water in. The house did not have a ceiling in it and you could see the rafters and roof. It was cold but better than a campfire and bed on the ground. Mr. Caldwell had built a dance platform without a roof, about 30' x 40'

that he had used before, gave dances and rodeos several times. So later we did the same thing. Every summer, people would come out from Hot Springs, Tularosa, and Alamogordo, bring their camp beds, tents, and stop for two or three days. The only lights we had for the dance platform were gas lanterns that you had to pump air in pretty often. There were several ranches that people came from. The music was made by the Daughtey Brothers, three of them, they became famous and played at several dance halls. The neighbor ranchers were; Potter, Henderson, Wolf, Jones, Threadgill, Graham, Cains, three Wood families, Gililland, and Martins. We had a lot of picnics at our place and the school house which was ten miles north of us.

The first dance we went to was at the Grandpa Wood place, they had just finished building a nice rock house and they had an all night dance there. Everyone went and danced and partied, the little kids were all put in a bedroom to sleep. The next morning we would go home to work, without any sleep, looking forward to the next time.

It was sometime later, in 1934, when Uncle Charley Hardin decided to buy a larger ranch. Our neighbor Burrell Threadgill had about forty sections of ranch and Uncle Charley liked it, so they made a deal for it. He sold his

ranch at Dunken, New Mexico and my dad helped him move all of his sheep and horses across country to the San Andreas Mountains, also mother helped. This was still in the Depression years of 1930 and times were not good. The price of wool and mohair and cattle was low. That was when the government started the C.C.C. Project. The main camp was in Tularosa, New Mexico but they put a small camp in the San Andreas Mountains so the boys could work on the roads and build dirt tanks, fix water springs and whatever. They built us a dirt tank that was about ten feet deep and a dam that was about fifty feet across. Just had a pick, shovels, and wheel barrows to move the dirt in. They had plenty of time. The camp had all tents to live in, a cook shack, and had lots of waste food to throw out. Dad got some hogs. In the meantime, dad had bought a 1935 Dodge Pickup so we had a way to haul the garbage from the C.C.C. Camp to the hogs and to haul water to our house. The hogs had more food to eat than lots of people. At that time, they would always bring more food from the main camp than they could use. And they sure wouldn't take it back, because they would cut their rations down so they would throw it in the garbage.

Later there was a small C.C.C. Camp at Elephant Butte Dam, and the park service at the dam wanted to transplant

some cedar and pinion trees at the park, so they made a deal with dad to dig up the trees by hand off our place and haul them to the dam. There would be about three trucks and twenty boys come out to work. This went on for most of the summer. And while they were working digging trees, I could use one of the trucks to haul wood. I had an ax and hammer and wedge to cut wood. I had about forty cords of wood stacked at our place. When every evening came they would leave to go back to camp, which was about thirty miles, they would come by our place and leave all the food they had left, several loaves of bread, large rolls of cheese and baloney and large cans of fruit, corn and beans. Boy was that great. We lived pretty good.

The price of mohair was better now, so dad hired a man to herd the goats. Dad and I started to cut cedar posts for the Diamond A Ranch at Engle, New Mexico. There was lots of cedar and juniper trees on the ranch. We would cut about 200 posts a day, and would get five cents a post and ten cents for large corral posts, and two cents for stave posts. I don't know how many thousands of posts we cut, but made pretty good money that year.

We finally stopped having rodeos and dances and the hail came one summer day and there was about two inches of hail on the floor. We raked the hail up in a pile and

covered it with a canvas cover, and we used it to make ice cream several days. We didn't have an icebox. Dad decided to tear the dance floor down and use the lumber to build a bedroom on to the house. There was enough lumber to also put a ceiling in the one room, and build a small porch on the front of the house. It was more than enough for the three of us.

My brother-in-law, Bill Watts had a wind charger, with batteries for lights at his ranch. The rural electric co-op put power lines all over the rural country so he gave us his wind charger. We were in the chips now. We had electric lights, and the wind would blow and keep the batteries charged up. There was Florspar mine on the Jim Gilliland ranch twenty miles north of our place. I heard they were hiring men to work, so I went over to see about a job. I went to work as a laborer helping a miner dig ore out of an open cut for \$1.80 a day and board. I was loading a wheelbarrow with ore and pushing it into a crusher, and as I was pushing it along, a piece of ore fell off and I stepped on it and broke my ankle which put me on crutches for a month. There was a cook in the kitchen, so I hobbled around and helped him for a month. He went to town one weekend and got drunk and didn't come back. The foreman told me I would be the cook for about fifteen men.

I made it all right. That is where I got my first social security card, November 1937. The mine shut down and they transferred me to Arrey, New Mexico where they had a mill and another mine. I had the job of shoveling ore in a crusher by hand and when it was milled and was concentrate powder, I had to sack it in bags and wheel it in a wheelbarrow to a shed. I finally got to where I could load nine hundred pounds and move it. This was in 1938. The mill shut down and I went back to the ranch.

Our ranch was a stopping place for all the ranches north. They would stop for a meal, water or to visit, going or coming from Tularosa or Hot Springs. One day, John Wood came by from Tularosa and had his oldest daughter with him. She was about thirteen years old, pretty little black hair girl, her name was Dorothy. We went to some house parties and picnics and kinda got acquainted along the way. After three years I kinda started to like her more and more. We would dance together pretty often, she was about sixteen years old now. We kept this up for about another year, and I would ride horseback ten miles down to her dad's ranch to see her. Finally on the way to the A.C. Wolf ranch to a dance, we were riding in the back of her dad's pickup truck and I asked her to marry me, and she said yes. I was on cloud nine. The next time I rode down

to see her, I tried to get up enough courage to ask her dad if we could get married. He had to ride the range to look for some goats, so I went with him. The wind was blowing real hard, and every time I got brave enough to ask, the wind would blow harder, and I was afraid he wouldn't hear what I was saying. So finally I got it out and he said she was too young to get married. She needed to finish high school. But she had quit high school and would not go back, so he finally gave in. She was seventeen years old now.

My sister and brother-in-law Bill Watts were married July 31, 1933, so we decided July 31, 1938 would be a good time for us. So we all went to Tularosa. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, their other four children, Lorena, Howard, Velma and Bonnie, my dad and mother and a few more. Grandad Wood was riding with Dorothy and me. We were the last truck in the bunch and about three miles from town the truck ran out of gas. Dorothy's dad finally came back to see where we were, he thought we may have slipped by and went on to Alamagordo to get married. He was pretty mad at first, but seen what had happened. We stayed in Tularosa that night and went to my great-aunt Tempie Woodson's place and met my sister and her husband and their son Thelburt Lealon "Sonny" who was almost three years old then. We were married at about

1:30PM. There was a church pretty close by. It was Sunday and Bill Watts went and asked the preacher to come to Aunt Tempie's and marry us.

After the marriage, we went to Aunt Tempie's son Arthur Woodson's and his wife Lena's for a big dinner. After dinner we went with my sister and brother-in-law and Sonny to their ranch at Dunken, New Mexico for a few days. That was about all we could do, I just had \$30.00 and no job. So we went back to the San Andreas and worked and stayed with my dad and mother. My mother was real good to teach Dorothy how to cook and sew, and things her mother didn't have time to show her.

