



**ARIZONA  
PIONEER STOCKMAN  
RANCH HISTORIES  
VOLUME XXV**





**BILL AND ROSE "POSEY" PIPER  
ARIZONA PIONEER STOCKMEN OF THE YEAR  
2010 SHOW**







**Ranch Histories  
of  
Living  
Pioneer Stockmen**

**Volume XXV**

*Compiled and Edited by:*

**Doris French**

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

Copyright 2009

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

All Rights Reserved



## Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

1826 W. McDowell Road ♦ Phoenix, AZ 85007-1696

Phone (602) 258-8568 ♦ Fax (602) 257-9190

[www.anls.org](http://www.anls.org)

December 29, 2009

Dear Pioneers,

We are pleased to present Volume Twenty-Five of the Arizona Stockmen Pioneer Histories today at our 62<sup>nd</sup> Arizona National Livestock Show.

Thank you to those who contributed to this volume. We hope you will take pride in preserving this history of ranching in Arizona. The legacy of this history will live on in the series of volumes compiled and edited by Doris French and the help of the Arizona Cowbells organization with collecting the stories. Our special thanks to Arizona National, Doris and the volunteers who have worked hard to make this publication and luncheon a success.

We are fortunate to have these stories told in the words of the people who lived them. Your work in the past has laid the foundation for our agriculture today and in the future. We hope that you will enjoy meeting up with friends today at our luncheon. Enjoy the show!

Sincerely,

*Ron Pint*



## Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.

1826 W. McDowell Road ♦ Phoenix, AZ 85007-1696

Phone (602) 258-8568 ♦ Fax (602) 257-9190

[www.anls.org](http://www.anls.org)

January, 2010

To all our Pioneers, Families and Friends,

This is our "25<sup>th</sup>" volume of Ranch Histories. What a pleasure it is to be able to continue to print these special History books for all to enjoy.

I especially want to say a special "Thanks" to the Arizona State Cowbelles, for all their assistance in helping to find all the Pioneers and encourage them to write their stories and many times actually help them to compile their histories for us.

And again, we must say "Thanks" to the staff of Arizona National Stock Show for all they do to support our Pioneers and for all the work they do in the office to make this and the Pioneer Luncheon such a success, from the typing Dee Baxter does and the undying work of Jody Yeager as she not only does the programs and puts together all the lists of the Pioneers, and helps to create the covers for the History Books. Her knowledge is so valuable to us, it's irreplaceable. The encouragement we receive from our Director, Grant Boice lets us know how valuable all of you are to our State and its History.

Thank You all for allowing us to enjoy all of you and your Families through this book.

Happy Trails,

Doris French

Pioneer Stockman Secretary

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
CALVIN GRIFFIN PEACE.....	1
DON MARTIN.....	21
DOROTHY BIXBY.....	37
WILLIS "BUD" HARPER.....	41
ELAINE MARKS.....	51
MAY BELLE DOMINY ROBB.....	69
DOROTHY EUNICE LOVELADY PYLE.....	81
FRANKLIN (FRANK) ARCHER SHELTON.....	91
ALFRED DALE CLINE.....	123
JIM AND JAN EDGERTON.....	127
LYNN SHEPPARD.....	131
LEROY TUCKER.....	141
VELMA LUCILLE STEWART-TUCKER.....	145

## **Calvin Griffin Peace**

**1919 - 2008**

Calvin Griffin Peace, born July 29, 1919 in Ysletta, El Paso, Texas, to William Calvin "Will" Peace and Myrtle Clara Griffin Peace. He was the fourth of nine children.

To write Calvin's history, it is necessary to tell about his extended family. Calvin was the grandson of a Texas Ranger, Albert "Al" Griffin, who owned cattle ranches in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. In 1919, he stopped ranching and was hired to stop the cattle rustling in Pleasant Valley (Young), Arizona.

Calvin's grandparents, Al and Ida (Bouldin) Griffin, and his parents always lived near each other and helped each other. The Griffins left Texas earlier than the Peaces. Al Griffin bought a cattle ranch in Orange, Otero County, New Mexico in 1902 where he did well. He branded Triple X, one X on the left shoulder, one on the left side, and one on the left hip.

When Ida Griffin was stricken with cancer, Al sold his New Mexico ranch and moved his family to Globe, Arizona where his wife could receive medical treatment. He arrived in Globe with his family on October 31, 1919. Al bought a house in Globe on the corner of East and Ash Streets for

Ida and her mother, Betty Bouldin. Then on December 8, 1919, he bought a ranch for \$5,000, located on Gleason Flat near Salt River. Al lived and worked at the ranch alone, which supported the family. He went into Globe regularly to check on his family.

Al was asked to go to work as cattle inspector, constable, and deputy sheriff in Pleasant Valley, where the next generation of some of the Pleasant Valley War factions were hard at work rustling cattle. Al had served with the Texas Rangers and was a crack shot, so was well qualified. He accepted the job and also became the caretaker for the OW Ranch for two reasons: he needed a place to live and anyone wanting to get a herd of stolen cattle to Holbrook had to go through the OWs. He went to Globe as often as possible to see his family and he sent money regularly, but, he spent the winters at the OWs because of the deep snow.

Calvin's dad, Will Peace, stayed mainly in the El Paso area where he had a freighting business until Calvin was born in 1919. He also worked at the Griffin Ranch between jobs. Then in 1920, Will bought a ranch near Rincon, New Mexico. The government had been buying beef and sending it to the World War I soldiers in Europe. Will saw this as a way to establish a ranch, but a couple of years after the



war, cattle prices plummeted and it became very difficult to make a living ranching there.

Calvin's earliest memory was in 1926 when his mother moved to Globe, Arizona to care for his grandmother, Ida Griffin. He was only six at the time. During this time, Calvin started first grade. He and his older brother, Albert, attended school at Ysletta, Texas.

"We were two of the seven white kids in the one-room school," he often recalled, and the teacher was Mexican, so we had to learn the language or we couldn't learn a darn thing, but we managed to learn enough to get through a year of school."

Another memory that was pressed in his mind was the day his dad told him they were moving to Arizona to be with the rest of the family. He hadn't seen his mother in a year. One thing she wanted brought to Arizona was her homemade cotton-stuffed mattresses. Calvin's dad left most of their belongings behind so he would have room for the mattresses. Will, Calvin and Albert left Ysletta with their Model T Ford piled high, but when they arrived at the inspection station on the Arizona State line, officials would not allow them to bring the mattresses into Arizona because they were afraid of boll weevils. The officials cut

the mattresses open and burned them. Will arrived in Globe with just his two boys and his car.

The Peace family first lived at the Griffin home in Globe, then they rented a place between Globe and Miami called Copper Hills. Calvin and Albert went to school here for a short while before moving to Young (Pleasant Valley). In Young, they first rented the Rice Pettis Place, located near the Samuel A. Haught Ranch on Walnut Creek, then they bought some land and built a house on Cherry Creek. This was where Calvin grew up. His dad had some cattle and horses, but mostly dry-land farmed. There is no irrigation system with dry-land farming; rain is depended on to water the crops.

Calvin's great-grandmother, Betty Bouldin, lived in Young with the Peaces until her death in the spring of 1930. She had always helped with the kids and the house.

In Young, Calvin and his brother, Albert, became acquainted with another type of horse - the plow horse.

"The climate was a lot wetter in those days," said Calvin. "We had wet winters and good summer, so we had good crops. The heavy snows in the winters made the ground damp in the spring. First we plowed the land, using three or four horses to pull a turning plow. My dad went first with one set of horses and a plow, loosening the dirt.

Albert followed him with another team, and I followed Albert with yet another team.

"After the land was plowed, it was dragged by a team of horses pulling poles or a piece of iron. We dragged the ground to seal the top so it wouldn't lose moisture.

"Next the Lister, pulled by three or four horses, made rows so crops could be planted. It had to be held up, too. It had to be held straight to make straight rows, so Dad followed the Lister and Albert and I took turns following behind him with the planter. The planter, pulled by one horse, sewed one row at a time. Albert and I walked behind the planter and held it up and kept it full of seeds. The seeds had to be planted while the dirt was damp."

Calvin recalls that the fall of the year was an especially busy time of the year. We had to harvest the crops, cut firewood for winter, and butcher the hogs. In the smoke house, we made good hams and thick-sliced bacon. Some of the corn was ground into corn meal and some was fed to the cattle, plus we ate plenty of corn. We cut the tops off the sugar cane and used it for grain for the cattle and horses and chickens. After we knocked the leaves off the cane stalks with big wooden paddles, we cut the cane and had it ground and made into molasses.

"After the pinto beans were dry, we pulled the plants up by the roots, threw them in the wagon, and hauled them in. We used poles to thrash the beans and sold most of them. We kept enough for our family for a year. We usually sold over a thousand pounds and some we traded for kerosene, coffee, sugar, and flour.

"We cut the hegari (we pronounce this high-geara) with big, long knives, tied it into bundles and piled it in the fields. Then it was loaded onto sleds and pulled to the barn. We fed it to the stock. We always had saddle horses, work horses, work mules, hogs, milk cows, and milk pen calves. Plus, we always had a few colts we were breaking for other people."

The Peace's sold hegari to the O W Ranch, where his Grandfather Al Griffin stayed, and to the Q Land and Cattle Company for five cents a bundle. Calvin explained, "One bundle was enough to feed one cow or one horse for one day. At first we didn't have twine to tie the bundles, so we used bear grass which worked just as well."

Calvin and Albert attended the Little Red Schoolhouse, located where the ranger station is today. They rode their horses and took along nosebags to feed them grain at noon because there was snow on the ground for most of the winter.

"Sometimes the snow would be belly-deep on our horses and it was cold. The snow just barely covered the tops of the fence posts. On snowy or rainy days, we were soppin' wet by the time we got to school. We dried out during the day, then when we rode home we got wet again. Then we had chores - horses and cows to feed, cows to milk. Our fingers would be so frozen, we could barely milk those cows."

Will Peace raised horses and spent some of this time teaching Calvin and Albert to "break" or "gentle" colts - teachings that Calvin used the rest of his life. By the time Calvin was 10, he began to "gentle" young colts for extra money. A couple of years later he began to shoe horses, as he had watched his dad and granddad do many times. His folks kept only a small cow herd, but Calvin yearned to work for some of the "big" cow outfits. He heard the stories of the cattle drives and he wanted to go, too. He wanted to work with cattle and his main experience at working with cattle at this point was milking them and doctoring them. His dad and granddad had taught him and Albert to brand the milk pen calves and their field cattle.

Al Griffin died 26 Sept 1933, Globe, Arizona at the age of 66 years. Calvin was 14 at the time and his granddad's death was quite a blow to him because he had



spent so much time with him and learned so much from him. All of his life Calvin spoke often of his Granddad Griffin. During his last months on earth, Calvin kept his granddad's picture near and spoke of him daily.

Right after his Granddad Griffin died, Calvin age 14, went to work for Miss Ola and Miss Betty Young for whom Young, Arizona was named. They ran 200 head of cattle, branding Bar A, 4 Bar, and N Cross. To get this job, Calvin had to prove himself by shoeing, then riding a horse called *Tarzan* that had been bucking off all the cowboys, including the ranch foreman, John Waldrip. The horse had been ridden - he was just an outlaw. A man never knew when he would buck. Calvin had been breaking colts and he could shoe a horse, so he took the challenge. Here how he told it:

"First, I had to shoe *Tarzan*. I started with his front feet. I tied a loop around each of his front feet and tied each one to the saddle horn as I shod him. I kept talking to him real calm-like and all seemed to be fine. Then for his back feet. There was a good old guy working there by the name of Jess Ellison. When I started tying up a back foot he told me, 'You better jack his back feet up pretty high.' I did what he told me. After I got a back foot tied up good and high, that horse ran backwards through the tin barn and down he went! Jess bailed right on that horse's

head, turned his nose up in the air, and said, 'Now, put his shoes on.' The horse was layin' on his back, so I tied both hind feet up close to his belly, then I nailed the shoes on him. I didn't rasp them, just nailed them on.

"Afterwards, I untied him. He got up and I led him to the round picket corral and turned him loose. The next morning, I carried my saddle to the horse; I didn't try to lead him up there where the other horses were being saddled. I knew he would pull a wreck if I did. I talked to him real calm and put my saddle on - he was fine. John and Jess were starting to leave, so I climbed on him and kept the reins really tight so he couldn't get his head down to buck. I rode around in the corral - everything was fine. So John said, 'Strike a trot and see what he does.' I did and he was fine.

"But after I rode him out of the corral, he just turned `er on! He just fell all apart, jumpin' up and down, but he couldn't buck because he couldn't get his head down. I pulled him around in circles and he calmed down after a bit.

"I rode a ways, then he fell apart again! I did the same thing as before. You can't let a horse like that get his head down or he sure will buck you off. We rode a ways, then we split up. John told me to ride around the side of a

mountain looking for cattle. He said to go exactly the way he told me so if the horse showed up without me, they would know where to look. I didn't find any cows, but I didn't have any trouble with the horse. I kept talking to him real calm and he was fine. They kept saying, 'He's going to buck you off!' But, he didn't. My dad taught me how to break horses. Dad and Uncle Jim broke horses back in Texas.

"I was able to shoe Tarzan and I controlled him when he tried to buck me off, so they hired me. That horse never tried to buck with me again. Dad taught me to treat horses the way I wanted them to treat me.

"Later, I rode Tarzan and led two horses to John Waldrip and Jess Ellison. John said, 'Hell's fire, man, you could o' got throwed off and left us all afoot!' He never trusted that horse, but I did. We gathered cattle all the way from Bottle Springs to the Q Ranch and north to Holbrook. After that, I rode Tarzan through lots of roundups with John and Jess and never had a problem."

While in his late teens, Calvin worked for the Q Land and Cattle Company and the OW Ranch. Below, he tells of two particular cattle drives from Pleasant Valley to the railroad:

In the fall of 1938, Calvin was hired to help drive cattle for the Q Land and Cattle Company from the Q Ranch

to the railroad in Globe. A Mr. Wilson owned the Q's at that time and R.M. Grantham was the ramrod (the Q Ranch is located eight miles east of Pleasant Valley). The following men were on this drive: R.M. Grantham, Cy Garlinghouse, Marion Mann, Frank Haught, Hubert Haught, and Calvin Peace.

"The trip started out kinda bad," recalled Calvin.

"The first thing I did was get throwed off the horse I was supposed to ride. The horse was Cohea, but I didn't know it until later. R.M. had bought Cohea and since the horse was only half-broke, it threw him off. He knew I had been breaking colts and I was younger, so he decided this horse would be just the one for me. I stepped on that horse just before daylight and he bucked me off before I ever got my right foot in the stirrup. But I got back on and rode him and I never had another problem with that horse. I rode him all the way to the railroad in Globe.

"After me and my horse had an agreement, the drive was pretty fair until the night before we reached Alf Devore's ranch, located where Cherry Creek runs into Salt River. We were in the bottom of Cherry Creek (which was dry). Something caused the cattle to stampede that night and they went ever' direction. Ever'body jumped up and got on their horses and tried to stop them, but the canyons were steep and it was real dark. R. M. always got us up at 3 AM

anyway, so we waited until then to start roundin' up cattle so we could go on.

"We had to swim the cattle across Salt River - in fact-we had to cross that river 13 times because it was the only way to get the cattle from Alf Devore's Ranch to Globe. We had to go down the Salt River bed which was a deep canyon with high rock walls on both sides. The river didn't run straight down the canyon; it zig-zagged back and forth. Ever' time we came to the river, we crossed it - which was 13 times. Cohea did just fine. Some of the cattle got stuck in quick sand and we had a hell of a time, but we got them to Globe where they sold for \$50 a head.

In the fall of 1939, Calvin was hired by the OW Ranch to drive cattle to the railroad in Holbrook. The five men on this drive were: Kenneth Jay, Kenneth Jay's brother-in-law, Ray Hunt, Leonard Hubbard, and Calvin Peace.

"Kenneth Jay owned the OW's at that time, he had bought it in 1937. He was a millionaire and he entertained his friends at the ranch, including movie star, Clark Gable. I never saw any movie stars, but I heard about them. Jay wanted a real western cattle drive because he was from the big city, so we even had a chuck wagon pulled by horses. Ray Hunt's daddy-in-law, Lige Lewis, drove the chuck wagon and did the cookin'. He was a real good cook.



He mostly made sour dough biscuits, beans, and beef. We got two meals a day - one early in the morning and one late at night. We worked from daylight to dark everyday. The OWs paid us \$40 a month and we thought it was good pay. We were lucky to have jobs.

"First, we had to round up the cattle and put them in a pasture at the Baca Ranch. That took about a month because we had miles of territory to cover. Leonard Hubbard and I worked hard, but we decided to have a little fun - we were only about 18. We had seen hundreds of head of elk along the way, so we decided we would team-tie one. We swung our ropes and charged out there at a herd of elk. Hubbard headed a bull elk and I roped his heels. We thought we had really done something great, then we saw the elk herd double back and run right out through the meadow there at the OWs and through the fence. They tore it down for a hell of long ways - about a quarter of a mile. Every evening after we finished rounding up for the day, me and Hubbard had to built fence until dark to pay for what we had done. But that was okay, it was our fault.

"When we started the drive to Holbrook, the cattle were in a pasture at the Baca Ranch. We rode our horses there and off we went with 500 head of cattle, mostly Hereford. We went over the Mogollon Rim from the OWs toward

Heber. It snowed on us all the way and was a cold bugger. The first night we drove all the way to Heber and put the cattle in the pole corral there located next to Highway 260. That night something spooked the cattle and they tore down the corral and got away. Any little noise can spook a herd of cattle at night. It took us most of the next day to round them up again so we could go on. We didn't get very far that day.

"The next day we crossed Oklahoma Flat and took the cattle all the way to the Halter Cross Ranch.

"The next day we dropped down off the Mogollon Rim and made it to Dry Lake. There was a corral there at the old Bushman homestead.

"The next day we pushed the cattle up over Cedar Ridge and got as far as Crosby Tank where the cattle could water. This was the last night before we got to Holbrook. We ran the cattle into the wire corrals there, ate, and went to bed. Everybody tied their horses to the fence because there was nothing else to tie them to. Sometime during the night one of the horses blowed a plug and stampeded the cows. When we woke up, we heard cows a bawlin' and wire a poppin', so Hubbard and I climbed out of our bedrolls and ran and got under the chuck wagon so the wire wouldn't hit us. You can't stop a stampede - you better just get out of

the way. The cows tore down the corral and the whole damn outfit got away - horses, too. After the noise and the dust settled, we couldn't see or hear a cow anywhere. We spent the next day roundin' 'em up.

"We had to cross the Little Colorado River before we could go into Holbrook and we knew we could have a problem with quicksand. As we pushed a big string of cattle across, we could see the land under the water sway down and then come back up after they crossed. It was spooky - the land just moved as the cattle crossed. If they had broken through the crust, they would have gone down. We had to follow the cows across - it was spooky - but we all made it.

"When we finally got to Holbrook, the train wasn't there, so we had to wait for the next one. Kenneth Jay sold the cattle, then he and the others went home and left me and Leonard Hubbard to feed and water the cattle for a week. When the train came, me and Hubbard helped load the cattle and made sure that every one got on the train. After the cattle were gone down the tracks, Hubbard and I rode our horses home back to Pleasant Valley."

In 1942, while Calvin was working building fence for Martin Cline on Big Sandy, he received a draft notice. He

was sent to southern England where he served in the Army Medical Corps as a non-commissioned officer.

"We were supposed to go across the channel to France and set up a field hospital," Calvin recalled, "but the Germans were bombing so heavy they closed the port of embarkation, so we were ordered to set up in England."

Calvin served his country from June 1942 to Nov 1945; no injuries; received an honorable discharge. His younger brother, Ezra, also served with no injuries and received an honorable discharge. But, his older brother, Albert, was killed on D-Day. This was really a blow to Calvin because he had always been so close to Albert.

While Calvin was home on leave during the war, he had married Anna Mae Hale of Gisela, Arizona. They had met at a dance in Pleasant Valley in 1941 and were married November 30, 1943 in Globe, Arizona. She was the daughter of Robert Duke Hale and Mary B. Neal, of Gisela.

Anna Mae was born October 21, 1920 in Gisela. Arizona, and had grown up on a cattle ranch there. She rode with her dad, Duke Hale, and her two brothers, Robert and Ralph Hale. Her dad branded XZ Bar.

"In those days, everybody in the country went to the dances," said Calvin. "Sometimes they lasted all night. We kicked up our heels, drank whiskey, visited with everybody,

and us single guys was always looking for a pretty girl to dance with. I remember the night I met Anna Mae - she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen - and we danced and danced. There was never any girl for me after that."

After living a year in a rock house in Young that Calvin had bought before he went into the army, the couple bought a farm/ranch in Gisela. This was the old Sam and Isabella Haught place. Both Calvin and Anna Mae worked hard to make a living and get a start. They accomplished this by raising cattle, horses, fruit, vegetables, and chickens. Plus, Calvin worked at Owens Brothers' Saw Mill in Payson and he worked on the Beeline Highway. While he was at work, Anna Mae was very capable of running the ranch and farm. And when Anna Mae's dad needed help with roundup, Anna Mae rode with him, since both of her brothers were serving in the war.

