



# ARIZONA NATIONAL



**Arizona Pioneer Stockmen  
Ranch Histories  
Volume XXVII**



**The XXVIII Edition of  
*Pioneer Stockmen Ranch  
Histories* is dedicated to  
Grant Boice, Executive  
Director of the Arizona  
National Livestock Show,  
1985-2013.**



**Gary Wilson and Harvey Dietrich**



**Jolene Miller**



# **Ranch Histories Of Living Pioneer Stockmen**

**Volume XXVII**

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

*Cover Photos: (L) Pioneer Stockman of the Year, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor*  
*(R) Pioneer Stockman of the Year, Harvey Dietrich*

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December 10, 2014

Dear Pioneers:

The Arizona National Livestock Show is proud to present this latest volume of Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Histories. Our ANLS values include preserving our western heritage and educating the public on the importance of agriculture in our daily lives. We appreciate the efforts of all who contributed to the telling, writing, editing and compiling of this history as a legacy to share with friends, the public and future generations.

Today, with 98% of Americans at least three generations removed from agriculture; it is paramount that we relate the truth of how Arizona's pioneers are the foundation of our state's success and prosperity. Urban dwellers need to know the real narratives of our land stewards and food producers. The public needs to read accounts of families struggling, achieving and working together in the care of their livestock, the conservation of natural resources and the building of businesses to pass along to their children. Arizonans need to learn of the civic service and volunteerism embodied in the lives our Pioneer Stockmen.

Again, thank you Contributors for sharing your stories and preserving vital history for generations to come. Please enjoy the memoirs, share these biographies widely and encourage others to chronicle their families' contributions to Arizona agriculture in future volumes. Enjoy the show, we look forward to seeing you there!

Best Regards,

Jim Loughead

President, Arizona National Livestock Show



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To the contributors of stories:

Thanksgiving day. What a great day to say thank you to all of you who have contributed to the XXVII edition of Arizona Ranch Stories. . These stories of ranching experience in Arizona. It is good of you to let others know of your experiences as others have written their stories.

As we share this day of Thanksgiving let us all give thanks that we live in a country that we can do so. Also that we share a common heritage in the livestock industry in Arizona, beginning in the last half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century up to the present

Many of us share the experience of writing these stories and I urge you to encourage your friends that have not done so to write their stories. This is possibly the only way we have of passing on the heritage we have to coming generations.

I also want to thank Meg Anema and Doris French for their contributions to the publishing of this edition. I especially want to thank Doris French for her many years of keeping the Pioneer Stockman's Association going. She has been a great help to many of the past presidents. I was especially pleased a couple of years ago when she was able to become a member of the Association.

Thankful regards

Raymond Evans  
President, Pioneer Stockman's Association

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## **ORTH FAMILY**

### **My Family's UZONA Ranch**

(And Other Contributions To The Phoenix Area In The Early  
1900's)

By Carl Orth

My father, Ellwood H. Orth Jr. (he dropped the "Jr." after his father's death), was born in 1882 in Ogden, Utah. His father was a banker, and died of pneumonia at the age of 37. Dad was 6 years old when his father died. Dad didn't get much formal education, but his sister was a teacher, and he continued studying all of his life. He dropped out of school when he was sixteen and went to work as a Western Union delivery boy. His bicycle mechanic was John Browning, the famous rifle inventor. He also worked for two of his Uncles. One had a sheep ranch and the other managed an Inn. While working at the Inn, a boxer, "Rawhide Kelly", was there training for a fight. My dad was in good shape and they paid him to be a sparring partner.

Dad worked as a railroad telegrapher regulating trains. Then, in about 1902, he worked on a U.S. survey team laying out Arizona's longitude and latitude bench marks. He then returned to Arizona and around 1908, with some financial help from his brother-in-law Rudolph

Kuchler, he bought a ranch in what was considered Glendale, Arizona. It was located between Northern and Dunlap Avenues and 37<sup>th</sup> and 43<sup>rd</sup> Avenues. Because he was from Utah, he named it the UZONA Ranch. He raised crops and livestock there, and was active in civic affairs. My father told me many stories about those days. One was when he had a big black draft horse he couldn't break to harness. The Army came through looking for artillery horses. Dad's horse was so well built they gave dad a good price for it. Another time, his hay was ready to cut and a storm was coming. He always hired three brothers from a neighbor's spread to help him get in the hay. Well, they came in Thursday and Friday but their church wouldn't let them work on Saturday, and no amount of pleading or threats would change their minds. My dad got mad every time he told this story. My mother's family came to Glendale in 1913 and they met and fell in love.

I also remember the bee man, Mr. Bledsoe. Years after my dad's health made him give up the ranch and open a tax business in Phoenix, we would go out to Bledsoe's place, buy five gallon cans of honey, and put it up in jars. My older brothers also worked for Mr. Bledsoe when he had to move the hives. They often found rattle snakes under the hives when they moved them.



When my dad moved to the city he didn't completely give up his old habits. We had a vegetable garden and raised chickens, pigeons, and Chinese Ring-necked pheasants. We sold fryers to the corner market and the state paid us to turn loose pheasants in different parts of the state to try to introduce flocks in Arizona. He also continued showing chickens and pheasants at the state fair.

After organizing the Arizona Taxpayers Association in 1916, my father put out a tax magazine lobbying for fair taxes and responsible government spending. He continued publishing his magazine for 33 years until health problems forced him to retire in 1949. He passed on in 1954. He knew many politicians from 1915 to 1949. He once ran for State Representative. From his tax work, he was well acquainted with Rose Mofford.

We took our vacations to wherever the tax commission met in summers in northern Arizona. Summers, while I was out of school, I spent in Payson where I worked on building the R-Bar-C Ranch. Ed Haught, the man who took Zane Gray around on his hunts, was my foreman.

I might add that my Mother's brother, Ray Griswold, cowboyed around Arizona and, for a while, drove a stage coach between Phoenix and Globe. When he married and settled down, he opened a riding stable. He spent winters

at the stables at the Griswold homestead on the north side of the Arizona Canal between 12<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Streets, north to what is now Griswold Road. Summers he drove his horses up Black Canyon Road to Iron Springs in Prescott, where many people from Phoenix had cabins.

Ray was also a heeler in a number of rodeos. He was one of the first to raise Arabian horses in the Valley, and his daughter, Barbara Griswold Fagan, was an accomplished show rider. I have a picture of Uncle Ray putting me on a horse before I could walk.

Ray's brother, Fritz, was the Secretary of the Salt River Water User's Association from 1946-1963. He is credited with doing groundwork for the Roosevelt Dam. In 1975 SRP named a substation in his name, Griswold Power Facility, at Guadalupe and Alma School Roads.

Ray and Fritz also had a local Western band, Ray on the guitar, and Fritz on the banjo and mandolin. They played live for KOY and KTAR radio stations in the late 1920's. They were known as the Arizona Mustangs and the Happiness Boys.

**SAM A. LUCE**

My father came to Colorado in 1919 and worked on ranches in that area. We moved around a lot during the depression looking for work. I was born while our family was living in Mosca, Colorado, 16 June 1932. We came to Arizona in 1940. My life has been from one interest to another starting with riding race horses at county fairs and later on at race tracks. I worked for a veterinarian learning to castrate horses and pull calves. I was drafted into the army but given a deferment to attend medical school. Then into the air force for six years with the medical corp. I bought a ranch in Colorado running Scotch Highland cattle. I came back to Arizona to get out of the cold of the high mountains and found the Blue River. My wife got the job teaching the one room school here on the Blue and our oldest son and I started working for Jack Brooks on this ranch where he had been since 1920. Jack was getting up in years and often said he was going to have to move to a lower elevation where he felt better. We ended up with the ranch and stocked it with cattle we bought from Clell and Katherine Lee. We sold our yearlings and calves at auctions in New Mexico and Arizona. Strays would wander off down the river and we would join up with

our neighbors to bring them back. Clell Lee has lost seven yearlings once and was sure they had gone west of my place so I went with him into the Apache Reservation and found them in a herd the Apaches had rounded up. While we were talking with them they invited us to eat and told us to get a bowl full of stew from a pot hanging over the fire. When Clell dipped in the Indian said "dig deep, puppy in bottom". We made short work of that meal, thanked the Indians for the help in rounding up the cows and cut out our seven head and headed home.

Clell and his brother Dale, were lion and bear hunters so every time someone would find a dead cow killed by a predator they would be called to help. I spent twenty five years hunting on and off with the two of them and the stories could fill a book. Other hunters I hunted with in this area were Sammy Foster, Richard Holcomb, Sewell Goodman and Larry Hendrix. Jack Brooks told about hunting with Ben Lilly who stayed here on the ranch. He would eat with the family and when the bread was passed around, Ben would tuck the entire loaf in his shirt and Lula Mae would have to get another loaf to finish the meal. Another memorable account was while talking with Iona Marks, owner of the WY ranch. When she was a young girl several Apaches rode up to the ranch, her mother told her to get into a

trunk and be quiet. The Indians were not satisfied with what they could find so when they left they dumped the fire out of the stove around the room and left. Iona's mother grabbed a bucket of milk and put the fire out.

Tully and Fae Moor had lived in the White Rocks cabin right after they were married in 1930. It's located on the Dutch Blue where I stay often when looking for cows in that area. Tulley worked for Freddie Fritz while he lived at the White Rocks. Fae would raise a garden and carry water with buckets to water the plants. Tulley developed a taste for tylipai, an Apache fermented drink, thus the name Tulley. He told me about the long rides into Clifton for supplies. Took several days on horseback. While talking with Tully, Clell and I mentioned we were headed down the Blue looking for some of our cattle and Tulley told us to be sure not to stay at the Bell place which had been the site of a brutal killing of the Bell family years before. He said there was a wailing sound every night of the daughter that would keep us from sleeping. On a subsequent trip down the river I stayed at the Bell place and sure enough when I crawled into my sleeping bag a wailing flute like sound was audible. I walked down to the river, the evening breeze was plowing down river and when it would



blow across some vertical slabs of rock it would make a flute like sound.

Jimmy Cosper, one of my neighbors, ran cattle on the VT, HU and the White Rocks ranches. He was Rose Casper's uncle. Julie and I ask Rose and her husband to join us on a camping trip down to visit her uncle Jimmy. We rode into the HU about 4 P.M. and Jimmy was not there. His calendar was on the table with notes of where he would find cows. It read for the two days prior "seven cows in Shorty canyon, no bull". The next day it read "eight or nine cows in Sycamore canyon, still no bull". Today it read "no damn bull", he had apparently gone down the canyon to look for the bull and didn't come back that night.

Clell and I were hunting lions down the canyon and stopped at the XXX ranch and visited with Freddie Fritz about the lions in that area. We spent the night and in the morning Freddie asked us if we would like to have ana ana ana egg or not. Freddie had a little stuttering sometimes. We rode with Freddie that day and he told us about his dad being mauled by a grizzly bear. He lived with problems from the bear mauling for several years before his death. He said his dad told him never get below a wounded bear, stay above him.

We lost and found many cows in those days, too often dead. Looking back, I realize the friends I made punching cows and hunting predators has been the most rewarding part of my ranching. Most all of my ranching friends are gone now and as I ride out most every day, I wonder who are the old timers now?



## HONOLU LOVIN TATRAI

As you travel through the Great Smoky Mountains National Park today, it's difficult to imagine that in the late 1920's, two thirds of the park had been "logged". Bemus Lumber Company recognized the potential and moved in early to Robbinsville, North Carolina and built a sawmill. Milltown, where I was born in 1932, was located 2 miles from Robbinsville. Company owned homes were scattered all through the area. Bemus also owned a general store and a two story hotel.

My father worked as a logger for Bemus, 10 hours a day, 6 days a week, and brought home \$12 worth of script which was used to buy food and other necessities for his family from the Bemus company store. Credit was also allowed and used as needed. Remember Tennessee Ernie Ford's song, "I owe my soul to the company store"? Now you know how that song came about.

For entertainment we kids learned to sing and play instruments at an early age from listening to the radio and from our parents. With the creation of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, things changed. Bemus sold out

and shut down operations of the mill. We moved to Phoenix, Arizona. That was dad's idea.

The movie "Lonesome Dove" is a story about two cowboys that drove cattle all the way from Texas to Wyoming. The cowboys names were Henry Lovin (Dad's cousin) and Charlie Goodnight. The cattle trail was named after them. Dad also had an uncle named Henry Lovin who left North Carolina in the 1700's and moved to Kingman, Arizona. He became a sheriff and got into politics. Later he was a Senator of the original Arizona legislature. This became the driving force for my father to see Arizona for himself.

Ronald and Juanita Lovin, three brothers and myself moved to Phoenix when I was 12 years old. We soon settled west of town and began working in music, singing and playing mostly western songs. At churches we sang southern gospel music which was our favorite. I attended school at Murphy grade school and Phoenix Union High School.

My brother Clifford worked for a painting contractor whose sister was a Baptist preacher. She asked us to help her out on Saturday night and we agreed. She instructed us to show up at 6 p.m. in down town Phoenix. We loaded up our guitars, mandolin and bass fiddle. Dad said, "You boys look out for your sister." I was 17 and he had been saying that all my life. The place was located in a 'shady part



of town'. The preacher had a soft spot for the homeless. The room was pretty small with a few benches placed along each wall and a platform up front. Around 6:30 she looked around and said, "You kids might's well start and sing something lively". We stood up, looked out at the three people in our congregation and started with one of our favorites, "I'll fly away". While we were singing two more people walked in. I grinned at my brother because things were looking up. The preacher had a warm heart and a very strong voice that carried out the open door into the street. She was determined to share the gospel with others. Soon a few more people wandered in. When we stood to sing again the little room was full. One guy was lying down on a bench near the front of the room. He must have passed out. I don't think he fell asleep. All in all it was a good night.

On Sunday morning we joined her as she preached on KPHO radio. That led to two radio programs and a TV variety show for us on the first station to start in Phoenix. Finally we had our first break.

My life changed when I got married. Bill Ellington thought a wife's place was in the home, so I became a stay at home mom. I had four children, two boys and two girls. Rene the oldest, then Dusty, Robert (Buck) and Michelle.

Bill loved the cowboy life and discovered his gift as a 'horse whisperer'. We moved to Laveen when our kids were in grade school. They all became active in 4H and FFA at Tolleson Union High School.

The family began team roping and joined the Junior Rodeo Association 4-H. Buck was our best roper. Ike Keesy built a roping arena just down the road and Bill and the kids would saddle up 2 and 3 times a week to practice at the arena. I was a hood ornament keeping their times and tracking scores. After a while, the family decided to turn their hobby into a business. They all began raising and training working quarter horses. Our connections with other ranchers and rodeo folks helped with this new idea.

One day, Dusty decided that he wanted to do a 4-H demonstration by telling the age of a horse by its teeth structure. On his way to school he asked me if I would find him a horse's skull with the teeth still intact. I had to find one that same day. Then out the door he went. I thought "sure, I'll just run down to the local Circle K to pick one up....HA HA". After great thought I called my mother-in-law Inez. She was game for anything. I asked her to go for a ride with me. She was very curious. I drove north on 51<sup>st</sup> avenue and parked in front of the Golden West Meat Packing Company. She asked, "What the heck are

we doing here"? I invited her to come with me. Her response was a quick, NO! I walked in and told the lady at the counter what I needed, then quickly explained what it was for. She got on the intercom and soon a guy walked into the office. The lady told him that I needed some horses teeth. He looked puzzled. It must have been the first time he had gotten such a request. He smiled and said to follow him. Outside and around the corner stood a large 50 gallon barrel filled with horses heads with eyes staring at me. "Which one do you want," he asked. I replied, "Oh just pick one for me." Smiling he said, "You have to choose it." I pointed at the barrel and said that one was just fine. I paid \$2 at the office and a covered box was placed in the trunk of my car.

My sweet mother-in-law said I looked pale and was concerned. "I'm fine," I said. I dropped her off and drove home placing the box in the saddle shed. Showering and changing cloths did not make me feel any cleaner.

At 3:45 pm Dusty walked in after school and asked me about the teeth. I replied by telling him that he would find it in the saddle shed. I watched as he ran into the shed. After 3 to 4 minutes, he wobbled out the door and looked a bit pale. (Payback time)!

Rene purchased two pale brown Swiss calves from St. Johns Dairy in Glendale and began grooming them in preparation for the state fair. Teaching them to lead was a challenge. She was also in FFA.

Michelle loved horses by the time she could sit on one. She started with a Shetland pony which she named Little Pretty, then graduated to quarter horses. When she was a little older she trained jumping horses for a neighbor. One day they went on a fox hunt, except they chased rabbits and jumped ditches, cactus and tumbleweed. She loved it.

I was a Laveen 4-H leader and for several years I had 15 to 19 kids in my little kitchen each week learning to cook and getting ready for the fair. I had both boys and girls. They all did well at the fair and I was so very proud of them all. I usually partnered up with Ruth Cheatham in the 4-H food department during the fair.

Our family income was sustained by the increased demand of quarter horses both in training and breeding. We also stayed very active in rodeos and horse shows. Because of Bill's gift as a horse whisperer, many clients brought their horses to him for training.

During our 4-H years, Betty Accomazzo was our community leader. Because of her enthusiasm, she inspired

all of us to do our very best. Laveen 4-H was known as the club to beat in competition. That year Rene was chosen Outstanding Girl & Dusty was Outstanding Boy and I was picked as the Best Leader. That was very special. Betty invited me to join the Laveen Cowbelle group and I was happy to do so. She was State President in 1965.

The Laveen Cowbelle organization was started on January 19, 1947 at the home of Margaret Hash. We were very active from the start and for many years Laveen Cowbelles had been first in many projects mostly in the Phoenix area promoting the beef industry.

In 1983 I was elected President of Laveen Cowbelles. Our activities then were at the local Laveen Community Barbeque, the 4-H fair, the state fair and the Arizona National Livestock Show.

In 1994 I had the privilege of being chosen to represent our great organization as State President. I became involved in 64 events statewide. It all started with an ANCW/NCA mid-year convention held in Denver, Colorado. I installed officers in all 13 counties across Arizona and was treated like royalty each time. At this time I was married to Mark Accomazzo. He farmed and ranched in Laveen and branded the Lazy M Lazy A over the years. His late wife Betty was a very good friend of mine.



Mark would brag that he had two wives and one daughter (Anne Marie Moore) serve as State Cowbelle Presidents!

Our state Beef Cook-off was held at the Scottsdale Culinary Festival in April with about 60,000 people in attendance. This was our biggest event of the year where we promote Beef. As a bonus you received beef jerky and education materials if you attended.

Our Junior Beef Ambassador contest was held during our state fair in October. This event also draws a large audience. It was featured in the Arizona Republic and our winner was interviewed on TV.

We hosted the American National Cattle Women's Region VI meeting that year and encouraged our Antique Car Club we were members of the help us out. So, our quests rode to different events in those beautiful old cars.

Fundraising events that year included: educational grants, affiliation dues from locals, membership dues, ways and means, brand napkins, cookbook sales, our chili cook-off and other miscellaneous events. Even with debts to pay we remained in the green with \$4,000.00 to spare.

Please note that all we accomplished that year would not have been possible without our events chairmen, state officers, and local members. Let us give credit to

hundreds of Cowbelles across our great state who volunteer time and energy at their own expense to promote beef.

Today my son Dusty and his sons continue with our music and his grandsons are doing quite well in Junior Rodeo. They raise paint horses on their ranch in Mississippi.

I own a farm in Yuma, Arizona. My farmer leasee raises a variety of vegetables. So we are still contributing to the Ag industry after all these years. My husband Steve Tatrai and I live in Laveen still and remain involved in the community and our church.

In closing I would like to thank Grant Boice for his unselfishness as Executive Director of the Arizona National Livestock Show for several years and the wonderful job he has done. It's my understanding that he will be retiring this year. The show will never be the same without him and Arizona State Cowbelles will really miss him. Congratulations, Grant.



## **LARRY AND PHYLLIS STARK**

Larry Stark, born in 1936 in Cherokee, Iowa, headed west at the age of 13 with his parents Gus and Opal and little sister Shelia. A lifelong Iowa farmer, Gus also had a fleet of ten trucks and hauled livestock to keep his farm going. Due to Larry's asthma, the family decided Arizona was the place to be.

Living in the Salt River Valley gave Larry the opportunity to continue his interest in livestock. He began buying calves at Tovrea's Sale Barn and raising hogs at the family property on 44<sup>th</sup> Street in Phoenix. As a young man, Gus and his brother had traveled with a box car of fat cattle to Chicago and stopped in at the livestock show there. They discovered Iowa neighbors were showing their animals and Gus began a lifelong interest in livestock shows. He took Larry to his first Arizona National Livestock Show in 1952, beginning Larry's sixty year association with the show.

As a 4-H and FFA member at Phoenix Union High School, Larry showed steers and hogs at the Arizona National Livestock Show and the State Fair. Feeding his hogs was expensive and Larry began bringing home cafeteria scraps to feed them. Before long he realized he needed to get a job

if he wanted to continue his livestock projects. Working as a carryout boy at the age of sixteen with A. J. Bayless Markets enabled him to pay his feed bill.

Larry was extremely successful early on showing livestock. He had the Grand Champion Market Hog at the Arizona State Fair in 1954 and the Grand Champion Steer that same year at the Maricopa County Fair. Having raised hogs at his Iowa farm, Gus sent to Iowa for some little boars to breed to their sows. He was a master at rations for their livestock and never gave away his feeding secrets for the champion steers the family raised. Larry's sister Shelia also showed champion steers and hogs. A number of celebrities came to the Arizona National and Larry's pictures from the show through the years include photographs with Rex Allen, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dizzy Dean, and Arizona's Vonda Kay Van Dyke who was Miss America.

Between his job at A. J. Bayless and raising steers, Larry was able to buy a brand new red and white Ford convertible. The car was just the ticket to cruise Central Avenue and get a burger at Bob's Big Boy. Phyllis Watkins spotted that handsome young man in his fancy car at Bob's in 1958. The couple was married the following year. The Watkins family was dairy farmers in Tolleson. Phyllis



joined right into the family tradition of being active in the Arizona National Livestock Show.

In the winter of 1962 the family moved to Flagstaff as Larry had been made manager of the new A. J. Bayless store there. A. J. told "the kid" as he called Larry, to run the store like his own. Adopted daughter Jacque joined the family during their Flagstaff years. Larry and Phyllis were involved in 4-H, selling beef steers and getting children started in the 4-H program. Phyllis was the able leader of the Cinder Hill Billies. In 1969 Larry was promoted to Division Manager of 13 A. J. Bayless stores. During his time in Flagstaff, Larry had continued to raise cattle on the side. He missed being more involved with livestock and decided to end his twenty year tenure with Bayless.

The family moved back to the Valley and Larry went to work with his high school buddy Gene Sparks at Arizona Feeds. He became more involved with the operations of the Arizona National Livestock Show under the direction of Dr. Bart Cardon. Larry was chairman of the Junior Awards Banquet and was a Show Committee member when sheep and hogs were added to the show.

Larry and Phyllis had purchased land in 1969 at Greenway and Tatum to keep their cattle. There were two

houses on the property at the end of a dirt road; a very rural desert area at that time. Jacque was as successful as her parents in showing steers and participating in livestock shows. She participated in the Arizona National Livestock Show as well as Arizona Fairs and SAILA. Jacque had the Grand Champion Fat Steer at the Maricopa County Fair and participated in out of state livestock shows including Pomona, the Cow Palace in San Francisco and the Great Western in Los Angeles.

While at Arizona Feeds, Larry joined with Gene and Buck Markley to start the Warbonnet Ranch west of Willcox. His friend Jack Davenport joined the partnership and managed the ranch. They bred Hereford cattle that won in the show ring and topped sales in the Southwest. During this time period, Larry learned to AI from John Sullivan. The Warbonnet was sold in 1977 to Larry and Joan Todd from Montana.

A change in management occurred at Arizona Feeds and their offices were being relocated to Tucson. Larry and Phyllis decided this was their chance to become involved in ranching full time. As a boy living in Phoenix, Larry's neighbors were the Pierce's. He remembers them driving cattle down 44<sup>th</sup> Street (Chicago Avenue) to the packing plant. Steve and Delbert were old friends and they asked

Larry to consult for them as they reemphasized their registered business at Prescott. It wasn't long before Larry and Phyllis were asked to stay and in November, 1977 they joined the Pierce family at the Las Vegas Ranch.

Larry and Steve traveled to Colorado where they purchased seed stock from Ferry Carpenter. Adding the new stock to the ranch's base cow herd, the Las Vegas Ranch showed 14 reserve champions and 17 Grand Champions at the Arizona National Livestock Show. A highlight came in 1981 when a Las Vegas Cow, Mabel, received Grand Champion Hereford Female at the National Western Stock Show. Another highlight was the top selling bull, Poncho, at the Annual Arizona Hereford Association Bull Sale at the Prescott Fair Grounds.

