

ARIZONA NATIONAL

Ranch Histories Of Living Pioneer Stockmen

Volume XXIX

Compiled by:

*Arizona State Cowbelles Association
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December 2019

Dear Pioneers,

The Arizona National Livestock Show is proud to present the latest volume of Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Histories. In here you will find entertaining and educational stories, including one by Janice Bryson about Janice Bryson, our Pioneer Stockman liaison who puts so much heart and effort into the production of these Histories.

As part of the Arizona National Livestock Show mission, our goal is 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 following generations. These people have 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 volume and consider purchasing previous volumes to support the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen.

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,

Garrett Ham
President
Arizona National Livestock Show

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Friends in Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Association

I welcome you all to this edition of the Arizona Pioneer Stockman's Association, *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 cousin's 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 2019 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 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



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Juan (John) Manual Aleman



Juan (John) Manual Aleman

Juan (John) Manual Aleman, a Spanish-Basque from the Pyrenees Mountains of Spain, was born in Irrurita, Valley de Bastan, Spain, on August 15, 1894 to Bautista and Joseja Gamio Aleman. Intrigued by what a boyhood friend, Juan Bicondon, had written about what he saw in the United States, he wanted to see and explore these new adventures. Juan Bicondon, and his family, had migrated to America in 1912. John wanted to see about a land where you could walk for miles and never see anyone. His friend wrote that it was "a land full of golden opportunities, knee-high grass where sheep and cattle grazed as far as the eye could see, and cowboys riding horseback with 45's on their hips and Winchesters on their saddles," wrote Frances Aleman of her husband's re-collection of Juan's letter to her husband. Frances said that her husband did not feel that such an opportunity for an exciting life could be passed up.



Juan (John) Manual Aleman

Arriving in Winslow, Arizona on March 3, 1914 he began to work a few days later for the Spellmire and Lyons Sheep Co. His first job was a camp tender (cook). He was a fast learner and soon could "cook over an open fire, baking the Basque bread in Dutch ovens, cooking pinto beans under ground and roasting lamb over hot coals," Frances wrote in the family history of her husband's sheep operations. John was also responsible for packing and looking after the 14 burros that carried the equipment for the men who were responsible for the flock of sheep. Frances continued that John would drive the burros to water holes or springs each day to

drink. He would fill five-gallon water barrels for camp use. Personal belongings of the herders and the camp tender and all camp provisions and supplies were packed in the boxes and two boxes were tied to a saddle on each burro. On top of these boxes, bed rolls and the tent would be placed and then covered with a canvas which was tied with a diamond hitch. Every few days the camp was moved as the herders did not want to overgraze an area. Another job John had was to drive eight burros fifteen miles to the Spellmire and Lyons Company's Ranch to replenish the food supplies. This happened twice a month. A treat for him when he went to the ranch would be to get an old newspaper to read and he especially wished for mail. Frances said, "Life was lonely for a young man who loved people and life."

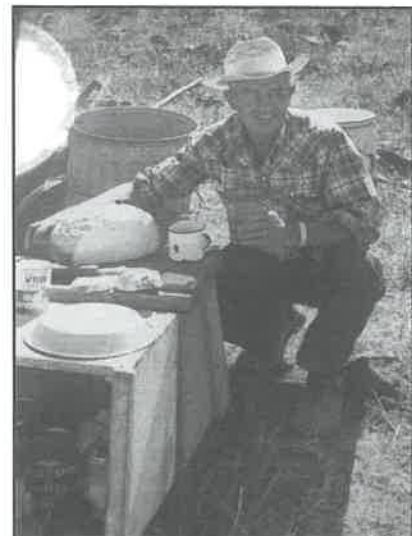
After working for Spellmire and Lyons for several months, from March to October, he thought that the "grass looked greener in Flagstaff" and headed there and immediately went to work for Pete Espil and M. I. Powers, who owned the Frisco Mountain Sheep Company. Along with the herder, John helped move the sheep over the trail to the desert area of Wickenburg where they stayed for the winter. By February, the outfit was busy as the ewes started to give birth. Then it was shearing time and getting the wool to be shipped. John told his family that his first winter on the desert was one he would never forget. Frances wrote that John told her, "the rains came in floods, all wood was soaked, and he could not make a fire for days at a time. If by chance he was able to get a fire going and had the food cooking there would come another downpour, and everything would be ruined again. At night he would have to cut bushes and lay them out like a bed two or three feet high and put the bed rolls on top of this because the ground was covered with water." But things improved for John as the following year he was promoted to herder. Three years later he was promoted to corporal (foreman) for the U Bar at Clear Creek owned by Tom Pollock.

John liked to recall the many experiences of his early life to his family and his wife recorded many of them. One of the favorite stories was about the hostility between the sheepmen and the cattlemen. The chief complaint was

that cattle would not eat behind the sheep and the sheep would not drink from the waterholes after the cattle. Both complaints have since been proven false as many sheepmen now run cattle and sheep together on the range. John loved to tell how many nights, after the cowboys left the range for the ranch, the sheepmen would drive their sheep to the water tanks to drink and when they finished the herder would herd them away as quickly as possible. Then, the herder would cut large branches of cedar bows and wipe away the sheep tracks, working most of the night. When morning came the cowboys would return to the water tanks to look after the cattle and to see if the sheep had been there, but there were no tell-tale tracks and the sheep were far away.

For five years John herded sheep upon Mt. Eldon and San Francisco Peaks overlooking the valley and town of Flagstaff. On Saturday nights, after the sheep were bedded down and the guard dogs interspersed with them for protection, John would walk the four miles into Flagstaff and join in the dancing and singing that was commonly held with other sheep men and their families at one of several Basque Houses that were found on or near San Francisco St. It was during these social functions that he told the story of him studying English from a book. He lost no opportunity to practice his beautiful new language on the other guests. But, to his dismay he suddenly realized that they did not understand a word he said in English. In later years, his retelling of the story always gave him a big laugh. After the dancing and singing, in the wee hours of the morning, he would trek back up the four miles to the sheep camp arriving just in time for breakfast and before sun-up would start out after the sheep who needed grazing and water.

For many years, John walked the sheep up into the mountains around Flagstaff and Williams in the summer and down again into the low valleys of the Salt River Valley during the winter.



John Aleman at his sheep camp

He was a very conscientious herder, always concerned for the lame and the lost. He had a great compassion for the sheep; many times, he said that in those early days his best friends were his dogs and horses. John was always happiest when he was out in the open caring for his sheep. In his lifetime he saw many changes in the sheep industry, but he never lost his faith in this way of life.

He partnered in several companies. In 1926, Mike Echeverria and he were partners in the Cross Mountain Sheep Company near Seligman, Arizona. They had purchased five thousand ewes from Campbell-Francis & Co. This was the beginning of his career as a sheep owner. Working with Mike until 1941, he sold his interest to Mike's brother, Fermin. Meanwhile in 1935, he partnered with Joe and Leon Pouquette as they bought out Lou Charlebois sheep outfit and the Boulin Ranch northeast of Williams, Arizona forming the partnership of Pouquette-Aleman Sheep Company which ran between 3,500 and 4,600 head of sheep in the 1930s. This partnership was dissolved in 1945 and Joe Pouquette took 25 percent of the sheep and Joe along with his sister, Charlotte, bought the Red Hill Ranch and formed the Pouquette Sheep Company. The remaining portion of the Pouquette-Aleman Sheep Company was divided in 1952 with Leon Pouquette's widow, Amelie, as Leon had passed away in the summer of 1943. Leon and Amelie's son, Felix, took over the sheep and assisted his mother.

John met his wife, Frances Abbie Hendrix, a native of Illinois in 1929 when he rented her father's ranch, The Box H, near St. Johns, Arizona. Drought in the Seligman area where his own ranch was located meant he needed to find green pastures for his sheep. The Eastern Tenderfoot began spending more and more time riding with John hearing his stories of life in Spanish Basque country until she probably knew more about the Basques and the sheep industry than any living American woman at that time.

Frances told the story of one time she was with John as they had planned to go into Holbrook to shop, dine, and go to a picture show. John, the conscientious sheep man, decided to

check on his 9,000 sheep that had left Frances' father's ranch in Concho and were being driven the 50 miles to Holbrook. The sheep would then be loaded on the train and shipped to the Salt River Valley. As they neared the Little Colorado River, they saw the sheep strung out about one quarter mile with only their backs and heads visible. Quicksand had caught the sheep! They worked tirelessly trying to rescue as many of the lambs as they could. Many sheep were lost that day. Covered in mud themselves, Frances said they all looked like muddobers or something from outer space. Needless to say, the nice trip to Holbrook for shopping, dining, and a movie were not in the cards that day. They enjoyed a very unique courtship riding the range on horseback and working with the sheep. They were married July 1936 in Phoenix. It was the beginning of a wonderful life they spent together for over thirty-six years.



