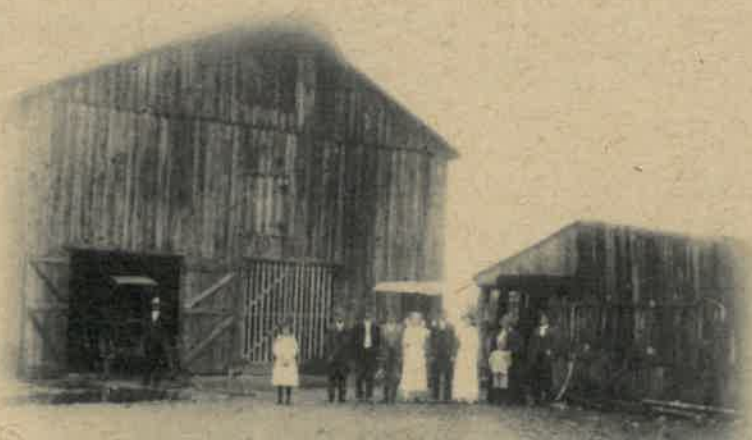




**ARIZONA  
PIONEER STOCKMEN  
RANCH HISTORIES  
VOLUME XXVI**









# **Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockmen**

**Volume XXVI**

***Compiled by:***  
***Arizona State Cowbelles Association***  
***Arizona National Pioneer Stockmen Association***  
***Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.***

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December 15, 2011

Dear Pioneers,

We are pleased to present Volume Twenty-Six of the Arizona National Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories at our 64<sup>th</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 by Arizona State Cowbelles, Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Association and Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc. A special thank you to Doris French and Janice Bryson for all their assistance in collecting the stories 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 old and new friends today at our luncheon. Enjoy the show!

Sincerely,

Rick Hanger





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January 2012

We are proud to present to you the XXVI volume of the Arizona National's Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories.

This is one of our biggest books and we are so proud of all the Pioneers who made it such a success.

Being able to compile and print these books for your enjoyment is a labor of love by Arizona National Livestock Show and our Cowbelle friend's who get out and help the Pioneers, sometimes with just a little encouragement, and also to help them write their stories.

I personally want to thank those in the Arizona National office for their help in typing and putting together the front and back covers for the book. This is done in addition to their regular work requirements.

We hope you enjoy these Histories of our Arizona Pioneers.

Thank you for supporting this effort to preserve our Arizona History.

Happy Trails

Doris French  
Arizona National Pioneer Stockmen Secretary

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## DOY REIDHEAD

Doy and Leone Reidhead both have a rich history in the ShowLow area where her parents homesteaded and ran a cattle forest permit in the little town of Linden about 8 miles west of ShowLow. Leone's father was James Lowell Pearce who was from the first family in Taylor in 1876. Both Doy and Leone's Great-Grandparents came in with the pioneers from Salt Lake City. The John Reidhead family started the town of Lonepine, where Doy's Grandfather Charlie Oscar Reidhead was born. He was the first white child born in this part of the country. They then moved up closer to the pine trees for more moisture for the crops they would raise. They built a cabin and named the valley, "The Reidhead Valley." The Apaches killed his partner so they moved into the town of Adair which is now known as ShowLow. Charlie Oscar married Margaret Kay and had 10 children, their oldest being Charles Royal, whom everyone called Roy. He was Doy's father.

Doy Reidhead was born in ShowLow, Arizona in Navajo County, on November 23, 1933. He was born in a big brick home that his Grandpa and Grandma had built. It was built about 1918 and is the only pioneer home that is still standing and good enough to live in.



In 1938, Doy was about 5 years old and there was a five year old girl who he got acquainted with as they played happily in the barn waiting for his father to collect a loose horse that had been found by her brother. A few years later when he was about 12, he saw this girl again and thought she looked pretty good in the pants she was wearing. Another few years went by and he was at a Snowflake High School Dance sitting it out as a horse had fallen on his leg and broke it. He watched her dance and being a creative young man who wasn't to be deterred by a mere broken leg, managed to be in a pickup with his cousin taking two young ladies home, one of them the object of his desire, was forced to sit on his lap in the crowded cab. They were married on March 23, 1951 at her home in Linden, at the age of 17 just before they graduated from Snowflake High School.

Due to their being married before they graduated from high school, Doy had to find a job. Being only 17 years old, it was almost impossible. He got a cowboy job working for Senator Bill Bourdon. He enjoyed the big ranch cowboy job. However, that would not last long. He found out he was going to become a father and the cowboy income was only \$175.00 a month. He had a \$75.00 a month car payment. He talked Bill into buying his big gray horse, named Kid, his

bridle, the saddle blankets and the saddle. He went to his dad and borrowed \$200.00, sold the car and went to St. Johns and bought a Chevy truck. He then borrowed a trailer from his Uncle Bruce Reidhead and started buying and selling lumber to the farmers in Phoenix. Doy worked in the lumber business for 25 years. He ran a crew that spent a great deal of time cutting and hauling logs, sawmilling, and selling lumber.

In Doy's younger years as a logger, he loved to go mountain lion hunting. He had hound dogs and four or five friends who loved to lion hunt as well. One day they came home with five lions. This was a huge help to the ranchers in the higher country as the lions would often wipe out a calf crop. He not only hunted lions but would nearly always bring home a deer. He even tried his art of roping a bear cub. In the top of a pine tree is a rope that had a bear on the end of it. That bear was a smart one and figured out how to get loose.

Doy loved the mountains, and the work. There were many challenges and he enjoyed it, but he had always wanted to be a rancher. He wanted to be on the wide open range where he could see his cattle for miles around. In his travels, he got acquainted with Bud Greer who talked Doy into buying his little ranch on the Milky. It is about 20

miles east of Holbrook. He was able to buy some older cows from the San Carlos Apache Tribe that had the ID brand on them. Every one of those old cows had a nice pretty calf.

One spring morning in 1975, Doy drove to Holbrook. He had heard of the Rulon Goodman ranch being up for sale. He visited with Rulon to get all the information. Doy always said, "This logging business is going to buy me a cow ranch someday". Doy had a friend by the name of Howard Ramsey who had told him, "If you ever want to sell your logging business I would be interested in buying it". Doy called Howard and the sale started. He called Marlin Maxwell who had been wanting a small ranch and sold the Milky. Doy was now on his way to Holbrook to be a rancher. The watering places all needed repaired but the ranch did have 500 head of heifers that were ready to calve. The cattle were Black Angus and bald faced Black Angus. Doy thought the Beefmaster breed would be better cattle. It took some time but he had a herd built up before too long. The ranch had a place with a well and an undeveloped farm. They built a holding dam and irrigation system with lots of leveling and started a 150 to 200 acre farm. A hail storm wiped them out one year, the bugs took over, maybe not enough fertilizer and some years too much moisture. The farming business didn't make a change in paying for the ranch but



it did produce feed for the feedlot that he put in by the farm. He would put the calves in the feedlot and get them looking better before he sold them. He also kept the bulls and sold them for a fair price.

Doy continued to expand his ranch when he bought the Richard Gibson ranch and with that, several forest permits. He had to have a place to run the cattle. He had about 3,000 head of cattle. The ranch ran from east of Holbrook to the Apache Reservation line. The forest permits ran 1,053 head. He did a great deal to improve the mountain allotments. He dug a lot of small tanks with his front end loader to help with the water situation. He also built a trick corral to capture the wild horses that were running rampant. The government was able to sell over 140 head of wild horses that he trapped on these forest permits.

The forest permits were pretty rugged and rough. The cattle could find many places to hide out and avoid being gathered. Luckily Doy had a solution. He always took a pair of Catahoula hounds with him at gathering time. One year he was thrown from his horse while roping and broke his ribs. He had cattle to gather so he took his dogs and headed for the mountain. As it turns out he gathered most of the mountain that year without ever having to break into a lope. The dogs would sniff out the cattle and head out

and get around them. The female dog would stay and hold the small group while the male dog would come back to get Doy. If the cattle ever broke into a run he would put the dogs on them. When gathering time was over, he could account for every animal. The dogs were a great help to him.

Doy was President of the Northern Arizona Cattlegrowers for at least two terms. He held several good meetings along with some big dinners and even a few Christmas parties. In 1985, the government wanted to give the Navajos more land. The ranch on most of the east side of Doy's ranch consisted of BLM leases. Doy has an extreme fear of flying but he crawled on an airplane and flew to Washington, D.C. to try to save the ranch from the Navajo Relocation Program, but to no avail. The government took all of the east side, the home, the barns, the corrals and the arena. They traded the deeded land that a man by the name of Raymond Fitzgerald owned at Pinta and kicked us out giving our ranch to Fitzgerald. We had paid Rulon off but still owed for the rest. Doy decided that he would build a home on the Jeffers ranch that was west of Holbrook. He traded Bob Carlock a section at what is called West Camp for a section nearer to town and utilities.

Doy has always taken advantage of taking care of the feed grown on the ranch. Through proper management and cattle rotation, he never let the land get in poor shape, and he made sure that it was properly stocked to avoid over grazing. With help from the Navajo County eradication program he cleared approximately 4,000 acres of cedar trees. He built about 20-30 miles of fence to make the pastures easier for rotation and gathering. He dug 4 new wells. One of which was a solar powered well. He also relined the water tanks so they would not leak. Doy also cleaned the dirt water tanks by the dozens.

After about two years of owning the forest permits, they started being reduced to half. These were good rain years. Why the reduction? Essentially the reason was that government agencies had teamed up with the environmentalist groups and were concentrating on raising elk and doing away with all logging and ranching. The elk ate the feed so they got rid of the cattle.

When we bought the Gibson Ranch the interest was very high. The cattle prices went way down and then we had loco-weed come. It seemed to grow like a meadow. The cows just craved it. The cows not only ate the loco when it was green but continued to eat it when it was dry. Green or brown makes no difference to the effect it has on an



animal. We did not get sufficient rain which lead to being low on feed. The cows would slip their calves and the calf crop dropped to a record low. The elk took over and brought in a disease to the herd. When the government said, "There will be no cows by 2005", we knew first hand what they were talking about. We saw some real bad years. The expenses for running the ranch were costing more and more every year. Doy had always worked his two boys and an Indian or two and he finally had to let them all go. We worked very hard but were never able to get ahead of all the hardships. Doy finally sold the Richard Gibson portion of the ranch to a man by the name of Steve Bragg and eventually sold West Camp to John Siebert. He finally ended up selling the Jeffer's Ranch to his grandson Kiley. Now he has a few sections to run horses.

Doy has always had a great love for horses and has always had twice as many (or more) than was really needed. He roped even when he logged and loved to go to rodeos where he roped the heels for the team roping event. He went to all of the little jackpot ropings he could find and was even banned from a few because he was the top hand in the country at the time. He has won over 50 belt buckles, seven saddles and numerous other prizes. He placed and won in several ropings where he was awarded money. Doy has

raise and trained on many a good quarter horse to be used for roping. Has always rode a good fast paced horse and has sold several to men who wanted to try their skills at roping. He sold one of his horses to the World Champion Heeler who rode him for three years at the National Finals Rodeo in Las Vegas, NV. He taught two of his boys and his two youngest daughters how to rope. The two sons and one daughter traveled with their Dad to many a roping. Doy now has grandsons and granddaughters who can rope as well.

Leone has faithfully been by Doy's side for close to 59 years. They have eight children: Michael Doy (Helen Hawkins), Linford Jim (Tamra Gaines), Paula (David Farr), Teele Jay (Elizabeth Jordan), Konnie (James William Kolnsberg), Molli Ann (Tom Haught), Buffi Jo (Laren Flake), and Karalyn. In addition to eight children they have been blessed with 34 grandchildren and 34+ great grandchildren. The long line of a rich heritage will be continued.

Doy still has a few sections of land, a few head of cattle and plenty of horses. He wakes every morning and heads for the barn to make sure that his animals are tended. Doy has always been a man who got up each day and went to work. He has contributed a great deal to the ranching community and has always been what the story books would call, "a cowboy".





## **JAMES L. AMALONG**

I, James Lewis Amalong was born June 21, 1933, in Douglas, Cochise County, Arizona. My parents were James Walter Amalong and Virginia May Lindsey. I was born in an apartment on F Avenue. I was named after my dads' father (James Lewis Amalong). His wife was "Charlotte Josephine Green." There was a depression going on at the time of my birth. My mother said, a friend of the family called me "Depression" and said I looked like a dried up apricot. I weighed 4 pounds and 7 ounces, at birth.

At the time of my birth, my family lived in a two room lumber house, with a wood shingle roof. It was in the Riggs Settlement, about a quarter of a mile from my Grandma Amalongs home, at the foot of the Chiricahua Mountains, on the west side. This house had belonged to my dad's brother Virgal who died in World War I from German Measles, or pneumonia caused from them. I didn't know my granddad or my grandmother. My granddad died in 1913 and my grandmother died in 1935, when I was only a little over two years old.

I ended up with 3 brothers and 3 sisters. Bob Walter, Gloria Athita, (Me, James Lewis), Ellen Ruth, Mary Jane, Jerry Joseph, and Steve Allen, according to our ages, with

Bob being the oldest and Steve the youngest. Our house was enlarged some, by my dad building another room on the south side of the house and a porch. He also added a closed in porch on the north side. We boys slept out quite a lot. We slept under a big black walnut tree with a big canvas tarp over our bed and slept in an out building we called the corn house, where we stacked corn stalks for our cows. We had a three holer outhouse which had a big hole on each side and a baby sized hole in the middle. It was painted green. We also slept in a tent some, and in a twelve by twelve foot building which was originally Dads' Homestead house. It was painted green also and we referred to it as the Green House. It was also used as a tool shed. Dad homesteaded a section of land which is in what is known as the Kansas Settlement. This property was around 20 some miles from our home. We drove 40 to 100 some cattle from our home to this pasture at least once a year, and back home. It was mostly done on foot, and with the car part of the way. We would start out driving them on foot, early in the morning, and dad would stay around home and catch up on his work, then around noon, he and mother would show up with our lunch. We could rest in the car while we ate.

We also drove 6 horses to this pasture. They were not broken to ride, but were used to pull farm equipment,

except for one. Old Brownie, was a horse anyone could ride any time. We used him some, while driving the cattle. We would drive the cattle around 10 miles to a dirt tank, called the Deep Well. Here we would give the cattle a rest and let them fill up on water. After a short rest we would continue our trip. This trip took around 8 hours as I remember. On these trips, one of us would carry a 22 rifle and kill a jack rabbit or so, or maybe a cotton tail rabbit. We would eat the cotton tails when we got home, and the jack rabbits, we would skin and hammer up with the back of an axe, and feed them to the chickens and dogs.

One of these times when we had Old Brownie with us, we were having a lot of trouble with other cattle coming in and mixing with ours. I got worried and put my sister, Ellen Ruth on Old Brownie to get Dad. He was building fence across the pasture, in the car. Ellen was around 8 years old, so I figured she wouldn't have any trouble doing this. When Dad got there, he jumped all over me. He said Brownie's bridle didn't have a chin strap, and Ellen couldn't get him to stop.

On one occasion, as I was growing up, I rode Old Brownie bareback. I hadn't run him before and I got brave. All of a sudden, I found myself laying on my back in a

mesquite bush looking up at Old Brownie's belly. He was just standing there, waiting for me to get back on him.

I had a scary experience when I was around 7 year old. We had a mother hen with baby chicks in a wooden orange crate turned upside down, with a little over an inch of space between slats. I was sitting on the crate, feeding them some scraps, when a new born calf came up to me and was sniffing me, wondering what I was, I guess. About this time, his mama came running over there and started bellering and shaking her head up and down in my face. This is the time I really moved out. I was only around two or three hundred feet from the house where mother was watching. I was barefooted as I usually was, and I really ran to mother. She asked me if I was scared? I said no, but my feet sure hurt. What made things worse, was the cow had big red rings around her eyes and she really looked mean.

One of our old milk cows, we called Old Jersey, was quite a character. She gave around 2 or 3 gallons of milk at a milking. She wouldn't come in to be milked. We had to go out and get her. Occasionally we could get her to come up by calling her, but not always. This one time, I, being barefooted a nearly always, I went out in the field to get her. I got on her back and we headed in to the



corral. I spotted something shiny on the ground in front of her and got off her back, and as I was leaning over to pick up whatever I'd seen, she put her head against my rump and gave me a boot and took off walking to the corral. The thing was she pitched me into a patch of bullhead stickers. It took me quite a while to get out of that patch and get on my way. I'd get them out of my feet, take a step and pick up some more.

Another of my learning experiences I had, was when my dad decided I was big enough to use a two horse team and ride the scratch harrow. I did real good for about two rounds in the field, when all of a sudden I had decided too late to turn the horses around at the fence. I turned too sharp and the harrow flipped up and landed on the rump of the two horses. Dad saw it, and I didn't realize he could run so fast. He got over there real fast. The horses were dancing around of course with that metal against their rump. It's a wonder they didn't get hurt. Dad got hold of their bits, and between the two of us, we got the harrow off the horses and back on the ground. After that, Dad decided he had better do the harrowing.

There were many times I milked 10 cows before going to school and when I got home. They were not tame cows either. We had to tie them up, pull their tail between

their legs, put our head in the hollow of their hip and push hard, and milk with one hand. Most of them gave only around a gallon of milk. We had a big 2 or 3 gallon cream separator, which we used every day. We would separate the cream from the milk except for what we drank, and make butter, and have cream for our peaches and cream for our strawberries, sugar, and cream etc. The thin milk, we would feed to the chickens with laying mash and we would feed it to the hogs, dogs, etc.

We also butchered our own beef, hogs, chickens, and turkeys, as well as rabbits we raised. We also had goats we milked and butchered for meat. We would butcher a beef or hog, get it inspected by an inspector, and peddle them around Bowie, Douglas, Bisbee, Willcox and other places. We also had a fruit orchard with peaches, pears, and apples mostly. We would go to all the above places as well as to Tucson to peddle this fruit. We kids would go from door to door, as well as our parents. We got 10 cents a pound for the fruit. People also came to our home and picked their own fruit. We had signs posted out at the Highways, a quarter of a mile from our home.

We were always busy around our home place. If we weren't milking cows, we were milking goats. If we weren't working the horses, we were throwing rocks on a trailer,

from the field. As the years went along we gathered all the rocks we found in the field and stacked them near the house. They were being stored to build a rock house, which wasn't completed until quite a while after I left home and got married.

The one job I hated most was cleaning the chicken houses. The manure would get four or more inches deep and we would shovel it out and put it in our garden. The bad part was the lice or mites. The first thing we would do was have someone go in the chicken house in the morning before the chickens were let out, and hand out the chickens one by one, whereas someone would douse them with lice powder or would dip them in a tub of ashes and be sure the wood ashes would cover all their body. After the chickens were all de-liced, we would spray the chicken house, roost and all, with diesel fuel or brush it on. We sometimes used plain old engine oil which had been drained from a vehicle. Those lice would sure get all over you and make you itch. Then was a time for a good old bath in a washtub.

During my years at home with my parents, we went through many changes. From kerosene wick lamps, to kerosene mantle lamps (Aladdin lamps), to gasoline lanterns, to gasoline lamps with shades, and finally to electric

lights. We never got electricity until I was almost out of high school in 1949. We went from a washtub and rub board to a gasoline operated washing machine with a hand wringer to a gasoline one with a motor driven wringer, and not until I had married and moved from the home place, did I see an electric washing machine, then finally an automatic electric one. We farmed with mules, then horses, then we used an old Overland car with a homemade flat rack to pull farm equipment, and finally a BN Farmall Tractor. We went from a flat iron, heated on top of a wood stove to a gasoline heated iron that would burn your fingers from the heat it put out. Then finally to an electric iron which you had to keep unplugging to keep it from burning your clothes, then to an automatic iron, and then to an electric steam iron. There was also a mangle iron that came in there someplace. We cooked and heated on a wood stove with a warming oven over the back of the stove. We had to haul the ashes out every few days. We had a five gallon can to collect the ashes in and when the can got full, we would take it out in the orchard and garden and scatter the ashes all over the ground. It was supposed to help make the soil better. We also kept a pan of ashes out by the chicken house for the chickens to fluff their feathers in to get rid of some of those lice.

I can remember of three times that our house roof caught fire. My dad would start the fire with paper and these times the house caught fire, were from blazing paper going up the chimney and lighting on those dried roof shingles. After patching the burns, we finally ended up with a roof covered with corrugated sheet metal. Dad finally got mother a new kerosene cook stove with a little oven that sat over a burner to bake in. It was sure cooler cooking on it than it was on the wood stove, but the fumes from the kerosene sure burned your eyes. Finally mother got a butane cook stove, which was a real improvement. We still heated with the wood stove. After I left home, my mother got an electric cook stove, which was great.

In 1950, my sister-in-law, Ruthie Pearl (Hicks) Amalong, wife of my brother Bob, got me to write to her niece, Alice Virginia Brewer, who lived by the Gila River, between Hayden, and Ray, Arizona. The town of Kearney which was founded in 1967 is now right across the river from where Alice lived. Ruth new that Alice and I were both bashful, and decided we would make a good pair. We wrote to each other for about one year before we saw each other. Bob and Ruth spent Christmas with Alice's family and took me with them. I liked what I saw, but we were so bashful we hardly spoke to one another. We just eyed each

other. The next year, I saw Alice only a few times, when I went with Bob and Ruth to visit or when Alice and her family would come to visit with Bob and Ruth and I would happen to be there. The first time I took Alice on a date, was to a dance, but I also had to take her 2 sisters: Myrtle and Annie. We all had a good time and a lot of fun. The dance was held at Hayden.

When I started visiting Alice on my own, I went in my dad's new 1951 Chevrolet Pickup, and I would take my sister Ellen Ruth with me for moral support. I was so afraid of Alice's parents that I would drive on by their turn-off, turn around and go back to the turn-off, pass by it and finally get up enough nerve to turn off. Once Alice's dad told me the next time a boy came to see his daughter, he was going to get out his twelve gauge and see what would happen. Of course this didn't help my nervousness. I would help Alice's dad work in the garden or whatever work he was doing so I would hopefully get on his good side.

I graduated from Valley Union High School, in Elfrida, Arizona, May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1951. Within a week after graduating, I went to Pueblo, Colorado, to the Midwestern College of Commerce, to learn Railroad Telegraphy. We were guaranteed a job on the railroad when we finished the course. The fee was \$250.00 for the course. I took a Greyhound Bus to make



the trip. When I arrived at Pueblo, I ate my first Chinese meal, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I then found the college and met the Honcho, Mr. J.E. Chostner, who wore a patch over one eye. He suggested to me, and several other boys that there was a good place to stay, only a few blocks from the College, known as Julie Lamias. We later named it Julie Lamias' Flop House. She was a real big, heavy woman, way over 300 pounds. The board and room was \$60.00 a month. The address was: 163 Central Main. This place was a two story building with a basement. There was between twelve and fifteen boys that were staying there. The Mexican boys lived in the basement. I was on the top story most of the time, but later moved to the main floor. When we arrived in Pueblo, we were warned to stay away from several areas, because of crime and murders quite regular. Pueblo was a steel town, with people from every walk of life.

After going to school for a while, I got a job with a Janitor Supply. I mixed and made floor cleaners and made other cleaners. I also made deliveries of cleaning supplies, floor polishers and sanders as well as other things to do with floors. I worked at this job for quite awhile, only working around 3 hours in the evening after school. I lost interest in going to school and went to

work for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corp. I started working shift work and gave up school completely. My job with this corporation was at first, drilling filings from a steel sample, grinding it up and putting small amounts in a little envelope and giving it to the chemists to check for content. I only did this for a little more than a week and advanced to a Third Chemist. My job here was checking the samples for the content of Copper, Sulphur, and Silicon. It was an easy job and I really enjoyed it.

In November of 1951, I got sick and went to an old Doctor by the name of White, in Pueblo to see what my problem was. I had been sick that way before, when I was living in Miami, Arizona, and when I was home in Arizona. I had gone to different doctors and they, at least two of them, gave me some red liquid to take that tasted like orange peeling. It never did me any good. But the Doctor in Pueblo had me drink some kind of chalky stuff and put me in front of a machine that he could see my insides on a television screen. He told me that I had an ulcer and my gall bladder was not working like it should. He had me take some medication mixed with a milk shake or malt, every evening for a couple of weeks or a month and he then operated on me. He cut a gash about 4 inches or more long, because he thought he might have to cut on my ulcer. He

said that my ulcers had healed considerably, so he only took out my gall bladder. My mother and dad came to Colorado during my operation, saw some sights, and after 3 days they went back home. That operation solved my problem.

At the time I went to work for Colorado Fuel and Iron the steel yard was full of the old train steam engines, and the steel mill was turning them back into new steel. It was a time when the steam engines were going out and the diesel engines were coming in. I rode a city bus to and from work. When I got to the steel yard, I had to walk a long way to the laboratory. During the winter there, I wore a big heavy Mackinaw coat. By the time I left the bus and got to the lab, my hands were so cold I could hardly move them.

I moved out of Lamias' after she tried to make me pay my board and room over a week ahead, just because she had a creditor there at the time wanting some money. I moved to 1321 East Eighth St., to a boarding house owned by Ina Bryson. The board and room there was \$80.00, but it was well worth it. Ina would get up anytime, night or day, when I got off work, and fix me a meal. Also the atmosphere was a whole lot better than Lamias'. I didn't have a car while in Pueblo so I didn't get out of town

much. I did go to Colorado Springs and Canon City, Colorado with a buddy, and I went to a place where I could see the Royal Gorge, with a couple of buddies. I got to go to Amarillo, Texas, when a used car dealer got about 6 of us boys to go with him from Pueblo to Amarillo to drive back some used cars. He paid us each \$5.00 and bought our meals as well as paid for an overnight in a motel.

When I gave up my Railroad Telegraphy schooling, all I lacked before being able to go to work for the railroad was, I hadn't learned all the railroad rules in their rule book. I had gone through around half of the book. I could send and receive 25 words a minute on the telegraph key and could type 90 words a minute, and could spell pretty good, which were some of the requirements.

After spending 9 months in Colorado, I was getting awful lonesome for my girlfriend, Alice Virginia Brewer, so I gave up my job I loved, to be closer to my girlfriend. After my train ride home, I went to work with my brother Bob and his father-in-law, Lewis Hicks. They both followed construction. My first job with them was as a Guinea Chaser. I went in front of the blade that Lewis was driving and showed him how deep to cut. After he bladed over the stake, I would uncover the stake and put a lath by it. We were working on the Davis-Monthan Air Base in

Tucson, Arizona. I next went with Bob and Lewis and their families, to Beaver, Utah where we did a road job and then went to Great Falls, Montana. They got a job but I didn't get one. I then came back to Miami, Arizona where I went to work for the Castle Dome Copper Co. I started there as a ball mill operator, then went to a flotation operator, and occasionally a retreatment operator. While I was working there, I lived with my Uncle Jack and Aunt Margaret Lindsey. Jack was my mothers' oldest brother. While I was working there, I married my girlfriend of about 4 years, Alice Virginia Brewer. We were married in the Trinity Baptist Church in Globe, Arizona, on June 13, 1953. My best man was Bob Marshall and Alice's bridesmaid was her sister, Annie Laurie Brewer. Alice and I lived for a while with my Uncle Jack and Aunt Margaret, until we were able to rent a Government Apartment in Claypool, Arizona between Miami and Globe, Arizona. I quit my job with Castle Dome and Alice and I were packing up our belongings on October 31, 1953 to go to work for Isabell Construction at McNary, Arizona. I didn't get to work but about a month and they got snowed out. Alice and I had moved into Murphie's Cabins in Lakeside, Arizona. We got cold and hungry for a while, then I got a chain saw on credit from a guy and we started cutting wood for a living. We were getting \$10.00

a cord for pine and \$12.00 for oak. We got along fair for a while and then, some guys came in and sold wood for \$8.00 and \$10.00 per cord. This put us out of business, so I went to work for a roofer by the name of Johnny Davis. I worked hard for him but all we got out of it was some food and a place to live. Alice and I had a 1946 Chevrolet, club coop and a 1947 Ford flatrack truck. Alice's dad had given us the truck. It came in handy for hauling wood and for hauling equipment for roofing. While working with Johnny, we lived in Snowflake and Aripine, Arizona. Johnny got me in trouble while I was working with him. He handled all the money and whenever I needed parts for the truck, I would ask him if we had enough money in the bank to cover it. I had to write three different checks for truck parts. The checks were \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00. They all bounced after he had told me we had enough in the bank to cover them. Evidently he had some checks bounce before mine because a day or two before I got in trouble, the Police picked him up when we were loading up roofing supplies. They put him in jail and told me to try to finish our roofing job so we could pay off his checks. The next day, I stopped by the jail to let him know what I and our hired hand had done, when the Sheriff told me to park our truck. I parked it and he said that I was under arrest. My three



checks had bounced. I had to spend the night in the Holbrook Jail but we were let out to finish our motel job in Sanders, Arizona. I then went to work for the Forest Service at Overgard, a few miles from Aripine. I pruned trees for a week for ten dollars a day, got enough money to come back to Miami, Arizona. I looked for a job with no avail. We rented a small house by Alice's Uncle Arthur and Aunt Lorene Brewer. We had no luck, so we went to Tucson for a while and stayed with my brother Bob and his wife Ruthie Pearl. While there, I got Bob to sign for me to get a \$500.00 loan so we could pay for the bad checks in Snowflake, to finish paying for my chain saw, and to get our 1946 Chevrolet back which the law was holding until things were paid off there. Next, Alice and I went to Alice's folks place on the Gila River below Hayden. We lived off them while I was looking for a job in the area. I got a job working in the Mill in Hayden, working as an electrical helper. Alice and I finally got a house in Hayden. It was called a shotgun house. You could stand at one end and shoot all the way through the house and not hit the house. While we lived in Hayden, Alice had an appendicitis attack when she was 7 months pregnant. The doctor said if she didn't have an operation, she and the baby could both die, and if she had the operation she could

lose the baby. She had the operation and did fine. While she was in the hospital in Ray, Arizona, her parents house burned down. Their house was made of railroad ties so they made a mighty hot fire. They saved practically nothing. January 12, 1955 our first baby was born. We named him Gary James Amalong. He only lived 21 days. When the baby got sick and kept crying, we got worried and called the doctor, a company doctor, and he came and checked him out. He decided we needed to get him to the office where there was oxygen, etc. When we got there, I noticed Gary turning purplish like he wasn't getting enough air. The doctor grabbed an oxygen mask and put it on him and the oxygen tank was empty. He got another tank and got it working, but then Gary only took a few breaths and died. The doctor tried to resuscitate him, but it was no use. The doctor called it a heart attack. We buried Gary in the cemetery in Globe, Arizona. I came close to getting electrocuted while working at Hayden. I got too close to a big power switch that I thought was dead. It wasn't, and the guy I was with told me that kind of power was known to jump 16 inches or better. He told me to be thankful I had some good rubber soled shoes on. After that close call and a bunch of ruckus, I quit my job there, after a year and a half, and we moved to Willcox, Arizona where I got a job

with the State Highway Department on the survey crew. Alice and I got us a little 1947 trailer house and lived by my sister Gloria Kuhn and her husband Jay Kuhn. Later on we got us a 8' by 40', 1956 trailer. Our next child, Nancy Gail was born in 1958 in Willcox. In 1960 I quit the State Highway and started following construction as a carpenter. I had to join the Carpenters Union, which cost around \$30.00 a month. I worked in the Willcox area, the Safford area, near Duncan, by Pima, at Mammoth, 9 miles north of Globe and various other places. While I was working construction our second daughter, Karen Alice was born. I also worked at Vail, Arizona for Construction Components, where I helped build prefabricated houses. The last place I worked on construction as a carpenter was south and east of Willcox. I was working on adding to the AEPCO power plant, for a contractor by the name of McKee. I then decided I had enough moving around so I put in for a job with the State Highway, hoping to get on the Construction Dept. I got a letter from the District Engineer, saying there were no openings there but they could sure use me back on the Engineering Crew. So I went back to work for them, and put in 12 more years for them.