When Mabel was named Grand Champion in Denver, Larry began to think about establishing an embryo transplant program. He wanted more calves from Mabel and two other superior cows on the ranch. The program was begun in early 1983 and the transplants were originally done in Colorado. Larry studied the program and he began to do them at the Las Vegas Ranch.

For a successful program, it is necessary to synchronize the donor cows as well as the recipient cows who are the surrogate mothers. Larry learned how to

ovulate both the donors and recipients. On a predetermined date, a tech transferred the eggs to the recipient cows. If Larry had twenty-five cows ready maybe only ten or twelve would be in synch with the donors.

Embryos could be viewed with a microscope and frozen if there were not enough recipients. This was done for two or three years. The successful embryo transplant program was used in addition to the AI program at the ranch.

During Larry's tenure at the Las Vegas Ranch, Temple Grandin came to visit. She followed Larry around as she wanted to see how the cattle were handled. She even lay on the ground as she said she wanted to think like the cows.

Larry added quarter horse racing to his many interests. He believes in always learning from the best and after studying racing, soon bred and owned numerous winning horses. One of his horses holds a track record and Turf Paradise Quarter Horse Championship for 440 yards.

Larry and Phyllis were both active in the Arizona Hereford Association. He served as their President and Phyllis was President of the Auxiliary. Larry was named Cattleman of the Year by the Association in 2002. Phyllis was also active in the Yavapai County Cowbells. Rancher of the Year was awarded to Larry in 1987 by the Yavapai

Cattle Growers. Another honor for Larry was being named 4-H Alumni of the Year by the University of Arizona.

Larry holds the record for being the longest continual exhibiter at the ANLS between his 4-H and FFA years, daughter Jacque's show steers and his Las Vegas Ranch tenure. He and Phyllis continue their strong support of youth in livestock through trophy sponsorships at the ANLS in honor of their late daughter Jacque Stark Manning. Larry has also been involved with the Replacement Heifer Show and Sale as well as being a Supreme Champion judge for the Open Cattle Show.

Retiring from the Las Vegas Ranch in 2006, he and Phyllis enjoy their new home in Prescott. Never one to fully retire, Larry is still involved with the Las Vegas Ranch and his race horse interests with the Pierces. He says the hardest part of retirement is getting used to no chores every morning. Between keeping his hand in at the Las Vegas Ranch, the Arizona National Livestock Show, horse racing and his hobbies; Larry will probably never fully retire from his interest in livestock.

In January, 2013 Larry was inducted into the Arizona Quarter Racing Association Hall of Fame. The mission of the Arizona Quarter Racing Association is to represent the best interests of racing quarter horse owners, breeders,

stallion owners and trainers participating in Arizona. It was a long overdue honor for Larry and he had many family and friends at the annual AQRA dinner to celebrate the honor with him. He was inducted by past president James Kelly who recounted his many accomplishments in world of quarter horse racing.

## **JAMES HENRY PYEATT**

My grandfather, James "Henry" Pyeatt purchased the Pyeatt Ranch in the 1890s from Hugo Igo. He had come to Cochise County in 1885 from Texas with the Turkey Track cattle and John Slaughter. He married Mary Olive Kelly in 1887. They lived in Palominas on the "80" ranch and Tombstone until he purchased this ranch located on the northwest end of the Huachuca Mountains. The ranch is situated on the Cochise and Santa Cruz county line west of Fort Huachuca. He registered the **M**  
**X** brand for the livestock. Henry Pyeatt died in 1942 working in his "Victory Garden". It was his contribution to the war effort. My dad, Buster, purchased the ranch from his mother after his dad died.

I, James "Jim" Henry Pyeatt, was born at the garrison hospital at Fort Huachuca on April 11, 1937. The hospital was active in support of the Buffalo Soldiers and the ranchers in the local area. We lived at the ranch all the time I was growing up. I am the second son of Roland "Buster" M, Rose M Pyeatt. My older brother Ronald was 4 years older than me. I am the third generation of Pyeatts to brand the **M**  
**X** brand on our livestock.

I attended the Canelo one-room school for 10 years, and then the high school at Patagonia where I played football, baseball, basketball and track. While attending high school I helped on the ranch. I did whatever had to be done on the ranch, but I liked doing it from the back of a horse if it was possible. The best thing was learning to rope. We all had to learn to rope cattle at a young age. My brother and I loved that part of it. In fact through the years I entered many local team roping events. It didn't matter whether I was the header or the heeler. It didn't matter as long as I could rope. As kids we roped just about anything that moved. I tried to rope a badger once. I am glad I missed because I had no idea what I was going to do with it, if I had caught it.

I married Judy Grennan after we graduated from high school in 1955. There wasn't any work around here, so we moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, where my cousin's husband got me a job at a gas station there. Times were not easy, but with the help of my cousin, we got by. My first daughter, Terri, was born on January 26, 1956 in Las Vegas, NV. We moved back to Arizona in May of 1957. We were homesick.

Fort Huachuca had reopened by that time and a family friend recommended me for a job there. I started working for post engineers but they offered to send me to school to



learn how to maintain and repair telephone equipment. I went and when I finished, I started working for the post telephone office as a repairman. I worked in that area for about 30 years and worked my way up to become Inside Telephone Plant Chief. Because I had never served in the military, I was replaced in that job and moved to a different office at Fort Huachuca. There I helped with designing and overseeing telephone system upgrades in various parts of the world. I stayed with that job for a few years until an opportunity came for me to transfer to the Fort Huachuca office of NSA. I changed offices but was still working on telephone upgrades around the world. I retired from Fort Huachuca in 1989. It was time to return to my first love of ranching.

When Judy and I returned from Nevada, we stayed at the ranch for a few months until we rented a house in Canelo in September of 1957. It was close to the ranch so I could help on weekends. My second daughter, Tina, was born July 3, 1958 in Tucson. We lived there until we could fix up an old adobe house that was located on the ranch. It was only two rooms and so we got a Jim Walter two room house and added to it. That gave us a small kitchen, bathroom and dining/living room. I put in a floor in the old part and built some cabinets and shelves so that we had a place to

put things. We moved into that house in July of 1960. It was handy to be back on the ranch where it was easy for me and the girls to help Buster. Penny, my third daughter was born January 23, 1965 while we were living there. My brother and his family lived in a house that was next to it. These houses were located on Forest Service property, so in 1966 the government came and told us we had to move because it was illegal to have permanent housing on the forest. We were again looking for a place to live. At that time, Buster gave us 2 ½ acres of the ranch where we could build a house. We got a loan and the house was built. We moved into that house in July of 1967. This made it very nice, because I could help on the ranch and since the house was located in Santa Cruz County, the girls could attend school in Elgin and Patagonia. It was a long bus ride for them, but it was much shorter than if they had to go to Tombstone for school. Besides, while this house isn't large by any stretch of the imagination, it was much better than where we lived before.

While Judy didn't do a lot of actual riding, she was the support staff that kept the rest of us in the saddle, working cattle, fixing windmills and fences, etc. She made sure that the girls were ready to go when I was and she supported us with whatever had to be done, including caring

for sick animals and doggies. My dad used to say, "Ranching was hell on women and horses." He taught us to appreciate the women that put food on the table and clean clothes on our backs and everything else that came up.

My mother, passed away in 1969 and it wasn't long after that that Judy and I got a divorce. I moved back in with my dad for a short time. I met and married Barbara Magoffin Cocke from Benson. I moved in to her place in Benson with her and her daughters. I commuted to Fort Huachuca daily and then spent at least one day each weekend working at the ranch. That marriage didn't last long and we got a divorce in a couple of years. I moved back to the ranch with my dad.

The girls always helped at the ranch from the time they could sit on a horse. When I was young, Buster bought a large pony we called "Black Beauty". All of the kids learned to ride on Black Beauty. He was small and easy for them to get on. He was Terri's favorite horse when she was young. She loved to help Buster when she wasn't in school. Buster could leave her with a bunch of cattle and tell her to hold them while he went and got more. When he got back, she always had her bunch of cattle right where he left her. The other girls liked to ride with Buster and help him on the ranch too as they were growing up. While he made sure

they did what they were supposed to, he let them do some fun things too. He was easy going with his grandkids and he could get them to do what he wanted them to and they thought it was fun. It is always fun to listen to them talk about helping with branding or round ups at the ranch.

Tragedy struck in July of 1974. My nephew had just graduated from high school and went on a fishing trip to Canada with his friends. Somehow the boat capsized and he was drowned. I went to Canada to bring him home. It was a difficult trip and it was a very hard time for whole family.

In November of 1974, I met Marie Higgs at work. She was a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant in the Army, working in the protocol office at Fort Huachuca. We dated for a while and were married April 21, 1975. She became the first female company commander in the 11<sup>th</sup> Signal Group when she was assigned as the commander of the 526<sup>th</sup> Signal Company one week after we were married. She lived in a mobile home in Sierra Vista. Since the telephone service wasn't very reliable at the ranch, we stayed in Sierra Vista for as long as Marie held that position. She had to be available at all times. We spent every weekend working at the ranch. We were looking for a place to put the house permanently, or sell it and get a permanent home. Since we were always

at the ranch when we weren't working, we asked Buster if we could move the mobile home to the ranch. He agreed and we moved to the ranch in May 1976. Even though we have since built a house, we have lived here since then.

Marie decided to leave active duty with the army at the end of 1980. From that time on she spent a lot of time on horseback checking cattle, fences, and waters. While I was still working, she spent many days riding with Buster and helping him. The last jobs I had at the fort included a lot of travel, so she helped on the ranch while I traveled. While roping wasn't important to her, she learned to be in the right place at the right time when we were working cattle. She learned a lot about the workings of the ranch from Buster as well as a lot about working with cattle. She has enjoyed many days in the saddle checking for new calves, holes in the fence, leaking or dry water troughs, sick animals and dealing with animals that weren't where they were supposed to be.

"Buster" passed away in February 1993. After saving money since Marie and I got married, we were able to buy the Pyeatt Ranch and cattle from my brother. With the exception of family help at brandings, pasture rotations and round up times, the two of us have run the ranch since then until the last few years.

Through the years there have been times of fire and drought as well as good "rain years". In 1987 we had a fire come through the south side of the ranch on July 5<sup>th</sup>. That fire burned a good part of the summer pasture. Two weeks later, we had another fire come through the north side of the ranch. That fire took part of the spring and fall pasture. The only thing that stopped that fire from burning all the way to Huachuca City was that the Forest Service had done a prescribed burn in the sacaton draws of that pasture earlier in the year. When the fire got there, it stopped. A few days later the rain started and the grass started growing. All of the grass came back and everything was beautiful by September.

In 2002 the Ryan Fire came across the north side of the ranch on May 2<sup>nd</sup>. It took the same route through the ranch that the second fire did in 1987, except that it covered more of that pasture because the sacaton provided a good fuel source. For 3 days that fire burned through Canelo and multiple ranches, across the ranch, the north side of Fort Huachuca, and all the way to Huachuca City before they got it stopped. Even though we had a decent rainy season that year, the rules had changed and the Forest Service wouldn't let us use that pasture for two full growing seasons after the fire. We had to move the

herd to Gleeson in a leased pasture there for the summer. That was better than selling the entire herd and trying to replace it.

The Canelo Fire took the same path through the ranch in May of 2009. After this fire, the Forest Service let us move our cattle to a neighboring ranch for the summer. We were able to drive the cattle to a neighboring pasture and then rotate them through that permit for the summer. We didn't have a good Monsoon season the following year and so we needed to let the pastures rest again. We were allowed to truck the heard to the Little Outfit, a small ranch in the San Rafael Valley for the summer. The cattle did well there and the ranch recouped its growing potential and we have been able to keep the cattle at home since.

We were able to obtain a grant from the Arizona State Department of Agriculture in 2005. With the money from this grant, we were able to repair perimeter fences that the "illegal aliens" had pretty much torn down, divide the 3 pastures into 6 pastures, add a new well and some stock water tanks so that we could have permanent water in all of the pastures. These changes have made it possible to manage grazing patterns better, preventing overgrazing in some areas and better utilizing other areas, and the cattle are thriving with this new plan.

Through the years I have been active in many organizations. I showed steers in 4-H when I was growing up and as the girls were growing up, I started the 4-H horsemanship project in Santa Cruz County for the young people. Each year the girls would compete at the county and state fairs with their horses. When Terri and Tina were in high school, a horse ranch in the area donated yearlings to the 4-H program in the county. The kids would write a story and the winners got to pick a yearling from that group. The first year, Terri won a filly called, "La Flecha". The next year Tina was a winner and she brought a colt named "Tunna" home. Both girls raised and trained these two horses. Both of them competed on them at the county fair. Tina qualified and took Tunna to the state fair as well. While La Flecha was a good ranch horse, she became a good brood mare and mother to four of our ranch horses. Tunna was the best roping horse that I had ever had. While Flecha could be a bit of grouch, Tunna was loved by all of us. He would do anything for us. We were all sad when we found that he had gone to horse heaven.

I have been on the board of directors for The Black Oak Cemetery Association as well as President for the last few years. I joined the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboys Association in 1987. I was elected to the board of



directors in that organization in 1991 and still serve. Because Marie talks to computers they made me secretary in 1993, even though everyone knew that Marie was doing the work. Since they needed someone to take the Vice President's job and then the President's job I decided to do it. I took my turn as President of that organization in 2001-2003. While Marie didn't qualify to be a member of that organization, the board decided that she could be the Executive Secretary for it. She could keep the position as long as she wanted to do it. She has been doing it since then.

From the time she got out of the Army, Marie had said that she was too busy working on the ranch and teaching at Cochise College to join the Cowbelles. Finally in 1992, my stepmother, after ten years of trying, talked Marie into joining the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles. Marie became very involved in the group and soon joined the Arizona State Cowbelles (ASC) and the American National CattleWomen (ANCW). She was President of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles from 2005-2008. Along with other various positions on the ASC board she was elected as the Arizona State Cowbelle President for 2008-2009. She has also served as the ANCW Communications Committee Chair from 2010-2013.

It is hard to believe that it has been over ten years since my grandson, Manuel Murrietta moved into the "Old House" where I grew up. He has been riding and roping since he could walk. He is a natural cowman. Manuel is now running the ranch along with many other jobs. Manuel is the fifth generation of the family to run the ranch. He is Terri's son. He looks forward to the day when the place will be his.

## **JACK R. POST**

Jack Post was born September 17, 1927 to Clarence and Maud Post in St. David, Arizona. Jack was one of seven children, right in the middle of five boys and two girls. He went to school in St. David his first three years.

Jack's father was a rancher all of his life and Jack grew up on a ranch. In addition to ranching, his dad became a deputy sheriff and the family had to move to Benson. From 8<sup>th</sup> grade through high school, Jack worked for ranches including the Wagon Rod outfit, a large ranch which ran from Benson all the way to the Mexican border. He enjoyed the work and enjoyed working with horses.

Jack graduated from Benson High School. He was heavily involved in sports and earned sixteen letters as he played football, basketball and baseball in addition to running track. Jack enrolled at the University of Arizona in the fall of 1945 to study agriculture. In March, 1946, he was denied entry to the university's rodeo team because he had a pro-card in the Rodeo Cowboy's Association. Jack loved rodeo and decided to leave school to rodeo full time. He later returned to school and earned an Associate's Degree in criminal justice.

Jack said, "All I wanted to do was rodeo, until I found out I couldn't beat nobody." He would work through the winter months so he could rodeo in the summer. He participated in calf roping, team roping, bull dogging and even rode a few bareback horses. In 1945, Jack headed to California where he wanted to rodeo; earn money with construction work and then rodeo again. While in California, Jack went through the Cal Poly Horse Shoeing School; which he considers one of the best things he did while in that state. Being a horseshoer allowed him to earn money and kept him involved in the horse industry. It was said, "Jack talks a lot so it could take you all day to get your horse shod."

Jack met Louise Hooper in 1953 and they were married June 11, 1953 after a three month romance. Jack says, "If she would have known me for four months she would have never said yes." Their romance has lasted for 59 years. They are parents of three children, Suzie, Cedar and Cindy.

In 1965, Jack went to work for the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board as a brand inspector. He enjoyed working with the ranchers and being around livestock. He inspected livestock from Tucson to Safford and from Willcox to Douglas. Jack leaves little doubt about where he stood regarding the inspection of brands, inspection papers and

his belief in the law. He said, "I believed in the department and what it stood for."

In the early days of the Livestock Sanitary Board, you were hired, ran your district, furnished your own truck and even negotiated your own starting salary. Jack's wife Louise notes that the wife was expected to be home to answer the many phone calls. As an inspector, Jack carried an inspection book, a hide book and a railroad kill book. He used carbon paper and wrote with a pencil. Jack notes that the coming of self-inspection books led to all kinds of screw-ups.

Jack wore a badge as inspectors were considered peace officers. They were told they had to have a gun and it was generally considered their choice to wear it or not. Around 1970, Arizona's Law Enforcement Advisory Council decided that as inspectors were peace officers, they were required to attend the Law Enforcement Academy. At this time the inspectors were also required to begin wearing uniforms and carry their weapons. Inspectors had to qualify two times each year shooting about 300 rounds. You would rapid-fire shoot with your strong hand, then reload and shoot with your weak hand and reload. Jack says some inspectors (who he says will remain nameless) didn't do too well. One inspector even shot himself in the leg.

Jack worked as an inspector from 1965 through 1989; retiring two weeks short of 25 years. During the ending years as a brand inspector, Jack used his vacation days to help his dad at his ranch. Clarence Post was named to the Willcox Cowboy Hall of Fame in 2004.

Jack and Louise retired to a ranch at the foot of the Whetstone Mountains, south west of Benson. They run a few cattle and enjoy life. Jack considers Louise his best friend and enjoys sitting on the front porch with her. They enjoy being with their children and grandchildren. Jack would like to be remembered as a fair person and a good family man.

In 2012 Jack followed in his father's footsteps and was installed in the Willcox Cowboy Hall of Fame.

## **JOLENE MILLER**

My ancestors came from Germany, Ireland, Scotland, England, and then Illinois, Texas, and Oklahoma. Father's family (Miller's), which Miller Valley Rd. is named after, arrived about 1862 to ranch in Yavapai County and Mother's family (Reagan's) during the 1890's in Springerville. My maternal great-grandmother was full-blooded Cherokee.

The Walker Party consisted of seven men in the Miller group and nine in the Walker group. They became one party with Joe Walker as their leader and arrived in Arizona in September 1862, at Lynx Creek. The party was looking for gold. Arizona Territory was created February 24, 1863, out of the western half of New Mexico Territory. The bill was signed by President Abraham Lincoln.

Harley Miller, my paternal grandfather, born in Skull Valley on January 23, 1881, was a descendant of the Walker Party. He married Martha Evagreen "Eve" Gibson, born April 7, 1884, from Globe, Arizona in a wedding ceremony in Ferguson Valley, northwest of Skull Valley, on December 25, 1901. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in Prescott on December 25, 1951. Harley passed away in Kingman on December 10, 1952 and Eva in Prescott at the Pioneer's Home on May 23, 1978. Eva was the daughter of

William and Sara Gibson, one of 13 children with one set of twins.

The Gibson family came to Globe from Texas by covered wagon in the early 1880's. They were broke when they arrived in Globe, and their horses were almost starved. William had just enough money to buy a sack of grain for the horses. When he opened the sack, he found a \$20 gold piece. They bought enough groceries to get by until he could get a job. In the 1890's William and Sara moved to the Skull Valley area.

Harley and Eva Miller ranched and farmed in Skull Valley until 1910. Three children were born there, Harley Leroy, on December 30, 1903 (died August 14, 1991), Archie Bernard (Jolene's father) on June 23, 1906 (died on August 14, 1994), and Nora in 1908.

In 1910 Harley and Eva bought a ranch on Date Creek from John Bullard, and they named it the Date Creek Ranch. Archie could remember when he was four years old, moving by wagon and buggy from Skull Valley. His dad and mother drove the lead wagon pulled by four horses and Uncle Fred drove the buckboard with us kids in it. It took us three days to make the trip. They camped at Date Creek Station and then went down a river road, criss-crossing Date Creek many times before reaching the ranch headquarters.



After they had settled in, Harley went back to Skull Valley to bring his cattle. He branded the little h on the right hip of cattle and horses. This brand was recorded on September 3, 1883, in the Prescott Office, County of Yavapai, Territory of Arizona, and Certificate No. 4236-4237 in the Territorial Brand Book.

They planted a large vegetable garden and had berry vines, fig trees, peaches and two acres of Golden Delicious Apples along with 35 acres of alfalfa which was cut and used for the milk cow and horses. They irrigated from Date Creek which ran most of the year, and also had a cool, natural spring above the house to furnish water for the kitchen. There were screened in porches, and eventually large cottonwood and nut trees around the home. There were four more children born at Date Creek, Edna, Grace, Jimmy and Mary.

Archie (my father) married Dorothy Reagan in 1935. She was born in Springerville on May 16, 1917, and died August 16, 1988. Dorothy was the daughter of Jim Pleasant Reagan and Allie Annis Archer. Jim and Allie homesteaded a ranch on the north side of the Nutrioso Mountain by Reagan Lake during the summer and had a home in town during the winters. Jim alternated between ranching and running a garage where he owned the Buick agency in Springerville.

The 1920's brought a sale of Jim's Buick dealership and ranch. He deposited the money in the Holbrook Bank. Unfortunately, depression closed the bank, and the money was gone. Jim had to move his family to the elder Reagan's new ranch in Yava. Jim was born in Springerville in 1889 and died at age 75, and Allie was born in Oklahoma Territory on April 17, 1893 and died at 105 on April 14, 1998.

Jim's parents were Van Reagan, who was from Texas and Alice Wilkerson Reagan born about 1860 in Illinois of Cherokee decent. They lived in Springerville running the Reagan Hotel until 1924 when they moved to their new Yava Ranch where they lived until the mid 1940's.

Allie's parents were a circuit riding Methodist preacher, Thomas Jefferson Archer and Martha Stewart from Missouri. The Archers farmed cotton to support the family. In January 1912 Allie and her family took the long train trip west to Holbrook, and then loaded into a buckboard for the two day trip to Springerville. She soon found a job at the Reagan Hotel and was quite taken with Reagan's son, Jim, who at that time was a rowdy, charming, young cowboy. They married in 1913 and had five daughters, Georgia, Dorthy, Gertrude, Gwen and Betty, with Dorthy being next to the oldest and my mother. Allie tells of berry picking

times on the Nutrioso when they would sometimes encounter a bear and have to make tracks for home to stay out of the bear's way. Years later she was able to direct the family to the old homestead where nothing remained except the foundation and the tree where she had a cool box for perishables.

In 1935 E. Ray Cowden sent for Archie to come back to Hillside to manage the T Ranch. In January 1939 I was born in Phoenix, and in August 1944 my sister Judith, was born in Prescott.

Among the many memories of living at the Hillside Ranch would be trips to Phoenix when we would always watch for the big skull by the railroad tracks and the green frog in Congress Junction, then the two lane concrete paved highway all the way into Phoenix, it reminded us of a train ride with the noise it made going over the sections of concrete. If we were going to Prescott, we watched to see who could spot the big Goose Egg in the pasture with the same name; it was between Hillside and Yava, before we got to Grandmother Reagan's home on the east side of Kirkland Creek, in Yava. Then they opened a new highway into Prescott, the "White Spar" that we must take instead of going through Skull Valley. This road was destined to make us car sick every time with all its curves and Dad smoking

a cigar. Even today I don't use that road unless I have to. It seemed amazing to us kids that Dad says he could ride a horse from Phoenix to Hillside in one good long day, but it took two good horses, both saddled and moving at a good trot.

Jolene spent many summer days riding bareback on her favorite horse, Dan, one of the ranch's studs that sired many good working horses. There was usually some other kids to ride with like Joy Satathite, Jay Johnson or cousins like Jeri and Bill Kenson. Always I was Dad's best cowgirl or maybe the only one. I loved to ride and help, but sometimes the days were so long; it seemed we rode to the other side of the sun. We lived 1 ½ miles from Hillside, and most of the time I rode my bike to school. I can remember one year we got a foot of snow, which was unusual, normally we just got rain.

We didn't always have electricity. First, it was gasoline lanterns, then a noisy generator, and finally the cowboys put in poles, and electricity was brought into the ranch. We progressed from a cold box for milk and perishables and hanging meat at night and covered with tarps and blankets during the day, to keep it cool, to the full line of electric refrigerator, freezer, mix master, etc. However, all this while we had a telephone, one of

those old ones that you crank, and so many longs and short rings and you knew who it was for, and whether or not to answer it.