This went on until the mountain school year was about to start again. There was a need for a school bus to take the kids from the ranches to the Ritch District #17 School. The bids were open. I bid \$120.00 a month for it, but there was a mix-up in Socorro, New Mexico on the bid so they reopened the bid. I wanted it so much I rebid \$100.00 a month and got the job from 1938 to 1940. The bus was a small half ton and cost \$1,120 which I had to borrow to buy it. Also, I got \$20.00 to furnish wood for the stove and janitor work. I had ordered the school bus from the Chevrolet place in Hot Springs, but it didn't come in on time for the first day of school. The dealer let me have a

1935 car for a bus until it came in. We never did get to school the first day, because we slipped off the road about four miles from school and were stuck all day before I could get it out. The kids had a great time playing around. That was not a good thing to make a living out of, making payments on the bus, tires and gas. We lived with my dad and mother and would eat lunch with Dorothy's folks. They lived close to the school house.

After the first year, in the summer time, a man by the name of Bill Cotler was building dirt tanks with a small tractor and scraper for the ranchers and I got a job with him. He had a trailer that was used as a cook house. Dorothy was cooking for the other man and us. There was a kerosene oil stove with an oven and when she cooked biscuits, they tasted like oil. Later she just cooked on a campfire in Dutch ovens. We finished that tank job and moved to another tank about 30 miles north of the school house. We lived in the school bus and Dorothy cooked on a campfire for me and another man that was working the daytime. I was working the night time which was a twelve hour shift. I earned \$1.00 a day and our food, not much but it was a job for three months during the summer.

School started again in September, and we lived in a vacant house at the end of the school bus route. The house

belonged to Earnest Potter, the dad of the two Potter kids. The last year of the bus run, the '38 Chevy bus was pretty well used up because roads were so bad and the wiring caught on fire and burnt. It wasn't too bad but I was ready to get rid of it. We pulled it into Tularosa, New Mexico and I traded it to the Chevrolet place for a new 1940, two-door Chevrolet car for \$940.00. I hauled eight kids in it the last year and some of the smaller kids sat in the other one's lap. Dorothy's mom and dad separated about this time in 1939.

Dorothy was pregnant by this time and she rode the bus also. She would spend the day at her Aunt Geneva Gililland sometimes and with her mother Eva Wood some. Sometime around November 21, she started to have contractions at her Aunt Geneva's. Her Uncle Dick Gililland said you better get Dorothy to town to a doctor. So we left about two o'clock for Hot Springs. Uncle Dick took the school kids home for me and we went by my folks place and my mother went with us to the hospital where our son Everett Dewane was born about six o'clock. The navel cord was wrapped around his neck three times, too much riding the bus route on those rough roads. We sure were lucky, but he was alright.

I was a real proud papa and went back to the ranch and drove the bus. Mother stayed with Dorothy at a friend's house, Granny Caldwell, for about one month. Later she came back to my folks ranch and we stayed with them until the bus contract was up in May 1941. In the meantime, dad had rented a ranch west of Carrizosa, New Mexico to put our goats on and a man was there herding the goats in the malpie rocks lava flow. So he decided to let the man go and have me and Dorothy run the place and herd the goats. It was time for the goats to start having little ones. We stayed with them until sometime in July 1941. It was about four hundred little goats we raised. It was lots of work and very little money. I needed to find a job that paid something. A friend of ours, Dick Raley, told me his brother Sam was in Morenci, Arizona working in a copper mine and maybe I could find work there. So in August we left for Arizona. The first night we stayed with a distant cousin of the Wood family at Clifton, Arizona. My dad and mother came with us and I went to the employment office to see if I could get a job. The man asked me what I wanted and I told him I wanted a job. He asked me what I could do, and I said I could run a tractor or had worked on windmills and he said they didn't have anything so to come back in a week. I told him I didn't have time to wait a

week, that I needed a job now. He looked at me for a few minutes and wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to me. He said to take it to the hospital the next day, and that is how I was examined and hired to work at the mechanical shop for \$3.20 a day, the first time I had ever made that much money in a day.

We didn't have anyplace to live so Dorothy and Everett, who was a year old, and dad and mother went back to the ranch in New Mexico. I found a place to room and board with Joe and Bonnie Coe in Morenci. Every evening when I got off work on the pipe line to Eagle Creek, digging on the bell holes for the welder, I would walk all over Morenci looking for a house or place to rent so I could get Dorothy and Everett with me. I finally found an apartment house that about three or four families lived in. It wasn't much but it was a start. The scorpions were bad and the ceiling was just cloth. You could see the mice walking on the top side. I wrote to Dorothy and told her I had a place, so dad and mother brought our car and dad's pickup with our belonging to Morenci, and we started a new life.

I worked on the pipe line job for some time and worked up to the job of putting hot tar on the twenty inch pipe. Later, I was put on the job of taking care of the air

compressors and I was later driving a dump truck hauling sand to make cement piers for the pipes to lay on. I had to load the sand on the truck with a shovel. Sometimes I could get a load at the gravel crusher, which was easier. We lived in the apartment for about three months and I found a better place to live. There were four families living in it. That was where we were living when on December 7, Pearl Harbor was bombed and World War II started. Later, my aunt and Uncle Jim Lauderdale came to Morenci to find a job. They lived at Artesia, New Mexico and their two children were killed in a car and train crossing. Uncle Jim was working on farms and not good pay. I told him to come to Morenci and get a job. They lived with us for a month before he could get a job. He was sure tired of waiting for a job and he asked me to let him have some money to buy a bus ticket back to Artesia. I said, "Just don't go yet, they will hire you," and finally he got a job in the mine mechanical garage. That was the best job he ever had and Aunt Addie went to work in the mill. They were doing very good and after a few years, they had saved enough money to have a house built in Safford, Arizona. They rented it out until they both retired from work.

The pipe line job was finished and they transferred all the men to different places, and I was sent to the

Smelter in March 1942. That was not the place I wanted to work in. We got our first company house in January. It was a square four room house, about 25'x25'. We got half of it, two rooms, no running water or bathroom. There was a community bath house and laundry room, about two hundred feet from the house. We stayed there for a year, and I was trying to get a transfer out of the Smelter. It was a long time before I made it. I would ask my Smelter Superintendent and he wouldn't let me go. I even went to the General Superintendent of the Company and he said it was up to my foreman. No luck from him either. I told him that I would quit my job and rehire back. He said if I did I would have to go in the Army. I said alright I would go to the Army. I was sure bluffing him. So he believed me and said to the other foreman, "I guess we had better let Miller have a transfer." He asked where I wanted to go, and I told him I wanted to go to the mine open pit, and that was where I was placed, as a railroad brakeman. Boy was I happy.

January 1943, we got a new house that the D.P.C. was building in Morenci. It was a two bedroom with bath and heater. It was \$16.00 a month rent. We were coming up in the world now. Dorothy was pregnant and our daughter Nadine Gaylon was born March 12, 1943. My mother was in

Morenci to help Dorothy with the baby. She was sure good to Dorothy. It was about the time Papa Hardin died at Hope, New Mexico. She stayed with us a month until Dorothy could handle everything by herself. The hospital cost for Gaylon was \$17.00

It was in August of 1943 that dad got his leg broken at the ranch. I got a leave from my job and went to the ranch to help him for a while. He couldn't hire anyone to help him because it was at the time most every man was in the Army or working on defense work. Also, he didn't have any money. At this time I was a railroad brakeman and making about \$6.00 a day. My engineer was Paul O'Neal. He was an old ranch boy like me, so we got along fine.