Frances Abbie Hendrix Aleman



John and Frances Aleman
on their wedding day.

Frances was John's partner in so many ways as she helped him in his sheep business and made a name for herself in the industry. The early years of their marriage she would work with her husband as he trailed sheep from Williams, on the Old Bear Springs Driveway which started at Williams, ran southwesterly, crossing the Verde River near Perkinsville then across Chino Valley to Granite Mountain, northwest of Prescott, then down through Skull Valley, Kirkland, Hillside and to the desert in the vicinity of

Congress Junction and west of Wickenburg. This trail has been abandoned for many years. It was here in the desert in February that the lambs were born. However, in 1939 this

lambling operation on the desert was discontinued due to drought.

Shipping by rail was used for many years as they moved their sheep from Williams to Buckeye, Peoria, Phoenix and Chandler. The railroad quit taking livestock in 1970 and trucking in four decker stock trucks became the norm for John and the other wool growers. The sheep were only trailed 20 miles after arriving in Williams to the Aleman's Squaw Mountain Ranch.



Frances Aleman with
Bob Pouquette in the corrals

Frances told her family that she remembered many nights during the early years of her marriage sleeping on a pelican bed, a canvas cot under the stars. This was the time that pack burros were used to haul water for their camp as she and John trailed sheep from the mountains to the valley for the winter, and vice versa the next year. The flock could scatter for up to a mile on the trail. Their day followed a set routine: she and John would ride horseback past the sheep and the herders find the next waterhole (manmade dams) and look for a good camping spot for the night. Riding as much as 10 to 12 miles a day was not uncommon. Frances said that these waterholes were her bathtub too. One night she forwent her nightly ritual of swimming as she saw a snake going over the rocks ahead of her! Just like John in his early days on the trail, the herders would spend hours in the evening or whenever necessary to help the sheep that had become footsore and both feet and mouths would have imbedded cactus thorns that needed to be removed and treated. But, let the sheep smell water and they could run to it!

Frances enjoyed hearing John's boyhood days in the Pyrenees Mountains of Spain. Frances recalled that in the early days of their marriage John would go with the lambs that were shipped by rail to Kansas City markets or

consign them to a commission house in Kansas City. This was necessary as it was possible for a sheep grower to lose thousands of dollars if the lambs were kept too long without feed or water, plus an added cost of caring for the lambs in the feeding lot before they were sold. The weight loss could be exorbitant. Several times John experienced these types of losses. In later years, the lamb buyers would come directly to the growers and buy the lambs when they were ready for market. The buyer came to the alfalfa fields with big trucks, loaded the lambs after the lambs were weighted close-by reducing cost to seller and ensuring top dollar was paid at the point of origin resulting in more money to the sheep grower. This change was a big improvement over the earlier years.

After a few heartbreaking miscarriages, John Jr. was born on March 13, 1943 to two people who were absolutely crazy about him and he was truly a most loved son.

By 1948 another change in the industry was seen by John and other sheep men who were trying to find good sheepherders. Many of the older sheepherders had returned to their native land of Spain or France. Not all wool growers are Basque, but western wool growers could not operate apart from the skill and sheep-savvy of these French and Spanish Basque sheepherders. Two Spanish Basque, Francisco Toane and Frank Yblanez, had worked for over forty years for John. Francisco, age 75, returned to Spain and Frank died before he was able to return to his native land. The men are willing to spend their days tending sheep in far out places of the American West. It has been explained that they make an art of living and thus have little time for the cold objects d'art that so often distract other people from their enjoyment of the things that really count. The Western sheep industry is inseparably interwoven with Basque customs, cookery and folkways.

When John Jr. was five years old the family visited Spain, a place John Sr. had not seen since leaving for

America back in 1914. The tears of joy and happiness of families reuniting and his Spanish family meeting his wife and son was a beautiful occasion. They visited John's old Aleman homestead high in the Pyrenees Mountains, sleeping in his great grandfather's room. The home was a large three-story building with livestock on the first level, the second level was the family's living quarters and the third floor was for storage.

On the first level, a huge oven was found which was used twice a week to bake bread. A cement four-foot square two feet high water trough with a connecting cement slab on one side with cut grooves was their wash board. Large ferns grew on the mountain side and in the fall of the year these were cut and left to dry, then they were raked up and hauled by horse drawn carts to the ranches and stacked up like haystacks in America. This was used to spread over the floor for the animals to stand on. Every three days this was raked up and spread over the fields as fertilizer.

The family living quarters consisted of a large living and dining area with a very big kitchen. The floors were three inches of thick hard wood that was polished like a mirror. A wood stove, fireplace, a cement sink with cold running water, a large cupboard, a table for ten people, a large pantry and bedrooms were all on this level. The great grandfathers' bedroom was twenty feet by twenty feet with two double beds, a dresser with a mirror, a portable wash basin with a pitcher for water, and a large, beautiful chifferobe (used to hang clothes, a chest of drawers on one side and a huge mirror on the outside).

Hay, corn, potatoes, beans, onions, garlic, fruit, and nuts were stored on the top floor. At one end, a double door with glass opened out on a balcony and clothes were hung here to dry.

While John and his family visited the Basque Country, arrangements were made to bring a friend living on the French side into the United States. In 1948, French Basque could enter the United States if they were sponsored with

an affidavit of support. Coming from Aldudus and Esterencuby, France, respectively, Jean Arriaga, whose father John knew, and Pierre Chamalbide would arrive in Arizona November 27, 1948 and work for John for 14 years. After they became naturalized citizens, the Aleman's affidavit of support with the United States government ended. Both men learned English and Spanish. They worked hard, saving their money, bought sheep of their own and married. Jean remained in Arizona while Pierre moved to California. The Aleman's work to bring in other Basques did not end here. In 1952 and again in 1953, they sponsored more Basques of which one was Antonio Echandi. These men came in through the Western Range Association, a vital association to the sheep men of the west.

In 1952, the John Aleman Sheep Company was formed in Williams. At last, John had his own sheep company. The Aleman Ranch is located on the Boulin Allotment, known as Squaw Mountain and the registered brands are CO and JA. The name of the sheep company was changed to John Aleman and Son Sheep Company when John Jr. joined his father in the family business in 1967 as a full partner. They ran 3,000 head of Rambouillet and Suffolk sheep.

During those many years of marriage John enjoyed cooking as a past-time. One of the favorite dishes he would make was Bildocha Irrisaikin (lamb with rice). Other lamb dishes with potatoes or macaroni were also made. He was an artist in making Basque Bread and Dutch Oven biscuits. His grandchildren, John III and Heidi Jo, would listen and watch as John played his accordion and sing the old Basque songs or do the hota (dance). His grandchildren delighted in being with and learning from their idolized grandfather. His grandson was taught to work with the sheep, making salt troughs and little hobbles for twin lambs to keep them from being separated from their mother. His delight was unsurpassed when his only granddaughter, Heidi Jo, learned to cook the Basque way, too.

A wife of a sheep man wears many hats and Frances was no exception. During the four seasons of a sheep

operation she would be found busy. The four seasons are: lambing in November and December; shearing in February; lamb marketing in March and April; and then the time to start packing for the summer move up the mountain. A fifth season could be added when the animals were moved back to the low valleys for the winter. The sheep man's wife kept the books for the operation, was the purchasing agent, and was concerned with the welfare of their employees. She kept the pantry stocked for her family and the herdsmen, purchasing clothing, first aid and medical supplies for both the men and animals. She took the herdsmen into town for doctor or dentist appointments. Food was prepared for sheep dipping times by the wives of the outfit so growers, sheep inspectors and forest rangers all could eat. This would be repeated at shearing time as herders, shearers, buyers and guest all needed to be feed. Wives would be responsible for showing school children the shearing operations and answer questions. If wool and lamb buyers remained overnight, a meal was prepared. Frances took part in all these activities and more.

In Arizona and across the country today in the American Sheep Industry, Frances was known as the First Lady of the Sheep Growing Clan. In 1948 Frances and Ora Chipman, of Utah, co-founded the Make It Yourself with Wool contest which was sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary to the National Wool Growers Association. In 1958, Frances along with several other women in Arizona's sheep industry started the Arizona Wool Growers Auxiliary. She was the Charter President and served for twelve consecutive years. She also served in all the National Women's Auxiliary offices and was elected President of the national in January 1971 and served for two years. She then served an additional two years as the National Press Correspondent.

Through the years Frances organized and worked on many lamb and wool promotions at shopping centers, schools, on television, and did numerous newspaper interviews. She developed new lamb recipes. Frances had been "boss lady" of Lamb and Wool Fall Fiesta Week at several large shopping centers in Phoenix introducing thousands of people to lamb

cookery, the life of a sheepman and the economic importance of the industry to the state. She and Ora along with other member of the American Sheep Producers Council conceived of an idea for a book about the American sheep men. From this idea the book Sheep and Man An American Saga was written. Frances collected backgrounds, stories and pictures and helped to write the chapter on the men and women of Arizona's proud history.