Our next babies came in 1964. It was a set of twin girls. We named them Brenda Jean and Debra Jane. They

were born pre-mature so we had to leave them in the hospital in Tucson for some time. Then in 1972 we got our son Duane Matthew Amalong. He was our last child.

In 1975 we started work on building a Burnt Adobe Home. We bought burnt adobes from a dealership in Mexico. The man was named Cruz Teneyo. Members of the Mormon Church in Willcox, and my father-in-law, Del Bert Brewer helped us in the building of this home. We moved into it in 1976, and are still living in it.

In April 1976, the State Highway had me transferred to a job in Green Valley, Arizona. While I was working there, Gordon Sloan, an electrical engineer that worked for the Sulphur Springs Valley Electrical Company in Willcox, knowing I didn't care much about working for the state, told me that there was an opening with SSVEC which he figured was a job I would like. It was working on the staking crew, staking out electric power lines, running a transit and doing various survey work. I liked the idea and I quit the state on April 9<sup>th</sup> on a Friday and went to work for SSVEC on April 12<sup>th</sup>, 1976. I put in 21 years for them and retired on January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1997.

The most interesting job, and the longest job, I worked on for SSVEC was a 50 mile job, starting at McNeal, Arizona and going almost to New Mexico. This job went

through some very rough country. We had to hike long distances through real thick mesquite brush, packing our various equipment, such as an EDM survey instrument, legs for it, sights that would extend 20 some feet, iron pins, hammers, stakes, reflectors on rods, for shooting distances and line, our lunches etc. There were very few places where we had a road or even a place where we could drive our four wheel drive vehicles. I ran the instrument most of the time, turning angles and reading distances to section corners, Geodetic survey markers, property corners etc. to tie our line in for easements and the like. Our survey crew stayed in trailers and campers in a park north of Douglas, by the Cochise County Fair Grounds. We would go home on the week-ends. We got our gas for our vehicles in Douglas and got a lot of flat tires fixed there.

While working on this job I had a lot of trouble with my left knee, hurting all the time. Later on in July 1992, I got a knee replacement for that knee. In November 1998, I had my right knee replaced. In October 1996, I had Neurosurgery done on my back. I had 90% of a disc removed, and 1/3 of two others removed, because of arthritis deterioration, where my sciatic nerve was being pinched. August 1, 2002 I had to have the cushion between my left

knee joints replaced. I retired from the SSVEC on January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1997.

In January 2003, I joined the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society and went to work as a volunteer in the Chiricahua Regional Museum, which used to be The Valley Hardware and Lumber Yard. I was shortly made the Treasurer for the Historical Society, and still am as of this date, February 11, 2007.



## **JAMES WALTER AMALONG**

James Walter Amalong was born march 8, 1899 at home in the Riggs Settlement, Cochise County, Arizona, at the base of the Chiricahua Mountains. He was the seventh child of James Lewis Amalong and Charlotte Josephine Green. He was known as Walt or Walter.

Walter worked as a cowboy and farmer most of his life, though he worked at many other jobs too. He was working as a fire guard on a look-out-tower on Fly Peak in the Chiricahua Mountains, when he married Virginia May Lindsey on August 29, 1926. He worked for the Forest Service as a fire fighter and trail blazer out of the Rustler Park Cabins. Walter worked for the C.C.C. and the W.P.A., building the road to Massai Point, and the Wonderland of Rocks, in the Chiricahua Mountains. He helped put up a beacon light base and tower near the Hilltop Mine. He did dynamite work on different jobs. Once while blasting for the beacon light tower, his partner's dynamite fuse went out. Walter re-lit it, and when he jumped behind a boulder for protection, he broke an ankle.

He worked several years building dirt tanks for cattle. He drove a caterpillar pulling a carry-all and using the dozer. He worked for "Drew and Weber" who

contracted the jobs. He worked as a carpenter, building houses between Lowell and Don Luis, Arizona. He worked on building houses for El Paso Natural Gas southeast of Willcox, Arizona. He did Fresno work with horses and mules for various people. He built fence on the Mexican border, southwest of Ajo, Arizona. He helped get Fort Huachuca in condition for activation, building barracks etc. He worked for the Cochise County Highway Department under Bill Moore, and the Arizona Highway Department under Sam Adcock and later under Carlton Gordon. He drove truck and whatever else needed to be done. He helped put the El Paso Natural Gas line in, east of Willcox and through Texas Canyon. In his younger days, he played an Indian on horseback for a movie that was filmed at the base of the Chiricahua Mountains. I don't remember the name of the movie.

While Walter was doing these jobs, he also had a farm and ranch going. It was a good thing that he had a hard working wife and 7 kids. They all had to work hard. Walter and Virginia had four boys and three girls: Bob Walter, born May 22, 1927, Gloria Athita, born November 26, 1929, James Lewis, born June 21, 1933, Ellen Ruth, born July 29, 1935, Mary Jane, born May 31, 1937, Jerry Joseph, born November 6, 1939, and Steve Allen Amalong, born March 15, 1944. All the children were born in Douglas, Cochise

County, Arizona, except for Bob who was born at the X Bar X Bar Ranch in Pinery Canyon, in the Chiricahua Mountains, Arizona.

Walter raised a fruit orchard with apples, pears, peaches, figs, pecans, apricots, and plums. There were blackberries and grapes. There were all types of vegetables: okra, eggplant, sweet potatoes, peanuts, carrots, tomatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, string beans, pinto beans, peas, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, bell peppers, cabbage, potatoes, etc. Also corn, hygeria, and milo maize were grown for feeding the animals. These grains were dry farmed. In other words they got watered when it rained and the creek would come down, whereas some of the water was turned into a big ditch that would direct the water onto the fields. At one time the whole family worked on making more water come onto the fields by building a concrete dam across Pinery Canyon. It took us about 2 years to finish it. It lasted a few years and then a big flood came down and washed it away.

Walter and the family raised cattle, horses, pigs, chickens, goats, and turkeys. Some of the steers were butchered and stamped by the government and was peddled in Bowie, Willcox, Douglas, and other places. The apples and peaches were peddled as far away as Tucson, Arizona. There

were also many people came to the orchard and picked their own. Also cider was made from the cull apples and sold by the quart or gallon. Also people came to Walter Amalongs and bought vegetables, milk, eggs, etc. Virginia made homemade butter, cottage cheese, goat cheese, made some soap and sauer kraut. They salted down their own ham with a smoked salt, which gave the ham a fairly good flavor. Virginia canned everything we didn't eat or sell or share with the relatives. The corn, maize, and hygeria were cut and stored to feed the animals. The pigs got a lot of corn, shelled and cooked in water on the wood stove. The chickens were fed maize and hygeria seeds and fed clabber mixed with laying mash. There was also a big 2 or 3 gallon cream separator that separated the cream and milk fat from the milk. There were some mighty good eats from that cream. Butter, peaches and cream, strawberries sugar and cream, whipped cream etc. The milk that was left after being separated, was fed to the pigs and chickens mixed, with other feed, such as laying mash.

Walter loved hunting and fishing, especially hunting. He had everyone in the family hunting except a couple of the girls that weren't interested. Whenever visitors came around, he would get out the 22 rifles and target practice. They first shot at old cans, then black walnuts, then they

would shoot at cans in the air and then black walnuts in the air. Everyone got to be pretty fair shots from doing this. All the family loved deer meat. In 1948, Walter got carried away and shot 2 extra deer and someone turned him in as killing a doe, which he didn't do. Anyway the game warden showed up with a search warrant. His name was Ralph Morrow (known as Mutt). He matched heads, bodies, and bones. He gave Walter a choice of 3 months in jail or a \$250.00 fine. Walter was going to take the jail but decided that Virginia would get the money somewhere and get him out, so he paid the fine. Mutt took the 2 deer that weren't tagged and donated them to the Cochise County Hospital in Douglas, Arizona. Later a game warden came and took Walter's hunting license away and told him he couldn't hunt for 5 years.

Walter played the guitar some, and the mandolin some, also he could play the fiddle fairly well. When there was a group of people around, visiting, Walter and Virginia would sing some old tunes for them. The Haunted Fall was one of their favorites. Then Walter had some real funny songs he would sing. Everyone enjoyed them. Walter and Virginia loved to dance, and were great at it. Whenever there was a dance somewhere, they loaded up all the kids and went. Many times they had the floor to themselves

while everybody watched them. The ones watching would finally get out on the floor and try their luck at it. One of their favorites was Cotton Eyed Joe, others were The Scottish, and the Varsouvienne. They were also real good at waltzes and polkas. Some of the places they went to dances were: Frontier, McNeal, Dragoon, Ash creek, Out Mexico Way in Willcox, the El Dorado School House, The El Dorado Community Center, The Old "Y" Camp in Pinery Canyon, The Paradise and Portal area, The El Cornado Guest Ranch in Turkey Creek, The Silver Spur Guest Ranch in Bonita Canyon, The Gadsen Hotel in Douglas, Mable Conroy's Old Barn by Douglas and any other place they could go to.

At a New Years dance at "The Old Barn" at midnight a soldier boy tried to kiss Ellen Ruth, one of Walter's daughters. Walter picked him up by the knap of the neck and set him straight about kissing his daughter. He really put fear in that soldier's eyes. Virginia told Walter, after all it was New Years Eve. Walter said that the same guy had knocked off his glasses earlier and didn't say he was sorry or anything.

Walter homesteaded a section of ground about 20 miles west of where he was born. He lived in a little green, one room building on his homestead. I don't think he lived there after he married Virginia. They lived in a 2 room

house only a quarter of a mile west of where he was born. They lived in the house that Walter's brother Virgil lived in before he died in World War I. Walter and Virginia raise their family there. They and their family built a new 2 story concrete and rock house with a basement. They moved into it in 1949. The rocks were hauled out of the grain fields while the ground was plowed up, over many years. The larger rocks were taken out of Pinery Canyon, where it ran through the property. I believe it was in the early 1940's when El Paso Natural Gas came through the area. They crossed Walter's homestead property and also bought 40 acres to put one of their booster plants on. They built at least 40 houses there for their employees. Walter also acquired another section of property adjoining this section at the northwest corner, by trading of some kind. In his later years, he divided the property among his and Virginia's seven children.

James Walter Amalong's wife Virginia May Lindsey was born October 25, 1907 in Shawnee, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. When she was growing up, her family moved all over, looking for farm labor jobs, mostly in California. Many times she spoke of all the family that picked had raw, bleeding hands from picking cotton. She mentioned that when her family arrived in the Chiricahua Mountains, that



she walked through the Hilltop Mine tunnel to school. That if she was lucky, she could ride part way at least, on a little ore car. The Hilltop Mine tunnel is a mile long.

Virginia drove a mail route for several years, from the Chiricahua Mountains to Dos Cabezas, Cochise County, Arizona, all on a dirt road. Her route was around 25 miles one way. Then later she took a longer route which was from the Chiricahuas to Willcox and back, all on dirt road. This route was around 45 miles one way. Whenever there was an election, Walter and Virginia were 2 of the people assigned to watch over the votes, count them and seal them in a metal box for the final count. They did all this at the El Dorado School House.

Virginia May Lindsey was the second child of 12 children. Her folks were: William Gilbert Lindsey and Nancy Ellen Elizabeth Lewis. Her dad was born October 12, 1879 in Oxford, Lafayette County, Mississippi, and her mother was born October 10, 1885 in Fort Smith, Sebastian County, Arkansas.

Virginia died from cancer August 9, 1970 in Douglas, Cochise County, Arizona, and James Walter died on January 7, 1981 at Willcox, Cochise County, Arizona.

## JAMES LEWIS AMALONG

James Lewis Amalong was born August 11, 1857 near Waseca, Waseca County, Minnesota. His parents were Christopher Amalong and Harriet F. Fleeger Amalong, who were cousins. James was the 3<sup>rd</sup> child of 8 children. He had 4 sisters: Margaret A., Manda Maralla, Emma Amelia, and Della Frances. He had 3 brothers: Charles W., William S., and Dewitt Clinton.

It has been said, that James' Dad, (Christopher) was a wagon maker, and that when James was between 12 and 14 years old, his dad got mad at him and threw a king pin at him. That evening James told his mother that he was leaving home. He loved hunting buffalo and other game animals in his youth. In the Mid 1870's during the time of raiding Indians, James arrived in the area of Dos Cabezas, Arizona. At this time, different mining towns were springing up, such as Paradise, Galeyville, Globe, and others. There were also several army posts around. All these people; miners, soldiers, etc. needed supplies, so James Amalong got into the freighting business. He used a six horse team to pull his freight wagons.

James Amalong became acquainted with Charlotte Josephine Green. Her dad worked at a sawmill in the

Chiricahua Mountains. It has been said, the Green Canyon, in the Chiricahua Mountains, was named after him. James and Charlotte were married in Tombstone, Cochise County, Arizona, on January 23, 1882. In 1884 James homesteaded 160 acres at the base of the Chiricahua Mountains, an area known as the "Riggs Settlement".

Completion of the railroad spur from Willcox to Globe, knocked out James' freighting business there, so he started hauling timber to the mines at Courtland and Tombstone. Besides hauling timber, James raised cattle, under the "J Bar A" brand, and along with his neighbors, drove the cattle to Willcox for shipping by train. He also planted an orchard of apricots, peaches, and apples, of which he would take the fruit to sell or trade in such places as Galeyville and Paradise. He also had a market for them at Fort Bowie to the soldiers. He also sold homemade butter and prairie hay. James also raised a good strain of quarter horses which found a ready market.

James and Charlotte raised 9 children of which 6 were boys and 3 were girls. The names of the boys were: Jesse Eugene, William Harve, Virgil Albert, Elmer Madison, James Walter, and George Allen. The girls were: Iva may, Gertrude Bell, and Cora Amanda. The 2 older boys were born

in Dos Cabezas, and the rest were born at home in the Riggs' Settlement, at the base of the Chiricahua Mountains.

James Amalong had a hernia and wore a truss except when he was riding a horse. In October, 1913, the area ranchers were participating in their annual fall roundup. In the area known as "The Seeps", James loped out to return a reluctant animal to the herd. His hernia strangulated. One cowboy rode to the Price Ranch to borrow a buckboard wagon, another cowboy rode to Pearce to summon Dr. Petzold. Pearce is about 20 miles from "The Seeps". From Pearce to the Amalong home is approximately 30 miles. There was a protracted lapse from the time James was stricken, until Dr. Petzold arrived at the Amalong home on his motorcycle. He performed surgery using the dining room table for his patient to be on and a kerosene lamp for light. Peritonitis caused James Lewis Amalong's death, a few days later on October 3, 1913.



## DAVID AND EDITH LOWELL

I am writing this story for DAVID LOWELL because he is away in Panama examining a prospect for his mining business. At the age of 82 he is still active in his profession as an explorationist in the minerals industry though now based on his ranch in Peck Canyon where his family has been in the cattle business since the 1880s. His grandfather Douglas Cumming raised cattle on his farm across the Santa Cruz River valley from Peck Canyon, and his uncles John Cumming and Jim Cumming ran cattle on the open range in Peck Canyon south to Mexico after losing the farm following the Supreme Court decision in the 1920s to restore the Baca Float Land Grant property to its heirs. This was a serious loss to the Cumming brothers who moved their cattle operation up Peck Canyon. Their sister Lavina Cumming had married Arthur Lowell and left on her honeymoon to live three years at a mining camp in the Peruvian jungle. There Margaret Lowell was born. William and David Lowell were born after the family returned to Arizona to live on a ranch north of Nogales. David started school at what he calls "The River School", today The Little Red School House on the Patagonia road. David and Edith Lowell

bought the Joe Kane ranch in Peck Canyon across from the John Cumming ranch in 1975. David was truly returning to his roots although he kept up his mining work also.

These roots have produced some important offshoots to continue the ranching tradition in our family. Our younger son, Douglas Glenton Lowell, who is a physician and surgeon in Tucson, bought the Douglas and Peggy Cumming family cattle and took up their Murphy allotment along the north side of Peck Canyon so we cooperate in our round ups and shipping from our corrals. Doug Lowell uses the 69 brand bought from Doug and Kendall Cumming in 1975. Our daughter, Susan Lowell Humphreys and her husband, William Ross Humphreys, own the San Rafael Ranch in Santa Cruz County and are raising beautiful Angus and crossbred Angus cattle. They also own the Baboquivari ranch and Palo Alto ranch in Pima County. Susan is the author of many Southwestern books including one about her grandmother Lavina Cumming, and she and Ross also own Rio Nuevo Publishers which specializes in Southwestern books.

David Lowell returned often as a child and teenager to Peck Canyon to visit his uncle John Cumming's family. Lavina Cumming brought her children to camp in summertime near her brother John's house in Peck Canyon. David worked at the Cumming ranch helping his Uncle John during WWII

while his cousins Douglas and Kendall were away serving in Europe and the Pacific. He grew up with his cousins roaming Polack Canyon as it was known in those days for the Polish recluse named Piskorski who had cattle in Peck Canyon following the killing in 1886 by Apaches of Arthur Peck's wife and two year old son at their ranch. The Peck name was formally established in the 1930s for this important westside drainage from the mountains to the Santa Cruz River about 12 miles north of Nogales. Jim Cumming ran cattle in Peck Canyon with his partner Buck Sorrels until his death in 1926 from pneumonia contracted following a horse accident in the home corral at the present Atascosa Ranch headquarters. Kendall James Cumming, son of John and Inez Cumming, and James David Lowell, son of Arthur and Lavina Cumming Lowell, were named after this brother. The JC brand used today by David and Edith Lowell was his brand which was included in the purchase of the cattle from the neighboring Bob Kane Ranch in 1983.

David and Edith live at the old site of a cabin used by the cowboy working for Piskorski in the 1890s and later enlarged by the Kane family. The corral at this site also dates back to the earliest days of ranching in Peck Canyon with one side formed by a cliff. The house burned in December 1975. Rebuilt in 1976 by David and Edith Lowell



following the purchase of the ranch from the estate of Velma Kane and enlarged again in 1990-91, it is today our home.

Speaking for myself, EDITH LOWELL, I began my ranching career with the purchase of the ranch in 1975. I had grown up in Tucson, the child of another Pioneer family, that of Godfrey Sykes, an Englishman who arrived in Arizona with his brother, Stanley, in 1886. He and Stanley tried ranching near Flagstaff at a place called Turkey Tanks and had a turkey track brand. However, they turned to more mechanical work at a shop in Flagstaff where they were recruited by Percival Lowell to work for him in building and operating his new observatory near Flagstaff. There in Flagstaff my father Glenton and his brother Gilbert were born. Godfrey Sykes later worked at the Desert Laboratory in Tucson. Gilbert was District Ranger at Nogales for the Forest Service and my father Glenton became a civil engineer eventually working many years as City Engineer in Tucson.

I had only seldom ridden a horse and knew less about cows, but quickly learned to stay on top of my horse while following Doug and Peggy Cumming around their ranch and ours on both sides of Peck Canyon. I joined the Cowbelles with Peggy and became familiar with much of Santa Cruz

County and began improving my Spanish which I had already studied extensively beginning in junior high. Our travels after my husband's graduation from the Mines College at the University of Arizona had taken us to Mexico and Chile to live, so learning the Spanish language has been important in my life. Adding ranch Spanish has been fun. We are a bilingual family on both sides to this day, the product of starting life on the border with Mexico, a pleasure and a privilege.

One of the most exciting things I have ever done was lion hunting with Doug Cumming, being present on a successful hunt about one time out of ten. Doug was very intent on only hunting the lions that were actively eating our calves, and he was an expert. With his pack of somewhat assorted dogs, but mostly hounds, and his cowboy of many years, Alejandro Bracamonte, he would get off his horse and examine the tracks on all fours, then evaluate the behavior of his dogs, and off we would go across mountain and canyon always at a careful pace unless the lion was in sight. Doug knew lion behavior too and was good at figuring out where it would go. These were long days, tiring from being in the saddle for hours, but well worth the experience. This way I learned the ranch territory.

I also learned how to work cattle in a corral from Doug and Peggy and the other cowboys. I was, and still am, responsible for having the vaccines and vitamins handy, filling syringes and handing out the eartags. We used to rope the calves and heat the branding irons in a mesquite fire, but now we use a propane heater and a calf table. Everyone has gotten old, and we need to do things in easier ways.

Cowbelles in Santa Cruz County are very active supporting the beef industry with our historic ranch tour, County Fair booth, helping 4H activities, and scholarships for County high school graduates to help continue their education. I have enjoyed all of this work and fun.

Lobbying to support ranchers on grazing issues has meant many letters and phone calls and even a trip to Washington D.C. to visit Congressional offices. My husband and I have also been members of the Citizens Advisory Board working with the Border Patrol to cooperate in coping with the serious problem for ranchers who are directly affected by illegal immigration and smuggling.

I have always kept the records, first on file cards and later in a computer. We have tried raising registered as well as crossbred cattle, settling on Brangus and Brangus crossbred cattle for their heat resistance and good

footing over the rocky hills and canyons of our country. We have all suffered from drought since 1988 and witnessed the big flood of 1983 which carried away part of the corrals, a pickup, hay barn and wells! But it is a great life and new friends met through Cowbelles and in Santa Cruz County are the best part. The company of Cumming cousins across the canyon and a daughter-in-law, Roxanne, and her parents Suzanne and Mathew Chernin from Nogales and their family are a wonderful part of my ranch life. I thoroughly respect the courage and hard work of pioneer and modern day ranch people and their part in this region's history.

Edith Sykes Lowell

Atascosa Ranch, Santa Cruz County, Arizona

October, 2010



## NELSON STEVENSON

As the last of four sibling: two sisters, Bessie and Mabel; and two brothers, James, who was killed in the Philippines and Raymond, who died in infancy; late-in-life child Nellie was born to Will and Texie Stevenson, (see Pioneer History, Volume 1).

Nellie says he was lucky to know and learn from some of the best Arizona pioneers there were. "I was always following my dad around and all these people were just patting a little guy on the head," says Nellie. "These were the kind of people that sealed a deal with a handshake. They were as honest as the day is long. They were salt-of-the-earth. Their word was their bond. They treated women with respect. I was really lucky to know them."

Nellie's father, William, the son of dairy farmers, was born near Franklin Centre, Quebec, Canada in 1879. At the age of 16 he traveled to Tombstone to cowboy for his brother-in-law Bill Cowan.

While on a cattle drive in 1906, Will was talked into attending a Saturday night dance in Patagonia. It was then he met Nelson's mother, Texie (originally named Texas, she later changed her name to Texie) Gatlin. After a long distance romance, the couple married a year later in 1907.

"My mom and pop came from two totally different families," Nelson recalls. "My mother's family was very argumentative while my father's side was very calm. In fact I think I only saw him get mad twice in all my time with him."

Nellie says he always said, "My pop was a black-haired maple syrup lad from Canada that married a red-headed chili pepper lassie from Texas." He notes it was a good match - they were married for over 65 years.

Originally Will and Texie homesteaded at Stockton Hill, but eventually went into partnership with William's brother, Al to purchase Dixie Canyon Ranch in the Mule Mountains just five miles north of Bisbee. With two large natural springs in the canyon, the brothers purchased and installed two-and-a-half miles of pipe to supply the ranch with water.

"Our evening entertainment consisted of listening to the radio," says Nellie. He tells how his dad strung an aerial wire 100 feet in the air between two trees. "We didn't get very good reception, but to us it was a treat to listen to anyway."

In 1932, just before Nelson turned six-years-old, Will's family moved to the Frank Hillman ranch at Hereford in the San Pedro Valley and raised Hereford cattle.

"It was here we went from Kerosene lights, to propane and finally electricity. When we went from Kerosene to propane, we wondered how we ever lived without propane. When we went from propane to electricity, we wondered how we ever did without electricity," Nellie says. "In the 1940's APS ran a line right by our ranch and we were able to get 110 volt power. We hooked into that right away."

He says during that time the radio reception was 100 percent better. He can remember being entertained by the Amos and Andy show. "Bob Hope had a show that was sponsored by Pepsodent," Nellie remembers. "Their slogan was 'If you brush with Pepsodent, you'll wonder where the yellow went.'"

Another slogan Nellie remembers from the radio is from the sponsor Texaco. "You can trust your car to the man who wears the star."

"I originally attended a one-room schoolhouse in Palominas. It later changed to a two-room schoolhouse. I went to Bisbee for high school."

When he was twelve years old, Nellie was first introduced to an adding machine. "You could get anything from the Sears, Roebuck and Co., or Wards catalog. We got a hand crank adding machine with a paper roll. The only function it performed was adding or subtracting."




Later, when Nellie went to work for Hebbard and Webb, the company purchased a calculator. "We finished up our first appraisal using the calculator," notes Nellie, "and Sterling Hebbard went into his office and recalculated everything by hand to make sure the machine was right!"

As a young man, Nellie says he never had to ask what he was supposed to do after school and the chores were done. "In those days screwworms were really bad. The blowflies would ride the thunderstorms from Mexico and arrive in May and stayed until we had a cold snap in October. I got so good looking for screwworms, I could tell if the cattle had them just by the way they twisted their tails."

Blow flies looked for warm, moist environments to lay their eggs and Nellie says the newborn calves were especially susceptible to infestation. Original treatments included using chloroform, black tar, lamp black and even bacon grease. An effective method for treating screwworm came after World War II in 1938 with the invention of Smear 62. "We thought the best thing ever was when in 1958 the USDA adopted the technique to sterilize the male blowflies. This method led to a majority of the female flies laying sterile eggs." In 1966 screwworms were almost completely eradicated from the southern United States.

After completing five high school courses in five weeks at a preparatory school in Long Beach, Calif., Nellie graduated high school in 1945 and set out to join the Navel Academy. He enlisted in the Navy and was scheduled to attend the Navy's Preparatory School in Maryland to prepare for the entrance examination for the academy. "The day MacArthur signed the Peace Treaty was the day I was supposed to be sworn in," he says. "My brother had been killed in Philippines and my parents were not happy about my enlistment so I sent notice to the draft board that I would not be joining the Navy."

Nelson attended the University of Arizona on a football scholarship, graduating in 1949 with a degree in agriculture. "I originally went to school to be an engineer. I only lasted one day as an engineering major before I switched over to agriculture."

After college graduation, Nellie worked for Spencer Shattuck on the IV Bar  Ranch at Apache. The IV Bar Ranch was a cow combination registered and commercial Hereford cattle operation. The majority of the Hereford bulls bred at the ranch were sold to Mexico ranches.