By this time, February 1944, I was a dispatcher of the trains, and dad was having a hard time at the ranch. Instead of getting a leave of absence for a year to help him, I quit my job and went back to the ranch, which was a mistake. We stayed there and tried to make it pay. Dad had rented a pasture south of Ruidoso, New Mexico to run the goats in, and in April the rent was up. So a man and I went there to move the goats back to the ranch in the San Andreas Mountains.

The first night on the trip was on the Indian reservation. It was raining, cold and sleeting. I made

camp. I had the 1939 International pickup truck and it didn't have any anti-freeze in the radiator, so I drained it out in a big can to keep it from freezing. The next morning, everything was frozen and wet. I finally got a fire started and fixed something to eat, and the man started on the way with the goats. I loaded up the camp stuff and put the water in the radiator and tried to get the truck started. It was so cold, I ran the battery down. It wouldn't start. At that time, the cars and trucks had a hand crank. I looked under the seat of the truck for the crank and tried to get the truck to start, but no luck. I didn't know what to do, this was miles from nowhere. I saw a paper sack under the seat and wondered what it was. I opened it up and there was a full pint of whisky, never been opened. I was cold and out of sorts with the whole thing, so I drank a swallow or two out of the bottle, and then cranked some more, no luck. I took another drink and cranked some more, and the truck finally started. That made me real happy. By this time I was pretty topsie turvy. I wasn't a drinker. Anyway, it ran a little while and quit. Oh boy, it was out of gas. Now what do I do? Well guess what, I took another drink and by then I did not care if it ran or not, so I just sat there and after awhile I heard a car coming, a little closer, and finally it drove

up and it was mother and dad in my car. They were looking for me and the goat herd. Dad was still in a big cast from his broken leg. We went to a store on the road to Ruidoso and got a can of gas and I was on my way.

I had to either go around the bombing range between Tularosa, New Mexico and the ranch, or straight across it. If I went around it was a week or seventy more miles to go. I didn't want to spend that much more time, so I started the goats straight across the bombing range. We were out about twenty miles and there was a gunning target area where the planes would practice shooting at the targets, and that was where we were crossing. They didn't shoot any goats or us, but we sure did see the dust from the bullets hitting the ground.

Two days later we arrived at the ranch with the goats. My dad decided to build a pasture on the ranch for the goats, which would be about seven miles of net wire. I cut post and dug post holes for a long time, and used a pack burro to carry the wire and post. It was too rough country to use the truck. After several months work building a fence, dad decided to sell the goats and buy sheep to run in the pasture, about five hundred sheep.

In February 1945, my dad got the cast off his leg. It was on my sister's birthday that he decided we would go to

their ranch. He wanted to take his truck and bring back a horse that was at my brother-in-laws. So we had our car with Dorothy, Everett, Gaylon, and mother. It had snowed on the road that went to Cloudcroft, New Mexico, and dad's truck was finally stalled out. He stopped on the steep and icy road, and I had to stop also. We had chains for the car and truck, dad had just been off his crutches four days and couldn't get around too good. I told him to stay in the truck and I would put the chains on both, but he wouldn't do it. He was hobblin' around and his feet slid out from under him and he fell flat on his seat and broke his hip. We got him in the car and I drove the truck to Cloudcroft, and left it there. We went on to my sister and brother-in-law's ranch. Then on to Roswell, New Mexico where they put him in a body cast for another six month. Oh Boy!

Dad rented a pasture from A.C. Wolf to put the sheep, and it was a larger place than ours. This was in 1945, and Dorothy was pregnant again. Dorothy's mother was living in Hot Springs (T or C), New Mexico. The army had taken some of the ranches for the gunnery range, and her place on the east side of the San Andreas Mountains was one of them. They paid the people lease for about two or three years and finally took them permanent. So when it was time for the

baby to be born, we went to her place and Darrell was born June 28, 1945. She and the baby stayed with her mother until they could come back to the ranch and my mother could take care of all the children and Dorothy. Sometime later the baby got sick and we had to take him to the doctor at Hot Springs. We stayed all night with Dorothy's mother and during the night it rained and lightnined real bad. The sky lit up and there was a real loud boom. This was the first Atomic Bomb exploded on July 16, 1945 at 4:30 a.m. Our ranch was about thirty miles south of the McDonald ranch where the boom was set off and about twenty miles from Dorothy's dad's ranch.

We didn't know what had happened until later, and the radio and news just said there was an explosion on the gunnery range. They didn't want the people to know anything about what it was.

In about August, I decided to leave the ranch and go to Hot Springs and get me a job. We couldn't make a living on the ranch. I first got a job at Hedrick Hardware and Lumber driving a truck and semi trailer from El Paso, Texas and Albuquerque, New Mexico hauling supplies. It only paid forty dollars a month. I worked for about three months when a friend, who came to our ranch from Artesia, New Mexico to hunt deer, bought a saloon and bar at Hot Springs

and offered me a job bar tending. I told him that I didn't know anything about bar tending. He said, "Oh, you can learn how pretty soon," and did I ever learn! It was a picture from life's other side. I stayed with it until January 15, 1946 and I told Dorothy I had had all the bar and saloon I could take. I said I was going back to Morenci, Arizona and see if I could go back to work at the mine.

I had traded my 1940 Chevrolet car for a tractor to use at the ranch, so I bought a 1931 Model A Ford in Hot Springs and that was what I went to Morenci in. It snowed all over the roads from Hot Springs to Morenci, but I didn't have any trouble on the road.

My Aunt Addie and Uncle Jim Lauderdale had a company house, and they were doing good. They both had a job. So I stayed all night with them, and the next morning I went to the employment office, and the man said the only job that was open was railroad track worker.

I told him I would go to the mine office and talk to the superintendent and see if I could go back to work on the trains where I was when I quit and went back to the ranch in 1944. When I talked to Mr. Walter Larson, the superintendent, he remembered me and told me just where I worked at the time I quit. I asked about a job. He said,

"You be at the employment office in the morning at eight o'clock." I would go back on the trains. Was I happy! I wrote Dorothy, and Dad and Mother brought her and the kids out to Morenci, and our furniture and belongings. I went to the company rental office to get a company house. There were a lot of empty houses now, because a lot of the men were gone to the army. He gave me the keys to three houses and said, "Take the one you want." The one we took was a two bedroom with hardwood floors, on the bottom level in Stargo, 721 Elm Street. This was January 1946.

In March the union had a strike against the company for more wages. The strike went on and on, so we went back to the ranch to stay until it was settled. It lasted about six or seven months.

We were at Hot Springs one day and I was at a service station getting gas for my 1931 Model A Ford, and a man was looking at my car, and asked me if I wanted to sell it. Cars were hard to find after the war. I said, "No, I don't think so." He pulled out a roll of money out of his pocket and said, "Here is six fifty dollar bills I'll give for it." Boy, that looked good for a car sixteen years old. I sold it to him.