There were always funny things happening around the cowboys on the ranch. We had a pack mule named Monkey that had never been ridden, just packed on. Jim Satathite wanted to ride him home after we had finished working on some fence about two miles from the ranch. So he switched the pack saddle for Jim's. Monkey was so small the cinches barely touched. The ground was fairly level except for about six one foot wide gullies. Jim mounted up and Monkey stampeded until he came to a gully; then he slammed on the brakes and the saddle would be right behind his ears, then he jumped like it was a Grand Canyon, causing the saddle to slide back to his tail. After they had made it across all the gullies, Jim began giving the mule a few lessons and made it home without further incident.

At another time they decided to ride some colts we were breaking out to work on fence. As we came out of the corral, something spooked my Dad's horse and he went to bucking toward an oak thicket that you couldn't ride through, so he hit him behind the ears with his hat. He swapped ends so fast he knocked Jim's horse down...never did

figure out what he was doing so close behind me! They were a little late getting started, but finally got untangled.

My Dad Archie liked to team rope a little; this was before all the professionals took over. This was during the 1940's at the Prescott Rodeo when he and Jim Satathite were teamed up. Jim was heading and the steer broke his leg. Archie yelled for Jim to "just jerk him up" and Archie roped both hind legs and their time placed them in the money. Another time at the Prescott Rodeo someone needed to borrow a horse to rope, and Archie had brought Jolene's favorite horse, Dan, as he was not only a kid's horse but a good ranch rope horse. Jolene had been riding all over the rodeo grounds with him when Archie called her over to loan this fellow the horse. The man was certainly disappointed to be mounted on a kid's horse. However, he got in the box, the steer sprang out of the chute with Dan on his heels...the fellow was sitting in the dirt back in the box wondering what happened. Archie said, "I never said he wasn't a good rope horse."

Ray Cowden sold the T Ranch in 1950 to Pete Grubb, except for about fifteen sections that went to Earl Carter.

Dad and Mom decided to go to Arkansas to live. They bought a ranch consisting of 271 acres of improved pastures. The winters were severe, about 15 below, and the

summers 100 degrees with 80 to 90 % humidity. No one branded their cattle or had fences. We had to rework all the fencing on the ranch. Most people ran their cattle together on government pasture during the summer. Roundup consisted of a foot race; horses were for plowing. They soon learned the benefit of Arizona cow horses. When they had one they couldn't catch, Dad took one of his horses and roped it for them. You should see the people gather to watch this. Dad and I worked our cattle with horses and took care of them in the same manner as we would have in Arizona, with branding, castrating and shots. This was unheard of in Arkansas at that time.

We soon learned a whole new lingo, creeks were called branches and they had never heard of a wash, much less one that was dry, and benches for hills and many others familiar to that part of the country.

Most of their water was from hand-dug wells, which went dry every time they had the least bit of a drought. The average rain fall in that area (just 20 miles east of Ft. Smith) was 40 inches a year. We drilled a well about seventy feet deep which came up within six feet of the top, so we always had water. Irrigation was unheard of and everyone's garden would die if it didn't rain every week, except ours, because we carried water to it.

The first year we were there you couldn't build fence during the wet season as holes would fill up with water faster than you could bail it out. However, the rain was short lived; the second and third year we were there, they had a real drought. Most of the trees died with their shallow root system; grass turned brown; it seemed more like Arizona.

So in 1953 we sold out and came back to Tolleson, Arizona, where once again Archie went to work for Ray Cowden at his feedlot in Tolleson. At that time Gerald Palmer was managing, and after two years, Gerald decided to leave, and Archie started managing the feedlot. A second company was formed called Tolleson Livestock and consisted of Ray Cowden, Joe Entz, Cliff Clements and Archie. During that time, one year the cattle had measles which can only be detected after they are slaughtered and found in the liver. It didn't hurt the meat but, of course, it knocked the price down. With good management, Archie had dropped the death loss down to 2%. Then in 1965, we had a bunch of Mexican steers dying no matter what we did for them. The state veterinarian came out and took one in for an autopsy and found they were dying from being bitten by rabid bats before they were shipped across the border. They kept dying for over a month and that depended upon how far from



the head they were bitten. All the cowboys, Chuck Lane, Bud Gilmore, Jack Hickman, Lester Lowery (my sister's husband) and Dad had to go for shots in the stomach fat and you should have seen some of those boys turn green and pass out at a little needle. Helping Dad in the feedlot is where I learned to rope.

In 1957, I married Garnet Phillips and we have a daughter, Dawn, on October 8, 1958. We were divorced after two years; Garnet was going to school and later became a school teacher.

About this time I decided to buy a registered quarter horse brood mare and found one I liked that Billie Simon had raised. Her name was Nest Egg and she went back to Peter McCue on the top side and Traveler on the bottom. Peter McCue was General Grant's horse and Traveler was General Lee's horse during the Civil War. I raised some really good colts out of her so she really was a good Nest Egg.

I started working at AirResearch and entered the AirResearch Rodeo in 1960. Everyone that wanted to team rope drew for partners; I got someone that wasn't very happy he had drawn a girl. He missed the head and took extra time building another loop. I caught the heels on the first try and we won second place. The fella didn't

have much to say after that. Then in 1961 I took the Ribbon Roping. In 1960 I married George Boian when we both worked for AirResearch. We have a daughter LaNeah on April 25, 1961, and a son, Duanne Kevin on November 8, 1964. George started taking flying lessons, and his first love turned out to be flying. He has gone on to become a corporate pilot. After five years we called it quits as he was never home.

In 1968 I married Howard Bachman; we have a son, Shaunn Miller born on January 11, 1970. We built a home in Goodyear on 7 irrigated acres and lived there for 18 years with calves, horses and camels. Howard started the Camel Unit called "Al Jondi" for El Zaribah Shrine Temple. We all rode the camel as "Nefertiti" was quite an attraction. All the while Howard was a police officer for the City of Phoenix. I found police officers exceptionally hard to live around and we came to a parting of the ways in 1987. Since 1986 I have lived at Tolsun Farms and then on the west side of Phoenix, the same home where I lived with my ex-husband George in 1961, and where my parents had retired to when they left the Cowden Ranch. This home had been totally remodeled during those years to quite a comfortable place and I sold this home in 2001 and moved to the Robson Al Bar Ranch south of Aguila, that my cousin Jeri Kenson

Robson owned, where I was caretaker and we ran a few mother cows and we had a roundup in 2003.

After I graduated high school in 1956, I went to work for Webster's Meadow Gold Dairy as a secretary and assistant bookkeeper and in 1958 for AirResearch in key punch until Ann Graham and I started a key punch service in 1963, called A & J Key Punching Service. We kept this business until 1968 when Howard Bachman and I were married and Ann was in poor health. I joined Arizona State Cowbells in 1976 and became Arizona State Cowbelle President in 1982-83 serving 1 ½ years, which happened because of the change in the ACGA Convention from December to summer. Since my divorce in 1987, I have worked for the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. I was a founding member of the Arizona Cattle Research & Education Foundation in 1982 and the first Executive Vice President and have been on the Ways & Means Committee and secretary of the Foundation and a member and chairman of the Foundation's Scholarship Committee, which I enjoy to the fullest. I was Credit Manager for Precision Heavy Haul, a trucking company; Office Manager for PCE, a crane company; and Administrative Assistant for Robson Mining World and Old West Honey until the end of 2002. I retired and moved to Yarnell where I now volunteer at the library.

Cousins Bill and Carol Kenson and Jeri Robson have a ranch out Williamson Valley, the Barney York, which I still like to help when it's possible during roundup and branding. I have two granddaughters in training as cowgirls, (Danielle and Madison). Since 2011, granddaughter Madison now has her own horse.

I worked with the Maricopa County Fair for several years, and all of my four children were active in 4-H and FFA. Dawn and Shaunn went on to be second vice-presidents of the Arizona Association of FFA. I have five grandchildren, 3 great grandchildren and another on the way.

## **JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR**

Sandra Day O'Connor, the first woman appointed to the United States Supreme Court, grew up on the Lazy B Ranch in Arizona. The daughter of Harry "DA" Day and Ada Mae "MO" Wilkey Day, Sandra (along with her sister Ann and brother Alan) grew up on the ranch their grandfather had established in 1880 in Arizona and New Mexico Territories.

Sandra's grandfather, H.C. Day, a New Englander, worked on the family farm in Vermont until he turned 21 in 1865, when he left to open a general store in Canada. Doing well with the store, he took his nest egg to Wichita, Kansas where he invested in a building supply business, also acquiring a cattle ranch in the area. In 1879, H.C. married Alice Hilton and the following year he decided to take advantage of the public lands available for grazing in the New Mexico Territory. He purchased a herd of cattle in Mexico and put them on a parcel of land; hiring Lane Fisher to run the ranching operation. The cattle were branded with the Lazy B on the left hip and the Lazy B Ranch was in operation.

H.C. left the ranch operations in the hands of Fisher and traveled with Alice and their son Courtland to England

and a planned six month stay in Germany. While in Germany, H.C. learned that Lane Fisher was putting his own brand on many of the calves. The Days returned to Wichita and H. C. traveled to Lordsburg, New Mexico to straighten up matters on the ranch.

H.C. learned that he needed to take over the Lazy B or he would lose his investment. He built a house near the Gila River and opened a one room school close by for his children. H.C. moved his family to the Lazy B where an orchard and garden were planted and a school teacher brought from Kansas. Alice gave birth to three daughters, Eleanor, Nina and Alice and a son Harry, their last child born in December, 1898. In later years Harry would go by the name DA given to him by his daughter Ann when she was learning to spell "dee-ay". Family and friends alike called him DA.

The family lived on the Lazy B for ten or twelve years until a manager, Sam Foster, was located. H.C. then moved his family to Pasadena, California where they enjoyed a more comfortable lifestyle. Each summer H.C. would visit the ranch taking DA with him. Improvements to wells, the building of windmills and fences were on the trip's agenda as well as management for the cattle and horses. DA was at his father's side during these trips and learned how to

minimize unnecessary expenses and how to accomplish improvements without major outlays of capital.

DA planned to attend Stanford after graduation from high school but World War I intervened. He was drafted and began training later being discharged when the war ended. At this time, Sam Foster was producing no income from the ranch and nothing had been paid on the mortgage he owed H.C. for an interest in the Lazy B. DA made a trip to the ranch to check things out and in November, 1919 he reported to the family that he would have to stay a few months to get some money ahead.

H.C. passed away in 1921 and the lawyers handling the estate asked DA to return to the ranch to see if anything could be salvaged. The ranch had declined under Foster's management leaving many outstanding debts and no net profits. When DA arrived in Duncan, Arizona, in 1922 he had \$300.00 in cash and no other assets. He was afraid to deposit his money in the bank because he thought the bank might close. DA never intended to stay at the ranch, he just wanted to get things on a sound financial footing. The estate lawyers instructed him to take over management of the ranch from Sam Foster.

DA discovered there were only a few bulls on the ranch and the first thing he did was to buy on credit a train car

load of bulls to increase the calf crop. He became a master at cutting expenses and could fix almost anything that was broken. The ranch only had an old Model T and most of the work was done on horseback. There was no electricity or running water at the ranch house.

Alice passed away five years after H.C. and the settlement of the family's estate and the mortgage-foreclosure proceedings stretched out for several years. A new ranch headquarters was built of adobe bricks some ten miles south of the Gila River in the center of the ranch property, near Round Mountain in Arizona. It wasn't until the 1940's, with the help of the Rural Electrification Administration, that the Lazy B obtained electricity at the headquarters.

DA made a trip to El Paso, Texas in 1927 to buy some bulls from a rancher named W.W. Wilkey. DA met the Wilkey's daughter Ada Mae while there and by September of that year, the couple had eloped to Las Cruces, New Mexico. DA and his new bride returned to the Lazy B to begin their life together in the four-room adobe house at the new headquarters.

Ada Mae was born in Mexico in 1904 as her family was then living in Cananea, Sonora. The family moved to Douglas after Ada Mae was born and then to Duncan. W.W.



bought the Duncan Mercantile store that his wife Mamie managed while he ran cattle on a ranch he acquired north of the Gila River. When Ada Mae was 18, the Wilkey's sold the store and moved to El Paso, Texas. W.W. bought a second ranch east of El Paso near Fort Hancock.

The Lazy B's ranch house DA and Ada Mae occupied was not a honeymoon cottage. It was thirty-five miles from Lordsburg over rough roads. They shared the house with several cowboys who slept on the screen porch and Ada Mae cooked for the crew. Having no running water, she washed using a corrugated washboard and hung the clothes out to dry. With no bathtub, a large tin tub was brought into the kitchen once a week. Ada Mae was allowed to take the first bath, followed by DA and then any cowboy who wanted to try getting clean. Her daughter Ann called her MO and she went by that name just as Harry had begun to be called DA.

Through the years MO always dressed well and took care of herself. She never wore Levi's or rough clothes. She always wore long sleeves and a hat whenever she was outside as it was common knowledge that people should avoid too much sun. She liked to read and began to accumulate books as soon as she arrived at the ranch. DA bought her an upright piano which was placed in the office. Through the years she enjoyed a weekly trip to Lordsburg to have her

hair washed and set and her nails done. She also enjoyed a weekly bridge luncheon. When it was her turn to host the luncheon; the women would drive to the ranch.

In 1928 the ranch was very dry; there were too many cattle and no rain during the summer. The Depression was around the corner and cattle prices were low. Due to the range conditions at the Lazy B, DA leased a ranch in Sonora, Mexico, and put his breeding herd there over the winter until conditions improved. He gathered 2,000 cows and calves and a crew of cowboys to drive the herd 120 miles to the Mexican ranch. They were on the trail at Thanksgiving when a big storm hit them near Animas, New Mexico. Another night the cattle stampeded and they spent the next day riding the surrounding areas to locate the stray cattle lost in the stampede. The cattle reached their destination before Christmas and remained there a year before returning to the Lazy B. The trip to Mexico ended up being a financial disaster and hard on the cattle. DA never again moved his cattle to Mexico during a drought on the Lazy B.

Sandra was born in El Paso on March 26, 1930. MO had gone to El Paso to stay with her parents so she could have the assistance of a doctor and have the baby in the hospital. Mother and baby returned to the ranch in mid-

April. When Sandra was nine years old, her sister Ann was born; followed by her brother Alan.

At the time H.C. had founded the Lazy B in 1880, all the land was open range. The passage of the Taylor Grazing Act in 1934 required land users to adjudicate their claims for the right to lease the grazing lands and to fence those lands for which grazing rights were approved. The grazing rights issue raised many concerns. The principle was that individuals who owned water, wells, ponds or stream rights, would be entitled to obtain grazing rights from the federal government on the surrounding grazing land as far as it was practical for a cow to walk from the water to graze. There were many contested disputes over grazing rights. DA was appointed to the Grazing Adjudication Board where he spent much of his time for two or three years settling disputes.

The final allocation of land to the Lazy B Ranch was approximately 160,000 acres. Of that amount, 8,560 acres were owned by the ranch corporation, almost 30,000 acres were leased from Arizona and almost 22,000 acres were leased from New Mexico. This consisted of roughly 250 square miles, an area about 16 miles across and 16 miles long. The size of the allotment was the result of the development of water in various locations by H.C. and later

by DA. The Lazy B could sustain about 2,000 cows, their calves, the bulls, and some horses.

Sandra notes that her father made the Lazy B the largest and most successful ranch in the region due to his hard work. He was a perfectionist and a careful business manager. While DA was not an expert cowboy or horseman, he was an excellent rancher. He hired good cowboys and respected their work and abilities; they in turn respected his managerial ability.

DA's roughest year was in 1934. There was a severe drought and the bottom had dropped out of the cattle market. He decided to reduce the herd as he could not afford to buy feed for the cattle. One man came to look at the 800 thin cows DA had for sale priced at 1 ½ cents per pound. The buyer said he didn't want the old thin cows and wouldn't take them if DA gave them to him. They wouldn't be worth the shipping charges. DA was depressed as he had a wife and child and no market for his cows.

The federal government adopted a program for cattle producers caught in DA's situation. They agreed to kill the cows and pay twelve dollars per cow for each one killed. Considerable paperwork was involved and a veterinarian had to certify the cattle for destruction. The ranch was required to destroy or bury the carcasses. The

sight of the cows and calves being shot that he and the cowboys had worked so hard to produce, nourish and save was almost unbearable for DA. A couple of months later the government agreed to buy some of the cattle in better condition for eighteen dollars each in order to provide meat for people who were going hungry. DA sold additional cattle at that price. In September it started raining and in time the ranch recovered. DA worked hard to survive the Depression debt-free and in a position to earn good profits when beef prices skyrocketed during World War II.

Operating the Lazy B required having about five full time employees year round and double that number for the spring and fall roundups. Most of the full time employees were single men who spent their entire life working at the Lazy B. The regular ranch crew during Sandra's childhood included Rafael Estrada (known as Rastus), Jim Brister, Claude Tippetts, Ralph (Bug) Quinn, Ira Johnson, LeRoy McCarty and later Cole Webb. Jim Brister was one of the exceptions to being single and he and his wife Mae lived in a small house at the Lazy B for forty-nine years.

When Sandra, Ann and Alan were babies, Rastus would take them up in the saddle in front of him and show them what it was like to sit on the back of a horse. As the children grew older, it was a special treat to spend a day

riding with him. Bug Quinn had many adventures during his time at the Lazy B and when he passed away at ninety, Alan gave one of the eulogies at his funeral.

Claude Tippetts worked at the Lazy B from 1918 until he retired in 1984 with the exception for serving in World War II. In between roundup he did most of the cooking in the bunkhouse. His honesty and high work standards were a good example to the Day's and the other cowboys.

Sandra says her skill with a horse was not great but she was not afraid of horses and loved to get around the ranch. She could not remember a time when she did not ride. The cowboys seemed to enjoy her presence and later said that since she was the first child, they took special care of her. Before Sandra rode occasionally on the round up, it had been an all-male domain. Changing it to accommodate a female was her first initiation into the all-men's club, something that she did more than once in her life. After the cowboys understood a girl could hold up her end, it was easier for Ann and others girls and young women that followed to be accepted in that rough-and-tumble world. Ann and in later years, Alan's daughter Marina were a big help on roundups.

When Sandra was seven years old, a bunkhouse was built for the cowboys and the original house was added on to.

Having indoor plumbing and hot water was better than the Biltmore Hotel for the Day Family.

MO was always up for adventure. Several times she arranged for the train that ran through the ranch to stop for her and the children at Railroad Wash so they could ride in the caboose to Clifton for the day. On the Fourth of July, MO would pack a large picnic lunch and they would drive to Mount Graham to enjoy a picnic in the cool pines.

A difficult decision came for Sandra's parents when it came time for her to go to school. Some ranch wives moved to town to live with their children during the school year or others sent their children to boarding school. MO tried teaching Sandra at home for one year but decided it was important for her to spend time with other children. Her Wilkey grandparents offered to keep her in El Paso so she could attend school there.

When MO and DA decided Sandra was old enough to travel by train, they would drive to Lordsburg to meet the eastbound Southern Pacific train to El Paso. MO always spoke to the conductor and made him promise to keep an eye on Sandra until El Paso and DA gave him a tip to jog his memory. Sandra attended the local grade school through fourth grade with her cousin Flournoy who was also staying with the Wilkey's. Her parents then decided to send her to

the Radford School for Girls in El Paso. The classes were small and the teachers were kind and caring. The friends she made at Radford are her friends to this day. When Sandra was in sixth grade the spring break for her school coincided with her birthday and she was allowed to invite four friends to make the trip to the Lazy B. They had never been on a ranch and had a wonderful time.

Although Sandra's grandmother was loving and caring, the ranch was where Sandra wanted to be. As Sandra was the first child, nine years older than the rest, she developed an extremely close relationship with her dad. She developed a love for the land and for the way of life on the ranch that stayed with her.

In 1942, Sandra was ready to enter eighth grade and asked her parents to let her enroll in the Lordsburg Public School. They drove her over eight miles of ranch road to its intersection with the highway from Duncan to Lordsburg. Each day she would wait at the port of entry office for New Mexico to catch the bus. The school bus drive from there to Lordsburg took over an hour with all the stops. It was dark when she left the ranch in the morning and dark when she returned to the ranch. After the school year ended in Lordsburg, Sandra decided to return to El Paso for high school. Despite the privilege of staying at the ranch, she



did not want to repeat the long commute to school. She returned to Grandmother Wilkey in the fall and enrolled in Austin High School. Alan and Ann also lived with the Wilkey's for several years in grade school but that was more than their Grandmother Wilkey could handle. They eventually returned to the ranch and attended school in Duncan.

In July, 1945, Sandra was home from El Paso, where she would be a senior in high school in the fall. On July 16, DA was gathering cattle in the big pasture near headquarters. Sandra, Ann and Alan had decided to ride that day and were up early having breakfast. DA and Sandra were standing in front of the sink at 5:30 a.m. when they saw an enormous flash of intense light to the northeast. It looked like an enormous ball of fire in the distance and there was no sound. A dark cloud formed where the light had been and then the cloud rose in the sky. It was several weeks later when they read in some of their weekly mail about the first atomic-bomb test in Alamogordo, New Mexico. The Day family was astounded to learn they had witnessed that ominous and historic event some 180 miles distant. In the land of cactus and cattle, scientists had unleashed the most stupendous force in the universe. The world they knew was changed forever.

In the autumn of 1946, at the age of "16", Sandra's parents drove her to Palo Alto, CA to Stanford University. In 1950 she graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Economics. She then went on to attend the University's Law School. She received her degree in 1952, a time when opportunities for female lawyers were very limited. At first she struggled to find work as an attorney. She even worked for the county attorney for California's San Mateo County for free for a time just to get her foot in the door and soon became the Deputy County Attorney there.

From 1954 to 1957 O'Connor served as a civilian lawyer for Quartermaster Market Center in Frankfurt, Germany. She returned home in 1958 and settled in Arizona. There, she first worked in private practice before returning to public service.

She had given birth to Scott who was born in 1957, Brian in 1960 and to Jay in 1962. At this point she gave up her law firm to stay home with her sons.

In the years from 1965 to 1969, O'Connor served as an Assistant Attorney General of Arizona. In 1969 she made the move to state politics with an appointment by the Arizona Governor Jack Williams, to the State Senate of Arizona to fill a vacancy. A conservative Republican O'Connor, won re-election twice. In 1974 she took a

different challenge. She ran for a position as Judge in the Maricopa County Superior Court. As a Judge, Sandra Day O'Connor developed a solid reputation for being firm, but just. Outside of the courtroom, she remained involved in Republican politics. In 1979, O'Connor was selected to serve on the Arizona State Court of Appeals. Only 2 years later, President Ronald Reagan nominated her for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. O'Connor received unanimous approval from the United States Senate. She broke new ground for women in the legal field when she was sworn in as the first female Justice on the Supreme Court.

In 1982, the World Almanac ranked her the most influential woman in America!

As a member of the United States Supreme Court, she was considered a moderate conservative. She tended to vote in line with her politically conservative nature, but she still considered her cases very carefully.

In opposition to the Republicans call for reversal of Roe vs Wade decision on abortion rights, O'Connor provided the vote needed to uphold the courts earlier decision. She often focused on the letter of the law, not the clamoring of politicians, she voted for what she believed best fit the intention of the United States Constitution.

O'Connor was also one of the deciding votes on the controversial "Bush vs Gore" case in 2000. This case is what helped determine the winner of the contested 2000 Presidential Election by upholding the original certification of Florida's electoral votes. President George W. Bush went on to serve a second term.

During her time at the court, O'Connor faced some personal challenges. She discovered she had breast cancer in 1988 and subsequently underwent a mastectomy. In 1994, O'Connor publically revealed her battle with the disease in a special delivered speech to the National Coalition of Cancer Survivorship. But, it was her husband's declining health that eventually led the respected jurist to step down from the bench.

Sandra Day O'Connor retired from the court on January 31, 2006. Part of her reason for retiring was to spend time with her husband, John J. O'Connor, who suffered from Alzheimer's. The couple married in 1952 and had 3 sons. Her beloved husband, John, died in 2009.

O'Connor didn't slow down in her retirement. In 2006, she launched iCivics, an online civics education venture aimed at middle school students. As she explained to Parade Magazine, "We have a complex system of government. You have to teach it to each generation."

She also authored several books. She penned the 2008 children's book, "Finding Susie" and the 2013 judicial memoir, "The Majesty of the Law: Reflections of a Supreme Court Justice." O'Connor is also active on the lecture circuit, speaking to different groups around the country.

Since her retirement, O'Connor has received numerous accolades for her accomplishments. On June 7, 2002, Sandra was inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame. A year earlier she was inducted into the Hall of Great Westerners, for her significant contributions to the Nations Western Heritage.