Nellie then went to work for the Farmer's Home Administration (FHA) as an assistant county supervisor for Cochise County. The FHA was a government agency that made

operating, equipment and water facility loans to farmers and ranchers who could not obtain regular commercial loans. Nellie was transferred to Springerville as the FHA county supervisor for Apache and Navajo counties in Arizona, and Catron County in New Mexico.

The closest commercial banks at that time to this area were located in Socorro and Belen, New Mexico and Holbrook, Arizona.

After a year in Springerville, Nellie's pop had a detached retina and was in a Phoenix hospital. His Uncle Al had a heart attack and was in the Bisbee hospital. Nellie left FHA and returned to Bisbee to operate the SO Palominas and Dixie Canyon Ranches for the family.

After Al's death, the two families split the two ranches. Will acquired the Palominas Ranch and Al's family, the Dixie Canyon Ranch.

Nellie continued to operate the SO Palominas Ranch with his Pop, and also went to work at Pheleps Dodge as a track hand and later a timekeeper, to support his family.

Later, the Palominas Ranch was leased to Lewis Bowman. Nellie was hired by Sterling Hebbard and Bud Webb to be the loan representative for submitting loans to Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance, Company.

Sterling was the loan correspondent for Connecticut Mutual Life for Arizona and Western New Mexico. Nellie says he obtained an education in farm and ranch loans and real estate sales along with having the privilege of working the leaders in Arizona Agriculture.

Nellie continues, "I made appraisals of many different types of ranch and farm operations in Arizona and New Mexico, which required me to research the economic value factors of each property to justify the loan value of the properties that we submitted to Connecticut Mutual for loan approval."

In the early 1960's, the state legislature, and Governor were studying the problem of the different method's utilized by the county assessors to arrive at an assessed value for taxable real and personal properties. The result was the creation of the State Department of Reappraisal and Reassessment.

This department would:

1. Make a sample economic appraisal of each type of taxable property in the state, i.e.: commercial buildings, manufacturing businesses, agricultural operations, mining, etc.

2. After completion of the appraisal process, the department would submit reports to the legislature and Governor.

After analyses if these appraisals of each type of property, the legislature could use to create a method for the county assessors to use that would result in equal assessed value for similar taxable properties in each county.

Nellie was approached by members of the agricultural community to consider the position of chief appraiser for the agricultural reappraisal. Nellie, being familiar with the effect that different real property taxes, assessed in different counties had on the loan value of the same type of farms and ranches, agreed to take this temporary position.

Examples of the problems faced in making the sample economic appraisals were:

Ranches

1. Different types of land tenure. I.E.:
  - a. predominately deeded land (very few)
  - b. combination of deeded, state grazing leases, forest allotments, BLM allotments. All with different percentages of the above.

- c. Carrying capacity of the different types of grazing land in the state
- d. Uniform approach to value of improvements to each property

#### Farms

- a. effect of crop growth
- b. what kind of water rights, i.e.: surface water rights
  - how many acre feet and what cost; pump water rights
  - pumping depth at what cost; combination of surface and pump water rights
- c. effect of availability of irrigation water
- d. effect on value for specialty crops, i.e., cotton, citrus, vegetables.

Nellie quickly realized that to properly analyze the differences in economic value of the sample appraisals for each established type, past actual economic information was required. To obtain this information, it would have to be on a trust basis with the owners of the sample operations. It could not identify the owner and had to be described as a typical operation in the general location of that property type.

Nellie says because of his friendship with many of the state's ranchers and farmers, he was able to obtain the operational history of different properties used as sample

appraisals. "I assured the owners of the sample operations, that their operational information would not be disclosed," he says. "One of the biggest compliments I ever received was when one of my rancher friends said, 'If I can't trust you, Nellie, I can't trust anyone.'" He proudly notes, "The agricultural unit was the first unit to complete its state-wide analysis."

After completing the state appraisals, Nellie established Stevenson & Associates, a ranch and farm real estate and appraisal firm, which he operated for eight years.

Proud to be affiliated with Arizona National Stock Show, Stevenson got his start at the show like he's sure, "a lot of folks do." In 1956, Sterling Hebbard took Nelson along to a meeting at the fairgrounds and introduced him to Lee and Pearl TePoel. "There were problems with the fat steer sale. Sterling looked at Pearl and said, 'If you need any help, Nellie will help you. Won't you Nellie?' I guess I must have answered 'yes' because that is when I started volunteering at the Stock Show."

Stevenson points out back then, nothing was computerized. Everything was handwritten or typed on a typewriter. "Some of those first sales were a challenge," he notes. "Lee's wife, Pearl, would spend hours on the

telephone chasing down buyers and figuring the sale information. At that time, one steer might sell three times. Keeping track of the end buyer took a lot of work."

Along with keeping track of the sales, Nellie points out it could lead to a sorting issue. "A steer could end up at the packing house when it was supposed to be at the locker plant for someone's personal use."

A problem solver, Stevenson did his best to make sure people went away from the show satisfied and happy with their decision to participate. "If there was a problem, you met it head on and did your best to fix the situation. The goal was to keep buyers happy so they would support the exhibitors the following year."

After the show was over, Nellie says many of the volunteers got together for lunch and discuss how to make the program better. "While events were still fresh in our mind, we went over the problems and worked on the solutions."

One change we considered important was the development of a new sales invoice by the sales committee that had as much information as possible pre-entered on the invoice with blank spaces to fill in the sale information. "Then we figured out how to get the information," Nellie recalls. "I asked a few friends if their kids would be interested in



helping with the sale. I called them my third generation runners. When the final bid was called by the auctioneer, I handed off the sales slip to a runner and would point out the person who purchased the animal. The runner than went to the buyer and got them to sign off on the sales slip. Those kids were a great crew."

Nellie says later these youth assisted with the work that needed to be done. "The feeder steer division was a good place to start," he states.

Many of the young people who worked as runners also helped ear tag the feeder steers. "After being kicked a few times, the kids worked out a system by pushing a steer up to the fence and then ear tagging over the fence," Stevenson says, with pride, "They did all this work and we paid them with a hamburger at the club."

Serving as a volunteer on several committees, Nellie says he really "loved being on the Feeder Steer Committee because I grew up on a feeder steer ranch and the people showing were the same people I grew up with. The Arizona Livestock Show brought us together one time a year for a lot of hard work and fun."

The families of the committee members were a big part of the volunteers who spent there time and money to make the show a success. "My kids grew up helping at the show,"

he notes. "This allowed us to have quality times with our families every year of the show."

In 1976 Nellie took over as manager of the Arizona National, where he remained until he retired in 1988.

"Being the manager of the Stock show meant a lot. I enjoyed working the show and being associated with a group of volunteers who gave their time, money and effort to produce the stock show. I also loved meeting with exhibitors from Arizona and other states. They were friendships that lasted from year to year."

Even as the years have gone by, people still remember the Arizona National fondly. "About 10 years ago I received a wedding invitation from the granddaughter of an exhibitor from Nebraska," Nellie remembers, "There was a note from the grandmother, who had shown steers at the Stock Show. She said she knew I couldn't come to the wedding, but she just wanted to let me know what had happened to her."

Throughout the years as manager, Stevenson saw many changes take place. He's quick to point out "it's surprising how many people have great ideas besides yourself," when he talks about the volunteers and how programs began and grew.

One of the things he is most proud of is helping create the Pioneer Stockmen. "I attended a bicentennial

committee meeting headed up by Wes Giss, Senator Harold Giss' son. I thought since Arizona National was the first program of the New Year, we should start a celebration. Wes asked what I was going to do and I told him I was going to set a day to honor living pioneer stockmen of Arizona."

Nellie's next thought was, "How am I going to do this?"

While attending the Arizona Cattlemen's convention in Springerville, he brought the problem to Cowbelle Betty Accomazzo. "What a great woman," Stevenson says. "She just took the program and ran with it. I had found the right person for the job."

The luncheon, hosted by the Arizona Cowbelles, honoring living pioneer stockmen over the age of 75 was a success. "Wesley Bolin was attending the celebration and thought it was a great concept," Nellie recounts. "He said, 'Why don't you do this every year?' So, that was how it started."

Prouder still, Nelson was honored when his father and uncle were some of the first pioneers to be recognized in the *Arizona Ranch Histories* compiled, written and produced by the Arizona Cowbelles.

Stevenson says that as the show grew and changed, volunteers always stepped up to the challenge. "We combined

the Cattle Show and Horse Show in 1964. Added Junior and Open Sheep Shows in 1977 and the Junior Swine Show in 1980. In every case, people were excited to make the new addition work."

Nellie has been honored with several awards. They include:

- Accredited Rural Appraiser by American Society of Farm Managers and Rural Appraisers
- Appointed as a member of Livestock Breeders and Awards Council by Governor Bruce Babbitt
- Past President of Arizona Junior Cattlemen's Association
- In 2006 the Arizona National Stock Show was dedicated to Stevenson
- Past President and Honorary Life Member of Arizona Fairs Association
- Past Vice President and Secretary of American Stock Show and Rodeo Managers Association
- Past President of Villa Seville Homeowner's Association
- Past President of Moon Valley Homeowner's Association
- Honorary 4-H Club Member
- Honorary State FFA Member

In 1949 Nellie married Frances Potter and they later divorced. Nellie has been married to Doris Stevenson for 41-years. He has three sons - Jim, Roger and Jeff; two step-children - Rick and Sandi; 10 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

By Lena Jo McCoy

## GUS MULDNER

Born in Peoria, Ariz., in 1925, the second son to Clara and Carl Muldner, Gus grew up in the trucking business. "My grandfather, Gus Ernest Muldner and my grandmother, Mary Hessie, moved to Arizona from Arkansas and worked for Arizona Four Mill and the Central Avenue Dairy. Grandfather started his own operation in 1918 delivering fruit and vegetables to Peoria and Marinette (now Sun City)."

In 1921, Gus' father Carl joined his dad in the business to form Muldner & Son. "They started out hauling cotton, cotton seeds, fruit and vegetables," Gus says. "But eventually Muldner's transported just about anything. You only had spring and fall round-up for cattle and sheep, so between that time you filled in with other things. Cotton was really big then."

Muldner says "back in the day," Arizona, and especially Maricopa County, was agriculturally-based. "Our company employed just about half the people in Peoria," he explains. "The depression years were pretty lean, but the family managed to keep the company moving forward."

On the tail of the Great Depression, in 1939, Carl and Clara (Gus' mother), split with Muldner & Son. With one

truck to their name, they started the Carl Muldner Company. Gus actively participated in any aspect of the business that "needed to get done," until he joined the Navy at age 17 in March of 1943. "I originally wanted to join the Marines, and my brother wanted to join the Navy," he relates. "So, I talked my brother into going down to the recruiting office with me, but they wouldn't take me." Already past six-feet-four-inches tall, the recruiters were concerned Gus would continue to grow - and outgrow the uniforms.

"But, they took my brothers application. So," he continues, "I went to the Navy." Muldner proudly served on the USS Enterprise CV-6, the most decorated ship of the Second World War. He was on board in 1945 for the President Fleet Review in New York City. Before he disembarked to take the train home from Boston to Arizona, he saw the ship fitted from top to bottom with bunks for the return trip to England to help bring servicemen home.

Having met his wife, Judy Brannon, in high school, Gus says when the ship was in Bremerton, Wash., for repairs (the ship had been hit by kamikazes) he knew the war was ending, so he asked her to marry him. They were married on June 30, 1945 in the Presbyterian Church in Peoria. "I've

been married to that gal for 62 years," he winks and grins.

"Can you believe it?"

Upon returning home, both Gus and Carl worked for their grandpa and parents (at that time Gus earned \$26 a week) until they borrowed enough money to invest in their own company. In 1957 the brothers formed a partnership, with Gus as president and Carl as vice president, and bought the business started by their father almost four decades before. Their two younger brothers, Jim and Tom also joined the company. Jim was a dispatcher and Tom worked in the garage. In 1957 Carl passed away from the Hodgkins disease. Clara continued to work with Gus until he closed the business.

Muldner Livestock Transportation built a fleet of, at its peak, 35 over-the-road trucks, servicing Arizona and seven neighboring western states, hauling cattle, sheep, cottonseed and insulation. Because of license regulations, the company didn't move cattle into Oregon. "However, we were allowed to go into a part of Oregon where we delivered and picked up loads of cattle from Albertson's," Gus says. "That was *before* they were the Albertson's we know today."

"We had just about any kind of truck you can imagine," says Gus. "Peterbilts, Internationals, Macks and Whites.



The key to making them run right was to keep them serviced."

Well known throughout the transportation business, you could see the Muldner brothers in advertisements for Guardol motor oil, making such statements as, "We're not kidding when we say that we'd rather pay for Guardol than take any other motor oil free!"

"Back then, you changed the oil every 1,000 miles, versus the 5,000 to 10,000 you do today. You bet we were looking for products that worked."

Gus points out it only made sense, along with trucking, Muldner's owned their own service department. "With the upkeep of the vehicles, it was a lot cheaper to buy our parts wholesale. We owned our own tire store and service department to save on costs. After many miles on the road, we would have to completely overhaul an engine. It saved us time because we didn't have to wait for an appointment to see a mechanic."

He notes the company built some of its first double- and triple-decker trucks: double for cattle and triple for sheep. "Each trailer was designed for the weight it carried. The single-deck trucks were for fat cattle, the double-deck for calves or cattle weighting usually less than 650 pounds each and the triple for sheep." One truck

and trailer could pull as many as 100 cattle, weighing 45,000 pounds. At times, Muldner's were moving 1,000 to 3,500 cattle a day.

"These trucks carried all their weight close to the ground. A driver had to be really good or the wind could blow an empty truck over." Gus says the original trucks had six axels versus the five axels of today. Eventually, the custom-made trailers were replaced by lighter, commercial-made aluminum beds.

"We were always looking for ways to do things better, more efficient and still take care of the animals." Gus says it behooved the company to take care of the livestock because any animals that were harmed came off their bottom line. Drivers were paid a bonus for animals that arrived safely and well-kept.

"If an animal was injured or broke a leg, I owned him," says Muldner. "In that situation, if possible, the animal ended up at the locker plant and the meat was distributed to employees."

Gus remembers donating 2,600 pounds of beef to St. Vincent de Paul's after the wreck of one of his trucks. "That was a lot of meat," he reminisces.

In 1975 Muldner became a licensed pilot, training in a Cessna. He owned five different planes between 1970 and

sold his last Cessna in 2003 to David Smith. This Cessna was reported to be David's favorite. It had a Lycoming engine 180 in it, making it a faster machine.

Gus believed in taking care of his airplanes like he serviced his trucks. "I got my honorary degree from the University of Arizona after I attended Safety School in 1978," he says. "Almost any problem you hear about airplanes is pilot error. Whether its cars, trucks or airplanes, taking the time to run through a checklist is time well spent. Too many people are in a hurry today and tend to skip over proper procedure. I decided to stop flying when I felt like I couldn't get proper service for my plane."

Owning and flying an airplane was one of the perks that came with the business but Gus says it was business first. "I enjoyed flying," he says, "but it was actually an asset to the business. We could fly buyers to different auction sites. When the day was over, I'd call for trucks before we even left the sale. It was an efficient way to do business."

Gus chuckles when he thinks about some of the first calls on his then new cell phone. "We had that big 'ole telephone that came in this big box. A lot different than the cell phones of today."

Although Muldner never owned a herd of cattle, his son, Gus Junior, did show Hereford steers, which he kept in Peoria, at the Arizona National Livestock Show in the 1960's. "Working our hauling business was a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week occupation," Gus says, "but during the Stock Show our salesmen and various employees helped work the club. The highlight for me, however, was the breakfast for the exhibitors. It was fun to visit and to see all the young people enjoying the show."

After his son was killed in a tragic accident in 1968, Muldner sponsored a trophy at the Stock Show for several years. "It was a way to give back to the organization," he says, "and a way to honor my son."

A Mason and Shriner, Gus earned his 50 year pin from the Mason's. Gus and his wife have lived in Phoenix since 1965. His mother, now 104-years-old, still lives in the house Gus was born in.

As a trucker, Gus has traveled a long and dusty road from the farmland of Peoria to a city now filled with over 100,000 people. From a man who was friends with the likes of John Wayne and a pioneer in transportation comes a simple life-lesson that he hopes everyone will take to heart. "If there is one thing I've learned over everything else, money can't buy everything. I know it sounds like a

cliché, but life goes by pretty fast. Take time to be happy."

Gus passed away, March 6, 2008 from complications of sepsis. His mother passed away June 23, 2008 at the age of 106.

His wife, Judy, still resides in Sun City. At the age of 71 Judy found out she was adopted after she had blood tests done for medical problems. She says her adoptive parents said she was born in Hermitage, Mo., and gave her birth date as January.

By Lena Jo McCoy

## KENDRICK LEROY TUCKER LIFE HISTORY

Leroy, as I like to be called, was born July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1928, in Greenback, at the Frying Pan Ranch, in the old Packard adobe bedroom. My dad and mother were Roy Esmond Tucker and Georgia Ann (Conway) Tucker. My Grandmother, Alice Larenda Conway, was my only grandparent alive at that time plus my older sister, Betty Alice. Betty, who was older than me was born in our folks old home on the J Slash S, located up above Greenback, close to Malisha Gap. Everything they had up there, chickens, milk cow, plus a lot of their furniture was all carried up there by pack horses. Those were really tough times. They eventually bought the place, at Greenback, from R.M Grantham.

Betty, as well as my cousins, who were mostly girls, played dolls all the time and I tagged along and played with them. I was very shy (bashful) growing up. Later on I grew more forward. As a youngster, the Tuckers spent two winters going to school, in Tonto Basin. They lived in a one room cabin close to the Fred Packard place. In school, I put a kids head down in the sand pile because he was after me. That caused trouble because the kid was related to the teacher. Then they moved the cabin up to Greenback, and my dad added on to part of the cabin. Then dad hired a

teacher to teach me and Betty. Some of my cousins came too. This didn't work out either, so the next year Georgia, Betty and Leroy moved to a house in Globe. Roy traveled back and forth whenever he could.

Growing up, I would spend the summers at Greenback. At an early age I was proud and excited to be part of the work crew. The mornings, I would ride out looking for screw worms on the cattle. They were very bad at that time. The afternoons, I would go to my Grandma's house and shoot birds out of the peach trees. There was always something to do there.

Back to school, in Globe. It was not easy for me when all I could think of was the ranch and I didn't pass the fourth grade. This trying to live in Globe and in Greenback was such a burden on Roy and Georgia and me, then they finally decided to let me board with some friends in Tempe, this was after the 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I then spent the school months with the Hulbert's, Harold and Annie. That would be Lane Hulbert, my son-in-laws, grandparents. Harold wasn't there much, he was working in Tonto Basin, so there wasn't too much discipline, but I finally managed to pass the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. However, I did not get to go to the graduation, because it was time to help my dad and mom drive the yearlings from Greenback to Tonto Basin, to ship from the

Fred Packard corrals. Roy would go to Globe with the cattle to get them weighed and get paid for them. This would be around the later part of May. My mother, Georgia and I would then have to ride the horses back to Greenback that afternoon. Did we have a canteen or water jug? Hell no! I will never forget how thirsty I was when we got to Walnut Springs. We got to Greenback about sundown.

I later, did go to a business school back in Phoenix to learn penmanship, typing and bookkeeping. That was for about 6 months. I was a pretty good typist, and am darn good with numbers.

Then it was back to Greenback to work and trap. It was getting late in the season but I made about \$25.00. Money was hard to get. We could make more money running foot races at Payson on the Fourth of July than working a month at home.

Growing up in Greenback was heaven, but it was also damn rough. In the summer months, we would ride almost everyday looking for screw worms. Our cows were very gentle and sometimes I would rope one right out in the open and my Dad would get off his horse and doctor her standing up. I would also rope the bulls and Roy would doctor his ears with some kind of tick medicine. If the worms were too bad, then we would drive them home so we could doctor them more



often. Did you say in a chute? What was a chute? We would rope them in the fields .I could country rope pretty good. I use to rope the hogs, sheep, goats, and one time roped my Grandma's pet deer, Old Lightfoot. That caused a hell of a wreck. As I said there was a lot to do in Greenback. My first big roping for money was at Payson, either 1942 or 43. I borrowed a horse from the late George Cline called "Coon", and entered the Boys Calf Roping. I would practice with the Conway boys, Clarence and E.C. One time, E.C and I took his buckskin horse and the old stock truck and headed to Dewey to rope. It didn't take me long to find out it was a little out of my league.

We would put hay up in late spring. We had mostly alfalfa and would get 3 or 4 cuttings on about 4 acres. We would shock it and load the loose hay on a wagon about 12ft. by 6 ft. We would pull it with a team of two horses, then relay it three times to get it back in the barn. I will always remember when my sister, Betty Alice, and I were real little and were riding on the tongue of the trailer that was not big enough for two little kids. Betty went off and broke her arm. Seems I got blamed and I know I didn't push her.

The Tucker's sold their ranch at Greenback around September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1944 and bought the HZ Ranch, at Pinto Creek, near Roosevelt, from Pecos McFadden. I was 15 at the time. The ranch was a little run down, but had very good Hereford cattle on it. We started to build more corrals with loading chutes and then drilled four good wells with windmills and storage tanks. Within two years, I was driving trucks and that was a Big thing! Most trucks had a 12 by 14 foot box, with six cylinders. Most Fords had eight cylinders with 2 speed rear axles. In the Spring, ranchers would get together and haul their yearlings to Globe. If cattle were extra heavy, we would have to hit first gear going up the summit .Some trucks would get too hot, but I improvised a 20 gallon water tank on the cab of the "48 Dodge with a valve and small hose where the water would drain in front of the radiator and that Dodge would go right on up that hill.

My folks were good friends with neighboring ranchers, Chester and Phoebe Cooper. I hauled their cattle for them. They had daughter, Velma, that I noticed, but she wouldn't have much to do with me. Finally, at a rodeo, in St. Johns, we got to know each other better. Her Mother, Phoebe had a matched horse race there with her horse, Crusader. From then on in 1948, we dated until May of 1949, when we

married here at the ranch house, at Pinto Creek. We just celebrated our 61st anniversary.

By this time I was roping pretty good. My first rope calves were jersey calves that we got from Grant Bacon for \$20 each. They weighed 250 lbs. Later on we would fatten them on mesquite beans and we sold the meat to the Commissary, under Roosevelt Dam. The fat was a little yellow but the meat was good. Later on, with the help of my good friend, Robert (Bob) Mounce, we built a pretty good roping arena. Roping was a way to get a little extra money so we worked real hard at it. I was starting to enter amateur rodeos when time permitted .My first big win was in 1947, at the Fourth of July Rodeo, in Show Low. I was team roping with Bob Mounce. I won the calf roping for the Gila County Sheriff's Posse, which I was a member of, in Chandler, in 1950. My first saddle was won at Tonto Basin, at the arena behind the Punkin Center Store. This was also in 1950. Luckily, I was a pretty consistent winner in the calf roping and team roping in the years of 1957 and 58. I was the Arizona Rodeo's All Around Champion in 1957. I was the Champion calf roper at the Houston Fat Stock Show and Rodeo in 1958, in Texas, winning a big \$4068.00. That's a lot for a young buck! Then comes the Arizona Junior Rodeo Assoc. and from that time on it was all for the kids.

In December, 1951, when my dad passed away from a heart attack, calves were bringing 50 cents. The following spring, yearlings brought 30 cents, the following spring it was 18-20 cents with some as low as 16 cents a pound and cows 6-8 cents. Just before Roy passed away, he borrowed \$80,000 plus dollars to buy the Box Bar Ranch, at Coon Creek. It had 90 cows and bulls, plus 110 acres. About all I could think of was all the hard work. Help was always a problem. With all that hard work, we were able to pay that ranch off in about four years. My mother, Georgia, rode quite a bit, but it was hard on her. About that time Velma and I decided we should try to buy the ranch from my mother and sister. I had received 25% of the ranch as inheritance when dad passed away, so we bought the rest because we wanted to keep the ranch together. At the time, it seemed a good price, but inflation didn't help, but we were young and we knew we could make it. Also, Mother was still young and we wanted her to have a better life and not work so hard.

The spring of 1959, was a very dry one and about half way through, we were bringing the yearlings into our corrals and feeding them. Some how, I got the mumps. I think the kids brought them home from school. They went to

school at Roosevelt. Velma would drive them, plus some other children down everyday. With mumps, I shouldn't have walked down to the corral to see the yearlings. I ended up having to lay in bed for 8-10 days. That's when I started reading the Western Livestock Journal. There were lots of green grass places in California. I found a white fenced heaven in Fort Jones, and we went to look at it. It was like a vacation, which is something ranchers don't have. Then when we got home for school, we put our ranch up for sale. Joe Bassett, who had the Five Slash on Highway 60, had always wanted this place, and he had a man named George Hatch who wanted his ranch, so we got into a three way trade. We knew it was a mistake after the papers were signed, and maybe the attorneys had crossed us. We left with tears in our eyes.

Right after we moved to Fort Jones we found out that we were too far North and after some time we started looking for something farther South. We bought a farm and some rangeland in Merced, California. We had some good pasture, but cattle there always seemed to get diseases that we didn't have in dry Arizona. We also had lots of fog and there were lots of days we couldn't do anything. We were not real happy and after a year and a half we decided it was enough. We wanted to get back home. Also, because

at that time we had to foreclose on the three way trade ranch, the Five Slash, because we had not received any payments. So, on the 24h of November 1962, the Arizona Livestock Production Credit Assoc. and Velma and I bought the ranch back. This was in about 6 inches of snow. I had my good friend and banker, John Anderson, with me, plus the cross eyed attorney who was suppose to keep the bids legitimate. I was not sure what was going on except when I got close to the man bidding, he quit bidding. It was starting to hurt! Then we found out some of the cows came up missing. The same cross eyed attorney tried to double cross us, but Velma was too sharp. She picked up a phone number he had mentioned, we called it and found out it was a hoax. Strange, but shortly thereafter that same attorney either overdosed or pulled the trigger. The local law kept it real quiet as to how he died or what really happened.

It was pretty tough making it. Some years we would just spin our wheels. There was a lot of bad country that took good cow dogs to help get the cattle gathered. We would go to Cibique to get Indian help. They were good cowboys, but had some bad habits. One of the scariest times was when I roped a crazy heifer and she ran off a cliff in to Salt River. I jumped off just in time, but my horse went over and he was killed, the heifer just ran off

down the river. Another bad time was when Lee Ann, who liked to ride with me, and her horse got tangled in the oak brush. He went down falling with her. Velma was meeting us with the cattle truck. We got her to Timber Camp in the cattle truck, where a highway patrolman lived and he got us to the hospital. She had a broken nose and cuts and bruises. She was about ten at the time. We also had lots of problems with the mountain lion. They would come over from the Indian Reservation, which we bordered. We couldn't hunt them on the Reservation. Of course, we had way too many juniper trees to grow any grass. Then in 1964, we leased some desert land right where the Gold Canyon Resort is today. We put yearlings on there in the early spring. We had two good years with feed, plus the prices started to inch up a little. We had a profit of \$6500 to \$7000. We had our loan with Production Credit Assoc. and any time we sold a cow or any cattle, that money went straight to them.

When we sold the ranch, in 1972, we still owed quite a bit, but had an offer and was always looking for something better with not so many juniper trees, etc. After we sold we couldn't find another ranch right away. Then our old ranch, the HZ, along with the Bar Eleven, came up for sale. We bought it even though it was so dry and it had lots of brush on it too. We felt like we had come home! The day we

signed the papers, it started to rain and that was the wettest fall and winter on record. We also got some extra cows which made up for the cows we didn't get on the Five Slash Ranch. The cattle prices were still going up too. We thought we were living good! We moved to the Bar Eleven headquarters. We had a phone, made our own electricity, which was like heaven for Velma. She had to do her ironing and sewing at night time, with the kohler plant we had at the Five Slash. It finally got to where we had to get a place in Globe because the children couldn't be involved in any sports out there. At the Bar Eleven, the generator used diesel which was about 19 cents a gallon. We even had good television. The roads were good and we had good help. Tenna and Roy was away at College, and Lee Ann was in her last year of High School.

After about two years, Roy came back home from schooling and roping. He came back big and strong and a very good hand. The ranch and windmills were in good shape, plus the herd of cattle were very good and we were in a 30 yr. wet cycle. We would produce 280 thousand pounds of beef annually.

Early on Velma became very involved in the Cowbelles and the Beef Council. She went through the chairs as President of Cowbelles, then, was elected to the Arizona



Beef Council by then Governor, Bruce Babbitt. She sat on the Beef Council Board for twelve years and during that time was selected as Arizona Beef Director for the National Livestock and Meat Board. She served there for eight years. Many of the summers we would get to go to the Beef Boards summer meetings and convention. I got to go too. We stayed in very nice hotels and had really good food and met lots of knowledgeable people, all in the same business, producing meat.

I was President of the Gila County Cattle Growers and later I became the sales chairman for the Gila County Annual yearling sale. I did that for over eleven years.. The only way I was able to do that was to ship our cattle early. We would ship some to the Feed Yard and finish them out there and sometimes we would sell them to a good buyer from Colorado. I also sat on the ASCS (Arizona Stabilization Conservation) Board. While there, I was instrumental in getting the USDA to cost share on government lands. Today they call it NRCS (Natural Resources Conservation) and this program is keeping Gila County ranchers afloat.