Later, I went to El Paso and found a 1939 Chevrolet and bought it, and when the strike was finally over, we came back to Morenci. It was sure good to go back to work.

The railroad was working three to eight hour shifts, and I was a brakeman on the trains. We worked two weeks days, two weeks evenings, two weeks night shift. Finally I got enough time on the job to bid on the work train, or switch engine, which just worked days and evenings, which was better than all three shifts. Later I got to learn to operate a locomotive, and in 1949 I was promoted to a locomotive engineer which was three shifts again, but more money per day.

When the kids were small, we went to the river almost every payday weekend with friends and their kids. We always had a picnic and the kids played in the river.

We also went to Cherry Lodge Forest Camp which was up the Coronado Trail about fifteen miles. Sometimes we went on up the trail to KP Seneca and Hannigan's Meadow to see the elk and turkeys.

One time about 1948, the poppies were so thick in the black hills, we had Mother and Daddy with us, and we hid Easter eggs in the poppies.

We took Everett to the Little League baseball games at Clifton. He was on the Ranger team. We went as far as Las

Cruces, New Mexico and Fort Grant, Arizona so he could play with the team, and Darrell was the bat boy.

Gaylon was in the Brownies and Girl Scouts, and Everett was a Boy Scout. Dorothy was the Den Mother in Stargo.

After a few years of working three different shifts, I couldn't sleep in the day and work at night, so I asked for a transfer to the mechanical garage, and I took a four dollar per day cut in wages. I worked at the grease rack for about six months and then got to be a mechanic's helper on the big trucks. I liked that better.

In the meantime, the price of copper went down, and the company was reducing the work force and men were out of work, some were transferred to different places if they had enough seniority, and I had enough to be transferred to the powerhouse and had to work in the smelter a lot, which I didn't like, in 1942, so I tried to get a transfer again, and went to the mechanics department again in July 1959.

There was another strike that lasted for nine or ten months. I went to Artesia, New Mexico and went to work at the International Harvester shop working on cotton picker tractors and whatever, making two hundred fifty dollars a month. Dorothy and the three kids stayed in Morenci and

went to school. Everett was at the Grand Canyon College at that time.

I stayed first with my niece Carolyn Harris for about a month, and then I stayed with my cousin Mary Jane and her husband, G. Davis. They had more room, so that was where I was when the strike at Morenci was over. I sure was glad to get home with the family.

I was working as a laborer in the machine shop at the time of the strike. All of the union had settled their strike but the railroad men, but the company started up the work without the railroaders. They put men on the trains that didn't know anything about them.

I didn't want to cross the picket line, because I had lots of friends on the picket line, so I stayed home for a week.

The company told the men who had not come back to work that they would not have a job at the end of seven days, so I went back to the job, and my foreman had been fired for not coming back anyway. The foreman of the mechanical department put me on the Industrial Railroad Train that went to Clifton, Arizona. I sure was in hot water with the strikers and lost a lot of friends, but I had a family to take care of. Some of the railroad men thought I went to the mine in the pit and ran a train, which was not true.

It was a long time before I could convince them. Some never believed me. Finally, the railroad union was broken, and they put the regular train crew on the trains to Clifton, and I went back on the machine shop labor crew.

Everett was in college at Grand Canyon at Phoenix, Arizona. Carolyn Treadaway was also at college there, and they were married on January 27, 1962 at Morenci, Arizona. Taryl Marlyn Miller was born later on December 18, 1969 at Phoenix, Arizona.

Gaylon was in Tucson, Arizona going to college, but it wasn't what she wanted, and she met John Simmons at a church party, and they were married on December 29, 1961. Melissa was born the next year on December 25, 1962 at Tucson, Arizona. John Darrell was born a few years later on June 4, 1965.

My dad was sick from prostate cancer and died on December 8, 1965. Mother died on December 18, 1965. The doctor said it was a heart failure. They were both buried at Dunken, New Mexico cemetery on the Watt's ranch where my sister and brother-in-law lived.

I worked as a pipe fitter and plumber helper for a long time, and the brakeman on the train quit, and I took the brakeman job. It was at the time of much construction at the plant, and it was ten hours a day for several

months, and it was bad on my back. I was so tired when I came home, I just wanted to eat and go to bed. I asked to get off the trains and go back to the pipe shop. After I did, they put another eight hour shift on the trains. I could of made it on eight hours, but not twelve hours.

Oh well! I finally got to be a plumbers helper with Murray Hair, plumbing the new houses, but my foreman got other ideas and wouldn't let me work with the plumbers and put me with the pipe fitters, and I had to work in the smelter and acid plant, which I still didn't like since 1942.

In 1967, Murray Hair and Vernon Cagil bought some land on the golf course to build homes on. They told me about a place that had one acre of land and a well and pump that I could buy for twenty-five hundred dollars, so that is what we did.

Dorothy was working at Estes Drugstore at Morenci, and we were living at Stargo. Everett and Carolyn were both teaching school in Phoenix, Gaylon and Jack, and Missy and John were living in Battle Mountain, Nevada, and Darrell was attending Arizona State University at Tempe, Arizona.

Darrell was drafted into the Army in 1968. He spent his time in Bangkok, Thailand. Darrell married Leanne

Furmond on August 8, 1969. He met Leanne while going to college in Tempe. They had twin girls on January 12, 1970.

Dorothy retired on May 15, 1976 from Estes Drugstore at Morenci, Arizona. I retired on July 26, 1976 from Phelps Dodge Company.

Dorothy and I spent a lot of our time at my sister and nephew Watt's ranch in New Mexico about four months a year helping on the ranch and working in the apple season.

In 1988, on July 31, Dorothy and I had our fiftieth wedding anniversary.

In 1990, we went to Alaska. We had a pickup truck and a ten foot overhead camper. We had two friends that lived in Alaska that I had worked with at the Morenci mine. We had a nice trip and visit with Leonard and Martha Creary and Buel and Barbara Andrews. We came back by California to visit Dorothy's sister and family, Lorena and C.J. Qualls.

In October 1991, I had a triple heart by-pass in Tucson, Arizona at Tucson Medical Center. I was in the hospital several days, and I ran a high fever and my back hurt a lot. They gave me medication for arthritis, but I was supposed to take it with food, and for some reason, I couldn't stand the smell or taste of food, but they gave the medicine anyway, and it caused me to have a bleeding

ulcer. They let me come home, and I was so sick from the ulcer I would throw up blood, and they sent me back to Tucson by plane. I was in the emergency room passing blood, and it took seven units of blood to replace what I had lost. I didn't think I would make it, but the Lord had other things for me.

This is 1999, and I am in good health and looking forward to my eighty-third birthday on July 26, 1999.

J.D. and Dorothy Wood Miller celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary on July 31, 1998. The Millers were married at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on a Sunday afternoon at J.D.'s great Aunt Tempie Woodson's home. The Millers lived on a ranch in the San Andres Mountains west of Alamogordo which later became part of the White Sands Missile Range. The Millers have resided in the York Valley for the past thirty years. They have three children, five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Poem Written for their 60th Wedding Anniversary
By Taryl Marlyn Miller-Hargens, July 1998

Looking at this photograph, one might never know,
That behind the grins and smiling eyes lies a story of long ago.