In 2009, President Obama honored her with the "Presidential Medal of Freedom".

Her personal world changed forever, she would often say. The first was when her brother Alan split her beloved ranch into several parcels and sold them. The last was when her mother died in 1989. "I feel like part of my heart and soul is gone", she said.

Saying the hardest to believe, was that the ranch would no longer be a part of her life. "No matter where I was in my life, whether it was at Stanford, or in Germany or wherever it was, I knew the ranch was there. I knew my parents were there. I knew we were welcome there as often

as we could stay. I knew our children and our children's children would be welcome there...always."

The Lazy B was the largest BLM permit holder in Arizona. At one time this might have been something to be proud of, but because grazing had fallen so much out of favor and was being attacked on all sides, Alan who was managing the ranch, thought having the largest permit made the Lazy B the biggest target. DA and Alan had hoped that one of the grandchildren would express an interest in running the ranch. None chose to make the ranch their life work.

In 1986, after much soul-searching, and with a great deal of unhappiness, a meeting of the Lazy B shareholders was called and with the future of public-land grazing very much in doubt, it seemed an appropriate time to sell the ranch. Because of the large size, there was no ready market for the ranch. Alan decided to sell it in five smaller units and each sold separately to different buyers. The sales covered a period of seven years with the Round Mountain section the last being sold in 1993. Sandra, Ann and Alan all agree that the power of their memories on the Lazy B is strong and surges through their minds and hearts often and their characters were shaped by their experiences there.

Once the ranch was sold, Sandra never went back. Once in an interview on National Public Radio, she said, "If I loved something very much and if it has been extremely important to me, I prefer to keep it in my memory as I remember and rather than risk seeing it again and being disappointed."

Sandra stated that what she learned most from the ranch was that the "personal qualities of honesty, dependability, competence and good humor were valued most on the ranch and she would decide, in life."

The character traits she most cherished from her ranch life as she left for college was a "Zest for Freedom", that she feared was disappearing in American life. Years earlier in a speech in October of 2001, six weeks after the terrorist attack of September 11, 2001, O'Connor said with great sadness, "that Americans should be prepared for a long period during which we are likely to experience more restrictions on our freedoms because of the attacks." The woman who used to ride horses freely through the west and glorified in the rain and the freedoms of the boundless skies, warned a new generation of Americans". This speech was given at Principia College in Elsau, Illinois. She went on to say, "That every one of our rights in the Declaration of Independence is under attack by the terrorists."

Let us end with another quote from Justice O'Connor:

*"We don't accomplish anything in this world alone...and whatever happens is the result of the whole tapestry of one's life and all the weavings of individual threads from one to another that creates something."*

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## **HARVEY DIETRICH**

### **Arizona's last Jewish cowboy?**

"Just having breakfast with Harvey (Dietrich) is an experience," says Lawrence Bell, executive director of the Arizona Jewish Historical Society. "He's got two or three cell phones, and they're all constantly going off. (People are calling) to talk about the price of cattle, the price of feed and whatever else."

Dietrich, 77, owns and operates Cholla Livestock, the largest ranch in Arizona. The property, which covers more than 750,000 acres, stretches from the tiny town of Seligman about 75 miles north to the edge of the Grand Canyon. He keeps about 6,000 cows, 500 bulls and more than 150 horses there, employs eight full-time cowboys to maintain the expanse, and owns additional cattle in California, Colorado, Nebraska, Texas and other parts of Arizona.

For 25 years, until 1997, when Dietrich sold his stake in Sun Land Beef Co., a meatpacking plant in Tolleson where he served as president, CEO and managing partner, Cholla Livestock was his side job. He started buying calves for himself in 1972 and took over the Seligman ranch with

Richard Rudnick in 1982, ultimately buying out Rudnick in the mid-1990s.

He "always kept a toe in the water" with other full-time employment, he says, because the cattle business "is a crapshoot."

"The easiest thing for people to do is to go to a store and pick up a steak," says Dietrich, who makes his home and main office in Phoenix. "But they don't know what heartbreak it is. You can manage the land, you can manage the people, but you can't manage the rain.

"I have a friend who likes to say, 'We have plan A, B and C. But you've got to have plan D: Don't ever run out of money.'"

### **'City kid'**

Dietrich might never have discovered the cattle business if his father, Simon, hadn't developed health problems. But with his asthma worsening, Simon moved the family from Boston to Arizona when Dietrich was 8, although they wound up in Los Angeles shortly thereafter when his father couldn't find work.

Simon ended up in the produce-and meat-retail business and befriended a man who owned a meat packinghouse in L.A.

"When I was 15 years old, the guy told my dad, 'Send the kid down here and we'll teach him to be a cattle buyer,'" says Dietrich. "I didn't know a cow from a dog. I was a city kid."

He took a summer job at the packinghouse. Monday through Friday, one of the owner's sons would pick him up at 3 a.m. for his 13-hour shift.

"My mother would make me a couple of sandwiches and send me on my way," says Dietrich.

His responsibilities included washing water troughs, feeding cattle and unpinning the shrouds from cow carcasses, where they had been hung to shape the carcasses and make them look more appetizing to customers.

Dietrich liked it enough that the following winter, he spent his school vacation working at the packinghouse and ultimately decided he wanted to go into the cattle business.

After high school, in addition to attending community college to appease his parents, he went to work at the packinghouse full-time. At age 19, he was promoted to cattle buyer and quit school.

A few years later, Eli Grouskay - a noted Jewish cowboy who bought cattle in Arizona for the same company as Dietrich - announced his retirement. In 1959, Dietrich,

then in his early 20s and married to his first wife, Sheila, moved to Phoenix to replace him.

In 1963, Dietrich, still living in Arizona, took a new cattle-buying job with a Los Angeles-based company for double the salary and 10 percent of the profits - in 1967, his bonus was \$75,000.

That was how he began making enough money to start his own side businesses. He held several jobs, all in the cattle industry, between then and 1982, when he helped launch Sun Land Beef Co.

### **'California-grown beef'**

When Dietrich left Sun Land Beef in 1997, the company had grown from 92 to 1,200 employees and was conducting \$500 million in sales annually.

During his 15 years there, Dietrich's biggest accomplishment was putting together the Ralphs California Grown Beef program, in which Sun Land Beef partnered with what was then more than 165 Ralphs grocery stores. The deal took two years to evolve.

"It had never been done before, where a company that big depended on one supplier for beef," says Dietrich.

The project started when Ralphs began "getting lots of complaints on the (toughness of) beef, and they wanted to know if there was anything we could do about it," he says.

Sun Land Beef hired scientists to study cows and feed. They discovered that the Holstein breed, which was known for its milk, was significantly more tender than the industry standard if the calves were kept in feedlots from birth and given high-energy feed.

Armed with this information, Dietrich arranged agreements among Sun Land Beef, Ralphs and the packinghouse and feedlots.

Today, he estimates, 90 percent of the cattle in Arizona and Southern California are Holsteins.

"We changed the whole way you feed cattle," says Dietrich. "We changed the whole industry."

### **'Kosher cowboy'**

Dietrich has earned his share of nicknames over the years.

As a young cattle buyer, he was known as "Hard-Hearted Harvey" for his ability to negotiate the best deal.

Decades later, when Gerald Timmerman sold Dietrich a truck for hauling cattle, he made a slight modification before handing over the keys. Below the cab, he painted: "Dispatched by the kosher cowboy."

There was no good reason for it, "other than we have a lot of fun together," says Timmerman, Dietrich's friend and business partner.

Dietrich has never been a kosher cowboy, although he's had the opportunity. While he was working at Sun Land Beef, he says, Zalman Segal, former owner of Segal's, approached him about the possibility of kosher slaughter.

"I couldn't," says Dietrich. "It wasn't enough volume, and it would have been disruptive to the kind of operation we had, because we ran a high-speed chain."

But Dietrich finds other ways of giving back to his community. He is a member of Beth El Congregation, a board member of the Arizona Jewish Historical Society (AZJHS) and a former board member at Kivel Campus of Care.

While he worked at Sun Land Beef, the company paid for 100 percent of his employees' health-care benefits.

His wife, Marnie, says he goes out of his way to help friends and employees, many of whom never know they've been helped.

"If you had friends and partners in business like (Harvey)," says Timmerman, "this world would be a hell of a lot easier."

**Last Jewish rancher?**

Dietrich says his two children have no interest in their father's business.

"To my knowledge, he's probably the last of the Jewish ranchers in Arizona," says AZJHS' Bell. "When he goes, I don't know that there are anymore."

Still, even after more than 60 years in the cattle business, Dietrich hems and haws when the subject of retirement is broached. "I'm not such a good bridge player and as long as I'm healthy ...," he says, his voice trailing off. "I'm not going to do this forever. One of these days. We'll see."

But ask him what he does for fun, and other than doting on his granddaughters, Morgan and Tara, and the occasional game of golf with his wife, it's ranching.

"This is fun," he says. "It's not work. If this was work, I wouldn't be doing it. Isn't that right, Gary?"

"That's right!" chimes in Gary Wilson, the Cholla Livestock ranch manager, from the back seat of Dietrich's pickup truck.

Dietrich pulls his truck up near a herd of cows to inspect their manure.

"Manure tells you a lot (about their health)," he says. "You know, I'll never forget one time, it might have been last year, here we were doing the same thing, saying,

'Oh! Look at that!' I said, 'Gary, can you imagine somebody listening to this conversation? Here we are, all excited about the way these cows are dropping manure. They'd think we were totally off of our gourds.'"

Posted: Friday, March 16, 2012 12:00 am

**Arizona's last Jewish cowboy? By JOSH SAYLES Staff**

Writer [jewishaz.com](http://jewishaz.com)

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## **JACK AND MARIE WALKER LADD**

Jack Ladd was born in Douglas, Arizona in 1926 and soon moved with his parents to Bisbee where he grew up. Jack's father, Harry Ladd, was born in Colorado and moved to Phoenix where he attended Phoenix Union High School. He was a classmate of Frank Luke, the WWI Flying Ace, for whom Luke Air Force Base is named. After serving in the Army in WWI, Harry moved to Douglas to work for Standard Oil. He met his wife Mary there; she was a Wisconsin native who came to Douglas to teach school. Harry purchased a distributorship from Shell Oil and delivered gas all over Southeastern Arizona for many years. He was still working for them when he passed away in 1969. Mary continued to run the office with a truck driver making deliveries.

Jack joined the Navy early in his senior year at Bisbee High School and left for an Officer Training program in 1944 before graduating. Upon his return he attended the University of Arizona and graduated with an engineering degree. Jack found himself drafted into the Army during the Korean War. Upon his return from the Army, he went to work for Phelps Dodge in 1952. Jack married Marie Walker in 1953. He had first met Marie at her family's San Jose Ranch south of Bisbee near Naco when he delivered gas for

his father's company to the ranch. Jack and Marie did not find many houses for rent in Bisbee and Marie loved the ranch. They decided to live on the ranch with Marie's parents Charles and Frances Walker.

Marie's grandfather Walter Fike came to Tombstone in the early 1890's and in 1894 brought his wife Lydia and children from Missouri. They settled in Bisbee where he worked as a geologist for a mining company. In 1896 he purchased property south of Bisbee from Peter Johnson and established the San Jose Dairy. The land included a hand dug well and the San Jose Dairy was one of the largest of the sixteen dairies in the area. They put up their own feed and the milk was taken by horse and buggy into Bisbee. The family was there when Pancho Villa and his men attacked Naco during the Mexican Revolution.

Walter served as a Justice of the Peace and he and Lydia were parents of seven children. He had arrived in Arizona suffering from lung problems and died in 1899. Lydia continued to successfully operate the dairy and her seven children began establishing homesteads in the same area. Many of the workers also had homesteads and when they left the area Lydia obtained them. Her youngest child Frances stayed on the ranch with Lydia. She married Charles Walker, the Wells Fargo agent in Bisbee and they

became parents of five children. A house was purchased in Bisbee so the children could attend school and participate in activities in town. When the family was in Bisbee, the original homestead house was burned by a transient. The couple had two daughters, Charlotte and Marie and three sons, Keller, Morris and Bruce. All three boys served in the military in WWII. Bruce became a veterinarian in Yuma after the war.

In the late 1920's Lydia had discontinued the dairy and stocked the ranch with beef cattle purchased from Mexico. Around this time, her daughter Frances and husband Charles Walker acquired ownership of the ranch. In the early 1940's Charles and Frances purchased a herd of Hereford cows from a ranch at Patagonia and drove them to Naco. This herd became the nucleus of a fine commercial herd of Hereford cows in future years. Frances also joined a soil conservation district and as finances allowed, she hired contractors to heal the erosion occurring in Greenbush Draw.

Marie loved the ranch and with the exception of her two years at ASU, she refused to live anywhere else. The birth of Jack and Marie's son John made their family complete. Jack says Marie was an excellent rider and prided herself on horsemanship. Prior to their marriage,

she was selected as Queen of the Bisbee Rodeo in 1947.

Jack credits Marie with teaching him and John as well as her nieces and nephews how to cowboy on the ranch. Her main interests were the ranch and her family. She loved her white face cows, her horses and her pet Javalina Susie.

Charles died in the late 1950's and Frances and her children formed the San Jose Ranch Corporation in 1961. All of the children and Frances were shareholders. Jack and Marie began purchasing shares from other family members until 1978 when they became sole owners of the corporation. At that time the ranch included about 4,000 acres. The ranch is now just under 14,000 acres following the purchase of several neighboring properties including the original homesteads owned by Marie's uncles. The ranch is roughly one-half deeded and one-half state grazing lease lands. It runs ten miles along the Mexican border from Naco to the San Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area.

Jack began working with the Hereford Natural Resource Conservation District in brush control practices. He bought a small International TD14 bulldozer in the early 1960's and then a Caterpillar D8H bulldozer in 1975 that he uses for brush control. The brush control project began in 1967 and to date nearly 5400 acres have been cleared. Roots of Mesquite and other brush are cut about eighteen

inches below ground level and the plants die. The soil is broken up so that storm water can percolate into the ground and eventually the aquifer. Native grass seed is spread by an electric powered seeder mounted on the bulldozer. The Natural Resource Conservation Service is very helpful in these projects with its cost-sharing programs. The contract with NRCS allows for cattle to be put back on the area after two growing seasons. With a good rain, the grass can sometimes come up right away.

Another method of brush control the ranch has used on 800 acres is having chemical pellets dropped by airplane. They lay on the ground until it rains and the chemical affects the roots of the brush. This does not work for Mesquite and the mechanical method must be used for them. Brush is gradually re-infesting some of the areas which were cleared in the past but the grass is still abundant. In recognition of the conservation work that Jack has done, the Arizona Natural Resource Conservation District State Association presented him the organization's Conservation Heritage Award for 2013.

Jack and Marie's son John graduated from Bisbee High School and Cochise College followed by attending Northern Arizona University. While at NAU he met Jo Beth Sims from Phoenix and the couple was married in 1977. They lived in

Phoenix for 13 years and became the parents of three sons. While in Phoenix, John went through a Union apprenticeship to become a carpenter and did commercial work. He always wanted to build a high rise and worked his way up to Superintendent. He did get to build a high rise before returning to the ranch.

Phelps Dodge transferred Jack to Phoenix and from 1982 to 1991 he commuted from the ranch to Phoenix. This was the longest commute for Phelps Dodge middle-management employees. Marie was running the ranch during this time while Jack went back and forth to Phoenix and John was working as a contractor in Phoenix. The ranch herd dropped down to 90 head.

In 1983, Jack's job as Director of Labor Relations at Phelps Dodge collided with his job as a rancher. He was seriously hurt in a fall from a windmill on the ranch during the time he was acting as the chief negotiator in the strike between Phelps Dodge and the Unions. The windmill threw a lot of oil out and it had landed on the ladder making it slick. Jack fell off the top of the ladder. Marie became worried when he didn't come home and drove to the windmill site. She called an ambulance and Jack was transported to the Bisbee Hospital. He was soon transferred to Good Samaritan in Phoenix where it was

discovered that he had a broken pelvis, sacrum and two broken vertebrae. After five weeks in the hospital, he returned to the negotiations using a walker or his crutches. At one meeting, a Phelps Dodge lawyer was carrying a pillow for him to sit on. Someone remarked on the pillow and got the reply "We'll finish this thing if it takes all night".

The Arizona Copper Mine Strike of 1983 had begun as a bargaining dispute between almost all the copper companies in the country and the unions representing employees within those companies. All of the companies except Phelps Dodge settled either by the June 30 deadline or soon after.

Jack was Phelps Dodge's director of labor relations and their chief spokesman during the negotiations. The company felt that their chance of surviving in the competitive copper industry was by containing or reducing the cost of producing copper. They felt this could be accomplished by improving worker efficiency by combining jobs and removing arbitrary barriers to the use of employees. Jack stressed that the inexorable increase in wage costs by COLA had to be halted. He advised "This year it's going to be different. We're going to keep on working even if you call a strike" but the Union dismissed the warning.

The Unions struck at the end of the contract on June 30, and as Jack had warned them, Phelps Dodge continued to work at two of its operations by utilizing salaried employees along with day's pay employees who would cross the picket lines. This led to many confrontations and even violence. Over 150 strikers were fired for picket-line misconduct. The strike ended one year after it began when the employees voted to decertify all the unions.

In 1990, John and his family moved back to the ranch. Jack retired in 1991 after working for Phelps Dodge for thirty-nine years. A Brahma bull, Woody, was purchased from Lee Wood and was the beginning of the ranch's cross-bred herd. The herd was built up with Angus and Brahma bulls on Hereford cows. The Brahma Hereford cross produced F1 heifers and black bulls were put on these heifers. The ranch was divided into 9 pastures and for a time the cattle were rotated between pastures and round-up was an easy affair. With all the illegal border crossers, fences are continually cut and gates left open so it is no longer possible to rotate between the pastures.

The three mile width of the ranch between the Mexican border and Highway 92 that runs between Sierra Vista and Bisbee makes the area attractive to illegal border crossers. Those crossers with heavy drug loads can quickly



get across the three miles to the highway. Statistics from November, 2012 show that fifty percent of the illegal drug interdictions from Mexico into the United States occur in Southern Arizona. Jack estimates that John now spends 50% of his time repairing damage from the Border Patrol as well as illegal crossers. There is no re-imbusement for damages. Cows have been run over and John has received few damages on the loss of his cattle; the loss recovery process taking eight months. There must be a witness besides John and a Border Patrol Agent to make a claim.

The border fence runs the length of the ranch and street lights run all along the fence for a mile on each side of Naco. The majority of the fence is ten foot tall with some sections 13 or 14 feet tall. It is built of rust colored pillars and mesh costing three million dollars a mile to build. Roads are on both sides of the border fence and a five strand wire fence separates the Ladd's property from the road. In order to drive trucks across the border, steel tubes in the fence are cut and cables or chains are tied together to break the post. The mesh is pulled back to allow the truck to drive through the fence and onto the ranch. Forty-three trucks crossed the ranch in a twenty-two month time period.

One section of the fence on the ranch crosses a normally dry riverbed and during the monsoon season the fence acts like a dam. The border patrol takes down this forty foot section of the fence each year from June to September. Gringo Draw on the ranch expands into a gaping ditch that cuts through the ranch's field where the flood gates of the wall, closely spaced steel bars, have funneled rain water that used to flood the field and renew the grass. Natural erosion created scars on the land that John spent ten years trying to fill. After the wall went up, one summer of rain opened the gap back up.

There are two houses on the ranch with Jack living in one and John and Jo Beth in the other. Marie passed away in December, 2012. Jack started John hunting when he was twelve years old and John's home displays his hunting hobby with his trophies on display. As the border has become more dangerous, they have been robbed 7 times and if John and Jo Beth wish to leave for a trip, one of their sons takes time off from his job to come stay at the ranch. Jack's three grandsons are grown with Kenny working at a resort in Hawaii, Justin with Game and Fish in Bloody Basin and Randy in Scottsdale. He and wife Libby work at the University of Phoenix and recently presented Jack with his first great-grandchild, Jack Truman Ladd.

Jack has always had neighbors on both sides of the border. He believes that one of the keys to protecting our country and its citizens is getting Customs and the Border Patrol to control the Mexican Border. Jack and John have been instrumental, along with other Arizona Cattle Growers Association ranchers, in keeping the border issues in front of the public.



## JOHN AND BOBBIE KERR

I've always thought that the first thing I saw at birth was Aunt Mamie and Grandma McGaha standing at the foot of mother's bed, as I was born at home in Carbon, Texas, March 25, 1933. It is probably because I heard the story of my birth from my Mother Pearl so many times, from the time I was old enough to listen to stories. As with most children your own birth story is so fascinating and special. Truly in my mind I can see my aunt and grandmother as they witnessed my birth! I weighed less than 5 pounds and have heard stories of people coming just to see such a tiny baby that was alive and functioning (I don't remember any of them)!

My first snow (after I was old enough to talk) I shamed the cows for letting their milk all over the ground. My mother told me and I said, "umm shame on those cows" as the ground was white like milk.

Jackie was born in Gorman Hospital. I was talking as I was 2 years old. As we drove home from the hospital Mother told me I stuck my head out the window and announced to everyone "I have a new baby sister".

We moved from Texas to New Mexico before I was 5 years old. I don't remember the move, but became aware of living on the Kunkel Farm where my Daddy Pete worked. The Kunkel's were a great German family. They treated us so well, Mother helped Mrs. Kunkel in so many ways and they became good friends. They took me to Sunday school and church in Roswell at the Lutheran Church where they were very active. They had six children and I don't remember how they fit me into their car for the ride. They always passed out sticks of gum on the way to church as they drove their Lincoln Zephyr car from Dexter to Roswell. The kid's names were Elsie, Mary Ellen, Pete, John, Thelma, and "Baby" Elva.

We lived in Dexter for a few years in a little green house beside a reservoir that they irrigated out of. We moved to a neighbor farm owned by Hoyt Merchant, his wife was a Kunkel, and her name was Ella. We lived in a yellow house beside their reservoir. This is where we lived when Jackie and I had our tonsils out. We had to eat only Jell-o for a few days. We didn't have a refrigerator so mother would make the Jell-o and take it to Ella's house to set. She made it in a quart jar and one day Jackie and I got to walk to Ella's house and take it. It seems like a grand walk (It was probably the length of a football field) there

were huge cottonwood trees along the way and it was an adventure for us. Ella's house was so grand in our eyes. Grandpa Kunkel lived with them, and always carried hard candy in his pocket and would give us each a piece every time we saw him. I remember the candy was always a little fuzzy with lint, but a piece of candy in those days was too precious to worry about a little fuzz.

The reservoir was filled with catfish, the water was clear and you could see the fish guarding their nest. I loved to fish for them. One day mom was hanging clothes on the line and I went fishing. I would drop my worm right beside the fish guarding the nest and caught one every time. I would run to mom and have her take it off the hook, and run back and catch another one. She had to wash her hands before finishing hanging the clothes out. I never had to "set the hook" as the fish loved those worms so much they really swallowed them. I was so proud when we had catfish for supper.

We moved from Kunkel's to the Bible's and had a real nice house. Mother bought a round oak table and we had wonderful dinners. She baked fruitcakes for Christmas, and soaked them with brandy or whiskey and wrapped them in a towel. I don't remember Christmas there, but we must have been in that house because Mother gave me my 5<sup>th</sup> birthday

party there in March. The Kunkel girls and all the neighbor's kids came; one boy's name was Johnny Day.

While we lived in that lovely house Mother was doing exercises. She would exercise on the floor with Jackie and me. The floors were hardwood and she kept them shining. My father and Mr. Bible had a huge disagreement, I don't remember what over, but it actually ended in a fist fight. My dad came in with a bloody lip and ear where he was bitten, it was very frightening. It seems like they made up because I remember they were making ropes after that. It was very interesting to watch as they twisted twine over and over to make along rope. It was strung from the house to the barn with a mechanism at each end.

My Uncle and Aunt from Texas stopped by on their way back to their job in Arizona. They told daddy about the big money they were making there. It sounded good and daddy was dissatisfied with his job so a few days after they left we packed a few things in a car and left for Arizona. I don't know what happened to mom's oak table but we didn't bring it to Arizona.

We arrived at Bartlett Dam Site, and put up a tent. Out a ways from the tent city, but it was in a dry wash and near a spring for fresh water. The water came out of a



high cliff and pooled in a bunch of rocks that held the water there.