In 1989, we thought it was dry, and it was, but nothing like it is now, as this is being written. In 1989, when we pulled most of our calves off the cows and would

send them to the feedlot, and by using the USDA drought program, they netted \$500 a head. This was unheard of in Gila County. By doing this the cows stayed in good flesh and we had a better than 80% calf crop the following spring.

The Bar Eleven/HZ were good ranches, but what really saved our bacon was by keeping a 60 acres homestead on Salt River when we sold the Five Slash. We then traded it to the USDA for 12+ acres on Highway 88, at Roosevelt. The day this sale closed, the Baptist Foundation offered to buy the 12 acres for \$350,000. That was a lot of money at that time. We were either in it or just coming off the high interest rate of 16-17 %. Also at that time, hedging your cattle in the feedlot was the thing to do. It was very hard to stay on top of things when you didn't have a cell phone as you are out working all day. I got a good education, though I didn't make too much money.

Then the big move was when we sold the HZ/Bar Eleven Ranch. We could see the writing on the wall. The restrictions with the forest service was getting tighter and more controlled. They did get much worse a few years after we sold. This was a fourth generation of ranching, in Gila County. Our son, Roy, in 1991, decided to go out on his own and they moved to Kansas. So, every morning when I

would get ready to do something, and there was one little Jesus, our cowboy. That made the decision. One little cowboy and Velma, and she was already working too hard. So, we sold the ranch in November, 1994. We then started looking for another ranch so we could do a 1031 exchange and not have to give everything to the government. We looked for a place in New Mexico and almost got one, but it must have been luck that we didn't because at about that time there was a very good ranch came on the market that was about seven miles from where Roy and his family had located, in Kansas. This was an extremely good ranch that has 3055 acres of good, beautiful grass, some mountain range and a 20 acre lake. Unbeknown to us, it has some very big trophy whitetail deer and due to the limestone foundation this is equal to running a hundred cows. We were able to get the ranch. The ranch is all deeded and you never run short of water. We also were able to do a 1031 exchange on our cows.

I mentioned the restrictions, someone must have been looking out for us because shortly after we sold our old ranch, the USDA FS took all the Roosevelt Lake and Salt River bottoms away from the new buyer. This was the bread and butter of this ranch for feed and water. The forest service said the rancher didn't need it for his cattle.

This was due to the Willow Flycatcher and the Ripariun. Then the drought hit hard. This was after the new owner had worn out two pickups hauling water. Remember, the forest service said he didn't need the lake and river?? Then the range got so dry and bad and he had to move all his cattle off. It wasn't too long after that the poor man passed away. He did die with his boots on though!

As I write this, no one in over 200 years or more have seen anything close to the drought we are in now. There are acres and acres of cedar trees that have died. Now there is some kind of boar bug that is eating the Jojoba Bush. The long range says we may have another 20 years. The country can't stand that.

When we sold, we were very fortunate that we still had the old homestead, at Pinto Creek, plus 25 acres. We moved there and are still living in the home we helped Swede Larson build, in 1950-51. We also have 15 acres at Nutrioso, near Springerville. It is nice there for about four months out of the year, but it isn't home. In summary, we are no different than other land owners. When you buy and sell, you have good luck and a lot of hard work in between. There is also a 90% chance it won't work without a good woman involved. How many times have we heard about how

good a rancher is? You can bet there is a good woman involved.

As I finish this, Velma and I are still in good health and we get to see the children and grandchildren. Of Course, our son Roy, is still taking care of the ranch, in Kansas, with his wife, Dorie and daughters, Jessen and Georgia Ann. We get to see them three or four times a year. Tenna and her husband, John Payne, live in Tucson. They have a boat storage business here at Roosevelt and are up here quite often to see us and take care of their business. Their sons, Aaron and Austin, are close enough that we get to see them too. Lee Ann and her husband, Lane Hulbert, have a place close to us on some land we gave them, so we get to see them quite often. Their son, Steven is married and has two beautiful great grand daughters. They come up often from Phoenix, where he works construction.

We have now made another exchange on ranches. The ranch we had, in Kansas, has now been exchanged for a ranch in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. It is a dryer climate, with no ticks, which ROY likes, plus you don't have to feed three times a week in the mud. It is also closer to home.

We stay busy, and are now running some cows on some leased rangeland. With things the way they are, unless we get some good rains soon, we may have to look into selling

some or most of them. There isn't much out there to eat.  
We are not very good retirees!! Work has always been  
instilled in us and that is about all we do. We have a good  
life though!



## BILL DOUGLASS

We discovered in 2010 that our grandfather, Bill Douglass, had been invited to become a charter pioneer member of the Living Arizona Cattleman and Horseman Hall of Fame in 1976. Since he did not attend the luncheon and didn't tell us about this we never knew but would like to submit his story at this time, 34 years later, thanks to Grant Boice who still remembers him.

I first met my grandfather, Brainard Allen Douglass or more commonly known as "Bill Douglass" in about 1951 when we came to the Santa Cruz Valley in Southern Arizona from California. The first weekend here we all went to Sonoita to a big dance there. We kids were lost in the crowd when everyone started clearing the floor for a man and woman who were stealing the show with a very vigorous dance. It was grandpa and a lady I did not know. The dance must have come from Mexico because it had such a lively flair as around the entire dance floor they flew from one end to the other. Then, he took her, kneeling to her on one knee and hitting the floor with his hat at every jump clear down the length of the floor. The crowd yelled and clapped and whistled. This was my grandfather, an unusual man. It seemed people either loved or hated him.



He had gone in with his widowed mother, Else Larson Douglass, to combine 2 adjoining homesteads up Gardner Canyon near Sonoita. One was in Santa Cruz county and the other in Pima county. The brands were N5 and O/H. He built an adobe house up a small canyon that drained into the Garden Canyon Wash. The front gate was the county line between Pima and Santa Cruz County where sat a huge 2 story gold mining machine for years.

He was always looking for pasture for his cows sometimes that included the neighbors. We rode the fence often to repair it or look for cows with worms. He was an expert roper and prepared his own lariats. I remember how he would have them stretched out across the yard drying. He could pick out any cow in a corral and rope it clear across the corral full of other cows.

I asked him one time how he made it through the depression and was still able to help others and he answered, "WATER". He had a couple of big tanks on the hill above the house where the windmill was. They told me he had raised beans up there years ago. Another source of income had been the movies. He provided stock for many western movies both silent and nonsilent. He guarded the stock and took care of it during the movies. He was in the Wranglers Union and his union number was number "one".

He was a friend of John Wayne and others. He played the part of extras in many a movie for years including "Red River".

I recall many times wetbacks showing up at his ranch in the days when they came in ones, 2s and 3s. And it was said that the wetbacks had a list of people who would help them and "Bill Douglass" was at the top of the list. I remember him telling us kids if we ever found any wetbacks to come and get him and he "would put them to work". He would often take them to Tucson.

When I went there they were still milking about 9 cows morning and evening and selling the cream and milk. We would have to get up early to go get the milk cows off the neighbors grass where they had "spent the night". In earlier days he had a still located in a cave where he bootlegged whiskey. The cave was hard to find and they would take the distillery apart because it was not illegal until it was put together. I visited the cave once on horseback with my aunt Billie Anna Douglass and my sister Louanne. They went in first and came flying out with a mama javalina on their heels. We made a fast get away.

My grandfather, whose father had worked for the Railroad in Tucson in the early days, was born June of 1892 to Robert Henry Douglass and Elsie Larson. He liked to

help people. People down on their luck often spent time at his ranch until they could get back on their feet. And he had a tender spot in his heart for little children. Many children spent time at his ranch and loved it. Some were foster kids. The rule was simple and strict there was to be NO monkey business-keep it clean!!

I don't know how many times he was married but I know of at least 3 wives: Henrietta Tonner, my grandmother who shot him in the stomach, June Pettit from near Graterville, and Maria Luisa Acdo "Lisha" from Sinoquipe, Mexico who he married in his 80s. To Henrietta was born Brainard Edward Douglass, Ralph Arthur Douglass, and Janie Elizabeth (Cantley), and to June was born Billie Anna (Gaskill) and Dorothy June (Foster).

I spent a day with him at his ranch when he was in his 80s and could not believe the almost steady stream of different kinds of people of all ages that came to him for help of all kinds. When he was in the hospital dying of cancer my sister Linnie and I went to see him and could not find a nurse to tell us where his room was. All the nurses were down the hall talking and laughing with someone. It was once again our grandpa, age 85 still stealing the show. The nurses there said they had never had a patient with as

many visitors as he had. He was still helping people when he died 2 December 1977 in Tucson, Arizona.

By Mary A. Douglass Kartchner



## Leonard Rogers

I was born in Nutrioso in 1922. My father's name was Floyd Rogers. Dad was born in Nutri and Mother was too. My mother's name was Arazola Martha Sharp. When they came to Nutrioso there were quite a few people already here like the Wilkins and the Lees. Grandpa Rogers took 2000 head of cattle into the Blue around 1900.

Some of the early families in Nutri were the Thompsons, the Lees, Vada's (Davis) granddad's name was Lee. There were a lot of Burks. Then there's the Nelsons that lived over near White Mountain and rode horseback to school. In that time the snow was so deep and the kids had so many clothes on they could hardly walk. I bet there were 30 families. Hulsey's were some of the first ones. They are over in Luna too.

We had a little farm and a few cows. Then Dad worked for the Forest Service quite a bit. He was at Hannigan Meadows for a few years in the summer time.

I went to school in Nutrioso, then Round Valley. Then I went to trade school. After that I joined the Navy. I guess I joined in '42 and spent 28 months in the South Pacific. I've got a twin brother and we were on sister ships. I finally met him in Okinawa and he had been all

over to different places. His name is Richard Niles. He lives over there by the sawmill in Nutrioso.

I have done a lot of building in this area. I've probably built 60 fireplaces. I built the Aspen Lodge. I started it about '51 or '52. My brother Larry and I bought it from the Corcorans. I also built the Sierra Blanca Lodge. We bought it and had it for a short time and then we sold it. I ran cows all the time up there but Corcoran owned the property. I didn't sell the cattle. I brought them home and fed them out. We had a little farm down in Nutri and raised hay. We had to feed cattle hay in the winter.

I used to own a cabin up in Dry Valley. It used to be a Forest Service station. I bought it from Emmet Reynolds of Luna, and then we sold it a couple of years ago.

I have three children. The oldest one, Leonard Niles, is 62 now and he is in Pinetop. My daughter Sherry works at the Nutri sawmill in the office. And Brad is 55. He's the one that got the new heart.

I think Nutrioso as an area is going downhill. There used to be about 60 kids who went to school here. Most people had little farms and worked wherever they could.

My stories about outlaws are few except for Ike Clanton, who had a place below Nutri there. Around the early twenties, there was a fella that robbed the bank in Springerville, his name was Oscar Schultz. His grave is up there on the mountain by Diamond Rock. When running away from the robbery he stopped by my parent's place and my dad hid him for awhile. The posse stayed on his trail for days, then when they got to him they shot him and killed him. He got less than a hundred dollars. They were bringing him back on his horse and he got so stinking bad that they had to bury him right where they were. (See more information about Oscar Schultz after this interview).

During the depression we had it pretty hard, but we had plenty to eat. The folks put up lots of stuff and canned it, pork and meat and all that kind of stuff.

I remember when I saw the first elk come to town. I think that was 1928. The Forestry Service brought them in, in Model T trucks and we watched them going through Nutri. This week Shug Rogers said he had over 300 head of elk on his place in Nutri. There are so many now they are going to have to do something with them. They are eating all the crops, trees, gardens, and flowers. They are stripping everything bare.



I owned property here and for awhile I had probably a couple hundred acres. We just bought a little as we went. Now we have 10 at the house, for a total of 20 acres. We don't have cattle any longer. We don't raise a garden because I am too lazy.

One Christmas time my mother dressed up like Santa Claus and was walking around town. I had this rope in my hands, so I just took the rope and worked her over. I didn't find out it was my mother until later. It wasn't the first time I saw Santa. It was just that I didn't know he ran around in the middle of the day like that.

One experience we had was when the first airplane flew over this area. A Forest Service airplane came over and it stampeded all the horses, and the kids ran under the house. It was one of those old box-looking things. It came right overhead. I was only 4 or 5 years old. It was one of the first planes to fly over us. We didn't know what it was.

## **DR. SAM LUCE**

I am Sam Luce. I was born in June, 1932, in a little place called Mosca, Colorado. My father was born in Ellington, New York in 1901. My mother was born in New Burnside, Illinois in 1905. She met and married my father when they were attending the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

I grew up for the first four years in Colorado and then we moved to New Mexico where we lived on the San el Defonzo Indian Reservation. My dad worked for the Indian Service. We stayed with the Indian Service and we lived in Albuquerque and Phoenix. Then my dad became the professor of Electronics and Mathematics at Highland University in Las Vegas, New Mexico. From there he went to the University of Houston in the Department of Electronics. Houston is where I went to medical school. Then we parted ways and he went to work for the Olympic Steamship Company as a geologist electrician locating all of the oil wells out in the Gulf of Mexico, where the big oil spill later occurred. He worked on identifying those oil fields out there.

My father's father was Joses Luce and he was born around 1868 near Ellington, NY. He married a Hitchcock. She was about 5 years younger than he. She passed away

early. I did meet my grandfather who became a farmer, near Ellington. He raised cows, he had a dairy, and he also had a farm where he raised crops and sold them. That's on my father's side.

On my mother's side my Granddad DeWees was a pure-bred Frenchman. His name was Thomas DeWees and he was born in 1872. He worked primarily around the coal mines in Harrisburg, Illinois and he married Maude McMurtry. She was a pure blood, pretty little Irish lady. She was petite but rather a fiery little lady, as some Irish are. Maude was just a wonderful grandma for me.

I came into the Blue in 1971, 40 years ago. My wife and I had been practicing medicine in Estes Park, Colorado, and the area continued to grow. Our practice became so demanding that we were looking for a chance to reduce our obligation to our professional lives and take a little more time with raising our three children. So we ventured out and we found the Blue River and we ended up purchasing the Jack Burk ranch. We have enjoyed being Blue River residents immensely from that time until now.

Our new ranch was 85 acres and included 250 head of cattle. This was more work than we wanted to do so we reduced, you might say to 10%. We went down to 25 head. We found that 25 head, when we were out there branding and

getting kicked in the face by a yearling steer, was still plenty of work. We raised a pretty good field of corn. We fed our cattle from the pasture, and then raised corn that we added to their feed.

Gradually, we have moderated. We find it more fun to go camping than we do to brand calves. We have reduced our stock. When they turned the wolves loose here, a few years back, we were unable to get a calf to stay alive. The wolves always beat us to it. So after several years of running the 'Blue River Bed and Breakfast' for the wolves we decided that that wasn't a very profitable thing to do. So this fall, again after losing three calves to the wolves, we decided to wait for conditions to improve.

When we came here the idea was to slow our practice down because we had gotten so busy that my wife and I would meet in the hallway of the hospital maybe once a day. Our baby sitter was raising our kids and this just wasn't working out. So we moved to the Blue to remedy that situation. We had three children, a girl and two boys.

The major medical disaster that occurred here was in our own family. We were driving down the Blue River road and a big bunch of deer jumped out in front of us and went uphill and kicked off a big bunch of rocks. One rock came right through the window right next to where our daughter

was riding, and caused some permanent life long brain injury problems, which she still suffers today and always will.

Mostly, our medical practice has been one of interest in that it deals with people that get injured more than just necessarily get sick. We've had other brain injuries such as a delightful young lady came here just as an adventure to enjoy living on the Blue. She went to work down at the Joy's ranch and was helping them pack fence posts on a horse in order to go up and build fences. One of the horses above her spooked and caused the one that was carrying the fence posts to run off and run into her horse. She subsequently got dumped off the side of the steep canyon. She went down and sustained a very serious head injury. I saw her and at the time she was very seriously brain damaged and was airlifted to Barrows Neurological Hospital where she did not survive. That was another very difficult situation that we had.

We have had a fair number of people come in and have heart attacks. Fay Moore unfortunately had a serious heart attack while down here on the Blue. The problems you encounter in older people developing malignancies have been a problem. One of which took my good friend Clell Lee. When he was in his middle '70s he came into my office there at

the ranch. I knew he had this tumor but he was living with it. He came over in the final stages and he told me, as a good bear hunter would tell you, he said, "Well I believe they've got me treed, Doc. This is it. I got off my horse to open up a gate and I just couldn't get back on. I had to walk back to camp". And I said "What do you want to do? We can take you to the hospital and get you some help". He said, "No I'm going to finish up right here. This is where I've lived. You just leave me here alone, come over and visit me when you have the time". After a few days his wife and daughter Rose came to see him. They said "Well Dad, why don't you come down to the ranch?" They took him home and in a couple of days he was gone. That was kind of a tough time.

We've gone to get hunters back in the hills that managed to stick their leg underneath a rock or slipped into a rocky hole and broke a leg. One fella managed to shoot himself in the knee with his 38 revolver. He was riding with his revolver loaded to the gills going through the oak brush. That brush cocked and shot his revolver and he shot himself in the knee permanently destroying it.

For more on Sam Luce's life, read Maverick Doc, by Ann Leonard, available at the Alpine Public Library.



## **TOM JUDD**

My name is Tom Judd. I was born right here in Alpine on October 28, 1930. My parents were Earnest Judd and Ila Sharp Judd. I have lived in Alpine all my life except for military service in the late '60s.

My great-grandfather, Don Carlos Judd, came by here in the late 1800s, and there was 10 feet of snow, and 20 below zero so he kept going down to the valley. He went into Pima and filed for a homestead claim there. Later there was a Joseph McFate that homesteaded this property here in Alpine [Tom's present home on Hwy 180] and the two old men got together and traded homesteads. Joseph McFate went to Pima and Don Carlos came to Alpine. My dad was seven years old when they came to live in Alpine.

Another interesting incident was that McFates had gotten the water rights on the San Francisco River, and when they traded homesteads they set up 80 acres so Don Carlos Judd could keep the water rights. And we have the water rights today from that deal. He homesteaded this property in 1901. As far as I know, no one else in Alpine has any water rights.

We've always had the lake. The first people that homesteaded here built the original lake. They used what



they called a slip scraper, a little horse drawn metal deal, and they used that to make the original dam. We got to having trouble with the old dam, and mother decided she'd have this new dam built. When we started working on it, everybody in the country tried to close it down. When they found out that we had the water rights on the river they couldn't do anything about it.

One of the things I remember, the State got into it and the County and everybody else. They told us we had to maintain the same amount of water in the new dam that we had in the old one. Now, how do you do that?

My folks made their living in a variety of ways. They were always into something. We ranched, farmed, rented horses, built and operated rental cabins, had several lodges, and ran a restaurant in one.

My dad had a bunch of cattle, and in those years he ran them out on the open range. When the Forestry Service came in they set up allotments according to how many cattle a person had. We had two allotments, one at Cow Creek and one at Sierra Blanca Lake. We had two permits and we'd change the cattle from one to the other during the year. We had a permit in the Forest for 100 head plus the bulls and calves we had.

Later on my folks bought a piece of property on this side of Nelson Reservoir. We had about 300 acres there, and every winter we would drive our cattle to winter there. That little old shed of a house down there was built about 150 years ago. I used to spend most of the winter down there watching the cattle.

We used to raise a lot of small grains, which would nourish the ground. Dad would plow the land and plant wheat and oats and barley. Willard Skousen had a thrashing machine and he would start up at the other end of the valley and then they'd just work their way through and thresh everyone's grain. When they used to cut the grain they'd shuck it up in bundles and then come by with a wagon, and throw them into the wagon. He had a place where he could shoot the grain in and the stalk would come out one way and the grain would come down another way into sacks. If they didn't finish a property that day they would just leave the horses and the wagons right there, and then come back the next morning. They'd go through each part of the valley that way. The women would have some good food cooked for them when they came. Everybody helped each other.

We had a big grainery down here at the barn, which I think my granddad built. We had areas blocked off where you

put oats in one bin, and whatever grain we had in another. We'd keep what we needed for the winter months. The Beckers had a big store in Springerville, and Mother and Dad would take what was left of the grain into Springville. The money they made would help them start the winter.

We always had our own hay. When Dad started using a tractor he'd cut the hay. It grew so tall all you could see was the smoke stack and the driver going through the hay.

We stopped farming because it just got so we didn't have enough moisture, and one thing and another. We ranched all the way through the years until the last ten years. We always had cattle and horses. During the summer I was wrangler not a cowboy. We used to rent horses to the people in the tourist cabins and people who wanted to ride. During the summer months we had the cabins full most of the time.

We also worked with the people at the Judson School. We used to let them rent our horses. We had about ten to fifteen horses. We had our own horses for a long time and then in later years I had to start buying them. I got to where I knew horses well enough that old Maxey Lee used to sell me horses, and I'd walk out to the horse trailer and look them over. He'd take back the one's I didn't want. He got the biggest kick out of me. He knew that I knew horses well enough, but for tourists you had to have a certain

kind of horse. I used to tell them the horse was smarter than they were.

Mom and dad used to come up from Springerville when they first came out with a Model A Ford and they had to follow the wagon roads. And they'd come to that little house right next to Nelson Reservoir and they'd get that far in one day. So much mud and bad weather they'd have to stop over night there. There were people living there so they'd go in with their bed rolls, sleep there the night and come on home the next morning.

We had 300 people in the winter time and thousands in the summer time. Regulars were people that had been born here or had a place here, but in summer time people just flocked in here. We had people come from all parts of the country. There was some times we had people from California or all the way from Arkansas. At that time we had some of the best fishing in the whole country. Fish and Game here had several hatcheries and started stocking fish that they grew during the winter time. There was some of the best fish you could get into.

We've always had lots of water. I've seen the snow rise at least ten inches a day. That's what made this part of the country was the snow. One time this whole bottom

field here was full of water and in October it was just a solid piece of ice all the way across.

We used to have some cold rough weather. We had to feed the cattle all winter long. There was one of the years, I was living in the log house next door and it kept snowing and snowing and it started to leak. I came to Mother's house here and I dug me a path from the log house to hers and then I dug up to the highway and all you could see was the top of the houses. That was 1967 or '68.

We used to horseback ride. At the church we worked with the Mutual and the Primary. We did all kinds of things that way. There was part of the time they didn't have their Mutual in the summer time, so with all these cabins full of people, I'd go around and gather up all the kids and take them up to the church house and play volleyball or basket ball to provide some kind of entertainment. We always had a chicken fry or hooked up a wagon and made hayrides with it and ran it through town.

Nelson Reservoir was built as an irrigation ditch for Springerville and Eagar, probably built in the early 1900s. It has been there long as I can remember. A few years ago they wanted to maintain and keep fish in it. We had property down at this end of it and the Forestry Service made us a trade. It was supposed to be straight across

(equal acreage) but the Forestry Service doesn't work that way. They went in there and raised the dam ten feet that required them to keep at least ten feet of water in the lake all the time. I don't remember how it worked, but they had so much acreage that dad traded to them and dad only got a third as much in trade in Alpine.

My dad got traded out of a lot of property. We used to lease land around this part of the country and when the Forest Service changed things, legally they had to let my dad have a choice to make real property or let it go to forest. They didn't do that. They cut him out. There was one Forest Ranger that quit on account of it. They cut those lease properties out of the deal and traded them to somebody else.

Dad had a guest named Jack (Corcoran) that wanted to have a mountain lodge so Dad took him up to the lodge at Sierra Blanca. He liked the thing so much that he bought it straight out. He was adopted by the people who owned the land where the Empire State Building is. He had an untold amount of money. No telling how much he had. Later on in life the old man turned around and married the woman that had adopted him. The land where the Empire State building sits is still in their family units.

He built that wing on the hospital (White Mountain in Springerville). He went in and built the new gymnasium for the high school. He told them on that deal with the hospital, if they would do what he wanted them to, he could put any kind of equipment they needed into that hospital. He started to make this agreement, and he told them if you let me pick the doctors you can have all that equipment. The hospital wouldn't do it.

We worked our cattle next to Sierra Blanca all the time. That was a part of our cattle allotment. In fact we used that lake there for our cattle water. The place itself was original and had a dam but the Forest Service went in and they put the dam line below. They didn't do that until after Jack had sold all that. They wouldn't mess with him at all.

Leonard Rogers worked up there all the time. He was the one that built the lodge there. Jack and his boy sold it to them. Later on there were some people out of Phoenix that bought it and the Forestry Service tried to prove that the lake was a part of the forest. And then another guy got into it, he was a car salesman from Tucson. They didn't break him but he had a heck of a time trying to keep it together.

There was an Absolom who came out of Tucson and bought that property and he had the lodge built. He was married to the niece and heir of the old man that started Levi Straus. She was a wonderful woman and we liked working with them.





## BILL AND MARION GARY

*By Kathy McCraine*

We must have looked like an old time wagon train the summer of 1958 when my family moved from Texas to Arizona. The old pickup my dad, Bill Gary, drove had been loaded sky high with household belongings and hitched to a trailer with still more stuff, both covered by big tarps. Lumbering down the highway, they looked for all the world like two covered wagons. My mother, Marion, followed behind with my 7-year-old brother Bill, Jr., our Cocker Spaniel Skipper, and me, age 9 at the time, in our turquoise, 1956, Chevy station wagon.

Two days later we arrived at Paulden, Arizona, where we had leased a small ranch on the Verde River, the Stuart River Ranch owned by Jeb Stuart. Our herd of 100 registered Herefords, our black horse Jack, and my half Quarter Horse, half pony mare Poco would arrive a couple days later by rail from Greenville, Texas. At that time there was still an "immigrant train" law on the books from the 19<sup>th</sup> century, enacted to encourage the settlement of the west. For a very cheap rate you could ship your livestock, household belongings, equipment, and even set up a box car for your family to travel in if you desired. When the cattle

arrived, we unloaded them at a set of pens on the Stuart ranch and drove them to the leased pasture.

My dad had always dreamed of ranching in the West, so we left our small stock farm in Caddo Mills and came west hoping to buy a new ranch. The lease would allow time to look. For my mother, who had grown up watching Roy Rogers at the Saturday matinees in her native New Jersey, it also sounded like an idyllic life.

My dad, William Arthur Gary was born in 1924 in Dallas, Texas, and though he grew up in the city, he spent much of his time on the stock farms the family owned at Caddo Mills, located between Dallas and Greenville. Ranching was in his blood. His seventh great grandfather, also named William Gary, registered one of the first cattle brands in Virginia in 1693, though the "brands" in those days were actually earmarks. We have a copy of the page from the county book of records showing this registration. My dad's grandfather, William Archibald Gary, ranched in west Texas and Roswell, N.M., as well as Caddo Mills.

My dad attended Texas A&M University, left midway through college to serve as a Captain in the Marine Corps during World War II, then returned to obtain a degree in animal husbandry in 1948. Meanwhile he had met my mother at Camp Pendleton, California, where he was stationed and

where she was a Navy nurse. They were married in 1948 after both got out of the service.

My mother was born in Cranbury, N.J. in 1921, the daughter of German immigrants who had a small farm. Her mother died when she was just 17, and her father didn't support her ambition to go to college. So, after attending a local nursing school, she packed everything she owned in a small suitcase and headed to Washington, D.C. There she worked nights and weekends to put herself through Catholic University of America and earn a degree in nursing education.

In 1950 my parents bought a stock farm in Caddo Mills. It was in the midst of one of the worst droughts in Texas history, and after two years there, they began to think about moving west.

My dad had looked at the ranch we were to lease on the Verde River, but my mother never got to see it before we moved. She viewed it with mixed feelings. The old frame house with peeling white paint was nestled in the bottom of a beautiful malapai rimmed canyon not 50 yards from the rushing Verde River. A windmill in the front yard pumped water for the house, and a Kohler plant provided electricity. A falling down, unpainted barn and set of cattle pens completed the facilities.

As it turned out, the Kohler plant never worked, so we spent the winter reading and studying by kerosene lanterns and the candles my mother taught us to make. It was a magical summer though. With only two horses, my brother and I took turns riding with my dad to check the cattle and getting bucked off of the irascible Poco, a chunky little blue roan with a mind of her own.

When we weren't riding with my dad, we would spend mornings riding the horses, racing them through the mustard weed field that must have once been cultivated. The afternoons we spent wading and swimming in the river.

In the fall, my mother took a job teaching the sixth grade class at Ash Fork, a dreary little railroad town north of us, so that winter we made the one-hour drive each day to attend school.

Finally that spring my dad bought a small ranch with about five sections an hour south of Prescott at Walnut Grove on the Hassayampa River. The Pike family had built a sturdy rock house just off the river in a patch of giant cottonwood trees as a headquarters. The river, really just a creek, ran underground in front of the house when a flash flood wasn't rolling down its banks, but where it came to the surface, there was ample water to irrigate the pastures that flanked it. They named the ranch the Smoke Tree Ranch

for no other reason, I suppose, than they liked the name, and later they bought the Gold Bar Ranch next door.

That fall my mother took the job teaching kindergarten through eighth grade at the local one-room, one-schoolmarm school just down the road.

"I was not only the teacher," she says, "but the principal, school grounds supervisor, and janitor. That first year I had every grade but fifth grade, and I only had a certificate to teach grades seven through eight. It was exhausting, and I felt so inadequate to teach the lower grades."