Calvin and Anna Mae had two daughters, Mary Jayne Peace, born February 3, 1949 and Anna Jean Peace, born April 15, 1952, both in Globe, Arizona. When it was time for Jayne to start to school, the Peaces sold out and moved to Payson, but went back to the Hale Ranch in Gisela every weekend. Calvin built a house and a hardware and feed store in Payson. He also started an excavation business, as



Payson was just starting to boom with the completion of the Beeline Highway in 1958.

The Peaces prospered, but they wanted to go back to ranching, so in 1961, they bought the old Neal Ranch in Gisela from Riley Neal. They branded the Valentine, a brand that had belonged to Anna Mae's grandmother, Ellen Neal, and then her uncle, Riley Neal. The brand is still in the family today, owned by Jayne Peace.

Calvin also liked good horses. About 1960, he bred his best mare off the Ruidoso race track to Leck Cline's Cowboy C, a grandson of Driftwood. The result of this was a colt Calvin called Firecracker. A couple of years later, the same dam and sire were bred and Calvin got another horse colt, Little Joe. These horses Calvin trained. The horses were also branded with a Valentine.

Calvin and Anna Mae ranched in Gisela on the old Neal Homestead for 40 years. They raised cattle, horses, pigs, chickens, peacocks, all kinds of animals, and their fruit orchard produced tons of peaches, apricots, apples, pears, blackberries, pecans, almonds, walnuts, etc. Calvin also experimented with Koshia grass and different breeds of cattle. After a few years, the Herefords became a part of the past.

Unlike the old days when Calvin worked cattle in Pleasant Valley, the cattle in Gisela were rounded up and sold to a cattle buyer who trucked them to market. There was a squeeze chute, stock scales, the branding irons were heated by propane, and everyone had corrals in which to work their cattle. Roundup and branding was a family affair, with all helping. It was a wonderful way to raise children.

Calvin and Anna Mae celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary on November 30, 1993 at the Gisela Saloon with many old friends and family members. In the 1990s, four generations of the family were living on the Peace Ranch - Calvin and Anna Mae, their daughter, Jayne, their grandson, Shawn Haught (son of Jayne and Butch Haught), and their great-grandchildren, Hunter and Hannah Haught (children of Shawn Haught and Rachael Evans).

Anna Mae Hale Peace died April 4, 2001 in Gisela, Arizona. Calvin now lives in Payson with his two daughters, Jeanne Peace and Jayne Peace Pyle and his son-in-law, Jinx Pyle.

As stated above, Calvin was one of nine children, but only five of Will and Myrtle Peace's children lived to adulthood: Albert, Calvin, Ezra, Edwin, and Lyman. Albert was killed on D-Day, Ezra has lived most of his life in

Payson, Arizona where he served 16 years as Justice of the Peace, Edwin has lived most of his life in Globe and Payson, and Lyman lived most of his life in Globe, where he served 12 years as Sheriff of Gila County.

Calvin died April 27, 2007 in Payson, Arizona. He is buried in Gisela beside his wife.

By Jayne Peace Pyle

January 28, 2008

## DON MARTIN

Don Martin has seen a lot, done a lot and by all measures has been very successful at it. He's been in and out of the cattle feeding industry since the 1950s, first as an employee, then manager, then feeder himself and then in 1960 as an owner/operator of a feedyard.

While in the feedlot business, he also owned or leased other ranches. Sometimes he ran yearlings on those other ranches, on other places cows and calves. Though he no longer owns a feedyard, he still feeds a lot. His primary business now, however, is a cow-calf operation. It is a family partnership between him and his four children, Scott, Matt, Becky and Jennifer.

Martin was born in Phoenix. He didn't grow up in the business, but his great uncle Will C. Barnes, a decorated army veteran, was in the cattle business. When he visited he romanced the young lad with stories of the Wild West and the cattle industry in general. His uncle died when Martin was only 10, but the tales he'd told stuck with him and when he came of age it was the ranching industry that he sought out.

Before he could follow that dream, however, he upheld his responsibilities to his country, enlisting in January

1944. He went through gunnery school and was in the process of becoming a tail gunner when the war ended. He never went overseas. After the war, Martin tried college.

Originally he had visions of being a dentist. It was a means to an end. He figured he could make enough money to buy his own ranch a lot more quickly by being a dentist than he could by working as a hired hand.

It was really only a thought, and a passing thought at that.

"The more I thought about smelling people's bad breath all day long, the less enchanted I became with the idea," Martin says.

Instead, he studied animal science. Turned out that getting a college degree wasn't all that critical.

"I've never had anyone that I've worked for ask me if I had a college degree," Martin remarks.

After college, Martin worked on a couple of different ranches and then at two different feedyards, both in the Phoenix area. Feedyards back then, Martin says, were small by today's standards. Levi Reed owned that first yard where Martin worked. He handled a thousand or so head. Reed also ran a number of outside cattle, and he allowed Martin to participate. It didn't take long, however, for



Martin to realize that he wasn't going to make enough money to buy a ranch just punching cows.

In 1951, he went to work for M.O. Best. Best was a prominent cattle feeder of that time, Martin says. He was also a director in the biggest bank in Arizona, which turned out to be an added advantage for Martin.

"He told me that I could feed some calves. It seems like that first load I bought cost me 40 or 41 cents and I ended up selling them for 17 cents," he recalls. "M.O. told me to come on into the bank and he would sign for the feed and that way I could have another go at it."

Martin did have another go at it, and he ended up staying on with Best for about five years. In that time Martin learned a tremendous amount about the business, made lots of contacts and also managed to put together a little money to start his own operation. After Best died, Martin stayed on for a while longer, and essentially ran the operation.

Martin worked for one other feedyard for about a year after he left the Best operation. By then he had a couple of cattle trucks of his own and was feeding about 1500 head. The itch to go it on his own was definitely getting stronger, so when Bill Brophy approached him about a possible partnership, the timing was perfect.

The two had met a couple of years earlier. Martin had fed some cattle for Bill and Paul Ganz. The feedyard at Gila Bend, then owned by Jack Harris of California and a group of investors, was for sale. Martin and Brophy made a deal to buy it for \$525,000 with \$25,000 down.

"We each coughed up \$12,500. It was all either of us could come up with," Martin remarks. They took over in November 1960. Dick Raskin, a packer buyer for Rosen Packing Co. of L.A., sent them 900 big steers the day they took over.

"We cracked the nut our first month," Martin recalls.

In the mid-1960s they formed a relationship with Swift and Co., whereby Swift kept 20,000 or so head on feed in exchange for a cost of gain not to exceed 24 cents. An average cost of gain back then, Martin says, was about 22 cents and they fed a good many of them for 21 cents.

The feedyard industry was out of its infancy by this time, and though Martin and Brophy were the second generation of feeders in Arizona, most of the yards were still relatively small, at least by today's standards.

The biggest feeders then were McElhaney Cattle Co, still in operation today, Hughes and Ganz, who later sold to AzTx. There was also Charlie Wetzler's Lizzard Acres, which later became Phoenix's first retirement center, and

Olen Dryer's yard, where Martin worked a year. Dryer's yard later sold to Spur Feeding Co. Gila Feedyard came in at about fourth, Martin says.

Other early feeders were Aubrey Grousky, Jim Benedict and Carl Stevenson, who still had Red Rock Feeding. Red River Feedyard was another feedlot of about the same size, but it came along later. At one time John Wayne had an interest in that yard, Martin says.

The packing industry wasn't nearly as consolidated as it is today. When Martin was working for M.O. Best there were at least 22 federally inspected slaughter facilities in Los Angeles alone. In Arizona there was Cudahy, Swift, later Packerland, and though they were the largest of the lot, none except Swift were very large by today's standards.

The Tovrea family started Tovrea Packing House before it became Cudahy. Other packer buyers with whom Martin did business were Aubrey Grousky's father, and R.C. Jones, but Harvey Dietrich, who handled Swift's business for years, was probably the one packer buyer with whom Martin and Brophy did the most business.

During the early days of the feedlot business in Arizona, there was high demand for veal calves. The army had big contracts with many of the processors. The calves

which generally came to the yards weighing 200 to 225 pounds went out weighing 460 to 470 pounds.

"It was a quick turnover thing, and they usually made some money," Martin says.

These veal calves were predominantly Brahman crosses.

"The LA packers didn't frown on conformation like the packers do now," he says: "We shipped lots and lots of calves with humps."

By the time Martin and Brophy took over Gila Feedyard, the veal calf business was beginning to fade, but the farmer feeders in the area continued feeding mostly native calves. Shag Rogers started a good many calves on roughage, mainly alfalfa and ensilage, and when they weighed around 625 to 650 pounds he sent them to the feedyard. With this kind of backgrounding, the cattle did very well, Martin says.

Bruce Heiden and his father did basically the same thing as did the Hart brothers and Les Narramore.

In those days, the yearlings generally weighed 650 or less going on feed and were fed on average 120 to 135 days as opposed to 180 days, which is common now. Coming off feed the heifers generally weighed 850 to 900 pounds while the steers averaged 950 to 1050 pounds.

"That's what the packers wanted back then," Martin says. "It particularly fit the mold for the LA packers and even those in Phoenix."

The rations, Martin says, weren't as hot as they are today. Ensilage was a big part of the rations back then. Today it's fed very little. They also fed cracked or rolled corn. Jack Algio was their nutritionist.

Conversions, he says, were generally in the low to mid-sevens. After they outlawed the growth hormone diethyl stilbestrol, the cattle didn't gain as much.

"If even minimal levels of stilbestrol were detected, they shut the feedyard down," Martin says.

When Martin and Brophy took over the feedyard, investor feeders were running rampant. The Spitalny brothers and Bill Erdwurm were some of their big feeders. For many years the majority of their customers were doctors and lawyers and the like, but that all came to a halt when the tax laws were changed.

Initially Martin and Brophy fed mostly customer cattle, but by the late 1970s they were handling fewer customer cattle and more of their own. They fed thousands of Mexican cattle during that time. Brophy was in charge of buying the Mexicans, Martin says.

They also leased ranches and started many a stocker on grass before sending it to the feedyard. They leased the Babacomari Ranch, Brophy's family operation, for five years. The last year they operated it, they ran 1600 yearlings that made right at \$350 a head.

"That's the most we ever made on one bunch of cattle," Martin recalls, "but we managed to lose a good bit of that in the tough years."

The airplane was always a key part of their feedlot operation. Both Martin and Brophy flew all over Arizona, New Mexico and deep into the interior of Mexico, sourcing and buying cattle. There were times when they also flew in potential buyers.

"If the market was slow, sometimes we'd haul them down from Phoenix. They'd buy some and then we'd fly them home."

They flew in potential customers as well.

"Flying was something I always enjoyed just as much as the feedlot business itself," he remarks.

The dawning of the 1970s brought with it a particularly difficult period for the cattle feeding industry. Martin and Paul Ganz got to reminiscing about that time not long ago. Ganz recalled buying a set of calves that cost him nine cents a pound, and even at that

cheap price, they lost money. Martin remembers buying a couple of loads of reservation cattle, mostly Herefords, for 11 cent. They, too, lost money.

"Even if we blew the roof off the cost of gain, it didn't mean that we'd have a higher market to sell the cattle into," Martin remarks.

There have been other wrecks along the way, but Martin says, for him at least, none have been as bad as the wreck of '73. That was the year that every pen of cattle lost money.

Figuring out the market, he says, was never easy.

"There were times that we thought we had the market figured out, but we never did. Nowadays I don't even try."

"Mainly we just hoped for the best," he adds. "We had to keep the mill running, so there were times that we bought cattle even when we knew they likely wouldn't work out."

They seldom if ever hedged any cattle. Gambling, Martin says, was part of the fun.

"We used to say that if you can hang in there the averages will take care of you. I think that's basically true, but you have to have pretty deep pockets."



"Early last spring was the last good market we had," he adds. "We don't cry about it, but we wish for better days and there will be."

Packer consolidation, he opines, is the feeder's worst enemy.

"We don't merchandise the cattle anymore," Martin comments. "It's taken all the fun out of feeding. Packers essentially tell us what's going to happen."

For the last several years, the cattle that Martin and his sons have fed have been sold on formula.

"We're making a product that the packer dictates. They make the mold and we try and fit our cattle into their mold."

Like many, Martin supports the legislation to ban packers from feeding.

"I think they should tend to their own business," he remarks.

He worries, too, about imports. He has watched the sheep industry become almost nonexistent in his home state, largely because of imports, and he fears that the cattle industry might be headed down the same path.

Martin says he always liked the action of the feedlot business. Too, hard work never bothered him.

"We were always pretty thrifty," he notes. "Never did get much help. There in the beginning we worked seven days a week."

When the smaller California packers began phasing out, the Arizona feedlots had difficulty merchandizing their product, so in time they too were phased out. When Martin and Brophy bought Gila Feedyard it was a 20,000-head, one-time capacity yard. By the time they closed out their books in 1988, they had built it up to a 35,000-head yard.

The main reason Martin says he wanted to sell was because neither of his sons was interested in taking over the business. They wanted to focus their efforts on the ranching side of the business.

Brophy was in the same situation. His two older sons had other careers and his youngest son, Ben, Martin says, came along about 10 to 15 years too late.

"We were both getting agey enough," Martin remarks, "and I could see the handwriting on the wall."

Because Martin and Brophy had always had other ranching interests outside their feedyard, it was an easy transition for both of them to go back to ranching.

Martin had purchased a ranch northwest of Tucson back in 1972. Later he bought a ranch in New Mexico, northwest

of Magdalena. He had learned early on that the best way to make money in the ranching business was to sell the land.

"Arizona is full of absentee ranch owners," Martin points out. "Every time they buy land the price goes up further. Consequently, you can't buy a ranch today in Arizona and run cattle on it and expect to make any money," Martin insists.

"You don't make money selling calves. You make money selling the land, and that's essentially what we've done."

Today Martin and his two sons, Scott and Matt, operate four separate ranches in a family partnership. Fortunately, at least from Martin's perspective, three of the four places are kind of in the path of progress.

Scott operates one ranch, Matt the other, and the two share responsibilities on the ranch northwest of Tucson. Don manages the ranch at Vail. Daughter Jennifer, who lives on the ranch northwest of Tucson, keeps the books for the family operation.

"The boys make most of the decisions, but everyone has an equal share. Once in awhile they ask my opinion," Martin remarks.

Arizona is a public lands state. Only 13 percent of the total rangeland is private, therefore, all of the ranches that the Martin family operates have a combination

of public and private land. The land is sold by the cow unit. As might be expected, outfits with more deeded land sell for more money.

On the ranch at Vail, rainfall averages about 10 to 12 inches annually. Last year the ranch got 14 inches. The rains generally start right after the fourth of July and stop in early September.

The ranch at Vail, which sits at an elevation of 3500 to 4500 feet, is in more of a desert environment compared to the one farther south, Martin says. The cattle eat the browse as much as they do the grass. There is guajillo and mesquite and bush muhly, buckwheat, some oak brush and several gramas. There is also a lot of filaree if winter rains come.

The desert environment, Martin says, plays an important role in Arizona for yearling operators. If the rains come at the right time during the year, they can begin stocking the country in January and run them on the desert until about May.

"There used to be thousands of cattle shipped out here in the spring from Texas," Martin says, "but we don't see much of that anymore."

The family runs cows and calves as well as yearlings. On occasion they partner with the Babacomari Ranch on a yearling deal.

Currently they're breeding good Brahman bulls to their Hereford cows and using that F-1 cross as a replacement heifer. They're using mostly Angus bulls back on those replacement heifers. On two of the places, the bulls are left out year-round, mainly because the country, he says, is so unreliable in terms of rainfall and the nutrition plane of the cow has a direct impact on breed up.

Most of the calving occurs in the spring. Calves typically average 475 pounds at weaning.

Most years they'll sell some of the calves at weaning and feed the rest, but the market dictates that decision.

Martin says he had no regrets and if he had to do it over again he wouldn't change a thing. He and wife Glenda were married 50 years in February.

"She's always been willing to go wherever I thought we needed to go to make a living," Martin says.

"We like being out in the country. It's a way of life, but there won't be enough room for all of our six grandchildren and their families. That's why we have to have land that we can sell for more money. Without that they won't be able to survive."

The importance of honesty is the one principle that Martin has instilled in his four children.

"If they're honest, they won't ever lie awake at night." And Martin doesn't lie awake at night worrying about their future.

"They like the business. They'll do fine," he says of his children.

He credits what success he's had in the business to those around him. Besides his family he puts the spotlight on the late Bill Brophy, his partner for almost 40 years. He describes their partnership as a marriage of sorts.

"Bill was a necessary ingredient to the success of Gila Feedyard," Martin says. "With his outgoing personality he was able to romance a lot of cattle into our feedyard."

"Bill sold the fat cattle for several years. He was a straight, honest man and a good judge of cattle, and he was an integral part of my life for many years."

"We had help from the good folks who sold us the million-dollar feedyard with a \$25,000 down payment when we didn't even have the whole \$25,000," he continues. "We also had good customers, nice, straight, honest folks, folks like Dick Raskin, the packer buyer who sent us 900 big steers the day we took over."

"There was Marion Getzwiller, who in on deal contracted us 5000 yearlings. Shag, who had partnered with us on this bunch asked me later on, 'Do you think that guy will deliver all these cattle? The market has really gone up.'"

"Marion delivered 5008!" Martin says.

"There were others like Harvey Dietrich, who ran Sunland for years. After the dust cleared from the 1973 wreck, a number of folks owed us about \$500,000 in total. Harvey helped us recover some of that money."



## **DOROTHY BIXBY**

I was hesitant to write my history for the Pioneer Stockman book because I didn't start out life with a ranching background. My forefathers were early Mormon settlers and they were mostly farmers. I was born November 11, 1934 at Eden, Arizona, the only child of Rulon and Ila Fuller.

My maternal grandfather, Amos Packer, was a blacksmith and served many years as the mayor of Pima. He met my grandmother, Lillian Curtis, at Indian Hot Springs where she worked at the hotel. My paternal grandparents, Thomas Alma Fuller and Annie Oliver Colvin, traveled by wagon train from Utah to Arizona when they were children. Both families settled in Eden where they met and later married.

I attended kindergarten at Pima, first grade at Fort Thomas and then moved to Globe and started second grade. I graduated from Globe High School in 1952.

My father was killed in a car accident when I was 3 years old and my mother married Al Fritz when I was 6 years old. He was a fireman in Globe and later served as Fire Chief.

So I was a "city girl". But when I married Steve Bixby, Jr. in 1982 I was quickly introduced to the life of

ranching and I loved it. Steve was a fourth generation rancher and with his dad operated the Bixby Ranch outside of Globe at Wheatfields for 60 years. Steves' history is in Volume XXIV.

Life on the ranch was a continual learning experience for me. I could already ride a horse but Steve told me if I was going to ride I had to first learn to catch and saddle the horse. So the lessons began. And it took quite a few before I could throw the saddle on the back of the horse without messing up the saddle pad and blanket. Finally I could catch, bridle and saddle my horse like a real cowboy. It reminded me of my step-dad telling me I couldn't drive the car until I knew how to change a flat tire.

I loved helping with round-up and moving cattle to new pastures. Steve told me riding drag was very important and that became my job. Of course it was quite dusty and kind of lonesome. I was surprised how willing the other cowboys were to let me have such an important job. Probably because I was the wife of the boss.

Looking back, I think my mother-in-law gave me the best advice of all. She said, "Don't ever learn how to milk the cow or pull a stock trailer." Well, I took her advice and was sure glad I did. But she neglected to warn

me about opening gates. So I became the designated gate-opener and eventually mastered every kind of gate there is.

Steve and I have a blended family of six daughters and they were all active in 4-H raising steers and lambs. We have 12 grandchildren, six girls and six boys. By the time you read this we will have our first great grandchild.

I am a member of the Gila County Cattle Women and the Arizona State Cowbells. I am proud and honored to have served as President of both organizations.

I am so lucky to have had the opportunity to be a part of the finest tradition there is --- the ranching family. It is not just a job, it is a way of life and there is none better.



## **Willis "Bud" Harper**

Willis "Bud" Harper and his twin sister Wilma were born in 1927 at the family home near the Arizona Canal and 24<sup>th</sup> Street in Phoenix. The twins were the children of Everett and Margaret Schroeder Harper, originally from Ohio, and joined older brothers Cloyd, Karold and Arlie to complete the family.

Everett was a Zanjaro for Salt River Project and the family lived in a home provided by the company. The Arizona Biltmore was in the process of being built and they wanted the Salt River Project land where the Harper home was located. Salt River couldn't sell the land but they could trade it. A deal was made to trade the 24<sup>th</sup> Street and Arizona Canal property for land near 39<sup>th</sup> Street and Camelback. As part of the trade, the Biltmore built a brick home there for the Zanjaro. The property included a garage with a room beside it. The three older boys slept in the room next to garage and Bud and Wilma slept on a screen porch added to the home by the family. The porch had canvas flaps that were put down in the winter and Margaret made heavy comforters for the beds. The twins would run into the warm house to get dressed in the winter months. As they got older, Wilma moved into a bedroom in

the house and Bud continued sleeping on the screen porch. The Arizona Biltmore was completed in 1929 and became a world class resort. Before the Wrigley Mansion was completed atop a hill at the Biltmore, the three oldest Harper boys would ride their wagons down that hill.