There was a board over it to keep cattle and other animals out. Mother cooked over a campfire, something she wasn't used to at all. Now as I grow older I realize she was pregnant with Rita. This explains her daily exercise routine back in New Mexico. Cattle would walk around our camp and even sleep right against the tent. My dad worked the night shift and was gone the first time the cows slept next to the tent, mother was sure it was a drunk Indian. (Although we hadn't seen any). It was the heavy breathing and bumping into the tent that convinced her. We were glad when daddy came in and investigated. I can still remember our before bed routine. Mother would take a pan of water as we climbed into our beds. We'd wash our faces and hands and feet. It felt so good to get the dust off, I felt so fresh and clean as we crawled into our cot with clean feet. Mother always seemed to have clean sheets for us. What a secure feeling we had. As we prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep" every night, between sheets that had been hung in the sunshine, they smelled and felt wonderful.

We moved to Morristown and daddy went to work building the bridge over the railroad south of Wickenburg. That was where I started first grade. I had stepped on a nail while

playing and Mother wrapped my foot in a clean bandage made from a white torn up shirt. On my way to the car I stepped in some chicken manure so she had to re-bandage it, and we were off to school. Just as we drove into the school ground I said, "There is a hole" and our front tire dropped into it. After we finally got it out we drove into the Morristown school for my very first day of school.

I went through a time where I felt very melancholy. It turned out I had yellow jaundice. There was a lady that had a big old iron cook stove outside of their cabin. (This was at Hank's place and would remind you of the grapes of wrath). One day the lady was cooking a pot of lima beans. I asked if I could have some of her "butter beans." She gave me a bowl and I started feeling better from that time on. Mother was embarrassed that I asked for food from the neighbor but was grateful that I was eating. I still love butter beans to this day. They are a comfort food to me.

(Octave) Below Yarnell Hill - Daddy worked in the gold mine a few miles from Wickenburg. We lived in a tent again in Octave until someone left and there was a tar papered shack with maroon colored cement floors. It had two or three rooms, but was full of scorpions. The scorpions would get between the board in the house and the tar paper made a perfect hiding place for them. Mother shined those

maroon floors up, but it was always a frightening place to me. One night after we were bathed and getting settled back to sleep Jackie screamed because a scorpion was biting her over and over. They took her to the hospital in Wickenburg; she went into convulsions and was very sick for a few days. We always remembered the night Jackie got stung by the scorpion. We moved back into the tent, it seemed safer than the scorpion den!

Rita was born while we lived in the tent in Octave. Mother let me kinda name her. She liked Rita and I liked Yarnell, she named her Rita Bernell. I thought it was a fancy name.

Mother and daddy brought her home to the tent which mother had made very "homey". The tent was constructed of 2x4's with the canvas stretched over it. There was a round hole in the roof part for the stovepipe to fit through. The hole was quite large, (I remember watching the moon through it) so the canvas would never touch the stovepipe. The stove was a cook stove and we had to be very careful not to get burned. The tent was quite large, there was a double bed for mother and daddy, a cot for me and Jackie, (we slept at separate ends of the cot) a little table for Rita's basket to sit on, a table to eat off of, and 4 dynamite boxes we used for chairs. Mother had won a

beautiful pine and white brocade bed spread on a "punch board" and it made such a pretty sight. Rita's basket was like a large laundry basket lined with pink and white. Mother fixed the basket and we were so proud of our baby sister.

The floor of the tent was dirt. Once Daddy brought some silver mercury home and let us play with it in the sand of the floor. The mercury was so interesting and it made little round balls in the sand.

One winter night a storm came up while we were sleeping and the wind blew the tent right over and just left us out in the storm. There had been a mirror hanging on a 2x4 over baby Rita's basket, it fell across the basket and broke into a million pieces. Daddy jumped out of the bed and yelled "Oh, God the baby." Mother had woken up after hearing the storm and put the baby in bed with her, so she was safe. There was a family near that heard all the commotion and came to see us. Our pans and clothes were blown to kingdom come. The family took us in for the rest of the night. It was the H.S. Dennis family and they lived in a little trailer and had 4 kids. I guess the adults just sat up and all us kids slept on the floor. The next morning they all gathered and put the tent back up and

hunted our belongings off of mesquite trees and the pots and pans out of the canyon.

We lived in and around Wickenburg a while, I attended second grade in Octave, Mr. & Mrs. Apfel taught the schools at the mine, she taught grammar school. We lived in the Aztec Auto Court and I went to part of second grade there in Wickenburg, it was just south of the bridge. Mother walked with me the first day, she showed me to turn right at the Texaco station and go till I came to the school. I remember playing jacks on the front steps of the school with the girls during recess. Once some of our aunts and uncles and cousins and friends drove to San Diego along with us or we tagged along with them. Uncle "B" and Aunt Lorene had moved there with John Dee. I think he was working in a shipyard. This was probably a trip to see if we all wanted to move to San Diego. I only remember playing in the ocean, and being knocked down by a wave. When I came up I had a hand full of sand and in it was a 1919 dime! What a find.

We drove right back to Octave with a water bag strapped to our cars, the radiators steaming and probably a few flat tires. This was around 1939. I went to school the next day and I was waiting in line to get a drink, I fainted. Probably dehydrated.

Mother and Daddy were having some problems. Mother and we girls went to Texas for a visit, it turned out that this happened a few times.

In 3<sup>rd</sup> grade we were back in Dexter, N.M. and Jackie and I went to school there. Finally our daddy left and went back to Arizona and we moved to Roswell, our Lutheran church and the Kunkels, and Aunt Mae and family helped us out. This is when we had my most memorable Christmas. Mother had a job at J.C. Penney's, after a couple of disappointing jobs, one at the Fair and the boss left in a terrible rain storm and didn't pay her. Then a waitress job. The ladies at church and the Kiwanis brought us 2 huge boxes of toys, food and clothes. Jackie and I were cleaning house for Mother and we were mopping, when this knock came to the door and these ladies brought all these packages gift wrapped. They helped us finish mopping, as we had water everywhere. I was in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, Jackie was in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade and Rita was about 3 years old. Here we were alone; thank goodness they didn't think we were not safe.

Mother came home late as the stores were open late on Christmas Eve. She just cried when she saw all the stuff. Jackie and I had peeked into most of the packages, and we were so happy. There was a doll for each of us. Mine was a Betsy Wetsy. I named her Alice Ann and I kept her until I

was a high school sophomore. We sang Silent Night by the soft light of the gas heater and it was good.

The next thing I remember is Mom and us girls were back in Gorman, Texas (where Jackie had been born) and I was in 4<sup>th</sup> grade, but Texas had just started the 12 grade system and they put me into 5<sup>th</sup> grade, where Aunt Mamie was the teacher! I realized that the answers to the arithmetic problems were listed in the back of the book - so I got along fine. I got to play drums in the high school band and even got to march in uniform (Mother had tailored it down) in the parade when we played Delone!

Daddy came and got us and we moved to Sweetwater, Texas. Things seemed fine for the rest of the family, but my "quick answers" in math had caught up to me - I couldn't get the concept of fractions, my teacher even cried with me, trying to help me get it. Finally just before school was out a friend in my class named Patsy showed me what a fraction really was. But it was too late and I was advised to repeat 5<sup>th</sup> grade.

My dad went into the service and we found ourselves in Arizona. Alzona Park, and my 5<sup>th</sup> grade was at Isaac School. It was hard because I didn't have the basis of 4<sup>th</sup> grade, and had to just guess at a lot of things. These were the days during the war, mother worked at the Aluminum Plant on

35<sup>th</sup> Ave. and Van Buren. Jackie and I walked up 35<sup>th</sup> Ave. to Isaac School. Rita stayed with Mrs. Chevront, daddy was in the Navy.

Mother got burned with hot aluminum in her shoe and started looking for another job. We moved to Scottsdale and she worked at the German prisoner of war camp. She worked in the office.

Jackie, Rita and I all attended Scottsdale School on Indian School Rd. I got to try and play the xylophone at school, and was in a talent show in a group made up of 6<sup>th</sup> graders, we did a song call the "The Martins and The Coys." They were reckless mountain boys.

Jackie got into the Kool Aide and ate a couple or three packages and broke out with a rash and the doctor thought it was Scarlet Fever and we were quarantined for three weeks. We lived across the street from school, and we could yell at our friends and some came by but wouldn't come inside because there was a big quarantine sign on our door. I don't remember if mom had to stay home, but finally mom realized what Jackie had done and understood.

7<sup>th</sup> grade brought us to Boulder City, NV, we had lived in Henderson, NV and both parents worked at the magnesium plant. Mother did office work. This is where I remember going to my first school dance.



We returned to Arizona for a while, we lived on "Ship Shape" ranch, outside of Chandler. The ranch was owned by Earl Shipp. They owned the Earls Market in Scottsdale. He would come out and check the ranch a couple of times a week, and bring his daughter Shirley. Shirley was our age and we played by the hours. We built a playhouse library. She and Jackie made library cards and we gathered books and magazines to stock it. It was in a well house. There was a huge water tank on top with this room at the bottom. We spent many hours in there. We'd pick wild flowers and put on the desk or table (both desk and table were boxes). One day Earl brought a horse out with Shirley and it was for all of us to ride and ride we did. Just a bridle and bareback. It was the gentlest horse I'd ever seen. Sometimes we'd all get on it. We hardly ever made her run and she seemed to like to get out and walk.

We rode the bus to Chandler school and a bunch of us wanted to go swimming the day after school was out. Since the bus was running a few days longer for the high school kids, we all decided to bring our suits, go swim and ride the bus home. We called it a school activity. But it wasn't, we were on our own. We both got new bathing suits and were sent off that morning with mother saying "Be careful, have a good time." Jackie and I had been

practicing swimming in the irrigation ditch where the water came out of the pump and it was pleasingly swift, all we had to do was kick and throw our arms around and were fast swimmers. When we got to the pool and kicked and threw our arms around we just made a splash and gained very little yardage. The swimming pool was one that had an irrigation pump bringing water in one end and exiting the other end. No chlorine was needed, as the water was always fresh. Of course, we had to spend the whole day there until the bus was ready to leave the school. We were a very sun burned bunch of kids (there were probably ten of us). I don't know if our parents would have let us go if they knew we weren't going to be supervised by teachers. I've always felt kind of sneaky, but very glad that none of us drowned, or missed the bus. I don't remember if I ever told my mother the truth about our swim party.

It got so hot that summer and daddy heard about a mine in Crown King reopening and needing miners. We didn't know anyone there, usually at the construction and mining jobs he had brothers or brothers-in-law already there (since he was #7 in 15 children - 10 brothers). My Aunt Naomi didn't want us to go because it is located in the pines and she was scared of forest fires. Crown King was beautiful, we found another shack to fix up. It had been used for an

office or something, it was right at the mouth of the mine. They had a barb wire fence around the hole (probably to keep cattle from falling down it and we were thoroughly warned not to go under it.) It was a very sturdy building, I only remember 2 rooms, one to cook in and the other a very large one to eat and sleep in.

It was quite a ways from the store and post office and old Tom Anderson's hotel and school. We had a car but it wasn't just for going to school, it was more like going to Phoenix. We learned a short cut to school and back. There was a boy that lived a little farther up the mountain than we did. He would come down and we'd all walk together. His name was Ben Summner, he was 5<sup>th</sup> grade, big for his age. I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, Jackie 7<sup>th</sup> and Rita 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. We attended a one room school with the Moore kids and the Vanlandingham's, & Van Tilburg's. Our teacher lived in one of the 3 rooms in the school. Her family lived in Cleator and her husband taught at Bumble Bee. She went home sometimes and other times she would stay and teach Sunday school for us kids. Mrs. Stearns was her name. I always liked to draw and she would have me teach a simple drawing class once in a while.

Our dad got into a bad accident and broke his neck in the mine. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix and was there a long time.

Mother started working in the office at the "Golden Crown" mine and after a couple of weeks the manager Mr. Silverman offered us the guest quarters that they used when some of the investors came to visit. They kept one room for them and let us have the rest of the upper floor above the office. It was like a fairyland to be back in a real house with nice furniture and carpet on the floor and a bathroom with hot water.

We made numerous trips down to Phoenix to visit dad at the hospital in our old blue Ford, it was dirt road all the way to Phoenix and lots of hairpin curves. We only had one flat that I remember but mom had to shift that old Ford a lot of times and pump the brakes too. It was always relieving and a treat to stop at the store in Bumble Bee on flat ground after the mountains, we could have an orange pop. I always thought mom stopped for us, but I bet she needed the break after those treacherous roads.

We would visit dad in the hospital for an hour or so. He had a bone graft from his leg into his neck and was in a big body cast and other times he would be in traction, where they drilled two holes in his skull to anchor the

tension wires. Then we would go spend the night at Aunt Naomi and Uncle John's, they had three kids, Devella, Bobby and Roy Lee. They lived at 1909 E. Buckman. I remember that address, as we used it as a base address as we moved around so much. Aunt Nay would forward our mail if it came there, she always knew where we were.

While we were in Crown King I read the book Heidi and really imagined myself as her. In the book it often mentioned the wind blowing through the pine trees and the sound it made as it went through the needles on the trees. The very sounds that I heard as I was reading the book as the wind wailed through the pine trees on the Bradshaw Mountains. It was easy to feel very connected to Heidi. Crown King has some ties to royalty there. There was at the beginning of the mining, titled people, some of the books in our library at school were signed by "Lady and Lord" someone, the Moore's house was where the royalty had lived and they had a little building off the house that housed some of the fine things. I remember Carolyn and Bussy showing us some of the silk lampshades with fringe, just exquisite stuff.

The people of Crown King with the encouragement of Mr. Patterson the Postmaster, brought Christmas presents for every school kid, there was only 10 or 12 of us, but each

one received a personal gift according to their likes. I got an oil paint set. Jackie got a wood burning set. I don't remember Rita's gift but I always thought it was so great that they didn't just give all of us the same thing. We presented a Christmas program for the community and received our gifts from Santa, as he stamped the snow off his boots on the porch before making his entrance. Shortly after Christmas daddy was released from the hospital, but it was too far to run up and down to the doctor, so we moved back to Phoenix. We found a place just a block south of Aunt Nay's house, there were a bunch of Dennis relatives there, Mutt, H.S. and May Myrick, all relatives of Uncle John. We moved into another shack, just boards and no wall board. Mrs. Silverman had given mom a bunch of wallpaper and she made paste out of flour and water and we papered over the cracks and all. The pattern was wooden soldiers with a blue background. There were two rooms, mother and daddy slept in the first one and we slept in the other one. Cooked and ate in the second one. We got a brand new kerosene cook stove that we thought was beautiful. We finished the school year out at Wilson. Mrs. Stern hadn't given me any Arizona Constitution and Wilson had studied it the first semester. It was a requirement that all 8<sup>th</sup> graders pass it. I crammed for two weeks. A very ill

neighbor would grill me with questions every day after school, mother went through it and I passed it with 100%.

It was here that I met my first serious boyfriend. Porkey, he took me to a carnival and we went on rides and he bought me a pin where they made your name out of a gold wire. Our class graduated at Phoenix Union. We all walked home together. I had a white dress and white shoes. Just after graduation daddy went to visit his sister "Aunt Sis" and Uncle Jess. They had just bought a farm outside of Ashland, Oregon. He liked it up there and sent for us. We took the Greyhound from Phoenix to Ashland, it took days. We were very tired when we got there. The farm was beautiful and had a little two-story house. Their son Clayton had just got out of the service and bought a little farm just down the road so it was a happy bunch. Douglas and Beeb were there for us to be with. Douglas and I are the same age. Beeb near Jackie's. One day we girls, including Rita, were in the barn lying on a flat trailer with hay, when we hear the barn door open. We just kept quiet, pretty soon we heard Doug climbing a ladder to the loft and he crawled out on one of the joist and retrieved a package of cigarettes. Beeb jumped out of the trailer like a shot and said, "I'm telling Daddy". It scared all of us especially Doug, I thought he was going to fall off the

beam! Don't know if Uncle Jess had warned him because of fire danger - or didn't want him to smoke. I never saw Doug smoke.

I just couldn't get enough sleep, it was so cool and wonderful and Aunt Sis and mom cooked some great food. I read Range Land Romance, which were Uncle Jess's favorite and ate.

We soon found a place to rent at Joel's Auto Court. It was right near the center of town, we could walk to the show, but taxis were not expensive so we used the taxi a lot. Mother, Jackie and me got a job tying radishes at a farm across the road, it was a fun summer job. I met Chuck Culmer and his dad owned the taxi company and we would be in 9<sup>th</sup> grade at school. I went swimming and to a couple of show's with him. He was very handsome, brown hair and eyes and very white teeth.

It was a lovely summer, I baby sat for a couple of families in the court, even overnight for some.

All (the kids from Joel's Auto Court) rode in the Labor Day parade on a truck float with an American flag and a banner saying "Keep Oregon Green". It was very thrilling and a great way to see the city - we felt like it was the "Tournament of Roses", and we waved to everyone.



We moved again across town, to a place owned by Stanley Adams family and started school.

The first day at school I noticed this lanky blond, blue-eyed boy, because I saw he noticed me. I asked one of the girls who he was - and they immediately told him. He was my boyfriend for almost the whole school year. We ran around in a group that included Jerry Langer, Ruth Mitchel, Lenore Brown, Arthur Ostrander and Ted Weitzel and me.

We moved again to an apartment on Main Street, next door to Lenore Brown. We enjoyed living there. Daddy needed to get back to his Phoenix doctor, so he left again. When he came back he brought mom a sewing machine, Rita got a bike and me and Jackie a watch. He had got a settlement with insurance and bought a car. I thought it would be a brand new one, but it was used and not pretty. He drove it from Phoenix to Ashland and we kept it a few years. Well he went back to the doctor and Mother moved us into a nice house on Morton Street. She was working at Bear Creek and rode to work with the lady across the street. Bear Creek packed fruit and mailed all over the world. Harry and David's is still packed and shipped from Medford, Oregon. We loved living on Morton Street, it was quite a walk down hill to school and up hill all the way home. The house was really nice with a cherry tree beside the porch, it had a

basement where wood was kept for our wood furnace (that smoked the house up), every room was freshly painted and there was such a view of the town from the porch. The house was built high so you went up six or seven steps to get to the porch. Ted Weitzel walked me home most of the time, and then returned to school for basketball practice then walked across the town the other direction home.

I attended my first formal dance at Job's Daughters during Christmas, I wore a dress that I made in home economics. It was white dotted Swiss with a ruffle around the top and off the shoulders, trimmed with black bows. I had black shoes that I put glitter on. The shoes were rough and would kind of scratch against my dress, but I had a wonderful time. Mr. and Mrs. Weitzel took us and brought us home.

I ran for cheerleader and won. Then I ran for student body secretary and won! The principal said you could only serve in one elected office at a time, so I chose student body secretary. I enjoyed doing it. Ted Weitzel was Student Body President.

Daddy was released from the doctor and got a job working for Uncle B and Aunt Larene at Devil's Den. They managed a farm of thousands of acres. Daddy was in charge of irrigation. He came up to get us 4 weeks before school

was out. Jackie and I begged to stay until school was out. Jackie stayed on the farm with Aunt Sis and I stayed with Dorathia Coe. A new boy came to school and all the girls liked him. He was from San Diego, CA and was tanned and he liked me! So for a few weeks we dated. His name was Steve Lanonivich.

The day after 9<sup>th</sup> grade graduation Jackie and I boarded the bus for Avenal, CA. near Devil's Den. Richard Barnett, a classmate, rode the same Greyhound to San Francisco. Mom and dad and Rita met us at the bus station.

Ashland Jr. High was the only school I went to for the full year, from the first day to graduation. I've always felt a very strong connection with Ashland, Oregon and the wonderful friends I made during that year. I graduated from 8<sup>th</sup> grade in Phoenix and 9<sup>th</sup> grade in Ashland. Jackie was a grade behind me and missed getting to graduate either time. Her graduation was the big one at Phoenix Union High School. She had been working at Budget Finance before graduation, she had a beautiful dress and stepped right out into being a career girl.

Back to our bus ride to Avenal, we were glad to see the family and daddy was proud of his position at the farm. But what a shocker when we saw our "house", it was another

shack that mother had white washed inside, it was a one room and small!

We kids slept on the floor and in the morning pushed our pallet under Mother and Daddy's bed, to make room for mother to cook breakfast on a hot plate. We moved finally into a bigger one room as someone left. There were quite a few migrant workers at Devil's Den. Aunt Lorene and Uncle B moved to Firebaugh and another man took over the ranch. Their last name was Collum. Somehow they were related to Aunt Lorene and Uncle B., through the Dennis side. They had three or four kids and they let the boys drive an old Hupei around the farm. We'd all pile in and go for miles, stopping at irrigation wells to put water in the radiator. The oldest boy was my age, Orville, and the next one was Jackie's age. I don't remember if Rita was allowed to go traipsing around with us.

When the cotton started growing we all went out every morning early to chop cotton. We actually thinned the cotton as they planted it thick and solid, you would chop the width of the hoe, leave a couple plants then chop another width. Very time and labor consuming. This was before precision planters were invented. Also you chopped any weeds as you went along. We dressed in Daddy's old shirts and sunbonnets or big hats. It was very hot as

Devil's Den is located in the San Joaquin Valley of California, a very productive farming area, with lots of well water for irrigation and the warm temperature to make things grow.

We made what we thought was lots of money, we ordered new school clothes from catalogs. It was like Christmas when the package came. Mother got a job in the store on the farm, it was a grocery and bar. At night everyone gathered, kids and all in the bar side and listened to music played by anyone that wanted to play or sing. They were people from all over the United States working as migrants. Some of the music was absolutely beautiful and everyone encouraged to participate, there were men with names like Jabo and Birdlegs and all sorts of nicknames.

The Collum boy's mother gave both of them a perm before school started, it was the first time we'd heard of boys having perms, they were the first afro's I guess.

School started and we were in for a real school bus ride into Avenal, about forty-five or fifty miles. They had cheerleader tryouts and I tried out and got to be one of the cheerleaders. Something must have happened and daddy got a job in Firebaugh for Uncle B. We only attended Avenal for a couple of weeks.

We arrived in Firebaugh and had a pretty nice place (compared to Devil's Den). It was a barracks at an abandoned air base called Eagle Field. We stayed there for a while until daddy went to work for East Side Ranch. They had wonderful housing and we had a two-bedroom house, I had a cot in the living room that doubled as a couch during the day. Jackie and Rita had the bedroom. The house had a lawn and shade trees. Mother got a job in the store. They actually had two stores on the farm. First she worked in the one farther from home, then got to work in the one just about a half block from home.

I was in 10<sup>th</sup> grade and Jackie 9<sup>th</sup> grade, we rode the bus to Dos Palos as there wasn't a high school in Firebaugh, it turned out to be a very social time as it was quite a ride. I met Billy Bob Culp and he invited me to a dance with Maddox Brothers and Rose as music. It was so much fun, we doubled with his friend Bailey Hale and Barbara Smith.

I tried out for cheerleader and got to be a cheerleader for Dos Palos Broncos. I cheered during the football season and then we moved again.

Back in Phoenix and another shack, it was in back of a 2<sup>nd</sup> hand store. I worked at a hamburger place on Van Buren. We finally moved to a duplex on Moreland Street. I got a

job as a mother's helper with a Jewish family. The Levy's, taking care of Jocelyn. I didn't start school right away and I continued to live with them. Mother found a place and a job at Frank Luke, a project, she had been working at American Linen, ironing and filling orders. Finally she worked up to an office job.

Daddy got a job as an orderly at County Hospital and we lived at Frank Luke which was located at 20<sup>th</sup> Street and Polk. I started 11<sup>th</sup> grade at Phoenix Tech. My best friend was Betty Goheen, I dated Bob Martin, he moved to California. I went with Clyde "Moose" Eldridge to a dance. Then Dick Fellers and kids from Indiana. I tried out for cheerleader and made it. Our uniforms were gray skirts and bolero with red satin long sleeved blouses. Our skirts were a little longer than all the other cheerleaders and we wanted them shorter, but never got them. Our school colors were silver and red. So that is why we used gray. The silver because it was a tech school and it represented industrial stuff.

I moved back home from the Levy's. There were two bedrooms, we three girls slept in one bedroom and mom and dad in the other one. There was a living room and kitchen. The kitchen had room to eat in it and a large pantry. We kept our wringer washer in the pantry and pulled it out to

the sink when we washed. There was a clothesline in the back yard. We lived on the end apartment so we also had a side yard. The kids would gather in the wide paved alley area and play ball a lot. I didn't get acquainted with a lot of people because I worked at the Phoenix Theater and went right after school. School was on 7<sup>th</sup> Street and Van Buren and I walked to 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. and Washington - ten blocks west and about three blocks south. Then I worked selling tickets until ten and then counted the money and filled out a sheet showing how many tickets were sold and hoped that I balanced out! One time I was over by \$20.00, I don't know what happened, but Mr. Ellis said we will just keep it separate and if you are ever short we will take it from there. There were times I would be off 35 cents or 50 cents. I've often wondered if maybe Mr. Ellis put that \$20.00 extra in my cash drawer to test my honesty now that I'm older.