Compounding her frustration, there were few tools available for teaching, not even a set of encyclopedias. She leaned on the school board to at least obtain that, but bought many of the supplies herself, such as crayons and paper for art, a globe, maps, and reading books. Christmas was always a special time at the little school when the whole community came out for a Christmas pageant. The school would put on a Christmas play, or we would sing hymns learned at the community church, where they had a piano. One of the parents would bring a tree and all the kids would make decorations for it.

My parents struggled for six years to make ends meet on that ranch with 100 head of registered Herefords. My

dad, along with Prescott ranchers Delbert Pierce, Bob Kieckhefer and Carl Safely as the sale committee, helped start the Prescott Hereford Sale in 1963. The sale was dropped after several successful years, but resumed as the Arizona Hereford Association Sale in 1974. Now in its 37<sup>th</sup> year, that sale still takes place every spring at Cattleman's Weekend held at the Prescott Livestock Auction.

My dad and my brother also participated every year in the Arizona National Livestock Show in Phoenix and the Southern Arizona International Livestock Show in Tucson, showing and selling cattle. I was more interested in horses, and soon accumulated a small herd of fillies and colts out of Poco, none of which I was inclined to sell and turn the undertaking into a profit.

Meanwhile, my dad had another dream - to start a college preparatory school based on the Marine Corps. He had never really wanted to retire from the Corps, but was forced out because of his arthritis, and he always retained a great loyalty to it. For several years he traveled all over the country raising the money to build the Marine Military Academy, soliciting the support of the Corps and other Marine enthusiasts. It was to be built in Prescott, but when an old Air Force navigation school closed down in

Harlingen, Texas, and offered him the facilities, the school became a reality.

We sold the ranch and moved there to start the school, but in order to sell the ranch, he took partial payment in subdivision land in Prescott. Two years later, with the school up and running, we returned to Prescott, where he began to develop that land and build houses. By 1972 my folks were back in the cattle business when they bought the Horner Mountain Ranch at Dugas, Arizona. It was an 18-section allotment running 300 plus Hereford-Charolais cross commercial cattle. They also bought a 200-acre irrigated farm at Dewey to raise purebred Charolais bulls for the ranch.

During those years, I graduated from the University of Arizona, worked for different livestock publications in Denver and San Antonio, married my husband, Swayze McCraine, and moved to his family's ranch in Woodville, Mississippi. In 1984 we returned to Arizona to help my folks run Horner Mountain. Later, through various complicated partnerships with my folks and exchanges, we bought the Wagon Bow Ranch at Wikieup, then sold it to buy the 7 Up Ranch northwest of Prescott from Mike Oden. We also bought two forest permits totaling 25,000 acres to run our yearlings.



With 44,000 acres, the 7 Up ranges in elevation from 7,000 feet in the Ponderosa pine country around headquarters to 1,500 feet in Burro Creek, with vast expanses of rocky mesas and high desert chaparral country. Eventually, my folks put their part of the ranch into an irrevocable trust, and today Swayze and I operate it as Campwood Cattle Company.

My folks, now retired, live in Prescott and can look back on numerous accomplishments. My mother served for many years as the district librarian for Prescott Elementary Schools. My dad, always a master at prying donations from people, was president of the Yavapai College Foundation when it raised the money to build its performance hall. Most recently, as chairman of the Phippen Museum capital campaign, he has been instrumental in raising \$2.5 million to double the size of Prescott's foremost western art museum.

Back in the years when we owned the Wagon Bow, we used to make the three-hour drive from Prescott, taking dirt roads through the O RO Ranch to get there. My dad would frequently comment when we passed their beautiful headquarters in the pines that he had always wanted a ranch with a headquarters in the Ponderosa Pines. He finally found it. The cabin he built on the 7 Up for he and my

mother is surrounded by a meadow and beautiful pines, many over two feet in diameter.



## ROWAN AND PEARL WILLIS

In 1964 Rowan Willis and Pearl Trotter married on February 6<sup>th</sup> in Las Vegas, Nevada. They lived on the Bitter Creek Ranch for a year then they moved to the Chapman 3 Way Ranch on the Gila River. The kids helped with the ranch work and they spent time riding their horses and playing in the Gila River. The kids had an arena to practice roping, barrel racing, and built a bucking chute for any bull cow or steer that wandered by and they could get loaded.

Rowan worked for the state highway department and drove a school bus and worked as a teamster on several construction jobs.

In 1964 Pearl became secretary for the Arizona Rodeo Association. The job held until 1977. The whole family did a lot of attending rodeos. They also put on a lot of team roping with all holding different jobs and they roped at different events.

In 1976 Rowan and Pearl bought the family ranch on Apache Creek and built a house in the same spot Rowans grandfather W.F. Willis had built a home in 1906. We built the house out of railroad ties and stucco on the outside. It has a tin roof so you can hear the rain. The home was built by one carpenter, 2 Mexican boys and family members

including Frank Willis and son Ted. The old house had been torn down and the old corrals were all in bad disrepair. They built several corrals, a saddle house and a hay barn. Starting with a few cows and several heifers and a bull and by being very frugal they built it up a good cow herd. Eventually they had mostly F1 Cross cows and Angus bulls. Several years they leased fields and feed lots and bought and sold cows and yearling. Most of their time was spent on the ranch caring for the cattle and the land. In 1993 Rowan was named Co-operator of the Year by the Gila Valley Natural Resource Conservation District or NRCD. The award is given to the most outstanding rancher for making the extra effort in maintaining and improving natural resources.

On August 25<sup>th</sup> 1993 the Eastern Arizona Courier ran an article on Rowan and Pearl Willis stating:

"Rowan and Pearl Willis of Duncan Arizona say they saw a need to change their grazing management and improvements to the vegetative of the ranch. To accomplish this they have worked many years with Conservation Service, BLM and State Land Department in developing and implementing a resource management plan through the Willis efforts fencing livestock pipe lines have been installed to allow rotational grazing systems to the implementation." "The

Willis's hard work improving their natural resources while still making a living off the land demonstrated their commitment to sound resource management."

Besides the many pipelines, storage tanks were installed and the water piped to many places where no water had been available before.

Several springs were fended and piped to troughs and two branding corrals were built on Cottonwood and Apache Creek.

The kids and grandkids came to the ranches on weekends, holidays and summer vacations. They helped with branding and shipping of the cattle also in putting in the pipelines. Even when it came to the hard work it seemed like play to them and when they weren't working the cattle they spent time playing in the water at the Bath Tub Springs. They always had plenty of horses to ride.

These were the very best part of their lives and they all felt truly blessed to have lived and worked on a ranch that meant so much to them.



## ROWAN WILLIS

Rowan was born March 11, 1926 in Clifton, Arizona to Frank Willis Jr. and Frances Davis. His dad worked for the Phelps Dodge Store in Morenci as times were hard for ranchers. After that Frank and Frances bought a homestead on Buzzards Roost and lived there until 1929 when they purchased T Triangle ranch from Ben McNair. When Rowan was 3½ years old he helped drive the cattle from Buzzards Roost to Clifton to the rail road. They traded 250 head of cattle for \$5,000.00, the price of the ranch. Rowan's sister Ginger was born in 1930. In 1932 they lived in Duncan part time so Rowan could attend school. Being raised on the ranch with not many people around and he was terrified of school.

At the time of Rowans birth his grandparents branded him a calf and a filly with the 4U this was the beginning of a lifetime of owning cattle and horses.

Rowans grandpa W.F. Willis came from Texas and began ranching in Arizona. His grandmother Nan Wiltshire came to Duncan to teach school. His grandpa Frank Davis also came from Texas to start ranching and his grandmother Viola Jones was born in Arizona.



Rowan spent a lot of his time in school looking out the window at the mountains wishing he was at the ranch. He spent all of his weekends, holidays and summers at the ranch. He broke a lot of horses, doctored cattle for worms, dehorned and gathered cattle for shipping. There was a small cabin at upper cottonwood where he and his dad spent many summers working the ranch.

On weekends and summer vacations several friends would come and help with the ranch work. One day about lunch time L.D. Russell and Jimmy Curry rode up leading a burro with their bed rolls on him and stayed for 3 weeks. The three boys cleaned out springs and fixed fence. On some days they would have to drive the saddle horses to Coyote Springs to water them because there wasn't enough water at the spring close to the cabin. Carroll Dean with Paul Stockbridge spent a lot of time in the summer with Rowan when he was alone on the ranch. Rowan attended the Duncan Schools from Kindergarten through High School graduating in 1944. In June 1945 he joined the navy where he spent his time at naval bases in California and was discharged in July 1946. After coming home he went into partnership with his Dad on the Apache Creek Ranch and with his VA loan he purchased a farm in York Valley.

There was a bad drought in 1946 and 1947 and they had to sell a lot of cattle. They drove 200 Hereford cows to the Apache Grove and sold them for \$250.00 each. Jimmy Sanders commented that they were the prettiest set of Hereford cows he had ever seen.

He and his dad were partners on the ranch on Apache Creek, the farm in York Valley and a farm in Kansas Settlement out of Wilcox, Arizona.

Rowans daughter Linda was born in January, 1950 and his son Dick in July, 1952. In 1960 he sold the farm in York Valley and bought a ranch near the 3 way from Bill Chapman.

The T Triangle Ranch on Apache Creek was started by the C.A. Cattle Company, an English owned company they owned the ranch in 1876 and had 2 cabins and 2 large pole corrals. The C.A. Cattle company sold their holding in 1895 to W.F. Willis and W.T. Witt. Willis and Witt built a holding pasture in 1896 along with the headquarters on Apache Creek. The pasture is still in use today. The ranch was then sold to Henry Martin and Floyd Hightower in 1910 who then sold it to Sam Sloan. Sam Sloan then sold it to Ben McNair. Frank Willis bought the ranch in 1929 and filed a homestead and proved up on it.

Many weekends Rowan would stay at the ranch so his dad could have some time in town. He spent weekends reading stories from the Saturday Evening Post. He had a dog that like many ranch dogs was not overly friendly but every evening would ask to come in the house and then would go around and check every room. When satisfied that everything was ok he would then ask to be let out again.

Rowan had many favorite horses over the years, starting out with a pony and then graduating to bigger horses and finally to breaking broncs.

He started roping calves at junior rodeo when he was 14 years old and then on to team roping. Rowan was Arizona State Calf Roping Champion in 1963 and State Team Roping Champion in 1969 and 1977. Many of the roping was won on a little Sorrel Mare named Smarty who was a wedding gift from his wife Pearl who he married in 1964. Rowan always said "Smarty had a heart as big as a wash tub". One of the saddest days of his life was the day Smarty had to be put down.

Rowan had some really great Catahoula Cow dogs; the first was Brindy who was "a whole lot smarter than most cowboys". His last really smart dog who he raised from a puppy was Freckles. He said Freckles saved his life more times than he could remember. One time after letting up a

big bull he had branded the bull turned to get him and  
Freckles had the bull by the nose before he got even close  
to Rowan.



## PEARL TROTTER WILLIS

Pearl was born on July 25, 1931 in McKenzie County, North Dakota in her paternal grandmothers log house. Pearl is the youngest of seven children born to Leighton Trotter and Pearl Stevenson. She had 4 brothers and 2 sisters. Ed, Jim, John, Lee, Doris and Margaret. Her father and uncle homesteaded two different places along the Little Missouri River. Pearl attended a one room school house two miles from the ranch until eighth grade. She walked or rode her pony to and from school every day. She attended eighth, ninth and tenth grades in the historic town of Medora. There was only a 2 year high school in Medora so she attended 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grades in Sidney, Montana graduating in 1948.

At age 14 she was able to help drive the cattle for shipping to the railhead in Killdeer, ND about 50 miles away. The last night of the drive they slept on a restaurant floor because it was snowing in September.

In the winters of 1948 and 1949 she taught at the same one Room School House she had attended as a child.

In 1949 Pearl married and lived 25 miles from Medora on the Little Missouri River. Her son Tim was born there in April, 1950, Ted in October 1951 and Ken in December

1955. She moved to Arizona in 1960 where the family lived on the Bitter Creek Ranch.

## DONALD EUGENE "DON" HONNAS

I was born in St. Mary's Hospital at Tucson, AZ and brought home to Dad and Mom's little 10 acres at Sonoita. They started buying homesteads in the areas. Homesteaders could not make a living on 160 acres of land. They bought most land for \$10 per acre and in a few years could run about 150 cows, but worked jobs on the side. They were both born in 1907.

At the age of about 3 ½ years Mom, Dad, Brother Ray and I rode about one mile from home to check on a small bunch of cattle and the windmill. Coming back home our horses stopped to get a drink in a water hole along the canyon. My gentle mare (Silver, and Indian mare) walked out in the water and laid down and started to roll over in the water, with me trying to stay on her as she rolled. My family giggled and laughed at me and I was embarrassed but I stayed on her. I refused to ride her again until I was five years old.

At 5 years old I went to Sonoita School in 1<sup>st</sup> grade. The reason being that 10 children were needed to keep the school open and there were only 9 children that were 6 years old and older. One of the first graders was 2 years older than me. After 6<sup>th</sup> grade I rode the High School Bus



to Patagonia for 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade on through to High School in 1948-1951. From there it was the University of Arizona for 4 years and graduation from 1951-1955 in Range management and Animal Husbandry.

At 17 years old, Bill Hughes, the Patagonia Forest Ranger came by and asked if I would work the summer fire season at Baldy Cabin in the Santa Rita Mountains. Mr. Hughes, while doing the paperwork looked up quickly and said your 18 and smiled quickly while he wrote it down. He had me sign my name and I never said anything. I did not refute him as to my age and I did not have to lie about it. I worked with Kenneth Putman and we cleared trail of fallen over trees, brush and washouts. I rode my mule. We only worked five days a week but one Saturday and Sunday I was hired to work for the Madera Canyon Water Works to pack the Government mules with a 24 pack of beer, tools and food up to the Littleshot Tunnel near Baldy Trail about 4 ½ to 5 miles from the trailhead in Madera Canyon on the two Government mules. It was absolutely necessary to get the beer up to Tacho Cocova as he had refused to work without it. Tacho was working for the Madera Canyon Water Works who got their water in a pipe line from two springs just below Josephine Saddle which were, the Littleshot Tunnel and Sprung Spring. After Tacho was satisfied he went to

work while I packed a good number of loads of cement and sand for him. Tacho was a hard worker. The next year Bill Douglass and I worked the summer for forest Ranger Bob Schmidt who was the new Patagonia Forest Ranger.

In 1955 I married Carolyn Pine, an old country gal who was born and raised in Arizona. She had lived most of her life around horses, dogs and ranches. I had my eyes on her since she was 13 years old. At 17 and 21 we married and have been married for 56 years. Carolyn and our three kids were very active and helpful in our ranch life and all rode horses, helped in working and all ranch work. Debra is a nurse, Clifford is an equine surgeon, and Jackie is a school teacher.

Until about 1960, we doctored cattle and animals for screwworms during the warmer seasons and wet weather. I helped Dad doctor for worms as a boy. We mostly used Peerless and Smear 62 until Coral came along in later years. One time we ran out of Peerless and the Sonoita Store was out of all screwworm medications or killers. Dad said I can fix that but it will take a while. He got some flour and put it in the fairly large hole and kept packing it. Pretty soon the worms wiggled slowly out, one at a time. They were actually smothered by not getting any air.

After about an hour he repacked it again. In a few days we had both Peerless and Smear 62 on hand.

When the Government worked to extinguish the male screwworm fly, Garth Powell came down to Arivaca and told us about the airplane dropping flies in a box. He told us to put down a large white lime X wherever we doctored a case of screwworms. We phoned the drop men in Douglas and gave them a fairly good coordinate of where the X was and they would drop the flies in that area. The United States eventually eradicated the screwworm fly.

I worked on the following ranches:

Cecil and Lottie Honnas Ranch - Sonoita- as a boy and as a young man

Mickey Clark Ranch - east of Sonoita

Star King Ranch - east of Sonoita - leased land by Cecil Honnas

Keith Brown Ranches

I worked two roundups on Keith's two ranches, the Santa Rita Ranch and the Apache Springs Ranch. Both ranches were butting up against each other and Wayne Wright ran the Apache Springs. Wayne picked me up at Highway 83 and Gardner Canyon Rd and took me over to the Santa Rita Ranch each day. Wayne had mentioned a few times that I was not supposed to pay any attention to Keith. We had to get

up between 3:00 and 3:30 A.M. to get to the ranch on time. We showed up one morning at 10 minutes past 5:00 A.M. and it was still dark. When we got out at the corral Keith evidently had not had his coffee yet. He was quite grumpy and called us the "Sunshine Cowboy's". He expected everyone to be there specifically on time and this was the only time we were late.

Keith bought a 5 year old burned out bucking horse from the sale in Tucson and asked me to ride the horse. I said I would, but not unless I put on a snaffle bit and draw reigns. The next morning Wayne and Gilbert Garcia held the horse until I got on. Keith sent me on my way alone on a runaway horse to check pastures. Every time I opened a gate this rascal would shy away from me when I tried to get back on. Finally I pulled his head around with the draw reigns and got on. Then he would immediately run away. We would still be running if it wasn't for the draw reins and snaffle bit. Keith decided he would sell the horse the next day. In all essence Keith had a good heart but just a little a quick on the trigger and lip sometimes. He was a good man to work for.

In 1958 or 1959 Dad and Mom had sold most of the Sonoita ranch and the lease on the Star King Ranch. They went to their tax advisor and he advised them to buy

another ranch. They bought the Jarillas Ranch from Homer Osborne and Ray's family and our family moved to Arivaca. We gave our cattle to the ranch and received stock in the ranch. The ranch went from Arivaca to the Mexican border. It became Honnas Land and Cattle Co. Ray left in 1962 and bought another ranch. Dad and Mom and our interest sold the Jarillas headquarters to Jack and Lawrence Jones and we kept 21 sections on the north end. We bought the left over 21 sections from Dad and Mom's interest in 1971.

We put a sign up at our entrance calling it ("Pocahonnas Ranch"). We were told by many friends and people that we had spelled it wrong and it should have been "Pocahontas Ranch". We thought our play on words were great and kept it until we retired.

In the mean time Lawrence Jones gave us an Australian Shepard who was a nipping heeler and was an excellent cow dog. If you yelled at her she would go home. If Carolyn kept her in the house for a couple of hours after I left with my horse in the pickup for 8 miles or so and then rode off a mile or two from the pickup she would find me on the horse. Over the years we had several Australians who were excellent cowdogs but mostly worked for only me. One dog was a header and heeler. These dogs were 50-50 with me. I learned lots from them and they learned lots from me. Be

nice to cowdogs and they will be nice to you. Do not give up on them and you might be surprised. They will learn your commands and do the best they can. They do get better. Forgive them once in a while. After all they forgive you.

The kids and Carolyn were very helpful in gathering cattle on weekends to put in a pasture just before getting a crew to help us get them over the mountain just before shipping and deer season. We hired Feliciano and Manuel Lopez to help. Dad, Mickey Clark, Ray, son Cliff, Lawrence Jones and Newell Clark were amongst the faithful ones. I sorted out the heifers we wanted to keep for cows.

Carolyn, with Mom's help took care of the meals to feed the cowboy's, cattle inspector, cattle buyers, truck drivers and drop-ins.

A not perfect Jack of all trades on a ranch could do a lot of things like: learn from others, horseshoeing, saddling his own horse, roping, breaking horses, seeing your animals regular, taking care of sick cows, calves, horses and animals, pulling calves, milking cows out, branding, welding, well drilling, taking care of wells and windmills, water tanks, fencing and fixing fence, operating equipment, light mechanical work up to anything you are not afraid to try.

We sold all but 840 acres of private land to the Parson's in 1982 and kept Arivaca Creek and a few cattle. In 2001 we sold the 840 acres of land to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife. We left Arivaca and moved to Sahuarita because of the border problems, break-ins and traffic across our property. We lived on a hill where we could see the mountains 360 degrees around the house. If we did not actually see the people, there were times that the cattle were stirred up and we could tell that another bunch of people were coming out of the South. Many came to our house for food, water, help and to call the Border Patrol for them. We found lots of Marijuana, hidden on our property plus blankets, water jugs, clothing, shoes, jackets etc.

## **SYLVIA CLAUDETTE MANTEROLA**

Sylvia Manterola was born on October 9, 1934 in Winslow, Arizona, the first child of Marianne and Jose Antonio Manterola.

Sylvia's father, Jose Antonio Manterola (Tony) was born in Sumbilla, Navarra, Spain, in the Pyrenees Mountains. When he was fourteen years old, Tony left Spain to work in the United States, joining friends and relatives working in the sheep businesses near Flagstaff, Arizona.

Tony worked for several sheep outfits including the Hart Sheep Company, Kelly Sheep Company and Dr. R. O. Raymond. Tony and three of his friends later formed their own partnership in a livestock venture in the Imperial Valley of California. After a short while, he returned to Flagstaff to work for the Babbitt Sheep Company. In November, 1923, Tony Manterola, Fermin Echeverria, Mike Ohaco and Mario Jorajuria became equal partners in a sheep operation known as Ohaco Sheep Company.

Sylvia's mother, Marianne, was born in Argentina, South America. At the age of seventeen, Marianne emigrated from the Pyrenees Mountains to the United States. She arrived at Ellis Island and later boarded a train headed west for Flagstaff, Arizona where she had family. This had to have been a very



difficult journey as she was fluent only in French and Basque and did not know any English. Once in Flagstaff, she was employed as a housekeeper and nanny for the McCullough's.

In the fall of 1932, Tony and Marianne met at a wrestling match in Phoenix, Arizona and a few months later they were married. Sylvia's sister Carmen was born in 1936 and her sister Marie was born in 1939. Jose (Joe) was born in 1945. Their childhood summers were spent in a small cabin at the Tillman Ranch located 75 miles from Winslow, AZ. The children worked with their mother and helped with all the chores that had to be done. They helped haul water and the girls learned to knit and they spent their evenings riding the horses with the ranch hands. Once a week their father would go to Winslow to buy provisions and get the mail. The children always got a special treat so when they saw the truck coming down the meadow toward the house, they would run to meet the truck and collect their treat which was usually a candy bar.

It was also during this time that Tony and Marianne wanted to become citizens of the United States. Their daughters worked with them and helped them to learn English and helped them to study the information necessary to gain their citizenship. This was a very proud moment for all the family!

In 1945, Dr. Raymond approached Tony to purchase his Flagstaff Sheep Company operation located in the Flagstaff and Williams area. Tony and Marianne embraced the opportunity and sold their interest in the Ohaco Sheep Company and relocated their family to the Garland Prairie Ranch near Williams, AZ. Summers would now be spent at the Riggins Homestead Ranch and winters in Peoria. There were no modern conveniences at the ranch. The children's daily duties were chopping wood for use in the wood stove and for heating water, pumping and hauling water in buckets from the well, helping wash clothes on a washboard, cooking, cleaning and any other chores needed. Coleman lanterns were used for light. Every evening the kids would help round up the bucks and bring them to water and feed. For entertainment the kids would gather some donkeys and ride them until the donkeys would buck them off. Many evenings they would go to the sheep camp and help prepare dinner and eat with the sheepherders. Evening times at home, they would sit in the living room and Sylvia would play the piano while her sisters sang songs for their parents.

When Sylvia began school in Glendale, she only spoke Spanish so she quickly learned English and began to teach her parents and siblings English also. The family moved to Peoria when Sylvia was in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. In high school she was

active in Student Council, played the French horn in the marching and concert bands, played various sports and excelled in track earning herself many blue ribbons and letters. She was also on the yearbook staff, worked on the school newspaper and involved in various other clubs including Future Homemakers of America and the Girls Athletic Association. She graduated from Peoria High School in 1952 and was then admitted to Arizona State College, now known as Arizona State University, where she was a member of Chi Omega Sorority. Sylvia graduated from ASC in May of 1956 with a degree in Business Administration.

The summer after her college graduation, Sylvia was contemplating looking for a job but her father became seriously ill in September of that year and died in November at the age of sixty five. Sylvia, at twenty two years old, made the decision to stay with the family to help her mother manage the business which had continued to expand. There were some that believed that Sylvia and Marianne would not be able to take on such a large responsibility. After all, they were women! The strength, courage and tenacity of these women proved them wrong. Marianne and Sylvia wanted to remain true to Tony's dream of the family sheep business. She and Sylvia worked hard to continue that dream and make it come true.

After many years, Joe became old enough to join the family business as well, and the business was renamed Manterola Sheep Company, Inc. Joe handled the day to day operations of the livestock and Sylvia and Marianne managed the financial portion of the business. Even with the help of both Sylvia and Joe, Marianne stayed involved as the family matriarch well into her nineties, serving as President of the company.

Sylvia has spent her entire life working as CEO for the family business. On a daily basis, she oversees employee issues for herders on the H2A temporary sheepherder programs with men that come from Peru, Mexico or Chile. She assists them with banking, paperwork, doctor visits and the buying of supplies. In addition to employee needs, she takes care of all the banking, correspondence, and mounds of paperwork that comes with running a ranching business. She is also very active with the business outside of the office. She and her mother both cooked many meals for the men through the years during the shearing, shipping and other busy times. Sylvia herself also helps with both the shearing work and the shipping of lambs. Commuting between the deserts and the high country along with the sheep is still a part of her routine.

Sylvia, along with her mother, made three wonderful trips to the Basque regions of Spain and France to visit

relatives. She enjoyed learning about her family heritage on these trips. She is very proud of her Basque heritage.

Sylvia is an active member of the Arizona Wool Producers Association, the Arizona Wool Producers Auxiliary, for which she is a past President and currently serves as the Lamb Promotion Chairman. She is also a member of the Pinal County Farm Bureau Association and is a member of the Board of Directors. She is also a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. Sylvia is a devout Catholic and an active member of St. Anthony's Catholic Church in Casa Grande. With no children of her own, she has been a devoted aunt to her four nieces and her nephew along with many great nieces and nephews.

The Manterola family is one of only a few that remains in the Arizona sheep industry today. Sylvia and Joe operate Manterola Sheep Company, Inc.; Joe operates the Flagstaff Sheep Company; sister, Carmen and her husband, Joe Auza, operate Auza Ranches; and their son, Joseph, is also in the sheep business. Sylvia's sister, Marie, has retired from teaching in California and returned to Arizona to be near her family and help with the family business. The dream that Tony and Marianne had for their children remains alive and well today. Sylvia has continued to carry on the legacy left by her parents.

## DAVID NIX

David was born to John and Norma Nix on August 24, 1934 at St. Joseph's Hospital at the location of 4<sup>th</sup> Street and Van Buren in Phoenix. David had one brother Johnny and three sisters, Jeanne, Cheryl and Mary Louise. Another sister died at the age of two from an illness and a brother was born prematurely at five months and did not live.

Norma was born in Mesa, Arizona in 1901 and John came to Arizona in 1918 from Big Lake, Texas. His family was very wealthy with a huge sheep and cattle ranch. The drought hit and John's dad tried to feed the livestock out of the drought but it broke him. He loaded thirteen milk cows on a rail road car and sent young John and his brother Henry along with the cows to Arizona. They bought 120 acres on Lateral 15 ½; 39<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Lower Buckeye Road where David was raised. Both John and Norma attended Tempe Normal School.

David's early years were in an old adobe house that was built in the 1800's. The house had only two rooms and David says the big entertainment was watching the scorpions and mice crawl around the rooms. The legs of the beds were kept in small jars of water to prevent the scorpions and

other insects from crawling up on the beds. The house was so hot in the summer time that John would take gunny sacks and hang them over the windows and spray them down with a hose. That would let a little cool air in the house. The kids built a platform up in an old Mesquite tree and would sleep there in the summer to get a little air.

The Nix family had a dairy and all the kids had chores to do. David had a little Indian pony when he was three. He came off the Reservation and his name was Baldy. When he was older, David would ride Baldy down to his neighbor Phil Stockton's house located three miles west on 63<sup>rd</sup> Ave and Lower Buckeye Road quite often. When David was eight years old, he was allowed to drive the pickup to Phil's house. He would pass the Sheriff and he would just wave at David.

One of David's chores was bringing in the cows for milking each morning and afternoon. The morning hour would be 3:00 a.m. and the afternoon at 2:00 p.m. David's dad had always taught his kids that if two bulls were fighting, leave them alone, get as far away as you can. One afternoon when he was bringing the cows in, two big bulls were fighting. David was upset with the bulls and decided he was going to break up the fight although he was riding his little pony bareback. The bulls paid no attention to

the horse and rider. Baldy jumped right over the two bulls and David managed to stay on, although he doesn't know how.

David attended Riverside Grade School on 51<sup>st</sup> Avenue south of Buckeye Road. He went to all eight years of grade school there and enjoyed school really well. Once in awhile the kids could ride their horses to school. They would tie them in the ditch surrounding the school to graze and would water them at noon.

Neighbor Levi Reed had a feedlot on 43<sup>rd</sup> Avenue south of Buckeye Road. He had pasture cattle and in the winter he would pasture steers on the neighboring fields. Reed would keep the steers on one pasture for a week or so and then move them to another pasture. John Nix was very generous about volunteering David to help Levi. David would get up about four o'clock in the morning before there were too many cars on the road. His job was to get in the gates of all the pastures and drive ways to keep the steers from turning into them. John would pick David up about 7:00 a.m. with a trailer and he would go back home and get ready for school.