The family supplemented their income by selling milk. Bud's brother milked the cow and the twins delivered the milk in the evening. Their cousin had built the twins a wooden carrier that held 4 quarts of milk and a box for butter and cheese. Most of the truck farmers in the area were not married and appreciated getting fresh milk and homemade butter and cheese. The farmers grew squash, tomatoes and cucumbers among other vegetables. Doing his job as a Zanjaro, Everett always treated the farmers right and Bud could take a salt shaker to the fields and sit down right by a tomato vine and eat tomatoes picked ripe from the vine.

Bud had a friend who lived at one of the citrus groves and they played cowboys and Indians together. When they ran out of energy they would stop and eat a tangerine or grapefruit and play again. They liked to eat pomegranates and could pick them along 40<sup>th</sup> Street between Camelback and Indian school. The friends smoked grape vines; they would

cut them at each joint and light them up for a smoke. They also smoked cottonwood bark rolled in cigarette papers.

When Bud was eight years old he took over milking the cow and continued with that chore until he married at 21. Bud didn't receive an allowance but there was always work to do around the home. He would irrigate, clean ditches, feed calves on skim milk, help take care of the garden and the geese, ducks, chickens and rabbits. Bud's mother canned all summer and the twins would help her. They then cooled off all afternoon swimming in the irrigation ditch.

When Bud was growing up, there were a number of little farms in the area that raised cattle. When he was twelve, one cowboy wanted help branding and Bud was busy helping to rope, tying down the calves, castrating and ear marking them. Mountain oysters were thrown on the fire and cooked until they popped open. Bud said he would have eaten them raw if he was asked to as he was told he "had to eat a mountain oyster to be a cowboy."

Everett's job as a Zanjaro kept him busy every day. The family's life revolved around Everett's job. They would celebrate Thanksgiving with friends in the area around 39<sup>th</sup> Street and the canal. On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, the family would go down to the Willow trees on the desert side of 32nd Street and the Arizona Canal. They would invite

friends to join them at the site. Water melons and cantaloupes were placed in gunny sacks and put in the canal the day before the celebration to cool. Bud's brothers would surfboard in the canal all day and everyone would have lots to eat.

Bud's growing up years included quail and rabbit hunting. The family would travel through Paradise Valley on their way to the Verde River. They would have shot their limit of quail by the time they reached the river. After setting up camp, Bud's mom would cook the quail in Dutch ovens. They would hunt all around the Verde River and the nearby washes. They had to eat a large number of quail before they started home as they always got more than their limit.

When Bud was fourteen years old, he went to work for Doc Pardee who ran the stable at the Arizona Biltmore. Bud cleaned stalls, fed the horses and was a guide for the dudes staying at the Biltmore. Doc knew that many of the dudes would fall in love with the horse they rode and would want to buy them. He would go to the horse auction at 20<sup>th</sup> Street and Buckeye Road and would buy good looking pony type horses. Doc would tell Bud to grab his saddle and they would head for the auction. If Doc purchased a horse,



Bud would saddle up and ride the horse back to the Biltmore Stables.

Bud attended Scottsdale High School and remembers the Indians driving their wagons into Scottsdale. They would stay in front of the market and get water in the 55 gallon barrels they would bring to town. After completing high school, Bud went to work for Golden Meats on 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Southern; later the site of Herseth. Tovrea had been sold the year before to Cudahy and Bud could buy cattle on Sunday and sell to Cudahy the next day. Bud says he made good money selling cattle but went broke chasing girls.

Bill Roer and Ed Green owned Tempe Meats and sold to the men who owned Maricopa Tallow. They needed a cattle buyer and Bud worked for them for 5 years. He went to work for Cudahy in 1958 and worked for them for ten years. The company had three buyers and they would meet with Bill Ryan and others at Cudahy and go over what kind of cattle to buy for the company. Bud bought cattle for them in Arizona and in Los Angeles.

Jim Hughes and Bud bought cattle together in 1958. As a buyer for Cudahy, Bud could not own cattle. The two men formed Fargo Cattle Company and kept secret the fact that Bud was part owner of the company. In 1963, Jim Hughes and Paul Ganz went broke with their partnership. In 1964, Jim

needed his money from the partnership in Fargo Cattle Company; Bud bought Jim out and still owns Fargo Cattle Company.

After Cudahy, Bud went to work running a feedlot in Casa Grande; he ran the feedlot for five years before it was shut down. Bud learned to fly a plane while working in Casa Grande. When he went to work for Hyme Rosen, he was able to cut his travel time by flying from one feedlot to another. He would spend two or three days in Imperial Valley; then on to Wellton, Yuma, Gila Bend, Casa Grande or Queen Creek. If Bud felt the market was making a move; he could fly to Phoenix and arrive before the Los Angeles buyers could drive to Phoenix.

In 1963, Bud met a certain young lady named Rose who came to Phoenix from Pennsylvania to work at the original Bill Johnson's Big Apple on Van Buren. Bud asked her out but she said she had two children and didn't know a babysitter so couldn't go out with him. Despite Bud's persistence, she continued to say no. However, eventually Rose accepted a date and Bud took her to a Mexican food dinner and to see the movie How the West was Won. She met all the Harpers at once as after the movie, Bud took her to a going away party for his nephew. The couple married and combined their families including Bud's children Cindy and

Arch and her children Steve and Gigi; later joined by their son Will. The couple have been married forty-five years.

In 1976, Bud bought the Spear S Ranch at New River. The wet winters of 1977 and 1978 grew Filaree a foot tall all over the ranch. He got the feedlots to pasture with him at the Spear S. The first year, he had only steers; the second year he bought 200 heifers. The dry Filaree provided good winter feed and Bud has had cows ever since. One thing Bud really liked about the Spear S is that it was formerly owned by a farmer in Wellton who had sheep running on the ranch in the winter. There are twelve good dirt tanks on the ranch. The herders had camped on the ranch and knew where the right places were to build the tanks.

Bud also raised cattle in Chama, New Mexico, against the Colorado line. He would run the cattle there in the summer and bring them back to the valley for the winter months. A cowboy stayed in New Mexico with the cattle and Bud would fly to Chama, spend the night and leave early the next morning to return home. He always made sure he got an early start as you had to be careful of the dangerous clouds around Springerville that gathered later in the day. In 2006, he raised cattle in New Mexico, near Springerville.

When John Anderson retired from the P.C.A., he and Bud would feed culled cantaloupes out of Aguila. They would get two to six semi loads a day to feed 600 steers. The cattle got fat as bears eating the cantaloupes. The best cantaloupe ripens on the vines and Bud would pick ripe ones to bring home for everyone's enjoyment.

Bud made many friends as he traveled around Arizona buying cattle. He remembers Carl Stevenson when he bought his little growing yard at Red Rock to make a feedlot. Bud was there when they branded their first cattle. All of Carl's kids worked at the feedlot. Bud used to go to Chuck Lakin's to buy cattle and remembers Chuck had the best cook in the world. Bud was always invited to come for breakfast and they would eat while the cattle stood for an hour before weighing them.

Still running cattle on the Spear S ranch land, Bud bought ten acres with a good well near 17<sup>th</sup> Ave at New River where he has his headquarters. The Cave Creek Wash floods behind the Cave Creek Dam flood project and good spring rains mean good grass behind the Dam. The City of Phoenix has been buying land for preserves from the State Land Department and Bud has been able to run his cattle there.

Bud notes "There is no similarity at all in the way cattle are bought now in comparison to how I bought

cattle." In his day, the buyer went from one feedlot to another and would jot down information about the cattle in a book. Now packing houses keep track of cattle on computers and can buy in a few hours what buyers used to have looked all week for.

Bud and Rose have a home in Strawberry where Rose is busy with her real estate business. Bud is still active with his cattle business and the couple enjoys their fourteen grandchildren.



## **ELAINE MARKS**

Known throughout life as Elaine, I was born Georgia Elaine Tittle on July 9, 1922, in Johnstown, Colorado, the daughter of Ernest Lin Tittle, born in western Kansas, and Cordelia Haines Tittle, born in Beatrice, Nebraska. I lived on farms and ranches in three different areas: southeastern Colorado, northern Colorado and western Nebraska. When I turned six I started the first grade, but soon after that I became very ill with double pneumonia and had to stay home. Eventually Mom and I moved into town so I could get the treatment I needed. That was six weeks and when we returned home I had to stay out of school the remainder of the year due to being so frail. When it was time to go to school again a new school had been built, so I went there. When I was about ten, the family moved back to Johnstown and my father bought a trucking business. I vividly remember many cyclones and the damage they did to our properties. Eventually, the folks built a cellar, which kept us safe. We had an old horse Dad bought for us to ride and as the years went on, he bought a Model T and that was fun to ride in, too. There was always plenty to do for us as children, and we also had our chores on the farm.

I attended three elementary schools due to all the moving. I have one brother, Vernon and three sisters, Violet, Marjorie and Betty. Vernon and Violet have passed away. I finished grade school and high school in Johnstown, Colorado. I was awarded a scholarship to a business college, but did not finish since a chance came up to move to California with Aunt Ethel and Uncle Everett to earn money for school. I traveled the now famous Route 66 by bus, and when I arrived in Los Angeles I saw the ocean for the first time! I took a job with the Young family as governess to their children. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States joined in World War II, I quit my job as governess and began working in a defense plant with my cousin Blanche Rogers. We had to buy coveralls, goggles, sturdy shoes and hairnets. I started in the riveting department working on parts of the B-17 bomber as part of the war effort. I met Doris "Babe" Richardson there working on the same project, as well as her cousin Frances Hodges, who lived in Long Beach, CA. In 1943, when the plant closed to make improvements, Babe and I planned a trip to Blue to visit her family. That winter of 1943, Babe and I traveled to Roosevelt, AZ to stay with her family. Mayor Tommy Sidebotham met us at the bus station and drove us to Babe's relatives' home. Bob and



Grace Birdwell (from the Blue) were in town and made arrangements for our further travels to Blue. During this time, Babe met Joe Lockwood, felt a spark. We traveled on to Blue to stay with Babe's father Jack and his wife Katharine. While there, I met two cowboys riding horseback and they stopped to introduce themselves. They were Bill Marks and his younger brother, Jack. Well, Babe's uncle, Walt Richardson, lived up river at her grandparents' place. Bill would come there to play cards, mainly Pitch, and I would come sometimes as well. I was invited to a dance in Springerville and Bill was invited, too. On the way back, he managed to sit next to me and held my hand. That was the beginning of our romance. Babe went back to Roosevelt to stay and eventually marry Joe and I then decided to return to Los Angeles and went to work at a different defense plant. Bill and I kept in touch by letters and pictures from early February through Mid-November. Then I received a letter with a proposal and an engagement ring!

When I went home to visit the folks, I told Dad I was getting married. He frowned and said he needed to meet Bill, but I told him there was no way, what with the war on and him living on a remote ranch with no time to travel. So it was settled. Blanche and Aunt Ethel decided I needed a bridal shower from which I received nice underclothes and

all. The ladies at the defense plant gave me a fancy negligee and robe.

Bill and I made arrangements to meet in Phoenix, Arizona. Bill's cousin, Arthur Goodman, a lawyer and his wife were to be our witnesses at the marriage. The afternoon of November 15, 1944, Bill met me at the bus station. He had a room reserved at the Adams Hotel. We left our luggage, went to the town hall to get the marriage license and met Goodman at his office. Goodman's wife was nowhere to be found, so he and his secretary were our witnesses. Justice Wesley Bolin married us at the courthouse. I became the wife of William "Bill" Marks, who was born at Blue, AZ, on December 17, 1922. His father, David Scott Marks, had been a forest ranger stationed at Hannagan Meadow, AZ many years ago. He was part of the big celebration when the Coronado Trail Highway from Greenlee County to Apache County was completed. Bill's siblings, besides youngest brother Jack, were Virginia "Gingie", Dave and Betty. As of 2009, Betty is the only one living and is here on the Blue.

For our honeymoon we traveled by greyhound bus to Tucson and Roosevelt, spent a few days at the ranch and then in Clifton.

Bill was hired as a bulldozer operator while there, so we rented an apartment at the Reardon Hotel. Then Bill went to work for a local trucking business. Ralph Maness' (also from Blue) brother, Doyle, asked Bill to do a contract job on the Apache Reservation in Whiteriver, so we moved there and stayed in a small trailer. That is where I learned cooking over a campfire with Dutch ovens!

In early September of that year, we moved to another site to build a stock tank for Doyle. There were lots of turkeys, so Bill shot one and I cooked it up in our Dutch oven for an early Thanksgiving. Later, we moved back to Clifton where he was once again hired as a bulldozer operator. That November we found out I was pregnant. We rented an upstairs apartment until a few weeks before the birth. We decided to take a drive to the Blue Ranch when my folks and Vernon came for a visit. It was hot in Clifton but there were snow banks up top! The road was all gravel then and very dusty. Dad broke out in a heat rash and decided to go home after our return to Clifton. Then we rented a house in north Clifton.

On July 31, 1947, I awoke in pain. We drove to the hospital in Morenci, AZ and Beverly was born late that afternoon. We stayed in Clifton until Beverly was seven months old. Bill's brother, Jack, had been living with us

from September of '46 until March '47, when he graduated from high school. Bill and Jack's mother, Iona, asked Bill and I to take care of the ranch. Just before that, Bill had surprised me with a new automatic washing machine, but we had to sell it because the Blue did not have electricity. We also sold our car and piled all of our belongings into Iona's pickup truck. It took us six hours to get to the Blue Ranch due to many flat tires. No one stayed up late that night!

Living on the ranch took everyone back in time. There was a hand dug well under the hill and also a ram that pumped water from the ditch into a barrel by the ranch house during spring, summer and fall. Iona's washing machine was a Maytag with a gasoline engine, usually hard to start but ran well once going. Wash water was heated in a large iron pot on a bonfire, using two galvanized washtubs for rinse water. The washing machine had a ringer turned by hand. Iona made homemade soap from beef suet and lye and it was very good for cleaning in the washing machine. Lights were kerosene lamps and our heat source was two wood stoves. The kitchen stove was wood burning with a tank attached on the back for water and a warming oven on the top. The oven had a temperature gauge on the door.

Everyone helped carry lots of water from the well under the hill on wash days. It was great that we were young and able to handle all the ranch chores. We also had to have lots of cloth diapers to last until the next wash day and I also did a lot of hand washing to keep up.

When we went to take care of the ranch there were only 47 head of cattle out of a permit for 144. Iona had to have a loan each year to make ends meet, but fortunately we had beef and the vegetables and fruit from the garden. I learned canning and how to raise a garden. Summer and fall were busy months what with preserving food and all the cattle work.

Our ranch's summer and winter range was one allotment; the permit for 144 head. It took quite a few years to build the herd to full permit. Bill also maintained the Blue country road by blading and fixing washouts from flooding, which added much needed income. He also helped the Stevens brothers rebuild the road to the Smith Place, downriver, and moved the road out of the river bottom in the Blue Canyon. Everyone was grateful to have a better road away from the river, although some of it remained in the river bottom.

In the fall of 1948 we had lots of rain and snow through December. Iona spent some time in Tucson during

the flooding while Bill, Beverly and I were taking care of the ranch. No one was able to cross the river anywhere at Christmas time, but when the river abated we went to Walt and Myrtle Richardson's ranch to visit. She had her Christmas tree up, decorated with little silver streamers made from foil she saved from cigarette packages. It was very pretty.

Another time it really rained hard, the river flooded and washed out the bridge going to Red Hill Road. The Blue School was across the river nearby the bridge, so school was closed until the river was crossable.

We had a big problem with coyotes, lions and bears killing newborn calves. Bill was a good trapper and pelts were worth selling. The trapping was mostly done in late fall and winter when the pelts were in prime condition. He also caught a few bobcats and a lot of foxes. Bobcats brought the best price. The hard work was skinning and stretching the hides to dry.

In the fall of 1949, Clell Lee and his brother, Dale, came to spend time on the Blue hunting lions. They were famous hunters and very successful. They were also good friends of Herschel Downs. The Blue had been having lion problems. They moved into the Hale Place and soon captured a female lion. They invited Katharine and Dewitt Cosper,

Bill and I, Denver and Betty Aldrich and Walt and Myrtle Richardson to go on a hunt above the Downs Ranch. They turned the lion loose and all would ride horseback. The men rode ahead of the women and the kids followed. Clell loaned a small mule to Beverly and I. When we reached a pretty steep hill, we would tie the horses and carry the kids down, then return to get the horses. The little mule was trained to stay when the reins were dropped. When we reached the men, the hounds had treed the lion and she was recaptured. They were using her to train the dogs. That was my one and only lion hunt.

One of Bill's uncles, Lee Haynes passed away in October of 1950 and was buried in the family cemetery in our Horseshoe Field. He was like a father to Bill, so he had a hard time with it. Lee's wife, Lillian, was teacher in the Blue School for several years. Later, we discovered we were going to have a new little family member.

That winter was pretty normal but cattle prices were low. In mid May I went to stay with Betty and Gene Gaddy, Bill's sister and brother-in-law, in Stargo-Morenci. Bill came, too as the baby was due the last week in May. Late afternoon, May 25, 1951, baby Billy decided it was time. The only hitch was, on the way to the hospital the car died at a stop sign. Bill was pretty upset, but it finally

started and William Henry Marks Jr was born at 11 PM. He came very hungry and let us know about it! Betty said Beverly cried a lot that evening. After we were released from the hospital, Beverly got up with me every time to tend to the baby, then the next day slept for six hours. Billy was a good baby, but allergic to formula, so took soy.

In September 1954, all us girls on the Blue and Hannagan Meadow met at Beaverhead Lodge, the home of Flora Burke, and formed the Blue River Cowbelles. I am the only remaining charter member. We accomplished many things over the years: installation of a telephone line along the Blue River, a fenced landfill and probably the most important, caring for the Blue Cemetery. We also had many social and fundraising events as well as helping with Arizona State Cowbelle events for the promotion of beef. Around this time, I decided that the Blue needed a library, so I began collecting books. The books were kept in a "lending library" on a shelf at the old Blue Post Office at Joy's Lodge. When the Post Office was moved, the lending library was at the school. When the school burned down, the books replacing the burned ones had to be stored until the new school was built and then were housed in bookshelves the



Cowbells had built there. All the while, I dreamed of having a real Blue Public Library.

Summer of 1955 was very hot. July rains helped, but cattle prices were not up to par. Fall and winter months were normal for rain and snow. We also learned we were to have a third child the following year. Since the river came up several times in July 1956, I decided to stay in Springerville, the baby's due date being in August. I stayed in a small hotel that Grace Birdwell ran along with a restaurant. Bill came up and we decided to take a drive to Greer August 17, but then I decided to go back and it was just when we got back to the hotel that my first contraction came. We went to the hospital during a violent thunderstorm. About 7PM Justin was about to arrive, when all the lights went out, but fortunately, the hospital had a back up system. I stayed in the hospital 5 days. Justin was fine and it was sure good to be back home on the ranch. He was a cute baby and got lots of attention. Beverly was 9 and in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade. Billy was five.

Also in 1956, the first Arizona Pioneers' Meeting was held at our ranch with many people in attendance. This was the first attempt to gather historical data.

Throughout the years many school-age cousins and friends have come to spend the summers with us, doing

various chores and projects around the ranch. Other times of the year brought the "older" visitors helping with shipping and different things. Much of my work was cooking for the "crews", tending the garden and maintaining the house. Here in a nutshell are some of the changes I have seen in my lifetime:

- Coal oil lamps, gas lanterns and light plants gave way to electricity, first from a light plant and then from lines on poles in 1958 when Navopache Electric brought it down here .

- No indoor plumbing. Imagine potty-training a child with only an outhouse to use! Drinking water was pulled up in a bucket and then carried up the hill to the house. We went from using rub boards in a tub, then a ringer washer with a gas motor to present day automatic washers to do laundry. It was a happy day when plumbing was installed.

- All cooking and heating was done on wood stoves. Propane hot water heaters, refrigerators and cook stoves made things a lot easier.

- Clothes were made and repaired on an old Singer treadle sewing machine, which we still have. When electricity came the electric sewing machine was

appreciated, as was the electric iron. No more heating up the old iron on the stove or using the gas iron!

- Soap was made with tallow and lye in a big kettle over an open fire outside. It did a good job of cleaning clothes but was a pain to make!

- The crank type telephone went out when it clouded up and although we got rotary dial phones we were still on a party line and storms would put them out for awhile. During floods we had prearranged times set up with others on our party line to be sure everyone was okay. Now we have fiber optics and DSL internet!

- Big gardens were raised and everything was home canned. If there was fruit it was canned, jams & jellies were made until all the jars were gone because you didn't know when there would be fruit again. Even beef was canned.

- Water for the garden came up the hill from the hydraulic ram that was in the hand dug ditch. The ditch also watered the fields.

- Hay was put in the barn loose by hand.

- Roads were dirt all the way to Springerville and Clifton, so trips to town were 2 day affairs. There were very few 4 wheel drives, mostly ½ ton pickups and sedans

were used. When roads were muddy the old pickup would be chained up and if it was cold we would leave and come home on the freeze. Snow was not plowed, so roads were always bad. If it got too deep the State would sometimes plow snow to below the Upper Blue Campground.