As a young girl, Frances suffered from tuberculosis which weakened her and caused many bouts of illness throughout her life. But she had a strong will and recovered many times to return to doing the things she loved so dearly, her family, cooking and promoting lamb and wool wherever she could.

Frances and Ora Chipman created the Aleman-Chipman Scholarship Award which was given at the national contest. Frances' family, son John and his wife Kathy have continued the tradition with the Aleman Scholarship Award given at the Arizona competition. Make it Yourself with Wool was one of Frances' favorite promotions because she loved working with the young people and introducing them to the wonders of wool. She would be very proud that the tradition of this competition is still going strong today.

John Sr. passed away in 1972 at the age of 79 and Frances passed away in 1983 at the age of 72. John Jr. took over the running of the John Aleman and Son Sheep Company.

John Manuel Aleman, Jr

John and Frances only child, John Manuel Aleman, Jr., was born March 13, 1943 in Phoenix, Arizona. His parents met at her father's Box H Ranch in Concho, Arizona in 1929 and were married in 1936 in Phoenix. This was prophetic as John Jr. would meet his second wife, Kathy the same way 40 years later. As a young boy John spent his summers working in the sheep camp in charge of loading the burros with the camp supplies when camp was moved and fetching water in the barrels which were carried by the burros. These were very happy days.

Growing up he was very mechanically gifted and began overhauling and replacing motors, fabricating equipment and trailers for the sheep business. Every motor was always faster when he was finished with it. Upon graduation he went to work at the Galpin Ford Garage in Buckeye and he married Claudia Nichols in 1961. They had 2 children, John III (1962) and Heide Jo (1964). Claudia learned the duties of a sheepman's wife. This was a very happy time in his life. His children learned the sheep business just as he had done - following and watching their father, mother, grandparents and the herders.



John, Jr.

John's interests were always in building things. He built his first little roadster while he was in high school and later build a faster blown 430 Lincoln Roadster. John was the one to beat. Cars would come from all over to race him either at the Winslow Drag Strip or out at Barney Flats south of Williams. Cars would line up to light the road and someone would drop the flag. In the early 70s he decided to take the next step up in speed and build a beautiful nitro burning AA Fuel Altered which he named "The Sheepherder", retaining his ties to the sheep industry. His car often won best appearing car and they won many ¼ mile drag races running six second times.

After the death of his father and his divorce from Claudia, John sold the sheep company in 1978 to Joe Auza of Casa Grande. He began to have coffee at the Clifford Wolfswinkel's farm headquarters in Higley, Arizona where Kathy worked. They would marry in 1980 and began to follow his passion for fast motors and machines. He bought the farm headquarters from Kathy's father, Clifford, and opened Aleman Sheep and Machine, still honoring his heritage in the sheep business. He ran this successful business for over 20 years becoming the unofficial "Mayor of North Higley". Lots of fast vehicles and repairs resulted as well as many good times were had by all during these years. He was known to many as Sheepherder, a name he was proud of. There was no one quite like "The Sheepherder." John died in March 2016.

Conclusion

The Aleman's legacy in the sheep business spans 54 years from 1914 when he arrived in Arizona and continued until his son sold the business in 1978. John was active in the Arizona Wool Growers' Association and served as a director from July 8, 1952 to July 12, 1966. He was a director of the Kaibab Advisory Board in Williams. John's wife, Frances, made her own name in the sheep industry both in Arizona and across the country.



BETTY SUE WALKER BARTOL



Betty Sue Walker was born April 20, 1933 by Cesarean section at Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona. Tommy and Gertrude Champie Walker were the ecstatic parents. At that time in history, mammas and babies delivered by C-section stayed in the hospital one month. So they did. At discharge, they traveled to Cleator to stay with Aunt Claire and Uncle Fred Cordes, where Tommy was working on the spring roundup for Fred. The story is told that Betty howled night after night. Finally, Aunt Claire put some drops of moonshine in the

milk and voila! No more howling! Thus, a lifetime of happy drops was started.



Betty Sue with dad Tommy



Betty Sue

The winter of 1933, Tommy and Gertie purchased a ranch in Mohave County, 45 miles east of Kingman, south of Seligman,

on Knight Creek. The terrible road would wash out after a rain and had to be repaired several times. Betty's equestrian skills were learned there at age 3 on her horse "Glasey" (because he had one glass colored eye). They sold the ranch the fall of 1939 because school was 45 miles away on a nasty road. So Tommy, Gertie, Betty and sister Bobbie (who showed up on the scene April 30, 1936) headed to Bumble Bee, Arizona. Bumble Bee had a General Store, Post Office and schoolhouse. Betty started first grade there and rode Glasey to school. Tommy worked spring and fall roundup for Uncle Fred and Aunt Claire. Betty, Bobbi and Claireann Cordes were great friends, although Bobbi says Betty was "bossy"!

Again moving because of school, the Walkers headed to Glendale, Arizona the summer of 1941. Tommy started cattle trading on a small acreage and Betty headed to Glendale Grammar School, starting in 3rd grade and finishing in 8th grade. In 1949 the family moved again and Tommy started his feeding operation on 83rd Avenue and Northern in Peoria. Meanwhile, Betty attended Glendale High School and graduated in 1951. Those horse riding skills were apparent when she was crowned Rodeo Queen for the Glendale Rodeo in 1951. Visits to Uncle Lawton Champie's ranch in the Bradshaw Mountains were always fun, and apparently a chance meeting led to quite a relationship with a fellow named Walter W. Bartol. Betty's plans for a nursing or teaching certificate were put on hold when Betty and Walter were married September 18, 1951 and she became Betty Walker Bartol. Walter was in the Air Force at that time, stationed at Luke Air Force Base and was discharged in August, 1952. Next was the trek to the University of Arizona where Walter graduated with a degree in Animal Husbandry in 1954. Once again, back to Peoria to the little house at the Walker Feedlot, where Walter partnered with Tommy in the cattle feeding business.

The fun years started with Tom arriving January 1, 1955, Lisa arriving February 18, 1957 and Lynn arriving March 30, 1959. And so began swimming pools, Little League, 4-H horse shows, Livestock Show, and Betty's busy days teaching them ranching philosophy and western ways. Trips to Crown King, Castle Hot Springs, and Bumble Bee to visit

uncles and cousins, attend dances, and just visit with family were always welcomed and cherished.

In 1968, Walter had back surgery and retired from cattle feeding. He began work with Valley National Bank in Phoenix as a Land and Livestock Appraiser. In 1972 he was transferred to the Casa Grande branch, where Betty became involved with the Art Museum and Hospital Auxiliary. They lived in Casa Grande five years, enjoying and making many lifelong friends. Tom stayed in Peoria with Tommy and Gertrude and graduated from Peoria High School. Lisa and Lynn graduated from Casa Grande High School. Betty also found time to obtain her Real Estate sales and broker's license.

The summer of 1978 Walter was transferred back to the Phoenix office where he was promoted to Loan Officer in the Agriculture Department of Valley National Bank and then advanced to Vice President. They returned to the Peoria house and Betty make sure Walter was dressed appropriately every work day! Betty was working in Wanda Mary's Realty Office until the diagnosis of cancer in her left leg was determined. The surgery was completed, removing all the cancer and leaving a large deficit that Betty dealt with heroically the rest of her life. But as she said, she still had her leg. Kids, marriages and grandkids arrived and Betty thrived.

Retirement for Walter was next. He and Betty moved to Wickenburg, bought a lovely house, also bought a motor home and traveled the USA except Florida and Iowa. After that, Walter was done driving and fixing the damn thing! Betty was an avid golfer and continued to drag Walter to the course at Arrowhead when they lived in Peoria and Wickenburg when the move was made. His grumbling was with a smile and they both enjoyed friendships and fun times.



Betty Sue and Walter

After Walter's sudden death in 2004, Betty continued to travel, visiting friends and family, as she was able. The life long battle with her leg was taking its toll. She made the decision to move to La Loma Village in Litchfield Park in 2012, where she had an apartment and care as needed. Activities slowed down and health issues increased, but her hospitality continued. The bar was always stocked and she was ready to visit at every opportunity.



Celebrating 80 years

Betty died peacefully May 9, 2018 with care and comfort provide by Hospice of the Valley and surrounded by her family, son Tom (Margaret), daughter Lisa Baskett (Bruce), son Lynn, grandchildren Rebecca Baskett, Cassandra Baskett, and Walter Bartol, and sister Bobbie Keith (Don).

Betty is now on the end (because she is short) of the

heavenly Rockette Chorus Line (She always wanted to be a Rockette!) kicking up those heels as high as possible, laughing, singing and enjoying the rewards of a life well lived. God bless you, Betty Sue Walker Bartol.



