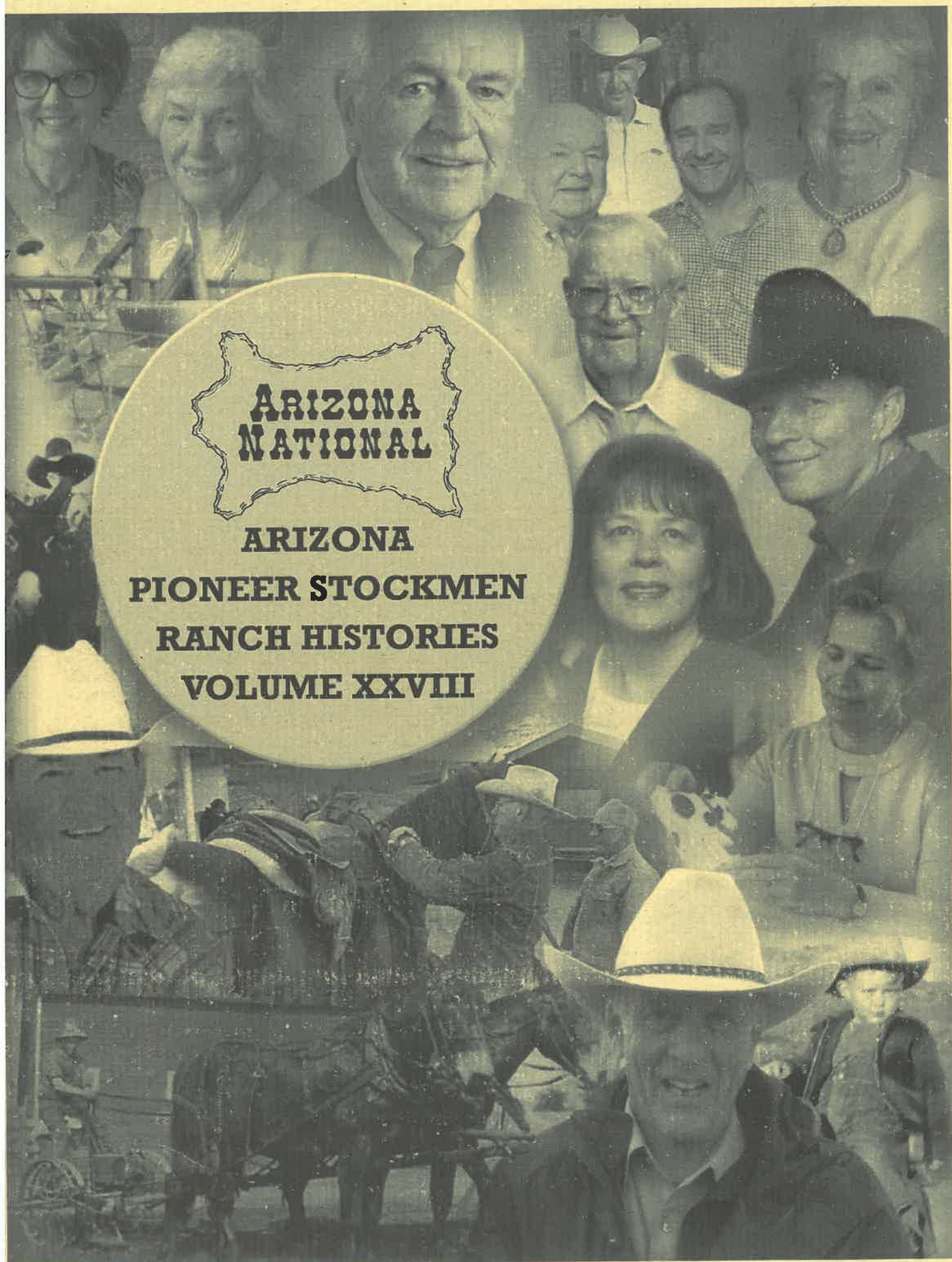




**ARIZONA
PIONEER STOCKMEN
RANCH HISTORIES
VOLUME XXVIII**





Ranch Histories Of Living Pioneer Stockmen

Volume XXVIII

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

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December 2016

Dear Pioneers,

The Arizona National Livestock Show is proud to present the latest volume of Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Histories. I believe that you will find the stories in here to be entertaining and educational. It is part of the Arizona National Livestock Show mission to preserve Western heritage and educate the public on the legacy that our predecessors laid for us.

The Pioneers that are showcased here and in previous volumes truly set the bar high for subsequent generations. They helped to establish the foundation for our Arizona's prosperity and success. Many lessons can be learned from these stories.

We hope that you enjoy this latest volume. A debt of gratitude is owed to all of our contributors for sharing their stories and history. Many thanks go to those involved in documenting and compiling this latest volume. Please enjoy them and share them with others. We look forward to seeing you at the Stock Show!

Regards,

Dean Fish,
President, ANLS



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Friends in Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Association

I welcome you all to this edition of the Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Assoc., *RANCH HISTORIES*.

These stories and your stories are all a part of our heritage. These stories tell the public and each of us about our life experiences and our background.

I know that a good many of you have had your stories published in previous volumes of *RANCH HISTORIES*. I have had mine published. My Parents and one of my uncles had their stories in the first volume. One of my cousins' had his published, also.

These are stories that I enjoy reading and it reminds me of friends and acquaintances from my earlier days. It reminds me of the trials and struggles that those predecessors of ours went through in developing the livestock industry in Arizona. They tell of successes and of losses. Of triumphs and failures. But that is also the story of human kind.

I wish to thank all who have gotten their stories into the 2016 edition of the book. I realize that there are more stories that could be written.

I would also like to take this opportunity to urge those of you who have written to encourage your friends and families to get their story into a newer edition coming in the future.

I have been your president two different times and I enjoy visiting with all of you.

I keep being reminded as I travel through life of things done and persons met that we do not know when we will ever have the chance to visit, again, friends and familiar places. I am reminded sometimes that I would like to tell "so and so" about what happened but I cannot as they are no longer with us and time is passing us by.

Again Thank you to all who have their story in this edition

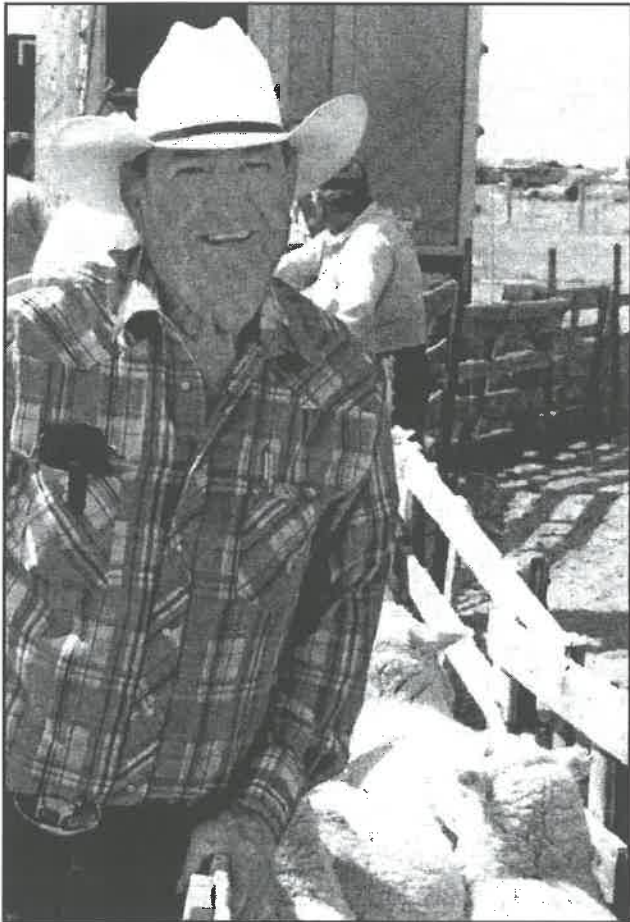
Raymond Evans, President Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Association

GROWING THE FUTURE

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Life History of Basilio & Irene E. Aja



It is very humbling for you to honor my deceased husband, Basilio Aja, and I as Pioneer Stockmen and to put on paper the adventures and daily life for us. With humility, I will try to put on paper the experiences we shared in raising livestock in Arizona in the 20th Century.

To begin this story one must go back to the early 1900's. My father, Fermin Echeverria, arrived in America in steerage on a ship from his native Basque country in Spain in January 1910. He spoke often of the emotion of seeing the Statue of Liberty. In those times of history, legal immigrants were given a

physical examination, which they had to pass, before being allowed into our country. He reminded us often by saying, "any one born in this country was fortunate."

My father began as a lowly sheepherder with a 6th grade education to become very respected in the Arizona livestock industry, serving on many agricultural state and federal boards, while owning much land and livestock, sheep and cattle.

My husband, Basilio Aja (Bass, as he was called), also was born of immigrant parents in Seligman, Arizona in 1929. These immigrants also worked hard to attain land, sheep and cattle while providing for a growing family.

I myself was the last child born at home in Winslow, Arizona in August 1931 while my family was up north for the summer taking care of the sheep. My father and his partners (Mike O'Haco, Tony Manterola and Mario Jorajuria) grazed on what was called "The Butte Ranch" (today owned by the O'Haco Family) south of Winslow and a ranch (forest permit) known as "The Tillman Ranch" deep into the Sitgreaves Forest off of the Mogollon Rim. We as children loved riding horses up and down the steep canyons to the meadows below while on the way stopping to inscribe our initials on the Aspen trees.

Our parents raised chickens for eggs and meat. Care had to be taken that they were securely locked up at night so predators would not eat them. As for enjoying fried chicken, one must first heat water over an open fire; the chicken would be beheaded on a wood chopping block; and dipped in the boiling water so that the feathers could be plucked. We children enjoyed this task. After hanging the carcass high in one of the pines to cool, it would be prepared for our families table the next day. No refrigerators at the time, a screened open air box out the kitchen window served to preserve food. During the day, burlap bags would be wet down and at night rolled up for the cool night air. Dishwashing was done in an enamel pan placed on the table and when this task was done, the water was splashed on the wood paneled floor to mop. We children had the task of keeping the buckets of water full at all times. The water was drawn up from a well in the meadow which was icy cold and delicious.

As youngsters, we rode in the back of a pickup over winding Yarnell Hill, Prescott, Ashfork, Williams and Flagstaff to our destination in Winslow. I-17 was not even on the planning boards. Life was simple and we did not have the day to day stress that we have in today's world. In other words, we were "happy campers."

Until I reached high school age, I attended grade school in Wickenburg, a wonderful rural community to raise children. All while our father ran his sheep in central Arizona during the winter months. This practice continued until the enactment of the Taylor Grazing Act in 1933; the Bureau

of Land Management came into existence. Because my father and his associates owned the private land known as the "Meyers Well Ranch" southeast of Aguila, they were given the opportunity to lease federal and state lands surrounding the private land they owned encompassing five townships.

At this time in history, rainfall on the desert allowed them to lamb their flocks, raise the lamb and wool for market until the late 1930's, at which time they had to bring their ewes into the alfalfa and grain fields the farmers provided.

This grazing benefited the cotton grower, as the alfalfa fields that were prepared for cotton planting, the nitrogen and fertilizer provided by the sheep to their fields made it possible for the cotton grower to have grown a larger cotton crop; more bales to the acre.

At one time, Arizona was raising 3 million sheep. Today, only two range sheep operations are in existence and several farm flocks. The Navajo Indians now raise cattle and few sheep. The Aguila Ranch ran cattle year round; a cow/calf operation and sheep when rainfall permitted. For it was known that a ranch grazed by both sheep and cattle was a healthier spread, as sheep carry seeds from flora in their wool that fall on the ground while their little hoofs cultivated the fallen seeds. Sheep also eat many types of grass that grow lower to the ground and grasses that cattle do not.

In the early part of the 20th Century, Arizona had what they called "sheepmen and cattlemen wars." The ranch I spoke of earlier, the Butte Ranch once was owned by the Hashknife Outfit, an outfit rich in Arizona history.

In July of each year, the Arizona Wool Growers Convention was held in Flagstaff. At the end of business sessions on the last day, a large lamb bar-b-que and dance was held. It was at one of these conventions that I met the young man, Bass Aja.

The man I fell in love with, married and spent a lifetime together, nearly 65 years, for some a lifetime since I was only 17 years old and three days after graduating from St. Mary's Girls High School in Phoenix.

Bass graduated from Glendale High School in 1947. At the time, he was working for his father and in business with his brother, Manuel Aja Jr., and Tomas Cuesta in a business known as Cuesta Sheep Company with a flock of 2,000 ewes and equipment.

Bass and I married in May 1949; I had never spent the night in a motel or hotel, only in Basque boarding houses when on the road. As for eating out, we maybe ate out a handful of times (we probably ate out less than most do today in a week). At the time of our marriage, my husband, Bass, worked lambing the ewes in the fall, shearing the sheep in winter and helped his father visit the area farmers to line up the pasture for the animals until late spring when the lambs were fattened and ready for market.

In 1950, Bass and his brother bought out Tomas Cuesta and pooled their sheep, equipment and financial resources with their father, Manuel Aja Sr. and his father gave another brother, Robert, half of his flock and Aja Sheep Company was formed. At that time, a herd of 4,000 ewes was established.

In 1958, Manuel Aja Sr. died as a result of injuries suffered in a tragic auto accident. Bass

Irene and
Basilio
Aja, circa
1980



inherited the 50 acres adjoining the 10 acres we owned. Soon after in the late spring of 1961, at the time of moving the sheep to northern range, Bass took his 25% interest in Aja Sheep Company. The sheep were divided equally by placing them in a corral; they were sorted by running them through a chute, three in one direction and one in the opposite direction, which was fair and equitable. The equipment, supplies and etc. were also divided as was the debt at that time to the bank. That summer, we grazed our sheep on the Aja Ranch Northwest of Williams until they were brought down to the central valley to lamb.

For several years after that summer, we grazed our sheep in the summer on the ranch of Fred Aja (Bass' uncle), while we lived on the Tillman Ranch (same ranch I had spent my youth) on the Mogollon Rim in a large one room log cabin.

In 1969, after having bought summer pasture on the Del Rio Ranch in Chino Valley in Yavapai County, Bass and his sister, Julia, and her sons leased the Del Rio under "Aja and Echeverria." We grazed our sheep in the summer as they did also.

The Wine Glass Ranch headquarters was leased also and it was here that the Echeverria's lived. We bought five acres with a cabin (which formerly had been bunk quarters for service men from Belmont, a federal ammunition depot near Williams during World War II) in Williams, Arizona. This enabled Bass to take care of the sheep that were ill on the property and allowed Bass to be close to his sheep operation while on the northern range. Many a bar-b-que and party for family and friends was enjoyed by all. The partnership, Aja and Echeverria, continued leasing the Del Rio Ranches where they sold pasture for cattle and wintered the mules used at the Grand Canyon for several years.

In the early 1970's, they dropped the Del Rio lease and leased a ranch south of Ashfork. Bass ran our sheep on the east half of the ranch and the Echeverria's ran their sheep on the west half.

A ranch became available for lease north of Joseph City, Arizona, known as the "Black Rock Ranch." We leased this ranch and summered the sheep until the spring of 1980 when we purchased the ranch. Our neighbors just to the north of our fence line were the Indians in a little village on the Navajo Reservation. We had some colorful experiences with our Indian neighbors.

In the fall of 1976, we purchased an 80 acre farm on Hazen Road west of Buckeye, Arizona. Here we moved our sheep camp headquarters in a house and a barn. We drilled a well and built corrals. We sold this property in the spring of 1986.

I lived in the same home on the same farm for the past 64 years. During the years, we were blessed with four daughters: Christine (deceased), Melanie, Rachel (known to many locally as Petie) and Gigette; and two sons: Basilio Fermin and Roy Manuel. We raised and educated our children in Buckeye. They all make their homes in Buckeye even though some of them work in the Phoenix area.

Until just a few years ago, our sons worked as third generation sheep men with their father. Our eldest daughter worked in our home business office. It was truly a family farm operation with all of the family involved until our business could no longer support all of us. They continued to lend a helping hand.

Raising sheep had been a way of life for us. The love of the animals, land and the outdoors was inbred in all of us. Ranch life is all that we have ever known and a lifetime has been spent to providing food and fiber for America. We sold the ewes in 2005 and it was much like losing a loved one!

In the past, Bass served as Vice-President of the Arizona Wool Producers Association; Board Member of the American Lamb Company, American Farm Bureau Sheep Advisory Committee and the Arizona National Livestock Show; and production manager for another commercial sheep operation.

My past involvements included President of Arizona Women for Agriculture, Board Member of the American Agri Women, Arizona State Lamb Promotion Chairwoman, Arizona Delegate to the National Wool Growers Association, Arizona Public Lands Council Delegate and Board Member of the Buckeye Valley Museum. I also served on Building Our American Communities Committee (BOAC) in Arizona and the Buckeye General Development Committee. This past year, Bass and I were honored to be chosen as Arizona Pioneer Members of the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Association. In March, 2016 I was inducted into the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame.

In the early 1980's for several years, I attended, as a participant; the USDA's Farm Women Forum at the request of the Secretary of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. and attended a White House Briefing at the invitation of President Reagan in 1983.

As I am bilingual, I did Spanish interpreting and translation for others. I was a facilitator for the course of Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults (RICA) at St. Henry's Catholic Church in Buckeye. As you can see, I was very active in the agricultural industry, civic and church activities. Bass and I tried to do our part in serving the agriculture and local communities.

The late 1980's with our lenders charging such high interest rates to operate and the livestock market not being to healthy, we made a gut wrenching decision to file bankruptcy in 1990. At that time, the federal government had liens on our private lands and the law at the time gave us the opportunity to purchase these lands back. A lifesaving law that I understand is no longer in existence.

A few years later in order to pay off our loans we sold the 50 acres Bass had inherited from his father's estate. This enabled us to keep the 10 acres and our home in Buckeye, free and clear.

In the late 1990's, our son, Bas, and his wife, Gigi, pooled their cattle and our ranch and a new business venture was formed: AJ livestock. This relationship continued until we sold the Black Rock Ranch in 2012. At the last round up, one of the last acts performed by Bass, when we sold the Black Rock Ranch, was to stand up on the ranch house porch, calling for the attention of family and friends. This rough, tough, and gentle hearted man gave a tear-jerking performance of gratitude and love to all present, for all the help and love they had given him. There was not a dry eye in the bunch at the conclusion of the speech.

The ranch was sold to Bob and Judy Prosser. It was a hard decision to sell but we felt we had left the land in very capable hands and would care for it.

We lost my husband, Basilio Aja (Bass), in April 2014. The success he achieved was due to hard work, a sense of pride and a deep love for his family.

I would like to share a couple of real life experiences my father and father-in-law had living in Arizona in the early part of the 20th Century. One story told by my father, Fermin Echeverria, was when he was herding a flock of sheep on the Mogollon Rim (shortly after he came to this country): It was early afternoon and the sheep were bedded down and resting, as he was. He was in a sitting position using a pine tree as a backrest when he sensed someone near. He opened his eyes only to see an Indian brave dressed only in a loin cloth with a feather in his hair sitting astride a paint horse. My father said he was very frightened but the Indian just looked at him, grunted and rode away - much to his relief!

Another story recalled by my father-in-law, Manuel Aja Sr., was one out of the books we have read about the sheepmen and cattlemen wars. Early in the 1900's livestock grazed over areas that were generally allotted on a first come, first serve basis with little or no fencing. He was at his sheep camp site when several cowboys rode up on horseback, packing guns on their hips. He had picked up a sawed off shotgun

when he saw them ride up. The cowboys threatened him to move the sheep. He pointed the gun at them and the threat was reversed so the cowboys rode off. He laughed when he told this story as the gun was broken and did not have shells in the barrel.

We are living in a hi-tech world today and many an article has been written that considers such events as folklore, and a figure of the imagination; that the scenes I have described never really took place and just made for good movie material and good reading. I am telling you that these events did take place as I heard these stories from the men who had the actual experiences.

A Typical Year in the Life of a Sheep Man in the Late 20th Century by Irene E. Aja:

The following was a typical year. In Arizona, the "crop" cycle if you want to call it that, started with the ewes and rams being trucked to northern grazing ranges in May of each year. After the ewes were acclimated to the territory, the rams were put in with each flock of ewes to breed. Herders took care of these flocks.

Housing (usually small travel trailers) was provided, as was the food supplies. It was the herders responsibility to see that his flock was well fed, watered and protected from predators, not only four-legged but also two-legged.

We spent much time on the summer ranges overseeing that all was being done to keep the sheep healthy and content. The "Padrone", as Bass was referred to by the men, never asked anything of the help that he was not willing to do himself, or had not done. On the ranch where the sheep were grazing, you might have seen him up in the driver's seat of a Case crawler moving the earth to clean out a dirt stock tank (so that when the rains come it would catch the runoff water vital to the livestock) or repairing a broken fence line. He also acted as a veterinarian to the sheep.

I helped Bass in his work whenever he needed me. We acted as delivery people, postmen and taxi drivers. As taxi drivers, you might have seen us taking the men to the doctor, dentist, lawyer, the post office or bank. We acted as interpreters, as well as counselors, helping them out with many a personal problem. I even went into the delivery room with a couple of the men's wives at the request of the doctor to interpret between doctor and patient during the baby's birth. What an experience that was.

In late August, a shearing crew was hired to come to the ranch to shear the sheep. Years ago, the sheep were tagged at this time. Tagging is much like a woman being "prepped" for the delivery of a baby, while the wool is sheared around the eyes to prevent wool blindness. I usually went up to the ranch at this time to do what I could to help. Since the men were all needed to work in the shearing corral, I was head chef and bottle washer. A task I sincerely enjoyed, even though it required a little pioneering instinct since there was no running water.

Approximately, starting in the middle of October, depending on how heavy the ewe is with lamb, the trek back down to winter pasture began.

What a sight it was: sheep, dogs, trucks, trailers and men, a regular caravan. The sheep were then put to graze on alfalfa fields.

The lambing process (the birthing of the lambs) began; a job that required much skill. More men were added to the work force as it became necessary to build many fences to separate a forty acre field into small pastures, to be able to control and watch over the baby lambs well-being. Many was the time, Bass and the lamber had to act as "doctor" and assist a ewe in delivery. Each lamb had to be checked for several days to see if it was getting enough milk for nourishment. Should a ewe lose her lamb, another orphaned lamb ("lepe's" as they were called) or possibly a twin or triplet lamb whose mother did not have enough milk, was placed in a "chiquedo", a 4'X4' paneled area. The ewe

sometimes needed to be tied to the panel to prevent it from killing the baby lamb until the ewe accepted the lamb and let it nurse on its own. Sometimes it was necessary to skin a lamb which had been stillborn or had died soon after birth. This skin was placed on another motherless lamb and hopefully the ewe would pick up the scent of her lamb and would accept the lamb as her own. The days spent lambing were long, and much effort had to be extended on the part of Bass and his herders from dawn to dusk.