- The Blue School had only the primary grades, so when the children reached high school age, usually the mother had to move into town for the kids to attend school or the kids stay in town with family or friends. Now the Blue School is kindergarten through high school and 4 days a week, allowing everyone to stay at home and giving the parents a weekday to schedule doctor appointments, etc.

- Mail came horseback or in a jeep during bad weather. It came 2 days a week in the winter and 3 days a week in summer. It comes 3 days a week now yearlong.

- The yearling cattle were sold in the fall of the year. A big herd was put together by all of the ranchers and driven horseback to market at McNary where they were loaded onto trains to be shipped to the Midwest. Now big trucks come to our shipping corrals and take the calves either to market or to the buyer's operation.

- There were no veterinarians so all livestock doctoring was done by the cowboys on the ranch. Screw worms were a big problem. Doctoring is still done on the

ranch, but with bigger problems the animals can be hauled to the vet office or they come down here.

- Helped with the branding and cooking for the round up crews. Brandings have changed from no vaccinations and putting smear on fresh earmarks, castrations and dehorning to prevent screwworms to now vaccinating for multiple diseases and not having a screwworm problem.

- Government regulations have dramatically changed over the years!

We bought the ranch from Iona in 1966 when she married Mel Swapp and moved to Luna, New Mexico. A permit came available, so the Forest Service divided it between our ranch and one owned by Tulley and Fay Moore. We were now able to take our cattle to a separate summer country, keeping the allotment on the Blue for winter range. It was over by Black River, so we bought a bobtail truck to haul the cattle there and back to the Blue in the fall. Bill and I continued on the ranch until his death in 1974. I have remained on the ranch and sons, Billy and Justin took over ranch management. They bought the Norman Josh permit and cattle in 1976, adding to the country and the numbers the ranch could stock.

Beverly married Jim Harris in Tucson where they had met. He was in the Air Force plus attending the University of Arizona and she was working towards her teaching degree at the U of A. They moved to Madison, Wisconsin for Jim to earn his law degree before returning to Jim's hometown of Mineral Point, Wisconsin where they currently reside. They have 3 grown children and one grandchild. Daughter Heather married Sam Murn and they have a daughter, Lilly, who is the apple of everyone's eye! Son Will married Iza Ferreira of Brazil and they are furthering their educations at various locations around the world. Will spent a lot of time on the Blue helping on the ranch. Daughter Katie is attending college studying apparel design. She has won awards for her designs and is a talented singer, too.

Billy married Barbara Deyo Blakley and they have stayed on to run the ranch, buying it from me. They have two children: Dustin Blakley, Barbara's son from a previous marriage and Ginger. During the 1978 flood, Barbara and Dustin were flown out in a helicopter that was searching for a man who had disappeared into the flood waters. Ginger was born a week and a day later. Dustin married Crissy Shurtz and they have one daughter, Destinee, who just started kindergarten at the Blue School. Ginger married Jason Cheney and they have two sons, Colton and

Caden. I love seeing the great-grandkids when they come for a visit! Dustin and Jason run the family construction company, Marks Truck & Tractor Works. Ginger teaches sophomore English at Round Valley High School. Dustin, Crissy, Jason and Ginger have been helping Billy and Barbara with the ranch along with the herd they own after buying Rose Awtrey's permit and cattle in 2007.

Justin married Sue Jennings and they would travel back and forth between this ranch and Sue's parents' Red Creek ranch in the Bloody Basin area before finally moving there full time. They have two sons, Doug and Kevin. Doug is going to a trade school at the mine in Globe to be an electrician and Kevin is in high school. They have come to help on the ranch and pick out show steers. The Jennings and Marks sold the Red Creek Ranch and moved to Tonto Basin by Roosevelt Lake, building an RV park. Tragically, Sue passed away of cancer in 2000.

There is still a garden here on the ranch and although I don't tend it anymore, I enjoy sitting there while the girls plant, water and weed while we visit. I do care for my flowers in my yard!

In 2004, the Blue River Cowbelles celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. At that gathering, the future Blue Public

Library was dedicated in my honor. A real but delightful surprise!

On June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2009, a dedication ceremony was held for our new Blue Public Library and that is the day it formally opened for business. The Blue River Cowbells had been working on this project for over four years. They moved the old Katharine and Clell Lee summer line cabin from the Hannagan Meadow area and rebuilt it on a site behind the Blue School. So many people came from all over the state that it was overwhelming to realize that my long time dream had finally come true.



## **MAY BELLE DOMINY ROBB:**

### **103 YEARS AND ONE OF A KIND**

When May Dominy Robb was a baby, a visitor came by her family's home. As he was talking, May was squalling at the top of her lungs. The visitor said that she would surely never die of a lung ailment-she sounded so loud and strong. And that is the way May Dominy Robb lived her life--matter-of-fact and straight-to-the-point.

May was born 103 years ago on May 8, 1906 in Yselta, Texas. Her parents were James Dominy and Pearl Pruitt Dominy. She had two older brothers and two younger sisters, one which died in infancy. May's family owned a ranch south of Sierra Blanca, which is about 80 miles east of El Paso and close to the Rio Grande River, where they raised cows and horses. The family lived on the ranch in the summer, but in the winter, her mother and the children moved to Sierra Blanca to attend school. May only had Mexican children in which to play with, so consequently she learned fluent Spanish at an early age.

When May was five years old, she often saw Pancho Villa camped on the Mexican side of the river. She remembers Pancho Villa riding along with a mounted group of uniformed soldiers carrying flags which were whipping in the wind, and a band following along, playing lively music. At night,

Pancho Villa would wade alone from his camp to the middle of the river. He would shout across and May's father would meet him at the half-way point and deliver eggs, butter, milk, flour, vegetables, and any other groceries that Pancho Villa had ordered. One night, May's father took her with him to deliver the groceries. Villa spoke softly to May in English, asking her name. May remembers that Villa patted her on the head and told her that she was a pretty little girl.

In about 1914, May and her siblings were sitting on the porch with their mother when a rider came rushing up to them. His horse was exhausted and so was he. "You need to leave right away! Get away fast!" he yelled. Then, as he spurred his horse on, he shouted over his shoulder, "The Red Flaggers are coming. Go to the mountains!" At that time, Pancho Villa's men were known as the Red Flaggers.

May's dad was gone with the horses and only wagon, so they couldn't leave. Her mother gathered the five children around her and they sat breathlessly waiting for whatever was going to happen. The man had seen a regiment of soldiers coming on the ranch's side of the river. Finally, they could see the cloud of dust and then the mounted soldiers coming quickly toward them. An officer and a few soldiers came through the gate. It was then that the

frightened family could see for sure that they weren't Pancho Villa's men, but American soldiers.

The officer introduced himself as Douglas MacArthur, (yes, The Douglas MacArthur!) He assured them that everything was alright and asked for information on the Red Flaggers. The family was relieved that the U.S. Cavalry was near.

Not long after that incident, May's grandfather Dominy, a feisty Scot, decided that the family should leave the Rio Grande ranch and resettle in Arizona. May's father sold the ranch and the Dominy Family joined the last covered wagon train from Sierra Blanca to Arizona. They left on May 8, 1914, May's eighth birthday, and arrived in the Salt River Valley of Phoenix on the Fourth of July. There, the Dominy's bought farmland and raised cotton and corn. May picked corn and helped with the farm chores to earn spending money.

The next time May heard of Pancho Villa was in 1916 when Villa crossed from Las Palomas, Mexico to raid Columbus, New Mexico. Her uncle was a teenager working in Columbus. The Phoenix papers were full of the news and everyone talked of nothing else.

As the story goes, the regiment of soldiers in Columbus decided to leave for Deming on that Saturday

night. They locked their rifles in a stack with a heavy chain. It was the following morning that Pancho Villa invaded Columbus. May remembers that her uncle Kelo Pruitt would talk about how as a seventeen-year-old kid he had heard the raid start. Knowing that the soldiers were gone and the people of Columbus were unprotected, Kelo rushed to the rifle stack and shot off the lock with his handgun. He handed out rifles to the residents so the town of Columbus had a fighting chance against Villa and his men.

Now, May knew that the only time Kelo told the story of Columbus and Pancho Villa was when he was drinking a little too much, so she just took the story with a grain of salt until she was in the Lordsburg Drug Store one day. She overheard a man who she didn't know telling the druggist that if it wasn't for that kid, Kelo Pruitt, Pancho Villa would have slaughtered the whole town. The man had been in Columbus that day. The story was true!

In 1926, May married Roosevelt "Ted" Robb, who she had known since grammar school. Ted was a cattle trader by profession. In fact, the couple went on a cattle buying trip for their honeymoon. Ted loved his work and May says that he could estimate the weights of cattle within a pound or two. Their daughter, Phyllis, said that she and her new husband were sent to sell some calves one day. Ted told

them about how much the calves would weigh and about how much they would bring at the sale. When Phyllis brought the check back, the money was just a few cents different than what Ted had estimated.

Ted's gift was cattle trading, but he was also quite a hand in the rodeo arena. He would always attend the Prescott Rodeo, where he would compete in the Team Roping with his brother-in-law, Bud Pendergast and Dick Denny. The whole family would attend this rodeo making it quite a family tradition come rain or shine.

May was a very active person in the communities she resided in. For example, she along with her close friends, Arita Cheatham and Lill Kubelsky helped establish the first Chapter of the Cowbelles, which is an auxiliary to the Arizona Cattle Growers Association located in Laveen, Arizona. She was eventually a charter member and had served as president. Ted and May lived in the Phoenix area until 1951. They had three children: Phyllis, Pearl, and Madeline. Madeline died when she was nineteen months old of a childhood ailment. Pearl passed away, June 2, 2005. May always said that there is something wrong with nature when children pass away before their parents. In May's young married life she was active socially in the Wednesday Social Circle at the Isaac School. She served as President

and chairperson of many committees that served to help the less fortunate. She was a member of the Wednesday Social Circle until 1951.

May was always an active partner in the cow-trading business. She was busy either sending or receiving the cattle that Ted had bought or sold. When Phyllis was one year old, Ted and May were shipping some cattle from Yuma to Madera, California where Ted's folks had a ranch. The cattle were being shipped on the train and Ted's father, Grandfather Robb, was there to ride the train to make sure all the cattle had good care. As the cattle were being loaded, Grandfather Robb fell off the loading platform and was injured badly enough that Ted had to ride the train with the cows. May was left to drive Grandfather Robb to Madera in the Model T Ford Roadster. Being of the stubborn old school, Grandfather Robb refused to go to the doctor. They started off and Grandfather Robb held Phyllis in his lap as they drove along, although he was obviously very injured internally. When it was time to stop and spend the night somewhere, Grandfather Robb insisted that they camp out along the road. He could not be persuaded to get a motel room, so May built campfires and cooked supper along the road until they reached Madera. After three weeks of intense hurting and shortness of breath there at Madera,

Grandfather Robb went to the doctor and was immediately put in the hospital because he had a punctured lung from a broken rib. He died in the hospital a short time later.

One day, Ted was on a cattle-buying trip and May needed to deliver some cattle across Phoenix to the slaughterhouse. She and her two daughters, who were probably high-school age, had to move the cows down a cement road two miles where they could be loaded. May was on her horse, Johnny. As they were pushing the cows, a Jersey cow, belonging to Nell Cooper, stuck her head through the fence and scared Johnny. He spooked so badly that all four feet went out from under him and May fell off on the cement pavement and landed on her knee. That knee was really hurting, but May had to keep going. They got the cattle to the pen and loaded them in the truck. May took off driving, although there was excruciating pain as she bent her knee to push the clutch in to change gears in the truck. She pushed on, however, and it was after dark when she arrived at her destination. The buyer helped her unload the cattle and thanked her but didn't offer to pay for the cows. He just asked where Ted was and May told him that Ted couldn't come and so she was delivering the cattle. May asked for the money to pay for the cows and the buyer, from Tovrea Packing Company, told her that he would pay Ted

later and walked back into the office. May was furious and proceeded to load the cows back into the truck. She forgot about her hurt knee for a while. The buyer came back outside and asked her what she was doing and she told him that if she wasn't going to get paid for her cattle, then she would take them back home. The buyer then decided that he could pay her, and only after the money was in her hand did she unload the cows a second time. When May arrived back home, she finally had time to attend to her injured knee, which was very swollen by that time. Phyllis and Pearl were being very helpful and put Absorbine Jr. on the knee, and then applied a heating pad. After all of that heat, the poor knee got blisters all over it, which added insult to injury! That knee still troubled May at times.

During their married lifetime, Ted and May did everything together. They especially enjoyed attending the horse races in Phoenix and more importantly in Santa Anita, California. They had a special place in their hearts for the track at Santa Anita due to the fact that they would spend their Wedding Anniversaries there each year. Gambling at the horse races was often upstaged by their poker playing skills. They often had poker games with their good friends, Don Sanderson, Sam McHelaney, and Gene Dulen. When



Ted would lose at the poker table May would spend the same amount of money on items in town the next morning.

In 1951, Ted and May bought the Cienega Ranch located in Rodeo, New Mexico from Kemper and Marie Chafin. They purchased other property around them and eventually the ranch grew to one hundred six sections and could run eight hundred mother cows. The Cienega Ranch land lies partly in Cochise County Arizona with the main headquarters in Hidalgo, County. A year later, their daughter, Pearl and her husband Bill and their family moved to the ranch to help take care of it.

May continued her community involvement in Rodeo, New Mexico. She was President of the Rodeo School Board and initiated the building of the new grade school. She also was a member of the Lordsburg Women's Club where she participated in the Cotton Extravaganza and the Sew What Club. May had a passion for sewing and one year she sewed twelve squaw dresses that were later to be modeled at the Cotton Extravaganza Fashion Show. In Rodeo, New Mexico, May was a participant in the remodeling of the Old Mission Church, which became the Christian Church. Eventually this church disbanded and became the Rodeo Art Gallery and is identified with the Historical Society Registry. Since this time the art gallery has been dedicated to May Robb and is

known today as the May Robb Historical and Cultural Building.

Ted never lost his love of trading. He would find a good deal and off they would go to "trade". One day, Ted came in and told May that they needed to rush to the bank in Tucson. She just had her old clothes on complete with red worn out, holes in the toes, tennis shoes. He said it wouldn't take long, so they jumped in the car and went to Tucson. Ted heard of a good cow deal while he was at the bank, so they went to Phoenix, bought the cows and shipped them to Los Angeles. Three day's, new clothes, and a bank party later, they arrived back home. Yes! May has said that her life has never been dull!

Another cattle buying trip led May and Ted to Pecos, Texas. They bought some Hereford calves and sent them back to Phoenix, where they still had some lease pastures. They had always run Brahma cross cattle, so when their daughter Pearl received them, she called to ask if those cattle were the right calves before she let the trucker unload them. Ted had a heart attack and died suddenly in 1966, leaving May with the ranch to run. Everyone thought that she would have to sell because the ranch was so big, not May! She wouldn't consider it. She had always been along with Ted when he got loans and handled money and she was confident

that she could do it. She had three yearly payments left on their note to pay for the ranch and she finished paying for it.

May was always a baseball fan, the Dodgers in particular. Before television, she and Ted would listen to the games on the radio. While May would be routing for the Dodgers, Ted would cheer for the opposing team. This always made for a healthy competition and it was usually May who won the argument even when the Dodgers lost. One of the highlights of May's life was a wonderful gift from her nephew, Gale Dominy and her grand-daughter, Sandra Jacobs. For her 90th birthday, they took her to a real game between the Dodgers and the Braves in Atlanta, Georgia.

Yes, May Dominy Robb has lead a long and exciting life. Above all May's family was the most important component of her life. She gave herself greatly by always helping when ever there was a need. May Belle Robb left this physical earth on September 18, 2009 at the age of 103 years while she was residing in Lordsburg, New Mexico. Her final resting place is at the Rodeo Cemetery located in Rodeo, New Mexico the place she always called "home". She will remain a part of history, full of grit and grace. She was one-of-a-kind!



## **DOROTHY EUNICE LOVELADY PYLE**

Dorothy Eunice Lovelady can trace her ancestry back through four generations of Gila County pioneers to her great-great-grandparents, David and Josephine Harer who built the first house lived in by white people in the entire Tonto Basin of Arizona. Josephine used to sit on the porch and rock Dorothy at the Hammonds' Ranch west of Payson, Arizona. She was fond of telling folks, "This is five generations rocking here, in this chair."

On Dorothy's father's side, the names of Lovelady and Hale stand tall in the annals of the Mogollon Rim Country and in the Tonto Basin.

Dorothy was born on July 28, 1920 to Walter and Belle Lovelady on the Hammons' Ranch now, in within the Payson town limits. She has for some years been the oldest living person, born in Payson. In addition to cattle, the Lovelady family also had chickens and hogs. Walter farmed part of the ranch, raising hay, corn, maize, melons, and they always had a big kitchen garden.

The family had to leave the ranch when Dorothy was four because of her father's health. Walter had breathed the German's poison gas in World War I and his illness

developed into T.B. They moved into Payson and Walter worked in Boardman's Store when his health permitted.

A brother Lawrence (Shove) was born in 1926. Dorothy and Shove attended school in Payson where Miss Julia Randall taught first and second grades, and Mrs. Ethel Owens taught grades three and four. Camping and fishing trips were a frequent form of recreation for the family during the summer months. Shove died when a plane he was flying crashed over Payson in 1962.

When Dorothy turned nine, Walter's health improved and he was elected Payson's constable. Walter's district took in not only Payson and the Rim Country, but also the lower Tonto Basin where Dorothy's maternal grandparents lived. Dorothy attended the seventh and eighth grades in Tonto Basin at the old Packard School.

During this time a basket supper and dance was held at the school. Folks were decorating, moving desks out, and generally getting the schoolhouse ready for the dance. Some of the men had been drinking and a fight broke out. Walter handed Dorothy his blackjack for safekeeping and told her to climb into the back of the pickup. He then went to break up the fight. A drunk man approached Walter from the back with an iron tire tool and raised it to

strike him, but he was standing a little too close to the back of the pickup.

What Walter called his blackjack was an intricately braided leather bludgeon, loaded with buckshot. A light wrap on the head, with this instrument, was plenty to drop a man in his tracks and leave him with a considerable headache, thus giving him cause to contemplate the error of his ways. Dorothy didn't know this. She did know that a drunk was about to hit her daddy with a tire tool! A well swung blackjack set his mind spinning in another direction.

The fight ceased and Walter dropped to his knees to examine the prone drunk. Dorothy climbed down from the pickup. Walter looked up at Dorothy and stated in a matter of fact manner, "Well Daughter, I think you've killed him."

Dorothy recalls that, "Daddy always called me Daughter when he wasn't pleased with me." Everyone was relieved when the man started moving and was helped to his feet and taken away.

Dorothy returned to Payson to finish high school. She worked and went to beauty school in Phoenix for two years, and then married Eugene (Gene) Pyle in January of 1942. Gene was drafted into the Army during his last semester at Arizona State College. He was stationed at William's Field, near Mesa, Arizona, during the war and Dorothy got a

job with the telephone office in Mesa. They lived in Mesa during most of the war years and Eugene Jr. (Jinx) was born to them near the end of the war, December of 1944.

At the end of the war the couple, with their son Jinx, moved to the Bonita Creek Ranch where they lived for five years. There were still lots of fish in the creek then and there was a wonderful orchard there with many kinds of fruit and berries. There was a milk cow, pigs, and a big garden, but very little money.

In 1952 the job of foreman of the Boy Scout-owned R Bar C Ranch was offered to Gene. Dorothy learned there what it was like to be married to a cowboy, a rancher, and a lion hunter. Gene and Jinx were hunting lion or gathering cattle, always horseback and always gone. They ran the R Bar C Ranch for nine years and left there in 1961, having saved enough money to buy into the Cross V and Myrtle Ranches in partnership with Gene's brother, Malcolm.

After a few years the ranches were again divided and Dorothy, with her family, went to live on the Myrtle Ranch. Like the Bonita Creek Ranch, there was a wonderful orchard. The ranch was high up under the Mogollon Rim and the KS Cattle were moved from the winter range below the Rim to the 'Mountain' (top of the Mogollon Rim) every summer.



When the Viet Nam War came along and Jinx was called to do his tour of duty, Dorothy saddled a horse and rode with Gene through the roundups and the brandings. She recalls the heat, and the dust kicked up by the cattle as they wound their way single file along the high and narrow stretches of the Myrtle Trail. "Sometimes the leaders would stop, and one of us would have to ride out of the trail and around the cattle in back. We would cut into the middle of the herd and urge the leaders on up the trail so that those cattle behind could follow.

"That old trail spiraled upwards in a series of switchbacks and the cattle above often loosened boulders from their nest, sending them bounding down the mountainside. Sometimes they would hit other rocks and start them moving, too. This always seemed to happen in places where I couldn't leave the trail because my outside stirrup was swinging over a hundred-foot bluff while my inside stirrup was brushing against a wall of rock. Often there would be cattle both behind and in front of me and there was very little room to maneuver. We never got hurt, but there were some scary times. I was sure glad when Jinx came back from the war to help his dad.