David's mother had a method of churning butter that he never quite figured out. His mother would put heavy cream from the dairy into quart jars and put the jars in his saddle bags. When he got back he would have churned the



cream into butter. David never talked to anyone else who knew of this method of churning butter.

The dairy had pasture cattle and heifers that they sent over to the Gila River Indian Reservation. Henry Stevens and Leon Sundust, old cowboys on the Reservation, looked out for the cattle and took care of them. The cattle liked the Mesquite beans and the Palo Verde blooms. They did real well over there. People told them they would never get the cattle back from the dense New York Mesquite thicket; but they always did. The Indians would send their dogs into the thicket and when the cattle ran out through an opening, Henry's son J.D. would rope them and drag them out and into a corral.

In 1941, John and Norma built a new house right across to the west of the old adobe house. It was a nice home and David thought the best thing was the indoor plumbing. The old outhouse was sure heck in the middle of the night. You never knew what kind of spiders might be crawling around in it. When David came home from school the first thing he did was try to find something to eat. His mother had two food storage closets which she kept locked; however, she always hid the key where David could find it.

The first day in the new house, no one was home when David arrived home from school. He knew there would be

food in the brand new refrigerator. He reached for the handle and it grabbed him and wouldn't turn him loose with the electricity running through him. He really felt this was the end; he was clear down on his knees when the refrigerator turned off. He told his parents and they called the electrician who told them to turn the plug over as there was no ground wire. This was before the days when plugs were manufactured with two sizes of plug ins so they cannot be inserted wrong.

David had started roping when he was eight years old on his little pony Baldy. His dad and friends were roping calves at an arena at 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Lower Buckeye Road. They would rope and tie down a calf. When they let the calf up, David would follow him out with a rope and he'd rope him. If he caught the calf, they would take the rope off for him. No saddle, just bareback. He continued to rope a lot. There were a number of Junior Rodeos to compete in including the Phoenix Jaycees, Florence and Western Saddle Club. John Clem, Dale Smith and Eddie Schell were competing in Junior Rodeos the same time as David. He still has a bronze statue presented to him by Everett Bowman for winning All-Around Cowboy at a Junior Rodeo put on by the Phoenix Jaycees. He was younger than Dale Smith and the others but he won the All-Around Cowboy

title that year. One year, Al Moore, owner of A. L. Moore and Sons, flew all the winners of the Junior Rodeo to Prescott in his plane to have lunch and flew them back.

When David was about twelve, John and David were headed to a junior rodeo at Ingleside Park located on the east side of Phoenix. They used to have horse races there too. As they were leaving home, a chicken hawk was after the chickens at the farm. John hollered at David to go get the shot gun and put a shell in it and come out and see if he could kill that chicken hawk. He ran and got the gun and came out and put the shell in it. The shot gun was a bolt action and when he shoved the bolt forward it blew up and the shell casing came out of there like a corkscrew and the pellets went into David's fingers as did part of the casing. John called an old doctor they had over at the Grunow Clinic on McDowell across from Good Samaritan Hospital and he happened to be there. They went by and he took that piece of metal out and dug as many of the pellets out as he could. They still went to the rodeo and participated in it although David can't remember how he did.

When David was quite young, he remembers driving cattle his dad had purchased all the way from the dairy to pasture John had located at Seven Springs. He doesn't

remember the ranch the cattle were turned out on. They drove the cattle from the dairy to 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue and then drove them north on 19<sup>th</sup> all the way to Cave Creek Road. The cattle were left there all winter and David and his dad would go up every week to check on them and ride the pasture.

John had a Palomino horse he brought from Texas that he really loved to rope on. John did not raise his own horses but bought them when they were colts and he and David trained them for rope horses. John decided to take the Palomino with him to Seven Springs one day to ride through the cattle in the pasture. He had a high tail gate he could let down on the back of his truck and had racks on the pickup bed so he could walk the horse up into the bed of the pickup. This way he didn't need to take a trailer to Seven Springs. John went to load the horse and the palomino stepped between the tail gate and truck bed. When the horse jerked his leg out, he cut the front of his ankle clear into the bone on a piece of iron. You could see everything there.

John and David got the horse loaded into a trailer and took him to veterinarian C. E. Mickelson who was known to be one of the best horse vets in the country. His son later on was an awfully good horse vet in South Phoenix.

Mickelson said he wasn't sure if he could repair the ankle or not. He said he would try so John left the horse. John would call every week to see if the horse was ready to come home yet. C. E. would always say no, I don't know if he's going to make it. John finally gave up calling and after a year passed he called and asked what happened to the horse, did he ever get well? The vet replied that he was well and running out in the front pasture. C. E. said he didn't know if the neighbors will allow him to pick the horse up and take him home. The neighbors would come over every day and feed him carrots and he had become a big pet. John did go pick up the horse and asked what he owed for a year of care and several surgeries. The vet bill was only \$100.00. John roped on him for many years after that.

In 1948, after David's freshman year in high school, his mom and dad weren't happy with his grades. They didn't expect A's but expected their children to make average good grades and keep their grades up. David had been playing around a little too much and his grades were below that. John knew Johnny Cline who was running the T Up T Down Ranch at New River. They were gathering all the wild cattle off that big ranch. Levi Reed had bought the ranch and Johnny was running it for him. John asked if they needed a boy to help them that summer and Johnny said yes

he would love to have a boy. David and Levi Reed's son both went to the ranch for a month. Johnny kept David with him all the time and he learned more about cowboying in that time than he ever learned in his life and it wasn't all fun. They stayed in a cabin on the ranch by going to it from Seven Springs. When they unloaded at the Springs, they saddled up and David was riding one of his rope horses. It was raining and thundering and Johnny said we got to go in so just get ready for it. So they put on slickers and David remembers the lightning arcing between the ears of the horses and mules back and forth and they would just shake their head. They rode in over 15 miles at night and it stormed the whole way.

Those cows on the ranch were rank and bad and would get you if you didn't look out. David remembers jumping a horse off a 6 to 10 foot ledge. Johnny said it was either jump your horse off or ride five miles around. Johnny would have to whip the horse and David spur it but the horse did finally jump off the ledge. The horse's nose would be on the ground but you'd pull him up. David was with Johnny and you just had to go get those old cows and bulls and rope them and tie them to a tree. They'd roped 3 or 4 and tied them to trees and Johnny told David it was his turn. He could rope good but wasn't sure if he wanted

to hang on to one of those cows. There was a big old horned cow and David was on a horse that weighed 900 pounds and the cow weighed 1000 pounds. When David suggested it was Johnny's turn again; Johnny called him a chicken so he roped the cow. She went on one side of the tree and David went on the other. They about had a wreck but the horse got the cow stopped. After that, it was alright; there wasn't a problem. They would leave the cows tied to a tree for one or two days until their old horns got so sore that it was easier to lead them out of there. David felt he really got an education up there.

There were a few cows they gathered on the ranch that weren't quite so wild and you could drive them. They were in a wash and Johnny said he wanted David to take the cows on while he went up around and to look and see if he could see any more cows. He told David to go on and go past the first draw going to the left and go to the second draw and turn up it and you'll come right out at the line shack. David started up the wash with the cows and when he came to the first draw, the cows didn't want to go up it and David was thinking he had to go on to the second draw. The cows didn't want to go up there either and David went ahead of them and turned them back up the draw. He rode and he rode and he rode and didn't come to the line shack. By this

time it was completely dark. David had some matches and built a good fire and was about half boogered out there and lay there awake all night long. Next morning he got up and got his horse saddled and decided he better look for those cows and head back down and hit that wash again. Pretty soon, he saw those guys coming up the draw. He asked how come they didn't come looking for him last night. They said they had seen his fire and knew he was alright.

David had graduated from Riverside School and his freshman year was spent at Phoenix Union High School, at that time the largest high school in the United States. Here David came from a three room grade school where he graduated with eight students. He was sick the day that the 8<sup>th</sup> graders went to Phoenix Union for orientation. David's parents expected him to do things on his own and expected him to get on the Estes bus to take him to high school. The first day of school came and he caught the Estes bus at Durango and 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue by the old County Hospital. He rode to around 4th Street where the old St. Joseph's hospital was and they got off and walked to Phoenix Union.

When David got to school he didn't know where any classes were and didn't know anything. He walked in scared to death, turned around and went right back to the bus



stop, waited for the next bus to the County Hospital, got on it and went home. David did this for three or four days in a row and his dad said "you are going to school." John knew a man on the School Board of Phoenix Union and went to him for advice to know what to do about David. The board member had a school counselor help David by assigning three girls to him and they took him to each class for three or four days until he could get around.

David darn near lost all his freshman credits as he learned he could obtain a library pass from his English teacher to go to the library or study hall. You were able to choose where you wanted to go and lots of times David would go to study hall. There was a girl sitting outside the door who would take your pass and you would go on in to study hall. He learned to know the girl sitting on the door and David would give her his pass and go right on by her out the door to catch the bus to go home. On the way home he would stop by Riverside School and he played baseball or softball or basketball when they were playing other schools. Here he was in high school and they would still let him play on the Riverside teams. He almost lost his credits because they caught him two weeks before school was out. John had to go back and talk to the School Board

member again. The school agreed he didn't miss anything but study hall so he was able to keep his credits.

The following year West Phoenix High School opened and David was made to transfer to that school. All the farm kids in the Riverside School area were sent to West and they had no choice in the matter. David loved school, he didn't get good grades but he loved school. He thinks maybe it's because school got him out of so many chores at home.

During high school David played some sports including junior varsity basketball and football his sophomore year. When he got to be a junior, football practice was held right before school started and the school had posted the main cut and David had made the team. He had an awful good leg and could really kick and he was a fairly good running back too. He felt he made the team more for his leg rather than his running. David had attended football practice one morning and later in the day rode with friends Phil Stockton and Tommy Hughes to see a Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis movie at the Orpheum Theatre in downtown Phoenix. When they got to 17<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Polk and crossed the street, they saw red lights flashing and a guy was trying to get away from the police. He hit the boy's car in the right rear fender and rolled their car one and a half times

before hitting a telephone pole. David ended up under the dash of the car and broke his left shoulder and arm really bad. He was in St. Josephs Hospital 13 days in a sling.

David was in a room with Pete Ellsworth who was recovering from back surgery. If the nuns didn't answer the call light quick enough, Pete would throw the bedpan out in the hall. That got their attention! In the morning before school started, some of the high school girls would sneak up the back stairs to visit. One of the guys would watch the door to see if the nuns were coming. If they were, the girls hurried on to school. David celebrated his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday in the hospital with cake and ice cream his mother brought. After he came home, the doctor would not release David to play any more sports that year. So the next year David wasn't quite so interested in sports and his dad had a lot for him to do at home.

David enjoyed both team and calf roping. He did quit for awhile when he got girl crazy and got his own car. After high school graduation he decided he didn't want to go to college right then. He knew the draft was going to get him if he didn't go to school. He didn't want to be in the infantry so he went in and joined the Navy. He went to Boot Camp at San Diego and he ended up with the highest test scores so was allowed to make a choice on where he

went from there. David picked aviation and was sent to Whidbey Island Navy Base, Washington to Atomic Bomb School. He also received the highest scores during his training there out of two classes so he got his choice of where he would be stationed in the openings. One of them was Honolulu, Hawaii and he thought that would be alright. He enjoyed Hawaii and a big star would come in every once in awhile to entertain the troops.

He was only in Hawaii three months and then went to a war zone for six months during the Korean Conflict. David was the plane's gunner and he liked to fly as you got extra pay. During his time in the Navy, he was in Japan, Alaska and Okinawa during his six months in the war zone; then headed back to Hawaii for his three months there. David's plane would fly at low altitude over the ocean to spot Russian or North Korean ships. If one was spotted, they would take pictures of it, get the name of the ship, check what armament they had and how deep in the water they were setting as well as what was on deck. The plane would make one pass and David would take pictures; the plane would turn and fly by the opposite side for pictures. The ships did not know the plane was coming as they were flying under the radar. The ships would shoot fire hoses at them and the plane's crew would throw canned goods at them.

When you got close to the Korean and Russian borders the Russian MIGs would come out to meet you. The American planes had so much armament on them including two 20 millimeters in the front and back and two 50 millimeters on top. They were pretty well scared of the American planes as they were flying jets and the Americans were flying planes that could be turned so much sharper than the MIG and they couldn't get on our planes. They stayed in a position that the American crews couldn't get their guns on them and they knew that position. They would escort the planes out of there although if the American planes tried anything there could have been trouble. One Sunday, David's plane had completed its mission and was heading back. David was in the front turret and he kept telling the pilot they were in the wrong place as they weren't supposed to be over land; only flying over water. The Navigator said they were OK but David had spotted what he thought looked like snow. They had flown around 200 miles inland over Russia. The crew found out later that for some reason the Russian radar had been shut down that Sunday. The navigator never flew again. There were several times flying that the possibility of bailing out of the plane occurred, but they always made it back ok. David felt it

was a good experience; however, after three years in the Navy, he couldn't wait to get home and rope again.

David got home and found his dad had bought a horse that was awfully good. Before David got home, John was at the Phoenix Rodeo and Jim Hudson was looking for a horse. He asked John if he could ride the horse at the rodeo. John said yes and Jim rode him; then wanted to buy him. John told him no as he had bought the horse for his son who was getting out of the service. Money was tight at the time and Jim sat down beside John by the arena fence and started laying down \$100.00 dollar bills. When he got to 20 of them, John picked them up.

Upon his return from the service, David started roping on a horse named Red Tip that his Uncle had run for about 8 years on the race track and it was time to take him off the race track. He took him and got by on him very, very well, but he wasn't all that great a rope horse, more of a race horse type, more the Thoroughbred type. He was light and the steers could move him around a little but David got by with him. David calf roped on Tony, a horse that was half brother to Dale Smith's Poker Chip. In team roping he generally roped as a header; sometimes as a heeler.

David enrolled in college at Arizona State University and was on the rodeo team. The team competed in college

rodeos at the University of Arizona and at California colleges. He met future wife Voniece Blair at a roping at Cliff Louden's arena. Several days later, Voniece and her sister Pat decided to visit David at his home and his sister sent them on to see David at his brother's house. And as they both say, the rest is history.

Voniece was originally from Iowa. Her grandmother had a dairy in Chandler on Cooper Road and her grandmother's sister in Queen Creek was Jack Schnepf's mother. Voniece's family came to Chandler when she was in fifth grade. They stayed a short time and returned to Iowa. When Voniece was a sophomore in high school, the family returned to Arizona. Her dad worked at her grandmother's dairy. She graduated from South Mountain High School and like many young valley residents, enjoyed going to Riverside Ball Room. Years later David was looking at the program his mother had saved from the Junior Rodeo at Ingleside Park and discovered Voniece and her sister had participated in that same rodeo on their first stay in Arizona.

The couple were married in 1957 and bought a little manufactured home to put on his dad's home place. It was a two bedroom that they thought would be fine with only the two of them. They ended up living there with their first four children; two bunk beds in the second bedroom.

Newly married, David had to make a living. He was in his last year of college majoring in agriculture and didn't lack a lot to graduate. He did quit school and did everything to make ends meet. He drove tractor, irrigated and got a job at Arizona Livestock Auction on 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue. David made a little money pushing cattle up the alley on sale day. He was riding the little race horse he had gotten from his uncle that weighed less than 1000 pounds. One day at the sale barn a guy brought in a Crossbred bull that had to of weighed 1200 or 1400 pounds and was going to run him through the sale there. The bull was ornery and they had cleared the alley ways out for him trying to get him to go into a pen there. During the sale, the bull ran down the alley and the first thing he did was jump the fence and away he went. When he jumped out everyone started hollering at David to go get him. He and another guy horseback went with him after the bull. The bull had gotten into some houses. David got behind him and tried to run him back. The other man was on his horse just standing there and David told him to get out of the way because the bull was coming right at him. He kept hollering, and hollering but he never moved; he just froze. The bull went right up to the horse and just hooked at him and went on around him and went on. Then the bull got into some homes



on Durango and got into one yard. A lady was standing on her porch a little level above the bull and she hit the bull with her mop trying to get him out of her yard.

David followed the bull as he went north on 19<sup>th</sup> Avenue and then went around and got on 17<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Finally getting close enough to him to rope him, David caught him just before he got to the Capital. David was tied on and the bull dragged him and the horse down the pavement. The horse was trying to stop and fire was flying everywhere from his horseshoes. The bull finally went up on the south side of the Capital building. Of course, by this time there are policemen just everywhere and David's got the bull hooked up and on the yard he finally got him stopped. The bull is tired and the horse is tired and so they were finally settled down for awhile. A policeman came driving up in a police car with flashing lights and the siren on. He said he needed to shoot the bull and David told him no and to leave the bull alone. He asked that they send word back down to the auction. Booger Red was working at the auction and rode a big stout horse. David knew if Red got down there he could hook onto the bull with David. Word was sent to the auction with instructions to bring a trailer and Red down to the Capital. This policeman said he had to shoot the bull as he was going to hurt someone or kill

somebody. David still said no, the bulls fine, just give out, just leave him alone until they get back here to help. The policeman finally said no, he was going to shoot him and David said OK but it's not going to be good as the bull isn't going to go down when you shoot him. The policeman said he had a gun that would do it. He shot at that bull with a rifle and hit him right through the nose and that bull come alive and drug David and the horse east on Jefferson.

The auction finally got there with another horse and a trailer and the bull is just bleeding all over everybody and hooking cars. It seems like it was Red that came back and got another rope on the bull. They got the ropes where they could kind of drag him into the stock trailer and they got the bull about half in and he died right there; just laid down and died. Here they had this big bull half in the trailer and there was about twenty guys got a hold of that bull and finally got him on in the trailer. That poor little ole race horse was so give out and so tired that David knew he couldn't even ride him back down to the sale barn. He told them not to shut the trailer gate as he going to load that horse in there and they were going to haul him back down to the auction. They said he's not going to load over that bull; David said you watch him. He flipped the

reins over his head and he crawled right over the bull and into the front of the trailer.

That was quite an experience of David's bull days down there at the Capital building. Of course, everybody at the Capital was out there watching as it was quite a thing.

Toad Haggard had a feed lot over on Baseline Road and he hired David and Phil Stockton to doctor cattle he had running on pasture. They asked Toad if he had any horses and he said no, you don't need a horse to doctor these cattle, all you need is a jeep. Phil would drive the jeep and David would set on the fender with the rope tied on and they'd rope the calves out in that pasture and doctor them. They did this all one winter; they'd do anything to make money.

David and Phil Stockton ended up hauling a couple of their rope horses out to Turf Paradise and exercised horses in the morning. This didn't set well with the guys that were already there, they didn't want David and Phil there. They only stayed a short while.

The roping is what David made a living on; that paid the bills. He was hired by the guy who managed Eaton Cattle Company to take care of some pasture cattle down by the steam plant on Buckeye Road. There was lot of pastures in there then. David would go in by himself and rope one

and tie 'em to a power pole and just heel them and log his horse out and he could doctor them.

Around 1964, Eaton Cattle Company hired him as Cattle Foreman and he was responsible for all the doctoring, shipping, sorting and making sure the cattle were in the right pen. They had a pretty good sized feed lot and David and Voniece moved to an older home there. It was located at 51<sup>st</sup> Avenue and McDowell set back to the east of 51<sup>st</sup> about a quarter of a mile. They stayed there about a year or year and a half when they wanted David to go back to a farm with quite a few acres in Missouri. They wanted him to buy cattle and put on the pasture back there and then ship the cattle out here to the feed lot.

David and Voniece decided to do it as Eaton's didn't have anybody else to send. After about a year in Missouri, it was decided to dissolve the operation. Ray Eaton told David to take care of the cattle and get them sold at the auction so that there were no cattle left out there and for him to come home. So David said OK and after the cattle were taken care of, they drove all the way back to Arizona and he turned the truck in.

Then David and his dad partnered on buying a bunch of cows. They used the Double Bar N brand on the right hip and also an N Bar X brand. About 10 years ago, the

Livestock Sanitary Board called and asked David if he wanted the NIX brand. When John first came to Arizona in 1918, they branded everything with an NIX. After two or three years they found out another man had that brand and quit using it. David has since given it to his oldest son Carl.

David and John bought about 500 head of thin cows. It was a real dry year and they were bringing lots of cows into the sales. They would buy from Arizona Livestock Auction and Cornelius Auction. They'd set there until two or three o'clock in the morning buying cows. They would dehorn them and clean them up. They were real thin and would be put on pasture at the old MacDonald farm on 43<sup>rd</sup> Avenue along the river. They did really well and put on a lot of weight and about half of them had calves. When they got ready to sell them, there was a cow trader who told John he was interested in buying those cows and he had a home for them. He came by and bought the cows and he told John that he would have all the trucks ready on Saturday at noon. John said he would rather not do business on a weekend. He told John he couldn't cancel them, they had to come on. John told him they were just not going to do business on the weekend. The trader got mad and threw a fit and went crazy. John said he didn't care; the trader

would have to wait until Monday morning when Production Credit opened and they'd do business. So the trader left without buying the cattle. A week later he filed bankruptcy. David and John got the cows sold to someone else and did well on them.

The bank had taken over a ranch and they had the darnedest bunch of Brahma cows, calves, bulls, and everything under the sun. They weren't all that wild. They had been gathered off the ranch because the guy had gone broke or something and the bank was selling them. John bought them from the bank and that was the biggest menagerie of Brahmas you ever saw in your life. They turned the cattle out on the MacDonald place. John and David sold the 300 head to Bernard Hughes there on the Beeline Highway. David's not sure what he did with them although he didn't turn them out on his ranch.

David then went to work for Arizona Feeds and he worked with the Melcher's who owned Arizona Feeds. They were a very good family. They put him to work selling dairy feed and horse feed and ranch feed and he really liked it because about every month he got to go on a trip and hit all the ranches. He talked to the guys trying to sell them some ranch feed when they needed it. He had a good time doing that and he got to be real good friends

with Bart Cardon. He was at the University of Arizona at the Nutritional Department. He would ride with David on some of those trips and he would talk to the ranchers and see what they wanted in their range feed. He would develop a formula for them and David really learned a lot from him. One of the main things that Arizona Feeds had going for them was that Cardon had developed a horse feed for them and their horse feed was just selling all over and really doing well.

David worked there about three years and then his dad got hurt. He was in the hospital and one of the family had to stay with him the clock around in case he woke up. Arizona Feeds gave David all the time off he wanted to be there because they and his dad were real close friends.

When David's dad had got hurt, they didn't expect him to live. John had been in a coma for thirteen or fifteen days. He came out of it but he wasn't completely right and didn't remember things at all. There was a point to where he was pretty good; he could go places and he could ride his horse, but he just couldn't do much on his own. John was a lot of bother to Norma as he followed her all the time and would call her if she went to another room. David and Voniece tried to take him with them as much as they could and one time David took him to doctor cattle in

the Eaton pasture. He had a pickup and trailer and made a turn out in the field and when he did he ran into some mud where they were watering the cattle. The water had come down a little too much and he didn't know it had run out in the field like that and he got stuck. Here he and John were out in the middle of nowhere and David was going to have to ride home and leave John there and he didn't want to do that and he was kind of in a mess. David had taken a colt with them that he had broke out of a mare that Voniece's sister owned that was really a well built mare. The daddy was a stud that horse breeder Roy Snedigar owned. David's colt for some reason was the biggest colt you ever saw in your life, he was about 17 hands high. When he was a two year old he must have weighed 1200 or 1400 pounds and he was so good to ride, so enjoyable, just so big. David hooked the rope up to the truck and asked his dad if he thought he could get in the truck and put it in gear and help bring that truck out of there. He said he could do that and David got John all set up and had the rope hooked up to front of that truck and it was hooked up right to where everything was fine. David leaned into that with that horse and hollered at John to put on the gas and that horse got down and he stretched that nylon rope to look like a rubber band. It broke and hit David in the back; he



never hurt so badly in his life. When that happened, that truck had got up onto dry ground and his dad had stopped the truck and was dying laughing at David.

David then went to work for the old Co-Op and that was an experience. The woman who ran that was quite a character but it didn't take David long to figure that deal out. He needed to work there as he needed the money. In being such close friends with Bart Cardon, David knew kind of how to build a horse feed and Co-Op had a sorry one. He went in to the mill person and laid out a formula and then had it all balanced through a nutritionist. They built a real good horse feed and that horse feed started cutting into Arizona Feeds because Co-Op could sell it cheaper than Arizona Feeds could. Co-Op really got a good business out of it. David would call the woman manager and tell her it was about time the ranchers needed some range feed and don't you think I ought to make a trip. She'd say, "Oh yes, I think that's a good idea." She would make you think it was her idea all the time and it would be a day or two later when she would call and say "don't you think you oughta make a trip?" Well, David would take a week off and go up there to all those ranches and he loved it. Most of them that you hit about 5:00 o'clock in the evening would have you for supper and then you stayed all night. David

worked for Co-Op for about three years and sold insecticide, fertilizer, feed and seed and everything.

David started roping quite a bit and going to some rodeos and went all over the state. He would rather work at a job in Arizona and go to all the rodeos in the state and then the rodeos up north in Montana and Wyoming in the summer. He didn't rope in the ARA near as much as he roped up north; there was more money up there.

About 1959, David and Voniece along with their first two children as well as John and Norma went to Wyoming, Utah, Montana, South Dakota and Nebraska. That proved to be a very productive calf and team roping trip. They went this route a number of summers with their children and rented houses in different places such as Sheridan and Lusk, Wyoming and Lodge Grass, Montana. They had two and three rodeos a week and you could just go to them just as fast as you could get to them. A lot of people participated. David won a calf roping in Meeteetse, Wyoming one time with two inches of snow on the ground; it was later in the year. David was very pleased with this calf roping. Every world champion that was going about that time was there and David beat them and boy was he proud of it. They sent a big traveling trophy to him with everybody's name on it and oh, he couldn't believe the

names that were on there and that he got to put his name there.

Tommy Thomas had a horse named Little Dago that he was running on the race track and ponying horses in Sheridan, Wyoming. He approached David and said he had a horse, Little Dago, he would let David have. He said Dago could outrun anything in the world for 200 yards and Tommy said he would put up all the money he could get a hold of and prove it. David tried the horse out and hauled him home. They only had one chance to run him and that was at Durango, Colorado where David had gone for a rodeo. David contacted Tommy and said, OK you said Dago could outrun anything in the world and they want to run this little mare from Texas for 200 yards. Tommy said he would send all the money David wanted. David asked the mare's owner how much money do you want to put up, he'll send you all the money you want to bet. They never heard from the mare's owner again. David said Little Dago was the best horse he ever rode.

He once leased Dago for a month to Warren Wuthier who was winning the calf roping world title. At the end of the month, Warren wanted to keep him for another month. David wanted him to bring Dago home so he could take him to Prescott for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July rodeo. Warren didn't want to

do that so David told him he would call the Sheriff and report the horse as stolen. Warren brought him back home.

Besides being a great rope horse, Dago was gentle enough for the kids to ride. When the horse was sixteen years old, David turned him out to rest on the MacDonald pasture. One morning after a bad electrical storm, David and John found Dago dead under a huge Cottonwood tree. Lightening had struck the tree and killed Dago. That was one of the saddest days for the whole family. If David could use one word to describe what kind of horse Dago was, it would be "Perfect".

David worked hard at his roping. He would hold down a job or have something going on and would go until about five o'clock in the evening, come home and get a sandwich or a little something to eat and then go out to the arena. He and Del Hubbard would stay there anywhere from midnight to two o'clock in the morning. They would rope from thirty to fifty steers a night. People didn't understand why they won and they won because they worked at it. It got to where it wasn't fun, it was work. He was riding a lot of horses for other people and they would have them down there and David would be riding them at the same time.

David and his brother Johnny went into partnership together farming and leased the MacDonald farm. Johnny had

it leased but he wasn't doing real well. David started buying middle aged cows and calves trying to build a cow herd up because they had so much pasture. They ended up with about 350 mother cows and calves and it was a good thing. The brothers had an agreement with Lee Wright, one of the smartest cowmen that every hit this country. He ran several outfits for other people and had his own cow ranches in Idaho.

Lee Wright would ship a thousand steers to David in the winter. He would take care of them all winter and Lee would pay so much a month for the steers. He would ship them in the spring to his ranches in Idaho. This deal paid all the expenses on the Nix cows and made them a living. Of course, banks know everything. The bank called David in and told him to buy more cows and not pasture Lee Wright's cattle. They said he could make more money on cows but he said no, that Lee's money paid for everything and their living and the equity was building up on their cows.

David knew the bank wanted them to buy more cows as they were charging 17% interest at the time. They eventually talked David into it against his better judgment. He and Voniece loaded up in the car and went to Virden, New Mexico and bought 100 pregnant good young cows which they paid a fortune for. Before they could even get

them loaded in the truck, the cattle market broke and those cows were worth nothing. You couldn't give a cow away. When the cattle got back to the valley, the bank contacted David and said the money was due now as his loan was payment on demand. He told them to go straight to Hell, "I will pay you when I can pay you," especially after the bank doing him the way they did. David knew with the MacDonald place he could bail his way out of it because it made just enough money and he had it figured out. He went two more years with Lee Wright's cattle. That's when "good neighbors" used some kind of deal and got David kicked off the MacDonald place and the "good neighbors" moved in. David still had the home place.