The job of lining up enough pasture for the animals was sometimes very tedious and trying. Each farmer was visited and time spent in negotiating and acquiring the pastures. There were other sheep men in the area and this could be very competitive. Usually the pasture was allocated well in advance.

At Christmas time, the lambs were docked. This required the building of portable corrals every day that a bunch (approximately 450 ewes with lambs) was docked. Much muscle was required to spend several hours sorting the lambs from their mothers, lifting them onto a portable table and holding them to be docked and for the removal of their tails. At the end of the day, the lambs docked were counted by counting the pile of lambs' tails.

Someone might question the way that practices remained much the same for centuries; we might have been living in the 20th Century but the sheep did not know this. Once in a while watching a television program on the public television channel, I was surprised to learn that these same methods of delivery; caring for the young and docking has been done since sheep were domesticated. Oh yes, the lambs are docked when the cycle of the moon is just right to prevent too much bleeding. Old wives tales you might say, but just ask any sheep man and he will tell you this is a true fact.

From this time period on, the day to day work was the same. Providing feed for the animals, building fences and checking the ewes and lambs until the time to start shipping the lambs to market.

While the ewes were in the corral, after their lambs had been shipped to market, the ewes were worked to sort and cull the ewes that were too old to breed another year or ewes that were sterile or had a bad udder are separated to be shipped to market or sold to individuals who like the taste of mutton. The Navajo Indians prefer the taste of mutton to the taste of lamb.

During all the time that the sheep were on winter pastures, the rams were kept separated from the ewes. They could be a little testy at times and managed to get out of a fence with much skill. Rams seem to have a shorter life span than a ewe. They were continually being replaced. The rams were purchased from ram breeders in Utah, Idaho and California.

Arizona's spring lamb is considered to be of premium quality meat. When the last of these spring lambs are shipped to market and the weather begins to warm, that same cycle begins again by trucking the sheep to Northern Arizona pastures.

Many years ago, sheep were all trailed to summer pastures and back to the central valley. Today, one trail is in existence.

My father, Fermin Echeverria, traveled for over 60 years, over approximately 80 miles of the roughest of Arizona's rugged land, with thousands of sheep being driven to winter pastures on the driveway known as the "Mud Tanks Driveway."

The 28 day event was a colorful chapter in Arizona's history (many a newspaper and magazine article was written on this trek). The men and sheep, alone with dogs and burros, moved over Perkins Mesa into Long Valley. They then headed to Thirteen Mile Rock and swung across the Verde River. This in itself was a feat, as the sheep had to swim across and their coats would get soaked. After crossing the Verde, they headed to Brown Springs, a piece of land owned by several sheep outfits and later a family held corporation. This piece of land was a sheep watering stop. After leaving Brown Springs, it was on to Horseshoe Basin and into Mayer (later to Cordes) where the sheep were loaded onto railroad

cars and later still to Badger Springs off of I-17, where the sheep were loaded into trucks and hauled to Casa Grande, Tonopah and Harquahala Valley. In the spring, the same trek back up to the mountains was made.

Today, only the Manterola and Auza families continue raising lamb and wool.

Memories of Basilio by daughter Gigette Webb

How do you measure a good life? By years, by success, by passions, by family, by friends, or by love? If by any of those the impact he made on his family is immeasurable! Many of your lives have crossed paths with Dad's life, and we could all tell countless stories about him.

Our good Lord gave him 84 years, and 64 years of marriage. In May, it would have been 65. With his high school education, he leased several ranches. The Wine Glass, the Del Rio, 11 Lakes, Juniper Wood, the Gold Trap, the Nagel, the Douglas, the Fico, and Uncle Fred's Big Tank. He worked hard to achieve purchasing his own ranch of 50,000 acres, to running over 7,000 ewes, and managing over 32,000 head of sheep for other sheepmen. He was an environmentalist before it became politically correct for he knew if you did not take care of the land, it would not take care of your animals, and in the end, not take care of you. He later realized that success can be taken away at the blink of an eye but what truly lasts is love and family.

Passion... His passion for livestock was cultivated by his father and Tio Basilio. Every day, and I mean every day, he would wake up and have a plan of what needed to be done - a mental agenda. Passion for working hard and anything worth doing was to be done with strength, drive, and a never quit attitude. His passion to care for his animals could be seen as he tried to give mouth to mouth resuscitation to a dying baby lamb, driving recklessly to chase down a coyote or dog that was harming his animals, and even hunting down a marauding lion that was unrelenting - never leaving a sick

or wounded animal. I would say, "Take it easy. Dad, relax." He would say, "Hard work never killed anyone, not eating could." He worked hard to provide the best for his family and had zero tolerance for excuses or laziness. That passion for working continued on the day he died.

Family... Love of family. His love for his family could be seen when he chose to bypass college to work with his father which would allow his brother to go to college and play football. Marrying the love of his life only three days after she graduated from high school and sticking together through thick and thin - overcoming the loss of their first born baby girl, alcoholism, family struggles, financial difficulties, and lastly the strength to overcome pain from weakening health. All of which add up to six children, 15 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren and counting.

It seemed everywhere he went and everything he did was for love and care of his family - always trying to give the best of what he could at the time. The little gifts, treasures, and groceries he would so generously share with all.

The last gift he gave was a rosary and the last project he was working on was spray painting a wagon for the kids - red of course.

These past few days after his passing have been overwhelming in the stories of people coming forward expressing how he touched their lives and helped them in some way. And that was my Dad - you were either on his side or not. And Lord help you if you weren't.

Love of work and creating things... From building a bridge that allowed safe travel over a tremendously dangerous wash - which could stop travel for days - to cooking an amazing spread for over 300 people, to building corrals, and furniture, his motto was don't talk about it...DO IT!

He had a special way of speaking the truth. This, depending on the moment, could range from many sentences strung together with extremely strong adjectives to a few words of hope, gratitude, and love which always seemed to pack

more of a punch to the heart than the adjectives. And with all that being said, we know the one thing that kept you anchored - your love - our mother. Who truly understands commitment? And liking something and loving something are complete opposites for loving accepts ALL - good and bad. People would always tease Mom for being a saint to put up with Dad - because she loves you so much.

They jokingly say most people have nine lives - we say you had 99 lives. They also say you have one guardian angel - we say you wore many of them out. He had no fear...but would tell the boys "Beware the Danger," which translated to be smart and use your head. Many people have seen the different sides and stages of his life, but only a few have seen the private devotions he had to our Lord - the medal and crosses he would carry in his pocket, the candles he would light and the private side like only singing country-western songs in the presence of children.

Thankfully we don't live in the past. They say today is called the present because it is a gift from God. Dad opened his present every day and worked hard while doing it - never rejecting it.

Thank you Dad for being you and teaching us to work hard for what you believe in and most of all to love deeply. Rest now. Dad, for your work on Earth is through. April 10, 2014
Love your daughter, Gigette.

Memories of Basilio by his son Basilio Fermin

Basilio Aja was born in Seligman, AZ, on October 27, 1929, to Manuel and Matilda Aja and was delivered at home by a mid-wife while his father herded sheep over the range. His family followed the sheep down to the Valley of the Sun each winter where he graduated from Glendale High School. "Bass" as he was known to most and "Haytachi" as he was known to his family, met the love of his life, Irene Echeverria at the Monte Vista Hotel in Flagstaff and they were married on May 30, 1949. They settled down in Buckeye, Arizona near

the Aja family sheep operation and would welcome their first daughter Christine, then later Melanie, Bas, Roy, Rachel and Gigette.

A life-long sheep man, he spent most of his time out on the range or in the fields caring for his sheep and cattle. In the late 70's, he and Irene started leasing, and later purchased the Black Rock Ranch in Joseph City. The range measured two townships which allowed them to run bands of over 7,000 ewes and 350 mama cows. They continued to run over 30,000 head of sheep for others throughout Arizona and the southwest region. He had a strong passion for his animals and the land that provided so much for him. He knew and most importantly, respected hard work. He spent every day trying to install the ethic hard work into everyone, whether family or stranger. He never really had employees as he slept in the same camps and ate the same food as everyone who ever worked for him.

His drive in life came from a desire to provide the very best for his wife and family. His children and grandchildren were the light of his life. While he put many hours in on the ranch, he cherished time with his family and enjoyed taking them out to dinner or on vacations to the beach. He loved surprising Irene and the kids with presents (Indian jewelry was his specialty) and delivered groceries on a weekly basis.

Raising and feeding animals was his professional passion. But he really liked to build things - stock ponds, fences, corrals, water towers, and tables with a saw (no nails or screws). He even built a large wood bridge across a dangerous wash in Northern Arizona that still stands today and was named "Haytachi Bridge." Carpentry became a hobby for him later in life and he enjoyed making benches and tables for his grandchildren.

Basilio is survived by his wife Irene, daughter Melanie Lanford, son Basilio Fermin (Gigi), son Roy Manuel (Kelli), daughter Rachel Schindler (Craig), and daughter Gigette Webb (Jeff). He was proceeded in death by his daughter

Chrissy. Haytachi loved his family, especially Irene and his grandchildren: Gigette (Robert), Raymond Basilio (Annette), Anna Marie (Rob), Rachel, Basilio II (Anna), Carmella, Roy Hayden, Phillip, Mariah, Holly (Mike), Craig, Ali, Lilly, Luke and Grace Irene. He loved to see his eleven great grandchildren and if their parents didn't bring them around enough he would ask, "Where are the kids?"

Bass and Irene would have celebrated their 65th Wedding Anniversary in May, 2014. He knew love, hard work and good food. He will be missed terribly and we look forward to seeing him again.

Excerpts from Presentation and Speeches given by Irene Echeverria Aja – History of The Basque and Arizona Sheep Ranching

The Basque

The Basque are the oldest surviving ethnic group in Europe. Even scholars have still not determined the exact origins of the Basques. The Basque land can be found in the Pyrenees Mountains in the southern part of France and the northeastern part of Spain. The Basque Provinces in Spain, each with their own local government, are: Alava, Guipúzcoa, Navarra (the province from which some of our family in the United States today, our parents and grandparents came from) and Vizcaya. Hence, we call ourselves "Spanish Basque" when those of us born in the United States should really call ourselves Americans of Basque descent. Nothing imperial France or greedy Spain did could divide the Basque land apart. These people are united both in language and tradition even before the Romans came and were more than a little put out that the Basque could neither be conquered nor changed. Their loyalty was neither to the French or Spanish governments.

Across the mountain tops of the Pyrenees, our ancestors came and went to dance, play cards, trading with one another and praying together no matter what their kings or governments decreed. The summer months find the land green after abundant

rains and in winter the land is covered in a blanket of snow.

The management of the family finances was usually in the hands of the women in the household. It has been said that their thrift is the backbone of the land. It was their job also to card and spin the wool to knit the clothing for their families. In our ancestral home, the food was prepared in a domed fireplace, much as the Viking women prepared their families meals, until the kitchen was remodeled in 1955, through the generosity of the family in America.

In researching about the Basques, I came across a quote that I believe epitomizes us Echeverria's in the United States and which I would like to share with you, "With our song and dance, we will live forever and keep the body from knowing its years." For we do love to dance, play cards and joke with one another!

We who have been raised on a ranch or have been or are still in the livestock production (sheep and cattle) can still hear the roosters crowing in the early mornings, hear the cow mooing for her calf (a call to get up and milk her so she could nurse her calf) and if we were at the sheep camp, hear the burros braying in the distance. It was early to rise and do the chores; feeding the chickens and animals; to carry the water into the ranch house kitchen from a nearby well; and go out to the wood pile and bring in the chopped wood for the day's cooking on the woodstove. Only in an emergency did the women in the family have to chop wood. The men usually did this chore in the late afternoons. Dishes were washed, after heating the water on the woodstove, in a large dishpan. There was no Dawn detergent so our mother's shaved the pieces of leftover soap bars (from hand washing or clothes washing) and these shavings were placed in a tin can (that had been poked full of holes) with a wire handle and it was swished vigorously in the water to form soap suds. The water was so hot that a "sopo" (string with a wood handle) was used to wipe the dishes and pans. These wood handles were works of art, hand carved by the sheepherders and I had one made for me early in my married life that has a free falling round ball in the handle.

This dishpan was usually placed on the kitchen table to wash the dishes.

The dishes were then dried by dishtowels made from flour and feed sacks, usually embroidered. Women in those times took great pride in their handiwork.

Meat for the table was raised at home or on the ranch. They butchered the animals themselves and in the case of butchering a lamb, you could find the men whipping their hands and face with the pelt that had been removed from the animal. They did this because of the lanolin that could be rubbed into their skin to make it soft. Many of you probably do not know that this is one of the many by-products of the sheep. My own father's face and hands, even though he was always doing manual labor and out in the sun, was always so soft to the touch. The lamb pelts that were not sold, were treated and used as mattresses on the shepherd's cot. They served to cushion the bedrolls as well as an insulator, both in winter and summer months. The bedrolls that we purchase today are quite different from what the shepherders used. Their bedrolls had specially sewn tarps, that when folded to the middle on each side over the blankets were clamped together and they were long enough to fold back over on top of the blankets. My husband, Bass, uses one today, he refuses to sleep in today's bedrolls. The blankets used in the bedrolls were made of the wool sheared off the ewes. It was sent to Baron Woolen Mills in northern Utah to be woven into blankets. I have several of these blankets, some are 60 years old. Some of the rest of the family has some of these blankets too I am sure.

The horses that they rode out every day to check the herders and their supplies, were shod by themselves. I can still see them doing this in my mind.

We girls washed our hair with rain water that was caught in pails from the runoff of the galvanized roofing. We did not need to use hair conditioner, as the rain water made our hair silky soft and shiny.

Miguel, Matias and Fermin learned to play "pelota" or hand ball at a very early age. As young men in the United States, they played it at the boarding house in Flagstaff. The boarding house still stands today, on South San Francisco Street, in need of much repair. This boarding house was owned by Gregorio Erro, who was an uncle of Benancia and Vicencia. It was while visiting their uncle that both of them met the Echeverria brothers.

History of Sheep in the Buckeye Valley & in Arizona

Sheep have played a major role in the history of the Buckeye Valley as a provider of food and fiber. No other animal has been the equal of sheep and while its meat is avoided by some and prized by others, it is loved by all for its fiber.

Sheep were one of the first animals to be domesticated. Just as the American Indian used buffalo for food for their people and skins for clothing and shelter, early man as far back as 10,000 years ago did the same in central Asia with sheep.

History books tell us about the weaving and spinning of wool. One can assume that the wool industry started as a home craft. The voyages of Columbus and the Conquistadors were financed in part by the income the Merino sheep provided the nobility and wealthy of Spain. When Napoleon invaded Spain, sheep were seized and shipped to other countries, and the development began of other breeds of sheep such as the Rambouillet that we in Arizona raise for stock ewes. The wool is used in the spinning of fiber for clothing. Other breeds raise coarser wools that are used for carpets.

The first sheep were introduced in the Southwest by the Spanish troops on their travels up from Mexico. These are probably the sheep from which the Navajo flocks of today are descended. The western range wars of the late 1800s put cattlemen and sheepmen at odds but now the two groups work cooperatively together.

If a salesperson tried to sell a machine that operated on just four things: air, sunshine, grass and water, claiming it turned out highly quality food, a highly versatile fiber, healing medicines and many other useful needed products, then the machine might be dismissed as being unreal. If added claims were that the machine would reproduce itself before it reached the end of its depreciation life and further that it would totally self-destruct and return to natural elements without leaving waste or pollution, then the customer might be inclined to dismiss the machine as totally impossible. But, that machine just described really does exist. Sheep!

Someone might question the way practices have remained much the same for many years, and we might be living in the Twentieth Century but the sheep do not know this. In fact, these very practices have remained the same for centuries.

Many years ago, sheep were all trailed to northern ranges and back down to our valley. Today only two such trails are in existence. My father traveled for sixty years, over approximately eighty miles of the roughest of Arizona's rugged land, with thousands of sheep. Their being driven to winter pastures on the driveway is known as the Mud Tanks Driveway.

The twenty-eight day event was a colorful chapter in Arizona's history. The men and sheep, along with dogs and burros, moved over Perkins Mesa into Long Valley, and then they headed to Thirteen Mile Rock and swung across the Verde River. Sometimes the sheep had to swim across. A picture depicting this scene hangs in the local Sheep Camp Restaurant in Buckeye. The sheep then walked on to Brown Springs. Then it was on to Horseshoe Basin and into Mayer, in later years to Cordes, where the sheep were loaded on to railroad cars and later still to Badger Springs where the sheep were loaded into trucks and hauled to Buckeye, Tonopah, Harquahala Valley and other Arizona destinations. In the spring, the same concept of multiple uses of these lands was mandated by Congress. The West was settled by cowboys, sheepherders, farmers, miners and trappers. We in

Arizona enjoy abundant wildlife in a large part because the rancher has developed the waters for their livestock as well as wildlife. Like farming, ranching is a means of supporting ones family, as well as providing a quality way of life.

Sheep were in the Buckeye Valley before the first cotton was planted and unknown too many, is that lamb is a better aphrodisiac than raw oysters or raw eggs. We in the sheep industry haven't been doing our job in advertising this .. . undoubtedly, lamb sales would sky rocket!

History tells us that we in the West were not given the same deck of cards to play with as states in the East. At the time of Arizona statehood, pressure was brought to bear to give up our constitutional rights. Arizona's public lands remained public. The "Eastern Establishment" that controlled the nation's wealth realized that the West contained the vast majority of the natural resources of our country and the wealth of the nation would shift from the East to the West.

Today being an environmentalist is the "in" thing. Ranchers were environmentalists as were our parents before us, before the term became fashionable. We have practiced protecting the environment we live in for a lifetime. "Earth Day" is every day for us! Our voice for the public lands ranching community is not as vocal as today's modern environmental community, for we are far too busy trying to make a living and maintaining a way of life.

Farmers and ranchers work to provide the food that is necessary to sustain life and the fiber for our clothing and shoes. Try going to work in the cold winter months without a warm jacket or coat, and we would all have calluses without footwear. The by-products from livestock provide many of the medicines that help to keep us healthy.

Sheep - no other animal has contributed more to the comfort of man, in war and in peace, than has the sheep.

The Backus Family And the Quarter Circle U Ranch

The Chuck and Judy Backus family bought the Quarter Circle U Ranch in 1977. The QCU Ranch is one of the oldest, continuously operated ranches in Arizona, started in 1876. It originally extended over about 150 sections of land that included all of the southern part of the Superstition Mountains; from



Apache Junction to Florence Junction and extending north to what is now Canyon Lake. It has survived through all the changes of statehood, the creation of the US Forest Service, the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 and the creation of the Superstition Wilderness Area. After the death of Tex Barkley, the USFS required that the ranch be divided into a USFS Allotment (later cancelled) and an AZ State Trust Land lease - containing the original ranch headquarters - at the end of Peralta Road.

The Early QCU Ranch History

The QCU Ranch has had 4 significant owners: Matt Cavaness (10 yrs); Jim Bark (20 yrs); Tex Barkley and son, Bill (56 yrs); and Chuck Backus (currently - 39yrs). Matt had driven cattle across AZ from Texas to the California gold mines in the 1850's and later became a teamster for hauling ore for mines. He came back to AZ to haul for the Vulture Mine near Wickenburg.

He married a lady from Fort McDowell and they had the first white child ever born in Phoenix. When the Silver King Mine opened near Superior in 1875, Matt got the contract to haul their ore from Superior to Yuma in 20 mule team, ore wagons. The ore was loaded onto a steamboat in Yuma and taken to a smelter in San Francisco. On the return trip to Yuma the boat brought manufactured products which Matt backhauled to



Phoenix. Matt recognized the demand for beef for two markets: the mining towns; and for the growing population in Phoenix. He was told by an elderly Indian of a year-around source of water located between those two beef markets and thus established the QCU Ranch to meet those markets. In 1876, Matt built the Ranch House from sawed lumber that he had backhauled from Yuma. At the time, all buildings outside of towns were made with adobe or stone, so in the history books, this ranch house is known as the "Plank House". (The currently existing ranch house is thought to be the one built by Matt Cavaness in 1876) In those days, all land was considered open government land with no private ownership except for the rights claimed by people who used the land. Even the land at the QCU Ranch headquarters did not become private land until 1947.



Jim Bark bought the QCU Ranch in 1891 and brought QCU branded cows to the ranch. The ranch retained that brand until it was sold with the cattle in 1967.

The ranch has since retained that name. Bark was a progressive rancher and immediately built a stone barn. He then hired a miner from the Silver King Mine, for an entire year, to blast out and place improvements on springs

and water seeps on the ranch. Right after the "Dutchman" died in Phoenix, Bark was inundated by gold seekers. They reasoned that since he ran cattle all over the area where the "Lost Dutchman's Mine" was supposed to be, he could help them figure out the "secret maps" they had acquired. Bark is actually the one who coined the label, "The Lost Dutchman's Mine". He recorded all the stories of the gold seekers and in his retirement (about 1930) he had his notes typed, double spaced, on letter size paper. These are called the "Bark's Notes" and comprise 174 pages. These notes became the definitive material for the many books and articles written on the "Lost Mine". At the turn of the century, Bark was an AZ Territorial Legislator and one of the main organizers of the AZ Cattle Growers Association. Bark served as the second President of the ACGA.

Jim Bark sold the Ranch to Tex Barkley in 1911. Tex and Gertrude Barkley and later their son, Bill, owned the ranch until 1967. In the 1920's, it was reported that they ran 5,000 head of cattle. Tex established a major reputation for search and rescue operations for lost or missing hikers and miners in the Superstition Mountains. He died in 1955. When the "National Cowboy Hall of Fame" was established in 1960 in Oklahoma City, Tex was chosen (honored) as a founding member - posthumously. After Tex died, Gertrude moved to Gold Canyon, lost her eyesight and lived until about 1980. One of her claims was that she shot and killed the last Big Horn Sheep in the Superstition Mountains.

In 1977, Chuck and Judy Backus bought the QCU Ranch and applied modern land management and cattle ranching techniques to the Ranch.



Chuck Backus' Background

The Backus ancestors of Chuck came to America (Plymouth) in 1628. Over the centuries they were mostly farmers. His Grandfather Backus was born on a farm in what is now, West Virginia, in 1856 and lived there until his death in 1951. He was what is often described as a "Backwoods Farmer" - meaning that the farm never had any road to it, nor electricity, nor running water, etc. They were self-sufficient but raised a few cattle for milk and as a "cash crop". Grandpa Backus had a total of 6 wives. Five wives died from various causes: i.e., childbirth; the 1917 Flu epidemic; a dress caught fire in the hearth; etc. Chuck's father finished "common school" (about 8th grade) and remained on the farm until, in a small country church, he was "called" to go into the ministry.