We had to move the cattle once during the summer each year. This was always around the first of August when the

hail and lightning storms were at their zenith. If we were caught out in a bad hailstorm, we had to get under a tree, or be pelted by the hail storms. I have always heard that you shouldn't get under a tree, or be caught out in the open during a lightning storm. The person who wrote that was never caught in one of those summer storms on the Mountain. There is no place else. If you are not under a tree, you are out in the open.

"Jinx used to laugh about these times and say, 'Most any old waddy I reckon, would take the long end o' the bet. He ain't never been struck by lightnin', but he's rode in a saddle that's wet!'"

Dorothy was alone at the Myrtle Ranch one fall. Gene and Jinx were on the Mountain (Mogollon Rim) with the cattle. A group of bikers came roaring up to the ranch house on their black cycles, some garbed in "Hell's Angels" attire. They spun circles around in the driveway at the front of the house, throwing dirt and dust into the air. Dorothy stepped from the house out onto the walk to meet one of the men who was in the act of opening the gate.

She told him to stay out. He looked at her then returned to his task. Dorothy eared back one of the hammers on the double-barreled shogun and told them again to get out - to leave the ranch. They did.

Many happy years were spent at the Myrtle Ranch, but there was always the ever-increasing, ever-present danger of a devastating forest fire. Dorothy had lived in the Rim Country all of her life. She had seen first hand the result of the Forest Service fire prevention policy, coupled with their tunnel-visioned, cattle-disturbing grazing policy. The result of these two programs was that Manzanita, the hottest burning brush in the county, filled the open spaces between rosin-rich jackpines crowding out all but coarse dry grasses. Thus, a fire trap almost beyond description was created.

The family talked the situation over. If the cattle allotment burned, the Forest Service would make them remove any cattle that weren't killed in the fire. Dorothy, Gene and Jinx sold their beloved Myrtle Ranch. Some few years later it burned! Even people in Oregon knew of the "Dude Fire."

After a short, half-hearted stint at dude ranching, Gene, Dorothy and Jinx moved to Oregon and took Dorothy's mother, Belle Lovelady, to live with them. Walter, Dorothy's father, had passed on in 1966 while Jinx was in the service. In Oregon, the Pyles founded and ran the Pantera Ranch where they burned the Panther Scratch // brand onto their Texas Longhorn cattle. It was on this

ranch that Gene died of cancer in 1988. He passed on in his room at the ranch with Jinx and Dorothy at his side.

Dorothy continued to help Jinx and they ranched in Oregon for nine more years. Belle, too, passed away in Oregon, at home on the ranch and with Dorothy caring for her.

The Oregon years were good years, and even though Dorothy lost her mother and husband there, she retains many fond memories of the cattle, the ranch and her friends in Oregon. In 1997, Dorothy and Jinx sold their Oregon ranching interests and moved to the Canyon Creek Ranch in Carton County, New Mexico where they continued the family tradition of ranching until the fall of 2003.

During the seven years at Canyon Creek, Dorothy remained happy, in good health, and tended to many ranch chores. Along with the cooking, she split and carried wood into the house for the cook and heating stoves. She wanted no part of the city preferring life on the ranch, but when the US Fish and Wildlife Service turned their Mexican Gray wolves loose on the ranchers in Easter Arizona and Western New Mexico, Dorothy agreed with Jinx that the time had come to come to head for town. Jinx couldn't stay home with Dorothy to protect her from the wolves and still run the ranch.

Dorothy now lives in Payson near her son, Jinx and her daughter-in-law, Jayne Peace Pyle. She has no use for what she calls watermelon environmentalists, green on the outside and pink on the inside, and has a hard time understanding a government that literally turned wolves loose on her doorstep to kill Canyon Creek calves to give her cause to fear for her own personal safety. And yes, there is still a loaded shotgun near the door!

Como Siempre, her son, Jinx Pyle



## **FRANKLIN (FRANK) ARCHER SHELTON**

The Shelton Ranches are located south of Willcox in Cochise County, Arizona near the Three Sisters Hills and the old Sulphur Springs. Weather and economics have a large effect on ranching. Due to these conditions, while continuing the legacy of good stewardship on the land and for providing a better lifestyle, Frank has worked at many other jobs. Frank's attitude toward life has always been, "Everyday is a good day, some days are just better!"

### **WHERE DID HE COME FROM AND WHY IS HE HERE**

On the night of December 14, 1909, Bertha Violet Christophel, sixteen years old, along with her mother, Mary Catherine, and two brothers, Earl and Fred, arrived by train at the depot in Pearce, Territory of Arizona. They stayed at the Palace Hotel for four days awaiting the arrival of Violet's Uncle Arch, her mother's brother, to come for them with the horses and wagons through four inches of snow. They had arrived from Colburn, Texas where Mary Catherine operated a Post Office and Violet helped deliver mail for the Pony Express. The family moved to Texas from California after the death of Violet's father, Fred Christophel in 1905. Fred had been a partner in a gold mine and after his death, the partner swindled Mary

Catherine out of her share of the business. Mary Catherine was bringing her family along with her brother, Arch Rhodes, to the Territory of Arizona to claim land in the Sulphur Springs Valley near the small town of Light. As time progressed, the family built corrals, a barn, chicken pens and a house. They acquired cattle, horses, sheep, chickens, goats, dogs and cats.

On September 14, 1911, Violet married Jim Watkins. On December 11, 1913 the newlyweds left for California, along with Violet's family, taking with them their wagons, mules and horses in order to find work and buy supplies as they traveled, since their money was nearly depleted. They finally arrived in Lordsburg, California after dark on January 17, 1914. After a few years of working in California and earning enough money for their life on the ranch in Arizona, they returned in cars, along with the wagon, mules and horses. Once they returned to the Light area, they continued to increase their livestock numbers.

On February 27, 1927, Violet's husband, Jim Watkins, died after a long illness. They never had children. Violet continued to live on the ranch by the West Wells and raise livestock. She branded with the V/W, registered number 714.

In 1929 she met a cowboy working for the Chiricahua Cattle Company named James Septer (Sep) Shelton from



Amarillo, Texas. His father, Henry Franklin Shelton, owned the property that the Amarillo Bank was located on and served as one of the bank's directors. He also had purchased a portion of the disbanded XIT Ranch.

Sep was the youngest of six children and had a good life. However, at the age of thirteen, he left home to work on ranches and become a cowboy. When World War I started, he tried to join the Army, but was rejected due to a heart murmur. He then went to work as an Army Civilian Cook in Deming, New Mexico until the Army finally agreed to enlist him and he was sent to France. After being wounded and left for dead on the battlefield, he was found by the German Army and kept in a hospital as a POW until being released and sent on to the United States. He had shrapnel wounds to his head, leg and arm.

After the WWI adventure, Sep returned to the cowboy life working on a ranch in Montana. The ranch was in financial trouble and Sep was told that he would be given a herd of horses if he would stay and care for the ranch until it was sold. When the ranch was finally sold, he decided to drive the horses to Arizona and sell them to the Chiricahua Cattle Company in the Sulphur Springs Valley. When he arrived in Arizona, he rested the horses for a couple of months at the ranch of Lupe Salazar in Aravaipa

Canyon. When Sep arrived at the Chiricahua Cattle Company, the "head honchos" of the outfit did not like the Montana horses, so he took them on to Mexico and sold them to Pancho Villa. He stayed in Mexico a couple of years before returning to Arizona and hiring out to the Chricahua Cattle Company.

Sep and Violet were married in Tombstone, Arizona on August 12, 1929. They continued to live on Violet's ranch, improving it and purchasing additional land. Sep branded with the SEP, registered number 2.

#### **LIFE BEGINS**

On October 30, 1930, Violet and Sep rented a house in Willcox as she was pregnant and needed to be near a doctor. During this time they often rode to the Willcox Stockyards, on the east side of town, to look at the cattle awaiting shipment by railcar. On one occasion, there were 1,000 head of steers awaiting shipment. Then on November 4, 1930, Franklin Archer Shelton was born. Franklin's grandmother, Mary Katherine, came to help Violet with the new baby. On November 18, 1930, after rain, sleet and snow from the night before, they arrived back home at the ranch.

Frank was being raised horseback while going to work with his parents mending fence, cutting loco weed, working

cattle, shearing sheep and raising baby chickens. He was learning to ride before he could even walk!

On August 7, 1932, Frank's brother, Marian Rhodes Shelton, was born. It wasn't long before he and his brother were given their own calves to raise and had their own brands. Frank's brand was the FAS, registered number 8541. When their calves were sold, the monies were used to buy their clothes.

When Franklin was four years old and his brother was two, they were riding one of the gentle mares when another horse ran into them trying to bite the mare they were on. The mare bucked and his brother fell and hit a cast iron fly wheel their Dad used to stake colts with. Marian was hurt so badly that he could not walk for several weeks. Frank blamed himself for this accident. As time passed, Marian remained crippled and it was believed that the horse accident had been the cause. Violet and Sep finally took Marian to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Tucson and it was discovered that he had childhood polio.

In 1934, Frank's parents were worried that the water level in the wells was getting lower. The Ash Creek School had shut down with no bus coming from the Pearce School, so they decided to purchase a ranch in the Sulphur Springs community near the Sulphur Springs. They did not move at

that time, but started building a house at the new ranch. During that year, there was a terrible drought and several ranchers, including Sep, leased pasture near Douglas. When it was time to move the cattle and sell them, Frank was given permission to help drive the cattle to the Willcox Stockyards. It took seven days to make this journey.

In 1935, Frank's Dad went to Texas and bought two Brahma bull calves to cross with their cattle. The neighbors did not welcome these newcomers, but they became very gentle giant pets.

The move was made to the Sulphur Springs in 1936 when John Riggs purchased the West Wells ranch where the Sheltons had been ranching. Franklin started school in Pearce in 1937.

The school district changed when Frank was in the fifth grade and he was transferred to the Willcox district. He now had to travel twenty miles compared to the twelve miles to the Pearce school. By this time, his brother, Marian, was not able to attend school. School became more difficult for Frank as he had chores to do and wood to cut when he arrived home each day, leaving little time for school work.

When a mare foaled, Frank's job was to start the colt by placing a saddle on its back and get it used to being

handled and bridled. This was a chore that Frank really enjoyed! It was also one of many memorable experiences he had working with his Dad. When Sep would help John Riggs, Frank would go with him even though he was just a little boy. He could ride and work cattle as well as most men, even though his Dad would never rope with him as Frank was a "lefty" like his mother, and Sep told him that he had never seen a good left handed roper!

When Frank was twelve years old, his Dad took him to the Arizona State Capitol in Phoenix on a business trip. The two stayed at the Adams Hotel and ate at the "Railroad Car" near the Capitol. This was a big deal to this country boy!

Frank's first deer hunt was the season of 1942. Sep took Frank and Tommy and Vincent Browning to the west side of the Winchester Mountains. Arch Browning, the father of Tommy and Vincent, was a good friend of Sep's. Arch had previously been crippled in an accident when a horse fell with him.

As the years passed, Violet and Sep separated and later divorced on November 9, 1943. Violet purchased Sep's share of the ranch. Frank was now responsible for helping his mother run the ranch, helping take care of his crippled brother and continuing with his schooling. His

grandmother, Mary Catherine, came to live with them to help, but she was in poor health.

When Frank started the sixth grade, his mother decided he should attend the Seventh Day Adventist School in Phoenix to become a preacher. He attended for part of two years and then refused to return to Phoenix. The summer he was attending school in Phoenix, arrangements had been made with friends for Frank to work on a ranch in Prescott with his friend, J. W. Anderson, who was also from Willcox. Violet put him on the train to Phoenix and a friend was to pick him up and take him to Prescott to work. He went to sleep on the train and the conductor was to wake him when they arrived in Phoenix. The conductor forgot and woke him up in Yuma as the sun was coming up the next morning. The conductor said he would get him a ticket back to Phoenix, but Frank told him he would just go on to Sacramento, California where his Uncle Fred lived. The conductor said he would have to charge him for the ticket, but Frank did not have any money. The conductor gave him ten dollars and let him off the train in Yuma. He started walking across the desert along the highway. A man finally gave him a ride part of the way and then he walked to Berkeley, California. There he got a ride in a truck to Fresno, then a ride in a jeep by a man with a "wal-eye" that looked like

it was staring at him all the time. This man turned out to be very nice and delivered him to the front door of his Uncle Fred and Aunt Fern's home. While he was there, he worked for one month and then his Aunt and Uncle took him home to Arizona. After this trip, Frank continued with his schooling in Willcox.

Frank helped his mother milk cows and separate the cream that was shipped to the Glendale Creamery. They raised chickens and sold the eggs. They butchered lambs and calves and sold the meat. Other calves were sold to a cattle buyer. They grew a large garden. Frank cut a lot of wood for canning in the summer and heating their home in the winter. Sep returned to the ranch many times to visit the boys and helped while he was there. Violet and Sep became friends, but never remarried.

Frank graduated from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade in Willcox. In the 9<sup>th</sup> grade he was a member of the Future Farmers of America. During that year, his teacher, Doc Stauffer, along with twenty FFA members, rode their horses to the top of the Graham Mountains. A military truck hauled all of the bed rolls and supplies to the top and back to Willcox when the trip was finished. The party left Willcox going to the Brookerson place where they spent the first night. They went as far as Stockton Pass for the second night. The

next day they went up Snake Trail to Columbine Campground, the main camp. They stayed three or four days exploring the riding trails. When they returned, they rode to Fort Grant to have lunch and were then turned loose on their own. Some of the parents picked the kids up at Bonita, but Frank rode his horse back to Willcox where his mother brought the horse trailer to pick both he and the horse up and take them home.

In 1946, Frank bought his first car, a 1936 Ford Coupe from Tom Sellman. He received his driver's license and then began driving the Ford to school. On November 30, 1946, some friends were to meet at the south end of Willcox at the popular Dunlap Café for a soda. Don Bethel rode with Frank. D.T. Logan was driving a 1933 Ford Sedan with no hood or front fender. Bill Ingle, Harry Howe and J.W. Anderson were with D.T. When they arrived at the café, D.T. gave no turn signal as expected, so Frank assumed he was going straight and decided to pass him. When he did, D.T. turned hitting Frank's car in the side, flipping the car over and throwing him through the top of the car and Frank partially out of the car. The car landed on Frank's head, but Don was thrown clear, receiving a concussion. An effort by J.W. Anderson to pick the car up off of Frank's head failed until help arrived. Dr. Hicks observed Frank



as bleeding to death and said he could not be helped, so he left the scene. Sheriff Deputy Cecil Byrd acted quickly with a towel to control the bleeding and called an ambulance from Tucson. The ambulance arrived and took Frank to the hospital in Douglas, AZ. Dr. Montgomery and Dr. Adamson went to work on Frank as his head had been crushed from his eyes downward including his mouth and jaw. This began a long series of surgeries and bone transplants. Doctors Werick and Walsh, an eye specialist and dentist, were also called in to help as Frank lost one eye and all his teeth were knocked loose. Bill Ingle took Frank's mother to the hospital the following morning and his father was contacted and arrived the next week.

The first three weeks in the hospital Frank almost starved as all they could feed him was sugar water. Then to the doctor's surprise, he started gaining weight. A hospital orderly, Jack Benson, had started feeding him mashed potatoes and gravy with a syringe through the mouth breathing hole in the cast on his head.

On Christmas Eve, 1946, Frank's mother took him home from the hospital to spend Christmas at home. His head cast was still in place. The day after Christmas, Violet took both Frank and his brother back to the hospital as Marian was also sick. On January 8, 1947, Violet visited

the boys and was able to bring Marian home. Frank stayed in the hospital for more surgery. The routine for each surgery was that he stayed two weeks in the surgical ward, two weeks in the medical ward and then two more weeks in the "old folks" ward to recoup from more surgery. During this time he would wash cars owned by the hospital staff and perform other odd jobs to earn spending money. He would go home at times between surgeries.

Frank returned home on September 10, 1947 without his head cast and started back to school on September 15<sup>th</sup>. On October 16<sup>th</sup> he quit school as he had difficulty adjusting to the younger students he started the school year with. The next day he found a job. On November 14, 1947, he bought a 1937 Ford two door car for \$250 and left to work on a ranch near Gila Bend with his Dad at cow camps for Albert Stout. He worked there until February 24, 1948. He also worked on Joe Lane's O-O ranch where Bill Harper was the foreman. Frank would occasionally return home to help his mother.

On March 1, 1948, Frank's brother, Marian, died. Frank continued to live at home on the ranch helping his mother. He checked cattle for screw worms and pink eye. He worked part time for several people including D.D. Owens, who owned Owens Pump Service. This company was

later owned by Virgil Owens and the name was changed to Farmer's Pump Company.

Frank bought a truck from Perry Holland in 1948 and hauled rock on a contract for a company working for the Arizona State Highway Department. After the contract job was finished; he went to work for the Arizona State Highway Department. He also worked for Rancho Sacatal for about two months starting January 29, 1949 (Ethel Swanner was the cook) and for the El Paso Gas Company on the pipeline throughout Arizona.

Several of Frank's friends were enlisting in the military. Some in the Navy and some in the Army. Frank tried to enlist, but was rejected due to having lost one eye and his hearing in one ear.

On July 3, 1950, Frank's grandmother, Mary Catherine, passed away. Her funeral was held in Sacramento, California on July 5, 1950.

During 1951 many other events and changes took place. On January 6<sup>th</sup> of that year, Frank went to work for the Rural Electric Administration (REA) working on the Kansas Settlement Sub Station, the Stewart Substation and the Webb Substation. At that time, ranch land was being bought up by Texans moving into the area and clearing it for farming.

Electric lines, telephone and natural gas were all being developed.

Another year of interest was 1952. Frank, as an employee of REA, attended the annual BBQ in Willcox and voted for the first time. On New Year's Eve, Frank attended the dance at the Vet's Club in Willcox. Billy Garey's sister, Eunice, and her husband, Don Hackitt, brought another sister, Ty Garey, with them to the dance. They were all visiting when Don pushed Frank and Ty together and told them to dance! They did, and that started it all! Frank took Ty home and they started dating shortly thereafter.

As 1953 progressed, so did the romance. On August 26<sup>th</sup> of that year, Frank took vacation time from the REA and left to work for a construction company in Tucson for extremely high wages. He earned enough money to buy engagement and wedding rings. On September 5<sup>th</sup>, after attending a movie, Frank asked Ty if he could give her an engagement ring with her parent's permission. She said yes! However, when she arrived home, her parents were in bed. Frank couldn't wait, so he knocked on their bedroom door and said that he wanted to talk to them. After they agreed to talk, Frank went into the bedroom. When he came out, he told Ty that her parents had given their

permission. The next day, Frank and Ty went to Ackery's Jewelry in Willcox and picked out the rings. They were engaged five months during which time Ty continued to attend Willcox High School and Frank continued working for the REA.

### **MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE**

Frank and Ty were married on February 13, 1954 at the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Douglas, Arizona by Preacher Owen L. Jones. They had a short weekend honeymoon at the Gadsden Hotel in Douglas. On the following Monday, Ty was back in school and Frank was back to work. They lived with Frank's mother at the ranch for the first few months. In March, they took a trip to Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico with friends to do some deep sea fishing. In June, Frank and Ty visited the beach, Ocean Park and other sights. On the trip they traveled through thick fog and Ty thought it was a terrible dust storm!

April 11, 1954 they moved from the ranch and bought a trailer and parked it at a Willcox trailer park owned by Mr. and Mrs. Doc Logan, D.T, Logan's parents. They stayed there until October 2, 1954 when they moved their trailer to Ty's parents place just outside of Willcox. They bought a Pontiac car and made plans to take a trip to Uravan, Colorado. D.T. Logan had told Frank that he could make

lots of money working in the uranium mine in Colorado. Ty checked out of school and Frank took vacation from the REA and they left for Colorado on October 3, 1954. They found that this was not what they wanted after Frank had a near tragic accident in the snow. They headed home with most of the roads closed due to the snow, and arrived back in Willcox on October 14<sup>th</sup>. The following Monday, Frank went back to work at the REA and Ty went back to school, both of them much more content. They continued going to Violet's ranch on weekends and several times during the week on evenings to doctor for screw worms and pink eye. All this time they were slowly increasing their own cattle herd.

The REA had a big job in Fry, Arizona and Frank had to move there for a few months. He did not want to move without Ty, so she talked to the Willcox High School Principal, Mr. Lloyd Eikenberry, and told him that she had enough credits to graduate but needed one semester of civics. Mr. Eikenberry agreed to let her finish these classes by mail so that she would still graduate.

They moved their trailer to Fry, coming back to the ranch on weekends. Ty completed her civics course with an excellent grade and received her high school diploma in May, 1955. Frank's next REA job was in Elfrida where they moved their trailer. When the job was finished, they moved

back to Willcox with their trailer. Later, they purchased their own lot to move the trailer on.

They were expecting their first baby and Frank insisted that Ty should have Dr. Montgomery in Douglas as he was Frank's doctor when he had the terrible automobile wreck in 1946. The month before the baby was to be born, Ty went to Bisbee and stayed with her brother, Billy Garey, and his wife, Nettie, to be closer to the Phelps Dodge Hospital in Douglas, AZ.