Duane Reece



Our 2019 Pioneer Stockman of the Year has owned and ranched in his Gila and Pinal County homeland for over 82 years. In addition, once a well-known rodeo contestant.

Duane's two grandfathers came to Arizona during the 1910's. Abe White, his mother's father, left the hill country of Texas to work on the big Diamond A ranch in

southern New Mexico before coming to Arizona and buying on the Aravaipa Canyon near Winkelman.

His dad's dad, Bob Reece, came to Arizona from Kalispell, Montana. He'd been sent to take over a big ranch in the San Pedro Valley near Winkelman that had gone bankrupt. His son, Wheeler (Duane's dad), was about age ten when making the move. When they arrived, they found it was during a terrible drought! The ranch was badly overstocked and dead cattle could be seen near and far. Wheeler was given the job of killing calves in hopes of saving the starving mothers.

Sometime after the big ranch chore was handled, Bob bought a ranch adjoining the White Ranch on the Aravaipa.

When Wheeler became of age, he filed on and proved up on a homestead. It was known as the "Beaver Slide" on Holy Joe Canyon! It was at least five miles from the nearest road, and due to the terrain, a long five miles! He then married Duane's mother, Christine White, and moved her to his homestead. It was during the Great Depression, and times were hard! His occupation at the time was in gathering

cattle that ranchers couldn't themselves, and catching and breaking their then, having gone wild, horses! The agreement was; he'd get to keep and sell one, and return the other two to the rancher. Many made good saddle horses and he was good at the job. Still, it was barely enough income to live on. He'd often be gone from home for several days and Christine would be left alone. One winter, in order to get out of the 10' x 12' cabin and possibly make a little money, she decided to trap; but her return from the fur was hardly worth the effort.

Duane was born in 1937, and his Granddad Reece made a two day trip to Phoenix to register a brand for him. Both granddads, along with two neighbors, had each given him a heifer calf. He still uses his old U2 brand and is sure of having the distant descendants of some of the original 4 calves!

Life continued to be hard at Beaver Slide! Wheeler once traded a big fat calf for two gunny sacks of potatoes. He thought they needed more to eat than just meat and light garden vegetables. Their mode of transportation other than horseback would be some old car parked at Granddad White's on the south side of the creek with the road on the other. The Aravaipa is a major drainage and in rainy weather might be uncrossable for days or even weeks. Once Duane was very ill and badly in need of a doctor, but the creek was booming!

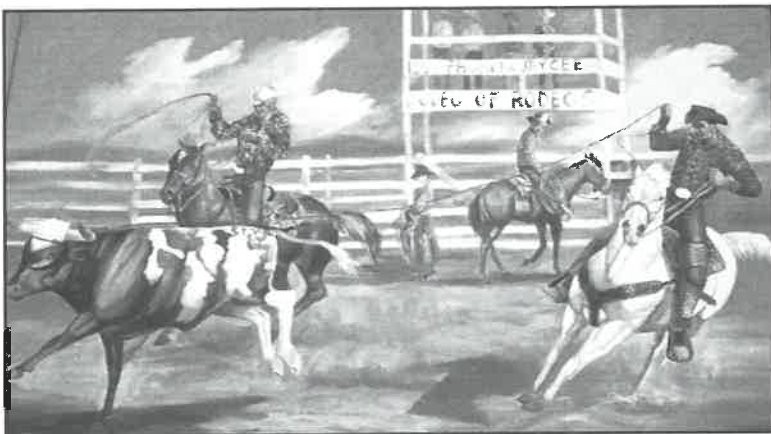
In 1939, Jim Smith of the Gila Valley bought three adjoining ranches just east of Winkelman. They ran north to south and from the Gila River to near Aravaipa Canyon. He then started looking for someone capable of taking charge. After talking to the more noted ranchers in the area, Wheeler was recommended.

The Reece's then moved to the somewhat remote middle ranch; the Lion Camp! A vehicle might get to within a mile of their new home, but the rest was a pack trip! For Christine, it was a grand beginning! Far more civilized than her previous home.

The ranches were well stocked and Wheeler rearing to go! After a short while, Smith, a well-known man and state senator, who narrowly missed winning the governorship twice, had taken a liking for the Reece's; including Duane! The fences on the Lion Camp were in need of repair, and he'd brought over a couple hands to help Wheeler. He came one day with a load of new material and saw Duane, at the age of four, dragging fence posts up the line on his old gentle horse. He was then put on the payroll, at a dollar a day!

The World War had started by then, and most of the young cowboy types in the Winkelman area had been drafted. With the amount of range and cattle to tend other than during the actual roundups, Duane was Wheeler's sole assistant! Wheeler would never allow the weather to detour him in any way, and Duane experienced many long days and miserable times when a youngster.

Then in about 1944, the Reece's moved to the northern most ranch so Duane could go to school. It was the J Bar X ranch and straddled the Gila River. Gila County on one side and Pinal the other. Wheeler had made Jim such a faithful hand, Jim suggested he start buying in on the ranch; which he did! The agreement was written on a slip of scratch paper, which Duane still has!



A painting of Wheeler and Duane team roping

Wheeler had long been recognized as a class athlete, and with an uncanny instinct for a cow or horse. He'd lived so far in the backwoods though; it was about 1940 before he ever competed at a rodeo. By the mid 40's, he'd become very successful when able to get to one. After moving to the J Bar X, along a decent road, the family, which included daughters, Pat and Kay, mainly lived off his rodeo earnings which allowed the ranch to pay for itself.

Duane went through his school years in the neighboring towns of Winkelman and Hayden. He'd competed in his first junior rodeo at the age of eight, and continued through the juniors and amateur ranks until the age of eighteen. He then hit the pro-rodeos for ten years with still a focus on the home ranch in case of emergencies.

He roped in probably every state west of the Mississippi, and in 4 Canadian provinces. There was a nice piece he read near the beginning of his time in the then, Rodeo Cowboys Association, Willard Porter, rodeo's official reporter at the time wrote: "Young Duane is one of the up and coming ropers of the sport. He is equally talented in calf roping, team roping and single steer roping."



Duane calf roping

He never really, in rodeo terminology "fought the asphalt" like many to make the national finals, but did four times! He was though, often in or around the top twenty, and in all three events.

Never, was he overly enthralled to just be at a rodeo, but made a good living and learned a lot. Considering where and how raised, a grown man before living with electricity, would have been far less worldly without the experience!

Then in 1963, he married a Globe girl, Helen Nancarrow. She'd agree to travel with him, but never really understood

rodeos or the way of life. So after a couple years, and in getting tired of it himself, sold or gave away everything rodeo related and never looked back!

At almost that very time, that area's livestock inspector was moving away and Duane was approached to take the job. Since no longer having rodeo earnings he gladly accepted. As a life- long resident, and well acquainted with nearly everyone in the district's livestock community, it was a perfect fit for all concerned.

His "constituency" soon learned he gave their calls top priority, never took a vacation, and would arrive as soon as possible so in turn, knowing his situation at the ranch, and with but few exceptions, did their best to consider his time as well!

Then in the 1970's a major chase involving cattle in another district and on a very rough ranch was to be gathered for investigation purposes. He was asked to do it and things went well.

So then, and for a number of years, any related type activity that actually required working ranch cattle, and anywhere in the state, he'd be asked to go! And looking back, there were some trying times when dealing with the cattle, their difficult ranches, the owners and managers! Still, it is remembered as the most memorable time in his near thirty years as a livestock inspector.

The couple lived at the home ranch until leasing an adjoining ranch that had been bought by a mining company. They then lived for ten years on what was the J Bar V.

It was out a distance and over a rather rough road. Their son, Corbet and daughter, Kaycee, had arrived by then and were at school age. Since there was no bussing available, Helen drove them to school. It was too long of a drive to return home and back again to pick them up, she started helping the old justice of the peace whom she knew

well. Before long, she was handling most of what went on in the office.

When he retired, she ran for the office and was elected five times; serving twenty years before retiring. It's been another twenty since, and she still gets calls, day or night, asking for advice on everything imaginable! It's usually the old Hispanics with whom she became a heroine!

Up until 1987, the home place was flooded about every ten years from the Gila or Dripping Springs wash. Duane and Helen then moved to higher ground hoping to never again have to shovel mud out the doors and windows.

Thinking up a poem was always easy for Duane. Even as a little boy he could make up a verse that fit any cowboy or truly western affair. In 1985, the cow country town of Elko, Nevada was to hold the first cowboy poetry gathering ever! He was asked to come and represent Arizona's rough country hands; all expenses paid! It included air fare to Salt Lake and an Amtrak train ride on to Elko.