I was able to let Jackie and Rita in free for the movies. I would give them a ticket at the window. Then tell the girl that takes tickets, not to tear it and bring it back to me to sell to the next person. It must have been a common practice, as the girl that trained me told me that was the way to do it for family. That way no one went



through the door without a ticket. I don't think Mr. Ellis probably approved it.

The movies changed two or three times a week. Rita loved the movies and during the summer she saw them all. She would come and see them over again. They were usually double features so she could spend the whole day if she wanted. We walked or took the bus. It was about 22 or 23 blocks from 19<sup>th</sup> and Polk to the theater and we walked it many times. Phoenix was a safe place then, and often it would 10:30 or 11:00 pm and we would walk home. Betty Goheen and I did it many times. The city bus station was only one block from the theater on Washington Street. People walked a lot more then, than they do now a days. I can't imagine walking that far on a daily basis now, (and not have it be just for exercise).

Finally it got to be too much for me so I quit the theater and tried to concentrate on school and cheerleading. Our school participated with all the other High Schools in a pageant called "The Masque of the Yellow Moon". It was presented in Montgomery Stadium. It may have been the last one held. I was active in Student Council and thoroughly enjoyed school. I had started to date Bob Thude a few times. On Thanksgiving Day Phoenix Tech and West High played a football game in the early

afternoon. I went with all the cheerleaders. We Won!! As we were walking to the bus stop a red pickup stopped and the guy asked if we wanted a ride. He took all of us, some in front and some in back. We were all happy and shouted that we won! He drove us to the bus station, as I got out of the back of the pickup he said to me, "Bobbie, do you want a ride home"? "I go past your house". I said "yes" and hopped in the front seat. After a block or so he said, "Where do you live"? I knew I had been had!! He said "I just wanted to get to know you, I'll take you right home." On the way he asked if I'd like to go to the big game between North High and Phoenix Union. Oh, it sounded like fun and he was such a nice boy and cute too. I had to run in and ask permission from my mother. I later found out that Johnny had to call his boss (he milked cows before and after school). It was Thanksgiving Day and he asked him to milk for him. Then he asked me to the football game! Precious Henry Dipple said yes, but he wanted to meet me some day. Well that was the last guy I dated. I met Henry and Betty Dipple and their kids and loved and respected them for the rest of their lives.

Johnny was originally from Michigan. His father, John Kerr Sr., had built a beautiful new dairy barn just about the time the great depression was getting over. His back

was hurting him so bad from lumbago. He didn't want to spend another winter milking cows in Michigan.

World War II was going on and John Sr. had heard that there were jobs in sunny warm Arizona. He and Margret had four children, Richard who was fifteen years old, Kathy who was twelve, Johnny who was ten and baby Mary. John said "if other people were making a living in Arizona, I know I can too."

They sold the barn, the cows, and farm machinery as well as most of their furniture. It was going to be a long trip so they bought a little house trailer, loaded it up with all their belongings and kids. Making sure to bring cases of milk for the baby (in case Arizona didn't have a supply).

There was a problem about tires to make the trip, since the war was going on, many things were rationed, tires being one of them. Sugar, gasoline, and even shoes and butter were rationed. Our country was very conservative and everyone stood shoulder to shoulder to do what they could.

Some neighbors of the Kerr's from their church came by and said "we aren't going to have to buy tires as we aren't going anywhere - you take the tires off the hay wagon in

case you need them, then you can put them on the train and ship them back to us". And that is what they did!

John Sr. had written to Phoenix and Glendale Chambers of Commerce and he had a map! John and Margret in the front seat holding baby Mary - the three big kids in the back. John driving pulling the little house trailer containing all their worldly good, the furniture, tires and cases of milk.

After arriving in Phoenix, John Sr. found a job at the Goodyear plant, it was used during the war effort. There was an aluminum plant at 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Van Buren. Also a part of the war effort.

Soon John missed the cows and bought a couple of different places including one on 16<sup>th</sup> Street and Thomas Road where Kathy and Johnny could have horses and a cow for their milk. Having cows in Arizona didn't seem as bad as in Michigan. They wouldn't be caked with mud and freezing cold.

The first Arizona dairy farm for the Kerr family was in Laveen. Besides doing chores, John started building barns. His oldest son Richard had gone in the Air Force, so Margret and Johnny did the milking. Everything seemed to be working well and a twenty acre place came up for sale

on Kyrene Road in Tempe. John built a barn and moved the family there.

By the time I met Johnny in high school we were 16 years old. The Kerr family had grown to seven children. The oldest was Richard who was twenty-one years old and the youngest was Jimmy at two years old. Two sisters, Jean and Pat, were born before Jimmy. Richard was interested in airplanes, and joined the U.S. Air Force. By then they had bought the twenty acres on Kyrene Road, one and a fourth miles south of Baseline Rd. John Sr. built a milking parlor type barn and brought his 25 or 30 cows from Laveen. That barn was in use for 25 years. John Sr. had made a name for himself building small dairy barns, there are still barns standing around the valley today if you know what to look for. Those barns are used for various storage spaces, birds build nests in them, or the wind just whistles through them.

Johnny Kerr and I got engaged February 1, 1950. He asked me and had the ring to seal the deal. His mother had helped him pick it out at "White and Wesleys", it's just Wesley's now, but still a fine store. On my birthday I got a big surprise. A cedar chest was delivered to our house as a "hope chest". It came from Dorris-Heyman and as I signed for it I saw that Margaret Kerr was the purchaser,

so I thought Johnny's mother bought it for me. When he came to take me out to go to church with his family, I just gushed and gushed and thanked her for the cedar chest. She said, "Johnny bought it. I just wrote the check". (He didn't have a checking account). He had listened to me all the way out there rave about the cedar chest, I was so embarrassed, I still have the cedar chest and inside it, it still has that wonderful cedar smell.

We were too young to be married in Arizona, so we found out you only needed to be 14 for a girl and 16 for a boy in Utah, so we started planning for a July wedding, since Johnny would have a birthday and be seventeen on July 9. We got parent's approval and had it notarized, then had blood tests and away we went. Leaving after midnight so we wouldn't be spending the night together before we were married!! Not an acceptable thing. We drove to St. George to get our license but had to go to Cedar City for all of the paper work. We found a Protestant church and were married in the parsonage by Pastor John Wilson, his wife and three grandchildren as witnesses. We spent our wedding night in Cedar City and our next night at Grand Canyon. Since we had never discussed money, at breakfast I asked him how much money we had. He said about \$20. I bought a little photo album as a souvenir. I had some money but not

\$20 and I was worried that we might not have enough for gas and food to get back home. I didn't find out till we were almost to Phoenix that he had been joking with me "again". We stopped at the Polar Bar and had a wonderful hamburger and a zombie to celebrate our return. The Polar Bar was one of Phoenix's first drive in dining places.

We had a wonderful time. We started out in a one room made over a garage. We had our meals with Johnny's family, which was a zoo for me with all the kids of different ages. We also used the bathroom in their house. We lived there about a year and they started the little house for us to live in. It was two rooms and a bath. It was 24 feet by 24 feet. As our boys grew up and married they all have lived in the "little house." The house has had many starts for many people. Many grand kids and aunts and uncles, friends have enjoyed it. All of us worked on it under the supervision of Johnny's dad. Jerry was born 14 months later.

Johnny was custom cutting hay out at Lone Butte, he would leave at 3:30 in the morning and be gone all day. A lot of times he would bring home a pheasant that he had run over with the mower. He would have it all picked and cleaned. I'd boil it up and send pheasant sandwiches for him the next day.

We lived there about six months after Jerry was born. Then Johnny's dad got itchy feet and wanted to try a cooler climate. They started sending for real estate catalogs, one place sounded beautiful, so the family packed up and headed up there. They wrote us and told us to come up to Oregon, it was beautiful and cool. That began another chapter in our lives.

It was a big move for us. I don't remember what we did with our meager bit of furniture, a table and chair set (chrome dinette, it was yellow), a bed, a rocking chair and the "cedar chest". The cedar chest fit into the back seat of our black Chrysler, we covered it with pillows and blankets and filled it with our clothes, pots and pans. It made a bed for Jerry and our dog Bootsie. My mother was very sad to see us go, as it was the first time our family had been divided so far away and her only grandchild too. When we got to Eugene the place the Kerr's Sr. went to see had been taken off the market.

The people that owned the property had decided not to sell but they had a second house that they would let the Kerr's live in. It was beautiful and everything was green. Kathy was home for the summer and was along for the trip. Kathy and the teenage daughter became life long friends. Tiny was her name.



The house wasn't quite big enough for Johnny and Jerry and me too. So we rented a little house in town. Johnny got a job driving a combine on a farm. After we all stayed about a month or six weeks, Mr. Kerr decided it was time to go back to Phoenix, as school would be starting soon. Richard came up in a brand new car, so we all decided to drive across the top of the USA and visit Grandma and Grandpa Hartrick. So we did, all of us and Bootsie too! We tried disposable diapers on the trip, it was awful, they had just came out and were like Kleenex and they just disintegrated when they got wet, it was better than hauling wet diapers all day and trying to wash in a motel at night, but not much better.

We had a nice visit with Johnny's grandparents, and then headed home. The family dairy had been rented out to a family (the Schaeffers) before we left, so we really had no place to go. We had 12-15 cows and they were rented out too. Johnny got a job milking cows for Emil Rovey in Glendale. The first day he had to haul the milk into town in milk cans and crates of eggs - oops, he went over the railroad a little too fast and broke lots of eggs. Mr. Rovey said, "Well, it probably won't happen again".

The house there was a typical workers shack, but I was experienced in that!! We painted, got curtains and we were

proud of it. The cracks between the boards on the floor let grass poke through, but not after we got a linoleum rug and put it on the floor.

Jerry was creeping and crawling around and beginning to walk so the linoleum was really nice. He had his first birthday there. All the Kerr's and all the Callaway's came for a party. Jerry had lots of aunts, Mary Jean, Pat and Kathy, Jackie and Rita. Usually when they all came out one of them would spend the night, or when we went in there one would come home with us. They were so much help, as they would play with Jerry while I cooked and did things around the house. We did have a fenced yard and I was thankful for that. There were thousands of laying hens in cages only 30 or 40 feet from our house. So we got used to the "chicken smell".

One day Henry and Betty Dipple came to see us. His milker had quit and they wanted Johnny to come milk for them. Remembering the favor that Henry did for Johnny on that Thanksgiving Day we gave Mr. Rovey notice and went to live on Canal Drive on Henry's place. It was a shack that had been re-modeled, wasn't bad on the inside, but surrounded by Tamarack trees and lots of scorpions. We sprayed and sprayed, we stayed with Henry and Betty a few days, then they went to Prescott a few more days to church

camp, so when they got back we went in and swept up the scorpions. We had to park our car across a drain ditch and go over a bridge to get to the house. One day I had been to get groceries, I took a small load and Jerry into the house and went back to get another load. When I got back I couldn't find Jerry, I searched the house, then heard a faint cry, the wind was blowing but I went to the bridge and looked down and there he was stuck head first just above water in a bush along the bank. I snatched him and just left the rest of the stuff in the car. I realized just how fast a little one could disappear. We bought a couch to go along with our rocking chair and felt we had a complete house. One of my high school girlfriends came out to visit and was appalled at how we were living. I could see that we were looking at things with different eyes, I was happy. My friend's name was Betty Goheen.

One day a man from our church came and told us the Schaffers were moving in next to them. They were the people that had been renting the farm from Johnny's dad and our fifteen cows. They were planning to just move and not tell anyone. Johnny went over and talked to them as they were loading up. There was not going to be anyone to milk the cows. Johnny's dad had about thirty-five head and Johnny and I had fifteen head so there would have been a

lot of cows bawling to get fed and milked. Johnny's dad didn't want to come back into the dairy business, as he was building houses and barns for other people and making a very good living. Occasionally working for other builders. He said he would rent the farm to us for the same as he rented to the Schaffers, so we moved the next day. Henry Dipple understood and was happy to see us get started on our own. We eventually got a loan from Sam Miner and bought all the cows from Johnny's dad. We rented the farm for twelve years. We started a savings account and put every cent we could spare as we wanted to someday own our own place. We made an agreement with ourselves, not to take any money from our savings once we put it in. By the time we saved enough money for a down payment on the farm we had three sons, Jerry, David and Bill. They lived on that farm for twenty-five years.

In 1956 David Eddien was born in Tempe, delivered by the same doctor as Jerry was, Dr. Phole. By then we had added a room on the house by dragging the little room that Johnny and I lived in (that had once been a garage) and attached it to the house, cut a doorway and it became a room for Jerry. The original house was small and I'm amazed at how my mother-in-law Margret managed with her family in it. They did use the garage for some kids and

Mr. Kerr to sleep in. There was one bedroom, kitchen and living room. The house had been built before indoor bathroom plumbing. Someone had built a bathroom on and a washroom. The tub was salvaged from somewhere and had been in a fire. The tub was painted inside with white paint that peeled when you took a bath. It was a definite "add on". There was not a lock of any kind on the door. It was a swinging door opening both ways. It was my most terrifying place to be, taking a bath or going potty! It would have been so easy to put a hook of some kind as I look back. I don't remember anyone ever walking in on me, but I always thought they would.

I learned to help Johnny with feeding the cows, drive tractors and most anything he needed. As the boys grew up they had little jobs too. Jerry started by scrapping the barn with a snow shovel and helping carry milking utensils out after the evening milking to the lawn beside the barn where Johnny hosed them down before washing with hot soapy water. One day Johnny had set up the equipment to start to milk and couldn't find a stainless steel spigot that all the milk had to pass through to get into the milk cans. So he came in and woke Jerry up at 3:30 am and asked him if he knew where the spigot was, he said yes, and he went out in the grass next to the barn and found it for him. We had a

lawn swing out there and he spent the rest of the night sleeping out there. He thought it was a real adventure. The barn was open about four feet so the lights were on and Johnny always had country music playing so Jerry felt safe and he could see Johnny walking back and forth milking. Still it was an adventure.

We have movies of David driving the tractor in the field with Johnny picking up hay bales on to a trailer. That would have been my job except I was eight months pregnant and Jerry was in school. As I look back and figure, David was only four years old. Johnny would put the tractor in the lowest gear, just crawling, and then he would go back to the trailer and load bales. David could steer just perfect. One day I couldn't find David, we had a fenced yard, and I searched inside and out, finally found him under a lemon tree sound asleep with little tractors and road graders.

Billy was born August 28, 1960. Johnny had never been present for the boy's births, always had to go home and milk, as we never had anyone to milk. Bert Tuttle started helping fork in the feed that the cows threw out of the manger and helped us for many years, but hadn't started milking yet. I told Johnny that I wanted him to stay for this baby! I went to the hospital in the morning and had

him in the afternoon and Johnny was there. Along with my mother and Rita.

I never learned to put my baby boys down to bed and just let them cry a bit to get to sleep. I rocked them to sleep, then they would wake up and I'd rock them some more. If they fussed a little I was up and gave them a bottle, no matter how late or how many times. As I watched my daughters-in-law teach their little ones to sleep and fuss a little I realized that most of the time they settled back down on their own. It is better for both mothers and babies!

Our three sons were the joy of my life. I was only eighteen when I had Jerry and twenty-three when David was born. I was twenty-seven when Bill was born, so we were pretty young parents. Most of my childcare experience had been with Jackie and Rita, no boy experience at all. They soon gave me my experience, as I was the only "girl" in the family.

We did Cub Scouts, Sunday school, learning to read and manners. Our boys, all three, have kind and loving hearts. They are fair in their dealings and know the Lord Jesus as Savior. They are respectful to both their dad and me and also to others. We raised our three sons on the dairy farm in the Tempe/Kyrene area. We were all active in 4-H and

started showing our sheep in Arizona and California. By then Bert Tuttle had started to milk and we had college students to help on the dairy, so we could all get away for the Del Mar Fair. The boys took sand type toys and played at the edge of the racetrack. We rented camp trailers and they had little jockey quarters on skids they moved around for the exhibitors to sleep in. We brought army cots, sleeping bags, we were there a week. We tried to go to the beach every day. Sometimes I would go spend a night or two with my friend Marge Harward, her mother had a house right on the beach. Johnny and the boys were comfortable at the fair, but the shower was right across from the barns and the driveway between was very busy. The showers were open from the top, I just wasn't comfortable with that.

Jerry's best friend Ricky Evans and he shared lots of times together. Jerry always liked to play basketball and made the freshman team when he started Tempe Union High School, then made the team and played all four years there. David played basketball too, Johnny had installed a backboard in our driveway so that was the after the chores thing Johnny and the boys did. They played "shoot baskets" and "horse".

We were outgrowing the house so we added a new front room across the width of the house. Made the old front



room into a bedroom and a dining room. Billy was two or three years old. We were sitting at the picnic table on the north side of the house, someone had left the ladder to the roof against the house on the south side. We looked up and Billy's little head peeked over the top of the roof. Johnny ran around the house and up the ladder to get him off. There were loose shingles all over as they were replacing the roof.

About the time Billy was beginning to walk we bought a wonderful fiberglass over wood boat. It was the first time for us to buy a boat, so we didn't know about getting a clear title to it. When we went to register it we found out there was a \$1,400 lien on it. We were scared to death as we only paid \$700 cash for it. We called the man (a Mr. Weidner) and he went to his bank and got it straightened out. We enjoyed the boat so much. We fished and camped and even learned to water ski with it. That was after a little old man that Johnny helped load his boat gave us a ski he had found in the lake after a busy holiday. It looked brand new, we called around and found a place that sold them and ordered one to go with it. They were red and white stripped fiberglass. We skied many a mile on them. All of us learned on them. Johnny cut a piece of plywood to pull behind the boat for David and Billy and they rode

it for miles too. When Jerry got good at kicking off one ski and skiing that way. He wanted an O'Brien concaved ski. We got him one for his birthday then we all learned to ski on it. We taught so many people to ski behind that old boat. Billy grew up playing along the banks, building little dams and catching minnows and putting them in the dams, he was so content to just paddle around with me on the bank until he was about six or seven. By that time David had out grown the board and was skiing on the Slalom doing fancy tricks like Jerry. Johnny used the boat as a fishing boat going fishing with Tommy and Bud Owens, Charlie Saylor, Mac Owens and Ray John - (a great bunch of men). When one could get away to go fishing, they'd call one or two of the others and away they'd go. Sometimes they would spend the night, sometimes they'd go for an afternoon and evening. Soon the boys were all skiing on the Slalom and wanting to go faster. Johnny bought a fiberglass boat, IMP, with a 50 horse Evinrude motor. From then on all our spare time was at the lake. A few times we went camping near Kohl's Ranch in Payson with John Eads and family. Our boys missed going to church camps, I've always regretted not sending them at least once, but we thought they were getting a lot of fun times together with us.

With skiing, fishing, camping and the fairs we did have some wonderful fun times.

David took up the trumpet in 8<sup>th</sup> grade and playing in the band at school. They played for graduation, David gave a speech "I am proud to be an American". He had a good speech, but he really had to work on the last line "I am proud to be an American" - too much "an am" together. All three boys did well in public speaking and I got to listen and critique them. They were all outstanding in FFA and all received their American Farmer Degree. Bill was always interested in birds, but somehow he couldn't say bird nest. He would ask me to help him say it right. I've mentioned before that our boys all had tender hearts. I remember there was a boy in Jerry's high school that was a little strange looking, the other kids kind of made fun of him. Jerry was nice to him and boy really adored Jerry, then we found out he was the son of one of the men that had charge of delivering our irrigation water from SRP. The dad was grateful for Jerry being nice to his son. One time when we were coming home from the L.A. County Fair we stopped at Jack-in-the-Box or McDonalds. As we were eating we noticed a Mexican man going into garbage taking it to a table to eat. As we left David walked pass the table and put \$5.00 on it and just kept walking. It made Johnny and me ashamed

that we hadn't thought to do it ourselves. I was surprised that David had any money left after we had been to the fair. It may well have been his last money. When you have raised a boy that would do that, you are rightfully proud. David is still very giving, I know full well that David would give the shirt off his back if he saw someone in need of it.

Jerry, David and Billy all graduated from Kyrene and Jerry and David from Tempe High. Between Bill's 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade we moved to Buckeye. It was the day after David graduated from high school. It was hard times for all of us to leave our very special home we had lived in so long. Bill's 7<sup>th</sup> grade class had planned a trip to the Grand Canyon for the summer and especially invited him to go, even after we'd moved. They gave him a basketball with all their names signed on it. I remember that as the other boys drove tractors, cut feed, fed the cows, cleaned the barn, he became the calf feeder. We had grown to about 80 cows and they have babies every year, so it had grown into a job. The word "job" was always shared with Johnny and the boys, they all worked together, helping out where needed. Johnny loved the farm and the work and it gave him pleasant times with the boys. Most boys have to wait until their dad gets off work to be able to spend time with him.

Jerry, David and Bill actually grew up with Johnny on the job. It could have been their motto "working together can be fun". Many times I'd looked out my kitchen window and see them taking a break from emptying the cesspool down at the barn or scraping the corrals. They always found something to lighten them up. They shot baskets, threw dry cow pies at each other. They had a baseball diamond in the lawn around the barn. One of the bases was where a guy wire went into the ground. One time David grabbed the wire and let it go as he headed for the next base and it swung into the transformer, sparks went everywhere and all the power went off! When SRP came to fix it with their flashing lights David was so scared. He said, "Momma, are they going to take me to jail"? I assured him that it was an accident and that the men were there to fix it. We all sat on the old lawn swing and watched.

As the boys grew older I would be watching from my kitchen window facing the barn and holding pens and could hardly tell the boys from the dad. They all worked in white tee shirts and Levis. The boys never had a big wardrobe, usually five or six shirts, a pair of Levis on and a pair in the laundry and a pair in the drawer. Of course this was after they all dressed almost like Tarzan in white training pants. (Which they all wore until they

were about school age). Jerry once asked me when I was buying new "training" pants for them if that was what the "train men" work. They wore those pants and went barefooted all the time. Only wearing shorts and Levis when they left the farm. Their little brown bodies and Clorox bleached training pants, white tee shirts made laundry easy for me and ironing too.

We attended church regularly and in those days you didn't dress "casually" in flip-flops and shorts, so they always had some "dress clothes" and shoes for Sunday. What a life!!! There were birthday parties, bar-b-q's and watermelon busts, homemade ice cream parties. The kids all ran wild, playing hide and seek, the adults just sat and visited. We hosted lots of church parties and pot lucks because we had a big yard and room for the kids to roam. The big yard was one of the chores that had to be dealt with of course, mowing with a push gasoline mower. It was done every Saturday and I don't remember the boys grumbling about it as they wanted our place to look nice. Johnny always planted flowers around the barn. There were two orange trees and two large lemon trees in the front of the house. People would stop and get lemons from us. They were almost the size of grapefruit. One lemon would make two or three lemon pies. I used to bake lots of lemon and

elderberry and apple pies. The boys would say, "Mom, you ought to enter these pies in the fair"! That was a great compliment to me! I never did enter the pies at the fair. Just knowing my family liked them and thought I'd win was like a blue ribbon to me!

We only played board games and marble games occasionally, the boys were more for action type games. One of the games was played in our living room. The room was 30 x 12 so we devised this game that consisted of getting on the floor and batting a ball back and forth. The ball was a heavy plastic ball about 8 inches in diameter. With one boy at one end and Johnny at the other end. It started out as kind of rolling the ball back and forth, but as they got older they would really smack the ball! I don't remember how they kept score. This game usually took place when they all come in from chores and I was finishing getting dinner or after dinner, as I was loading the dishwasher. I could hear them yell and slap the ball and laugh. I came across that old ball recently - it had gotten smaller and harder as the plastic shrunk. I don't know if some of the air got out, or if it's all the same air just compressed. Things change and so do we.

Jerry graduated from Mesa Community College and ASU, and married Christy Todd. They had Jeremy, they lived in

the "little house" where Johnny and I lived when we had Jerry. Jerry had taken ROTC at ASU and went into the Air Force as a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant. They were stationed first at Williams Air Force Base in Chandler, then to Pease Air Force Base in New Hampshire. Jerry and Christy have six children. Jeremy, Kimberly, Johnny, Katie, Christopher and Andy.

When David was in high school, he got his first pick-up. It was a blue truck and he kept it spotless. In his senior year he wanted to move into the "little house", since it was vacant, since Jerry and Christy had moved out. David had taken a course in high school called "Bachelor Survival" and he felt very confident that he could handle things. I don't remember any incidents that were problems.