On June 24, 1955 Franklin Cepter Shelton was born. Ty's sister, Eunice, was a telephone operator at the time so the news spread fast! On their way home to Willcox, they stopped by the ranch to show their new baby to Violet. They were so proud of their baby boy!

After living on their town lot, they had the opportunity to purchase a small house from Roy Mortenson. It was not finished, but livable. They finally received financing and moved into the house and started building a bathroom and bedroom addition. They sold their lot in town and continued working on the small house.

Frank was now working on the REA maintenance truck with Ronnie Foreman. He also did custom welding until complaints were made about the arc welder causing interference with the nearby drive-in theatre. Having

trouble finding someone to haul hay to the ranch, Frank bought a 1946 Chevrolet bob-tail truck from the Willcox Lumber Company to haul his own hay. Besides hauling hay to the ranch, he also bought hay and delivered it to other ranchers. Frank also worked part time for Allen Ringnell and Lloyd Jones as a narrowback, wiring houses and businesses and for Buck Clayton at Clayton's Radiator shop when needed.

On January 18, 1957, Catherine Dare Shelton was born in the Willcox Hospital. Dr. Speelman was the doctor and Mercy Sanchez was the nurse. Frank and Ty were so proud of their daughter and named her after both great grandmothers.

Frank was an apprentice lineman with the REA for four years before receiving his Journeyman Lineman Certificate. He had attended classes and had been in training while working as a lineman. Frank worked on the construction crew and also with Ronnie Foreman on the Willcox maintenance truck.

When Cathy was a year old, they bought another trailer house and moved it to the ranch. At that time, Frank was going to have the REA maintenance truck in the Kansas Settlement area. The family lived in this home for a short time and then bought a newer and much nicer trailer house.



The older trailer was moved to Willcox where they now had two trailer rentals and the old house rented.

They lived three years in the new trailer house and had an offer to trade it for carpenter work on building a house at the ranch. It was eight months before they were able to move in the new house. They painted and helped with the finishing work, the electrical and the plumbing work. The basement was not finished for several months. When they finally moved into their new home, their friends had a "housewarming" for them. It was a very special day!

Work on the ranch was beginning to require extra help. Frank hired a man from Mexico, Antonio Pinion, to work for them. Antonio worked on and off for ten years helping at the ranch.

Frank decided to try Angus cattle on the ranch so they traveled to Eager, Arizona and bought an Angus Bull from Dallas Butler and hauled it back to the ranch. They also purchased Angus cows, but as time passed, too many dwarfed calves were produced which led to the Angus cattle being sold. By now the screw worm problem was over as a result of the success of the Government Eradication Program. Still, problems continued to exist with pink eye and cancer eye in the Hereford cattle. Frank and Ty then purchased some Brangus cattle from a ranch in Oracle, Arizona. Later

they bought two Brangus bulls from a ranch in Kansas Settlement. The Brangus breed proved to be the most maintenance free for the area.

Frank and Ty had already started buying the ranch from his mother, allowing her to have extra money for a few trips and new automobiles. They had a chance to buy more land that adjoined the ranch, so Frank went to The Peoples Bank in Willcox the first day it opened and was able to get a loan to purchase the land.

Coyotes had become a real problem so Frank started coyote calling and hunting with dogs. He joined the Varmint Callers Association of Arizona, having hunters from all over the state visit their home.

Frank and Ty enjoyed the outdoors and raised their children to enjoy it as well. As a family, they enjoyed camping, hunting, fishing and boating together. When Frank was able to obtain a buffalo permit with his friend, Max Green, in 1961, both families traveled to House Rock near Flagstaff where they had a successful hunt. Later, after Frank had been drawn for a Big Horn Sheep Hunt and made his shot, he became a member of the Arizona Big Horn Sheep Society.

Frank joined the Civil Air Patrol in Willcox and started taking flying lessons. He was about to solo when

he had a bad experience with the instructor on a windy day. After they were finally able to land, the plane blew over. Frank decided to quit flying lessons!

Ty, Franklin and Cathy all helped Frank work on the ranch. The family leased another ranch in 1966 which had belonged to Ty's Aunt and Uncle and adjoined the home place. They all kept busy working on fence, checking cattle, branding, etc. Frank had spent several years rebuilding corrals or patching them when he decided to completely rebuild them in 1979. He used pipe and bull wire, making the corrals strong and workable. They bought a Powder River Squeeze chute and a calf table. Ty finally talked Frank into using an electric branding iron.

Frank became an NRA Gun Safety Instructor and taught classes for the local 4-H Clubs. Franklin and Cathy were members of the local Kansas Settlement 4-H Club and both Frank and Ty served as project leaders.

Frank and Ty continued to enjoy their hunting trips and Frank completed his Big Ten Game Animals in Arizona when he killed his mountain lion with Warner and Marvin Glenn. Frank was the first person in Cochise County to accomplish this.

They continued to run Brangus and horned cattle until a friend, Ray Wein, was killed when he was gored by his pet

bull in the stomach. Shortly after this happened, all the horned cattle were loaded onto a semi truck and hauled to the Willcox Livestock Auction.

Many of the farms in the Kansas Settlement area began using natural gas on the pumps. As a result, the need for a permanent maintenance truck was no longer needed in the area. Frank was now the foreman on the construction crew. It was during this time that he was diagnosed with glaucoma. He was prescribed eye drops to help control it, but after several years he eventually had to have surgery. This was considered risky as he only had one good eye and was blind in the other eye. The surgery was successful and he continued to work for the REA which had changed its name to The Sulphur Springs Valley Electric Cooperative (SSVEC). Frank and his family continued to live on the ranch and he commuted to town for his job.

Frank's dad, Sep, had been living with them during this time. Once Cathy and Franklin graduated from high school, in 1973 and 1975 respectively, Frank and Ty purchased a small trailer and placed it near the family home for Sep to move into. This lasted one week until the trailer was destroyed by fire resulting from Sep leaving grease on the stove unattended. Thankfully no one was hurt, and Sep moved back into the main house. A year later

he did move into an adjacent trailer where he continued to reside until he had a stroke and passed away at the age of 90 in 1977.

Frank's mother, Violet, developed Alzheimer's disease and also moved into the main house where he and Ty could care for her. She lived with them for five years and later had surgery for colon cancer followed by a stroke. She was then admitted to a nursing home where she spent three years in a coma. She later passed away at the age of 91.

A friend, Charlie Prude, asked Frank if they could bring his old Hereford bull to the ranch as they had sold all of their cattle and did not want the bull to go to slaughter. He requested that the bull stay and die on the ranch. This resulted in some really nice cross bred calves and the bull finally did die on the ranch.

Frank and Ty continued to purchase and lease more land for pasture. Frank bought a well rig and drilled new wells on the property. Franklin told his dad that he did not know what he wanted to do when he grew up, but he knew that he did not want to drill wells!

Cathy asked her Dad once why he would not go to the ropings like the fathers of some of her friends. Frank told her that he just wasn't interested. One day when cattle were being moved out of a pasture there was a large

calf left behind. Frank told Cathy to saddle up and the two of them would go rope the calf. Cathy was so excited about this! They arrived at the pasture and unloaded the horses. Cathy barely made it through the pasture gate when her dad saw the calf, roped it, and tied it before she could get back on her horse! She told her Dad that she had no idea that he was that good!

Both Franklin and Cathy graduated from Willcox High School. Franklin continued his education graduating first from Eastern Arizona College in 1975 and then from the University of Arizona in 1978. He later earned his Masters Degree from the University of Phoenix. Over the years Franklin purchased additional land to adjoin the family ranch and built his own cattle herd. He purchased a plane after receiving his pilot's license, but later sold it. He used this plane on one occasion to spread native grass and lovegrass seed on 200 acres that Frank cleared of mesquites with his TD-18 Caterpillar. This was a Natural Resources Conservation project. Franklin continued to help on the ranch gathering and branding cattle, building trailers and with general repairs and maintenance. After many years in the business sector, Franklin is now President of Central Arizona Bank in Scottsdale and Casa Grande, Arizona. He is married to Cindy, a wonderful daughter-in-law, and they

reside in Tempe, Arizona. Franklin continues to help on the family ranch as needed and to manage his own livestock operation.

Cathy married soon after graduation from high school. She has lived on many ranches and experienced all phases of ranch work. She managed the Arizona Feed Store in Willcox and was also the manager of an Angus ranch. She attended Eastern Arizona College where she studied Animal Husbandry to become knowledgeable in Artificial Insemination and preg checking cattle. This helped her with the registered program on the Angus ranch. She has worked with and shown horses since she was in high school. She is now considered some what of an expert with horses. She even tried owning and operating a local restaurant for awhile.

Cathy graduated from the Arizona Law Enforcement Academy and was employed by the Department of Agriculture Livestock Division. She initially worked in the Phoenix area and was later transferred to Cochise County. The latter occurred when her dad had to have surgery on his only eye and the doctors said he would have a 50/50 chance of going blind. Cathy transferred closer to home to help out on the ranch. Frank's surgery was successful, but Cathy stayed on and purchased a home and property adjacent to the family ranch.

Cathy has since retired from the Arizona Department of Agriculture after 22 years of service. She continues to make her home at the ranch and is now married to a great son-in-law, Clay. Cathy's eldest child is a daughter by the name of Tycee Dare. Tycee is married to Cody Evans and they have three boys, Rylan Cody, Cashton Archer and Jaxon Royce. Cathy's oldest son is Marshall Ashburn Goodwin. He is married to Michelle and they have two sons, Clayson Ray and Tristan Parker. Cathy's youngest son, Jace Lee, is thirteen years of age and attends Willcox public schools.

Frank has only experienced a few serious accidents over the years at the ranch. One incident occurred when he was trying to start the D 6 Caterpillar. He was cranking it in an awkward position because the CAT was so far forward on the gooseneck trailer. As he turned the crank, the pony motor fired back and broke his arm. He was heading for the house, but then realized he needed to shut off the fuel and put a can on the exhaust stack. So he returned to the CAT before heading home. When he finally did get home, he said, "Ty, I think I broke my arm!" She looked at his arm and his hand was twisted backwards. On another occasion, Frank and Ty were horseback gathering cattle. They had just unloaded the horses from the trailer and had separated, going in different directions, when



Frank's horse came running back towards Ty. The two-way radio on his horse was making a high pitched noise, but Frank was nowhere to be seen! Ty rode back and finally found him unable to walk. He insisted he was not hurt, but just sore. Eventually at 2:00 a.m. they headed for the emergency room in Tucson. After being examined, Frank was released with no broken bones or serious injuries. He was given pain pills and returned home one sore cowboy! The last little "mishap" occurred as a heifer backed out of the loading chute over the top of him. Again he said that he was fine and that a trip to the emergency room was not needed.

During a visit to Frank's medical doctor in Tucson, the doctor asked for a favor, he said he was about to celebrate his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday and was going through a "mid-life" crisis. He wanted to do something he had never had the opportunity to do, and wondered if Frank would allow he and his wife to visit the ranch during roundup, and let him help out, including the branding. Frank gave him a very welcome invitation!

When "Arthur" and his wife arrived early that morning ready for roundup at the ranch, he was in full cowboy attire: boots, hat, levis, long sleeve shirt and gloves. He worked with Frank as a hired ranch hand riding for two

days on horseback. He even chewed tobacco, but only for the first ten minutes. One chore he would not do was castrating the bull calves. He refused, saying he was no surgeon. They stayed in the bunkhouse and his wife helped Ty in the house preparing the meals and cleaning the kitchen.

### **RETIREMENT AND BEYOND**

Frank continued to work for the SSVEC as a foreman on the construction crew until his retirement in 1993 after 43 years of service. He was given a very nice retirement party and awarded a large gun safe for his many years of service.

After retirement from the company, Frank and Ty purchased a Bounder motor home and sold their smaller one. They also bought another boat, selling their smaller one. They took a trip to Yellowstone Park with Ty's sister, Pat, and her husband. They enjoyed fishing at Lake Powell and also in Mexico. When they were able to take these trips, their kids and grandkids took care of things for them at the ranch.

In 1996, they left on a trip to Alaska in the motor home, first stopping in Colorado to pick up long time friends, Max and Edna Green. They pulled a trailer with a small "doghouse" and Suzuki Samari on the trailer. They

traveled through Montana and Glacier Park before going on to the Calvary Stampede in Canada. The trip covered Alaska from the Arctic Circle to the oil fields in Prudo Bay, and on to Valdez at the refinery and shipping point. They went salmon fishing in the Kanai River out of Soldotna and halibut fishing out of the Seward in Prince William Sound. Seeing the majestic Mount Whitney was unforgettable. They returned through the states of Washington and Oregon and visited friends in Idaho. They delivered the Greens to their home in Colorado and were glad to return to the ranch in Arizona. This was the last big trip that Frank wanted to take. The motor home has since been sold and his grandson purchased the boat.

In 1997, Frank had to have cataract surgery and later another glaucoma surgery on his only eye. He is very fortunate to have the sight he has. His doctor calls him "His Miracle Man!"

Frank and Ty celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary on February 13, 2004. A Golden Anniversary Celebration was held in their honor by their children and grandchildren.

Frank and Ty have now replaced their horses with ATVs. Sometimes they still miss the horses. Frank has always had his dogs, from greyhounds and kid dogs to mutts and the cow dogs. He has owned at least four blue Australian

Shepherds. Frank still enjoys the cattle, and with Ty's help, they still care for the ranch themselves. They have several miles of electric fence to care for and the four wire fences are all getting old and need more maintenance. Frank says Ty keeps buying equipment to make it easier on them to do the work! She says if the old equipment quits working, replace it! Frank says he is going to keep working! Of course, their children and grandchildren are always willing to help them at the ranch as needed.

Frank decided to clear another 160 acres of mesquite brush to put into pasture, so he bought an extend-a-hoe back hoe and with the help of his D-6 caterpillar and his son and grandson, he finished the project. This was another Natural Resources Conservation Project. Frank and Ty have leased the ranch her grandparents used to own and another ranch for their grandson, Marshall and his wife to raise cattle.

Frank has been and still is involved in several organizations. These include the Southwest Brangus Breeders Association, the Southwest Pioneer Cowboy Association (he served as President for two years and is still serving on the Board of Directors), Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society, Cochise County Historical Society, Arizona Cattle Growers Association, National

Cattlemen's Beef Association (charter member), Cochise County Farm Bureau, Cochise County Farmers Association, National Rifle Association, Good Sam Club, Arizona Desert Big Horn Sheep Society, the Arizona Varmint Callers Association, the American Quarter Horse Association, the Sulphur Springs Cemetary Board, the Rex Allen Museum, the Sulphur Springs Valley Electric Cooperative and the FFA Alumni Association.

#### **FINAL NOTE**

Frank is honored to have been named as a Pioneer Stockman and a member of the Arizona Living Stockmen Hall of Fame by the Arizona National Livestock Show.

From Frank's grandmother to his great-grandchildren, there have been six generations to live on the Shelton Ranch.

Frank says he has had a wonderful life and it would not have been possible without the help of his wife, Ty, and their children. God Bless Them!



## ALFRED DALE CLINE

I was born Alfred Dale Cline on June 27, 1933 to Nora Irene (Goswick) and Oscar Benton Cline. Everyone called Mom, "Dude," this was a nickname that my Dad had given her years before. When it was time to have me, Mom traveled to Payson to get some help from Dr. Risser, but he did not get there in time, as he traveled around horseback and missed my delivery. It was at Jim and Nellie Cline's home on Oak Street. I don't know who delivered me but I have heard all the neighbors were there and I'm sure there was lots of help. I was the youngest of the 3 boys and was darn near ready to walk when I was born. I weighed in at 12 lbs.! Of course they weighed me on the grocery store scales in the Punkin Center store, which was owned by my Uncle, Alfred Packard at the time whom I was named after, so who knows if they were very close to being right. After a few days in Payson we traveled back to Tonto Basin where the ranch headquarters sat at the forks of Ash Creek and Tonto Creek. Dad lived near his father, John to work on the family ranch. I grew up in this house until the age of 8 when the house burned to the ground. I was burned real bad and they did not expect me to live, but my Mom kept aloe vera on my burns and the wounds clean and it healed up just

fine. I still carry the scars, and to this day worry about fire. After the house on the hill burned, Dad built another home out of native rock just under the hill from the old house. This is where I spent most of the next 41 years. We also lost a summer cabin at Walnut to fire. I was only 9 years old when my Dad died of leukemia, this left my brother Leck, to run the family ranch. George was the middle brother and helped also. I went to school in Tonto in the Red School House, to school in Ray, Arizona part of the time and the 8<sup>th</sup> grade in California when my Mom and her new husband, Joe Cornett moved over there for a short time. We moved to Globe at this time, where I went to high school and graduated from Globe High. During the summers I always went back to the ranch to work. I also worked for Mark Hicks on the week-ends and school holidays, outside of Globe, in Wheatfields.

While going to school in Globe, I met my wife Lorraine Haines and at the ripe old age of 16 and 18, we were married, this would be 1952. We then moved out to the family ranch where I worked and in 1954 bought my two brothers out and was the sole owner of the O-C Ranch. During my ranching days, I caught a lot of wild cattle and in the 50's, Bill Taylor and I caught the last of the wild maverick bulls out of the Four Peaks. My uncle George



Cline owned several ranches around Tonto and the whole family would pitch in to help gather in the spring and fall. We would move up to the mountain cabin, the Z/T's and stay a month or more to gather in the high country. In those days cattle were driven horseback not hauled so it took a lot of horses for all the cowboys. We often rode mules because the country was tough and these critters were sure footed. One of the best mules I ever had was "Molly". She weighed 1245 lbs. with the saddle on and was as gentle as they come. I bought her from a little old saddle maker in New Mexico. They weren't much for speed, but you couldn't beat them for stamina. Lorraine and I raised 3 children in the old rock house, Lonny Dale, Teri Lynn and Alfred Brent. They grew up helping on the ranch and still live in the area. I bought the 7/K outfit from Glen and Marie Jennings in 1975, which ran from the Four Peaks to Roosevelt Lake. I owned this place for 12 years then sold it. We built a new home on the old Lann homestead, which was part of the O-C allotment, in 1982. This put us in a better place to work the ranch as before the house was on the west side of Tonto Creek and the ranch on the east. This was a problem at times if the creek flooded and we needed to gather the cattle. We crossed the creek lots of times on horseback, which wasn't always the safest way to

get over there. We lived through lots of floods, droughts and low cattle prices, but always seemed to manage. Lorraine always helped with everything on the ranch, gathering cattle, checking water, building fence or laying water lines. She was a well known cook and a good mother and wife. We lost her to cancer in August of 2008, we were married 56 years. We had always been active in the community and tried to help people with whatever they may need. We learned to work hard at an early age and taught our children that hard work never hurt you. My first priority was always my family and my second the cattle. I have enjoyed hunting, guiding, cooking on a camp fire and the many friends I have made in my life. I have spent my life in the saddle and now spend it in the recliner. The drought and the government put me here, could have been chasing all those wild cattle had a little to do with it too. I still live in the home Lorraine and I built 28 years ago. The days of the big cattle ranches are done here on Tonto, all I have are the memories of those good old days. But for now I keep hoping it will rain and the grass will be belly high to a cow again. There are not many of us old cowmen left and it is an honor to be recognized in this book. Thank you and remember "It always rains 5 minutes before it's too late!"

## **JIM AND JAN EDGERTON**

Before I married Jim he was in the Marines in WWII on duty in China & Japan. When discharged he worked training, trotting, and pacing horses and did some rodeo. He decided to re-enlist in the Army in 1951. We were married in 1952 and being the Korean War was on they shipped him to Alaska instead of Korea as he had a broken hand at the time. I was able to go to Alaska and when his enlistment was done we stayed there and homesteaded near Palmer. In the winter he worked on the coal strip mines. In the summer we had a riding stable for the military, army & air force, just outside of Anchorage. Jim was also a big game guide. Our two boys were born there and we stayed 15 years.

We always wanted a cattle ranch so in 1967 we bought our first ranch in Roosevelt, Utah. We ran 225 mother cows. Our ranch was the Double J. We were there 10 years.

We then decided to move further south to Arizona. In 1977 we bought our 1<sup>st</sup> Arizona ranch, the E Lazy Heart, in Yavapai County. We ran registered Charolais. The ranch ran between Humbolt and Mayer. Goswick's were the neighboring ranch. We had about a dozen gates and every Monday morning at least 10 were open. Prescott was growing and our mountains were their recreational area, I guess.

We were there two years then migrated south to Cochise County. Beside our ranch, we leased a ranch about 2 miles north of us. This was great, as we could drive cattle from one ranch to the other on horseback. We were still running registered Charolais along with commercial cattle. We had a bull win the Arizona National Livestock Show in 1982 or 83. Then in 1982 we had a bull and a heifer win the Southern Arizona International Saira Livestock Show in Tucson and a bull calf won the Cochise County Fair.

It was a peaceful place until the illegals hit us in 1996 and made life hell until we sold in 1999. The first ranch patrol was started on our ranch. I could write a book with pictures on what we went through for three years. Cut fences, waterlines, and trash all over our washes. We were in newspapers, etc. We dealt with Border Patrol, Senators, U.S. Dept. of Justice etc. Never did get much accomplished except we could take our garbage in free to dump! Baxter Black wrote a poem about us "Takin Out The Trash".