Each wrinkle tells a story of the worry and regret,
Of rent unpaid, and long hard days, full of heat and sweat.
The times when jobs were hard to find and they'd trade their horse for food,
When for every dime and possession they owned, they gave much gratitude.

Their hands show signs of trying times, of working them to the bone,
A long days pay still not enough for their family to have a home.
Chopping wood, hauling rock, herding goats and sheep,
Building camp under the stars at night, crawling into a bus for sleep.

They stand with feet planted firmly, yet their shoulders bare the weight,
Of the hundreds of miles they traveled to put food on their plates.
Where their pockets were empty, their love overflowed,
Set out for their fortune, their belongings they towed.

Each hair on their heads, silvered with gray,
Reminds them of the joys of yesterday.
When the children were young and the days weren't so fast,
And people had time to learn of the past.

Their eyes sparkle with the memories of loved ones held so dear,
Of those who have gone to heaven, and those that still are here.
These eyes have seen what history books have taught me all along,
I see myself in her eyes, and know that I belong.

On the outside they hardly resemble the young couple from long ago,
But their hearts soar on the inside of the memories few may know.
Like the day he met her standing beside a friend from down the road.
And the all night dance they attended where his love for her was shown.

They smile at a camera that can't possibly see,
What these two people really mean to me.
It cannot tell me of their path through life,
Or their greatest joys, or sorrows, or daily strife.

In each breath from their lips lies something so sweet,
Hearing these stories makes the picture complete.

JIM LEWIS

The day I met John Wayne in Tucson my statement to him was "we have something in common," he said "what's that," my answer was "our hometown was Winterset, Iowa, our fathers were druggists and they moved us west at an early age," he invited me in for a drink.

I guess my start in the livestock business came about at an early age on my grandfathers farm where I spent time with him & my uncle who worked the farm which consisted of raising corn, angus cattle, hogs, no tractors in the 30's so I learned how to drive a team of horses before reaching 10 years of age. My love for western music probably was due to listening to the Grand Old Opry on Saturday night radio which operated by Delco battery power. The large farm home built in the 1930's had no running water, or electricity and it was a long way to the two holer.

In 1942 my mother & dad moved us west to Tempe due to my sister, Pegs, asthma problem. My other 2 sisters, Biz and Janet, as well as I enrolled in Ira D Payne School on the campus of Arizona State Teachers College. My first job was a paper boy with the Arizona Republic & Gazette and being the war years I made enough money to buy war bonds which in later years paid the hospital bill when our first

son was born. One of my first involvements in livestock shows was when Harvey Johnson asked if I would help with the 4-H livestock show which was held on the campus at the college. My job along with others was to guard the calves, sheep, hogs, etc. at night, the cattle were tied to the fence along what is now University Ave. and pens were in place for sheep & hogs. He later talked me into being superintendent of the Maricopa County Fair cattle show, held in Mesa during the early 1950's. The 40's were a busy time for me. I had joined the Boy Scouts and after my first summer camp at Camp Geronimo, I went back the next year and worked on the staff. I ran the boiler, which produced the hot water for showers & the kitchen. The next year I was asked to be on staff at the new R-C Ranch which was being built up the road from Geronimo. My job was to supply firewood for the kitchen (wood stoves) and the camp fires. Ed Haught & Floyd Pyle were involved & their stories of hunting lions as well as being a friend of Zane Grey kept us all thrilled to hear them talk about the history of the Tonto Basin. Ed also helped me learn how to harness a team of mules which I used daily to take a wagon into the woods & cut wood for camp & the ranch. I enrolled in St. Marys Boys High in Phoenix in 1944 and graduated in 1948. I was working at a gas station in Tempe that summer

when a group of us were asked to join the local National Guard unit which was being reorganized after the war was over. We signed up on June 22nd, never to think that 35 years later I would retire as a General Officer. That fall I enrolled at Arizona State, joined the ROTC and Delta Sigma Phi as a pledge. I stayed busy, our first summer camp was at Camp Tuthill in Flagstaff and my job in C Battery was a number 5 man on a 105mm Howitzer. We lived in tents & had a great time learning to soldier. The men in C Battery were about half & half college students and as time went on quite a few of us ended up being commissioned officers.

1950 saw me go to my first Arizona National where John Evans had his angus show string and it was my choice to help out and also my introduction to registered cattle and the stock show business itself. In 1951 my father Herman said lets go to McCormick Ranch and look at some cattle, we not only looked, but bought seven open heifers, now where to put them as we had no land. My dad had built a new drug store in Mesa in 1948 and had many doctor friends, one of them was Dr. Jim Fillmore, who also had several head of angus females, so we put the beginning of Lewis Angus Farms on Fillmore's small acreage. College life had been busy for me, ROTC, frat life and meeting the love of my life

Judy. We set our wedding for fall of 1951 and I was off to ROTC summer camp at Ft. Sill, OK. With that finished, home to get married and what do we do with the angus. First things first, our wedding on November 17th, a honeymoon in California, the Korean War on and will our unit be called to go? My dad had bought a place on the north side of Mesa and leased land next to it and so he bought more cows, a bull from Missouri and I was now in charge, a new wife, a war on & no time to finish college. Our first son, Jim, was born in 1952, I was commissioned a 2nd Lt. out of Ft. Sill, we leased more land near Falcon Field, and Lewis Angus Farm was in business for sure. Judy and I moved to the Mesa property along with 30 head of cattle. I became the Secretary of the Arizona Angus Assn. Superintendent of the cattle division of Maricopa County Fair and started showing at the State Fair & Arizona National. The Angus herd grew & now we were selling club calves & yearling bulls. It was also time to go back & finish my degree. I had spent time at Ft. Sill in '53, attending officer basic courses and needed to finish college so in 1955 returned to Arizona State going for a BS in Animal Science, joined the livestock judging team and we did well at Cow Palace & Odgen Livestock Show. Our first daughter Stephanie joins our busy family and the cow herd is growing & sales are

good and we have now rented a section of pasture at McCormick Ranch to run our cow herd for 90-120 days in the winter.

I got a call from my dad in early 1957 to visit with some men in town from Cutter Laboratories, they asked if I would be interested in joining their company, but I was too busy with cows & family to jump at their request. The next two men from Cutter spelled out a plan that included me in their growth future, and finally in may of '57, Judy, Jim, Stephanie & I moved to California to begin what would be a 42 year career in the Animal Health Industry. My dad hired a manager to run the Angus Farm and it did not work out, so in 1958 we sold the herd to Ray Killian, Rex Ellsworth & Willie Shoemaker. The cattle were moved to Colorado, the Mesa farm place became the home of Janet & her family.