Duane at his ranch

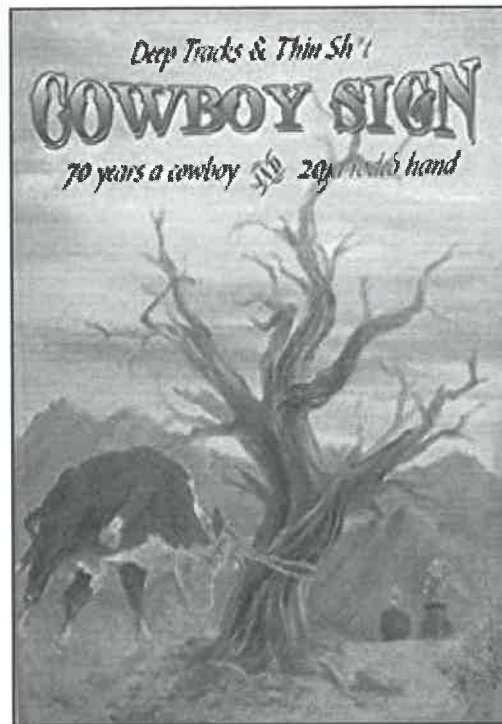
Apparently he was a star, and was invited back for many years, as he was at other gatherings who had heard of him. Modestly though, he decided to stay home, work his cattle, and rest on his laurels!

The home place, the J Bar X was a rough marginal range ranch that included twenty miles of the Gila River. Once when the BLM was causing problems for ranchers,

Wheeler said; "they oughta pay a man just to stay on this 'un!"

After his folks had passed away, Duane, who'd been "saddled" with the hard ranch work for years, was tired! In needing to do things right with his sisters, he sold the old ranch, but kept fifteen easy sections for himself.

His daughter, Kaycee Jones, and her husband, Mike, are in the process of moving next door and will be a welcome assist. Kaycee was great help when compiling Duane's popular book *Cowboy Sign: 70 Years A Cowboy And 20 A Rodeo Hand*. It has far more of his life adventures than could be written here.



His only real regret is when in his later years, but still with his dumb and reckless ways, in suffering some needless and rather crippling injuries. Making it more difficult when dealing with his every important cattle!!

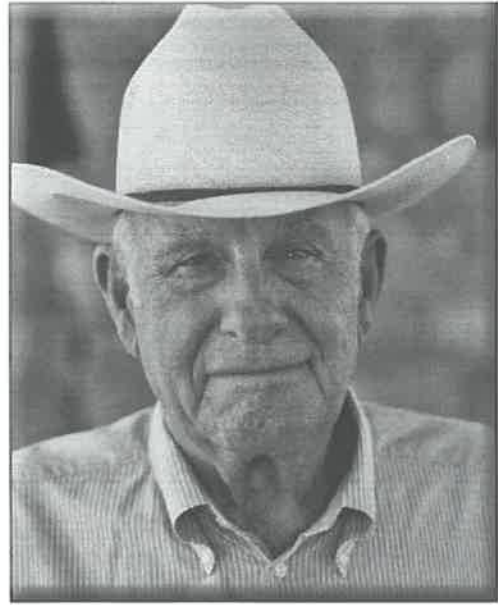
Duane provided this jingle for his story:

In every publication to describe a cow ranch operation
The scene is always the same!
All good grazing in sight, no one obstacle to fight,
And with cattle all shiny and tame!
Well on the range I best know, it's a bit different show,
And with less of the picturesque bent.
Since our "Ol' lay-a-th' land," required a top hand
To just figure on to "Where they had went!!"
We ran the cloven hoof critter on the Gila River
And the "Pedro" where they join in the dell
Amongst the spines and the damps and Satan's line camps
Much like his headquarters in Hell!!
If a country could be had where a cow could be bad,
We had'er all in place,
And the results at day's end would usually depend
On how we'd performed in the chase!!

Dwayne Dobson



The Arizona National Livestock Show's 2017 Pioneer Stockman of the Year, Dwayne Dobson, has been both a sheep and cattle rancher. He follows in the footsteps of the agricultural legacy of his grandfather John Henry Dobson and his father Earl.



The first Dobson to arrive in Arizona was John's brother Wilson Wesley Dobson who emigrated from Ontario, Canada in 1886. He homesteaded on the base line living in an 8 by 10 shack. On a return visit to Canada in 1892, Wesley told his seventeen year old brother John Henry that Arizona soil would grow anything if they could get water there. Family history has it that when Wesley was preparing to return to Arizona, John grabbed his suitcase, and without telling his parents, traveled with his brother back to Arizona.

Working hard on his brother's farm for one dollar a day plus board, John saved enough money to purchase his own land. However, he returned to Canada in 1900 where he established a store in Rouleau, Saskatchewan, married Sarah Lecty and began a family. In 1906 he got word that Roosevelt Dam was being built. John decided to return to Arizona knowing that a dependable supply of water would be available for farming. He and a friend from Canada, Alex Knox, purchased 320 acres in the vicinity of what is now the site of Guadalupe and Dobson Roads. Within twenty years, John had expanded his farming operation to become the owner of one of the largest ranching operations in the Salt River Valley. John ran cattle each year on his ranch on Baseline Road. In 1929 he expanded into the sheep business while continuing to farm alfalfa, wheat, barley and sorghum for silage. His numerous alfalfa fields were available for lambing.



Dobson Sheep

During World War II, John divided up his ranches between his five children - sons Roy, Cliff and Earl and daughters Mildred Fitch and Ruby Patterson. Cliff took over the feed yard on Baseline Road. Mildred noted that her father couldn't leave a piece of land alone. His wife Sarah kept telling him to stay out of debt but "he said debt was all right if it was for land. He told us to never go into debt to buy something like a car or refrigerator, but it was OK for land."

John helped with the early development of Chandler selling part of his land for the San Marcos Gold Course. He passed away in 1949. On Mother's Day in 1950, his five children donated the site for the First Methodist Church in Mesa in their father's memory and in honor of their mother Sarah.

Earl married Eileen Gates and they began farming and ranching in 1937 in the Mesa-Chandler area. For many years the couple lived on a farm on Elliot Road in Chandler. Both Earl and Eileen were active in the agricultural community. Eileen was a founder of the Desert Club in Mesa and was committed to helping women improve their education. After Earl's death in 1993, Eileen lived in a condominium in Dobson ranch. She passed away at the age of 93 in 2011. For 30 years she organized the family's annual picnic timed to commemorate the sheep crossing the Salt River and heading north for the summer.

Son Dwayne was raised in the Chandler area; although the school boundaries had him attending Mesa High School.

He was active in FFA and served as a state officer. Dwayne attended the University of Arizona and then returned to Chandler and the family's agricultural operations. He married Carol Miller and the couple became parents of 4 children.



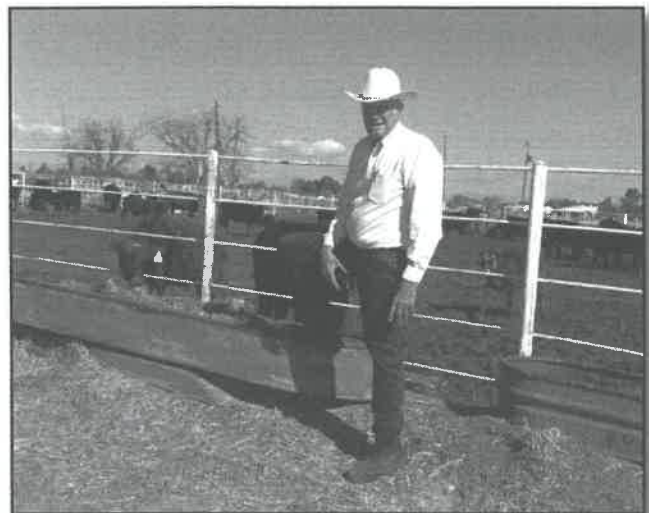
Carol and Dwayne

The Dobson's raised alfalfa, corn silage, wheat, barley from the 1960's into the 1980's as well as raising a lot of cotton. Dwayne's brothers Dennis and Vinson farmed and all were in the sheep business in their younger years. Dwayne was the last brother remaining in the sheep business. The family also raised cattle along with their farming and sheep ranching through the years.

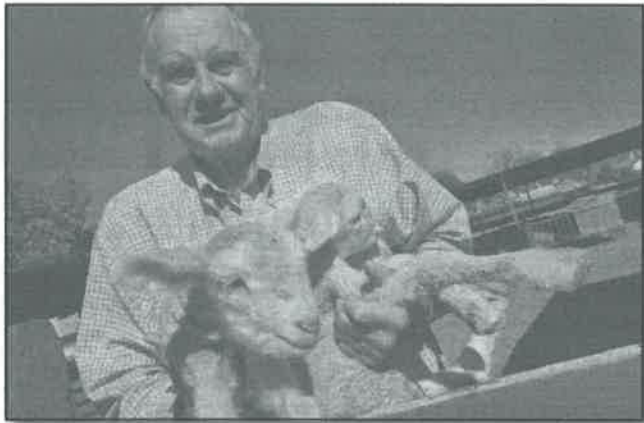
Early in the 1970's the City of Mesa purchased 2000 acres from the family for the Dobson Ranch Community which opened in 1973 with seven man-made lakes, three recreation centers, tennis courts, swimming pools and a golf course. The golf course club house is the former home of Cliff Dobson.