At age 22 he started high school, worked his way through college and then two years of Seminary. Afterwards, he was a Methodist Minister in West Virginia and later, Ohio. Chuck's Grandfather Strader was also a WV farmer and raised cattle for milk and as a cash crop. He was not a "Backwoods Farmer" because there was a road to his farm. Chuck spent most of his summers and vacation times on his two grandpa's farms. After the passing of the grandpas, Chuck's family moved to a rural town in Ohio and Chuck spent his last two years of high school working and living on a dairy farm (120 milking cows). There were 15 in his High School graduating class.

Chuck went to Ohio University to study engineering, but in 1957 two separate, but life changing events happened: Chuck & Judy were married (Judy lived next door to Chuck's parents); and Russia launched man's first space satellite. The latter event made Chuck decide to devote his technical career to working on power systems for Space. In 1959 Chuck went to the University of Arizona for graduate study in Nuclear Engineering and advanced energy conversion systems. In the summers Chuck worked all over the West at various national labs and industries in the space power business. During those years Chuck spent most of his free time in outdoor hiking and mountain climbing all over the West and

Mexico. It was during these times that he decided that he wanted to eventually become a cattle rancher.

After finishing his Doctorate degree at the University of Arizona, Chuck worked in industry for 3 years on space power systems. In 1968 Chuck returned to AZ to become a Professor of Engineering at ASU. He made Terrestrial Photovoltaics (PV - solar electric) systems his technical expertise. He has written over 100 articles in the field and has been invited to speak all over the world (literally) on that subject.

After Chuck joined ASU, he started to pursue his other goal of becoming an AZ cattle rancher. He audited all the courses taught at ASU in Animal Science and Range Management. Lee Thompson became his substitute-father in advising on cattle ranching. He was also talking to the people at the PCA (now Farm Credit, SW) about buying ranches. In 1977 the PCA called and said there might be a chance of assuming a ranch, close to the Valley, that they were about to foreclose on. Chuck and Judy thus bought this ranch (the QCU Ranch). This was an opportunity to gain ranching experience while still retaining a professional career. A caretaker had to be hired to live at the ranch.



Operating the QCU Ranch

In 1977, the QCU Ranch consisted of about 22 sections of State Trust Land with a rated annual capacity of 207 adult animals. One could drive into the headquarters, but it was a completely horseback operation from there.

The land had not been well managed and could probably be described as "abused". It is very rough country of canyons, rocks and cactus varying in elevation from 2000 to about 4,000 feet. There were essentially no cross-fences and no

water development in the last 100 years. The headquarters consisted of the 600 square foot, 1876 built ranch house; one stone barn built in 1891; and a wire fence being used as a corral. It did have a good, hand-dug well, 18 foot deep. The AZ State Land Department could not provide assistance, other than to direct Chuck to



contact Dan Robinet at the Soil Conservation Service. Dan agreed to do a soil and range condition survey of the ranch and afterward to discuss range management. Over the next 2 years Dan completed his surveys and established 3 different transect sites to annually monitor the frequency of plants in these three different areas of the ranch. Dan suggested to Chuck to just operate the ranch and cattle for perhaps 2-3 years to get to know the land and how it might work with some sort of management plan - and then to propose a possible operating plan with the identified improvements needed. This was done with a fairly unusual cattle rotation plan proposed and it was accepted by SCS and the ASLD.

Over the first 20 years of ownership (with a major effort from family members and friends), slow but steady progress was made:

- The high % Brahman cattle were phased out (some had to be shot)
- A focus was made by bull selection to develop a Brangus herd
- After two years the windmill blew itself apart and it was decided to go to a completely solar powered ranch (PV). Thus the QCU Ranch became the first solar powered farm or ranch in the world (since 1979). This has been continually upgraded over the years with 110 and 220 VAC available all around the headquarters. It is still 7 miles to the nearest electrical line

- All ranch external fencing was upgraded – after years of neglect
- Cross fencing was built to allow herd rotations to improve the land
- Steel corrals were eventually built with holding pens & handling facilities
- Major improvements were made for corral water storage & distribution
- Buildings were built, such as a large tack room & a hay barn
- The land condition improved – grass and browse became much better – the cattle rotation plan seemed to be working
- The annual transect readings verified the improvements but toward the end of the 20 years started to slow down (of course it is a high desert)
- It was decided that perhaps the only way to keep improving the land condition was to remove the entire herd during the harsh summer months.
- Thus a summer pasture was sought to both improve the land and to increase cattle numbers for an expansion of the ranching operation

A large summer ranch was located (US Forest Service allotment near Lakeside, AZ) for summer-only grazing (It was held by Jed & Jake Flake). This was acquired and first grazed by Chuck's cattle in the summer of 2000. It is called the QCU North Ranch. As a result, the cattle are grazed in the Superstitions for 6 months (Nov thru April) and near Lakeside for 6 months (May thru Oct.). This allows twice the number of cows to be raised while improving both grazing land areas and having better grazing conditions for the cows. (Of course it is a major time and money cost for the rancher.)

This change in the operations also required a change in the cattle rotation plans. For example, other than the well at the headquarters, all the other waters for the cattle are supplied by springs. Springs are good constant sources of water (24 hours per day). However, with more cows coming to water at one time, the water could be used up resulting in the cattle destroying the spring - trying to get more water. This infrequent, but intensive use requires installing storage tanks near the springs. In order to conserve water, tanks and drinkers need to have cutoff float valves. Of course most of these springs are in back canyons, only accessible by horseback. A water distribution system was designed and built to provide these dependable waters. It required a helicopter to be used to drop off Poly storage tanks, Poly water lines and drinkers in these remote areas. This was successfully accomplished. In one case a water line was run 2 miles down a dry canyon that had a spring (and two storage tanks) at the upper end of the canyon. In another case, a solar pump was installed in a large spring that pumped water up to a large storage tank placed on top of the ridge to another canyon. The water could flow, by gravity, down into the adjacent canyon to a drinker. All of these new tanks and drinkers not only served the cows (and wildlife) better, it distributed the cattle more and thus resulted in more uniform utilization of the grass resources.

Chuck retired from ASU in 2004 and has devoted full-time to ranching since then. He decided that most of his past efforts in ranching had been devoted to increasing the condition of the land - and not necessarily the herd. He thus decided to focus on improving the quality of the herd with genetics. In 2006/2007 he sent a truckload of calves to a custom feedlot in Texas to retain ownership, send them to a packing plant and got individual carcass data back on the calves. The calves were below the national average in quality. Also the packing houses were starting to pay for the cattle, based on how well the carcasses "graded", not just on how much the cattle weighed as finished cows. It thus seemed that ranchers could generate more income by raising higher quality carcass calves. This now became the goal for Chuck.

The Bovine (cow) genome was determined shortly after the human genome and the understanding and information about cattle genetics has just exploded in the last 10 years. Chuck seriously studied cattle genetics and attended national conferences on the subject. He experimented with using Artificial Insemination (AI) on a few cows in 2007 to see if it would work in his range conditions. He now uses it extensively (350 cows were AI'd in the spring of 2016) and selects semen from the best bulls in the US to increase the qualities he wanted enhanced in his cattle.

The characteristic of "marbling" in the lean meat is what provides the pleasant taste of a "good tasting, juicy steak". Marbling in cattle is a genetic trait in cattle that is highly measurable and heritable. The carcass grades qualifying for the highest premiums in the packing houses are: "Prime" and "Certified Angus Beef". For the calves fed in 2014 and 2015 by Chuck at an Oklahoma Feedlot, 84% of these qualified for these two grades. These calves were raised on the ranch and inspected/certified by a third, outside company, to have been raised as "Natural calves". They were fed in a certified feedlot on "Natural feed". This "Natural" certification also brings a premium at the packing plants because consumers will pay a higher price for these beef products.

Besides all the improvements in the genetics of cattle, in the last 5 years technology has been developed to measure individual feed conversion efficiency of cattle - which is an heritable trait. Cattle vary in the amount of feed required to put on a pound of meat. They vary from about 12/1 (meaning 12 lbs of feed are needed to put on 1 lb of meat) down to about 4/1. This has now become a new goal for Chuck - high feed efficiency for his herd (in addition to selection for the high marbling grade). High efficiency cattle could greatly reduce the amount of feed required to produce beef for feeding the world.

High feed conversion could also reduce the forage required by cattle for maintenance of a cow on a pasture. This is another technique for improving the condition of the land!

Chuck tries to inform other AZ ranchers of modern techniques in ranching by writing articles in the monthly magazine of the AZ Cattle Growers, the "CattleLog". He also organizes, day-long, Workshops for Ranchers, through the Arizona Cattle Industry Research & Education Foundation.

Since the QCU Ranch is very close to populated communities, it is frequently used by grade and high schools for field trips to see what a "real cattle ranch" is and how it operates. Also the Arizona Beef Council organizes tours for groups like Nutrition Interns, food providers and restaurant chefs to visit the QCU Ranch to see where beef comes from. Of course, Chuck is always happy to lecture about how cows are raised, show them the operation and answer questions that they have never been able to ask before.

Chuck and Judy Backus have three children: Tony, Beth and Amy. They all rode and helped at the ranch while going through high school and college. They all still live in the Phoenix area and still help at the ranch when their busy schedules allow it. All 7 grandchildren ride and help when needed. (The 5 great-grandchildren are too young to ride, but most have been on a horse.)



Bob Webster

Hard Times

Dad and Mom, Lloyd and Ershal June Webster, were married in 1920. My sister Geraldine was born in 1921, I in 1926 and my brother Victor in 1929. I was born August 11 and came into the world as a Leo. A Leo does the right thing, being in control and always the boss. We lived in Tekamah, Nebraska; a city of 2000 located north of Omaha.



My mother's sister and husband all lived on Grandfather Kohlor's 120 acre farm. The men worked where ever they could find work; they would fish on the river, shoot ducks and geese for food, and hunt pheasants. In 1929 during the Great

Depression, my father's Uncle Harve bought a 620 acre farm on the Webster side of the family. He came to dad and mom with this deal - you come and rent this farm fifty-fifty on the farming - corn, grain and hay.

There are 160 acres of pasture, two 80 acre fields, and 460 farming ground. You will need three hired men to do the farming. I'll pay one-half of all cost to farm and one-half the wages to pay the men. You can have the livestock yourself and the 160 acre of pasture to let the cows and mules feed on.

Let the men live with you in the large five bedroom house. The farm was bought from Russian immigrants and they farmed with mules. The house was a custom home ordered from Sears. My parents were told they could milk 40 to 50



cows for a milk check, 1500 chickens each year to eat and eggs to sell. Steers and pigs for meat and a two or three acre garden. This is where my brother and I grew up and we knew what it was to work. I was milking cows as soon as I could set on a one legged stool. We were milking 40 to 50 cows, pigs to feed and 80 to 160 cattle to feed silage. We got mules ready for field work. The day started at 4 a.m., my sister's job was to get the breakfast ready for us all because mom was milking cows until 6:30 a.m. Geraldine also fed the chickens with corn and gathered the eggs. We would eat breakfast and the three men would go into the fields. And off to the country school for us. Mom would bake bread and can pork and beef. We would have all the vegetables and potatoes in the garden.

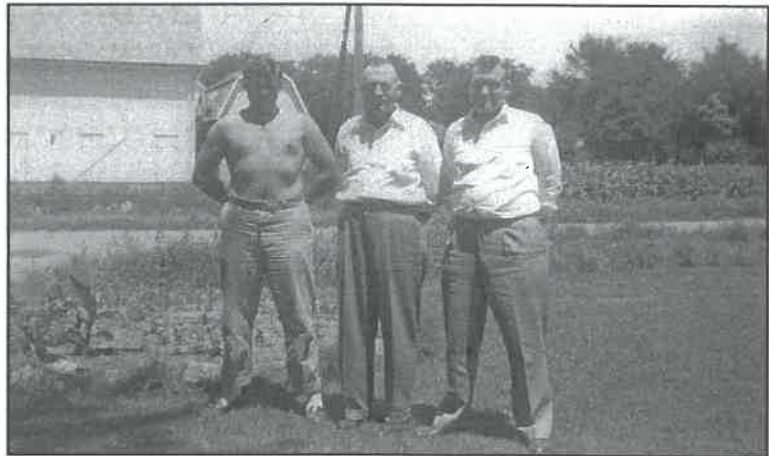
My brother and I always raised two to three acres of watermelons each year to sell in town for a dollar each - take your pick. Geraldine was five years older than I was and was always a top student in her class in school. One time dad's friend gave each of us boys a pony to keep. He said we were good boys and helped our mother and dad.

That was my life until 1944 when World War II came along. I joined the Merchant Marines and was away for two and a half years. My future wife Mary Frances "Tancy" Aliano left for college when I left for the service. I gave her my class ring and said if I made it back OK, maybe we could get together and become partners. You know I have had my eye on you for some time. Tancy was a Capricorn and they are go-getters and they tend to be good lookers, humorous and funny, also get what they want. When I came home from the service in June, 1946 Tancy and I were married. The whole town was invited to the wedding and 400 people signed the guest book. My dad rented me 160 acres to raise seed corn on and I started farming. I raised a good crop and made \$10,000.00 clear the first year. Tancy said to me one night, "What would you think of taking our money and get us a business, not farming. We could be partners, use my college. If we are farmers, I'll only take the children to ball games and music lessons while you are gone all day farming." So I asked my dad and mom what they would think of this.

They said, "Son, whatever you want to do is OK. We want you to have a good life to raise your family." That was the beginning of sixty years as partners.

About The Farm

REA Electric was put in the house and barn, a sixty foot windmill, and supply tank upon the hill to supply water to the livestock and the house. The men put two fifty gallon barrels on a stand eight feet high to warm in the sun for a shower and we had an outhouse. There were 200 acres of level ground to farm between the house and Highway 73, and also 260 acres in the hills behind the large pastures. Dad was a Dekalb Seed salesman, and also sold mules and traded cattle while managing the men to do the farming. Anything to make a dollar. My Granddad Webster was a Maytag dealer all of his life. When we got REA electric in there were motors put in everything. George Nut married dad's oldest sister and he sold Maytags for granddad and his wife helped mom all the time with the house. Since we got the electric lights in the house we had a large light outside that set up in the yard out by the barn. So it was like day getting up at 4:00 in the morning.



Dad and Mom's Advice for Your Journey into Life

It's a journey, not a race like most are in. Work hard, be choosey, be honest! Each day, say to someone, "Good Job, Thank You". Have a church, and say a prayer; say I love you. The Lord giveth and He can also take away! Shake a hand; make it more than a contract. When you tell someone something they can take it to the bank. Be thankful for what

you have. Look around, there are so many who have less. Search for your purpose in life. Laugh often with friends and people. The best things in life are free. Be positive, don't worry, it frees the soul. Take time to indulge yourself, change your bad habits, there will be less pain. Recognize the special people you know. Live for the moment, it is not coming back. Take care of your health, no one else will. Eat a balanced diet, drink only good water. Money and wealth are not the most important in life. Without health, the richest are truly poor. Most commercial foods are only interested in profit. Cleaning your colon is very important to your health. Health companies make money, doctors stop pain with drugs. When in doubt, cut it out. Never look for the cause. When you are broke, you are off to the graveyard, life is through! Stop all habits you like to do (that's all - Good Night).

A Sixty Year Journey – Tancy and Bob – Growing Up and Taking Care of Our Babies Jo Ellen and Mike

Over sixty years of wedded life has been compared by some as jail. I'm thinking that depends on who is riding with you on the trail. Your partner makes a difference when the dusty road gets thick and hard to see; or when you are going through tough times, crippled up or sick. Sometimes the trail is peaceful like, other times it is like a stampede on a fast downhill run. Then your partner might remind you just before you give up hope that every mountain we climb together is followed by a downhill slope. True partners always make the difference. The way we rope a steer and catch him, it feels no good if your partner misses the heels. A team of horses has no choice, they each pull half the load, a double tree makes sure



they share as they travel down the road. But we're not in the harness and we have no double tree, each can work or both can work in equal harmony. Like when you team up and suddenly you find that you both came up losin' cause your partner is lagin' behind. Sometimes your partner varies, they



stay on the trail and make sixty years or bust. They say the golden years, 'cause gold ain't supposed to rust. He was green broke when she first met him and he was still running wild. She roped him then and became his bride with a fearless outlook. He took her hand, she took his brand and they headed down the trail.



It was easy when their partnership began, the trail was plum exciting and mostly smooth and full of fun. Later the trail got rough and rackey with box canyons everywhere. Each one got tested when things just got plum unfair but then they both roped heels and horns and dallied hard and fast. The two of them kept on ridin' and the storms and blizzards fairly passed and they looked back at all the meadows, deserts, hills and dales. They figure sixty years is just the first steps on their trail. And then one morning she was gone. They were together sixty years from 1946 to 2006.

After we no longer were farming, our early life was in business for ourselves. First a bar, coin machines, like music and shuffle boards and pinballs, slots in American Legion and VFW Clubs. Then we had a gift shop and a hard rock maple furniture store. Tancy loved to go on buying trips for her gift shop.

We became tired of the cold weather in the mid-west and came to Phoenix for a vacation. We bought a four-plex apartment and went back home to sell our businesses. We put an ad in the paper and sold out the first week. Returning to Arizona, Tancy worked for Wells Fargo and Bank of America for fifteen years and I sold cookware and insurance. That's where I learned that to close the deal with a person is to take it away from them. Tancy was always independent and kept her own bank accounts and bought her own cars.



I would just say, "Mother, I see you got yourself a new car."

Tancy always thought she was the boss but I was the Leo and that made me the boss. Tancy gave me two children and I give her all the credit. We did a good job raising them the right way; always had God in our life and church on Sunday. Tancy was the Sunday school teacher for the young adult class with another lady. I was a deacon and belonged to the Masons; becoming a 32nd Degree Mason. Our daughter Jo Ellen became a teacher for gifted children in

the same school for twenty-eight years. Our son Mike lost his life in a car-train wreck at the age of seventeen and went to be with the Lord in an early life.

About 1964 we rented twenty acres on Lower Buckeye Road after seeing an ad in the paper. The land belonged to a railroad man. I met Bud Herseth who was selling veal calves to Fry's Grocery Stores. He told me to buy 200 pound calves and put them on self-feeders; selling them at 400 to 450 pounds. Bud financed that operation for me. We lived on that property for three or four years. We got into the cattle and dairy business for thirty-five years.

In 1968 we bought cattle and property on Baseline Road from Henry Haggard. He was originally selling to another person and the sale didn't go through. I bought the property for \$10,000.00 down and financed for \$2500.00 a year for a feedlot and two houses on thirteen acres.

Jo Ellen graduated from ASU and she and her husband lived on the same property. They became parents of two daughters and a son.

I traded cattle and wanted to get in the dairy business. I bought a dairy in Avondale in 1984 and we lived on the dairy on El Mirage Road from 1985 to 1991. I paid \$250,000.00 for the dairy and we milked 300 to 400 cows. I continued to trade cattle and would go to the sale and buy all kinds of cattle. I would feed them corn silage and raise them to 650 pounds and sell them to three feedlots and also bought cattle for them on commission. Our neighbor, Mr. Frazier was in the VA Hospital and wanted to sell his Charolaise-Brahma cross cattle. I bought his twenty cows and a bull. Tancy immediately claimed the cows and I sold the bull for almost enough to pay for all the cattle.

My brother in Nebraska was a representative for Moormans Minerals and he got me the Arizona Franchise. I sold to John Wayne's ranch in Springerville and he was there that weekend. We had ten men selling to dairies and ranches around Arizona. I also became the Arizona dealer for Gooseneck Trailers and continued dealing in dairy heifers.

I always was straight in my business dealings and carried a letter from Duane Webb, Vice-President, Arizona Livestock Production Credit Association. "Mr. Webster has been in the cattle industry for some twenty years. He has been a success at this. We believe Mr. Webster to be a man of integrity. He has been a member of this association since 1974 and has handled all of his transactions in a very successful manner."

Tancy and I were involved in our community. Shag and Shirley Rogers were neighbors. We joined them and John Williams in providing beef for the annual Laveen BBQ. I received

a Certificate of Appreciation from Marvin Morrison of the 4-H Youth Foundation for our support of 4-H. I always participated in buying at the youth livestock auctions at the Maricopa Fair and the Arizona National Livestock Show. I took a pen of fat steers to the Arizona National Livestock Show several times.

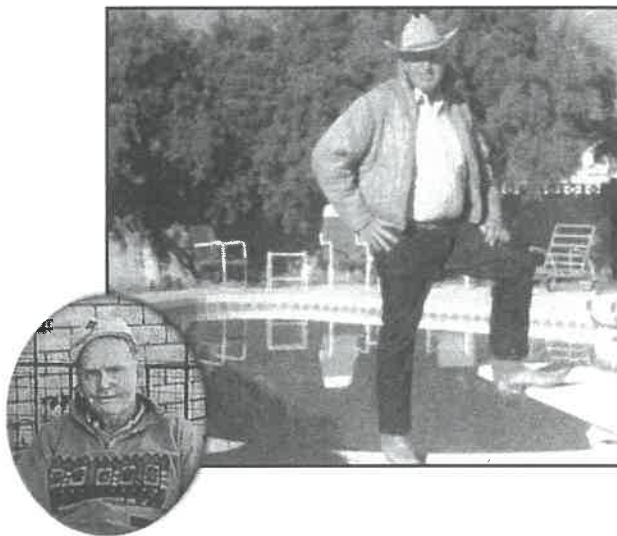
Tancy was active in the Laveen Cowbelles which later became the Maricopa Cattle Women and she also belonged to the Cotton Wives. We enjoyed attending the Cotton Cotillion each year. We watched the grandchildren and great-grandchildren play ball and participate in 4-H. Tancy had her weekly card games with friends. She enjoyed traveling with friends and family.

When our granddaughters Christine and Terri graduated from college, we took them to Europe for one month. Our grandson Greg was a dare-devil. He won many trophies with his quads and earned money selling hot dogs at the Dunes in California.

Tancy passed away with a stroke at 81 years 24 days. The doctor had her on life support and he said if we took them off she would close her eyes and be asleep in less than an hour or we could call in the specialist. I said that will be her decision. We decided this ourselves. When it was our time to go we needed no help to stay. Who could ask for a better life than Tancy and I had together. As I held her hand, our life passed before my eyes. Tancy said, "Red, my prayers have been answered. I have been talking to the angels. I don't want to be in this world without you to take care of me. Live your life to the fullest till it is through. Red, I'll be waiting for you behind the moon! Keep doing the good deeds and helping others as I have seen this many times in our lives." And she was gone. Tancy knew I was a Leo and how important the full moon was to me in my life. Each month when the moon was full, it was full steam ahead. Red had someone holding his hand and leading him each step of the way.