My first six months with Cutter was spent in San Diego County calling on medical doctors detailing a new drug for babies and I felt what happened, my boss was Bob Cutter Jr. son of the president of Cutter, we became good friends and Cutter was 51% owned by the family. I spent 3 weeks in Berkeley that summer getting to know the people & being trained in sales. In late December Bob said go home for Christmas and we want you to become involved in getting our name out at the Arizona National. I talked with Lee Tepold

and asked what can we do to help, he suggested a hospitality booth and the Cutter Coffee Booth was born. The stock show was longer in those days and half way through a phone call from Bob Cutter said "move back to Arizona, you have a new job," the Animal Health Division of Cutter started in January of 1958 and I was the first, the original plan was to operate company stores in major livestock areas, however after the first several years and more people hired the company decided, get the right people to call on customers & we don't need stores, we need good distribution outlets and our people will create a market for them to supply the product. Our 2nd son, John was born and we built a new house in Scottsdale.

The first few years we all were traveling large geographic areas. Mine stretched from Los Angeles to El Paso, and I was involved in the Junior Sale at the Arizona National as a ring man, SALIA in Tucson & El Paso show, helping out at cattle sales for Bixby & Hooper Ranches, as well as the Prescott Bull Sale. Time with my guard duties was increasing every year and in 1961 I took over management of the West Coast Cutter Sales force. The company decided after 1958 I should be the key person to attend the National Cattlemen's Conventions. There was no trade show at that time, so the Cutter Hospitality rooms

became an annual event, featuring a caucus room, fiddle & guitar players, Jim Beam, etc. and it continued until my retirement in 1999. Baxter Black met his wife Cindy Lou in one of those rooms.

Mary, our youngest daughter, was born in 1963 and our family was complete. Cutter moved our Animal Health Business office as well as production from California to Kansas City, KS. and I took over management of 13 western states in 1971. The National Guard was also a big part of our life. I took over command of the 1/180 FA Bn of which I had been a member of since 1948 and we were judged as one of the best reserve artillery Battalions in the 6th Army area, the unit was selected to participate in The Secretary of Defense Exercise in the mid 70's for 2 years against a regular army unit from Ft. Carson, we won. In 1973 I took leave of absence to attend Command & General Staff College. When I returned to Cutter in 1974 the German Company Bayer tendered an offer to the Cutter family and they bought the company in total. The company grew in product as well as people. I was given more states and sales reps to manage. By 1983 my region covered 2/3 of the U.S. and I had also served as Assistant Adjutant General of the Army Guard in Arizona and it was time to hang up my uniform.

Working for a German company gave us many opportunities for travel especially to our main Animal Health Headquarters in Germany. We were fortunate to live in Arizona all these years which also meant, Bayer as an International company sent many of their world wide managers to visit our feed yards, Grand Canyon etc. and Judy and I became hosts for all levels of management from the Chairman of the Board to Product Managers from many countries.

The 1990's was unbelievable, I ended up managing the trade show booths at the World Quarter Horse Congress, The World Quarter Horse Show, World Dairy Show, every major veterinary convention. Our two week hospitality tent at the Kentucky Derby as well as all events at national Cattlemen's Conventions. Helped to host 300 customers on a week trip to Germany in 1995.

My adult life was full of changes, opportunities, success, and adventure. I look back and summarize those years.

. Enlisted as a private in Army National Guard 1948, retired 1982 Brigadier General many awards & decorations including Legion of Merit.

. Joined Cutter/Bayer 1957 retired 1994, hired as first only consultant retired again 1999.

- . President National Guard Assn of Arizona 1964-66
awarded Distinguished Service Award for 14 years of service
to Assn.

- . Board member Arizona Cattle Feeders Assn 1973-76

- . Advisory Council Morrison School Arizona State
University 1977 - Present, presented Distinguished Service
Award for long service.

- . White Mountain Summer Home Board 1989-97

- . Advisory board Trade Show National Cattlemen's
Assn 1989-94

- . Member Arizona Veterinary Medical Exam Board
1998-Present

- . Pinetop Lakes Golf & Country Club Board Member
President 2001-2004, President men's club two terms

- . Arizona National Livestock Show 1950-Present
Volunteer, Exhibitor, Board member, Show Committee -
President, Chairman of Board

However, all this is with the help and support of my
wife and best friend for the last 57 years, the mother of
our four children and grandma to four. Judith Ann really
deserves the Legion of Merit more than I do - and as I have
said before "It's fun to be nice to people."

WINIFRED J. BUNDY

SINGING WIND RANCH AND BOOKSHOP

This represents a brief history of Sw Singing Wind Ranch and Bookshop, Benson, Arizona. Bob and Winn Bundy purchased the Singing Wind Ranch in 1956 from Elizabeth Keith, who operated it as the Rodeo Ranch with her two sons, Lex and Bill Connelly. They, in turn, had purchased the ranch from Jimmy Roberts, who homesteaded the ranch in 1880. Prior to this period, Chinese immigrants vegetable-farmed some of the San Pedro River bottomland. They produced vegetables for Benson and Tombstone merchants. Later, in the 1970's, Singing Wind Ranch Sw purchased adjoining ranch land from the Boquillas-Kern Land Grant.

For many years we raised purebred Charolais beef. Since we are now much older, we raise only grass-fed crossbred Piedmont steers. We irrigate pasture grass; Sudan in the summer, oats in the winter. We then sell processed meat to individual buyers.

Bob and Winn raise three of three children on the ranch, two boys and a girl, who grew up in 4-H and FFA.

In 1974, Bob Bundy and Winn Bundy opened the Singing Wind Bookshop within their ranch home. Bob has been

deceased 25 years. My present husband, Joe E. Smelt, now works both the ranch operation and the bookshop.

In 1974, after I obtained a masters degree in history and library science, Bob and I opened the bookshop, featuring only new books, with \$500.00 in monies obtained from a feed bill due for babysitting two German shepherds. We possessed no phone from 1974 to 1978, and the road from Benson was all dirt. In addition, our customers had to open two gates to reach the original collection of three shelves of books in the alcove of our living room. As customers increased, the collection grew rapidly, expanding throughout the living room. Simultaneously, Bob and I worked on the three present rooms for the bookshop. This meant laying brick floors and hand crafting mesquite bookshelves, table and door to create a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Bookshop manager, Kathy Suagee, and I work continuously on building in-depth collections in the field of Southwest and Western Americana as well as music, art, architecture, history, political science, philosophy, travel guides, literature, science, nature, and children's books. Within these fields we emphasize diverse culture.

We hold three fiestas every year, Thanksgiving, Cowboy and Cowgirl Round-up, and a current event. We also provide

programs for schools in Cochise and Pima Counties and for book clubs who come from within and without the state. Lastly, but one of our most interesting projects in existence from the beginning of the bookshop, has been working with librarians to provide book selections for local, regional and world libraries.

We now employ two part-time employees, Lianna Contreras and Susan Hall. We are blessed with individuals who aid us in emergencies and with the fiestas and programs: Sharon Bundy, Dora Ohnesorgen, Julia Robinson, Judy Francis, Loretta Goeglein, Jeanie Mangold, Beverly Stepp and Diana Comaduran. Linda Lamb photographs and helps us with extra events. In the past, Donna Scott, Joyce Leslie, Christina Comaduran, Emily Barrera, Katie Barrera, Barbara Hansen, and Virginia Parker have assisted at the bookshop. Without all these magnificent friends we would not have been able to build and develop the bookshop at the ranch.