Dwayne expanded his operation to include the Timberline Ranch in Apache County, adding to the deeded, Forest Service and state leases in the Sunrise area of the White Mountains. They currently run cattle on the Timberline which borders the Sheep Springs Allotment in the Greer area.

The family's sheep grazed on alfalfa fields in the southeast valley during the winter. When the rain was good, the sheep would be put on the desert. During a drought year if the sheep could not go to the desert by March first, they would remain



on the alfalfa fields and the farm would lose a cutting. Each spring the sheep would begin a six-week, 220 mile trek up the Heber-Reno Sheep Trail to a cooler climate. Crossing the Salt River, they headed up to the Mogollon Rim and on to the Snowflake area where the Dobson sheep picked up the Morgan Mountain Trail on the way to the summer grazing leases near Greer. The summer pastures were used for shearing and breeding. Returning to the Salt River Valley, the winter pastures were used for lambing.



The sheep from the Sheep Springs Sheep Company were sold in October 2011 with the exception of 100 head being kept for the family. Dwayne advises the high cost of hay and other farming expenses combined with urban development left him with no options. Another critical factor was the introduction

of the Mexican Gray Wolf onto the Sheep Springs allotment breeding pastures without warning from the government. Alfalfa used to cost \$80.00 a ton; the cost has risen to over \$200.00 a ton in 2017. Dwayne's son-in-law Mark Pedersen notes that the sheep also used to feed on farm fields through the winter when farmers could not harvest the fields. But with the advent of machinery that cuts any type of grass to be harvested, there is not enough feed left for the sheep on those farms. The sale of the Dobson sheep was the end of an era in Arizona history.

Dwayne has taken an active role in a number of community and business organizations. He has served on the board of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and served as president of the Arizona Wool Producers. The Dobson family has been involved with Salt River Project from the very beginning. Dwayne has been involved with SRP for over forty-three years; serving on the SRP Council for four years. His son Carey is now on the Council. Dwayne was a founding member and past president of the Chandler

Compadres, a group that supports youth. He is also a member of the Chandler Rotary Club and Dwayne has served as club president. Being an avid outdoorsman, he counts hunting as a favorite hobby and was one of the first to get the Arizona Big Ten in 1972. He also enjoys salt-water fishing in Mexico and Alaska.

The Dobson family has been very generous to the east valley donating land for the Banner Desert Medical Center, Mesa Community College and Dobson High School. In 2015 the Dobson Family was award the Heritage Award from the Arizona Farm Bureau. Kevin Rogers, Farm Bureau President, said, "We thank the Dobson family for their dedication to Farm Bureau and agriculture and the rich family history they bring to our state."

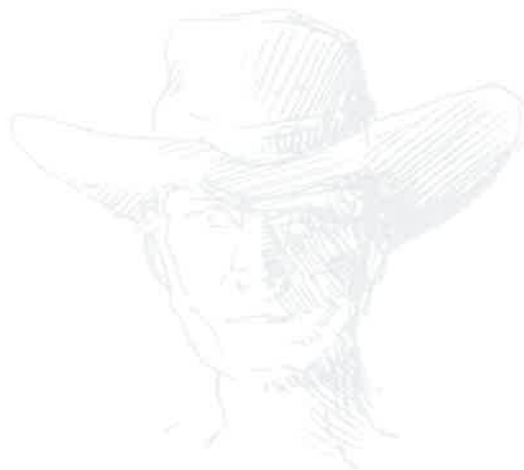
Dwayne and Carol's children, daughters Dawn Cosenza and Candi Pedersen along with her husband Mark, as well as sons Carey and Chris are all involved in the family's agricultural pursuits. The couple have been blessed with sixteen grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

Carey lives with his family at the cattle ranch in Vernon. He has grazed fewer animals during the recent drought years and works with the Arizona Game and Fish Department to improve wildlife habitat. Carey is quoted in a newspaper interview as saying "I just hope I get to watch my kids and grandkids do this before I go. I was blessed, and I'd like them to be blessed with the same." That sentiment holds true for many of Arizona's farming and ranching families wishing to pass their legacy to future generations.

Dwayne was named to the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame in 2013. He is a steward of the land constantly taking measures to improve the quality of his livestock and for the wildlife that shares the rangeland with the grazing permits.



Dwayne and Carol Dobson Family



The Espils: Jean Pierre "Pete" and his sons,



Pete and Louis

Jean Pierre "Pete" Espil

One of the earliest Basques to arrive in Arizona after spending ten years in California was Jean Pierre "Pete" Espil. Pete left his home in France with his younger brother, Martin, as the prospects were not good for either one of them. Pete had been born in Bagneres-de-Bigorre, Nafarroa Beherea, France, Basque Country, in 1870. Neither one being the oldest, they would not inherit the family farmstead. There are two stories about how the two boys came to America and one of them states that Pete was only 12. One story is that they stowed away on a ship heading to New Orleans. New Orleans was the logical place to arrive in the United States since there would be other French speakers in the city. The other story had them working their way across the ocean on a cargo ship. From New Orleans, the men traveled to Los Angeles by train making their way to Sacramento by stagecoach. Martin had a job lined up before he had left France in the Sacramento area where he would be engaged in the sheep business.

Family stories about Pete's and Martin's travels included their lack of the English language. One story told that due to Pete's lack of English, he spent three days in the railroad depot because he did not know how to ask his way to a restaurant. The few English words that they knew meant that they had many meals of "fried eggs and ham," but once their English improved, Pete, at least, never ate those two ingredients ever again!

The weather was too wet for Pete so, he headed south to the Long Beach area. His first job was with the sheep herding outfit, Miller and Lux Land and Livestock Company. Even though he gained a lot of experience, when he was laid off after seven years of working for the outfit, he only had a \$20 gold piece to show for all his work and experience. Mr. Lux had a gambling problem and lost all his own money and

those of the shearers, including Pete's. This may have been fortuitous for him as Pete had never been happy working in the Long Beach area as he didn't like the feel of the oil that got into the sheep's wool. Oil from the ocean bottom, once it surfaced and drifted into the inlets in the Long Beach area where fresh water and ocean water mixed, it would get onto the sheep's wool.

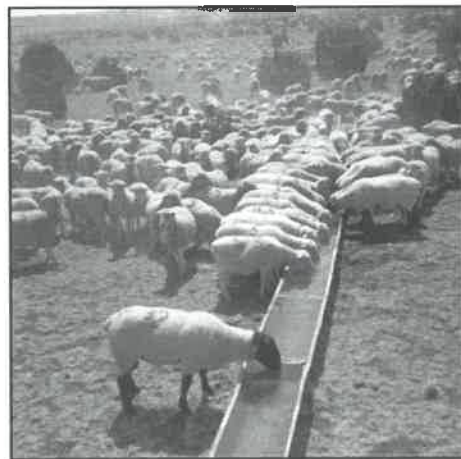
With Martin staying in California, Pete boarded a train heading east. He may have been thinking of going back to France, but a stop in Flagstaff with the mountains surrounding the town, made him feel like he was back in France. The date of his arrival in Flagstaff has never been accurately ascertained, but it is unimportant. What is important is the contribution Pete and his sons made to the sheep industry.

The first-person Pete met shortly after he stepped off the train was Harry Embach resulting in a friendship that would last their entire lives. Working as an accountant at the Babbitts' ranch, Harry had many acquaintances in the Flagstaff area, and recognizing him as a Basque sheep herder, he helped Pete get a job at the ranch herding Babbitts' sheep. Embach would later play an important role in the Arizona Wool Growers' Association. He went to work for Hugh Campbell, a banker and sheep man. Once again, Pete trusted his employer and left all his pay with him as he was saving it to begin his own sheep business. But, just like in California, Campbell absconded with some of the bank's money along with Pete's pay. But Pete made out much better this time as the bank asked him to run Campbell's sheep until such time as the sheep could be sold. In payment for his services of the one year, Pete was given the lamb crop and The Espil Sheep Company was born.