Time Goes On – About the Farm

While us boys were gone to war, Uncle Harve and dad were working to make the farm a modern one (the fifty-fifty deal). Each bought a new tractor at the farm and dad sold some mules. The John Deere and Farmall tractors had planters and corn pickers and pulled all the machinery. Franklin D. Roosevelt started a program to put the boys in the depression to work called the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC's) and it was expanded to include veterans. These boys came to the farm, putting dams every 100 yards in the ditches and on the 260 acres in the hill. We planted around the hills to keep the heavy rains from washing the soil. One day Uncle Harve had a heart attack and passed away. Later dad went to the hospital with a pain in his back. While in surgery, his aorta ruptured and he bled to death at 67 years. Uncle Harve's two daughters sold the farm at a nice profit and lived happily ever after. My brother Vic had two farms in Nebraska with 4,000 feeder pigs. Bob and Tancy lived in Laveen at 75th Avenue and Baseline in the cattle business for 36 years. We made many friends while dealing in the cattle business and living in the best climate in the U.S.A.



Edward Charles "E.C." Conway, Sr.

November 1, 1917 – February 25, 2008

Six generations of the Conway family have lived on the ranch in Greenback Valley, Tonto Basin, Gila County, Arizona. E.C. (as he was known to all) was a familiar name and face at the Punkin Center store, where he was most well-known as a first class cowman as well as a great story teller.



E.C. was born on November 1, 1917 in Globe, Arizona, the son of Edward F. and Lula Jane Grantham Conway. His mother brought him home from Globe to Greenback Valley on horseback when he was ten days old. He attended school in Tonto Basin, Globe and in Mesa, Arizona, but did not finish because he was needed to help with the ranch. He married Frances Brewton on June 13, 1939 in Globe. E.C. took over much of the ranch work during the war when his brother Clarence was in the army and his father Ed was unable to do as much of the heavy work.

Background:

E.C.'s ancestors settled in the Tonto Basin area, homesteading property in Greenback, Valley. The Greenback Valley Ranch was their home and was E.C.'s home his entire life.

The background story goes like this:

Greenback Valley Ranch was homesteaded by several different families, but the man that came there first was David Harer. During the mid-1800's, thousands of people were passing through Arizona on their way to the California gold fields. Many of these people liked what they saw in the Arizona Territory and stayed, or returned when they failed to find gold. Small communities began to spring up throughout Arizona and the population of the Territory began to grow.



Few people, however, ventured into the Tonto area at this time because of the fierce Indians (namely Geronimo's band of renegades) that inhabited the vicinity. The U.S. Army tried to make peace with these Indians, but nothing was accomplished until Camp Reno was constructed in 1867. By 1870 some type of peace agreement had been made with all the small bands of Indians who lived in Tonto. There was no further need for the Fort, so in March of 1870 it was closed and all the men and supplies were moved back to Fort McDowell. With the Tonto Apaches no longer at war, it didn't take long for people to begin to settle the area.

In 1872, David Harer came to Arizona from California in search of a place to raise hogs. The family farmed in the Phoenix vicinity and David made smoked hams and bacon for the Hayden Trading Post at Tempe. While in Phoenix, he heard of Tonto from Captain William A. Hancock, who had scouted for the army and discovered Greenback Valley in 1865. The reports that Hancock gave Harer about the abundant feed and water made Greenback Valley sound like the country he was looking for. Harer immediately left Phoenix and following Hancock's directions, made his way through Reno Pass, across Tonto Creek, and up Greenback Creek to Greenback Valley. What he found was even more than he had expected. Not only was there abundant grass and water, but the many large oak trees throughout the valley produced an abundance of acorns which would keep his pigs fat and ready for market. He knew immediately this was the place he had been looking



for. Harer returned to the Phoenix area and told his family about Greenback Valley. It didn't take long for them to decide to move to Greenback and begin raising hogs for market at the mines in Globe and Miami. In 1875, David Harer, his wife Josephine, their seven children, plus their son-in-law Florence Packard, gathered up their possessions and set out for Tonto to begin a new life. They settled in Greenback Valley in 1875 and became the first permanent settlers in Greenback Valley. Harer was the first to homestead part of Greenback

Valley along with his son-in-law Florence Packard. It was Harer's daughter Elizabeth that married a Conway.

Edward C. Conway was born in Maine in 1848 and was the son of Edward and Elizabeth Conway (the former was a miller in Milltown, Maine, until his death in 1882 when he was ninety-two years of age). In 1868, Edward C. Conway went overland to California, and pushed northward to Seattle, Washington for a couple of years, then on to Oregon for one year, then back to Walla Walla, Washington in 1870. In 1872, Edward went to Idaho and traded horses for a couple of years, then on to Arizona in 1874. His first settlement was in Prescott, then in Globe where he worked in a number of mines. After that he went to the Silver King Mines and in 1881, was a packer in the employ of the U.S. government, witnessing during this period one of the great battles between the U.S. troops and the Indian tribes under Geronimo.

Edward worked in the mines until 1884 when he turned his attention to cattle raising and ranching on Tonto Creek. His interest extended rapidly and steadily, his land holdings became greater and his herds larger year by year until he became the owner of one of most successful ranches in the locality and was accorded recognition as one of the most successful stickmen in the Territory.

In 1888, Edward Charles Conway was married to Alice Lorinda Harer, who was born in Oregon, the daughter of David H. and Josephine Bean Harer. He homesteaded the Conway Patent in Greenback and they were parents of six children. Edward Franklin, who married Lula Jane Grantham, David who never married, Mary who married Irl Vogel, Clara Belle who married Lowrey B. Eiland, Georgia Ann who married Roy Esmond Tucker, and William who married Belle Grantham.

The patent that Edward Charles homesteaded is now owned by several of his great-grandchildren. They are the grandchildren of Edward Franklin - the children of his son E.C. Conway and daughter Opal Conway Collins.

Edward Franklin "Ed" Conway was born in Greenback Valley on September 5, 1888 and ranched in the Tonto Basin and Greenback Valley area all his life. He was the son of Edward Charles and Alice Harer Conway. Ed attended school in Gisela and then took over the TK Bar Ranch started by his father. He sold yearlings and ran a year-round operation. The lower country cattle spend their life on the lower range and the high country herd on the upper range. They summered on the hilly ranges covered with gramma and sideoats, and moved into the protected browse basins under the towering bluffs in the winter.

Edward F. Conway was always looking for the opportunity to purchase more land and cattle to expand his operations. He acquired land in Payson, the Grantham place on lower Greenback Creek, and the TIN Ranch on the north side of Roosevelt Lake. The latter ranch bordered his own ranch to the south as well as neighboring patents in Greenback. He later sold much of his holdings, retaining all of Greenback Valley and the TIN Ranch on Roosevelt Lake. Ed shipped his cattle by trucks in his



later days, but in the early days, his cattle were driven out through Tonto Basin and over the Mazatzals through Reno Pass, and then to the Salt River Valley. Ten cowboys would drive the 1,000 head herd in community drives that would take ten to twelve days.

In 1917, Edward F. "Ed" Conway married Lula Jane Grantham, daughter of another pioneer Gila County family (Rufus M., Sr. and Mary Ann McReynolds Grantham), and they had three children: Edward Charles "E.C." was born on November 1, 1917 in Globe and married Frances Brewton in 1939. Clarence Woodrow as born on January 11, 1920 in Globe and after a hip fracture in 2007 he passed away there in 2008. He was buried in Tonto Basin Cemetery, Tonto Basin, Arizona.

E.C. and Frances had four children. The oldest, Edward Charles "Eddie" Conway, Jr. was born on November 30, 1940 and traveled the professional rodeo circuit as a young man for more than fifteen years as a bull rider. He married Betty Sue Fletcher of Payson on December 11, 1965. They have two daughters, Christie Ann Conway Locatis, born August 13, 1968 and Debora Sue Conway Rhoton, born July 7, 1971, and four grandchildren.

Mary Ann was born on September 21, 1941 (deceased). She had a daughter Deanne McCarn, and a son Cody McCarn (deceased) and one grandchild. Margaret Jean "Jeanne" was born on December 23, 1947 (deceased). She had two daughters, Janna Jean Conway, born in 1967 and Keli Jean Kelly, born in 1971, and eight grandchildren.

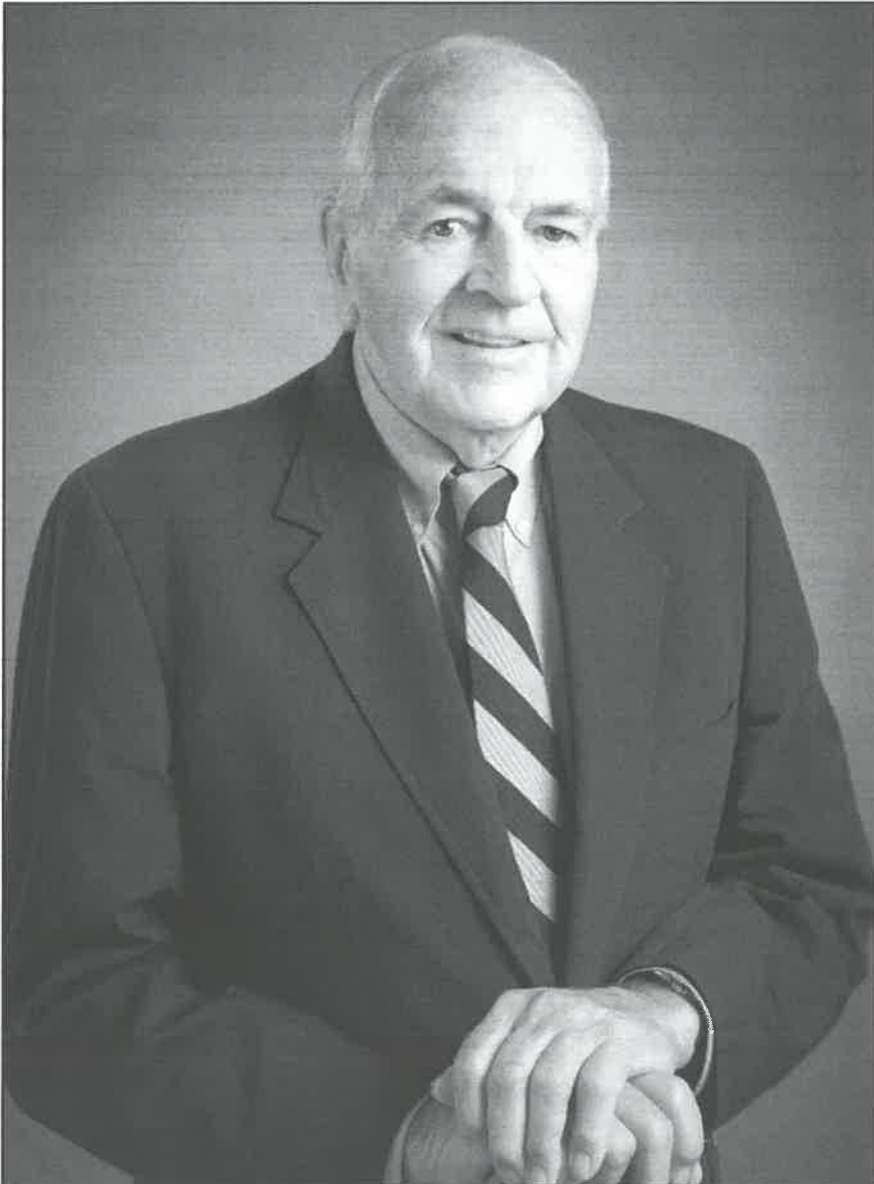
Bill was born on October 16, 1949. He is married to Penny Simon Conway and they live in Payson, Arizona. They have two children, Katy and Kyle, and four grandchildren (July/2013)



John Upton Hays

The Arizona National Livestock Show's 2015 Pioneer Stockman of the Year, John Upton Hays, has not only been a successful cattle rancher, he has generously served for the betterment of Arizona during his time in the state legislature and on many regional boards and commissions.

Agriculture has always been in John Hays' blood perhaps beginning from his antecedents who came across on the Mayflower and his great-great grandfather and frontiersman Daniel Boone. John's grandfather, John Nathan Hays, moved



West at the end of the Civil War from Independence, Missouri as a young boy with his mother, Margaret, who purchased a ranch in northern California. John Nathan grew up in California and started the Hays Cattle Company in Coalinga, California on the west side of the Central Valley.

John Nathan and his partners decided they needed more ranch space and more cattle to stock their California properties. They had originally looked in the

Magdalena, Mexico area; however, the Mexican Revolution was beginning and they wisely decided not to invest there. The partners came to Arizona Territory in 1912 to look at the American Ranch in Williamson Valley.

When the train arrived in Kirkland, John Nathan unexpectedly met an old rancher friend Charlie Rigden at the train station. He steered John Nathan to Peeples Valley where the Hays Cattle Company purchased the Akard Ranch along with several other small ranches and homesteads to make one large contiguous cattle ranch with the headquarters being in Peeples Valley, Arizona.

From 1912-1914, time was mostly spent gathering the native cattle off the ranch. The wild ones had to be roped and led out so that Hereford cattle could be introduced to the ranch. In 1913, the Hays' purchased Hereford bulls and brought them to the ranch. The ranch continued to raise Herefords until the 1960's, when they began raising Hereford and Beef Masters crossed.

John Nathan Hays' son, Roy Hays, returned to Arizona in 1915 with his bride Hazel. They established their home where the Hays Ranch headquarters are today in Peeples Valley, AZ. Their daughters Margaret (Rigden) and Elladean (Bittner) were born in 1917 and 1919; son John was born in 1928.

There were no feedlots until the 1940's and the Hays' Arizona cattle were shipped to California to be fattened. The cattle were raised at the Arizona ranch until they were yearlings and weighed around 500 pounds. They were driven to Kirkland to board the train and shipped to the family's Hays Land and Cattle Company in Coalinga, California in the San Joaquin Valley. After the cattle were fattened, they were then shipped to San Francisco for slaughter.

Hazel was always interested in what was going on at the ranch and she was a good horse woman. When her girls were small, Hazel hired an Irish friend to take care of them so she could ride with the cowboys. She was there when they brought wild cattle yoked to lead oxen out of the Weaver Mountains south of Prescott.

In 1926, Roy Hays provided property along Highway 89 for a larger school to be built across the road from the ranch in Peeples Valley. All three of his children attended school there. The school house has been restored and serves as a community center and is operated by the Peeples Valley-Yarnell Historical Society.

John grew up on the Hays Ranch and went to school in the one room school house with eight to twelve students in the entire school each year. He attended Prescott High School for two years and transferred to Brown Military Academy in San Diego to finish high school. After attending the University of Arizona in Tucson for two years, John spent two years at the University of the Americas in Mexico City. He majored in Latin American studies, Spanish and Portuguese. His education was completed at the Thunderbird American School of Graduate Management in Glendale, Arizona where he received a second degree and then it was back to the ranch.

In 1932 the Hays family had volunteered their ranch for use by the Yavapai County Cattle Growers to hold a BBQ and calf sale. The event was the first of its kind to raise money for the national organization—today known as The National Cattlemen's Beef Association—which was, at the time, under financial stress. This annual event continues today and was an official Arizona Centennial event in 2012. John is a past president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers and a past director of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association.

John was serving on the Cattle Feeders Board in 1966 when he was asked to work with the Arizona National Livestock Show in sponsoring a pen of five good steers suitable for a feed lot. John awarded a silver platter to his future bride Mary Greene Sharp of the San Rafael Ranch for showing the winning pen. The couple were officially introduced two years later when Mary accompanied her Uncle Charlie Greene and his wife, Sandy, to the Hays Ranch to attend the Yavapai County Calf Sale & BBQ. A fourth generation Arizonan, Mary, the daughter of Bob and Florence Greene Sharp, spent her early childhood at her family's Baca Float- ORO Ranch near Seligman,

Arizona. She boarded at the St. Joseph's Academy in Prescott during her second and third grade years. Mary's mother Florence was the younger daughter of Colonel William Cornell Greene, founder of the Cananea Copper Company and Greene Cattle Company. In 1958, Florence traded her shares in her family's Greene Cattle Company to become the sole owner of the San Rafael Ranch south of Patagonia, AZ. This working cattle ranch had been acquired by her father, Col. William C. Greene, a copper and land tycoon, in 1903. Mary and her siblings moved with Florence to the ranch in Southern Arizona. John and Mary were married in 1969 in Patagonia and had their wedding reception at the "Big House" on San Rafael Ranch, which the family sold in 1999 to Arizona State Parks. The ANLS silver platter still remains in the family at the Hays Ranch.

John returned to the ranch after completing his education, and he began taking an interest in Yavapai County Politics, particularly the Yavapai County Planning and Zoning Commission. He became actively involved with associations and started serving on the Triangle Natural Resource Conservation District Board in Yavapai County. It was in 1974 that John decided to run for election representing District 1 in the House of Representatives.

His interest in serving in the Arizona Legislature was peaked because of the real estate fraud going on in Arizona at the time. Ranches were being broken up into forty acre parcels and buyers were not told about the lack of water in the area. John was elected to the Arizona legislature and served for sixteen years from 1975 to 1990. Eight years were served in the House and eight in the Senate. He is proud of the reforms of the Arizona real estate laws that were passed thanks to his efforts. While in serving in the Senate, John worked with the State to purchase Kartchner Caverns. Years of preparation ensued, but Kartchner Caverns State Park finally opened in the late 1990's. John also served on the Southern Yavapai County Soil Conservation Triangle District as a supervisor and retired after fifty years. His service reflects John's belief that ranchers and farmers are caretakers of the land.

During his legislative years, John was a highly respected and effective legislator. John served as chairman on a number of important committees including: Senate Natural Resources and Agriculture Committee, Health and Welfare, Aging, Education and Environmental committees. He also served on the governor's Rangeland Advisory Committee. Through his efforts, the classical music station KBAQ, received money in the state budget to become part of Arizona State University. John worked for the Governor's Office as the Director of Weights and Measures until he retired in 2000.

John Hays served on many boards, some of which include Arizona State Parks, Museum of Northern Arizona, local historical societies, The Orme School, The Nature Conservancy, Yavapai Cattle Growers, NRCD, and Project CENTRL.

John was pivotal in the foundation and continued success of Project CENTRL, which was established to equip and empower leaders to represent and meet the needs of agriculture and rural Arizona. The concept for this leadership program was originally sponsored by the Kellogg Foundation in Michigan who provided seed money for the program for three years. John obtained permanent funding from the legislature and foundations to support Project CENTRL and also served on the CENTRL board for over two decades. This successful program continues today.

One accomplishment John is most proud of is his work on the Screwworm Eradication Program and the Southwest Animal Health Committee. Screwworms were the most destructive blight on livestock and wildlife in Central America and the southern half of the United States. The Federal government provided Arizona with \$500,000.00 and the cattlemen in Arizona had to match that figure. Ray Cowden was president of the Arizona Cattle Growers at the time and he appointed John to the national program representing Arizona. One of John's tasks was to raise the matching funds. A number of states had representatives in the program, but only twelve were very active. Lyndon Johnson was president at the time and

being from Texas understood the urgency of the situation. At the successful completion of the eradication program, John noted "Eradication was completed in Arizona, saving cattle and wildlife and by advancing the barrier to Panama, we have won the battle. No other program has resulted in such dramatic results in the southern half of the U.S. - and unless an accidental re-infestation occurs, no one will remember the screw worm fly!"

John and his sisters Margaret Hays Rigden (1917-2014) and Elladean Hays Bittner (1919-2008) inherited the Hays Ranch from their parents Roy and Hazel. John managed the ranch and raised his own herd of quality cattle and horses. John and his sisters decided to sell part of the ranch in 2000 with one caveat, that the ranch always remain the host site for the Yavapai Cattle Growers' annual Calf Sale & BBQ for as long as the Yavapai Cattle Growers wanted.

John and Mary retained their "winter range" acreage in the mountains where they continue following in the family footsteps in raising cattle and horses. At the ranch, Mary has an art studio where she produces art that reflects her connection and unique perception of land in the American West.

For the last thirty years, Mary's award-winning paintings and monoprints have been shown in galleries and have had several solo shows. Her work is also included in many national collections.

The couple's son, John Hays Jr. lives in Bishop, California with his wife Mary Hershdorfer and daughters Amaya and Hazel. He is employed by the Los Angeles Municipal Water District-DWP. Growing up on the family ranch puts John in a good position to serve as a liaison between the ranchers and the city of Los Angeles. Daughter Jane, husband Steve Surgent and children Harrison, Libby and Ben live in Phoenix. Their youngest daughter, Rebecca, and husband Jason Rovey live in Wickenburg with their children Lily and John who own a farm in Buckeye. Becky formerly served as Marketing and Public Relations Manager at Desert Caballeros

Western Museum in Wickenburg and Jason an engineer for John Deere Inc. They all spend most of their free time on the ranch.

John's service to the state of Arizona and agriculture has earned him many honors over the years. The Arizona Cattle Growers named him Cattlemen of the Year in 2013 and the University Of Arizona College Of Agriculture honored John with the Lifetime Achievement Award. In 2012, John was named to the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame. John's history can be summed up in one word - Stewardship. John has dedicated his life working to preserve Arizona's farming and ranching heritage for future generations. We were proud to honor him as our Pioneer Stockman of the Year for 2015.

Jinx and Jayne Pyle

The union of Eugene Fremont "Jinx" Pyle and Mary Jayne Peace on January 23, 2004, in Payson, Arizona, brought together several old ranching families - families that helped settle Gila County, Arizona and contributed to its development.

Jinx is a third-great-grandson of David Harer (1822-1908) and Josephine Bean Harer (1832-1921), the first white settlers in the entire Tonto Basin. They settled in Greenback, in 1874, and hundreds of their progeny live in Gila County today. His great-great-grandparents, Florence Packard (1849-1932) and Sarah Harer Packard (1861-1902) settled there shortly afterward. David Harer had heard about the Tonto country from army men who had fought Apaches in the area and loved the good grass for cattle and the abundance of blackjack oak and bush oak that would provide feed for his hogs. The hogs raised at Greenback were range raised and handled like cattle on horseback. They were marketed primarily in Globe, driven to the mining town like cattle and swimming the Salt River while enroute.