David heard about the old Perry Henderson Ranch at Dewey and Esther still had the ranch with her husband Buck Jenson. A trip to the ranch showed it had good feed and David made a deal with Esther. Everybody in Prescott told him not to do it as you can't get along with Buck as he drinks a lot and he is mean. David figured he could get along with anybody he has to get along with, in fact he prides himself on that. Cattle were moved there and David got them located. Dewey was starting to be built up and the city people would cut the fence if they wanted to go in with their ATV's. Buck would know the fence was cut and he

would get to drinking and get mad. He would get his gun and say he was going to go kill the people who cut the fence. Esther would call David and he would have to drive up to Dewey, get Buck in the truck, get his gun, sober him up and take him home. Everything was alright until the next time.

After the second year, they droughted out. He heard of a place in Parks which is only a summer allotment but it was a place to go with the cows in the mean time. The ranch belonged to Phoenix attorney John Swartz who had never been on a ranch in his life. He bought a bunch of cattle from Mexico and about half of them died before they got to Parks. It was a severe loss for him and he decided to let someone else run cattle on it. David leased it for the summer and the family loved it there. A big house was there looking out over the San Francisco Peaks. A couple lived in a small house on the property as care takers, but the Swartz family was never there. David and Voniece knew they had to leave at the end of the summer and David had decided he might as well sell the cattle.

A man from Southern Arizona who worked for the Phelps Dodge Mine heard David needed a place to go with the cows. He got a hold of David and told him the old Childs Ranch was for lease. The ranch was ten miles to the north of Ajo

and ten miles to the south and then it runs twenty-seven miles to the east. In the 1900's a man had jumped ship in San Diego and got a hold of the Arizona lease from the BLM. He had married an Indian woman there and the children all married into the tribe.

They got the cattle loaded up and shipped down from Parks to the Childs Ranch and stayed there for fifteen years. David considers it the best desert ranch he had ever been on. He never fed anything down there. All the cattle did real well. He turned out cattle different winters when they had good Fall rains. The winter feed came on, Indian Wheat and Filaree just grew wild. They turned out cattle for Bruce Hardesty and then Bud Harper. Then when they had been there about 13 years, David began to think something was just not quite right. They were going a little low on their calf crop and things just didn't seem right. The ranch had a heck of a good Fall that year and a lot of feed. On the desert when it rains like that you just can't turn out enough cattle to eat it all. This ranch was 150 sections and no cross fences anywhere. He made a deal with a guy from Texas to turn out 3,000 steers. They were mainly little Mexican steers and that wasn't a very good deal even though it should have been as there was plenty of feed. He was a month late



bringing them in and wanted to leave a month early. David kept saying don't leave now, the feed is just now getting mature and now is when the cattle are going to put on weight.

He said he had to get them out of there so David said to tell him when he wanted to gather and they would start gathering the cattle and get them into the corrals for him and just have the truck come and they would load them for him. He said no he wanted his own men to come out and they would gather the cattle. David said no, he and his two men could gather them for him. They could get them all gathered and it wouldn't take a week. They trapped the cattle and could do it in a week. The man said no, they would be there on a certain day. David and Ken, a friend visiting from Montana went out that morning in a different direction than the other men did and they brought about 200 into a water lot; just a water hole with a fence around it. When they got there, they looked up and saw the Texans on a high lope bringing in David's cows and calves and their steers running towards the water lot. Ken asked David, "Do you see what I see?" David said he saw a bunch of idiots running some cattle across the desert out there. Those cattle got about 50 to 75 yards of that gate and they turned around and broke over them guys and just went

through them. They wouldn't go into the gate that way. You had to get them up there and let them know you wanted them to ease through it. The cattle scattered and they went out and tried it again and they brought some more in. David and Ken went to the house as they figured it was no sense in doing this. One of the Texans came into the house saying them outlaw sorry cows of yours are spoiled and they're rotten. David said no, it's a bunch of Texas idiots don't know what they are doing on the desert down here, that's what's going on. The Texan said they'd get them and they run the cattle for about three or four more days and it got to where you would go out there and if one of the steers or cows saw you they'd break and run. They finally got a number of truck loads and hauled them to Don Martin's Gila Feed Yards. They unloaded the cattle there to try to wait to see if they could get the others together. David finally told them that if they would go home he would gather the rest of them.

David had a guarantee to pay for anything over a 3% death loss. They had fed the cattle a little hay to start off and got them started out good. David, Ken and his Mexican and Indian cowboys started out to try to trap the cattle back in there and they were missing a bunch of cattle. He didn't know what was going on as the cattle

should have been coming in and they weren't. David's cows were coming in but the steers weren't coming in. He figured somebody had either run off with some of them or there was a problem. One afternoon the Indian looked up on a big bluff over a set of corrals and there were steers up on top of there and they couldn't come off of there as it was rocky and straight off. No cattle were ever up there. David told the two men to get on their horses and get up there as they knew how to go around the side and get up there. Those cattle were starving for water; there must have been probably fifty head of them. When those Texas guys were running them off they ran around on the back side of the mountain and then they tried to get back to the water where they were at and they got up on the mountain and they couldn't get back down. They finally got the biggest part of them off of there; some of them died up there. They got them down and some of them took 3 and 4 drinks and they just fell over and died. So there was quite a death loss and it went over 3%. David figured they might have lost a trailer load that somebody packed off although he wasn't sure of that. Every time they came across a dead steer they would cut his ear off so they could keep count of them. They never found some of them they should have found. After everything was gathered, the man wanted David

to pay the extra loss. David told him no, that he had broken the agreement in every way. First he was a month late; then he took them a month early and came down and run them off the ranch onto the Air Force Gunnery Range. There was no water on the range. David told him he would not pay and that little old short Texan was upset about that. For a long time you couldn't find any Gila Monsters, rattle snakes or desert tortoises as they had all crawled down in their holes.

After another year, the price of cattle had come up and his cows were worth a little money and David decided it was the time to get out for good. He had been offered the job of running the LDS Farm in Phoenix located at 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Buckeye Road. David had turned them down twice and they even offered him the job and keeping the Childs Ranch. The third time he was offered the job, David told Voniece that they could retire there and so in 1981 he took the job running the farm.

He kept the ranch for a little while and he would get a guilty conscience when he was at the ranch, thinking he should be at the farm and when he was at the farm, thinking he should be at the ranch. Finally he said it wasn't working and he didn't renew the lease for the ranch and turned it back. The ranch was leased to another

individual. The BLM called David and asked if he would take the ranch back over again. He said no, he got out of it and got his cows sold and he was satisfied right now. The BLM said they weren't going to lease it out to anyone else as they just got took for a bunch of money.

David and Voniece's children and grandchildren have been involved in 4-H. Their oldest son Carl and niece Patty showed steers. The steers Lee Wright was bringing up from Mexico for David to pasture in the winter time were the highest grade of cattle you ever saw. One of the ranches they came from was owned by the Wrigley Spearmint Chewing Gum Company and the other ranch by a big airline company. Their breeding program was really something. Lee sent up black calves that nobody knew what a black calf looked like until they saw them. He told David to take the calves and make 4-H calves with them if he wanted to. The kids did really well with the calves and David was asked later what kind of feeding program he had the calves on and he replied that it was kind of embarrassing but he fed them horse feed.

David and Voniece's five children all rode and helped on the ranches but weren't interested in following their dad into the rodeo arena. They were always on hand to help when David would go to the arena to practice; one of them

would be there to open the gate every night. Voniece was active in the Laveen Cowbelles and the Arizona State Cowbelles. She is currently Vice-President of the Maricopa Cattle Women.

David farmed the LDS farm for ten or twelve years and then it was leased to Will Rousseau. David went out to the 8,000 acre Cactus Lane Ranch (old Boswell farm) in Waddell. The farm had a thousand acres of table grapes, two thousand acres of citrus and the rest leased to other farmers. David ran the cotton gin for three years. The area was developing so fast and cotton going out so that they wanted to sell the cotton gin. David stayed a little while and decided it was time for him to retire.

David figured it was time he went down the road although he moped around for awhile not having a job. Voniece's stepfather, Tom Juanarena, had sold a trailer park in Rocky Point, Mexico and was in the process of building a new one. He had two Mexican girls managing the new one and had even put them through college. When one of the girls was on maternity leave, Voniece was asked to go down and take her place. Voniece's mom was tired of running the first trailer park for 27 years and didn't want anything to do with the new park. All of a sudden, under Voniece's management, money started coming in. The two

girls had been stealing him blind although he had raised them as his daughters. It was decided that David would come down and run the outside and Voniece would run the inside. David handled all the money; keeping track of the deposits and how much was coming in. The couple did this for five years. That was one of their most enjoyable times. People would stay there at the park all winter, people that you got to know real well and they were good people. The park would open in September each year and would close in June. David and Voniece would come home to Arizona in the summer. They bought a home in Pine in 1983 and could go back and forth between the farm in Phoenix and the home in Pine.

The couple decided residing in Mexico a good part of the year was making them miss their grandchildren's activities. Tom decided it was time to sell the park and they returned to Arizona full time.

David and Voniece have three sons, Carl and wife Elizabeth who reside in Showlow, Darin and wife Julie in Litchfield Park and Grady in Mesa as well as two daughters, Pam and husband Kent Stratton in Snowflake and DaLisa Velte in Mesa. Their family includes eighteen grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

David said he wanted to close his story by noting that Voniece was the best cowboy he ever had ....and his dogs were second, the main reason was that they did what he said. It might be noted that during David's seventy-six years of life, there has always been a horse or cow, a farm or a dog or a ranch involved in his life.





## **JACK DAVENPORT**

I was born in Uvalde, Texas on October 27, 1932 and moved to Bisbee, Arizona in 1935. I had two older sisters and an older brother, Dorcus, Dorothy and Bert. My parents Bert and Pansy Davenport were ranchers in Uvalde County, Texas. Drought and the depression in Texas caused a lot of ranchers to look for work with a steady income. Word got out that Phelps Dodge Corporation was hiring in Bisbee, Arizona and my dad applied and was hired and the family moved to Bisbee in 1935.

My dad died in 1941 from a heart attack at 44 years old. I was 8 years old at the time and had a hard time accepting the fact he was gone. My mother got a job and my older sister already had a job so we got along.

I never had a horse of my own growing up but some of my friends did. They knew I was pretty green and would mount me on one of their gentle horses or mules. When I was in the 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> grade of Junior High school I would spend my summer vacations helping my Uncle Roy Davenport on his ranch in Uvalde, Texas. My dad Bert had three brothers, Will, Lonnie, and Roy.

In my second semester of High School, I joined the US Air Force on February 11, 1948. I needed a job and they

needed some men. I joined for a 3 year enlistment but ended up serving 3 years and 8 months because of the Korean War. I was discharged with the rank of Sergeant on October 1951 in Tacoma, Washington.

When I returned to Bisbee, Phelps Dodge Corporation was just starting the Lavender Pit Mine off Highway 80 below Bisbee so I lucked out and had a job my second day home.

I had saved some money when I was over seas so in my spare time I was looking for a good horse and horse trailer. I bought a horse from a friend in Douglas, Arizona and a trailer from Wes Polly, the Cochise County Attorney. Wes Polly had a set of corrals west of Bisbee that Nellie Stevenson was using and there was an extra corral I could use. The Stevenson's owned the Dixie Canyon Ranch in the Mule Mountains at this time and Nellie would check those cattle from this location. The larger ranches on the north side of the Mule Mountains at this time were the Cowan's, Davis's and the Stevenson's. They were all ranchers I got to know well and had the utmost respect for. Fred Davis and family are still operating one of the Davis ranches and Ruth Cowan Giles is still operating one of the Cowan ranches.

I met my future wife Bernice Perko on February 15, 1952. A friend I worked with introduced us and we went to a basketball game between Bisbee and Douglas High Schools. We dated steady and decided to get married July 11, 1952. Bernice was born in Calumet, Michigan and moved to Jerome, Arizona in 1940 where her dad was working for Phelps Dodge Corporation. She graduated in 1948 from Jerome High School and went to work for Mountain Bell Telephone. She transferred from Jerome to Bisbee in 1951 at the same time her dad transferred when they shut down the Jerome mine. She worked until our son Michael was born on October 29, 1953 and then on a call out basis for operators on vacation or sick leave.

In 1956 I made a decision to look for a ranch job. I talked it over with Bernice and she agreed. Helping ranchers on my days off from the mine was good on the job training. I also read every cattle and horse magazine I could get my hands on.

In the fall of 1956 I visited with David Largent who was manager of the Herschede Ranch in Hereford, Arizona. He told me he was needing a man to take care of the registered cow herd and asked if I would be interested. I said yes that day and moved Bernice and our son Mike to the Herschede Ranch at Hereford, Arizona. We enjoyed the ranch

and Mr. and Mrs. Herschede were good people to work for. They enjoyed going to the Livestock Shows and seeing their calves, yearling heifers and bulls exhibited in the show ring. David Largent was a past master of getting cattle ready for the show ring and showing the cattle.

In 1959 the Herschede's bought the White Mountain Ranch in Springerville, Arizona. David Largent moved up there to manage that ranch and I was made manager of the Herschede Ranch at Hereford.

Mr. Foy Herschede died in 1969 and Mrs. Peg Herschede died in 1970. The ranches and cattle were put up for sale by the estate. Mr. Dennis Sipes bought the Springerville ranch in 1971. Prescott Valley Inc. bought the ranch at Hereford in 1972. They were land speculators and not interested in the cattle. Pruett-Wray Cattle Co. bought the Herschede cow herd and leased the ranch from Prescott Valley Inc. I was asked by Pruett-Wray to stay on and manage the Registered Hereford cows. They were also in the process of buying the Bruce Church Brangus herd at Yuma, Arizona. Al Face of Yuma worked for Bruce Church and put this registered herd together. He knew his pedigrees and had done a good job.

The ranch at Hereford was not big enough for the Hereford and the Brangus herds so we moved the registered

cows to the Buenos Aires Ranch at Sasabe, Arizona. We ran the registered Brangus herd and the registered Herefords on the south part of the ranch and the commercial cows on the north half and the forest permits.

My wife Bernice had always taken care of the bookkeeping for me so I could spend more time with the cattle at the Herschede Ranch. After we moved to the Buenos Aires Ranch her workload doubled but she never complained, she knew she was making my job easier and for that I will always be grateful.

The Pruett-Wray Cattle Co. was a partnership formed by Wayne Pruett and Peter Wray. The 15 years I worked for the Herschede Ranch I thought I was one of the few ranchers that put in 10-12 hour days. After I went to work for Pruett-Wray I found I had two bosses that could put in those long days also. It was really a pleasure to work with two men as energetic and progressive minded as Wayne Pruett and Peter Wray. In five short years they took their Registered Hereford and Registered Brangus cattle to National prominence. That was their goal when they hired me and I was happy for them.

In the fall of 1976 two of my close friends, Larry Stark and Gene Sparks, invited me to join them in a partnership on the Warbonnet Ranch west of Willcox. I

talked it over with Bernice and she was all for it. We moved to Willcox, Arizona on December 7, 1976. Our agreement with the partners was I would manage the Warbonnet but would also have time to take care of my other commitments.

The Warbonnet Ranch was a good cow ranch but it wasn't big enough to generate much profit for four owners. In May 1980 we sold the Warbonnet to Larry and Joan Todd from Montana. Mrs. Todd's mother and dad owned the Antelope Ranch and it bordered the Warbonnet.

We bought a house with 17 acres in Willcox in 1980. It was a good location out of the city limits. We have corrals, roping arena and a horse trap. We also leased a ranch from Dee and Peggy Wear in 1982. It was in the Kansas Settlement area. We leased that ranch for 20 years until Dee Wear died and his estate took possession.

In 1981 Hollis Roberts of Bakersfield, California called me and asked if I would meet him for lunch. He was buying some of the farms in the Willcox and Bowie area and one of the farms also had a feed lot on it. He wanted to plant winter wheat and oats on some of the farms for winter grazing and corn for silage to be used at the feed lot. He asked me if I would go to work for him and run the cattle operation or if I would rather partner on the cattle. We

agreed to the partnership on the cattle operation but he would have to supervise the farming operation. I didn't know anything about farming and Hollis Roberts had been farming all of his life.

At one time Roberts Farms was one of the largest farmers in California. Some of his farms were called Strebor Farms which was Roberts spelled backwards. I had the utmost respect for Hollis Roberts who dropped out of school after the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and had a determination to succeed.

We became close friends and our partnership made money every year we operated until Hollis Roberts died on January 16, 1987. We leased the feed lot from the Roberts estate and purchased all of the silage and alfalfa from the estate. Our son Mike continued to operate the feed lot until the farm was sold.

Headquarters West, Ltd. had a management contract with the absentee owner of the Santa Margarita Ranch near Sasabe, Arizona. I was involved with the management of the Santa Margarita Ranch from 1988 until 1993 when we purchased the Steele Ranch from the Dobson Cattle Co. We had been leasing the Steele Ranch from Jay and Carolyn Dobson and when they offered it for sale we bought it in 1993. With the Steele Ranch and the ranch we were leasing



from Dee Wear we could run enough cows to keep me and our son Mike busy along with Bernice taking care of the books.

We have met so many great people since we have been in the ranching business we will always be thankful. We are members of the National Cattlemen's Beef Association, the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association, the Cochise-Graham Cattlemen's Association, the Arizona Hereford Association and the Arizona National Livestock Show. We are thankful for our officers in these associations that represent us and keep us informed.

We have been attending the Arizona National Livestock Shows since 1957. We were showing cattle for the Herschede Ranch from 1957 - 1971 and from 1972 through 1976 we were showing for the Pruett-Wray Cattle Company.

We made so many friends in the years we were showing cattle it became a family tradition to attend even if we were not showing cattle.

Lee and Pearl Tepol were the managers when we started attending the Arizona National in 1957. They were very accommodating and tried to make it easy on us with show cattle to take care of.

When Lee and Pearl Tepol moved back to Colorado our good friend Nellie Stevenson was made General Manager of the Arizona National Livestock Show.

The Arizona National is now in the capable hands of Grant Boice. After Nellie retired, Grant took over the reins of the Arizona National and hit the ground running and never looked back.

We have been so fortunate to have two Arizona ranchers succeed each other as managers of our Arizona National Livestock Show. The Stevenson and the Boice families ranching history goes back to the early 1900's in Arizona.

The only Arizona National we have missed since 1957 was in 2010. I guess we are not as tough as we used to be as we never let the rain stop us before 2010. The first 19 years we attended the Arizona National we were so busy taking care of our show cattle we never had the time to take in the other activities. Now we have the time to take in the Working Ranch Horse Competition, the Arizona Ranch Rodeo, the cattle judging and visit with our friends.

We have met so many good friends in the cattle and farming industry over the years just because we were ranchers. I won't attempt to name them all but they know who they are.

We have worked for some good people starting out, and we have worked with some good cowboys. Ranching has always been fun for me, and when I mentioned those 10 and 12 hour days I wasn't complaining because I was having fun. A man

once said, select a job that you like and you will never work another day in your life. He was a wise man however he didn't mention family support. My wife Bernice has always taken care of our bookkeeping and has done a terrific job. Our son Mike has always taken care of our own cattle so I could have time to take care of other commitments and events. They have been great partners and deserve a lot of credit for our accomplishments.

Well, so long for now and maybe we can meet at the next water hole. It could be the Arizona National Livestock Show in December 2011. They might have a water hole we can meet at.

Sincerely,

Jack Davenport

## **EARLINE HORRELL TIDWELL**

Earline Agnes Horrell was born on September 13, 1936 at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona. Her parents were Earl and Blanche Horrell and she was named after her father and her maternal grandmother.

Earline's great grandparents, John and Susan Horrell, had come to the Globe area for a second time in 1877 with nine children and a herd of cattle wearing the JH6 brand. They settled first in the Castle Dome area, but due to problems with the Indians, they moved their residence to Wheatfields in 1879. They family had been to Globe several years earlier, coming from Texas. But with continuing Indian conflicts, they moved on to Julian, California. The family operated the JH6 ranch near now Pinto Valley and a farming and pasture operation in Wheatfields. At one time there were so many Horrell children of school age that the Wheatfields School was started!

When John Horrell died in 1894, the youngest son, Ed Horrell, Earline's grandfather, took over the ranching operation at the age of nineteen. His older siblings had ventured out on their own with livestock operations in Wheatfields and some in Mesa. Ed had proved to be very

adept as a cowboy and horseman at an early age. He even built a reputation in local rodeos and was frequently referred to as Champion Steer Tier of the southwest. His tie time in Phoenix in 1899 stood for many years. In 1898, a local school teacher asked for a local cowboy to correspond in writing with her sister. The sister's name was Alice Wilson and she was a teacher in Texas, having obtained her degree at Sam Houston Normal College. Ed volunteered for the job and the couple entered into a long letter writing relationship that ended with a marriage proposal. Alice came from a large family involved in ranching and farming in the Hill Country of Texas, and was anxious to move westward. Her wish was granted when she married Ed Horrell in 1900. When she finally arrived in Arizona, she traveled by stage from Bowie to Globe. Along the way, her train was stopped by Apache Indians. She always told the story of how friendly they were and that they just wanted food and jewelry as their people were starving. Together, Ed and Alice had two sons, Louis and Earl (Earline's father), born in 1902 and 1903 respectively.

During the teens and 1920's, Ed bought, sold and traded several ranches in the Globe area. In 1915, he purchased the Luther Jackson allotment where Roosevelt Lake

is now located. He also purchased several small outfits resulting in the Cross P Ranch, and continued ownership of the JH6 Ranch in the Castle Dome area. Earl and Louis grew up working with their father on all the ranching properties and paying attention to their studies as well. Education played a strong role in the family as Alice wanted her sons to eventually attend college.

Earl and Louis were educated in Globe with a private tutor and then went on to Globe High School where they later graduated. Ed bought the boys a Cadillac in the late teens and they used it to drive to Miami and check out all the girls! This is where Earline's mother, Blanche Carter, was first acquainted with Earl! Earl and Louie went on to the University of Arizona. Earl was involved in school activities with his fraternity and he also had a herd of cattle, in partnership with his father, south of Tucson near Sonoita. In 1924, Earl left the University of Arizona due to a letter he received from his dad to liquidate all livestock holdings in Southern Arizona as a result of a severe downturn in the cattle market. Earl sold all the horses and cattle in the partnership and went back to the Globe ranches to assist his father.

Blanche Carter was born August 14, 1904 in Central City, Colorado an only child to parents Ernest and Agnes

Carter. Her father was a Mining Engineer and in 1908 accepted a job as Hoist Engineer with the Miami Copper Company in Arizona. When Blanche and her mother arrived by train, her mother cried upon seeing the desert country as she deeply missed the green and beautiful Colorado Rocky Mountains! Miami became their new home and Blanche was actively involved in music, dance and her studies. In 1920, when Blanche was 16 years old, her mother died of diphtheria after providing nursing care of several families where the disease was prevalent. Blanche went on to graduate from Miami High School and then entered the University of Arizona where she obtained her teaching degree. While at the University, she continued to socialize with both Louis and Earl Horrell.

Blanche returned to the Globe Miami area after college for her first teaching job. She had a contract to teach near Roosevelt at the one room school named School House Point. She taught grades 1 through 8 and lived in an upstairs room above the old Spring Creek Store. As she did not like to ride horses, she walked the several miles to and from school each day. The store was also home to a black bear named "Mickey" who lived in a cage. The bear would drink soda pop until he made himself sick and would then escape his cage until a local rancher or cowboy would

find him and bring him back. The next year, Blanche began teaching Home Economics at the Bouillon Plaza Elementary School in Miami and lived with her father.

Earl and Blanche were married in June, 1928. They set up housekeeping at the Campaign Ranch which Earl had just purchased and was adjacent to the other Horrell family ranch properties. There was no running water in the house or indoor plumbing of any kind. In addition, the ranch could not be reached by automobile. Blanche's father came to the ranch and put in a kitchen with running water. They raised their cattle and grew fruit and vegetables to sell in town. They would travel to town on Saturdays and sell their produce, and then go to the Plaza in Miami to dance with friends. Blanche still would not ride a horse and walked the several miles from the Campaign Ranch to the Cross P Ranch where Ed resided and the car was located.

As the depression took place, Earl worked odd jobs to pay off the ranch as soon as he could. He ended up being appointed the first Secretary of the Livestock Sanitary Board for Arizona by then Governor Hunt. This meant a move for the young couple to Phoenix. This is where they were living when Earline was born. She arrived in the world several weeks premature and spent the first three weeks of her life in St. Josephs Hospital.



In the summer of 1939, Earl had saved enough money to purchase the Henderson Allotment known as the Half Diamond Cross Ranch. This ranch was located near Roosevelt and bordered their existing Campaign Ranch, as well as the two ranches owned by his father. The family resided with Ed at the Cross P Ranch while Earl made renovations and expanded the existing homestead. Earline's earliest memories are of spending time with her grandfather on his front porch as he played with her and they both ate watermelon! Within a few weeks, their home was ready for them to move in.

As a small child, Earline helped her mother in the kitchen and with chores outside including feeding the chickens. Her mother was afraid of mice so she had Earline get into the feed bin. Earline really disliked this chore, as the roosters would always peck her on the legs! On many occasions when the family went to town, her grandfather would take her to the bar, buy her a glass of maraschino cherries and give her a nickel to play San Antonio Rose on the juke box, his favorite song. Blanche taught Earline at home for the first grade. When she entered second grade, Earline was sent to live with family friends, the Morse's in Globe. Her mother would bring her to town on Sunday evenings and pick her up on Friday afternoons and they would return to the ranch. When

Earline began third grade, she and her mother moved into the Horrell apartment in town during the week while she was attending school. Weekends and all holidays were spent at the ranch.

In those days, most of the cowboys were older bachelors. They resided in the bunk house, but had their meals with the family. After dinner, the family and the cowboys would play cards together. Some of the cowboys that worked for them over the years included Forty Bloomer, Jack Martin, Ferdie Horne, Grover Wright and Tom Grantham. When the weather was hot, the family would set up iron beds in the front yard for sleeping and would watch and study the stars!

Earline's first dog was named "Cuter" and was given to her by Pecos McFadden when she was three years old. The Bowman family gave her a beautiful English Shepherd pup by the name of "Sissie" when she was five years old. "Sissie" delivered two different sets of puppies which Earline was able to sell and buy war bonds during WWII. This dog was very special to Earline and several years later was bit by a rabid skunk and had to be put down. Her father and one of the cowboys also had to go through the rabies shots as a result of the encounter. When Earline was about eight years old, her father bought her a horse in town that was

part Paint Horse and part Shetland. She named him "Friday" as that was the day of the week he was purchased. He did not have a good disposition, occasionally would bite and frequently dumped Earline and several of her friends off his back! Earline sometimes rode one of the ranch horses named "Snip" who could better keep pace with the other riders. Earline's grandfather was very old fashioned and did not want Earline riding all the time with the cowboys. Her rides were limited to special occasions with her father and the friends she would invite to visit the ranch.

During WWII, although rationing was in place, the family always had enough sugar and other goods because the cowboys supplied Blanche with their ration coupons. Earl and Blanche built gold fish ponds at the ranch and began selling them as bait for fishermen. This money would be saved for eventual family vacations when the war would be over. When the war ended in August, 1945, the family happened to be staying at the Adams Hotel in downtown Phoenix. Earline recalls all the excitement and celebration on the streets of Phoenix and in the hotel! The next summer, the family took their first vacation through all the western National Parks. For many years after that, they enjoyed traveling in the summer to Newport

Beach, California with their closest friends, the Bixby family.

As with most children who live on a ranch, Earline was involved with raising Dogie calves. Her most memorable was a steer she named "Elmer". She bottle fed him in the front yard until he was ready for regular feed. Eventually, he was ready to be sold with the rest of the ranch yearlings. Earline came home from school one day and her mother took her to the Globe Stockyards so she could say goodbye to "Elmer". She called and called his name and he came running to the side of the corral where she was standing. She was heartbroken when he was gone!

Earline was always involved in dance classes and recitals from a young age through High School. She also excelled at swimming. She became a lifetime football fan when she reached high school and attended most of the Globe area sports events. Earline graduated from High School in 1954 and was accepted for entrance into the University of Arizona. In college she was active in her sorority, Gamma Phi Beta, majored in Elementary Education and was a member of the synchronized swimming team. She graduated from the UA in 1958.

Earline had met Jim Tidwell on a couple of occasions between 1954 and 1956. In January, 1957, while attending

the Arizona National Livestock Show, she and her parents ran into Jim outside the Adams Hotel. From that day on, they were a couple. Jim was born in Fritch, Texas on April 21, 1931. His father was an engineer with Pioneer Natural Gas Company and responsible for putting in most of the gas pipelines in the Texas Panhandle. Jim came to Tucson in 1949 to attend the University of Arizona where he was a member of the Livestock Judging Team and the Debate Team. Upon graduation in 1952, he worked in livestock pharmaceutical sales in California. He then returned to Casa Grande where he was involved in a fat lamb feed yard with Mike and Bob Echeverria. Earline and Jim became engaged in 1958 and were married in 1959. A few months before the wedding, Jim accepted a job as a fat lamb buyer with Swift and Company in Ogden, Utah.