In 2000 we moved to Ash Peak Ranch in Graham County. Due to our age and drought we downsized in 2007 and bought a house and three sections north of Duncan. Just enough to keep us busy.

We were married 57 years in May, 2009. Jim is 80 and  
I am 77.



## **Lynn Sheppard**

Lynn Sheppard was born in 1926 in Globe, Arizona; the son of Horace Sheppard and Lucy Belle Cornett. Both families had come to Arizona from Texas. Lynn had a brother Chuck and a sister Carlotta from his father's first marriage.

Lynn tells the story of the Sheppard family leaving Rock Springs, Texas. An Uncle was working on a barn and was shot and killed. Lynn's grandfather tracked down the two killers and shot them. He told his wife it was probably time to leave Texas. Grandfather Sheppard used to joke that they were so popular friends and neighbors followed the family all the way to the Rio Grande begging them to come back. Grandmother Sheppard died in New Mexico on the way to Arizona. Upon reaching Arizona, the family settled in Young.

Horace did a number of things during the construction of Roosevelt Dam. They needed a lot of cowboy type labor to take care of the horses at the site. Horace also brought supplies to the dam site from Globe and Phoenix. Lynn's brother Chuck was born at the 3 Bar Ranch. When he was a boy, there was a big flood up on Tonto Creek and a number of people in the area drowned. Chuck remembered

they were up in trees from the high water. One guy built a boat and came to Tonto Creek; picked them up and brought them to the bank. In 1918, Horace was at Mescal Creek southeast of Globe. He traded that property for a pack horse.

The Lodge Saloon in Globe was where all the cowboys met. You went to the Lodge if you wanted to hire a cowboy. If a cowboy wasn't there; the others knew where he was. Most of the cowboys moved whenever they took a notion. They always liked to be independent and free; they could just pack up their bedrolls, pack their gear and leave.

Horace and Lucy met in Globe. Her father Jack Cornett was part Indian, although he didn't have a card. He ran cattle on the San Carlos Apache Reservation and gave cattle to the couple to get started. They drove the cattle from Hawk Canyon to their homestead at El Capitan. Later at Silver Creek and Pioneer, South of the Pinal's, Horace has 100 head of mares in addition to his cattle. He broke horses all the time and became a good bronc rider. When the couple settled at Silver Creek, they had to haul everything in by horse or mule back; including all their furniture and a cook stove.

Lynn wrote a letter to his brother Chuck recounting what life was like in their early years: "Our home was 15



miles north of Globe on Silver Creek and there were no roads. We went to town three to four times a year. Dad expected us to do everything that he did and thought nothing of putting Chuck on broncs when he was nine or ten years old. By the time he was fifteen, Chuck could ride most any of the horses. We raised cattle and the Pinal Mountains in back of the house had a lot of wild cattle running on it. Dad and Chuck roped the wild cattle on broncs and tied them to trees. They were led out the next day and put in our pasture. The Pinal Mountains were covered with brush and our pit bull dogs were a necessity."

Lucy was a good cowpuncher herself, could ride broncs and was a good Dutch oven cook. When Lynn was six months old, she was hired to feed 150 bulls for Zee Hayes. There was a big tree by the camp and she would put Lynn in a laundry basket up in the tree so the bulls wouldn't run over him. When Lynn grew a little, he would ride on the saddle behind her when she went to check out the bulls. If she couldn't get the bulls out of the brush; Lynn would get off the horse and drive them out.

Lynn always watched his mom and dad ride and work cattle. He started riding alone at 2 or 3. He admits he got bucked off a lot. Horace caught a little mare and gave him to Lynn. He and his mom broke Dixie and she was a real

baby sitter. Lynn rode a saddle given to him by Lynn Mayes and he could just put his hand on the saddle horn and go to sleep. Dixie would just follow along behind his dad's horse. If Horace wanted Lynn to wake up he would just ride through the brush which would hit Lynn and he would wake up. Lynn raised three or four good horses out of Dixie including Trixie and Buck.

When Lynn was old enough to start school, the family moved down to El Capitan. He hated the idea of school and called the teacher an SOB on the first day; for which he received a beating from her. Lynn couldn't believe it the next morning when his dad woke him up to go to school. He had thought school was a onetime thing; not something he had to do every day.

Lynn felt Horace was the best bronc rider in the country. He always rode really tough horses and people still talk about him today. Horace worked for Zee Hayes at Globe and also for John Osborne at the Diamond 2 in Prescott as well as Tom Blasingame at the 5L ranch. One time Zee Hayes brought two train cars of horses to his ranch. The new horses were tough; they would fall over or dump you in a water trough. Horace had been at Dripping Springs and came home to find Hayes had nailed a note on the door asking him to come to the ranch to break his

horses. Horace got into his Model T Ford and headed over to the Bar F Bar.

Horace worked off and on for Zee Hayes during his cowboy days. Zee had been cracked in the skull by a rock after he and his horse were thrown over a cliff by a maverick. A silver plate in his skull saved his life but at times he would act irrational. Horace didn't like to put up with it and he and Zee would get in actual fist fights on occasion. Zee had big ranches, the Cross S, Circle 7 and Bar F Bar among others and leased a lot of San Carlos Apache Reservation land. He always had good young horses. Each of his cowboys had 8 or 9 horses. The cowboys would catch the horses they wanted out of the new bunch and they were their horses; nobody else rode them. Horses weren't fed grain in those days like they are today. If a horse was crippled; you quit riding him until he was well.

One time a guy name Ogle was running a ranch and asked for Horace to come over to break some horses. When Horace arrived, he asked which bronc was the toughest. One horse was pointed out to him and Horace rode him right then with no problem; wanted to prove he could do it. In addition to breaking horses, Horace used to gather wild cattle on contract.

When Lynn was 15 or 16 he enjoyed going with everyone to rope calves or steers in Show Low or Payson. He thinks Payson used to be the best rodeo. During the 1920's and 30's, Horace had trailed broncs from Globe to Payson for the rodeo.

Lynn served in the Army in World War II. He was among the first troops in Japan after the Atomic Bomb was dropped and also served in Korea. The Army tried to talk him into joining the reserves but he had enough of the Army and wanted to get home. Lynn was discharged in Washington at the age of 19 and took a long bus trip home to Globe. He hung around Globe for two or three months and headed down to Phoenix where he ran into his brother Chuck. He asked Lynn to come rodeo with him and gave him one of the best calf roping horses.

Lynn thought it was a great idea and he and Chuck went everywhere - New York City, Pendleton, Oregon and Cheyenne, Wyoming. Chuck did both rough stock and roping events; Lynn participated in the bull dogging and calf roping. He said he had no guts to ride saddle broncs. Lynn credits his dad and Chuck for his rodeo abilities.

Lynn and Chuck were in Burley, Idaho in 1946 when Lynn met "the prettiest thing I ever seen" - trick rider and roper Nancy Kelley. She was 16 at the time and Lynn was

one month shy of his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. Nancy needed someone to haul her trick saddle and Chuck volunteered to take it. Lynn knew he would get to see Nancy again. They were married in 1948 and the family was complete with the birth of son Lex in 1951.

In 1949 and 50, Lynn wrangled horses for the movies at Old Tucson. Most of the stars couldn't ride and when their horses got away, Lynn would rope them and bring them back. He got paid \$25.00 for each horse he caught and some days did really good financially. Lynn couldn't believe he was making good money doing something that was so easy.

Catching wild cattle in earlier years had fine tuned Lynn for the job of a cowboy. It took a real cowboy to handle those types of cattle and Lynn would contract to catch wild cattle for other ranchers.

Lynn and Nancy were involved a number of years in rodeo; Lynn as a contestant and Nancy as a trick riding and roping contract act. Some of the highlights of Lynn's career include throwing a steer in 2.9 seconds at the Cow Palace; tying the fastest calf in 12 seconds at Pendleton, Oregon, which set a record; becoming a calf roping champion at Christensen Brothers rodeos in 1952; winning the steer wrestling at Tucson and Scottsdale, Arizona. Also roping wins at major rodeos in Butte and Bozeman, Montana,

Colorado Springs, Colorado and Puyallup, Washington. Lynn also worked as a pickup man for several rodeos. He was on the racing commission and was rodeo chairman of the first Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA) rodeo held in Globe.

Nancy headlined at the biggest rodeos at the age of nine, thrilling crowds with her trick riding and roping skills. She rode and roped at most of the major rodeos in the United States. Her rodeo career began in 1939 and lasted until 1961, when she retired to devote more time to ranching and raising her family.

The couple lived on the Old Sheppard Homestead at Silver Creek. There were two parts of the ranch, Pioneer and Silver Creek. There were silver mines at the ranch that dated back to the 1870's and the Sheppard's were somewhat involved with silver mining. When Lex was school age; they purchased a house in town. Lynn earned extra money breaking horses. Lex followed in his dad and mom's rodeo tradition and they were proud when he won All-Around in both the small and large age groups at the Florence Junior Parada.

People finally talked Lynn into being a politician and he served as a Gila County Commissioner for eight years. Lynn said being a politician didn't call for intelligence;

just common sense. He was appointed to serve on the Board for the Arizona Department of Transportation. Lynn also served as President of the Gila County Cattle Growers Association.

Globe has recognized the contributions of Lynn and Nancy to the community and the ranching industry in Gila County by awarding them the Buster Mounce Community Service Award. The Globe Rodeo Committee recognized them for their contribution to rodeo.

On a national level, both Lynn and Nancy are in the National Cowboy Museum and Hall of Rodeo Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Nancy is also in the Pro-Rodeo Hall of Fame and Cowgirl Hall of Fame. She is a Pioneer Stockman, Cowbelle and Arizona Culture Keeper with her own story to tell in a future volume.

Lynn passed away in 2008 and it was noted of him by a friend, "Lynn was a hero to me. Not just because he was one of the servicemen who saved the world from unimaginable tyranny and horror, not just because he was the embodiment of the true western man, not just because he was a star rodeo cowboy and in the Rodeo Hall of Fame, but also because of the honorable man that he was."





## LEROY TUCKER

Ranching and roping was already a part of Leroy when he was born, at the Frying Pan Ranch in Greenback Valley, to Georgia and Roy Tucker. At an early age, he was part of the work crew and a rope was part of his gear. His first big roping was at Payson in 1943. He borrowed a horse from the late George Cline, called "Coon", and entered the Boy's calf roping.

The Tucker's sold their ranch, at Greenback, in 1944 and bought the HZ Ranch, at Pinto Creek (in Roosevelt) from Pecos McFadden. Leroy then started to enter amateur rodeos as time permitted. His first big win was in 1947, at the Fourth of July Rodeo, at Show Low. He was team roping with Bob Mounce. He won the calf roping for the Gila County Sheriff's Posse in 1950, at Chandler. His first saddle won was at Tonto Basin, at the arena behind the Punkin Center Store. This was also in 1950.

By that time he had a traveling companion to travel with and cheer him on. He married Velma Stewart, the daughter of neighboring ranch friends, Chester and Phoebe Cooper. They were married at the ranch in Pinto Creek, in 1949.

Easter ropings and pot luck's were an annual event at the HZ Ranch, at Pinto Creek, and friends from all over came to visit, eat and rope. At one of these ropings, in March of 1951, Leroy was roping a calf when he got his thumb caught in the slack coil, jerking his right thumb off. Sheriff Jack Jones rushed him to the hospital, in Globe, but they were unable to save the thumb. Needless to say, that slowed his roping down for awhile, but it did give him some time to spend with his new daughter, Tenna.

His ranching responsibilities became full time, at the end on 1951. When his father, Roy, passed away with a heart attack. Leroy was 23 at the time. Four years later, he started acquiring the ranch from his mother, Georgia.

Leroy was a consistent winner of calf roping and team ropings, not only at Tonto Basin and Show Low, but at Globe, Springerville, Casa Grande, Safford, Glendale, and St.Jones. He also won the calf roping at Grande Junction, Colorado, and the Houston Stock Show, Texas. These were in 1957 and 1958. The one that meant so much to him was the one in Payson, in 1957. Leroy was a contender for the All Around Champion, for the Arizona Rodeo Assoc. In order to win this you had to win in three events. He had lots of winnings in calf roping and team roping, but now he needed another event. So, he entered the steer wrestling

(bulldogging), at Payson. He had never dogged before. Anyway, he won it that day and was then given the All Around Champion Cowboy award. He was the top money winner at the Houston Rodeo, winning \$4,086 for his two calves.

He joined the PRCA formally RCA, the following year, but was never able to travel full time due to ranching. By then he had a son, Roy Dale, seven, and another daughter, Lee Ann, five. All his children wanted to rodeo, like their dad, so Leroy became an inactive PRCA member in order to spend more time helping his children with Junior Rodeos. They were very active throughout their teenage years. Roy still ropes, in Kansas, when he can get away from the ranch.

Leroy only ropes occasionally now, at some local ropings. Like all ropers, he likes to reminisce about the ropings he has won with such greats as Joe Bassett, Buster Mounce, Duane Reece, Curly Bush, Dale Smith, David Nix, Dell Hubbard, and Bill Hardison.

Leroy comments "Through out my rodeoing career, it is not the winnings I remember, it is the friends and people you meet that makes it such a quality of life".



## **VELMA LUCILLE STEWART-TUCKER**

Velma Lucille, born May 21, 1933, to Phoebe Drucilla and William Collin Stewart. I was born in Globe, Arizona, in a home close to the then, Globe Dairy and Globe Stockyard. William (Bill) was working for Gila County at that time. My sister, Betty Louise, was about five years older. Willy, as he was affectionately called, worked for some time in Payson. He later went to work for the Water Users, at Horse Mesa Dam. This was where Betty was born, in January 1929. When I was about 14 months old, Willy, who had had serious stomach problems for some time, decided to have surgery to try to correct it. During his surgery, he had complications and did not recover. He died July 27, 1934, at the hospital in Globe.

This left Mother with two young daughters to try to raise alone. She spent some time with Willy's parents, Sam and Margaret Stewart, in Payson, and some time with her sister, Velma Martin, in Rye Creek. Mother had spent a lot of time, as a young girl, taking care of her sister, Velma, who had Spinal Meningitis. This is where she met William Stewart. He was working there on a ranch. They later got married. That was in April, 1928. After spending some time with the Stewarts and her sister, Velma, Mother knew

she had to find a job. She worked at the Gila Historical Museum, in Globe, reconstructing bowls and artifacts.

With two young girls, how do you work? Well, Mother had some good friends and Aunts. Her close friend, Agnes Rose and her daughters helped her and Aunt Hettie North and Aunt Goldie Walley both took care of us. During these times, of course we had the chicken pox and other childhood diseases. We later moved from that house over to a house on top of the hill, at Central Heights. This was right under the water tower. At that time there was only two or three houses on that hill. Mother then started working at the Old Richleiu Café, down town by the Alden Theater. Betty and I liked her working there because the Chinamen always gave us goodies. I do remember, while living there, a friend threw a dagger from a plant, and hit me just above the eye. Also, when I had a pet chipmunk and our cousins Archie and Josephine Spear came to visit. The chipmunk use to hide under the arm of the couch. This time he wasn't under the arm enough and when Josie sat down, she smashed my chipmunk.

During a visit to Rye Creek, Mother, who had already known Chester Cooper, got better acquainted. With Chester being a friendly, teasing, and good looking man, it wasn't too hard to get real fond of him. Chester also played the

fiddle at all the dances around there and Payson. Mother loved to dance, but it was when Chester challenged her to a foot race and she won that he decided he had to have her. They married in January 1939. The move to the ranch was exciting for us. Mother was a natural cowgirl. She helped with all aspects of ranching. Betty and I loved to get to help with the round-ups, but I can remember being afraid of doing something wrong and Chester getting after me.

Chester still played at all the dances around. He and his brother, Neil Lyall, both played at the Roosevelt dances. I remember when Chester played for the last dance at the Old Hotel, by Roosevelt Dam. It was going to be torn down. I remember sleeping on a bench inside, then later in a bedroll in the back of the pickup. I remember seeing the sun come up from where I was in the truck.

Racing was always something Mother and Chester were involved with. They had horses that were raced, at Payson and other places. Coming home from working some cattle one evening, Chester challenged Mother to a horse race. Off they went down the old dirt road about a mile from home. Someone forgot to cinch up Mother's saddle and it turned as she was running. She suffered a broken leg, arm, and a fractured skull. I remember blood everywhere and was so afraid. Our cousin Ethel and Neil Lyall lived in a house

below us, that one time was the Medlers place, (which was later turned into our barn) and they came to take care of us while Mother went to the hospital, in Globe. She recovered from this and never stopped working.

In August of 1941, Mother had twins, Aileene and Dwight. They were also born at the hospital, in Globe. Mother really had her hands full. Of course, Betty was very good to help with the housework and cooking. I helped some, but played with the twins more. It wasn't too long before Mother and Chester knew it was going to be hard to make ends meet so she took the job of driving the school bus from Roosevelt to Globe and back. She also worked for Margaret Harding Webb, in the Assessors office, while the children were in school.

As Betty and I grew older and had to go to a different school, (Roosevelt School only went to the eighth grade), we both stayed with our cousins, Ethel and Neil Lyall, but at different places. Betty stayed with them, in Phoenix. She went to Phoenix Union, which was real close to where they lived at that time. When I went to high school, I also stayed with Ethel and Neil, but by then they had moved to Globe, and I stayed with them there. We had some good times at the Roosevelt School. I remember when a plane had wrecked just around the bend from the Dam. It had gone



into the Lake there. Several of us walked to the top of the hill behind the schoolhouse so we could see what was going on. They were trying to pull the plane from the water. All of us who went had to write sentences 1000 times, "I will not leave the school ground." Our teacher was Hester Packard. She also helped me learn how to play the piano. I was able to play the Minuet In G for my 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduation.

I then started my high school, in Globe. Going in every Sunday night or early Monday morning. Then come home every Friday night. It was good to come home, but it made it difficult to get involved in any school activities. Betty had already finished high school and took a course at Gregg's Business School. She and our cousin, Eleanor Martin, who was Ethel's sister, along with Betty Alice Tucker and Virginia Conway all went to Gregg's in Phoenix. They stayed in a Girls Rooming House. I'm not sure how, but Leroy stayed there too and went to Gregg's School too. He didn't stay there too long. He missed the ranch too much.

The Tuckers and the Coopers had always been friends. We often would go up to Greenback, above Tonto Basin, to see them. That was when the twins were little. I remember Georgia Tucker saying "I'll fatten them up" and she would

have a big pot of beans on the stove. The twins were anemic for awhile, but soon grew out of it. I was always proud that Betty Alice would give me some of her clothes. I guess in those days wearing hand me downs was accepted. She had what I thought were some really neat clothes. When the Tucker's bought the Pecos McFadden place (HZ), on Pinto Creek, we often would visit them there. Leroy would haul some of our cattle, but it was when we were at Snowflake, for a horse race, and Leroy was there for the rodeo, that I really became interested in Leroy. Mother was there with her horse, Crusader for a matched race with Oscar Walls blue horse. That day it rained and rained. I was suppose to go to the dance that night with Bobby Mounce, (Buster Mounce, livestock inspectors son,) During that day, Leroy came and sat in the car with me and kept me company but I never saw Bobby all day. When Leroy asked me to go to the dance with him, I said yes. From that night forward we were close. That was in July of 1948. In May of 1949, at the end of my sophomore year, we were married here at the HZ Ranch.

It was a quiet wedding, with mostly family members here. We left right after the wedding, for Phoenix. We were meeting George Wesley and Donna Cline, who had gotten married the night before. On our way to Phoenix, about

Gonzales Pass, we got stopped by a Highway Patrolman. He asked why we were speeding and when Leroy told him we had just gotten married and were headed to our motel, he said, "Okay, just don't drive too fast" No ticket!! The following Saturday, we had a wedding dance on the cement slab down by the Roosevelt Dam. That slab is no longer there with the new bridge. Chester and Edward Denton, Jay Ratley, and Neil Lyall, Sr. all played. There was lots of food and fun and quite a bit to drink.

We stayed in a small room away from the main house, here at Pinto Creek. We called it the Honeymoon Suite and still do. We ate our meals together, with Roy and Georgia. I went with Leroy whenever I could but sometimes had to stay here. There wasn't much to do as Georgia had her own way of cleaning and cooking. I sometimes went to help Mother. We started building a house in 1950. We had Carl "Swede" Larson building it. In the evenings, after dinner, we would play Pitch with Roy and Carl partners and Leroy, my partner. They couldn't figure how we won so many games until they caught us giving signals for diamonds and hearts, etc. I was pregnant with our first child, Tenna Lucille, but I was still able to help with the house building. My job was to use a runner between the blocks

that Carl had laid. We finished that house in 1951, right after Tenna was born February 1.