In 1899, Pete became a naturalized citizen in the Superior Court of San Francisco. Three years later he obtained a 99-year lease on 175,000 acres of summer range from the U.S. Forest Service. After building a cabin at Reese Tank, it became his headquarters. Water was necessary for any sheep or cattle ranch to survive. Frank Auza who had

begun to work for him, the two men build by hand a metal tank at Pat Springs and later a water pipeline from the springs to the ranch was added in 1926. He added two other water tanks closer to where he grazed his sheep as his herd grew. Adding to his land, he acquired a section of foothills land on the western side of the San Francisco Peaks, near Lockett Meadow which belonged to the Otondo family, another sheep family. Evidence of Pete's operation can still be seen in the dippenvat left in Schultz Pass today. Other lands were added. The Deadman Ranger Station was converted into a home for his growing family for he had married, and children were on the way. Isidora Aristoy, a Spanish-born Basque girl, became his wife in 1914. In 1913, she had immigrated from Aoiz, Spain, into the United States at the age of 21. They had two sons, M. P. (Pete) Jr. (1917) and L. A. (Louis) (1922) and a daughter, Dora (1920).

With the need of land to trail sheep between summer grazing lands in the north and winter grazing areas in the Salt River Valley, Espil and many other sheep ranchers helped the Arizona Wool Growers' Association purchase a mile-wide swath of land along what would become I-17 between Phoenix and Flagstaff. These trails that the sheep and cattle men used were called driveways. This driveway was called the Black Canyon and Beaverhead-Grief Hill Sheep Trail. This swath of land kept the sheep from being trailed on private land and crossing fence lines. At least two bridges were built allowing the sheep save passage under the highway.



Sheep on the range

Sometime in the 1930s there were questions asked about Pete being a citizen of the United States. When he was naturalized in 1899 there were three witnesses who accompanied him to the court. But a few things happened between 1899 and the 1930s. The biggest was the earthquake in San Francisco in 1906 and the subsequent fire which destroyed most of the town. It also destroyed court records and Espil had no way to prove he had become a citizen. A cowboy from CO Bar Ranch (Babbitt's) came to dinner and conversation turned to lack of proof of citizenship. This news traveled back to the Babbitts who pounced on this and a court battle ensued for nearly ten years with a cost of \$30,000 in legal fees to fight the allegations. Two of Pete's three witnesses were no longer living; in the end, Espil lost all but 1,100 acres of his deeded land. But his granddaughter told the author, that Pete said they all had to work together and he never made an issue of the loss he suffered.



Pete Espil, JP "Pete" Espil, Louis Espil
and a wool buyer

With the help of two sons, Espil Sheep Co became one of the largest sheep operations within the state basing their winter headquarters in Litchfield. Here he leased winter grazing land from the Goodyear Farms and area farmers. He had 8,000 Rambouillet ewes. At the peak of operation, the Espils had

8,000 to 10,000 ewes plus feeder operation. With his sons in business with him, many changes were coming to the sheep industry. But, the Espils were ready. In the November 23, 1957 issue of Arizona Farmer-Ranchman discussed the type of rams used in his operation to ensure the maximum number of lambs born each year. He had purchased Burton bucks from Idaho giving him a weight greater than any other sheep operation in the state. His lambs were sold as milk-fed fall lambs with the top weight being between 120 to 130 pounds, making for an average 108 to 110 pounds. The lambs are feed on their mother's milk and graze on the alfalfa

pastures from area farms. Louie told the Arizona Farmer-Ranchman that about 90 percent of the lambs were Kosher-killed and went to New York and other eastern markets where large Jewish populations were found. To be able to have winter feed, it was necessary to have a good relationship with the Salt River Valley farmers who grew alfalfa that the ewes and lambs grazed on each winter.

Labor was an issue for all sheep men in the United States and it was no exception in Arizona. The Espils brought many Basque men to work for them through the Western Range Association. His son, Louie, stated in the Arizona Farmer-Ranchman that there was a shortage in experienced labor. Up until the 1970s Basque from France or Spain were recruited to work. They came under a three-year contract controlled by the Western Range Association. But, then economic conditions in the Basque area improved and the young men no longer came. The two-year contract plus airfare that the American sheep owner had to pay became too costly to bring the men. Government regulations also strangled the importation of men from Europe. American young men did not want the job of herder as it demanded a commitment of 24/7 on their part and many hours of loneliness as they would be miles from another person for months at a time. Basque men were used to these working conditions as sheep herding was a common occupation in their country.

Pete Espil had been the oldest active member of the Arizona Wool Growers Association up till his death, in 1959, as he had joined the association in 1906.

Grandchildren had fond memories of their grandfather and spending time out with the sheep. Their parents and grandfather would never drive by a feedlot or where a flock was without saying "Ohhhh, the smell of money!" In the wintertime, the children would be found at the sheep camp as their fathers and grandfather would be found here with the many activities that fall brought to a sheep outfit. The winter months found the sheep herders in a camp all together as they dealt with the birth of the lambs. The herders slept in a bunk house and a family style table was

used to feed them all. The children remembered the smells of the shepherd's bread, lamb stew, and pinto beans in cook, Pancho's kitchen. There were also the horse's smells, hay, the alfalfa fields where the sheep grazed, and their remembrance of all the dust. Hens, donkeys, dogs, burros, pens for sick ewes and horses were part of the equation in this "sheep camp!" The children would help feed the leppies (orphaned lambs) in a pen placed by the water heater in their winter town home. The children would be responsible for hunting the eggs that the hens laid around the sheep camp. Shearing time would be another busy time for the sheep herders and owners in the winter camps



Sheep Camp, Litchfield, Arizona



Shearing at the winter camp,
Litchfield Park

Life as a sheep rancher came at a cost for the Espil men and their families, but that was true for any of the sheep ranchers. Fathers were gone from their wives and children when trailing the sheep from the winter headquarters up to summer grounds. This trip north took six weeks. During the summers, the families would move to the ranch house. The men spent time taking supplies to the herders each week, checking on each herder and his needs and his sheep and it was a treat for the children to accompany the men. Children were expected to help at home and around the sheep camps. Pete's oldest son, M.P. (Pete) did not finish college as he returned home to help run the sheep business after his dad had an accident.

M.P. (Pete) Espil

Pete and Isidore's first son was born in Flagstaff in 1918, Michel Pierre "Pete" Espil. Pete and his two siblings, Louis' and Dora's, lives centered around when the sheep herds moving from summer to winter grazing lands. The family lived in the Flagstaff area during his younger years and Pete would begin school in September at a parochial school. When his father moved the sheep to the winter grazing area of the Salt River Valley, he would attend public school from November to May in Wickenburg. Things changed when he started the eighth grade and continued until his senior year as he lived with his uncle, Michel O'haco (During college Michel had added the apostrophe to the family name.) and his family. At Wickenburg High School Pete excelled in basketball, baseball and track. During his senior year in 1936, he changed schools and he went to Glendale Union High School because the sheep were now being grazed in Glendale area for the winter months. Football was continued and he added an Arizona High School Football Championship to his name. Upon high school graduation, he went onto Arizona State University studying agriculture. Football and track were also part of his life. He would complete nearly two years of education at the school before he returned home to take over the family sheep business after his father sustained an injury and needed him to help with the family business. He attempted many times to return to college, but never found the opportunity as there was always pressing business he had to attend to. When WWII began, the war effort needed wool and a meat supply. The military felt his place as a wool grower, producing the needed wool and meat was most important, and they denied his attempt to enlist in the army.

In 1944, Pete and his high school sweetheart, Yvonne Pouquette, married. The Pouquettes were another sheep ranching family grazing each year between the northern area around Williams in summer and Wickenburg in the winter months. The couple had three children, Michel Jr., Yvette, and Denise.

Pete was elected in 1944 to the board of directors of the AWGA and continued in that capacity until he was elected president in 1958 and continued as president until 1969. In 1969 he was elected vice-president of the National Wool Growers Association and during this time, Pete also was on the board of directors for the Western Range Association.

Louis Albert Espil

The youngest and last son of Pierre and Isadore, Louis, was born May 27, 1922. All three children would go to school wherever the sheep were at the time, either Flagstaff or Wickenburg. Louis followed in his brother's footsteps when it came to excelling in sports during his high school days. He received many accolades in football, basketball and track. Again, following his brother, he enrolled in agricultural classes, but at the University of Arizona adding ROTC to his class schedule. Due to a physical disability he was prohibited from joining the military when WWII broke out. Between 1942 and 1946 Louis worked for his uncle, Mike O'haco on his sheep ranch. The experience Louis gained working with his uncle was immeasurable and used what he learned when he joined his brother in their family business and helped it to grow. Initially the Espils's had about 3,200 sheep, but over the years the number increased to 8,000 by 1960s. With a large ranch, it was necessary to ride the summer range which was an area encompassing most of the San Francisco Peaks minus the south face where Flagstaff is located.

Work always need to be done and both Pete and Louis took their work seriously as they were taught by their father, a hard-working Basque man. This work ethic was passed on to both Pete and Louis's children. It was during these times that they, Louis's children, spending time with the men, learned the value of hard work from the adults who never gave up as this was their life. Fond memories of time spent in the camp or with their sheep herder parents were told, especially the one of their favorite sights, when the sheep were seen grazing on the San Francisco Peaks after their long walk from the valley. It was a beautiful sight

to the children as they knew that the men and sheep had arrived safely.