The couple were married in Globe at the First Presbyterian Church, and then moved to Ogden. Earline taught first grade until the day Cindy was born in December of that year. In late 1960, the company transferred Jim to Columbus, Ohio. This was a promotion for Jim as the lamb volume was bigger on the East Coast. Their second daughter, Debbie, was born in Ohio in February, 1961. By April of that year, Swift wanted Jim to add more states to his territory for buying lambs which meant spending a lot

less time with his family. Earl and Blanche wanted them to come back to Arizona to help manage the ranches. Earl was the President of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association at the time and was required to spend more time away from the ranch. The young family happily returned to Arizona and the ranch. In 1962, Earline gave birth to their youngest, a son named Jim.

In 1965, Jim had the opportunity to work for Valley National Bank in the livestock department. The family moved to Phoenix and lived there for three years where Jim was later an Assistant Manager with the Bank and Earline continued to teach school. In 1968, Earl suffered a stroke and was unable to continue to operate the ranches. Jim and Earline arranged financing and purchased both the Cross P Ranch that had belonged to her grandfather and the Half Diamond Cross Ranch of her parents. The family moved back to the home where Earline had grown up, and Blanche and Earl retired to Globe.

Earline taught third grade in Globe and commuted with the children as she had done with her own mother between the ranch and town. She added a St. Bernard dog to the mix which they had for 11 years. She was responsible for buying supplies for the ranch house and the cowboys' houses. She cooked meals on the weekends for anywhere from

six to thirteen people. There was a hired cowboy for each ranch, but friends who worked for the local mine were often available to help with roundup, brandings, and shippings. She taught the girls to cook and young Jim assisted his Dad on the ranch. The kids loved to ride horses together and would pack a lunch and take long hikes. The family also kept a large garden which Earline and the kids would pick, and then haul the produce in young Jim's red wagon to take to friends. During periods of drought, Cindy and young Jim loved to fill the water truck and the whole family would then go together to haul water to the cattle. Jim built a special seat for the kids in an old jeep which they used to haul feed. The kids always considered this chore quite an adventure! The kids also got involved in raising many Dogie calves as their mother had done when she was a kid. In 1968, Jim and Earline began taking the kids to UA football games which they loved. This is a tradition that continues today with many of the family! Family vacations in the summers to the beaches and to National Parks were also enjoyed by all. Every January, they traveled as a family to the Livestock Show and each summer to the Cattle Growers Convention. Jim was active in both the Gila County Cattle Growers Association and the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. He served as Chairman of the Federal Lands

Committee for many years, as Earline's father had done before him.

When the kids began entering High School, Earline quit teaching to focus on all the activities her children were engaged in, the responsibilities at the ranch, and to help care for her parents. All the children went on to the UA. When young Jim graduated from High School, Earline moved back to the ranch full time. A portion of the ranch was sold in 1982, but the headquarters and some private land were maintained. In 1998, Jim and Earline sold the remaining property and their ranch home and built a new home in Globe. Earline would finally have air conditioning, a clothes dryer and a dishwasher! Jim missed watching her hang clothes on the clothesline! During the 1980's and 1990's, Earline and Jim traveled throughout the U.S. and even made two trips to the British Isles. They also enjoyed attending several out of state UA football games with friends. Together they enjoyed traveling with, and spending time with their grown children.

Over the years, Earline has been actively involved in the Globe Book Club, the Cobre Valley Hospital Auxiliary, UA Alumni activities, the Gila County Historical Society, Beta Sigma Phi and the Globe Presbyterian Church. She remains a loyal member of the Arizona National Livestock



Show. Jim passed away in March of 2003. Earline continues to reside in their home in Globe and keeps busy with her children, grand children and great grand children.

## JOHN M. WILLIAMS

John M. Williams Jr. was born in Phoenix July 8, 1927 at St. Joseph Hospital in Phoenix, AZ. John's parents, John Miller Williams, Sr. and Barbara Hodgkins Williams met and married in Phoenix. John Sr. came from PA in 1920 and Barbara in 1918 from MA. They met through Barbara's mother.

John and his brother Leslie Conrad Williams, III attended Emerson Grammar School and North Phoenix High School. After graduating from North Phoenix High School in 1945, John served a two-year stint in the U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. He then attended Phoenix College and Arizona State College at Tempe (now Arizona State University). He received a Bachelor of Science degree in agriculture from ASU in 1951.

After completing his degree John found a position on a farm in Maricopa, AZ and worked there for 1 year before moving to Eloy, AZ and working on another farm. In 1952 he married June Williams and came back to Phoenix and leased farms, and has been here since. Leased land turned into 8,000 acres of cotton, alfalfa, wheat and/or sorghum corn silage. Wasn't long before John began to purchase land and

continued rotating crops to keep up with market demand. In 1970 he planted safflower which was popular as a new oil.

John's first business loan was made at the Anderson Clayton gin in 1953; Maurice C. Cash was the manager. After the gin was shut down John bought it and used the area as a maintenance shop and business office. He's still there today on Dobbins Road in Laveen, AZ.

He is the owner of John. M. Williams Farms and is a member of numerous civic organizations, including the Cowman's Club, the Laveen Village Planning Committee, and Papago Park Center, Inc. and the Papago Park Center Association.

Williams has four children: Byron Greg Williams, Leslie Conrad Williams, IV, Stephen Hodgkins Williams and Charmian Barbara Williams Woodson, and eight grandchildren. Their mother June died in 1997. John married Dawnetta in 2003.

Having grown up in the Valley and running his own farming operation, John was no stranger to local water and power issues. He decided to run for SRP Council representation in his area in 1964. It was the start of a 40-year career with the utility. At that time, SRP had just over 125,000 electric customers and 1,376 employees.

He served on the SRP Councils from 1964 to 1972, then was elected and served on SRP's Boards from 1974 to 1994. In 1994, he was elected SRP's vice president; he served in that capacity until 2006 when he was elected as SRP's 16th president. When he retired as president in 2010 SRP had almost 940,000 electric customers and about 5,000 employees.

On the job as SRP president, Williams said the most significant challenge he encountered during his tenure was the Arizona Water Settlements Act, which was signed into law in 2004. The historic act was signed by 35 parties and focused on settling tribal community water rights, which were key to determining other water claims in the state.

"The act gave us a level of certainty on water allocation issues that we've never known before in Arizona," John said. "It was the largest water rights settlement in the history of this country, and it's good both for SRP and for water users throughout the state of Arizona.

In 2010 he presided over the Big Chino water settlement, a landmark agreement involving SRP, Prescott and Prescott Valley, to secure water supplies and protect the long-term viability of the upper Verde River. John also helped oversee the acquisition of C.C. Cragin Reservoir, a

valuable supplement to the water supplies of SRP shareholders and others, and supported the effort to establish Tempe Town Lake.

"During the entire time I've served SRP, I'd say that the progress we've made on water rights stands out as one of SRP's biggest accomplishments," John proudly says.

The increase in customer demand over the years meant more power resources were needed. Local electric system reliability was beefed up with the addition of new units at Kyrene and Santan generating stations and the acquisition of Desert Basin Generating Station. Most recently, Springerville Unit 4 was added to SRP's power generation resources.

When it comes to key power projects, John said SRP's role in Palo Verde Nuclear Generating Station stands out. He toured the plant when it was under construction and again when it was operational. SRP owns a 17% share in Palo Verde, which was built at a time when nuclear power was unpopular outside the utility industry. Now, John noted, "next to hydropower it's one of the cheapest source of energy."

On behalf of SRP, John accepted multiple awards from J.D. Power and Associates honoring SRP for first-rate

residential customer satisfaction and business electric service.

Because of his long and storied SRP career, John was a member of many industry groups. He is past: president of New West Energy Corp., vice president of SRP Captive Risk Solutions, Ltd., manager of Springerville Four, LLC.; and a member of the Groundwater Users' Advisory Council, American Public Power Association, National Water Resources Association, Colorado River Water Users' Association.

He's also a member of the SRP's Live Line 500-kV Barehand Club, sharing the same experience as SRP linemen trained to work on energized high-voltage power lines.

Reflecting on his decades of service, John feels fortunate to have been in a leadership position during SRP's centennial celebration in 2003 and to have witnessed SRP's stability in the face of significant growth. "This company has a tremendous presence in the Valley, it's a well-run organization and one I am very proud of," he said.

Now retired, John reflects on the joys of getting away to Crown King, Rock Point and occasionally San Francisco with Dawnetta. Asked where he most like to travel and John will tell you San Francisco. That has been a love since his days in the Merchant Marines.

He has no hobbies other than his animals, mainly mules. John will tell you numerous stories of packing into the wilderness country with his many friends. And that conversation will work its way to the days when he spent a lot of time in Bishop, CA racing mules.

## CHARLEY COPPINGER

"Charley" was born on July 30, 1928 at home in Tolleson, Arizona to John William "Bill" Coppinger and Marie Louisa Rivera Coppinger. His father's family came to Arizona in the early days when life here was not easy and when children were most often born at home rather than risking a long ride by horse and/or wagon into Phoenix. The family consisted of 6 children; Bill, Lola, RL, Mary, Charley and Art.

Charley's father was from an Irish farming family. He came to Arizona by way of Oklahoma and Tennessee. They settled into the Southwest Valley and started growing cotton. Charley's mother was born in Hermosillo, Mexico to a father from Spain and a mother from Mexico. The Nuns in Tucson brought Marie into Arizona in the early 1900's after her parents died. When she was a young girl, she was brought to Tolleson, AZ to live with an Aunt. Marie and Bill met at the corner of 51<sup>st</sup> Avenue and Dobbins in Laveen, AZ at the store where Marie was working.

Charley's parents were hard workers. Bill drove the road-grader for Maricopa County. In those days a team of horses drew the grader. Charley often spoke about one of his earliest memories being carried by his older siblings



to meet their father down at the end of the road and riding in his father's lap on the road-grater as they drove home. Sadly, another early memory for Charley was his father's heart failure and death. Charley's father died in 1931 before Charley was even four years old, but he never forgot those early memories of his dad.

Charley's mother married Frank Yaben, a Basque from the old country. Together they had a daughter, Frankie Louise Yaben. Frank was a loving father and mentor to all of the children and grandchildren.

When Charley was a child he would take his horse and he and a friend would ride down to the river bottom. The two boys rode the Salt River banks all day and made their own fun childhood memories by riding horses. Sometimes he would ride by the school house and wave at his brothers and sisters. Long horseback rides remained something Charley loved his entire life, that and a truly good horse.

Everyone was expected to help bring money into the house and Charley was given a job at the young age of 11 helping a local rancher named Cole Morrow. Cole paid .02 cents a cow for milking at his dairy. At one point Charley even moved in to Cole's home so that he could work and send money back to his family. While living there Cole taught Charley about riding, roping, branding, dehorning and all

the skills of horse and cattle ranching that he needed to learn. Charley paid attention and had deep respect for Cole. Charley loved learning cowboy skills.

When Charley was about 14 his step-father Frank helped him get a position with the Aleman-Poquette Sheep Camp in Flagstaff, AZ. He spent the first few months there as an apprentice working for no compensation while the "Camperos" taught Charley even more skills, like dutch oven cooking, camping, packing the burros, riding the range, herding and caring for the sheep. Charley became adept at the ways of western life.

As a sixteen year old, Charley met a girl, her name was Florence Root, and her mare had to be brought back to Phoenix from the Indian Reservation. Charley brought her horse to her and they began a courtship of riding, talking and enjoying each other's company. Both sixteen they married, without the approval of their families. Because they were so young they had to elope to Mexico. Charley sold one of his saddles to pay for the bus ride to Mexico and for the Mexican Justice of the Peace to perform the marriage.

Charley and Florence had two daughters, Cheryl and Karen, in the next couple of years. When the girls were young the family bought a piece of horse property in

Southwest Phoenix. This was the family home and Charley and Florence remained there until after Florence passed away in 2007. They grew crops for awhile and then turned the ground over to dairy cattle and horses. Florence and Cheryl milked the cows, raised calves and kept the family in milk and butter. Charley and Karen tended to the horses.

Charley's sister Frankie came to live with the family when she was a young teenager. Charley and Florence welcomed her with all the love they gave their own children. Frankie remained with them until her marriage in 1961.

The opening of their home to Frankie was just a beginning. Florence and Charley had an "open door" policy that held no bounds. Just ask Wayne Ramey!

Charley and Florence raised their daughters and saw them grow up, get married and start families. It was only then that they were surprised by another addition when Charley Coppinger Jr. came along. Charley and Florence raised their son and helped with their grandchildren right there on the same property.

The home place was not in the city limits of Phoenix at the time of purchase. A "grandfather" clause allowed them to keep cattle and horses once Phoenix drew them into

its center. There were always horses, mules, beef cattle and chickens keeping Florence busy. Her days started at 3:00 AM. When someone would mention a critter being overweight Florence was quick to say "it's my job to feed them, its Charley's job to keep them fit".

Charley began his long association with Salt River Project as an apprentice. Charley's Father in law was a retired electrician and encouraged Charley to learn the trade. Charley worked many jobs at Salt River Project, from starting as an apprentice through Lineman and Troubleshooter. He worked 31 years at Salt River Project, finally retiring on disability after an injury when a horse fell on him and shattered his ankle. Charley returned to Salt River Project as a member of the Board and Executive Council. He served as Councilman for 14 years before finally retiring from his long and wonderful association with Salt River Project.

Along with good friend John Williams then president of SRP, he played a part in the Arizona Water Settlements Act, which was signed into law in 2004. The historic act was signed by 35 parties and focused on settling tribal community water rights, which were key to determining other water claims in the state. "The act gave us a level of certainty on water allocation issues that we've never known

before in Arizona," according to John. "It was the largest water rights settlement in the history of this country, and it's good both for SRP and for water users throughout the state of Arizona. Charley was always proud of his work on the issue as well as other board challenges.

In the early 90's Charley met Russell Houston, a local artist. They forged a lasting friendship as well as a working relationship. Russell made Charley and Wayne Ramey famous around the world with his "Cowboy Golf" artwork. If you've seen these prints Charley is the portly cowboy always in a humorous pose. When Russell had an idea for another painting he would take Charley and Wayne out on location where the two would create whimsical scenes at Russ' direction. You can find prints at <http://www.russellhouston.com/>.

Charley loved hunting, riding, team roping, pack trips, and camping. He loved teaching the ways of a western life to younger men and women who showed an interest. Being out in nature horseback was where Charley felt most comfortable. He loved the wide open spaces and spent a lot of time taking younger cowboys hunting and packing so that he could teach them all the life skills he had learned.

After Florence's passing, Charley purchased and enjoyed a new home with horse property in Laveen. He loved having his family and friends come over. He also spent a lot of time making really wonderful pack saddles, and riggings for mules and numerous other leather items. Charley's saddle and leatherwork were much sought after, the demand was great for his work. Charley and his friends would visit out in his shop and work together on the projects that Charley always enjoyed.

Family was truly important to Florence and Charley. They had three children, three grandchildren, five great grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren. The look in Charley's eye was pure delight when he gave his first great-great grandson (age 2) a .22 rifle. There were no dry eyes in the room that day.



### CHARLIE COPPINGER

I met a great, ol' cowboy  
just the other day,  
an' heard the stories loud an' clear  
about his wily ways...

He told about the early days  
when he was just a lad,  
an' how he married at sixteen,  
an' it didn't turn out bad.

She was his lovely flower,  
an' would stay close by his side,  
have three children with him—  
even pregnant, she could ride.

They built a home on acreage  
out Arizona way,  
built corrals for horses—  
there weren't much time for play.

He rode some bulls an' buckin'  
broncs  
in the rodeos for money,  
but smartened up real sudden like  
with a pain that weren't so funny.

A crushed foot from a fallen horse  
put him out of commission,  
but he never let that get him down  
for he was on another mission—

To be the greatest roper  
a man could ever be.  
Why, he even roped a deer once,  
an' hung him from a tree.

Life was hard, but he was tough—  
nothin' stood in his way  
of gettin' thru' this dog-gone world  
an' comin' out Ok.

Now, when ol' Charles grew older,  
a man came up to him,  
asked him to do some posin'  
'fore the light was growin' dim.

Ol' Charlie thought it frivolous  
to be acting like a clown—  
makin' silly pictures  
before the sun went down.

But he really liked this feller,  
an' thought he had some grit,  
so agreed to do a photo shoot  
without no argument.

The artist, Russell, asked him  
if he had some cowboy pals  
who just might wanna pose too,  
but never with no gals.

So, Wayne got in them pictures,  
an' a couple buddies too.  
Before ya said, "Jack Robinson"  
they were posin' right on cue.

It all turned out to be quite good—  
ol' Charlie got real fame.  
He found himself on calendars,  
an' paintin's with his name.

Now, the story isn't over,  
an' ol' Charlie ain't dead yet,  
although he lost his lovely wife—  
sixty-two years to their debt.

In between his posin' now,  
he works out in his shop  
makin' leather chaps an' such  
that would make your eyeballs pop!

He really has a knack for it,  
though his hands are much in pain,  
an' like cowboys have always  
been—  
you won't hear him complain.

This cowboy's got a heart a gold,  
an' when his story's told,  
the world will know a REAL  
cowboy  
just can't be bought or sold.

Tamara Hillman.....©2009

*Tamara Hillman*

## DORIS FRENCH

My name is Doris French. On November 15<sup>th</sup>, 1937, I was born in the small rural community called Quinaby, Oregon, about 10 miles Northeast of Salem, Oregon (the State Capital) to John and Verda Hall. I am the fourth of eight children.

My parents lived on neighboring farms. John and Louise Hall, my father's parents, owned one farm. While William and Viola Schaefer, my mother's parents, owned the other. My parents met when mom was 16. She was working the fields with horse drawn plough when the reigns were suddenly tangled. She was losing control of the horses when dad was riding by on his horse and saw her in distress. He rode to her aid and saved her from certain harm. Although they didn't begin dating then, friends set up a blind date and they met again. The rest, as they say, is history.

During the time we lived in Quinaby, Oregon, my parents owned three separate farms. During my childhood we had moved to the farm on what was called Lake Labish. I worked on the farm with my Dad when I wasn't in school. I loved working outdoors rather than being in the house doing housework. I loved driving the tractor and selling some of the crops to the city folks who came out to buy fresh



vegetables from us. You name it and we raised it: Cattle, chickens, sheep, and various crops. Dad always had a few head of cattle for our use and some to sell. He milked the dairy cows everyday so we always had fresh butter, cream, and milk to drink. I could never master the art of milking but my older sister had that special touch, so she helped with milking. Mom worked in the fields and had a love of flowers. She raised flowers all her life.

In July of 1953, at the age of 15, I eloped with the foreman from one of the neighboring farms, his name was James Hicks. James was four years older than me. We had two children. The first child, Kathryn Jane was born in April of 1954 and later that year we moved to Mesa, Arizona. In August of 1955, one and one half years later, we had a second child, James Leroy. In 1956 James and I separated and I moved back to Oregon with the children. Once there I found out how hard it was to raise two children as a single parent.

In 1958, I met and married John French, with whom I spent the next 48 years. He stepped up to the plate and took care of me and the children as his own. We moved to Bakersfield, California where John worked for Wilbur Ellis, delivering the spray for the crop-dusters.

I got homesick so we moved back to Oregon for a time

until our son got pneumonia several times. That was it for John. He said we were moving to a warmer, dryer climate and with that we headed for Arizona. What a shock it was! I was a gal who was used to Pine and Fir trees and creeks and rivers everywhere. But in the years to come, I would learn to love Arizona and its people.

We moved to Mesa where the children's Aunt Ellen Thurman lived. She helped me grow up and be a good wife and mother.

A few years later, we moved to the Phoenix area. John worked in Phoenix and he wanted to spend more time with his family and avoid the commute. In 1970 we moved to Laveen and built our first house.

I loved being back out in the country where I could have horses, cows, chickens and other livestock. I loved to ride so I was happy. As time passed, we bought another home on some additional acreage in another area of Laveen. Living in Laveen with more acreage was great because we could have more cows and I could still ride when I wanted. We stayed and lived there until the city bought the farm in 2006 to widen 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue south of Baseline.

The 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue house is where we lived when I met Edna Cheatham. Edna invited me to my first Cowbelle meeting and I felt like this was where I wanted to be. I met Betty

Accomazzo and she got me involved in the Laveen Community where I served on the Laveen Community Council as Secretary and Treasurer for several terms and was in charge of the serving line at the Laveen BBQ for over 20 years. I also served several terms on the Laveen Planning Committee, working with the City of Phoenix, in planning Laveen's future.

At a critical point in time, I didn't realize it at the time; Betty Accomazzo invited me to go to an Arizona State Cowbelle meeting. Once there I got totally involved in the work of promoting Beef and becoming part of a great group of "friends." I served on many committees including Beef Cook-off Chairwoman, Pioneer Luncheon Chairwoman, and other positions. I served as Arizona State Cowbelles Treasurer for three years before becoming Second Vice President, First Vice President, President Elect, and finally President of the Arizona State Cowbelles in 1990. Fifteen years later, a great honor was bestowed on me in 2005; I was named the Arizona State Cattle Woman of the Year.

It was such fun! Yet we were doing what we felt needed to be done especially with the likes of PETA starting their anti-beef propaganda. We worked side-by-side with the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. After going

up the line to become President, I spent the greatest year of my life traveling around the state to visit all the local Cowbelle Chapters and to install their officers. Sometimes I took Dorothy Steinhoff with me and sometimes Tootsie Accomazzo, and sometimes I traveled with the Cattle Growers President or the Director, Sandy Eastlake. What a great time! It helped me to get to know them all better and serve their needs since we had the same goals in mind.

During my term of offices we lost our great buddy, and my mentor, Betty Accomazzo. Upon her passing, I was asked to take over her position as Secretary of the Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Association and to serve as Editor of the Pioneer Histories, of which we now have 26 volumes. Working with Jody Yeager at Arizona National Stockman Show office, has been an awesome experience; she has taught me so much. I could not have done all that I have without her help. Director Grant Boice has also been instrumental in my success as a leader in the Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Association. His guidance and support has been essential to my work.

For many years I was in charge of the Pioneer luncheon and now have the honor of being the MC along with the Arizona National Pioneer Stockman Association President. What a great pleasure it is to get to see and visit with

the Pioneers each year, and how sad when we loose them. And the greatest honor is yet to come; I get to become one of the Pioneers myself this year at the 2011-2012 show. How special is that?

I do not want to forget to mention my family. John and I were married 48 years in 2006. This was this same year he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. Six short weeks later my Johnny was gone. He was a strong Christian man. As part of his walk we did mission work in Mexico for over 27 years; I continue that work today with the help of my family and church friends. John was building us a summer home in Pine, AZ when he got sick. The cabin was finished with the help of many others and is now being enjoyed. John's ashes are scattered up on Twin Buttes, eight miles from the cabin. He loved the mountains so much. Our oldest daughter Dr. Kathryn French is a professor in the Maricopa Community Colleges. Her husband, Michael LeVault, is the Mayor of Youngtown, AZ. Our son James (CJ) French, and his wife Linda, live in New River, AZ. He has his own business installing and repairing satellite systems while his wife is an accountant. They have 2 sons, Shane and Clint French. Shane has two daughters, Sierra and Bailey with his lovely wife, Sharon. Our third child is Michelle Costanzo; she lives in Wittmann, AZ. She is a legal secretary and is

married to James Costanzo, who is a helicopter pilot for Del Webb's medical helicopter team. She has two boys, Brandon Beach and Nico Costanzo. Brandon has a daughter, Dahlia Rose. They are an awesome family.

None of my children followed me in my love of farming and ranching. I know my family supports me in all that I do. As long as I am able I will keep at it; serving as advisor to the Arizona State Cowbells and collecting histories of our Pioneers.



### THOMAS C. (TOMMY) MCREYNOLDS, III

Tommy McReynolds is the 3<sup>rd</sup> generation of the family to live in Arizona. His grandfather Thomas C. McReynolds, who was born 3 October 1867 in Tipton County, Indiana, traveled to Phoenix, in February 1916. T. C. along with his wife Leota Carter McReynolds and their three children, Thomas C., Jr, and twins Sarah and Mary traveled by train from Kokomo, Howard Co., Indiana.

T.C. became one of the directors of the Valley (National) Bank in 1918, and served in that capacity for 33 years. When the bank encountered financial problems in 1929, T.C. arranged for financial help for the bank from back East, and brought out Walter Bimson to run the bank. The Bimsons- father and son ran the bank for many years.



T. C. also had a trucking company called Arrow Transportation Company. This company transported cattle among other types of cargo. Tommy has talked of working for the company as a driver hauling cattle over Fish Creek Hill. It sounds like he had some real interesting trips up and down that hill.



T. C. 's daughter Sarah who was born 8 March 1908 in Kokomo, married Milton George Sanders who became a member of Phoenix City Council, and they had three children; Sally






who married Tom Woods. Tom eventually became CEO of Arizona Public Service. Sonny, who married Jean French, and, Beverly who married Don Whitney.

T. C.'s daughter Mary, who was born 8 March 1908 in Kokomo, married John Mowatt, and they had one child Robert who married Sylvia Holt.

Tom, Jr. who was born 24 September 1898, in Kokomo, married Mildred Clare, whose family had come to the Arizona Territory sometime before statehood in 1912. Mildred's brand was Rail Triangle Lazy Right . Tom and Mildred had one son, Thomas C. III (Tommy). Tom became a farmer in the Laveen area, and at various times he had a dairy, grew alfalfa, grain, etc., as well as having cattle and sheep, and a commercial chicken operation. His brand was the DJ Lazy Reversed Connected .

Tommy, born 14 December 1920 in Phoenix, married Hazel Heustiss the 18<sup>th</sup> of December 1941 and they had three children; Thomas C., IV (Topper), who married Barbara Roach. Barbara acquired her father's brand the Rocker over Double Rockers . Jay Wesley who married Irene Kinder, and Raven Heustiss who married Kim Boren. Hazel eventually acquired the  brand J Inverted H Con't Two Blocks over Bar. Shortly after his marriage, Tommy went into the Army and served for the duration of WWII. He was stationed in

Salinas California for a while, as well as on Tinnian Island. When he came back from the war in 1945, he began farming with his father Tom on land his father and mother Mildred had purchased on 27<sup>th</sup> Avenue & Southern in 1929. Tommy and Hazel eventually bought land adjoining his fathers. Tommy grew cotton, grain, alfalfa, etc., and always had pastureland for cattle, which of course was the early day version of the rooder. He also did custom tilling work for neighboring farmers. He and Hazel farmed that property until about 1960, when they traded for the Horner Mountain Ranch located near Dugas, Arizona. When they acquired the ranch, they also acquired the Horner Mountain Brand , which came with the ranch. They used that brand on all of their cattle while they owned the Horner Mountain Ranch. Tommy owned another brand that he also used, but only on their ranch horses. It was the Broken Y . Tommy and Hazel owned the Horner Mountain Ranch until about 1972 or 1973, when they sold it and, of course, the Horner Mountain Brand  went along with the ranch. They moved to Camp Verde, Arizona where Tommy still lives in the home that he and Hazel purchased when they sold the ranch. Hazel passed away 7 Oct 1998.

Tommy's son Topper and his wife Barbara have continued with the ranching tradition and since 1994, are co-owners

along with Elijah and Renee Hopkins, of the Black Mountain Ranch located near Alamo Lake, Arizona. Topper and Barbara now own all of the above mentioned Brands, except of course, the Horner Mountain Brand.

## **COVER IDENTIFICATION**

### **FRONT COVER**

Top - Doris French

Middle Left - Nelson K. "Nellie" Stevenson

Middle Center - David & Voniece Nix

Middle Right - Jim & Earline Tidwell

Bottom Left - John M. Williams

Bottom Center - Jack & Bernice Davenport

Bottom Right - Sylvia Claudette Manterola

### **INSIDE FRONT COVER**

Top Left - James L. & Alice V. Amalong, Sept. 22, 2006

Top Right - Gloria, James L., Virginia & Bob W. Amalong  
The home of James Walter Amalong & Virginia Mae  
(Lindsey) 1933 (me as baby)

Middle Left - Virginia Mae (Lindsey) Amalong & James W.  
Amalong (my parents)

Middle Right - JA Ranch Barn & James L. Amalong family  
Around 1910 (my dads family)

Bottom Left - James L. Amalong & Charlotte Md 1882  
My great Grandparents

Bottom Right - James Lewis Amalong (Jim) with "Old Brownie  
And his mother Blue" August 1945

## **BACK COVER**

Top Left - Charlie Coppinger

Top Right - Don Honnas & Copper - background Arivaca Creek  
on Ranch

Middle Left - Bill Douglass - Ranch work

Middle Right - Charlie Coppinger - "Ranch work"

Bottom Left - Thomas C. "Tommy" McReynolds III

Bottom Right - Doy Reidhead

## **INSIDE BACK COVER**

Top Left - Jack Davenport

Top Center - Dr. Sam Luce

Top Right - Bill & Marion Gary

Middle Left - Gus Muldner - Clara Muldner (105 yr. young),  
Julia Muldner

Middle Right - Tom Judd

Bottom Left - Jack Davenport - showing at ANLS

Bottom Right - Charlie & Florence Coppinger