The Tuckers always had Easter picnics with a roping, here at the place. This year it was March 25th, 1951. Our close friends Dale and Bobbie Smith were staying with us in our new house. At this roping, Joe Bassett asked Leroy if he could borrow his horse (Mother had let him take Crusader to rope off him for awhile). Leroy said sure. Joe roped and then they called Leroy's name. He didn't have time to put the stirrups down (Joe was quite a bit shorter than Leroy) so he just went out and roped his calf with the short stirrups. This put him off balance some and he threw his slack, his right thumb was in a coil and when the calf hit the end of the rope, the thumb went flying through the air. Jack Jones was Sheriff at the time and he got Leroy in his car, they put the thumb in his hand and told him to keep it warm. WRONG! Of course when they got to Globe Dr. Bishop tried, but couldn't sew it back on. Bobbie Smith and I were keeping books (scores) for the roping, so we hurried and finished the roping and I rode with them to the hospital, Tenna also. She was about six weeks old, at that time. Leroy's sister, Betty Alice lived in Globe then, so I had a place to stay. Leroy was still in the operating room when we got there, but his thumb was still on his

bedside table. I about fainted!! Leroy thought it was the end of the world for awhile, but was soon doing every thing he did before. He did have some trouble getting his thumb to heal, as there wasn't enough skin to cover it, so Dr Bishop grafted skin from his stomach and after that it healed right up. He started roping again right after that.

In December that same year, Leroy lost his dad, Roy. I was devastated. He was my idol. He always took my side in arguments. He just couldn't do any wrong, in my eyes. He was crazy about Tenna. He called her, Lady Til, and always had her on his lap. He got really stressed out about purchasing the Box Bar Ranch on Coon Creek. It was too much for his heart and he had a bad heart attack. He was in the hospital in Globe. They started him on some new medicine, even though he seemed to be doing pretty good. Anyway, this new medicine gave him a real set back and he suffered a massive heart attack that he didn't recover from. He was buried December 24<sup>th</sup>, at the age of 59. He would have been 60 in January. It changed our lives. Leroy became the one who made the decisions and took care of the ranch. Leroy was 23 years old, but with his knowledge and some pretty good years, he helped his Mother pay off the PCA (Production Credit Assoc.) loan in late

1954. We borrowed some money then and purchased the ranch from Georgia and Betty Alice, (his sister) in 1955.

I need to back up a ways for the rest of the story. In June of 1952, we had our son, Roy Dale. He was born a couple of weeks early, but the doctor blamed it on carrying big buckets of water to the chickens. It was okay with me, I was glad it was over. I was alone here and Leroy and his Mother were over at the Box Bar Place, working cattle. Mother took me in to the hospital. Leroy made it in to town in time though. Tenna was almost potty trained at the time, but decided she needed some more attention, so it took a little longer and we had to do it over. She was only 15 months old but she took care of her brother.

We kept pretty busy during those years taking care of the ranch. Of course Georgia still rode, worked cattle and worked hard. We would get some Indian help from San Carlos. Leroy also still went to a few rodeos. Mostly around the Fourth of July, etc. I went when I could, but my hands were full with two little ones. In September of 1954, we had our last child, Lee Ann. She was a little unexpected but a joy when we got her. Now I really had my hands full. The two older ones liked to go with their dad whenever they could, to haul water, put out feed, etc. Sometimes we all went. I didn't get to do much riding

until the children were older. I tried to get Georgia to watch them, but she knew she was a better cowboy than I was. I didn't think so, but what could I do, and she was probably better.

It seems we had better springs then than we do now. I think every year our rains get fewer and farther between. It was always a challenge to see whose yearlings weighed more, Horrells, Lyalls, Coopers, or ours. We always had some pretty heavy steers. One really good spring was in 1958. That year the afileria was a foot high. One reason I remember it so well was because Leroy got the mumps. From where I don't know, but we think the children brought them home from school. He was doing pretty good but was suppose to stay in bed. We had the yearlings here, in a corral, and he just had to go look at them. That was a mistake. Boy did he swell up!

I drove the children to school, at Roosevelt, every morning and night. I picked up a few others along the way. Lee Ann was still too young. I remember teaching some of the kids how to dance and would always help when they were going to have a program or play. I often stayed during the day at Mothers. I would take my ironing because we didn't have electricity here, just a Kohler generator that we run mostly at night. At that time there was only our two

houses here on Pinto Creek. Farther on down there was a family, then at the canal another family. Times have changed.

When we purchased the ranch from Georgia, the land from our houses up to where the highway is was also for sale. Lee Kirby had it. We bought it at that time and it wasn't too long after that, that we sold it to a Canadian that Chester had sent up to see us. We were young, dumb, and sure didn't know much about real estate. We sold all that land for \$6000. We had tried to sell it to Joe Bassett, but he said he had enough land.

By this time Georgia had moved to Globe. She loved to dance and square dance. She and Roy had taken lessons just before he died. She was able to go to some of the square dances in there. It was not easy for her to get to the dance from out here at the ranch. She also had Betty Alice there, in Globe, plus her pride and joy, her grandson, Fred Martin. Fred had lived much of his life with her. He was really special because he played the guitar, and Georgia loved that western music.

The year 1959 was a really dry year, (nothing like it is now) but we had a little money in the bank, so we decided to look around. We drove up through California and when we saw a place in Fort Jones, Calif, we really got



excited. It had white fence all around it. The sprinklers were going, it was green everywhere, and we thought this is what we want, so we put some money down on it. I said we were young, dumb, and didn't know about real estate. We found out later! It was beautiful, but couldn't make you a living. We had found a man to live there and take care of the place until we got back up there. Just about Christmas time we got a call from him. He said our smaller house, that he was living in, had burned down. One of the bad things about that was this hired man had taken all our scrapbooks and high school year books down to his house to look at. They burned too. Another reason we were looking around was that Joe Bassett had told us he really wanted the HZ ranch. In early 1960, he had a buyer for his Five Slash Ranch and he wanted to do a three way trade. He got our ranch and a man named George Hatch got his ranch and Hatch would make the payments to us. Not too complicated except the payments didn't get paid.

I'd better explain. Right after the papers were signed in April, we packed up our things and headed to Fort Jones, Calif. We had already signed papers to buy it. We got there on Easter day and there was snow all over the ground and really cold. We moved into the house that was also very cold. The bedroom had a wood stove. That should

have told us something about living there. Anyway we tried to get settled in. The Scott River ran just beyond our fields. It was pretty. The only problem, there was no cattle. We did get ten or twelve, then leased some pasture to another man. We had company when Georgia, Betty Alice and Fred came to visit. They stayed a week, then Tenna went home with them and Fred stayed with us. From April to late May the children were all back in school. Lee Ann too. I was still driving them back and forth, but now in Fort Jones.

That summer we backpacked into the Primitive Area of Marble Mountains. We packed everything on horseback. A beautiful lake back in the mountain there. There was still snow along the banks. We kept our food in the snow. We caught lots of trout. We did have a little problem with a hornets nest on our way home, but that trip was one of the most memorable things that happened while in Fort Jones.

When we first started looking for a place, we had stopped in Merced, Calif. There we talked to a real estate lady. We even looked at a ranch there. Then we went on up towards Yreka. When it became obvious that this place in Ft. Jones could not pay for itself, and no ranch payment had come from Arizona, Leroy took a trip back to Merced. He and the real estate lady found a place at Le Grande,

which is close to Merced. Then we had to try to sell the place at Fort Jones. We ended up moving to Le Grande, Calif. in August or early September. This place was more like home. We got cattle and leased some pasture up in the hills. We had lots of hay to put up and some irrigated pastures. We learned to become farmers, but had great friends who helped us all the way. We also had Fred with us to help move waters and irrigate. It wasn't his favorite thing to do, but he helped a lot. Especially when Leroy had to go back to Arizona to try to get something done about our payments. All our friends there were hard to leave when we finally did move back here.

We were there from September 1961 until November 1962. By this time it was three payments late from our ranch, in Arizona. The Hatch's decided to have a Sheriffs Sale. The PCA (Production Credit Assoc.) had money coming too. So, on November 21<sup>st</sup>, 1962, it was cold and snowing, but they had the auction right out in front of the barn at the Five Slash. Since we had quite a bit of money due us, we were able to bid more and get the ranch bought. We were back ranching in Arizona, and Leroy couldn't be happier. We did get a lot of experience during all our moves, but it was so good to be back in Arizona, and Gila County.

Now our life at the Five Slash. Not only was the weather cold and miserable, the house was too. It took lots of patience and hard work to get it livable. I think they cleaned their motors in the bathtub. It was smudged with black grease. Of course, we had a generator for our electricity, so it wasn't always easy to get things done. Another big problem was the house was cold. No insulation to help keep it warm. A lot of the things that required electricity had to be done at night. We did have a snowy TV and the kids could watch TV when I was sewing or ironing. We finally got the house livable and got the three children back in school, in Globe. I would take them up to the highway, about a mile and a half. The bus would come by and take them on in to Globe. They went to Nofgster Hill School until they got into junior high school and high school. We later built a home in Globe so that they could better compete in activities. This was in 1966.

Before we moved into Globe, following their dads footsteps, all three children were involved in Junior Rodeos. I got started helping with the Arizona Jr. Rodeo, in Globe. I was able to get lots of things donated for prizes. This included two saddles, spurs, and numerous other things. I became their chairman and my main interest was to see that the junior contestants got paid for what

they won. Many junior rodeos would take so much money out for the rodeo stock that there wasn't much left for the contestants. I was very familiar with the American Junior Rodeo Association, so I started contacting them for help. They said Arizona needed to form their own Association, then they would have rules that contestants and stock contractors would have to go by. What a job, but I did it. With help from other families, such as Tex Earnhardt, George Mason, John Paddock, Don Martin, the Russeys and the Littles. We finally got enough money to get started. We had meetings, set up rules, then started getting members. These would be all our Junior Rodeo contestants. We were off and running in March of 1966. We went to different towns that had Junior Rodeos and convinced them to make it an AJRA (Arizona Junior Rodeo Assoc.) approved rodeo. We kept points for all the winners and at the end of the year, those who were in the top fifteen with points would compete at our Finals Rodeo. The first year of our competition, the Finals were held inside the Coliseum at the Fairgrounds, in Phoenix, during their State Fair. It was quite a show. How proud we all were. I was the AJRA's secretary-manager for over three years, not including the year or more getting it started. The organization was going really well by then.

We had the rope horses out at the ranch, (Five Slash) on Highway 60. When we weren't using them they were turned loose in a pasture that went up to the highway. Early one morning, about 2:00 a.m., we got a call from the State Highway Dept. that our horses were out on the highway and had been hit with a big lumber truck. Sure enough the horses had crossed a cattle guard that was filled with dirt and the truck had swerved and struck all three and killed them. That kind of put the stop to our junior rodeos for awhile. None of us felt like going to rodeos. Roy was pretty involved with basketball and football then, Lee Ann was in to pom-pom and cheerleading, and Tenna was busy with school.

Back to ranching. Most of the works on the ranch required someone to drive the cattle truck, or four wheel drive pick-up to haul lunches, branding equipment, etc. It was a full time job, but I liked it. I didn't get to ride too much then either. Also, someone had to take kids up to the bus stop and pick them up. There were lots of good things and bad things that happened while at that ranch, but I will let Leroy tell you about them in his history. Probably the scariest time there was when Lee Ann, who was riding with Leroy, had a bad horse accident. Her horse, Candy, got his legs tangled in Oak Brush and fell about 8

ft. down and on her. She had a broken nose and bruises, but came out okay. Scary though!

Being so into ranching, we also became involved in the Cattle Associations. We were members of the Gila County Cattle Growers, the Arizona Cattle Growers, and the National Cattlemen's Assoc. I was a member of the Arizona State Cowbells and helped form Gila County Cowbells in 1971. I went through all the chairs and was their president, in 1976-77. As president of Gila County, I was the director for the State and then went through all the Chairs and Committees of State and became the State President in 1980. As president of the State Cowbells, it gave me a seat on the Board of the Arizona Beef Council. I was very enthusiastic about my duties for them and in 1981 was appointed by the Governor of Arizona to that Board. The Governor at that time was Bruce Babbitt. Me, being a Republican, I wasn't sure he would appoint me. I was re-appointed by Governors Moffett and Mecham before I retired from that Board in 1996. What I am most proud of is that I was also appointed to the National Livestock and Meat Board, in Chicago. I served as Arizona's Beef Director from 1983 until 1996, at which time I retired from that board also. While at the Meat Board, I chaired the Education Committee and the Research Committee, and worked

on promotion. When you saw an ad "Where's the Beef" or "Beef it's What's for Dinner", these are some ads I helped promote.

Even though I was really involved in all these organizations, I still had a job at the ranch. We sold the Five Slash Ranch in early 1972. In October, Joe Bassett said he wanted to sell us our ranch back. On October 2, 1972 we had our old ranch back. Joe had acquired the Bar Eleven too, so we got that too, which made it a bigger and better ranch. The only thing is, we would now live over on the A Cross Road instead of Pinto Creek.

By this time Tenna and Roy were going to College, in Mesa. Roy then tried the University of Arizona, in Tucson, but had professors who didn't have much common sense he said, so he finally decided he was needed more at the ranch. This was true, of course. We had lots of cattle and new country to work and only one other man to help. Lee Ann was in her last year of high school, which she stayed in Globe to finish.

Living over at the Bar Eleven House was pretty nice. We had a water storage tank for all the livestock and for the orchard. This was soon enlarged to become our swimming pool too. It was more work when we had to work cattle over on the Pinto Creek side. Mostly the drive back over there



after you are really tired, but we had some good cattle and did very well. We had a diesel generator that ran all the time so we had modern conveniences. Not like the Five Slash. I got to do a lot more riding here. There was still a lot of truck driving, hauling etc. but a lot of times we took lunch and everything with us when we went. We had pastures we used at Pinto Creek and pastures at the Bar Eleven house, at A Cross. We would truck most of our yearlings to one or the other place, condition them for awhile, then they would be in our pastures until time to ship to the feedlot or to market. Most of our yearlings we kept and fed in a feed yard until they weighed approximately 1100 pounds then they were sold for slaughter. Feeding our own cattle out worked for us and we made more than if we just sold them when we gathered them.

One of the saddest things that happened when we got our old ranch back was the death of Joe Bassett. Joe helped us a lot when we first got back. We bought the ranch from him in Oct. 1972 and in February of 1973 he was gone. We feel he must have known he was not in the best shape when he sold us the ranch back. His wife, Mable, stayed at the headquarters, in Pinto Creek, where they lived, until 1977, at which time we bought the houses and 30 acres back from her. We had come full circle. We had

the house back that we had built, in 1950-51. By this time Roy was ready to settle down and get married. This became his home and Leroy and I stayed at the A Cross house.

Roy married at the Pinto Creek home and the girls both married at the A-Cross place. I won't get into many details about these marriages because they did not take!! All three are happily married now, but to different spouses. We have five grand children and two great grand children. I will talk about that later.

We were very busy with ranching and did not take much time off. We went to the Cattle Growers meetings (State). Leroy occasionally went to a roping, but mostly we worked. We lost my dad, Chester Cooper, (step dad) on December 23rd, 1975. Like Roy Tucker, he died at Christmas time. We buried him on Dec. 26, 1975. Leroy's mother, Georgia, got pretty sick in 1978, even though she wouldn't let anyone know just how sick. She had leukemia and gradually got thinner and sicker. She lived here at Pinto Creek with Fred Martin and his wife, Alma Rae, who was living here at the time. She passed away May 26, 1979. She was 81, at the time. She was so very ill before she died. We also lost Leroy's only Aunt, Willie Jane Timmer. She was Roy Tucker's only sister. She was living in Globe and we were there to check on her twice a week. She later had a lady

to come in and take care of her. She passed away in April 1983. Then sadly, Leroy lost his only sister Betty Alice, to cancer. She had breast cancer that later went into her lungs. She died October, 1991. It was a really sad time for Fred Martin, Betty's son, and Leroy, as well as the rest of us. Everyone loved Betty Alice. I never knew anyone who loved to dance like Betty Alice and her mother, Georgia.

Back to our life. With the land (30 acres) at Pinto Creek, we gave a percentage each year, to our son, Roy, for all his hard work. By the end of 1991 he now owned 50% of the land. We also had several people who wanted to buy some land here. Roy and his wife, Dorie, who he had married in 1987, had shown a desire to try to get out on their own. They had an opportunity when we sold some of the 30 acres. They looked quite a bit in New Mexico, but had friends in Kansas and found a good buy there. They moved to Kansas in 1993, and are still there.

With Roy gone our work crew got smaller. I did get to ride a lot now!! We had a really good man, by the name of Jesus Aguirre. He was a good cowboy and could do other things well too. It was just Leroy, Jesus, and me. It was starting to bother Leroy having me working so hard. Also things were tightening up with the Forest Service and the

environmentalists. We decided maybe it was time to try to sell the ranch and all the hard work. We weren't real sure when we started, but finally decided to go ahead. We tried for several months and in November, 1994 we finally sold. The buyers were Pryor Sanborn and his wife, Marvelene, from Chandler. They had a farm there but were buying a ranch for their son, Ricky. We sold with what is called a 1031 exchange. This is when the money for this ranch is exchanged for another ranch. After looking quite awhile, we also found, with Roy's help, a good ranch, in Kansas. It is different than ranches here. There, you own the land and can do what you want with it. For instance, every spring, just before Easter, we burn off all the old grass. New grass comes back within a week. We have great hunting on it too. Lots of big bucks. They pay big money to hunt on your land. We also did an exchange on our cattle. We got new cattle in Kansas. Roy was there to take care of them. We just moved from the ranch house, at A-cross to our home at Pinto Creek. That is where we still live. We do go to Kansas for the branding and shipping, etc. Now, we have sold our cattle to Roy and they just pay us a grazing fee for using our land. I guess you would say we are a little retired.

We spend a lot of time keeping this place watered and green. We do go three or four times a year to Kansas to help and spend time with our granddaughters. We thought of maybe moving, but with Mother, Phoebe Cooper, in a rest home, in Globe, I didn't want to leave her. She passed away May 30<sup>th</sup>, 2004. She was 96. She was quite a woman. We have talked since she passed away, and we decided we will probably spend the rest of our lives right here, in Pinto Creek. Leroy helps neighbors. Not too much riding anymore. No cattle on the forest around here, at this writing. We spend time with our other grandchildren all boys, and now have two great granddaughters. We stay busy, but can relax if we want too.

We are both in good health. I have an ache here and there. Maybe from falling off my horse when he jumped a catclaw and I wasn't expecting it. Or maybe when he turned one way and I went the other. Nothing serious though, like Leroy. He has had three serious falls with horses and one off a ladder. Fractures in his neck, ribs and shoulders, and tore the ligaments in his knee, but he's tough!! We are really well and grateful.

Time has gone by since I first started this history, so I will try to finish now. First, we are now back to ranching!! Let me explain. Finally, they are allowing

cattle back on the Forest. We now have cattle on the old Two Bar Ranch, that belongs to Perry Bassett, but was formerly the Neil Lyall place. Leroy decided he wanted to ranch some more, so we bought some cattle and then had to spend many hard days putting the waters and fences back in shape. The cattle had all been taken off. The flood of 9/9 2002 went through and of course all the pipelines washed out, also fences.

We have a pretty good bunch of cattle and have a partner, who also has some cattle there. It is good to be ranching again, BUT it doesn't leave much time to do other things. I am hoping we will take our cattle off sometime, but not until Leroy is finished ranching. I don't think that will happen until he isn't able to ride. You don't expect to have the beautiful spring every year as we did the year we started again. I hope we can relax more and start doing some cruises or something. We celebrated our 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, in May, of 09, and I hope we can do some traveling before we get too old to enjoy it.

One of the big things that has changed since I started writing this is another ranch exchange. We have now sold our ranch, in Kansas, and now have a ranch in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. It is different than the one in Kansas, but as Roy is the Manager and will have the cattle,

it better suits him. He still likes that dry Arizona climate and N. M. is more like Arizona than Kansas.

I'm sure there will be much more history to report as time goes by, but that is enough for now.

One of the big things that has changed since I started writing this is another ranch exchange. We have now sold our ranch, in Kansas, and now have a ranch in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. It is different than the one in Kansas, but as Roy is the Manager and will have the cattle, it better suits him. He still likes that dry Arizona climate and N. M. is more like Arizona than Kansas.

I'm sure there will be much more history to report as time goes by, but that is enough for now.



## **COVER IDENTIFICATION**

### **FRONT COVER**

Top - Jan & Jim Edgerton - Ready to ride

Middle Left - Lynn Sheppard - Waiting his turn to rope

Middle Right - Dale Cline - Observing the situation

Bottom - Leroy & Velma Tucker - Ready for the day

### **BACK COVER**

Top Left - Don Martin - Branding

Top Right - Don & Mrs. Martin - Enjoying Easter with a grandchild

Middle Left - Laveen Cowbelles - Selling tickets to buy bricks for the cottages at Arizona Boys' Ranch are four members of the Laveen Cowbelles, who are staging a Western Dance at Bud Brown's Barn. Left to right are Mesdames Ted Robb, D.E. Overfield, D.H. Overfield, D.H. Taylor, and Art Hay. The Cowbelles organizations throughout the state have made the Arizona Boys' Ranch near Chandler their project for the year.

Middle Center - Eileen Marks

Middle Right - Calvin & Anna Mae Peace - Celebrating their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary

Bottom Left - Dorothy & Steve Bixby - Receiving a plaque from Gila County Cattle Growers for all their years in the cattle industry

Bottom Center - Velma Tucker - With her Brahmas

Bottom Right - Frank & Ty Shelton - 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, February 2004

### **INSIDE BACK**

A Days Work on a Ranch