Florence Packard was a lion hunter, the lion being a predator of the cattle they raised. One of Florence and Sarah's daughters was Josephine "Josien" (1878-1940) who married Thomas Frederick "Tuff" Russell (1876-1941). Tuff was the deputy at Roosevelt Dam when it was being built and standing 6'6" tall, assuredly lived up to his nickname. The Russells had a daughter, Belle (1902-1997), who married Walter Lovelady (1891-1966) of Payson. These were Jinx's maternal grandparents. Belle and Walter first owned a cattle ranch northeast of Payson on Weber Creek from about 1915 until after War World I in which Walter served. Walter was "gassed" during the war and ranch work proved too much for him. The Lovelady's sold their ranch and moved into Payson where Walter was a constable for many years and Belle served as Payson's first telephone operator. Walter and Belle had a daughter, Dorothy (1920- 2010), who married Eugene "Gene" Pyle (1917-1988) and from this union Jinx was born.

Jinx is the fourth of the Pyle line of cattle ranchers in Gila County. They ran cattle under the KS, Cross V, LH, FA, FP, P-L, and // (Panther Scratch) brands.

Gene and Jinx were also noted lion and bear hunters, as well as hunting guides and woodsmen. This was a tradition carried down from Gene's father, Floyd Monroe Pyle (1891-1961). Floyd was a paid government hunter with over 400 mountain lion on government records. He and his brother, Lewis Pyle (1882-1974), worked as guides for Zane Grey and Floyd roped and caught live bears and lions for movies that were filmed in the Payson area. He also sold the first live mountain lions to the San Diego Zoo. Floyd, the son of Elwood Pyle (1856-1942) and Sarah Corder Pyle (1862-1958), was born in Star Valley, Arizona, in 1891, and raised on the Bonita Creek Ranch under the Mogollon Rim. He married Verda Childers (1892-1970). Verda was the daughter of W.E. Childers (1859-1930), The Payson blacksmith. The Pyle's had ranches in the Rim Country for 100 years. Gene and Jinx sold the Myrtle Ranch in 1986 and went to Oregon where Jinx raised Texas Longhorn cattle for 10 years after Gene passed away in 1988.

In 1997 Jinx and his mother, Dorothy Pyle (1920-2010), moved from Oregon to New Mexico where they ranched for another six years. The "reintroduction" of the Mexican Gray Wolf put an end to their ranching. They sold out in 2003 and moved back to Payson.



Jayne's maternal family first moved to Gila County, Arizona Territory in 1889, and camped at Globe for about a year, near what is now called Six-Shooter Canyon. Her great-grandfather, William Neal (1855-1905) and her great-grandmother, Ellen Jackson Neal (1864-1961) left West Texas with a herd of cattle, but lost them in the aftermath of the Lincoln County War. Jayne's grandmother, Birdie Neal Hale (1887-1959) was born while the family travelled through New Mexico. They entered Arizona with a herd of horses. Ellen's father, Cornelius "Neely" Jackson (1837- 1917) came with them, as his wife had died in Texas.

Also with them were Will's brother, Dan Neal (1856-1943), and his two sisters, Jane Neal Bohme (1859-1935) who later married Phin Clanton, and Lou Neal Colson (1862-1947), who married Roland Jones in Globe and together they raised cattle. Dan Neal settled near Superior, AZ, while Will Neal and family moved to Gisela in the spring of 1891 and started ranching. Will drowned in Tonto Creek while it was in flood stage in 1905. Ellen and her sons continued to ranch. In 1908, Birdie Neal married Robert Duke Hale (1880- 1962), a cattle rancher from Blue, Arizona. They established the Hale Ranch in Gisela which is owned by their grandson and wife, Ralph and Shelly Hale today (2013). The Neal's continued to ranch in Gisela until 1961 when Riley Neal sold the ranch to Ellen's granddaughter, Anna Mae Hale Peace (1920-2001) and her husband, Calvin Peace (1919-2007). The Peace's (Jayne's parents) owned the ranch until 2008. Jayne still owns the Valentine brand that was once belonged to her great-grandmother, then her parents.

Jayne was born February 3, 1949, in Globe, AZ because that was the closest doctor. Her parents lived on a ranch in Gisela, but Payson didn't have a doctor in February of 1949, so they went to Globe. When Jayne was ten days old, she was taken back to Gisela where her parents, maternal grandparents, Duke and Birdie Hale, and great-grandmother, Ellen Neal, lived. Jayne lived and worked on her family's ranch in Gisela for 50 years.

Jinx was born December 14, 1944, in Tempe, Arizona. His mother was living there since his dad was in the Army Air Force and stationed at Luke's Field just west of Glendale, Arizona. As soon as Gene was discharged, Jinx was taken home to the little cow town of Payson, Arizona. His granddad, Floyd Pyle, gave him a cow the day he was born. Jinx's parents took him to live on the Pyle Family Ranch at Bonita Creek before he was four months old. He spent 58 years in the cattle business. He ranched in Oregon and New Mexico as well as Arizona. Jinx also served a tour of duty in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War. Jinx and Jayne's favorite memories of growing up on cattle ranches are basically the same: riding in front of parent's saddle by age two, riding roundups with parents and other family members from childhood to adulthood, helping brand cattle, the excitement of broncs being topped off before the roundup crew rode out. They also add the wonderment in watching cow dogs and hunting dogs be trained and worked, the difference in gentle cattle that knew the trails well and wild cattle that had to be roped and dragged in, seeing new calves frolic with their mothers, and helping gentle colts that would become top mounts. Both Jinx and Jayne recall the importance of music and singing in their homes in the evenings. The fiddle, guitar, harmonica, banjo, accordion, and piano made fine music so all could learn the old songs that the Pyle's still sing today. Growing up and living as adults on cattle ranches have left Jinx and Jayne with lots of stories.

Although Jinx and Jayne had known each other for most of their lives, they did not get together until 2002 (their parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents knew each other well). Jinx took a book to Jayne to have her edit it for him and after a short while they formed a business partnership called Git A Rope! Publishing, Inc. A year later, they married. Jayne had retired from teaching school and Jinx had retired from ranching, but they came out of retirement and started a new life with their writing and publishing business. Then they went into the antique business.

The couple wrote weekly history columns for the Payson Roundup and they were guests on KMOG Radio's call-in show each month for a year. They also recorded historical short stories for KRIM Radio. (Jayne worked as an editor for the Payson Roundup for nine years during the 1980s, while Jinx was still ranching).

Jinx's books include:

- Blue Fox - War to the Knife 2002 (western novel)
- Looking through the Smoke 2003 accepted as evidence by the House Resource Committee on Forest Health
- Mountain Cowboys 2004
- Pleasant Valley War 2009 (Book and CD), 2010.
- Falcon Fox 2010 (western novel)
- Tonto Lingo

Books co-authored by Jinx Pyle and Jayne Peace Pyle:

- Rodeo 101- History of the Payson, Arizona Rodeo 2004
- Calf Fries and Cow Pies 2004
- Images of Payson, Arizona (for Arcadia Publishing) 2010.
- Jinx also has a music CD titled Rawhide Ranahan. It consists of 10 cowboy songs that Jinx wrote and performs.

Jayne's books include:

- History of Gisela Arizona 1981
- Peace Family History 1982

- A Cowboy 1990
- Cooking For Zane Grey Under the Tonto Rim 2005
- Muanami - Sister of the Moon 2005 (novel about a Comanche woman) The Sweetness of Gracie 2008 (co-authored)
- Recipes From Anna Mae's Kitchen 2011

Jinx and Jayne are currently writing a book for the Mormon Church on the history of early the Mormon settlers in the Mogollon Rim Country. Jayne will soon release two more books: "Cowboy Caviar" and "Women of the Pleasant Valley War."

In 2005, Jinx and Jayne were selected as Arizona State CultureKeepers in Scottsdale, Arizona. For the following six years, Jayne served on the CultureKeeper Committee and Jinx performed at most of the annual award dinners. In 2012, Jayne was presented with the Sharlot Hall Award in Prescott. This was a highlight in her life, as this award honors a woman who has "made a valuable contribution to Arizona and its history."

"Our relationship to our heritage is important", said the Pyle's. "It tells us who we are. We have learned much from our early pioneer ancestors, whose struggles and heartaches were met with courage and an abiding faith in God. We hope the same for our grandchildren - Hunter, Hannah, Lilee, and Grayson Haught. We feel it's important that they keep their connection with past generations."

The Pyle's keep the history of the Old West alive by writing, speaking, and singing.

Richard E. Evans

I am the second son of A.A. "Gus" Evans and Mildred Hayden. I was born on 8-18-1924 on Central and Osborn Road in the William Adolphus and Annie Gibson Evans' home - my paternal grandparents home. About a month later one of Grandma Anne's brothers died in the house. Then my parents took me home to the ranch up the Black Canyon Highway to Table Mesa as they call it now; we called it Flat Top, just above New River. All dirt road, of course, 40 miles from the city. The highway is called I17 now.

We lived there for about seven years. In my first grade we had a school right on the ranch, Canyon School. Times got tough and the ranch would not support five families: my dad's two brothers Earl and Claude, Grandpa and Grandma Evans and a non-working partner C.B. Laird. The ranch was called Laird Evans Cattle Ranch, better known as the Ranch. We moved to the valley and lived a short time with Grandpa and Grandma in the home where I was born. The ranch rented 160 acres from Dr. McIntyre, the doctor that delivered all of us Evans kids into the world; who incidentally lived on the other side of Osborn Road from Grandpa Evans' home.

Dad moved us down to the farm where we were to raise feed for the ranch. The farm was on Lower Buckeye Road between Lateral 19 and 20.

We went to Fowler School and rode to school, three boys on one horse, about three and a half miles. Later we had three horses. After a couple of years things got tougher and we moved to Scottsdale where we lived with my maternal grandparents Milford Hayden and Millie Gemima Ware for a part of the year and went to Scottsdale school for part of a year then back to Phoenix on Central and Mitchell Drive which is only about a block from Grandpa Evans home.

We lived with an old maid piano teacher in her home, Miss Amanda Caldwell. She tried to teach us boys how to play the

piano with not much success. Mother fed her and kept the house for rent. Miss Caldwell had her room where she gave piano lessons. We went to Osborn School which is no longer there. Then we moved back to the lower end of the T Ranch north of Marionette about ten miles, about halfway to Carl Pleasant Dam. It was on the southwest corner of the original ranch. The ranch was about fifty miles from northeast to west and twenty-five miles wide, from the top of the New River Mountains to Beardsley, and from Carl Pleasant Dam to Cave Creek, all of the desert country north to the Arizona Canal. Marionette was a company town owned by Boswell Cotton Company.

Dad went back to work on the ranch and also had a position with the County Highway Department so we would have money to live on. We boys worked on the ranch in the summer. All three of us boys went to a little one room school in Deer Valley also called North Marionette. We were twelve miles from Peoria and we three boys graduated from Peoria High



School in 1940, 42 and 44. My brothers were Arthur and Raymond and my sister is Ruth Cordes, the youngest. She graduated from Tempe High School with Helen, my wife.

It was here we lived when World War II started. We had moved back to the ranch in 1937 the year my Grandmother Hayden died. We boys were not old enough for the draft until after high school. We all stayed out of the service on an agreement to help run the ranch. Then in 1944 we all decided to enlist and all six cousins on the ranch joined the Navy then. When we came home after the war was over, we no longer had a ranch home so we went our different ways.

I borrowed \$1,000.00 on a G.I. loan and bought feeder cattle and ran them in pastures all around the east valley, Tempe, Scottsdale, even the McCormick Ranch north of Scottsdale. You would then drive all over the valley on the roads. My father had bought a small farm just east of the Yaqui Village of Guadalupe. That is where I came home to. I had a few milk cows and some pigs I was feeding until the pigs learned to steal all the milk from my milk cows. They would wait until the cow laid down then they would sneak up and suck them dry.

It was here I met Helen. She was a school chum of my sister Ruth. Helen was a cheer leader for Tempe High School, just as cute as they come. We dated and had lots of fun. She came by everyday on the way to school as Ruth was riding to school with her. I had a 36 Ford Coupe with a rumble seat. We used to dance at the Old Sciots Auditorium on North Central, also the Riverside Ballroom on South Central and the Old Timers Dance Hall on West Christie Road. We dated for a couple of years having so much fun, didn't want to settle down I guess. I was also building an adobe house on Dad's property. We were married on September 1, 1948 at the Methodist Church in Tempe.

Sixteen acres of dad's land was right on the southeast corner of Guadalupe. This is where I built a little adobe house. That is what I was doing while we were dating those two years.

We lived there for a year after our marriage. Then her dad decided that maybe I would make a hand so he asked us to move down to the farm. The first year I was just a hired hand, seven days a week, \$7.00 per day. Then I graduated and took over the irrigation of the place, we were farming about 1,000 acres.

Helen was working at First National Bank in Tempe as a teller making more money than I was. When Helen graduated from High School, her dad went to the Bank President, (Thanks Anderson!) and said, "I have a daughter and she needs a job." She started the next day after graduation and worked until our first baby came along. A little boy and we lost him within twenty-four hours. This was July 23, 1949.

Then our other son Rick was born on September 27, 1951. Then we went five years until our first daughter Mary was born on December 28, 1956. Rick slept with us until Mary came along perhaps that is why we didn't have any children until Mary came. Then we had Renee on July 16, 1958. Next came Carrie on August 6, 1961 and Robin on May 14, 1965. We have a total of 21 grandchildren. Rick and Susie have 4 children, Mary Smith has five, Renee Fulmer has five children, Carrie Owens has three and Robin Hunt has four. We have twenty-eight great-grandchildren.

When Robin was born I was burned quite serious on my arm and head. Electrical burns - 440 volts. We farmed on the farm until January, 1985, and gained many experiences; physical and spiritual.

In early 1958 we were farming 1 section, 640 acres just south of Maricopa. That was besides the 1,000 acres we were already farming at home. It was Indian land that been cleared out of the desert. It had two irrigation wells for irrigation.

Helen's brother Bill had moved to that ranch to care for it and I stayed at the home place. We had bought an airplane together, an almost new Piper Super Cub Tri-Pacer.

So when he moved down to the other ranch I sold my interest to him and I bought my own plane. Bill was coming from Casa Grande with parts in his plane and he crashed his plane and was killed.

This threw all the responsibility for both places on me. The road to Maricopa was not paved at this time and I had to make two to three trips a day with irrigators and other farm help and keep everything going on both places. I almost had a nervous breakdown so after that year we sold the lease on that farm and just had the home place. Helen's father was getting older so I had pretty well taken over the operation.

Farming is a good life but not too rewarding financially. We had good years and bad years. I could tell some faith promoting stories about this.

There was always something going on. We lived at the end of Williams Field Road, next to the desert. People were often coming out to play in the desert and getting in trouble: car wrecks, stuck in the desert.

The Home Place P/A

There were five wells, 2 - 200 horsepower, 3 - 150 horsepower electric and some 2 and a half miles of pipe line. There was about twenty feet of fall north to south and the water wells were all on the south end of the ranch. The water had to be lifted to the north end. We also had a pump back system to reuse the waste water. The motor on the pump is where I was burned.

Originally there were two irrigation wells on the north end. Over time the water level receded so that new wells were drilled on the south end and piped to the high end. The water was too salty to drink, almost too salty to farm with. The University of Arizona in Tucson told me I could not raise crops with that water. We did for some forty-five years. I tried additives and sulfuric acid until the cement ditches began to slough away.

We also changed from pre-irrigation to dry planting and irrigating up. Also very flat beds and planting on the very edge, and then pushing the water past the seed line on corn, cotton, beets and row crops.

We had good yields, just not good prices. Some good years, some not so good. In 1975 we had the highest yield for the state of Arizona with 10195 pounds of sugar. Then in 1980 state high yield 60 acres 7680# sugar per acre. The sugar yield went down so Spreckels closed the sugar beet factory after ten years. We never made any money with beets, just changed dollars. We had about a three bale average on cotton.

I tried raising millet seven feet tall. The header on the combine had to be raised to cut the heads; then we shredded the crop and had at least a foot of chopped crop that we had to work into the ground. I tried sunflowers on the strength that somebody would invent a machine to harvest sunflowers. Ben Keppelman had a welding shop on Baseline and Kyrene trying to perfect a machine. Failed. The ground was mostly decomposed granite, very abrasive on discs, cultivators, points, subsoil points, plow points, lots of expense here. We had faced all the tools that came in contact with the ground. It was very hard to establish an alfalfa stand because of the fall of the land and necessary to irrigate it two to three times to establish a stand and the land washed real bad.

Back in the 50's and 60's we picked cotton by hand. I usually had three crews, a white crew, a Black crew and a Yacqui Mex crew. Every few days I would go to the bank and get \$10,000.00 in ones and change to give to the contractors to pay the pickers. The going rate was three cents a pound for picking. I would have to keep them in trailers. At the time we were using the gin on 51st and Maricopa Road about five miles from the ranch. There was a short staple and a long staple gin there. At that time you could raise stubs or volunteer cotton. We would cut the stalks after picking about a foot above the ground then use a disc hiller and cover the stalks. Then in the spring we would run over the

stalks and take the dirt away. After it started to leaf out we would make the furrows and irrigate. By the first of July we would start picking.

There was not much work that time of year so sometimes I would have a hand picker in every two rows across the whole field. I have some old movies of this. Pink Boll Weevil came along and we no longer use this practice. We were required to plow the crop into the ground. Along about this time there were mechanical pickers so we bought two Allis Chalmers two row machines. But they were no good, they knotted the cotton and gave bad samples all through the bale.

We used the machines just a part of the year and parked them. We contacted somebody with International machines. I think it was the Riggs of Chandler. Along about this time, an airplane landed in one of the alfalfa fields. It was a pilot that ferried planes for the Navy. He said he had two Rust cotton pickers coming from Texas. We had him one year then we bought a John Deere and a compactor.

Let me tell you about our church life. We were baptized Latter Day Saints on October 23, 1954 in Mesa. Married in the Temple on March 10, 1957. Our children Rick and Mary were sealed to us in September, 1956. Made Elder June of 1972 and High Priest in 1982.

This is when I was made Second Counselor to Bishop Bill Romney, where I served for a couple of years then the ward was divided and I was called as First Counselor to Bishop Gary Patten until 1976. Then we were called on a stake mission from 1976 to 1980. Then we were called to serve from 1986 to 1990 at the Arizona Temple. Our hours: five to eleven hours, five days a week.

In our first years in the church, I served fifteen years in the Mutual, eight to ten years as Superintendent. We had other responsibilities too. Helen was Primary President once and Cub Scout leader. We were dance directors for several of the big dance festivals. Once we were Maricopa Stake dance directors. I have taught genealogy classes several times in

different wards. We served in six wards and three stakes and never moved. Recently, we have served as employment specialist and also High Priest Assistant three times.

A group of farmers built a cotton gin in Chandler - The Chandler Gin Co. They had a policy if you picked in a module maker they would haul it so I quit the trailers. This eliminated a ten mile haul with trailers. The gin eventually paid off that bonds that each farmer held to establish Chandler Gin.

A group of farmers, us included, had the same program. We formed to put in a commercial fertilizer company to reduce our fertilizer costs. We formed Agro-Chem and built a factory in South Chandler and they furnished field men to advise and check crops and make recommendations. We worked with Bob Cooley and Lee Tregaskas. I got ahead of my story. Prior to this we used the United and Producers Consumers Co-op. Our field man with them was George Pew.

I was also a board member for eight years on the co-op board. Also local Kyrene Farm Bureau president and Kyrene school board for eight years. I also served on a government board relating to farm allotments, cotton and small grains. Do not remember the title of this entity.

We also farmed the old Broad Acres Ranch about 1,000 acres but for only one year, no money gained. We had taken somebody's lease. I think George Taylor held the lease and we sub-leased from him. Howard McDowell, Helen's sister Blanche's husband, farmed the last 350 acres of the Broad Acre Ranch for three years.

I would like to tell you about the water for the Broad Acres Indian land. In the 1920's or 30's, perhaps earlier, I am not sure, the farm land all south of Tempe was water logged and very salty so a deal was made with the Pima Indian Tribe. Irrigation pumps were installed in the Tempe farming area and a canal was dug along McClintock Road down to the Reservation, south of Kyrene. The water then went west to the Broad Acres Ranch. At that time it was not farmed very much. It was mostly Mesquite trees and Bermuda grass. I am

sure about this because Grandfather Dolph Evans took me with him to look at a stallion that he got from a Colonel Thompson who had the lease where he was pasturing cattle. I remember that horse, we had him on the farm on Lower Buckeye Road and Lateral 19.

There is very little farm land around Tempe so the canal is dry today. The ranch has I believe three irrigation wells. A big portion is now farmed by some farmer from Laveen.

In the early 1980's, Salt River Project was wanting to install a high tension powerline on the west end of the South Mountains and across the Reservation to Red Rock. The way I remember the story is SRP drilled a well field and pumped the water to the top on the south end of the Estrella Mountains in daytime then ran the water at night down in a pipeline to generate electricity. Somehow SRP abandoned the project so the Indians said you cannot cross your powerline to Red Rock so SRP had to find another route and this is where we got involved.

There were other problems with the Phoenix South Mountain Park. The park on the west end extended past the proposed route. They eventually solved this by installing a large tower on a peak outside of the park and putting a long span across the little part of the park. Then the line was to follow Pecos Road over to the rail road then north to the Kyrene Power Plant.

But this route entailed installing it across a mile and a half of the bottom of our ranch. I proposed an alternate route across the International Proving Grounds and across the desert north of our farm. This route would connect onto the Kyrene Generating Plant.

We held out for a while until they threatened to condemn and take, then they proposed an easement. SRP then gave us \$320,000 or \$350,000, not clear on this now. The amount allowed us to farm another two years. The realtors were busy all this time but I did not want to quit.

Mr. Collier had sold forty acres on the west edge of the property adjacent to the proving ground gate, to Milton Goldman's. He had drilled a well for the cows and their three homes. The cows did not like the water and the people could not drink the water.

On the southeast corner of our ranch was our best water. The Goldman's had their water tested and proposed that they drill a domestic well and pipe it in a four inch plastic pipe across one and a half miles to the dairy. This entailed granting an easement. In exchange, the Goldman's would put a pressure tank and pump and one and three quarter miles of two inch plastic waterline along the eastern border and west on the Williams Field Road frontage providing water to all our houses. The pressure for all the system came from the well pump.

The water from his new well was much better quality than our own domestic water. The Goldman's said that the cows did much better in food consumption and consequently better milk production.

This was about 1980 and prices were going up and the realtors were getting very active. Several large realtors were making offers but we now had money so I had declined all offers. Charles Keating was one of the builders represented in the field by Mike Longstreth. Our terms were cash only. Brent Payne was also one of the realtors. One large builder wanted to make a bid but they could not raise the total cash so we had Bill Barnes, an attorney that represented us, draw up a contract with a specific amount and a termination date. They wanted time to try and raise the money. Attorney Bill Barnes had gone to high school with Helen and lived next door to Helen's grandparents so we trusted him.