Winn has many varied interests and has served on the University of Arizona's Poetry Center Development Committee as well as recording the folksong "Young Johnny" for the Archive of Folk Culture. She is a former Board Member of the Arizona Humanities Council and was awarded the Lawrence

Clark Powell Lifetime Achievement Award by the Pima County Public Library's Southwest Literature Project.

It has been and continues to be a fascinating and varied life for both Joe and myself. To the end of our days, it is our intention to continue to operate the ranch and bookshop.

LADORNA RHEA ROMINE CHENOWTH

LaDorna Rhea Romine Chenowth was born on August 25, 1923 in Douglas, Arizona. She was the first born of Maudie Lee Owens Romine and Raymond Leroy Romine.

Maudie Owens was born in Lonesome Dove, Texas on Feb 8, 1880. She accompanied her parents, Cory Ambros Owens and Mary Annis Harrell Owens, when they participated in the Oklahoma land rush later in 1889. Maudie first married Frank Bowman, a druggist in Rocky, Okla., but when they divorced, she moved to Douglas with her aunt and uncle, Charles and Essie Thrasher. Maudie helped her aunt care for her five nieces and nephews until she found a job at Fergie's (Ferguson's Drug Store on the corner of 11th Street and G Avenue.)

Raymond Romine was born in Garret, Illinois, on April 4, 1900. When he was 17 years old, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served as a messenger in World War I. He saw duty in Germany and his unit was gassed twice by the German forces. He returned to Chicago after the war, but his doctors told him he had tuberculosis and recommended he move to Arizona in hopes of improving his health.

LaDorna says, "He and his cousin Lynn Snider, decided to come to Arizona because his brother, Lewis Albert Romine was a Captain at Camp Harry J. Jones.

"My dad was driving a taxi and met my mother while she was working at the drug store. They were married on Nov 19, 1922 at Judge Jack's house, still existing at 847 11th Street. Charlie and Nan Sommers stood up with them."

The young couple remained with the Thrashers until they rented an apartment at 711 14th Street. Later the Romines bought the Odorless Cleaners on 9th Street and the family moved into the same building. "I was gassed three times there... My Dad decided it wasn't good to have his family living at the cleaners, so in 1924 he bought an Army house at 1234 16th Street. My sister (still born) and my brother were born there, with Dr. Lund attending the births," says LaDorna.

LaDorna tells interesting stories about the people and events of those times in Douglas, including the time her father managed the International Restaurant in Agua Prieta, stories of the Chinese people and tunnels in Nacozari and Agua Prieta, the expulsion of the Chinese, how her father was the first Douglas person to see Aimee Simple McPherson. She tells of her school days, her teachers and her friends. When she entered high school in 1938, her father was

working for the post office. Since they had no transportation other than walking, LaDorna's parents bought a home at 934 9th Street, closer to the school and the post office. By this time, she was old enough to work and says, "I applied at Kress" for my first job, and had to wrap a floor lamp for a Christmas present!"

Of her social life, LaDorna says, "Peggy Clancy was the sister I never had... There were so many dances and we both loved to dance. Jack Lynch had taught me at the dance hall on the corner of 8th Street and G Avenue. My dad belonged to the VFW and they held their dances there and usually the Border Wranglers played Western music for the dances. Original members of the group were Jay Lawson, Albert (Googes) Lashay, Bobby Martin and Soup Cruz. The group played at Mobleys out east of town. Out there, the generator would go so long and then shut off. Mrs. Taylor, with a cotton dress to her ankles, had two girls on that dance floor, so on came the big flashlight and it stayed on until the generator came back on..." LaDorna remembers there were a couple of other dance bands, The Fiddlin' Finns, and Bob Poston's Orchestra that played popular music at the dances.

She tells of the Elks dances at the St. Stephens Parish Hall on 11th Street. "The R.O. Boss families were

our neighbors and I would go and help Gwen serve refreshments." Later, she worked at the fountain in Shorty Calderon's drug store on G Avenue. "I went to school, came home, changed my clothes and went to work. I got off at 10 p.m. and Peg and I would go dancing until 1 a.m. Next morning, my mother always woke me up and said, "Get up and pay the fiddler. If you can dance all night, you can get up and go to school!"

When the war came along and the air base opened outside of Douglas, LaDorna and Peggy worked at the Grand Theatre and she tells of their adventures at the USO on the corner of 12th Street and G Avenue, the VFW where her father was in charge, going to dances in Lowell, and of the many dances and entertainments given for the servicemen. After graduation in 1942, she went to work for the Phelps Dodge mercantile on the corner of 10th and G Avenue. She had met Amos Chenoweth at a dance in Webb in 1940, but they did not marry until 1943.

LaDorna says, "I worked at the store (Phelps Dodge) for almost a year after graduation in 1942. Amos and I went to Lordsburg and got married in 1943. He was 4F and unable to go to the service because of the injuries he suffered when he worked for Mr. Cowan on his ranch. At the

time, he was working seven days a week in the mines. I stayed in Douglas until he found an apartment in Bisbee..."

Noting the long-standing rivalry between Bisbee and Douglas, LaDorna thought living in Bisbee was not a comfortable situation, but she had no choice. She finally went to work for John Caldwell at the Lowell Drug in hopes she could meet people and make friends. "But when people heard I was from Douglas, they weren't very nice. The rivalry between the two cities was intense at that time. I had been the drum majorette at Douglas High, and once when we went to a game, Amos sat me right in the middle of the Bisbee cheering section. Certainly I rooted for Douglas... If Bisbee hadn't won the game, I would probably have been lynched!"

"Later in 1943, we bought the Axel Lundhal place on Frontier Road. Amos had known him for years and had kept his cattle there when he quit working for Cowan and went to work in the mines. Axel was a bachelor and Swedish descent, and we told him he could live there as long as he wanted. He had homesteaded the land and was ill at the time..." LaDorna explained. When we moved out there, my closest neighbor was Amos' aunt, and she lived three miles away. Amos had a straight year of graveyard shifts. I had no car, no telephone, and knew no one. We lived in a two

adobe rooms, had an outhouse and no shower. We heated with wood, but did have an electric cook stove, one of the first in the valley, thanks to the REA.

MURRAY AND LOLA JOHNSON

THE GRAND CANYON RANCH

The summer of 1934 the United States was in a bad depression. After the Stock Market crash people were losing their farms and other businesses were affected. Earl H. Johnson was following the news by reading the ads. People were anxious to sell all they had to keep the banks from foreclosing on their loans. A few people were frugal and managed to save a little when the Stock Market crashed. Such was the case of E.H. Johnson when he found an interesting ad in the newspaper about a farm for sale at a reasonable price along the Hassayampa River in Palo Verde Arizona. Since Earl's wife Beulah had gone to a P.E.O. Convention in the San Francisco area, Earl decided to go to Arizona to check the farm out. He stayed in a Phoenix hotel. The next morning Earl went to see the banker about the farm that was for sale. Favorably impressed, but short of money he decided to go home to California. He went by the Indian name place at Hassayampa River which means "River upside down". Earl saw the ranch in the moonlight and the waving grain on the place convinced him that he was making a mistake so he drove back to Phoenix to see if he could make a deal for the place. Since he had been a

professor of Animal Husbandry at Purdue University in Indiana he would want to stock this farm with animals: hogs, sheep, cattle and horses. The banker was somewhat reluctant to loan Mr. Johnson money for the price of \$2.00 a head for cows when Earl said "how much lower can they go"? The banker smiled and said, "I guess you're right". A deal was made and a happy Mr. Johnson returned to Palo Verde to see all he had. Wow! What a barterer this man was! Earl was excited to tell Beulah and the family about his purchase in Buckeye Valley, Arizona. Beulah's stories could wait about the P.E.O. Convention.