As the growth around Tempe was spreading to the farms, we could see farming as we were used to, was not going to be possible along Kyrene Road. So we started looking for a place further out. The ad in the paper read 80 acres and a three bedroom black house in Buckeye area. Johnny's mother said they'd looked out Buckeye way when they first came to Arizona and it was awful dusty and hot. Well the black house sounded terrible to me, but it was a price we could afford so we went to look at it. It was on Dean Rd, as we turned off the pavement of Highway 85 onto Dean it was



deeply rutted with tire tracks into the dirt, since there had been a rain a few days before. As we drove down toward the house I was relieved to see it wasn't a black house, but a "block" house. It was a nice looking green house, three bedrooms and two baths. The fields were covered in alkali, but Johnny said he thought it could be farmed. After a few trips back and forth, we bought it. Billy was just going into 8<sup>th</sup> grade when we bought it. He came out with Johnny and me one day and picked up a hand full of powdery alkali dirt and said, "Dad, do you think this will grow anything"? It was a pretty sad looking farm. We moved the "little house" from Tempe since it was truly our first home and Jerry and Christy's first home too. The Roy Dean House Movers brought it over for us. It has now been added on to and has two bedrooms, living room, dining room and kitchen. David and David Morgan (who was milking for us) and Jon Lamarr and sometimes Chris John lived in the "little house" after it got hooked up to power and water and that took awhile.

FDR I believe said it, "there is nothing to fear but fear itself". Our move to Buckeye scared me to death! I didn't know how we were going to make the farm payments, buy cows and build a barn and corral and pay for them. I also wondered about the alkali. Then I was worried about

myself being accepted into the community. When I went into the Kyrene community I was only seventeen years old. All the ladies were so helpful and friendly, now I was forty and I was afraid that they would expect me to know everything! Worry really took me over, I lost weight and I'm sure if I'd gone to a doctor he would have said I had depression. I didn't go and after about three months I started seeing a little hope. Bloom where you are planted is my motto. By December I felt like it was time to have a party. I invited the Aja's, the Meck's (he was mayor at the time) and some others from church. I made little gingerbread houses out of graham crackers and decorated one for each family. We had a great time. I went and visited Martha Davidson, our pastor's wife from our old church in Tempe. I told her how I felt, she took a good looks at me and said, "don't you think Johnny is worried about taking on this financial burden"? "And now he has to worry about you as you've lost all this weight, you need to be a help mate"! It was like a light clicked in my head. I left there feeling like wonder woman. Now a days you could say I got my groove back.

Things really started looking up. A neighbor came over and wanted to rent our farmland and work it while we were building the barn and corrals. During the time the

barn was built, Johnny stayed in Buckeye and David, Billy and I stayed in Tempe. They were in school and did the chores before and after school. Then on the weekends they went out to Buckeye and did what they could. David and some of his friends knew how to weld and do other construction. Johnny came home and looked things over in Tempe. We bought the Buckeye place in October 1973 - we milked the first cow on May 3, 1974. (Margret Kerr's birthday). It was a very busy seven months getting things ready. Johnny's mom and dad came back to Phoenix to live, they moved into the house and did some re-modeling while there. It was so good to have them stay in the house because there were no close neighbors and they stacked valuable pipes, wiring and cement blocks. It was good to have lights on at night and activity around.

David graduated one day and we moved the next. The last few days we'd been batching with just our beds and an electric skillet. When we drove out with the last load, I didn't even look back. I had a feeling that it was going to be great and that I was going to bloom! - And I did!! I became a board member for the Maricopa County Fair and with Billy playing basketball and going to all the games we began to meet people.

David and Paula Aja married and five years later had Davey. Somehow the marriage didn't work out and they both remarried. David had two girls, Jacque and Jessie and by choice and love, Jeff. By that time Billy met and married Sine Rohrback. They ended up having four children - Wesley, Meagan, Erin and Julie Ann.

I just kept going, no empty nest syndrome for me. I did a little cable TV show for our church - "The Bobbie Kerr Show". Had the ladies Bible Study in our home. We had an annual bar-b-q with over 200 people. I got some grandbaby sitting done too. - And I was afraid to move to Buckeye!? It's afforded Johnny and me the opportunity to have all three sons and their families close by. All our grandchildren are named Kerr, at least until they marry. There are a bunch of us and we're doing just fine!

The John Kerr Dairy was among the earliest members of the United Dairymen of Arizona. Johnny served on the Board of Directors for thirty-two years.

Our affiliation with the Arizona State Fair began in the 1950's with John as Swine Superintendent, then becoming Sheep and Goat Superintendent. The division grew so much it was eventually divided into two divisions. Johnny took the sheep division and I took the goats. The livestock exhibits continued to grow and a Livestock Director

position was created which was given to Johnny. His job also included overseeing the dairy and small stock competitions. I kept busy by taking both the Sheep and Goat Superintendent positions as the animals were at the Fair on different Days. Both of us were always there for 4-H and FFA week supporting the youth exhibitors.

We began to travel as far away as Chicago to show our sheep. Johnny also became a judge; covering lots of territory in Arizona, California and even Alaska. After visiting other livestock shows around the country; we decided to approach the Arizona National Livestock Show about including sheep in their all beef show. We felt the Arizona National was a high class beef show and one of the finest livestock shows in what they did for their exhibitors. The event already had "livestock show" in the name so there would be no need to change the brand. Johnny and I approached Director Nellie Stevenson about including sheep in the show. We felt the addition of sheep would increase participation and make the event a full-fledged livestock show.

I was a member of the Maricopa County Fair Board and helped reorganize it from a 4-H Fair to a full-fledged County Fair. My one regret in moving from Tempe to Buckeye

is that I always have to drive home from the fairgrounds facing into the sun.

Approval was given for both sheep and swine at the Arizona National and Nellie asked Johnny and I to set up the classes for the show. I was nervous about taking on that job as I had never worked out of the home. I was given a portable typewriter and everything was typed up on note cards.

In addition to the show classes; we wanted a sheep riding event that included four to six year olds. Mariam Loughead suggested the name "Little Buckaroo" and a new style of rodeo was born at the Livestock Show. We designed and built the original chutes for the event and they were used for over twenty-five years. We also began a Ladies Lead in the sheep division. There was a class for adult ladies and one for 4-H and FFA members. Very high fashion wool clothing was modeled along with lambs dressed to match.

We created a Farm Tour at both State and County Fairs. Our goal was to tell and show Fair attendees that everything we eat and wear comes from the farm. Johnny always said you would be surprised how even a lot of grownups didn't know much about farming. The Farm Tours

make education fun and it is a way for the whole family to be educated together.

One innovative idea we had at the State Fair one year was a purple cow. A white Holstein with black ears was dyed purple. The cow was a big hit and news spread to California and Texas - even New York as NBC News called for an interview on Good Morning America. As people passed the exhibit they often recited the famous old poem, "I Never Saw a Purple Cow."

Johnny retired from the dairy in January 2001; however, we continued our involvement in the Livestock Show and Fairs. Johnny said, "There's no reason not to keep doing what you enjoy."

Johnny and I always supported youth in agriculture. Both the Tempe and Buckeye High School FFA programs named Johnny as Honorary Chapter Farmer as well as FFA Agriculturalist of the Year. In 2007, the Arizona Agriculture Day Committee selected Johnny and I as Honorary Chair Couple of the event. This was only the second time in the Ag Day history that the Honorary Chair position was shared by a couple. The committee noted "for generations, farming families succeeded because both husband and wife put in the long hours and hard work that characterize a life in agriculture." The Dairy Council and the Arizona

Exposition and State Fair also honored us in appreciation for sixty years of support and service. In honoring us, they noted "Hundreds of thousands of Arizonans were introduced to agriculture through the Kerr's long association with the Fair. Their Farm Tour lets everyone know - there is no such thing as fast food - just ask a farmer." We were inducted into the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame in 2010 as they proclaimed "Together the Kerr's developed a heritage in sheep and dairy enterprises that have endured."

The Arizona Farm Bureau honored Johnny and I in 2012 for "decades of service, encouraging children, promoting the dairy industry and educating the public about agriculture." We were especially honored to have the 2013 Arizona National Livestock Show dedicated to us for "our integrity and dedication that contributed to new and innovative ideas to make the Livestock Show the success it is today."

Johnny passed away on September 14, 2013. I'm thankful to God, for all things that have come into my life - - learn from the bad things and enjoy the good things. I'm thankful that all three of our sons know the Lord as their Savior. They all have tender and generous hearts.

What more could a mother wish for!



P.S. I picked out a real good dad for them, and a wonderful husband for me.



## **JACK GABLE**

### **FAMILY TIME-LINE**

#### **JACK'S GREAT GRANDFATHER C.W. PETERSON AND GABLE RANCH HISTORY**

Charles and Hyrum Peterson left Colville, Utah in 1878 for Mesa, Ariz. Peterson, Lewis and Hobson families made the trip.

Mr. Hobson had 1 wagon and a 4 horse team—his brother Nathan had 1 wagon and a 2 horse team. Mrs. John M Lewis (Mr. Hobson and my mother -in law) and her family composed of 8 children , with 1 wagon and single yoke of oxen.— Myself and wife with 3 small children, and my brother Hyrum. We had 1 wagon and a 4 horse team and 1 wagon and 2 yoke of oxen. I also had 24 head of cows that we were driving loose. Hobson's had horses so went ahead. Took 6 weeks to make the trip. We average about 10 miles a day so took us 3 months.

Left to Colville for Salt Lake, laid over a few days - sold calves to buy provisions for the trip. In upper Kanab my wife's youngest sister passed away and buried there. Eve Lewis died of membranes croup. Reached the Colorado River on Dec. 24. Ate Christmas dinner there. Swam the cattle across and ferried the wagons. Took all day. The next day pulled up over Lee's backbone but had to rough lock the

rear wheels to come down. It took 2 days and nights to reach Willow Springs -laid over to rest. This cost us 17 head of our cattle -2 of our work oxen were among that number. They had licked alkali and died. We had to press some of our cows into pulling the wagons to replace the oxen. At Bumblebee Warren was given a puppy but got run over and died.

On Jan 31 1879 we made our camp in Mesa. The Pomeroy's, Sirrine's and Hobson's had arrived earlier and were living in their wagons, bowers and brush sheds. They and the Petersons, Lewis, Blair. And the Standages settled Mesa and began to clean out the old Indian canals for irrigation water.

### **JACK'S GRANDFATHER**

When I was 15 I was freighting fruit and butter from Mesa to Globe-trip took 2 weeks often alone driving 4 horses. Apaches on warpath -one night an Indian showed up in camp. I told younger brother get gun but do nothing- Indian dug rock out of horse's foot and left.

1895 Father called on mission to Ireland -Gone 2 years-I was left to care for Mother and 7 children. A year after he returned I was called on a mission to the southern U.S. for 2 years. When released returned to marry Grandma, Marion Armenia Standage, hoping the cattle I had

in the Superstition Mtns. would give me a start. But a drought had only left about 10%.—so decided to move to Arlington in 1900. At first farmed and made cheese, bought more land quit making cheese. Lived in tent house until bought the store in 1908 and moved into house there. We have Ledgers on the ranch and store from 1908–1968. Used the 07 brand until 1903 when reg. WP. Until 1916 bought Flower Pot, Lazy AK(Arlington cattle) Co and Bar cross from Evans thru Flowerpot Cattle Co. Used Flower Pot brand after that and used the WP on horses. The Flowerpot range ran from the south about Gila Bend and north about Wickenburg and west to Agua Caliente and east to Phoenix.

**FROM HERE ON I WILL BE TELLING THE STORY—JACK C. GABLE**

In 1935 the Government established the Division of Grazing and B.L.M. to establish grazing rights on the government lands. They set up a community allotment in Arlington and allotted it to the following—Gene Jagow—Bill Jagow—Tony Kreager—(Roy Francis Joe O'Connell) and C.W.Peterson. This was operated, this way until 1945 when Carter and I returned from the Air Force. At this time we requested a meeting to split up the community allotment. This was done and we agreed to build a fence to separate my

grandfather's 49% from the rest of the allotment. This was about 190 sections called the Gable-Ming Allotment. At this time the only improvements on the ranch were 4 C.C.C. dirt tanks-Jagow-Peterson-Galletta-and Berger. There were 5 wells Ming's -Volcanic-Mullens cut-and 2 wells on Parker Deeded ground. Since we have drilled and equipped 8 wells, 7 with windmills and 1 submersible and capped another well for future use. We have split the ranch into 2 pastures and built approximately 51 miles of fence.

They lived until 1914 in Arlington at which time 4 children were born.-Erwin, Ethel Grace and Iva. They then moved to Phoenix so the children could get a better education. They bought a house at 2141 W. Washington Street. Gail and Marion were born there. I Jack C. Gable and Warren Carter Gable were also born at this address. My Grandmother Peterson and my Grandfather Gable also died here. This house is still standing in good repair in 2013. The streetcar line ended at 22nd Street so we only had a block to run back to the house after watching a scary movie.

Some of the offices that he held were:--

Served his church from 1898-1947

Arlington Post Master -1907---1913

12 -1/2 years as county supervisor

State tax Commissioner-23 years

35 years secretary of Arlington Canal Co.

Organized the Buckeye Bank and served as a director

Charter member of Arizona Cattle Growers and served 2 years as president.

Died August 13 1964 89years old.

At this time the R.R. stopped at the Hassayampa River and in 1926 the R.R. was built on to Wellton. The R.R. built section houses about every 6 miles and built a stockyards at Arlington and at Hargra about 6 miles west of Craig. There was a school room in a caboose where my step-grandmother taught school and I would sometimes go with her. The R.R. would transport the kids from the other section houses by manual pump cars. My grandfather and Lars Anderson installed scales at the stockyards at Hassayampa to weigh cattle, charging .10 cents a head. The trouble with this was the Buckeye Irrigation Canal was only about 200 yards from the stockyards and the cattle would get in the canal being hot and thirsty from the drive so, the fight was on at weigh up over shrink. The train was always late so I crawled up on the crosspiece and went to sleep. The train came along and blew the whistle and I rolled into the cattle. I was probably about 5 or 6 at the time. Usually the R.R. would call us when to expect the

cattle. Maybe 3:00 o'clock in the morning--No train--we would call in and they had unloaded at Buckeye as the time had run out that they could keep the cattle on board. Every so many hours they had to unload and feed and water. Arlington stockyards where we were waiting were just about 10 or 12 miles down the track. The other story about the stockyards at Buckeye was during World War 1 the cavalry was receiving re-mount horses there. So the story goes the local cowboys would gather up a bunch of wild horses to sell them. The only requirement was that you had to prove they had been ridden. So they would buck each one out and bring him back to the Army to accept. I am sure some new recruit got many a surprise. When I got my request to report to the Air Force in 1943 the Stockyards and Depot were still there.

When Carter and I were in about the 7th or 8th grade, Milton Reed at Salome was having trouble gathering some Tovrea steers as they would stampede every time he would put them together. So about 30 or so ended up on the ranch. My granddad notified Milton that he would send them to Courthouse Well. He hired Ed Oliver to drive them back and he took Carter and I with him. WE were gone about 2 weeks or so and rode the same horse and wore the same clothes the whole time. We would ride our horse off into a tank and swim out the other side get back and drip dry. When we got



through shipping at Salome Milton called Carter and I into his Office and informed us that he had not hired us but gave us a \$5.00 bill a piece. We were very rich. To pay Ed Oliver he told him he could stop at Courthouse Well and trap wild horses for his pay. We trapped at Courthouse Well until we had 6 or 7 horses, left the next day and only got to Mullen's Cut with 1 or 2 head -- slept on ground and got to Arlington the next day. When we shipped at Salome we had so many cattle that they would not fit in the corrals so we had to have a hold up outside and bring cattle as needed to the corrals. One morning we were camped at Lone Mountain Well and I was so sleepy that I put salt instead of sugar in my coffee and suffered all day from thirst. Also about this time Ted Olea one of the cowboy's wife who taught school at Salome would come to camp and make rice pudding in the Dutch oven. Man was that ever a treat after all week eating cowboy cooking. One day Milton took me with him back to Courthouse Well to trap. The next morning he showed me where he had run some trapped cattle over my bed roll while I was asleep and then tracks just missed my head and I never woke up. In those days a lot of people would just leave their homesteads and leave everything there. At Courthouse Well there was a long rifle hanging on the wall and I wanted to take it home but they

wouldn't let me but the next time we were there it was gone. We were so young that they would split us up between different cowboys to ride herd on us. The day that Milton took me to Courthouse Well he sent Carter to work with August Nord. He remembers August's horse with a bridle that still had the blinders on it and thought this very strange. This trip was a very wonderful experience for such young boys and we have always appreciated the fact that Mother and Dad had always cut us enough slack to do these things. She had to worry about us all the time; today they would arrest her for child abuse.

One time the Round-Up crew was working at Mullen's Cut and the truck would take out supplies on the weekend. When Carter and I were about school age we would ride the truck to Mullen's Cut to spend the week end with the cowboys. This trip when Ernie Lyles, the cow boss, served our breakfast he put the egg shells on our plate and said that we did not waste anything so we had to eat it. The cowboy's shells were gone so we assumed they ate theirs. So Carter and I tried to eat ours. Then that night Ernie took us Snipe hunting. The cowboys would hoot like owls and we were supposed to answer with our names. Carter couldn't say his name too well so Ernie would make him repeat it again. It came out something like Wooble Wooble Wego. The cowboys

left us so Ernie cut us some sticks and told us to beat them in their bed rolls. Which we did. Later that trip they were trapping at night. And one night there was a large commotion at the gate. In those days there were a lot of wild horses and burros on the desert. What had happened was some cows came in but in the bunch was a burro so when they slammed the gate to corral them he made a break for it and knocked himself out on the gate. When they were all standing around looking at the burro by Kerosene lantern light he recovered and put them all to flight. At one time Milton Reed came into Mullen's Cut when my Uncle Pete and Aunt Norris were staying there. He asked her how many Doves they needed for dinner. I think she said 26 or 28. Anyhow Milton took his shotgun and fired once and got the 28 or 29. In those days there wasn't a lot of water holes so that game would congregate around what there was. The ground would be covered with Dove or Quail.

We had a Baseball Diamond that we crossed with the cattle to get to the canal and then on to the corrals. The mature cattle would cross but, the calves would hold back so would have to rope them and drag them across. I was holding the cattle that crossed and could hear my Granddad saying a few cuss words like Damn and Hell. As we started to drive off I asked why he told us not to cuss but he did.

He said that you should never take the Lord's name in vain but he made some allowance's for people in the livestock business.

Another time we were working the Centennial Brush Thickets. I was leading my Uncle Gail's horse as he was afoot driving the cattle out of the brush. The lead rope got under my horses tail and he bucked me off. Carter was following me and we were about school age. I landed in a sand pile head first and started crying as I thought I was blind. The horses forked a tree and the rope hung on my saddle and jerked the rigging out of my saddle and stopped Gail's horse. My horse came out the other side and Grandpa brought him back and got us going again. At this time Carter was riding his favorite horse Peacock and he got separated from our Uncle Pete. When he caught up to Carter, Peacock had decided to head for home. Anyhow Pete rode up to Carter and asked if he was lost and Carter said no he was not lost that Pete was lost.

My Grandfather operated this ranch. At the same time working his political jobs, until 1945 at which time my dad H.C. Gable leased the ranch in 1945 as Carter and I were getting out of the Air force. In 1951 Carter and I leased the ranch until 1960. We then sub-leased the ranch to Shag Rogers and Carter went to work at The Arlington Cattle Co

and I went to work for W.T. Waggoner who had bought the A.K ranch and had built a feed lot. I was there about 2 years and then went to Arlington Cattle Co. H.C. Gable bought the ranch in 1965. While at the Waggoner Ranch, W.T. sent us about a thousand top quality heifers out of Texas. They had been gathered with helicopters and were wild as March hares. We unloaded the train at Arlington Station and opened the gate but didn't get them stopped for about 2 miles. They got into a bee apiary and got all over Elton Lake. Bill Ervin's horse got too hot and when we got to the Arlington Canal every one of them went into the canal and just about stopped it up. When I went to the Arlington Cattle Co. the owners were Louis Wingfield, Chuck Sherrill and Bill La Follett. At this time they had most of the Arlington Valley, Enterprise, Sierra Negara and the Carroll Griffin ranch west of Desert Rose leased to graze cattle. At this time we were receiving a lot of vegetables for livestock feed. The potatoes were coming thick and fast so we started storing them on the Hassayampa Aux. Luke Field air strip thinking that we would let them dry then put them on the hay drag and grind them. But when we fired up they were so hard that the mill threw them back at us. Anyhow years later I went by there and some people were using them for briquettes for grilling and they burned with a pretty

blue flame. We would get a lot of Mexican steers on then R.R. at Arlington and would drive them to the feedlot. We had 2 large corrals set up on the west of the highway along the Arlington Canal because a lot of the Mexican steers would not drink out of the water troughs but would drink out of the canal. We would drag them over to a trough and shove their heads in the water but they still wouldn't drink. Fact is we had one Mexican steer at the Waggoner feedlot that would wait at the corral gate every morning so we could let him out to go drink out of the ditch. He would then come back to the gate so we could let him back into the corrals. He did this during the complete feeding period. Chuck Sherrill's family met a family from South Africa and sent their son to us to learn the livestock and cowboy business. Their farm in Africa had similar climate as Arizona so they raised a lot of sorghum. They had a problem with Baboons that would come in at night and spread out across the field and start down a row pulling up stocks. But they would drop it and pull the next so they would come out of the field with 1 stock but had pulled up the entire row. To get rid of them they would trap one and whitewash him, turn him loose the next night they returned. He would try to join the group but the rest were scared of this white thing following so they would run out of the

area. One time we were working the cattle on the Andrace Anderson farm by Desert Rose and Billy Wingfield pulled up in her Cadillac and called me over said that this African wanted to talk to me. I was riding Red, the big horse we got from Narramores, so when he jumped out from behind the car wearing his headdress, loin cloth, spear and shield, Red tried to stampede and it was all I could do to hold him.

Back to the time when Dad leased the ranch.- this is a list of cattle deals and who was involved. Elmer Shepard, We bought some cows from him at Liberty and decided to drive them to Arlington not knowing that they were wild Indian cows. Also the land between Liberty and Buckeye was very alkali and boggy. We had cows scattered everywhere and had to gather and stay overnight at Long's Dairy. When we got to the ranch we put them in a 2 section pasture with mesquite thickets—they would run into them and lay down until you found and kicked them and they would start running again. Next we made a deal with Jim Smith, Dale Smiths father, who had some cattle in Kingman out of feed and drought out and had no sale. We took the cattle on weight figures and we received the weight gain and price at the sale and Smith got original weight at sale price. Some of the cows that died had a paunch full of rocks. The next

deal was a deal that Dad put together with Bill Roer (Diamond Bill). They shipped us several hundred Brahma Bull yearlings, non-castrated so we range castrated Fred Witbanks and Austin Hall were working for us. Fred had a big lion dog that he would bring along and the yearlings would stand and watch him so we could work around them, rope and castrate. Next Dad made a deal with John Anderson to partner on some big Brahma cows. We put them on the Berger Allotment and range branded the calves. It was doing this that Austin crippled his good mare .The market got bad so Dad bought out John and we had to gather them and inspect them over to us. In the bunch was a crazy cow of Elmer Shepard and we told the cowboys when we got the herd stopped that she would try to escape and to just rope her. She came out next to Bill Ervin on a too fat Waggoner big horse from Texas and charged back at him. Bill turns off but the rope tied hard and fast was over his leg and under the horses right hind leg The horse broke in two and jerked Bill and saddle under his hind leg, kicking and bucking. It looked like he was kicking Bill in the head. I ran in to cut the rope but missed. Austin came in from the other side and cut it. Bill dropped out but with a head and back full of cactus. I loped back and got the airplane landed in the brush, loaded Bill and flew into Dr.