The due date came and went. This contract was specifically worded that it was strictly an agreement to negotiate. Sometime went by and we received a phone call from Bill Barnes that they "the realtors" were going to sue us if we did not honor the contract to sell. Helen was talking on the

phone. She told Bill that he had written the contract and it specifically stated that was for negotiation only, not to sell, you wrote the terms. We learned later that he was setting in the realtor's office. So he had his hands in.

Some time that year Mike Longstreth, representing Charles Keating, made another run at the farm and I told him to come back next year. He did come around the first of January. We had farmed up that easement money from SRP and it was sell or borrow and put the farm as collateral for crop loans. Why? We had not been able to make a profit for several years. We owed nobody, the ranch was free and clear, as we had never borrowed for crop loans. It did not make sense to keep trying as the power bill was killing us. I did not want to quit farming so we sold and they brought our check and we farmed that year. I don't know why. We did not make a dime but it was hard to quit. Keating needed at least a year to get all the permits and design the project.

Helen's parents, the Colliers said "we will not move" so Charles Keating set aside fourteen acres across the frontage that encompassed all of our houses. It was called a Life Estate relinquished at Collier's death. When they started the dirt work they piled a mountain of it behind the Colliers so they could not see the farm. They had lived in that house since 1939 when they purchased the land. The house was poured one foot thick cement walls built by the San Marcos Hotel in Chandler. The hotel built it and a stable for guests that wanted to ride horses.

We purchased sixty-four acres southeast of Gilbert for a new home site and called it Evans Way. In order to get us moved Mr. Keating designed the home site. Seven homes in a semi-circle around a central park with barns, roping arena, shop and area pastures. There was also an underground irrigation system for years, park and pasture, paved street with flat curbs. The homes were for the five children and Helen's parents and Helen and I.

There was no city sewer or house water. There was a twenty inch irrigation well we thought we could use, but it was

too salty. Buck Webber drilled a well past the salt level and cased off the top bad water to good water. We put two 30,000 gallon storage tanks and a 1,000 gallon pressure tank. Keating also drew plans for the Collier house after the floor plan of the house on the farm. He also drew plans for Helen's and my house and sent a construction manager and built those two houses. Mr. Charles Keating paid for all the improvements. The rest of the lots, the children chose their own lots and designed and built them themselves, literally.

We bought a five acre parcel just as an investment and brought a family from the old farm to help with the other projects. Helen bought another eighty acres where we raised alfalfa and sweet corn. We also bought eighty acres four miles east of Alpine, Arizona and nineteen acres in Tonto Basin. This property had four - one acre lots as frontage. We built a nice house on the property and drilled two wells. The LDS Church bought these lots and built a nice church building in Punkin Center.

Some of these realtors that were trying to buy and didn't, also knew that we were wanting to buy other properties. Dean Sellers brought the house property called Evans Way to us but he could not close on it so we bought it from the owner Bill Rezzonico. Helen found the eighty acres two miles east of Evans Way and bought it. That last year I did a lot of work myself as Rick was building his house by himself. Then next year I spent a lot of time developing Alpine property. I was up there a lot and Mr. Keating called me and said I have not sold your house on the part of the Life Estate property and I cannot close. He said to come down and he would give me a house on one of his other developments. I said ", Charles that would not work as we have to stay close to the Colliers". Some developer was building houses across the road on Williams Field Road so he said to get one which we did and then moved. He said he also bought a new seventy foot trailer and put it in the Colliers yard so Renee, our second daughter, who have moved down from Wyoming could live there.

It took a year after we sold for Mr. Keating to put all of his programs together to begin ground work. So I just farmed it myself doing a lot of the work. This was taking place in the late 1980's. We had a small herd of registered Hereford and Limousin cows. My daughter Robin was the herdsman fitting and showing them at shows, Phoenix, Prescott Bull Sale, Tucson SAILA, Springerville, and Denver. Some were bull sales, some just shows. We needed more so bought seven registered Hereford heifers from Tom Chauncey's disposal sale from the White Mountain Hereford Ranch. This went along fine until Robin began to have children and could not fit and show so we sold the cows. The Limousins going to Lamar and Pat Clark of Laveen and Alpine, Arizona.

Lighting The Way Campaign - A Capital Company Almost \$400 Million

Helen had heard and read about the Benson Institute. It was a project that helped developing countries. People learn and practice small scale agriculture using their own land and resources. No money was involved. Some of the project's procedures were developed by Brigham Young University; some by the Benson Institute.

Helen put up some money to the Benson Institute. Our attorney said no, do it this way, give the money to a trust account. They will invest and the proceeds every year for twenty years will go to the Benson Institute. After twenty years, the original sum comes back completely free, no taxes, called a Lead Trust. It worked. So Helen and I spent several years raising money for the Benson Institute and traveling to the different countries such as Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia and Morocco. During this time we also did genealogy research in the northeastern states. We also traveled to England, Spain, Switzerland, France and Israel. Helen and I and two more couples flew all over Mexico, north to south and west.

In the early 1990's Helen's memory began to fail. She would no longer do the books or cook. I had to start taking over everything and caring for her, which I did until 2014 when

my heart began to fail. We now have help around the clock. My son Rick takes care of whatever we need.

R. E. Dick Evans

W.A. Dolph Evans, Grandfather to Richard E. "Dick" Evans

Article by L.H. Parkman in December 8 & December 15, 1949
Buckeye Valley News

My father, Dr. James P. Evans, came to Phoenix in 1885 to take care of section seventeen north of Phoenix, which belonged to his brother, Dr. John Evans. Later, he sent for the family who were in Cisney, Illinois. We arrived in Phoenix September 27, 1887. We chartered a car for our household furniture, even shipping our organ.

In October, 1889, we moved to section twelve 5 west in the Buckeye Valley, my father having previously filed desert claim on the section. We were all at home then. Dr. James Evans, my father, mother Thursa Jane Evans, brother John Evans, who later married Marian Woods of Arlington Valley, Laura Evans, my sister, who later married J.L. (Bud) Gilbert and had a home in Mesa. I, (Dolph) W.A. Evans, married Annie Gibson of Congress, Arizona on April 21, 1895.

Our first year we cleared 160 acres of the section and planted it in barley. On February 22, 1890, the Walnut Grove Dam broke and the flood ruined thirty acres of barley. The water even came into the kitchen in our house. Bill Davis helped us clear and plant that first crop.

The Buckeye Canal was built across section twelve after father filed on it. The canal crossed the Hassayampa River which ran through our section, and the canal was built on around the mesa west to Arlington and on down to what is now called Gillespie Dam. Later the people of Arlington built a canal which headed south of Buckeye to irrigate that valley. All my early experience with farming had a close connection with the Buckeye Irrigation Canal. I remember back to the

time a man named Barnes owned the canal. He later went broke. All of the men of the Valley then had to take their teams and work the head of the ditch to get irrigation water. The next owner, The Wessic Company, didn't do very well either, so the farmers organized the Buckeye Irrigation Company. Henry Hammels was elected President and I was Vice President and General Manager. We borrowed \$97,000.00 and bought stock and interest in the canal of The Wessic Company. We never failed to make our annual payment on the principal and interest. I am glad to know that the Buckeye Irrigation Company now owns and controls the canal and has sufficient money to operate with.

My father's brand was J E connected. After father died, brother John had that brand. My brand was Bar Cross and it is still in the family. My eldest son, A.A. Evans (Gus) has it now. The Anderson gang, when they were active, found it easy to change my brand and John Mullins' brand.

My father died on the 12th day of February, 1896, from an accident, being thrown from a cart when the horse became frightened. He was the first person buried in the Palo Verde Cemetery. The land for the church and grave yard was given by Bill Bruner. My mother and brother John are also buried there.

After father's death, I ran the section, trying to keep it all together. I then sold all of mine to the Flower Pot Cattle Company. I moved with my family to Phoenix. Still running mother's eighty, after her death some years later, we sold her part to settle the estate.

I served as Livestock Inspector three years in District 14 which comprised at that time, Buckeye Valley, Arlington, Gila Bend and Harrisburg. This was in about 1901 to 1903.

During the time I was inspector, there was an organized gang of livestock rustlers, operating along the Gila River, fifteen miles west of Gila Bend. They made lots of trouble for the Livestock Inspectors. Billy Cameron was a member of the gang.

One day we came to a fire that was still warm right near a mesquite thicket and hearing something moving in the thicket, we started to investigate. John Roberts said, "No. Don't go in there. It might be cattle thieves." But Oscar and I rode in and out ran a cow. We had a laugh at our own expense.

Our son Claude, is now State Stock Inspector. Earl's son, James Evans, is Glendale Livestock Inspector. This is a very large district.

During the early years on my ranch, I drove freight teams and freighted across the Harque Hala desert to Harrisburg and the Harque Hala mine in Yuma County. I drove six horses and two wagons, using jerk line. One time I had ten horses and two wagons. I usually hauled general supplies (groceries and store supplies) from Phoenix. From my place I hauled hay. It took me five days to make the trip from Phoenix out there and back to our ranch: three days out and two days back. Always on my return trip from Harrisburg, I filled all my barrels with water for my horses and myself, then about half way across the desert, I would leave two barrels of water to use when I came back with a full load. Well, one time when I reached the barrels, some men driving bulls across there used all the water, so my horses were almost perished for water then we reach Harrisburg. Those kegs held 40 gallons of water each.

I built the road from my ranch to Mullins Well, but after that a new road was surveyed and established that went around north of Saddle Mountain. E. H. Winters who had a store in Phoenix gave my brother John Evans and Jim Phelps a contract to dig what is known as Winters Well, fifteen miles northwest of my ranch on the new road, by what is called the Winters Wash. They dug this well by hand with pick and shovel. One would dig, and the other would windless the dirt out. They struck water at ninety feet. It was a good well and made a wonderful camp for the tourists and teamsters on this road. I hauled water and supplies for them when they were digging the well.

After we moved to Phoenix, I was buying cattle and shipping to Los Angeles to the Woodward Bennett Packing Company, and other meat packers there also. I represented the Woodward Bennetts in Arizona for twenty years. I have bought and shipped cattle over most of Arizona. I fed lots of cattle myself, for beef. We used to drive our cattle to the railroads or shipping places. Now the big trucks take them right from the ranches.

When Company "G" National Guard was formed in Buckeye, I joined as a private. This was September 3, 1908. Soon I was appointed a corporal and served as such about one year. Henry Hammels was Captain of the Company. When he resigned, I was appointed Captain of the Company by Governor Richard E. Sloan, who was then Governor of Arizona Territory.

I liked the National Guard training very much. I enjoyed the target shooting out on the range. We had some very enjoyable encampments during my service. These encampments were held in Prescott out near Fort Whipple. We had sham battles and all.

In January, 1911, I was elected on the Board of Directors of the Union Stockyards of Phoenix and served them in that capacity for several years.

I now, December 1, 1949, reside with a daughter at 1122 W. Portland, at the age of 75.

The old Evans Ranch was a busy place in the early days. It was the stopping place for all freighters to the Harqua Hala Mines or Yuma, and they were known to have fed 70 head of horses overnight at one time. They also fed men as well as horses, for 25 cents a meal. One day a man afoot come along and he asked for a meal, and after he had eaten, he asked, "How much do I owe you?" They said, "25 cents." He presented a \$100.00 bill to pay for it, thinking they could not change it, and so he would get a free meal. They took it and went into another room and brought him back \$99.75 and he was a surprised man? He had been pulling that stunt all down through the valley.

Dolph is the father of six children, three boys, Gus, Claude and Earl, and three girls, Mrs. E. H. O'Connell, Mrs. Rolland Norris and Mrs. A. L. Monette, all of Phoenix.

His wife, Anna, who was also a member of the Old Settlers Union, died in a rest home at Phoenix, March 31, 1949 and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

Dolph, in his earlier years, was quite a natural musician, playing the violin, organ and piano. He, with the two Davis brothers, Charley and Will, Oscar Roberts and Tom Stansberry, used to furnish some of the most enjoyable parts of the program at the Old Settlers Union picnics on the 1st day of May of each year. With Dolph at the piano, and the rest of the men on their violins, they rendered some of the old familiar tunes of their boyhood days that brought back the recollections of yesteryears, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Rita Chambers Gannon

Rita Ann Chambers Gannon was born August 30, 1924 in Los Angeles, California; the daughter of Robert Leonard Chambers and Mary Riordan. Rita spent her winters in Los Angeles and every summer at the home of her grandparents Timothy and Caroline Metz Riordan in Flagstaff.

Timothy arrived in Flagstaff in 1886 and with his brothers Matt and Michael established The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company. They were also involved with railroads, cattle, banking, and politics. Tim was a principle stockholder in the Howard Sheep Company, owning 30,000 sheep grazing in the San Francisco Mountains. The Riordan's established the first electric company and the first library in Flagstaff.

Tim and his brother Michael married sisters Caroline and Elizabeth Metz who were cousins of the Babbitt's. The two couples built their thirteen thousand square foot home in 1904 while Arizona was still a territory. The home consisted of two similar six thousand square foot wings for each family, connected by a large common room. Charles Whittlesey was the architect for the Riordan homes. He also was the architect for the El Tovar Hotel at the Grand Canyon. Architectural similarities between the structures can be found in the massive stone arches at porch corners as well as exterior elements that reflect the surrounding landscape like log planks, wood shingles, and native stone.

Rita's mother Mary grew up in the beautiful Riordan home. Her father had an idea to put in a reservoir just south of town in a little valley. Tim had the company purchase the land and put in a test dam in 1903. The lake was named after his oldest daughter, Lake Mary, and today Flagstaff still gets water from the lake. The Riordan family was friendly with Edward Chambers who was then the Vice President of the Santa Fe Railroad. He would come to Flagstaff in his private car and he would bring his son, Robert Chambers, with him. Robert and Mary fell in love and were married in

August, 1916. Their wedding was one of the social events of Flagstaff and the Arizona Daily Sun's August 4, 1916 edition noted "With simple elegance the dominant charm, the marriage of Miss Mary Riordan to Mr. Robert Leonard Chambers was solemnized Wednesday morning, the 2nd of August."

Rita said her grandparent's home in Flagstaff was entirely different from her winter home in Los Angeles. She and her sisters and cousins would go out hunting, fishing and swimming and played bridge all night. They would go down to Slide Rock in Oak Creek Canyon. They called it Snake Hollow as there were water snakes all over the water. They would throw in a rock and then jump in.

Rita had fond memories of her Riordan grandparents and she noted that Herbert Hoover said that Tim had the most brilliant business mind of anyone he ever met. Tim was very kind, very religious and very full of life. Rita and friends would collect rocks in the morning around the yard; which was fifty acres. Then they would wash them and when Tim came home for lunch, they would sell him the rocks for a nickel a rock.

Rita remembered trips up north to Indian country, First Mesa, Second Mesa, and to Kayenta to see John Weatherill. Then to the Gap to see Johnny O'Farrell and out to Tuba City to visit Earl Boyer, those were all traders, and to Cameron, at least once a week. Or to the Howard Sheep Company which Tim happened to own. They'd see Ramon out there, and look at the sheep and the sheep would look at them. The family would also take trips



in the end of August when they had the snake dances. The location of the dances on the reservation would change back and forth. They would camp out in the area below the mesa and always made sure to take plenty of water as there was no place to go to get it.

Every year on Rita's birthday from the time she was six, the family had champagne for dinner. She thought that was a very exciting way to celebrate her birthday.

Rita's daughter Eileen remembers her family going up to the Riordan home a lot in the summer. All the cousins would come. Curly Martinez would tie up the ponies outside the house, especially favorites like Flame and Baby, all ready for the children to ride.

Today the Riordan home is The Riordan Mansion State Historic Park tucked away among the Ponderosa pines of Kinlichí Knoll in Flagstaff, Arizona. This five-acre park, which borders Northern Arizona University, showcases the remarkable home. Rita always said her grandmother is going to kill her when she got to heaven. She will ask, "Why do you call it a mansion? It's a family home." Rita enjoyed attending special events in the home and sharing her family history with visitors. In the living room, a portrait of Rita's mother Mary, hangs over the fireplace. As one moves about, her head and torso appear to turn and follow, but it's not a ghost, merely an optical illusion.

Rita attended the University of Southern California and graduated with a double major. She met Edward William Gannon and they were married October 24, 1949. Their wedding was held at the Bishop's Chapel in Los Angeles followed by a wedding breakfast at the Los Angeles Country Club. The couple lived in California, Texas and New Mexico before returning to live permanently in Arizona. They became parents of six sons, Timothy, Barry, Bill, Matthew, Raymond and Tom and a daughter Eileen.

Rita's parents established the Chambers Ranch on land they purchased from the Santa Fe Rail Road. It was a dump site for the old railroad and the railroad had owned the water

and mineral rights. The ranch was located one fourth of a mile from the Navajo Reservation near the Painted Desert. The Chambers put the 22,000 acre ranch in trust for their three daughters Mary, Helen and Rita; with Rita and Ed running the ranch. The Gannon's became sole owners of the ranch and it is now owned by their children. Her son Matthew remembers that when they were building the headquarters, Rita was picking out pretty flowered curtains for the windows and the boys wanted a much more rustic western look.

Rita and her boys were partners in the Santa Rita Stables at 44th Street and Grovers Ave in Phoenix. The stables were sold in 2005 and in 2013 a builder developed homes on the 19.5 acre site. Rita's son Matthew partnered with her in a sheep operation raising registered Suffolk. His brother Tim would help Matthew show his sheep.

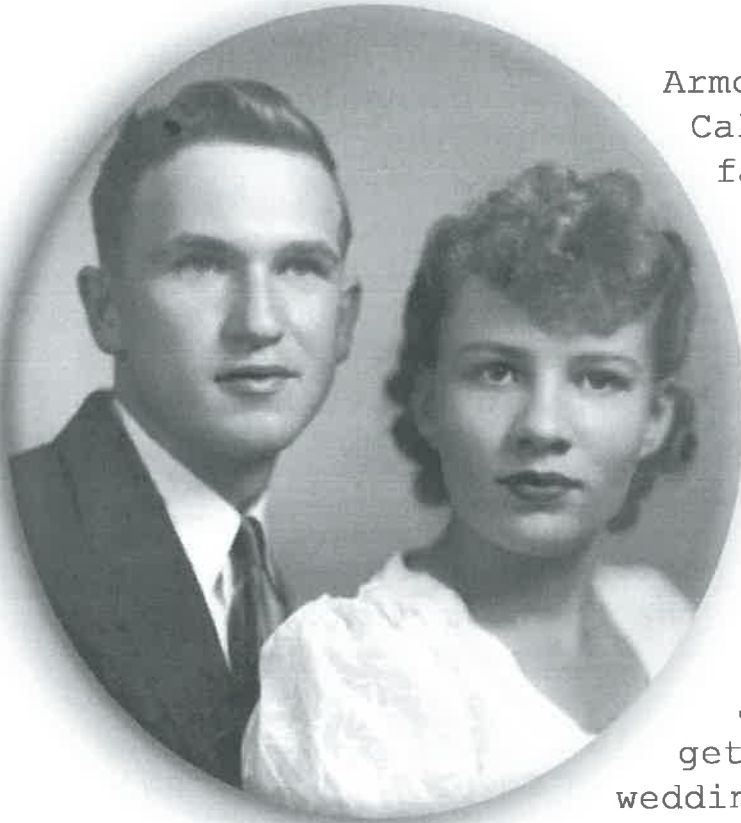
Her children remember family meetings where Rita and their father would always encourage the boys and teach them how to be successful.

Rita passed away on January 6, 2015 at the age of 90. She was preceded in death by her husband Edward and sons Raymond and Tom.

One of her many accomplishments was being at the forefront of establishing special education in Arizona Public Schools. She was American Mother's choice for Arizona Mother of the Year in 1982. Rita ran two businesses, walked for Right to Life and enjoyed playing bridge with her many, many friends. She served on the Board of the Northern Arizona Historical Society and was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers, Arizona State Cowbells, Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona, and The First Families of Arizona.

A rose bush has been planted and dedicated on the Riordan grounds in honor of Rita and her children have placed a bench on the property in her memory.

Family History in Arizona for Armon & Ruth Cheatham



Armon's grandfather, William Calvin Cheatham, moved his family from New Mexico to Duncan, Arizona between 1900 and 1905. When the family moved to Duncan, eldest son Armon D. met Lula Foster, who had come from Arkansas to keep house for her bachelor brothers. D and Lula planned to be married on Christmas Day 1905. But the rains came, the river rose and the preacher couldn't get across the river so the wedding was postponed until the next day. Lula was 23 and D. was 28.

They had \$50.00 and a horse. A small farm was for rent on the New Mexico side of the river so they rented it and moved in.

By this time they had some cows and were selling butter and had moved to the Arizona side of the river. Greenlee County had been formed out of Graham County so Leonard, though born in the same house as George, was born in a different county.

D. and Lula worked together on the farm and first-born Earnest was often tethered to a tree to keep him from wandering off. I suppose the other boys escaped this because Earnest was available to watch them.

Ruth's grandparents, Jack and Clara Maben, moved to Arizona in 1917. They farmed cotton in Marinette (near Beardsley) Arizona after dairying in Glendale. Jack and Clara's daughter Therese' enrolled at Tempe Normal School a teacher

training school. The family moved to Ray, Arizona (no longer there because the copper mine changed to surface mining so they moved the towns people to Kearney and chewed up the townsite with bull dozers). Here W.J. and his brother Charley started a dairy, bottling the milk and delivering it in the town. The youngest kids finished school.

Therese got a job teaching school in Winkelman. She boarded with a Mrs. Piper while there. Then she got a job teaching in Coolidge. Due to the Mexican influence in Arizona she began to spell her name Teresa.

Before 1910 when Roosevelt Dam was built people who farmed near Phoenix had to farm near the Salt River. They would build small diversion dams of brush, etc. to get water out onto the crops. After the dam was built there was much more water available and more people could farm. In 1917 or 18 the Cheatham's from Duncan moved to the Phoenix area. W.C. moved first to Scottsdale.

D. and Lula sold the dairy in Duncan and bought Laveen Store in partnership with W.C. And D's brother Shelton. Shell drove his Model T up to help them move to Laveen.

Lula, George and Leonard were to ride down with Shell while D. and Ernie drive the horses and wagon. Fish Creek Hill was quite an obstacle to travel. Everyone told D. it would take 2 days just to negotiate that one hill. D. hitched on extra horses and made it in one day. Ernie and D. with the horses beat Uncle Shell to Laveen because Shell had car trouble.





Robert Graham Maben



Sallie Lester
Wilson Maben

Laveen Store at that time was a wood frame building at 51st Ave. & Dobbins Rd., and had living quarters in the back where D. and Lula's family lived. D. became the Laveen Postmaster. After the Cheathams built the newer building the old building served as a barber shop for several years before it burned.