One of the first purchases was a herd of sheep Mr. Hudspeth had suggested taking the sheep near Holbrook in Northeast Arizona on a trail to pasture land in the forest. Earl hired Macadio Bedoya for the head sheepherder who felt a close relationship to the sheep and was very protective of them. Conrado Juarez was a relative of his and Mr. Johnson hired him too. Murray bought a pair of brogans to wear and was exhausted running after the herd along with Conrado. They finally spotted a horse along the trail, which Murray decided to ride. What a rest for sore aching feet! At the end of the trail Murray returned the horse to the pasture in the forest.

Murray and his brother Warren were both excited to go to Buckeye Union High School, and some girls there wanted to know them as well. They were getting acquainted with teenager's everyday and knew they were going to like this location all right. Murray and Warren were good athletes and excelled in sports. Murray won the 440-yard dash in track and was Arizona State Champion. He was chosen on the state football team. Warren was a good student but very soon Murray and Warren found ways to carry out mischievous pranks prodding new friends along calling it fun!

One day when Murray and his brother Warren were waiting for the bus a man came by and wanted to sell his motorcycle. Murray traded him three of his Dad's pigs for it. They were excited to have new transportation to get to school for football & basketball practice etc. They had a few accidents after a rain when the road was slippery and had to change clothes. They wore their belts with buckles on the side rather than in front.

Beulah had a party for Murray and Warren and invited new neighbors and kids to help them get acquainted. She was truly a wonderful mother and friend to the students and friends. Beulah had a remarkable memory. She could even remember a poem she had learned when she was three years old.

"My name High Sing, Come from Chineese in a big large ship, come along here, Wind blow welee hard- kick up barberie. Ship makee Chineese manee feelee wellee queer. Me from Hong Kong whitee man come long- Steal lillie gal from poor Chineese". Her reading won many over to her.

Murray and I were engaged, Murray and his father were trying to get me to show them that I could milk a cow. Suddenly Mom called me into the kitchen when I came in Mom said, "Lola I know these Johnson men, and if you ever milk a cow, you'll have a job the rest of your life". I really appreciated her interest and it stopped me in my tracks- no more milking cows for Lola.

World War II had started. Hitler was a treacherous man in Germany- even had Germans saluting each other calling out "Heil Hitler" as their new leader anti-Christ. We were glad when he committed suicide!

Meanwhile Murray enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps. He was placed as a mechanic. When the boxing coach saw him sparring with another recruit he asked him where he boxed, Murray answered "I'm not a boxer". The boxing coach than enlisted him as a boxer. At his first match he won by a TKO in the second round. Everyone on base knew him then all called him Johnnie.

When World War II ended, Warren was especially sympathetic with the countries the Russians got. They were not any better to these poor people than they were as hostages in the German slave labor camps, so Americans requested the good ones to come to the U.S.A.

When Murray saw a Latvian family in a brochure, he said, "I want this one." We had to sign for the old grandmother assuring that she would never go on welfare. We did not know we got them, as they were on their way over here when we were informed of their coming.

Dottie, Warren's wife & I had to rush as well as the men. We had to have a home, food etc. for them to set up housekeeping. We were impressed with the three younger girls who curtsied to us when we met. We fell in love with them right away. Our children had new friends to play with. But the Tubins little ones 3 & 4, were disgusted. They told their parents, "that girl is really dumb she doesn't know how to speak German or Latvian". They learned to speak English soon and Isla learned to express herself in Latvian. Aina, about 13 years old, entered 4-H soon after she came and made a dress for herself. She modeled it very well and her leader asked her to curtsy as she wore the new dress for the 4-H leaders, which she did.

Frank a Latvian man, was killed tragically when he evidently lost his balance while he was chopping silage by the ensilage loader. Frank fell into the blades of the chopper. Olga his wife went running up to the pit. It took 3 men to hold her back from the gruesome sight. We were devastated with grief, as we loved this family.

Murray's love for animals, especially cattle, was extraordinary. He built a feedlot. The largest single owner in the state. He bought cattle from everywhere if the price was right. He owned about 40 registered quarter horses. My job was to draw the horses markings and name them, etc. for registration.

We loved the feedlot filled with cattle, but we had a lot of trouble when housewives balked and started boycotting beef. I knew we were headed for trouble. We lost money on all the cattle we had in our feedlots because of the boycotts. I was concerned we might loose the entire ranch but somehow we managed, the good Lord answered our prayers! P.T.L.!

I lost the best man I ever knew on April 7, 2007 when Murray passed away from double pneumonia. The kids, Isla and Mike, have come to help plus their spouses and grandchildren. I love them all, and pray God's blessing for them daily.

As the sun sets in the west behind the Hassayampa Hill, I realize anew how short the time is for us and the ranch. With the growth explosion to the west beginning to surround us, we recognized that just as with Earl and Beulah, the blessings we will pass on to the future must be different than those we have built and grown accustomed to. So in a move to insure that not only our family will continue to benefit from the fruits of the generations of love and hard work, but the community as a whole will gain as well, we have started plans for the proper future of our legacy.

Soon The Grand Canyon Ranch will become the Johnson Valley and will develop into a luxury master planned community centering on two of the largest industries in the United States, wellness and hospitality. Our one-time ranch will now be bringing beautiful high-end residential, office, retail, culture, civic and sports, all with enormous pockets of open space and amenities to a community to which we have devoted our lives. This will truly be a place of which we can continue to be proud.

It brings to mind a prayer of Moses to God in Psalms 90:1-2 "Lord, you have been our dwelling place throughout all generations. Before the mountains were born or you

brought forth the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God."

COVER IDENTIFICATION

FRONT COVER

Upper Right

Jim Lewis - presenting a trophy to a happy recipient at ANLS

Middle

Steve Bixby

Bottom Left

"The Benedicts" - Left to Right

Bret - Jerie - "Sam" - Dan

Bottom Right

Terry & Mike O'Haco

Wedding picture WWII

January 24, 1946

BACK COVER

Top - Left to Right

Amos & LaDorna Chenoweth

Ray & Marlene Evans - celebrating 50 years

Middle - Left to Right

F. Van Wilson

Winifred Bundy

Murray & Lola Johnson

Bottom - Left to Right

J.D. & Dorothy Miller

Charlie & Arilda Hill - 50th Anniversary 1972

Charlie was a charter member of the ANLS Living Pioneer
Organization - 1976

INSIDE BACK

Top - Left to Right

Jim Lewis - The 2004 Show was dedicated to Jim for his many years of support and still supporting.

Ray Evans - Having a good view of the land.

Middle - Left to Right

Charlie Hill "Triangle H Bar" Ranch

"Rock House" - Charlie Hill Ranch

Bottom - Left to Right

Charles M Hill (also John J in Texas)

LaDorna Chenoweth - one of her quilts.