Saides' office. When he saw Bill, he said how in the world did you do this? Bill stuttered pretty badly and he said it wasn't easy. Later that day we had all of them but one as she came by Fred. He roped her by one foot and she outweighed the horse that Fred was riding. She jerked Fred's horse down and drug him into a small Mesquite and tore it down. Fred is on his hands and knees right in the middle of it hunting his glasses. This horse was sent to us from G.W. Cox's brother in New Mexico. We had to inspect and did it from the airplane as the white Brahma cow and the black K cross brand stood out like a sore thumb. Ross Roberts said he had never seen it so plain. We had an interstate Cadet airplane that we bought from Loy Clingman. When it was hot you had to prop it with the throttle wide open. I put Austin in and told him when it started to pull the throttle back fast. When it started with a roar, he froze on the throttle and I had to run alongside trying to knock his hand off of the throttle. He almost got airborne. Next we took John Osborne's cows to Berger allotment. John sent half of the cows as he didn't think there was enough feed. He also said we can't make the drive in one day. I told him we always made it in one day. But he insisted in stopping the drive half way and held them over night. He finally sent the balance. G. W. Cox and Bill Hazelton were

taking care of them. We also had a wino fence crew working there. While at Arlington Cattle Co I had quite a crew-- Adolph Pendergast, Abe Shamblin, Art Faver, Bud Roberts, Bob Couch, Glen Narramore, Orville Morgan, Keith (sold us Little John), and several gas plant employees. We were receiving about 12 loads a day at one time and the processing chute was running around the clock. We had a double decker load of cattle hit a Greyhound double decker head on about 8 miles east of Gila Bend so had to gather up scattered cattle. Some were crippled bad. One of the last acts before I left for Louisiana in 1968, was to gather about 2000 head of Murry Johnson's cattle that we had put on pasture south of Paloma above the gunnery range on Albert Stout permit. We gathered into Gila Feedyards at Gila Bend and sorted off the weakest 200 and trucked them to Arlington. The rest we drove over the Woolsey Peak Mountain range to our range, Gable-Ming, stopping the first overnight at Les Narramore's farm. I had made one miscalculation that these were Mississippi Cattle with soft feet. As we started up the mountain they would not spread out but got into a single line so we were spread out from the bottom to the top, about 3 miles, to the canyon where they vapor locked on us and we had to night herd all night. During the night Abe hollered his horse was loose and he

was headed back to the Narramore Ranch. I jumped on Corina and just by luck managed to grab the lead rope that he was dragging or Abe would have been left afoot. At day light we started on and arrived at Jagow Tank late the next evening. We dropped a few at #2 as we didn't have enough trough space there for very many so had to go on to Jagow and arrived late the next evening.

When we were growing up we had cousins living on the T-RANCH (Called Table Mesa exit on I-17) - Jim and Bob Evans. Dolph Evans was living at the Y and Earl Evans and Gus Evans were living at headquarters. I don't remember where Claude was living. We would spend part of the summer there with them and they would spend part of the summer here with us. We loved it up there as they had pack mules which we didn't. There was a long trail to the head of New River, past middle corral, Robber's Roost and steep drop offs on the trail . I think a pack train pushed Earl and his horse off the trail and they landed in a tree and broke Earl's leg Also the dances and pot lucks at Rock Springs They liked to come to Arlington as we had places to swim a horse. I think Art came either to us or Bud Roberts once or twice. I know Bud would go to the T ranch to see Art. In the 30's during a long drought we would take a horse and single scraper and pull sand out of

New River so the cattle could drink. This was an ongoing thing. We could hardly wait for them to bring the pack animals in to get them ready to pack. We had never seen anything like it. They would rope them, load them up with packs and they would buck them off as fast as they would put them on. Not all of them, but a good number would fight it until they gave up. The other thing I remember that there was a lot of Indian stuff there. Fact is I have a perfect arrow head that I made into a tie clasp that I still have. We would pack up to the head of New River and stay until we ran out of ammunition and groceries. One time we were over on a big mesa when a thunderstorm came up. The lightning got so bad that you could see it hit the ground. We ran our horses over to the edge of the mesa and got off and laid down over the edge until it passed. There was some trout in the river and we did some fishing but not much. Robber's Roost was fascinating. It was supposedly where the horse rustlers would stop on their way to Bloody Basin. It had a spring that ran through the cabin and an orchard. The best I remember it was full of bullet holes as they supposedly caught some of the rustlers and had a gunfight there so they say.

While at Arlington Cattle Co. a few things happened that I forgot to tell. Diamond Bill Roer and John T. Hughes

had a deal going to buy a set of cattle from Bill. John had moved the cattle down on the Fish and Game pasture and hired some gas plant cowboys to keep them off of water. This wasn't good enough so John drives his Cadillac down there with a shot gun to scare the cattle away from water so that the next morning on the way to the scales they would fill up and weigh good. He scared them so bad that they would not get close to the water on the way out so after sorting the fight started about the shrink. Since John rode down with Bill, Bill drove off and left him at the feedlot a-foot. John had to get a ride back to town on a truck. Another time Taylor Lawrence stopped at the feed lot looking for John Osborne. He had purchased a big string of cows in California and he wanted to sell John a half interest in the cows if he would pay for them as they were in the trucks behind him. After he left I asked that he surely didn't do it. He kind of grinned and said yes he did as they were worth the money and they did do well.

When I left Arlington cattle for Louisiana with Red Johnson to grow soy beans on the Mississippi River, Louis had sold out of Arlington and ended up with the Waggoner Feedlot. Bill La Follett and Chuck Sherrill hired Bob Bates as general manager. We farmed beans one crop and shut it down so I got a job order buying cattle with Lacy Cattle

Co at the sales in Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. I stayed with them 14 years and then managed a sale barn in Texarkana. During this time if Carter had a lot of cattle on the desert I would come back and help out. I did this several times. Some of the deals were quite big in fact they ran from 3,000 to 10,000 head. When we gathered the 10,000 in 1972 we picked up cattle at Wellton, out of the thicket on the Colorado River, at Blythe and Parker. When I went to Parker to get the steers from the Indians I asked how much the feed bill was. The figure was about what the steers were worth. He said they eat lots of hay. I had to work the thicket with the inspector as that was where he ran his cattle. Some of the people involved were Phil Statler, Pauce Morales, Jack Sparok, Pet Pasco, Harvey Dietrich, Murray Johnson, John Osborne, and John Anderson. After I came back to Arizona I ran quite a few also. In 1993--1995 I had from 3,000 to 7,500 out at different times with Stuart Bagby, Northside, Pinal, Harvey Dietrich, Gary Odom, McElhaney Feed Lot, and Allen Simmental cows from Idaho. Cholla Cattle Co. - Later Carter and I and Bill O'Brien formed Range Cattle Management to raise cattle for investors. We bought the best Brahma-Cross heifers out of east Texas, about 1,500 of them. When we started there wasn't much feed and we would

day graze them. Then it got a lot better. We raised these cows on the Gable-Ming Allotment, Gable -Ward Allotment, Poco Dinero Allotment, Saddle Back Allotment and calved them out twice. The first time that we pulled the calves we had to drive from Poco Dinero to Buxton's Feed Lot in Harquahalla. The night before we left a Longhorn cow had a new born calf and I was worried if he could make the long drive. Not to worry, when we pulled into the feedlot he was right up front both ears flapping. We also took care of about 50 Longhorn cows at Poco Dinero. We also had Frost Snyder and Eagle Tail Lease, but didn't need them. Later I managed a cow deal for 2 or 3 years for Ted Pierce with Pete Carey in California. We would winter at Lake Beeryessa north of Napa California and summer in Northern California at Pete's ranch at Alturas and Oregon. One time I had to go with the bank to inspect the cattle at Lake Beeryessa and it had rained so much that we couldn't get to the cattle as the land was very steep and muddy. So we got a boat and cruised along the lake inspecting the cattle. On the airplane back we did the bookwork. I asked him where he was going next and he said Mexico and that they financed more stuff in Mexico than in Arizona. Later I ran some heifers for Harvey Dietrich and North Side on Alfalfa in Wellton on McElhaneys and at Parker on the Rock Drop ranch

using a bloat suppressor that you mixed in the drinking water. We would stock at the rate or 20 to 30 head per acres and move fast using electric fencing. The first move I had to make involved about 800 heifers out of electric fencing about a mile past new lettuce just coming through the plastic with no fence on either side. I told the cowboys when they came out - I don't care how fast they are going don't check them, let them run or they will get into the new lettuce and I will own this ranch. When we finally reached the wash at the end of the farm we tore that wash up, trees and brush before we got them stopped. My horse fell and broke his bridle bit. I had Tom Fortune at Parker and Mike Lanford at Wellton. The secret to this operation was that it was a high intensity operation and expensive but it, paid back big time in the feed lot as they fed so cheap. Gary Odom agreed to sell me the alfalfa if he got to feed the cattle and Harvey said o.k. But when it came weigh up time the man in New Mexico that had fed these cattle before followed us out here and bought the cattle and shipped them back to Kansas as he knew how cheap they fed. Tom Fortune was the cowboy in charge at Parker and when we had any dead cattle we would have to take them to the Parker dump. He told me he was in with the Indian lady at the dump and she was only charging him 5 dollars to



dump. We had a dead one so I am driving and we pull up to the gate and there is a male on the gate. I asked him where to unload and how much we owed him. He said no charge. She had been ripping Tom off all this time.

About this time Frankie Amabisca had turned out some Bucking Bulls at Agua Caliente. The Conte's and another rancher, Bagby or Bagwell, plus some of my cattle had ended up down there. It got to be a mess and when one of my cows showed up at Auction the B.L.M. and livestock Sanitary Board decided to clean it out. We all showed up and we brought the Super Cub and Art Faver. Television Station KPHO I believe, showed up with the Blonde Female helicopter pilot that was later killed in Colorado I think. Any how they did some filming and I would fly with the hired helicopter pilot as he did not understand when to back off. We brought a bunch out of the river and started to I-8 where there was set of corrals. The cowboys were following us out of sight and when the cattle stopped he put the copter down and poured a cup of coffee. About this time they broke and ran and the pilot said, "I am going to the corral." When we got there one cut back and he headed him off like he was riding a cutting horse and never spilled a drop of coffee. I got out and opened the gate as he went back for those that we spilled. I had to jump under the

gate as they came so fast that one went through the fence and ended up on the right of way of I-8. We had to go out there and rope him so had traffic stopped in all directions. People were taking pictures everywhere. We would push these big bulls out of the brush up on the Mesa where the cowboys could rope them. But if a cowboy was by himself and trailing a big bull he would pull back until some help showed up. Sort of amusing setting in the airplane watching all of this. Some of the bulls got tied down in the river where a trailer could not go so we would have to turn them loose.

While at the Arlington Cattle Co. we were feeding a lot of calves for the veal market. But the supply of light calves was largely seasonal, so I decided to raise Holstein calves as I could get all the steer calves I wanted from the dairies. I bought a milking goat herd and hired the owner to milk the goats and raise the calves. I built a milking stanchion barn and pens. The calves were being born on infected ground so were sick when I got them. I was having a 60% death loss so after the first calves were weaned and on feed at the Cattle Co, I shut the operation down. I wish I had waited because the calves that I put on feed were fed so cheap that they recovered all the expenses except the cost of the barn and pens.

The best that I can determine the people involved in the Flower Pot Cattle Co. were Johnny Montgomery the territorial sheriff, Dan Millett and one of the Cock's as there were 2 or 3 around about this time and don't know what their connection was. According to what I have heard Dan Millett was a banker's son from Utah and was sent to Arizona to get over some disease, TB or something They hired a Indian couple to meet him at the train either in Buckeye or Hassayampa and take him to Enterprise ranch to nurse him back to health. Evidently they owned Enterprise then. The big house that Carter lived in when the flood destroyed it was built by Dan as the the lumber was shipped to Dan Millett, Hassayampa, Arizona. Years later while Carter was still living there a black limousine stopped and the chauffer came in and asked if his boss could see the house and it was Dan Millett. This house had a basement with a furnace that had ducts to every room, a massive fireplace that my Uncle Pete would have us kids bring in a large log put one end in the fireplace and he would just move it in as needed. Also 2 bathrooms and a large porch around 2 sides of the house. The porch had wire strung in the ceiling to dry jerky or portion off areas for company. Sam Richardson claims that the last drive they made was about 10,000 head through Arlington. I think my Grandfather

said he gathered enough strays after they left to pay for the ranch. They also owned the ranch where Johnson's and Parker's are now and Dolph and Gus Evans owned a parcel of the ranch in the southeast corner of the property.

When I went to Louisiana to farm Soy Beans we leased some land from Mobil Oil Co that had been cleared along a flood control channel from the Mississippi river to the Atchafalaya to protect New Orleans from floods. They cut the massive trees off flush with the ground so we farmed over them with spring tooth equipment we took several boys with us to clear the land of brush and wood. Both of Red's boys Danny, Larry, Short Shamblin, Lloyd Kriter's boy Doc Bolin and can't remember any more We hired a colored cook that used to cook for the tow boats and he made the best corn bread in the world. But he would use about 5 gallons of lard a week but we didn't have a constipated one in the crew. We ran a crew around the clock so would leave a vehicle with the night crew but they didn't show up one morning. We found out why they had run over a big hog and high centered the pickup and couldn't get it off. One night we heard a commotion and Larry had Short by the leg trying to throw him in the wagon. He was dreaming that he was picking up trash and loading it. There were massive locks along the Mississippi and sometimes a barge would get loose

and lodge against them so they could not be raised or lowered. At the end of the season Red bought a bunch of cows to graze the bean and maize stubble. We had to drive the 5 miles from the far end of the farm to the river to load. It was so muddy that I would have to tie the calves that would tire out and go back with a trailer and get them. Every day we shipped, a local farmer would show up with a pickup full of dogs wanting to help. I wouldn't let him until one of the cows bailed off in the channel and was swimming away. He said I have a dog that will bring her back. I said unload him. That dog swam out to the cow and grabbed her and shoved her head under I thought he was going to drown her. But as long as she swam back to us he would leave her alone but if she tried to go back he would dunk her. He brought her back to shore and she was glad to get back in the herd.

In 1977 Carter bought the Ward Ranch- In 1979 he bought the Saddleback allotment-In 1983 he bought the Peterson ranch from Dad and Mother. Carter and I are partners in the Gable-Ming allotment. Carter has his Grandson Travis Gable stocking and operating the Gable-Ward allotment. Most of the time these ranches were operated as one unit. After I left and went to Louisiana, Carter pretty

much operated the ranch by himself unless I came back once in a while to help.

I am including this because I don't think many people know about it--TO MEASURE A LOOSE HAY STACK--Add the width and the over the top distance--divide by 4---multiply that by itself--multiply by the length--divide by 512--the answer will be in tons.

This is about all I can come up with so will close. Carter is still active farming and ranching and I work for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. We both oversee and manage the desert ranches. Carter has passed most of the farming over to his son Gary and grandson Travis. Since I have been working for the Federal government for several years Bill Hardison gave me a name that has stuck.--I am now known as A Free Loading Bureaucrat with an Argumentative spirit. We miss Bill--I am 90--and Carter is 89.

Here is a list of brands that went through the ledgers, either owned, bought, traded or used to pay on bills owed the ranch or store. The 07 brand belonged to my Grandfather C.W. Peterson and his father when they ran cattle in the Superstition Mtns. My grandfather used this brand when he moved to Arlington in 1900. He registered the WP brand in 1903. He bought the Arlington Cattle Co cattle and brand Lazy AK. He got the Bar Cross from Gus Evans

through the Flower Pot purchase and that purchase was in 1916. He then used the Flower Pot brand on cattle and WP on horses. In 1939 he bought the Lazy UH brand and cattle from Joe O'Connell

♂ CH F K WP ♂ 07 OK 52 KZ 835 H  
 +S FC RQ OF HIPO 02

The store would let people charge then pay later. Most of the business was done by bartering. They would pay with labor at \$20.00 a month, butter, eggs, chicken, honey, cattle, pigs, meat, barley, oats, wheat, hay, alfalfa seed, freight, cow hides, horses and team rent and a few cash payments. This was done at these prices—Barley—.01 cent/lb.—Butter—.03 cents/lb.—Eggs—.20cents/doz.—Freight—7,00/ton Sheep pasture—.75cents/mo.—Meat—.09cents/lb. Hay—.021/2 cents /lb.—to .03cents /lb. Honey 6.50/case. 356 juniper posts-89.00, gas—.03cents/gal.—charge 20 cents per meal.

In 1915---cows-51/2cents/lb.—steers-71/2cents/lb  
 bulls-41/2cents/lb.

In 1918—cows -71/2 cents/lb. steers -10-12b cents/lb -bulls-8cents/lb. cfs -9cents/lb.

In 1923—cows-4 ½ -5 cents/lb. steers- 6 -6 1/2cents/lb. bulls-3 1/2cents/lb. cfs-6 -7cents/lb.

People that had business dealings or worked for C.W.  
 Peterson. Taken from ledgers 1908 thru 1940's---Arlington  
 Canal Co.- A. Anderson-Arlington Cattle Co.- Ambrose-  
 Arlington Belgian Horse Co. --J.R. Biddlecome -John  
 Bassett-Bill Hurley-Pete Benson-John Royd-Geo. Buckeye-Tom  
 Barney-Leon Bowrer-Joe Biddlecome-Frank Burleson-J. E.  
 Clanton-Cocke and Montgomery-George Cocke-Frank Cocke-  
 William Grum-F. H. Coulter-W. M. D. Copson-James Carter-  
 Frank Cagle-W. H. Constable-John Fields-W. Fitzpatrick-  
 Dixon Fagering-Lee Francis-Jessie Frances-Flower Pot Cattle  
 Co.-A. Dewitt-C .G. Deming-Atha Davis-J. H. Dorris-Chas.  
 Donofrio-J. L. Gant-Arthur Gilmore-Elisie Gislain-L.  
 Greene-Frank Gonzales-Louis Gareschi-Geo. Henry-Lucinda  
 Harris-Theron Hill-Reg Haner -- Alvin Hawkins--Mrs. Henry-  
 M. W. Hodkins-J. C. Harris-Frank Hughes-W. H. Herman-  
 Hassayampa Land and Stock Co.-James King-Douglas Knipp-H.  
 E. Kell-Hayman Krupp-Fred Long-Frank Lamb-H. M. Lewis-Shaun  
 Sevi-J.O. Loudermilk-Bert Lothyam-Indian Pete-Indian Sam-  
 Albert Jagow-Riley Johnston-B. S. Johnson-John Montgomery-  
 E. S. McRoberts-J. O. Ming-D. A. Millett-H. H. McNeil -F.  
 H. Moore---C. E. Mullnix-H. J. Mercer-Frank A. Mendenhall-  
 William Norris-Geo. Newsholme-Alva Newton-W. H. Perry-  
 Porter Saddle and Harness Co. - Pratt And Gilbert Co. -  
 Henry Peterson-Erin Peterson-H. H. Ryder-John Rawh-Tilman



Roberts-V. D. Ritter-Geo. Reed-Raymond Rutledge-Walter  
Rogers-O'Malley Lumber Co.-School Dist #47-W Strickland-F.  
Solis-J. H. Stallings-Frank R. Stewart-Hannah Stuart-E.  
Stuart-Talbot and Hubbard-Ezra W. Thayer --Carl Thompson -  
Taylor Ranch-Ignasio Ugis-E. H. Winters-Wm. Walton-H. G.  
Zimmerman-(End of 1908 Ledger)

Jack Gibson-Gibson And Park-Frank Wells-J. A. Reed-  
Frank Lexham-R. S. Blount-N. L. Carpenter-Emma T. Winters-  
Ben Hazelton-C. C. Ritter-M. A. Hazen-Salim Hicks-N. A.  
Sanders-Tom Barker-Elmer E. Clanton-Elmer Chapman-John  
Morley-J. D. Tipton-Babbitt and Cowden-Geo. Day-Roy E.  
Butler-J. Cochran-Jim Collins-W. W. Cook-M. B. Horrovits -  
F. Moody-J. H. Parkman-Sam Crouch-Jas. Pendergast-Lew  
Davis-C. H. Barkley-Lon Herman-J. G. Peterson-Lee Green-R.  
L. McCreight-V. C. Musgrove-Levi Young-Joe Bush-Wood Bros.-  
C. J. Pollard-Roy Beloit-August Nord-Wm. Smith-Lee White-J.  
O. Shepherd-M. Boland-A. D. Bowers-Bob Warren-John Joslin-  
Frank Pierce-Frank Hazen-C. T. Young-Geo. Miller-Bud Hall-  
Teddy Molina-D. B. Graham-Davevnport-M. Welborn -- Roy  
Valley-Buford Collum-Earl Evans -Gus Evans-Dolph Evans-  
Harelson-Casey McCann-Deaf Joe-Av Massey-Frank Moseye-Ramon  
Oleo-Juan Lopez-Bill Simpson-Antonio Ammarrillo-Carl Burns-  
Mrs. J. S. Stephens-John German-Dave Heckle-Jess Coppenger-  
John Hughes-Carl Arnold-Geo. Kimbro-Fred Meler-Casey Abbot-

Homer Gatlin -James Dewitt-Roland Curry-Bill Murphy-Borden  
 Murphy-Roy Murphy-Joe Porter-Pete Vanlier-Rousseau Bros.-  
 Tom Bales-Az. Pack-California Cattlemen Assn.-- Palace Meat  
 Co.-Beloats-Geo Brown-Hurley Mkt.-Milton Reed-J. A. Reed-  
 Del Crabb-Zeke Martin-Hayes Cattle Co.-Garcia-J. Tipton-Jim  
 Johnson-Roy Hayes-Jas. Stoval-- Ray Cowden-Wayne  
 Thornburg-Arthur Belloat-J. D. Parks-Miller Bros.-Babbitt  
 Bros.-Van Dixon-Dan Klemson-Don Boyer-Ed Cartwright-Pat  
 Hurley-Roach Roberts-W. F. Rainey-H. E. Fletcher-Francis  
 Watkins-A. C. Cowen-Joe Lambert-Earl Lyall-Oliver Johnson-  
 Laura Strand-J. B. Ryan-Hip O Cattle Co.-C. E. Archer-J. A.  
 Joplin-Joe Ryan-T.W.Bales-C.A Melendnez-Globe Meat Co.-  
 E.J.Richardson-Ted Molina-Toverea Pack Co.-E. Growsky-Frank  
 Buntz-Coppenger Bros.-Bill Lane-Jack Terry-Tom King-Charlie  
 Burton-Peters Land and Cattle Co.-L. Anderson-Geo Hazelton-  
 E. H. Johnson-B. Collins-A. Crook-R. W. Bullard-Frank  
 Wells-J. R. Carter-M. H. Cambhill-R. W. Waggoner-Geo.  
 Bruner-John Armer-H. Terkelson-Frank Gollisary-R. T. Jones-  
 V. A. Tover-Geo. Harding-J. H. McVeigh(+s steers purchased)  
 1915---1922-Hired Help-L. Garasche-F. A. Mendenhall-  
 Vaughn Bros.-F. B. Williams-Walter Butler-Lee Frances-U. C.  
 Hooper-Orland Hooper-Gail Lewis-Robert Montgomery-Sam  
 Traxel-D. S. Beach-H. Grumwold-Erwin Peterson-Ted Askew-  
 John Askew-Lloyd Elam-Jesse Brown-Bud Scribner-Claude

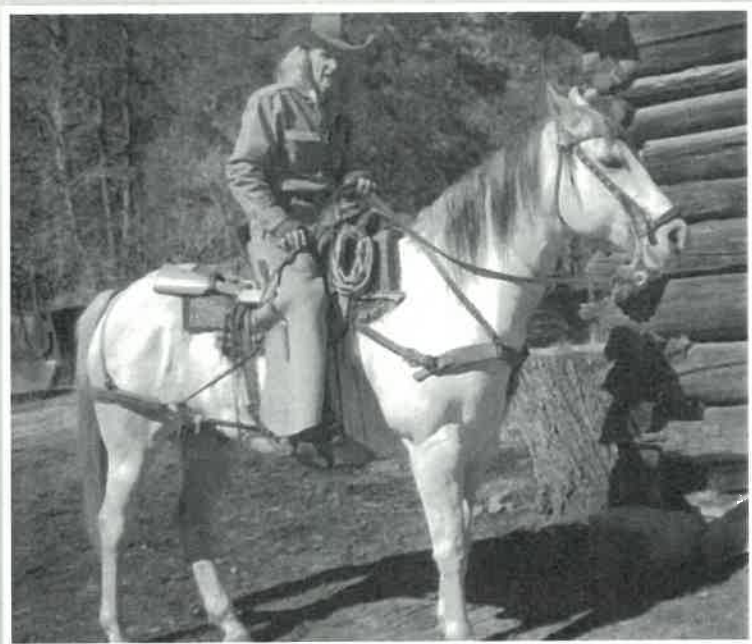
Ritter-Bud Askew-J. T. Lankford-J. W. Kennedy-Pete  
Thompson-W. T. Swift-Chico Martinez-T. Lena-Troy Clark-John  
Martinez-H. C. Gable-C. H. Morgan-Ray Aly-C. Morgan-Jess  
King-Arthur Ritter-Roy Francis-Rafael Martinez-B. Galloway-  
Lewis Nesbitt-Joe Lambert- Indian Sam- Indian Pete.



**James Henry Pyeatt**



**Justice Sandra Day O'Connor**



**Sam A. Luce**



**Jack R. Post**





**Larry & Phyllis Stark Family**



**Jolene Miller**



**Jack Gable**

**Jack's Great-Grandfather,  
C.W. Peterson**



**James Henry Pyeatt**