April 1922 arrived and Lula had another baby but another boy. They named him Armon D. Jr. The store must have done well because D. and Shell began to buy farm land. D. and Lula bought 40 acres at 51st Avenue and Elliot Road. They moved into the house on the Barney Ranch and lived there for the rest of their lives. The boys all graduated from Laveen School and Phoenix Union High School.

Harry Ewell Goldie had come to Arizona and met Teresa Maben. When they decided to marry they eloped to Tucson on the 19th of January 1924. I guess they thought the family would not approve but Aunt Clarice thought he was the handsomest fellow she ever saw. Teresa went back to her teaching job at Coolidge. Because married ladies were not supposed to take jobs away from men, they kept the marriage a secret for a while.

Grandpa and Grandma Maben (Clara & Jack) sold their dairy in Ray and moved to Laveen at 43rd Avenue and Dobbins Road, northwest corner, in 1929. They bought 80 acres from Tom McReynolds. Milking Geurnsey cows, bottling the milk under Crescent Dairy (McReynolds label) and raising cotton kept Grandpa very busy.

Harry & Teresa farmed in Tempe for a while. They lived near Tempe Butte when Rut was born in September 1925. Grandma

Maben got the honor of naming her--Emily for a great aunt and Ruth from the Bible. Harry and Terresa had a small farm and had built a two-story building with garage under and apartment above. Their first 3 children were delivered by Dr. Benjamin Moore from Tempe. Later he became Governor of Arizona. He charged \$25.00 per delivery and made house calls.

I haven't too many stories to tell about Armon's childhood. His memory is terrible. He used to ride with his Dad as he went to and from the post office and store or around the valley grading cotton. He would say, "Daddy, Daddy, stop at the store. This nickel is burning a hole in my pocket".

Some of the pictures show that he was tow-head as a child. Then there is the picture of him and, his girlfriend, Martha Carver, at 4 or 5 years. Martha's family lived at 47th Avenue & Elliot Road. She was a cute little tow-head. They moved away after her father died and she still wrote to Armon for a while. Her father was buried on top of Carver Hill. Armon graduated from Laveen School and Phoenix Union High School, but not with the best of grades.

Armon graduated from Phoenix Union and started at Arizona State but developed an ailment that put his leg in a cast. Between hauling the milk to town, (they were back in the dairy business by then) and trying to go to school, school lost out. After one semester he went back to work full-time on the farm.

Now we'd better go back to 1928 or 9 and get the Goldie's caught up so Armon can meet his wife. After they sold the farm in Tempe, 40th Street and Broadway, they moved to Coolidge and built a house, using round river rocks for the



William Jackson
Maben



Clara Eugenia Owen
Maben

walls. We found the house in 1979. The people who had it then had added some trim but it was still in good shape. No job to support the family was available in Coolidge so the family moved to the Papago Indian Reservation. The house in Coolidge was rented out and they moved into a small lumber house with canvas flaps for windows. Harry began to dig a well by hand. Ruth remembers turning the windlass to pull the bucket up from the well and dumping the dirt out, then I having to lower it back into the hold so Harry could fill it again. She couldn't have been more than five years old. One day Harry called her to turn the windlass and bring him up. When he arrived at the top he was all bloody. He had hit himself in the head with the pick. Teresa cleaned him up and put on a bandage of old sheets and he went back down to dig again.

That year the summer was very hot and they had no air conditioner, not even an electric fan, and probably no ice-box. They had coal oil lamps and a kerosene stove. The flies were really bad and the three older kids got diarrhea and had to have lime water put in our milk. Ruth still remembers the taste.



By April 6, 1931, the Goldies had four children and were living in Superior, Arizona.

Harry and his bother Grover were in the dairy business in Superior, bottling and delivering the milk. Ruth would go along on the afternoon delivery route and stand on the running board of the pick-up. She would take a bottle of milk and jump off as Harry drove slowly by a house. She would take the milk and put it by the door as Harry drove to

the next house, got out and took their milk to the door. Then she would run to the truck and ride to the next house and jump off again.

Ruth and her sister Tina used to wash milk bottles. She was probably 5 that year. The dairy equipment was quite primitive. Harry rigged a bottle brush to a pulley and put a small electric motor on it. It must have run by battery power because they didn't have electricity. That was the bottle washer. Ruth still remembers how Tina and she hated the chlorine rinse (B.K. powder) they had to use. The milk cooler was a cone shaped object with a strainer on top and a reservoir with a drain around the bottom. Ice was put inside the cone and milk was poured through the strainer. The milk ran down the side of the cone and was cooled by the ice as it went, then it ran through the drain into bottles or milk cans. Since there was no other refrigeration, delivery time was right after the 4 A.M. and the 4 P.M. milkings. The family's last year in Superior Ruth was given a cow to milk every day after school. All three of the older kids had to go to the pasture or out on the hills and bring the cows in at evening milking.



But Uncle Grover got tired of getting up at 4 A.M. every morning and never having a day off. Probably there were some late pay days because too many people were late paying for their milk. He and his wife moved away and Harry found a buyer for the dairy.

Before the sale was completed the house burned down one night and everything was lost but the clothes on their backs, and they had to take a smaller price for the dairy because the house had burned. Harry had planned to vacation all summer after no days off for 3 or 4 years. I think he even milked the day he went to Mesa and had all his teeth



pulled. They bought a tent and a few clothes and blankets, a coffee pot and skillet and a bean pot and a few dishes and went up into the Pinal Mountains. Their car was a 1920's model Dodge. The pick-up went with the dairy. They camped in the Pinal's most of the summer. It was cool

and beautiful and Harry carved pine knot dolls and other toys. Harry wanted to stay longer but Teresa said they had to get somewhere where the children could get to school. The last two weeks of the summer they were going to camp on Mt. Graham near Safford. Because of the altitude Harry couldn't get his coffee to cook. The water boiled at too low a temperature. So after one night on Mt. Graham the vacation ended. They went back to their house in Coolidge.

We didn't go to church until the last year in Superior. Teresa ordered the literature from the Southern Baptist Convention and they had Sunday School at home until a Baptist church was started in Superior. In Coolidge there was a church within walking distance and they all went more often.

Harry and Grover cut mesquite wood to sell. It was the worst part of the depression in Arizona and not many people could afford to buy wood. Six weeks from the end of school they packed up and moved. Harry hadn't been able to make enough money to make the payments on the house (the rent had been paying them) so he signed it over to the bank and we went to Casa Grande and on to Jackrabbit where he staked out a mining claim that someone else had started and had given up on. The family lived in a tent and a brush arbor. It was not as pleasant as the summer before! The whole family took hikes over the desert. One time they found an Indian burial ground and another time they killed a large rattlesnake in a greasewood bush.

They dug and blasted all summer and piled up ore. In Casa Grande they got \$220 for the summers work. They loaded their tent and went to Laveen.

The depression had hit Grandpa Maben also. They had given up the farm at 43rd Avenue and Dobbins and moved into a rental house on Elliot Road at 45th Avenue. This was 1936. When the Goldies arrived in Laveen Armon had just graduated from 8th grade at Laveen School. Ruth saw him once when she went with Grandpa Maben to buy eggs from Armon's mother. She didn't see him again until her freshman year in high school.

Teresa's Great Uncle Erasmus Owen offered Harry a trade. He would give Harry his 2 1/2 acres north of the Western Canal if Harry would build him a house on his property south of the Canal. Harry agreed and had him put the property in Teresa's name. They pitched their tent at 43rd Avenue and Elliot Road.

The Goldie kids enrolled in Laveen School. Ruth was in 5th grade. In March they were still living in the tent. It snowed and the snow stayed on the ground on the north side of buildings for 2 days!

Harry built a tin garage a little larger than the tent. The tent had a floor and the garage didn't. They moved into the garage and lived there while Harry started building a house. First he dug a basement. He didn't get very deep when he hit solid rock and would have to blast. He went to town and came home with dynamite. He had used it when they were mining so he knew how but he had to blast 3 times to break up that rock. He used a donkey and a skip loader or fresno to scoop away the rocks and dirt. By 1940 the family was living in the basement. It was twice as big as the garage and it had a floor.

The property had grapefruit trees already and Harry set out date palms and grape vines and grew a big garden. He tried strawberries to sell one year but the summer was too hot. They started with one milk cow and built up to about eight.

In the next three years Harry finished the ground floor and the upstairs. He also set out about a half-acre of peach trees.

The Goldie kids' recreation during those years was swimming in the irrigation ditch, riding a donkey who wandered in one day and stayed (he had a penchant for trying to scrape a rider off his back by walking under mesquite trees) and when brother Bud was twelve Harry found money for a bicycle. Of course, there was hill climbing. They were all over the foothills of South Mountain. They were beautiful, especially when there was plenty of rain in early spring. There were poppies, blue bells, blue verbena, little blue star flowers, yellow marigolds, orange mallow and greasewood, palo verde, saguaro cactus, barrel cactus, prickly pear and tiny fish hook cactus. We found them all, along with lots of ants and mosquitos and a few scorpions.

Harry had several jobs during this period. He worked on road construction and had to live away from home but a large rock fell and broke some bones in his foot. He didn't go back after it healed. That foot served as a built in barometer after that, he always knew when there was going to be a change in the weather because his foot hurt. Later he worked as a mechanic for South Phoenix Bus Lines. As soon as the house began to take shape above ground people began to ask him to do remodeling for them.

The school bus didn't come by our house. We had to walk three quarters of a mile to 43rd Avenue & Dobbins to catch it. Then we rode a mile to school. If we were late and missed the bus we walked the mile. We got off at the same stop in the afternoon.

Ruth graduated from Laveen School in May 1939 as valedictorian of my class of 7.

Ruth began high school in September 1939 at Phoenix Union. The year before North Phoenix High School had been formed for the kids who lived on the north side of town. Before that Phoenix Union had been the largest high school west of the Mississippi River.

In the early 40's the four sons of A.D. Cheatham were back in Laveen working on the farm. In 1941 they began building a new dairy set-up at 51st Avenue and Baseline Road. There were too many animals for the space around the house at 51st Avenue and Elliot. By building the new barn they could start producing Grade A milk and receive more money for their milk. They purchased 360 acres of land between 43rd Avenue & 51st Avenue and from Baseline Road to 1/2 mile south, as a site for the dairy and more farm land too. A neighbor, Herb Neal, who lived at 55th Avenue and Elliot, supervised the building of the barn after the land was cleared of mesquite trees and rattlesnakes. Every report of what had been done that day reported the number of rattlesnakes killed.

At this time the cows were grade Holstein, Guernsey and Jersey. They were also growing alfalfa hay and cotton. Most of the field work was done with horses. Armon's savings went to buy a team of horses. Their names were Paint and Powder. They were the baler horses for many years. Only the heavy work like plowing was done by tractors.

The list of employees must have included 25-35 men, a racial mix of Indians, Blacks and a few Hispanic and white besides the family.

Armon's best friend, Ray Hudson, decided he wanted to date Ruth's sister Tina, but Teresa had a rule that they couldn't single date before they were 16. Tina was only 15 at the time but Teresa agreed that





she could go if we would double date. So Ray asked who I would like to go out with. He said, "How about Armon Cheatham." I said, "He's going with June Reed (my friend)." Ray said, "No, he isn't, not now." Ray asked Armon if he wanted to double date and Armon rode over to ask me for a date. He was riding bareback. I

learned later that he always rode without a saddle.

No one had coolers in those days, certainly not air conditioning either. The only bearable places in the summer, especially in the afternoon were in the basement or outside under a tree. We had no washing machine. The wash was done with a washboard and water carried from the irrigation ditch. When Ruth and Tina had to start doing the wash because of Teresa's poor health, Harry managed to find a used Maytag washing machine. It was not grounded and they would get a mild shock several times while doing the week's wash.

Armon was coming over regularly. Soon he proposed, I guess. It went something like, "Do you suppose our children would have blue eyes?" Ruth said, "I guess so." They started shopping for an engagement ring. Salary for a farm employee at that time was about a dollar a day. Teresa asked, "How do you think you can live on that?" Ruth's answer was, "His brothers do and they have families."

Ruth graduated in a class of 400+ and in the top 5% of the class. She could have gone on to college probably with a scholarship but marriage sounded better in 1943 during World War II. So they made plans to elope on graduation night. After the wedding and a three day honeymoon they moved into Armon's bedroom and began to buy household equipment and furniture.

It was war time and things were hard to find or impossible to buy, like refrigerators. Everything was going into the war effort.

Early in 1945, after we had lived in Armon's bedroom for a year and a half, Armon's dad bought a pre-fab 2 room house from a neighbor and Armon skidded it 3 1/2 miles down 51st Avenue. They put it next to Armon's parents' house. Then Harry Goldie built two more rooms on to it and Armon & Ruth finally had our first house. It had a kitchen sink with running water and an electric stove. We had an ice-box instead of a refrigerator, more war time shortages. When summer came we bought a small cooler and set it in the living room window. They went next door to Armon's mothers' to use the bathroom. She had only had an indoor bathroom for about a year.

Armon had been exempt from the draft because they were raising food and cotton (for gun powder). Uniforms for the soldiers were also made from cotton. Finally they began to call up farmers too. Armon had to report for a physical. He didn't pass. They found a heart murmur.

During the war there was rationing of gasoline, meat, sugar and shoes for a while. There were also price and wage controls. When you thought you weren't getting enough money for your product you petitioned for a price raise. Arizona dairymen had asked the price control board for a raise in the price we got for our milk because all of the things we had to buy had been allowed a raise. It was refused repeatedly, so the dairymen staged a strike. One creamery was designated to process milk for babies and invalids. The rest of the milk was fed to the calves or poured into the irrigation ditches. After a week or so the board finally granted a price raise.

Sometime in the 40's they had incorporated the farm. This had tax advantages and also could help keep the whole thing from being broken up if someone wanted to quit farming. The others could buy his stock. At this point each partner had 40 acres in his name and another 40 in his wife's name. The rest of the property was corporate property.

Armon & Ruth, after 5 years of marriage, welcomed their first child at the end of 1948, and another in 1950. In the

early 1950's Ruth would get up in the morning and bundle the girls up and take them with her in the pickup to the reservation to bring the guys who worked the day shift to work. Armon went the other way to the Maricopa Reservation.

Eventually the dairy installed a pipeline and a bulk milk tank. Before that the milking machine buckets had to be carried full to the milk house and the milk poured through the strainer and over the cooler. Then the milk went into 10 gallon cans which had to be rolled into a walk-in refrigerator. Then twice a day the cans were loaded on a truck and driven to town. A strong back and arms were needed to be a milker. The cans weighed about 100 pounds when full and there was no loader as they have today. The milk was going to the Mission Creamery at 27th Avenue and Indian School Road. James Minotto ran the creamery. He was married to a daughter of the owners of Swift Meat Packing Company. Later he became a state senator and held a national job after the war. When he sold the Mission Creamery our milk went to Borden Company at 3rd Avenue and Jackson in Phoenix. The new milk tank had refrigeration and we bought a small tanker body to put on the milk truck. Now the milk was pumped out of the tank inside into the tank on the truck for the trip to town. No more lifting 10 gallon cans of milk. Armon was happy about that. Some of his other jobs were shopping for parts and giving shots and medicine to the cows and horses. All the fellows on the farm started calling him "Doc".

Armon's leg that had bothered him since he was trying to go to college flared up again. It would hurt really bad for a week or two and then stop hurting for a month or more and then flare up again. Dr. Autos thought it might be tuberculosis of the bone but an x-ray didn't confirm that diagnosis so he decided it must be the sciatic nerve. He told Armon to come back the next day with someone to drive him home because the shot he was going to get would make him sick as a horse. The next day he gave Armon a shot with a huge needle and we drove home. Armon went to bed and went to sleep immediately. He always was good at that. When he was milking 20 hours out of 24 some days during the war years,

he could fall asleep immediately and wake up in four hours and go again. He had none of the symptoms he was supposed to have. Maybe he just slept through them but neither did he have pain in the hip anymore.

The farm was very busy. The Indian Tribal Council had decided to develop some of the land near the reservation line. They asked the farmers to bid on leases to develop and farm it. The farmers could clear the land, drill water wells and then plow and plant it. They gave 5 year leases to give you time to get back the money you spent clearing the land. We got a lease and drilled 2 wells on Estrella Road, one on the reservation and one on our side of the line that would be used to irrigate our Brun lease at 55th Avenue and Estrella. One year we made so much hay that we filled the 3 large barns at the dairy and had enough hay to fill two more stacked in a long stack between the dairy barn and 51st Avenue.

Leonard wanted to get larger horses so they purchased a Suffolk stud horse, 2 mares and then some Belgian horses from the Goode family in Iowa. Horses pulled mowing machines, hay rakes and the balers. They also pulled wagons to haul the hay in from the fields and the wagons from which the cows were fed. Tractors were used to plow the fields, disk and drag them and to plant the cotton. Planting of grain and alfalfa was done with horse drawn seeders. Ensilage (chopped maize or corn) was planted and harvested with tractor equipment but hauled to the silo on horse drawn wagons. Upright silos had been abandoned and pit silos were all the rage so the wagons could be driving right into the pit and unloaded.



Armon and his assistant took on the job of designing and building a hay rake that would rake a whole border at a time. A border is the space between the two rows of raised dirt that keep the irrigation water confined. Armon's design had 2 wings with 3 wheels on each wing. The wings could be close together for traveling down the road and then pulled apart when in the field ready to rake the hay. The 3 wheels on each wing had rake teeth on them to throw the hay into the windrow. It was pulled by a four-horse team.

In 1954 and 1956 and 1959 three more children joined the family.

With the farm in Buckeye losing money (we found out later that everyone who had farmed that land had gone broke or badly bent) we lost the leases on the reservation to a higher bidder (John Williams). The three houses were almost finished in 1959 so we all moved in without finishing them and the farm entered a period of hard times. Our salaries were up to \$300.00 a month, but soon we got nothing a month. Granddad Cheatham helped our family out. The other families had boys old enough to be working on the farm and they still got paid. Armon D. was 6 years old.

The final addition to the family was born in 1966, making a family of 8, shortly before the older girls married and left home.

Their six children had nineteen children, and there were additional adoptions and step-children.

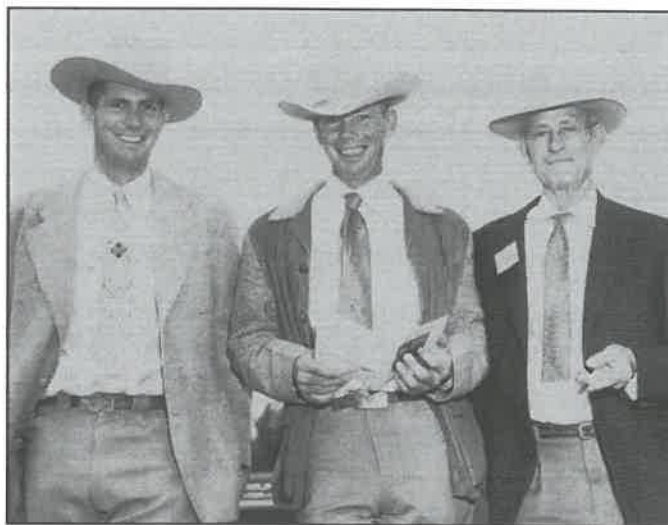


The Stewart Cattle Company

by Marie Stewart Allen & Margaret Stewart

The Stewart clan has had a long history of heading west from New York to Virginia, from Virginia to Ohio, and from Ohio to Kansas. In 1890, this pioneering spirit brought Cassius Stewart from Paola, Kansas to the Tempe, Arizona area to farm, and for the hope of improved health of his young son. In 1893 "Cass's" brother Ivy and his wife Anne brought their family to Tempe and after working several farms in the area, they bought the Creamery Ranch in Tempe. This Ranch was located between 8th Street and what is now the University, and went down to the Salt River (the APS Power Station is now on the site).

In an interview to the Tempe Historical Society Marie Stewart Hazzard, Ivy and Anne's daughter remembers, "My parents came to Arizona from Paola, Kansas in 1893. At that time, I was about a year old and had three older brothers and a sister. Later, two other brothers were born in Tempe.



We came by immigration train. Our accommodations consisted of three compartments, living quarters, furniture and livestock.

Dad brought the first matched pair of Clydesdales into the valley, but it was soon determined that they were unsuited to the Arizona climate."

Ivy was an astute businessman and he realized the advantages of a cattle ranch in connection with his farmland in the Salt River Valley. To this end he traded a quarter section of the Creamery ranch for the T Anchor Ranch, 18 miles east of Mayer, in 1907. Ivy and his wife Annie Bradbury

Stewart had 7 children. He made his two sons Mert and Ben his partners in the Ranch because they had the drive and fortitude to take on the rigors of open range ranching. Thus began the Stewart Cattle Company.

In the early days, there were no fences and so groups of ranchers would ride the range together and the honor system was very much a part of their code. The Stewart men were part of the "Cienaga Outfit" a loosely organized group of small ranchers in the area who came together for round-ups to brand in the spring and collect cattle for market in the fall. They ran their cattle from the Agua Fria River on the west, to the Verde River on the east, and from the top of the rim South of Camp Verde on the north to the Mesas above Black Canyon City on the south.

The cowboys would round up the cattle and brand and earmark the calves to match the mother's brand in the spring, or separate them by brand in the fall so the owner could take to market those he wanted to sell. Any unbranded animal that was weaned from their mothers belonged to whoever put his rope on them first. Because of this practice, cowboys from each spread spent all their spare time riding the range looking for these mavericks. There were sometimes disputes amongst these owners as mistakes could be made, honest or not. This is why the code of honor was so important.

After the fall roundup, the Stewart's would drive their cattle down to Tempe to fatten them up on the family farm. They couldn't sell cows, just three-year old steers. They would start at Cienga Creek and go south to Bloody Basin, gathering as they went. There would be about 2,000 steers that they pushed on to New River and then into Phoenix. In Phoenix, they crossed the canal using the bridge at 7th street, across the river and past Tempe. (There were few houses in the way at that time.) This was a two-week trip after 2-3 months of fall round up. In the 1920's the railroad was built to Mayer to serve the mines that were booming.

A siding and corrals were built south of Mayer and cattle were driven there from the nearby ranches. The cattle drive from the T Anchor was a 3-day drive instead of 2 weeks. It made the trip much easier and faster on cowboys and cows. This was done until the 1950's when roads improved and cattle were then shipped directly from the ranch by truck.

As the Stewart family grew, so did the ranch. The T Anchor was the original purchase and to this was added the Double T, the One Eighth, the Lazy UL and the Nelson Place. In 1907, Mert, married Alma Harris of Tempe and had two daughters Ann and Ellen. Ann loved to ride with her father and became quite the rancher. Ellen much preferred to stay behind and play with her dolls and help her mother with all the chores.

Ellen Stewart Hardin recalls: "There was much hard work at the ranch for my parents. I can remember my mother hanging out vast washes of clothes. Father was there to help her. He would start the fires, boil the water and help ring out the heavy pieces. There was lots of cooking to be done also. Usually there were ranch hands around to be fed, especially in the spring or fall, when they were rounding up cattle, to brand or getting ready to sell them. There were fun times too. When the work was done, oftentimes we would go into Mayer to dances.

We would ride in a buggy and the dancing went on until daylight. We would also attend the Fourth of July Rodeo in Prescott."

In 1915, Ben married Alma's sister Nellie Harris and moved his bride to the small house at the Double T, one of the acquired ranches north of the T Anchor. As happened frequently in those days, Nellie died after giving birth to their first child and the baby boy died a short time later. Ben then married Alice Durbin White from Prescott in 1921 and they had three children, Jack, Helen and Brad. Through these two brothers, would continue the legacy of the Stewart Cattle Company.

In the early 1920's the Forest Service decided that each ranch should have a fenced allotment because of widespread over grazing which caused serious feed shortages in drought years. Cattle losses at the time varied from 20% to as high as 60% depending on the environmental conditions. Annual calf crops averaged 40-50%. The range was roughly divided into areas to be fenced based on the number of cattle the rancher had been paying grazing fees on. They then met with the ranchers in the area to determine where permanent water was so each ranch had a source of water for their animals as well as the wildlife in the area.

The combined ranches owned by the Stewart's and the allotment from the Forrest Service was 26,000 acres. This allowed for 600 breeding cows. The Stewart brother's and their Dad, Ivy saw this as a benefit to be able to improve the quality of their herd. By 1926, the entire ranch had been fenced and the herd did improve dramatically.

Margaret Stewart, Jack's wife tells: "Jack was 7 years old, living at the UL, when ranges were fenced, about 1929. Two different crews fenced and all the wild horses had to be gathered. These were then driven to the railroad and shipped, some 200 horses. Before fencing there were only two pastures on the whole ranch. Cattle ranged for miles and the cowboys had to ride clear into Bloody Basin. When gathered, they brought them out on top to a pasture at Bishop Creek, then on down to the pasture at the Double T."

As time marched on, Ivy retired from farming, the Stewarts started shipping their animals to feed lots owned by other people in the valley. This practice developed a long friendship with the Cecil Miller Family as well as many others in this close-knit community of cattle owners in Arizona. Many a deal was concluded by a handshake between honest men and a code of honor.

For over 37 years of challenges of range life, many changes in the practice of ranching, and the accompanying pleasures, Ben and Mert were partners in the T Anchor Ranch. In the late 1930's Ben and Mert bought out their mother's interest

and in 1940 Ben bought out Mert. Ben then took up the challenge of raising his two sons, Jack and Brad to be cattlemen of the highest integrity with a passion for the land and the animals.

Brad recalls, "While we kids were growing up, we lived at the Double T in the summers and until I was in the sixth grade, in Mayer in the winter so we could go to school. Dad (Ben) had purchased the old Mayer Hospital where Jack had been born for a residence.

When I was in the sixth grade, we rented Aunt Marie's house in Tempe during the winter. During all those school years, Mother would be in town and Dad stayed at the ranch most of the time.

After Jack and I returned from the service and I finished school, Dad sold Jack and me a quarter share in the ranch. During the next couple of years all three of the Stewart children got married. Jack and I and our new families lived at the Double T and Mom and Dad at the T Anchor. These were great times of all of us working toward common goals."

In 1946, Jack and Brad worked to remodel the Double T house, adding a bathroom so Jack could bring his new bride, Margaret Hetherington to the ranch after their Thanksgiving wedding the next year.

Margaret writes: "We were so proud of our little home. We had many parties and good times there and three children were born while we lived at the Double T, with Jack adding on two bedrooms and enlarging the kitchen as our family grew."

The winter of 1947 brought lots of snow. Margaret, Jack, Brad and their cousin George were all snowed in at the Double T for 40 days. Margaret remembers it well because they were building a new home about a quarter of a mile up the creek so Brad could bring his new bride Minnie (nee Fram) home. They all had cabin fever badly and no one could play games with anyone because Margaret always won Parcheesi, Brad always won checkers and Jack won Gin. They

couldn't even play bridge because George just sat in a corner and didn't do anything. It was a difficult time but they were snug in their home with plenty to eat, even if not much variety toward the end.

While the house was being built Minnie came up several times to stay. She was full of mischief and one day wouldn't get out of bed. After threatening her without any results, Jack and Brad picked her up and threw her out in the snow, barefoot in her pajamas. It took both of them to do it.

Life on the ranch during most of the year had a fairly leisurely pace. Jack and Brad, with the help of their father, Ben, built fences, rode the range looking for any potential problems, repaired their tack and anything else that needed fixing around the place. Minnie and Margaret did not ride much, even though they were both accomplished riders. This was because Jack and Brad had been raised to take care of their women and they knew firsthand how dangerous ranch life could be. Minnie and Margaret raised the children, cooked the food and cared for their homes. The men also plowed, planted and tended the large gardens and the Minnie, Margaret and Alice canned food that would sustain their families through the winter months. Twice a year they would drive to Phoenix to buy staple supplies for the three families on the ranch and visit with family in Phoenix and Tempe. This was usually right before the spring and the fall roundup.

The two families frequently entertained friends and family from the Valley area who wanted to enjoy ranch life. Also, neighbors within a fifty-mile radius held many parties, beginning after the milk cows had been cared for in the evening and ending in time for work the next morning. Life was not all work.

During round up, Margaret and Minnie enjoyed taking turns cooking when the crews were working out of the Double T and Alice would cook when they worked out of the T Anchor. There were always fresh fruits and home grown vegetables, fresh or canned from the previous season, milk, cream, butter, eggs

and meat produced from the ranch so many great meals came out of these kitchens.

Into this seemingly idyllic life Margaret and Jack brought three of their children, Nancy, Bill, and Jimmy. Brad and Minnie also had the first three of their children, Marie, Chuck and Ben. They grew up best of friends. In 1954-55 it became obvious that the ranch was too small to support three families. Jack and Brad started looking for options.

Jack found a ranch in Holbrook that seemed to fit the needs of his families and sold his interest in the T Anchor ranch to Brad. Going into a partnership with Charlie Martin Sr., they bought the Holbrook ranch but soon bought Martin out. About 1959, Ben's health was failing so he and Alice moved to Tempe the starting point of the Stewart family in Arizona. At this time Brad bought out his Dad's half interest in the ranch.

Margaret and Jack moved their family to Holbrook where Marianne was born and the older children began school. They lived there, learning a different kind of ranching and enjoying life in a town. Later, they decided to move back to central Arizona so they sold the Holbrook ranch and bought the Brown Springs ranch down the river from Camp Verde. This ranch is just under the rim from the family ranch so Brad and Jack were back together again. They each rode the others ranch, while keeping their focus on their own. It was a great time for them both.

Both Brad and Jack wanted to raise their children in the ranching tradition that had benefited them so much. The boys, Bill, Jimmy, Chuck and Ben all started riding the ranch when they were 4 or 5 years old. The length of rides and responsibilities increased with age and expertise. Nancy and Marie also pushed their dads to allow them to go too.

Occasionally Brad and Jack gave in and the girls got to ride and help in branding and in driving cattle. This became a skill that both Brad and Jack came to depend upon.

The Brown Springs Ranch had a summer allotment at Long Valley, north of Payson. Each year, as soon as school was out, Jack with the help of Brad and the family "Kiddy Crew" (children of both families who were old enough to ride) moved cattle on a four-day trail drive from Camp Verde to Long Valley. The youngest crewmembers were 4-year old Jimmy and Benny. They each rode half a day, trading off at the noon break for lunch. Margaret, with year old Marianne and any of the children who were not herding cattle that day, drove the chuck truck and, with the help of Minnie, prepared meals on the trail. Again, families from Phoenix loved to help and experience a real cattle drive. The family spent the summer in a two-room log cabin until school began. Then Margaret and the children moved back to Camp Verde and would drive up to Long Valley for the weekends.

During this Time, Brad looked for many ways to improve the productivity of his ranch and raise his ever-growing family. Brad had started pregnancy testing his cows every fall and shipping all cows that were without calves.

By 1970, the calf crops increased to 90% and high quality purebred Hereford cattle were run on the spread. Steers he shipped increased from an average of 330 pounds to 450-500 pounds. Water development in the form of mud tanks also greatly improved the range for cattle, horses and other various wildlife.

Minnie first home schooled Marie as she started school, then drove Marie and Chuck to the Orme ranch for school for two years. When she became pregnant with Natalie, they bought a house in Camp Verde so Marie, Chuck and Ben could attend school without Minnie driving all day long. Then Judy, Bobby and Patrick were born and their family was complete. Minnie often joked, when asked "Why so many children?" "Well, when Brad started shipping all the cows who weren't pregnant, I got a little nervous that I would be put on the shipping truck so I stayed pregnant."

During the summers, the Brad Stewart family moved back to the T Anchor Ranch. When Natalie was 4, and being the apple

of her Daddy's eye, she pushed and figured out every angle that would allow her to be a part of the "Kiddy Crew". Brad finally agreed and from then on the spring roundup crew was Brad and his four oldest children without any hired help.

Every day of spring roundup, Brad would wake his children before sunrise and feed them, then the horses and they were off for the day to whatever part of the ranch needed to be worked. If the distance to the day's work was very far, Natalie would sleep sitting in the saddle, a skill no other cowboy could ever accomplish. Brad, Chuck and Ben would gather the cattle and push them to a pre-assigned spot where Marie and Natalie would hold the herd. Then they would drive them to a corral and the branding would start. Brad would rope the calves; Chuck or Ben would flank them and hold the head while Marie held the hind legs. Natalie was the grease monkey. She would

put tar on the brand and head where the animal had been dehorned to deter flies from laying eggs in the wounds. After branding several calves Natalie would be black from fingers to elbows with streaks other places but smiling the whole time.



In the meantime the same routine was being followed on the other side of the mountain by the Jack Stewart family with Nancy, Bill and Jimmy working the herd and 4 year old Marianne being the "grease monkey". The children learned the valuable lessons of responsibility and hard work. At times the two families would join ranks to help each other with roundup.

Brad and Jack followed in their father's footsteps and became strong advocates for the ranching industry. In 1934 Yavapai County cattlemen formed a Cattle Growers Association to address the issues faced by the local ranchers. The third president in 1936 was Ben Stewart, in 1958 Brad became the 23rd president and after returning to Yavapai County, Jack became the 29th president. In 1967, Brad became president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association just before the big snow storm that paralyzed Arizona's cattle ranchers. This began a career in ranching unlike Brad's family. He became active in speaking, and advocating with various legislators and committees to improve the rancher's lot. Some of the battles he won and some he lost but he poured his heart into every activity he faced.

The December 1968 Western Livestock Journal printed Portrait of Brad Stewart, Cattleman. "Long active in working with programs outside of those presented by his own ranch, Stewart was president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers in 1958 and worked as chairman of the Forest Service Advisory Committee for the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association. His work on this important committee attracted the attention of Fred Dressler, then president of the American National Cattlemen's Assn.

Dressler appointed Stewart to the National's Forest Service Committee. Under subsequent American National presidents he became chairman and among other things, attended every meeting since then, including numerous Public Land Law Review Commission hearings in the West."

In addition to Brad's ten years on the National Forest Advisory Board, He was very active in the National Cattle Growers Association. He and Minnie attended thirteen conventions and he served on many committees. This gave Brad a taste of politics to benefit the ranching industry in addition to the hard work necessary to make his ranch a success.

Jack was active with the Arizona and Yavapai Livestock Associations, Hereford Association of which he served as

president, and the Arizona National Livestock Show. He received commendations from these for his service and loyalty over many years. The activity for which he was most proud was his service on the committee to eradicate the screw worm fly which had plagued both cattle and wild life for many years. He was treasurer of this committee and traveled to both South and Central America in research with this work which was completely successful and there is no longer a screw worm fly.

As time passed, regulations, grazing fees and environmental concerns made the small family ranch obsolete. The writing was on the wall; Brad and Jack had to find a different way to support their families. With much soul searching and agonizing over the finances and the family tradition, Brad decided to sell the family ranch, move to Camp Verde and pursue politics. After one term as a Yavapai County Supervisor he started working selling ranch real estate and then managing property for Duane Miller until his retirement. Brad Passed away in 2001.

Jack was offered a position with the Valley National Bank in the agricultural loan department. After trying to keep the ranch going on weekends while spending week days in Phoenix or traveling on bank business, he decided to sell the ranch and move permanently back to Phoenix where Margaret had grown up. Here he could concentrate on one job and spend more time with his family. He also continued working with the Herford Association and, along with son, Jim, the National Livestock Show. Jack passed away in 1979.

This ranch was a gathering place for generations of Stewarts. They would come for round up, reunions or just to visit their roots. So many worked here and lived here and somehow it just got into their blood.

Even though the ranch has passed into the hands of other folks many of us still love to go to this place to reminisce and remember the place that so much of our history played out.

William Sawyer Sr.

William "Bill" Sawyer Sr. was born in Phoenix, Arizona on November 23, 1933. His parents, Leonard and Emma Sawyer, were in the sheep business. Bill attended Kenilworth Grade School and both Phoenix Union and North High Schools; graduating from the newly opened West High School.

Bill's biological father was Andy Womack, a successful Phoenix building contractor who developed and built the largest single housing project in Arizona using the assembly line process. Andy was also a professional rodeo clown and was inducted into the Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame in 1998. Bill's sister Karen is married to rodeo stock contractor Harry Vold, also an honoree in the Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame.

Bill says he was a city boy but enjoyed being around the cattlemen at Tovrea Stockyards. He fell in love with the cattle industry and enrolled in animal husbandry at Arizona State University. After two years at ASU, he was drafted into the Army and served from 1953 through 1955 at Fort Ord in California.

He returned to Arizona to complete his college education



using his G.I. bill that paid him \$137.00 a month for attending college. Bill met his wife Joan Trauscht at ASU.

She was the daughter of Arthur and Bernice Trauscht, citrus farmers with orchards at 16th Street and Baseline in Phoenix. Growing

up, Joan worked in the family's roadside stand selling fresh citrus. The couple were married their last year of college. They have been married sixty years and have two children, Debbie and Bill Junior, and five grandchildren.

Leonard and Emma had done well in the sheep business during WWII as the military uniforms were made of wool. They got out of the sheep business after the war and owned a farm in the Chandler area. Bill worked for them his first year out of college; however, he decided he wasn't cut out to be a farmer.

Packing companies from Los Angeles had originally bought their cattle from the Texas Panhandle. With the growth of Tovrea's large feed yard, the companies would send buyers to Phoenix to purchase cattle. Tovrea originally had their own packing house which they sold to Cudahy. Bill began raising cattle for veal. He purchased calves weighing 275 pounds and sold them when they reached 500 pounds. Bill Monroe was the main buyer for Cudahy at that time.

Jim Hughes and Paul Ganz purchased All State feed yard; a small yard that held eight to ten thousand head of cattle.

Bill worked at Hughes and Ganz and at age 28, he was running the feed yard. He did everything from driving the feed truck to working with the branding crew.

When Hughes and Ganz were building their feed yard in Queen Creek around 1963 or 64, they experienced a flood. They had 65,000 head of cattle in their pens at the time. They bought hay from everyone. Bill bought and sold cattle and holds the record for the most cattle sold in a week. He sold 35,000 head to six Los Angeles packers in 1964. They held an option to pull the futures contracts when market conditions warranted. More than half the feed yard had cattle bought and ready to come in. Grain would be bought in the fall of the year to feed cattle.

Lots of celebrities purchased cattle at Hughes and Ganz during this time period -including Simon and Garfunkel and Karen Graham, a model for Estee Lauder in New York. Gene

Hackman also purchased cattle and would fly his own plane in to check on his cattle. Bill became a pilot himself and flew his plane around the state on cattle business. Myer Spitalny managed all the cattle dealings for John Wayne and his family at Red River.

Bill stayed at Queen Creek until 1980 when Tom Lewis bought an existing feed lot from Tovrea's in Maricopa and subsequently named it Maricopa Cattle Company.

Bill brought customers with him to Maricopa and he was paid twenty-five percent of the income plus a salary to manage the yard. He continued to feed his own cattle along the way. In 1990, Bill Sr. and Bill Jr. purchased Maricopa Cattle Company and renamed it Sawyer Cattle Company.

Prior to 1990, Bill Jr. worked for Meyer "Doc" Spitalny for six years. He received good training from Doc on how to handle cattle and feeding ventures. Eventually the Sawyer's brought in Paul Ganz as a partner in 1994 and renamed the company Maricopa Feed Yard. They added more pens and expanded to 50,000 head. Around 2005 they sold their Maricopa feed yard to El Dorado Holdings and leased it back. Five years ago the feed lot was torn down. They had to grind up the concrete like ABC and sold 60,000 tons of ground concrete to the Ak Chin tribe. They also sold the pipe from the fencing.

The two Bills now have a company within a company. They own Sawyer Cattle Company and buy their feed from Pinal. They use Pinal's office and pens. Sawyer's office staff, Kathy McGraw and Mercedes Muraira, have been with the company for 35 and 34 years respectively. Tim Cooley manages the cattle.

Their yard buys Holstein calves weighing 300 pounds from calf ranches in Arizona and California. It is a good deal for them as they buy the calves and have the opportunity to contract them to JBS before they reach the feed yard based upon market conditions. All cattle are fed and marketed under a natural beef program. The yard has 33,000 to 34,000 cattle at any given time.

In addition to cattle, the Sawyers have been raising Thoroughbred race horses for 33 years. Their horses race all over the United States and they currently own six horses including a colt they just bought in Kentucky. Their horse "AZ Ridge" won two stake races in May, 2015. The Sawyers, along with the Petnzick family, own a King Air 200 plane and their two pilots fly them around the country to the races.

The family owns a cabin in Pinetop where Joan can enjoy the cool summer air and Bill Sr. can fish. Their son Bill enjoys the golf courses in the area. Daughter Debbie is busy with her career as an Occupational Therapist. Bill and Joan's five grandchildren are leading active lives. Laura is a nurse and in training to become a nurse practitioner. Carly is a senior at Northern Arizona University and her twin Katy is a junior at Arizona State University. Andrew graduated from high school in May, 2015 and Nicolas is in the working world. All the grandchildren enjoy spending time in Pinetop.

Bill Sr. has served on the Arizona Cattle Feeders Board. Bill Jr. served on the Arizona Beef Council and is currently serving his second term as President of the Arizona Cattle Feeder's Association. Bill Sr. says he has taken their business so far and his son is now in charge and is taking it the rest of the way.

Con Englehorn

In 2016 Con Englehorn will celebrate fifty years of dedication to the Arizona National Livestock Show. He is an example of our volunteers who are the heart and soul of our show.

Con was born in Yankton, South Dakota and moved with his family at the age of ten to Arizona in 1950. Graduating from Camelback High School, Con continued his studies at Colorado State University where he earned a Bachelor of Science in Agricultural Economics. He met his wife Joy Anderson at Colorado State and they returned to Arizona to begin their married life.

Con was employed with Western Farm Management in Phoenix for eighteen years before founding his own company, Headquarters West Ltd. Professionally, Con has been Past National President of the American Society of Farm Manager and Rural Appraisers as well as President of the Arizona Association. Also a member of the American Society of Range Management and the California Society of Farm Managers and Rural Appraisers. Con specialized in fee appraisals of ranches, farms and other rural property in Arizona and eleven other western states. In addition, he was Vice Chairman of the Arizona Board of Appraisals and served as a board member of the Arizona Board of Appraisals. He is also a licensed real estate broker in Arizona.

While at Western Farm Management, Con worked with Dr. Lee Scott who had been a professor at the University of Arizona's College of Agriculture. Con and his family lived for a time at the Suncrest Hereford Ranch established by Lee and wife Virginia. This location was truly ranching in the city at 38th Street and Indian School Road in Phoenix. Lee, credited with being one of the founders of the Arizona Hereford Association, was heavily involved with the ANLS and he encouraged Con's involvement with the show. In 1966 Con began his years of volunteering by serving on the Feeder

Steer Committee. Through the years Con has worked with Executive Directors Lee and Pearl TePoel, Nellie Stevenson, Grant Boice and Mike Bradley. He served on the board and worked his way through the offices to become president in 1998 and 1999. Con continues to serve as a board member today.

Con had enjoyed being a ring man for many years at the Feeder Steer Sale and Junior Livestock Auction. He has been an auction buyer since day one of his involvement with the show. Con and Brenda Mayberry have served as Co-Superintendents of the Junior Market Auction. In addition, he is a mainstay at the Junior Showman Breakfast each year. Con was involved with the Old Timers Rodeo and PRCA Rodeo held at Coliseum and was an original supporter of the Ranch Horse Show.

He also supported the move of the horse show from the State Fairgrounds to West World in Scottsdale.

Con has been especially pleased to be involved with The Arizona National Livestock Show Scholarship program. ANLS in partnership with the Arizona Horse Lovers Foundation are proud to have awarded over \$800,000 over the past 20 years. The scholarship program encourages and supports students who have demonstrated an interest in agriculture. Currently, this program awards over \$40,000 annually to students pursuing careers in agriculture-related fields, and to organizations that encourage youth activities [in agriculture]."



Con and Joy's family includes son Mat and wife Sharry, daughter Katie and granddaughter Eva. Supporting the show has been a family affair. Joy was chairman of Cowboy Classics for three years and Mat and Sharry ran the club one year. Mat and Con continue to volunteer at the Junior Showman Breakfast each year. Granddaughter Eva has gotten into the action riding in the Little Buckaroo Rodeo.

Former ANLS Executive Director Grant Boice says of Con, "He is someone that never seeks the spotlight and is always there to help. Con's support is genuine and sincere and he is highly respected by everyone that knows him. His humor is unique and kind, his values are honest and true. As a problem solver, Con is not distracted by the details but maintains a vision of the big picture, and focuses on the end result."

Con continues to be involved in his community. Headquarters West Ltd. belongs to the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and he supports the Cochise County Fair as a buyer. Each year he purchases a pig at the Fair and it travels south to provide meat to an orphanage in Agua Prieta, Mexico. Con is also active in the McDowell Sonoran Conservancy. The organization champions the sustainability of the McDowell Sonoran Preserve for the benefit of this and future generations. They connect the community to the Preserve through education, research, advocacy, partnerships and safe, respectful access. Con is particularly interested in retaining the rich history of the ranches in the area.

Con notes that each of the Executive Directors have brought new looks and new ideas to the Livestock Show. He believes that one of the most important parts of the show is the continued support of youth. It is through the hard work and dedication of individuals like Con that the Arizona National Livestock Show continues to inform the public of the values and importance of agriculture in Arizona and our nation.