Louis Espil on his horse

Louis was a part of many state and national organizations. For 18 years, he served on the Production Credit Association which provides monetary assistance to farmers and ranchers. He was a director for the Arizona Wool Growers Association and active in the national organization. He was an advocate against the Wool Act of 1954 believing "government subsidies ... undermines the independence of the ranchers and encourages government intervention." The Kiwanis of Arizona awarded him the 'Agriculturist of the Month' in 1954 for his dedication to his field of agriculture and his service to the community. Because sheep men need to use the national forest to graze their sheep, he was on the Advisory Board for the Coconino National Forest as the representative of the range people and voicing their concerns for how public land were administered.

Louis married in 1950 to Marion Ansley the couple had four daughters: Elizabeth "Liz" (1951), Luanne (1953), Laurie (1956) and Margaret (1960).

Dora Espil

Dora Espil was the only daughter born to Pete and Isadora. She was born in 1920 in Flagstaff. Pete was very protective of his daughter and her activities were restricted. One of the restrictions was her ban to ride a horse as her father thought that it was unsafe, even though her two brothers rode horses. But that never deterred her from taking risks by sneaking away from the house, saddling a horse or not and going for a "thrilling horse ride."

Most of the stories about Dora were concerned with financial matters and what the Depression did to people and the banking industry. She told her son, Pierre, that one day while she was walking in Flagstaff, she saw a black wreath on a bank's door with a sign that read, "Gone but not forgotten!" Growing up during the Depression and the Dust Bowl, Dora saw many families struggling. Their house in Wickenburg was on the road leading to California where many of these families were heading hoping for a better future than the ravished plains area of the Midwest. Most sheepherding families had gardens and always meat from their sheep or their chickens when they produced no more eggs. Families that stopped by their house were always given food from their meager supplies.

Dora did manage to convince her father to allow her to attend Colorado Women's College in Denver, Colorado for a year. She transferred to the University of Arizona and completed a degree in business administration. After leaving college, she married Herbert Prouty, whom she had met on a Valentine's Day blind date. The couple then moved to Colorado where they raised two boys, Frank (1949) and Pierre (1957).

The Espil Sheep Company and its ranches were considered one of the most efficient in Arizona and maybe the west during the 50s, 60s, and 70s. More land was added to the original ranch area. Changes took place through the years especially in the method of moving the sheep. Because of humans encroaching upon the land needed for grazing in the

winter and the dislike of the sheep walking in the streets as they headed to the trails that would take them northward, railroads were used until the 1970s and then 18-wheelers. The sheep continued to winter on the Litchfield Headquarters and summer on or near the peaks of the San Francisco Mountains. The Espil Ranch was converted to cattle in 1977, but feeder lambs were still part of the winter operations in the far western portion of the Salt River Valley. These lambs were born in the high countries of Colorado and shipped in the early fall to the valley to be fattened until they were sold to the feed lots ultimately, to end up on the grocers' meat shelves. The Espils were already engaged in the milk lamb operation with the lambs from their own ewes. These lambs were fed until it was time for them to be sent to feed lots and on to grocery stores too.

Finally, after being in the livestock business for nearly 100 years, from the late 1890s until the late 1980s, in August 1986, the Espils sold their ranch and its livestock to the Navajo Nation. A few reasons can be cited for selling. First, the conversion to cattle was a result of the federal government that hindered sheep ranchers in defending their sheep from predators such as the coyote. Poisons had been outlawed. Second, the government also changed how laborers were brought into the United States and without the skilled labor who understood the nature of the sheep, domestic laborers wanted little to do with this type of work. A third reason was that the government began to allow cheaper meat and wool imports from Australia and New Zealand. Prices fell for the sheep rancher and they could not continue to operate their outfits. Louie stated that profits had been going down over the years and they were lucky to receive a six to eight percent profit. Profits had been as high as 20 to 25 percent. In a newspaper article, he stated in the late 1970s, the sheep industry would be totally gone from the western states if the government continued to put red tape in the way of the sheep rancher. Over the next twenty to thirty years, from the 1970s to 2000s, most sheep ranchers sold their outfits stating these reasons and as a result of the encroaching civilization on the farm lands needed to raise their sheep in the winter

and the additional cost of trucking sheep between winter and summer pastures. While the industry has not totally disappeared from the state, it is a shadow of its former self with less than 100,000 sheep within the state's border and most of these are held by small families or on the Native American lands.



BILL HOWELL



Bill Howell was born and raised on his family's farm in Nebraska. He quit school at the age of thirteen to take a full time job on a neighboring ranch in order to help feed his family, thereby setting himself on a course that he would follow for the rest of his life. With the exception of a few years in the U.S. Army as a paratrooper, he remained a cowboy for over 60 years.

It was mostly talent, with a large measure of hard work thrown in, that made Bill one of the most admired cowboys in Arizona's recent history. He was just good

at everything he did: a sticky bronc rider, an amazing roper, a heck of a cowman and horseman. The term "top hand" has been thrown around quite a bit over the years, and has become a big overused, but Bill was a genuine top hand.

Bill confided in me once that riding bucking horses just came easy to him. In his younger years he probably could have been a great rodeo contender, the likes of a Casey Tibbs or an Everett Bowman, but his real interest was in ranching, working cattle and riding good horses. He didn't have much use for the limelight. He was pure sweat and dirt cowboy, not the rodeo kind.

Tom Reeder arrived at Babbitt's a few months after Bill in 1963, and with the exception of Tom's own Army years, working with him and for him, until 1975. Tom told me years ago that he had only caught Bill's horse twice in all those years that he worked around him (meaning that he had

only seen Bill get bucked off a horse two times in all those years!). And those old Clabber horses that they rode on Babbitt's in those days ALL could buck. And if they didn't buck, Bill would teach them! I remember several times riding alongside Bill and him telling me a story about this horse or that horse, he'd reach up and point at the place on a horse's neck that a man could reach with a spur and say, "And I stuck him right there!", a move that guaranteed the horse would blow up. That was just to liven up the day I guess.

Bill's roping ability was legendary, he just didn't miss. I heard a story about him from two different men at separate times about a spring branding some years ago. Bill was dragging calves. He was always in a hurry, timing each job with his watch to see how long it took and if he could somehow get it done faster. That day he was dragging calves fast and furious for quite some time, when a fellow on the ground (I can't remember his name) walked up and slapped Bill on the chap leg and said, "Do you know what you just did?" Somewhat surprised, Bill said, "No", and the man told him that he had just roped ONE HUNDRED calves, all by two feet, and never missed a loop!!! Bill later told me that the story was true, and that he had done the same thing a few times over the years.

Bill expected a lot out of his men, and they gave it to him, as fast as they could. But he expected no less from himself.

The crew had made a drive, gathered a bunch of cattle, and were working them. Bill was working the herd. Something broke out, and Bill loped around to mash it back into the herd. His horse tripped and fell, launching Bill over the dashboard, flat out in front of the horse, which then turned over and landed on top of Bill. The cantle of the saddle hit him in the middle of the back. He was hurt. The cowboys got him up and into the back of a pickup truck. He stretched out there in the pickup bed for a while, to let the pain ease up; then he got back onto his horse, and went back to work.

Several years later, he went into town to see a doctor because he had a horse fall with him and thought he might have broken his back. The doctor had X-rays taken and said, sure enough, he'd broken his back. Then the doctor asked Bill when he'd broken his back the other time. Bill answered that he'd never broken it before. The doctor said, "Yes, you have. Look here at the X-ray, this is a healed break." The only other time that Bill could think of that he hurt his back was when that horse had turned over on him several years before.

I didn't get to work for Bill when he was the cow boss at Babbitt's, but not for lack of trying. I drove out to the Spider Web three different times in the mid to late 70's to look for a job (you didn't call on the telephone in those days, it was considered bad manners). But each time Bill told me he already had a full crew lined up, but to try again the next works. Babbitt was THE place to work at the time and it was hard to land a job there. All of us young guys (we are all old guys now) wanted to work for Bill Howell.

I did get to work with Bill after he retired to his own ranch at Valle, and for the first few years that I'd worked for his son Vic at Babbitt's, he still rode with the crew quite a bit.

I ran a small ranch each of Flagstaff for several years and Bill and I would help each other. I'd work for him at Valle or the Red Gap, and he would help me when I needed a hand, in trade. In the year 2002, we had a terrible drought here in Arizona. That year, everyone was pretty worried. We hadn't gotten the fall rains or the winter snows that we needed and spring arrived with no feed. The only thing that was green was loco weed, and that wasn't much help. I didn't know what to do and spent sleepless nights going to sleepless weeks trying to come up with a plan to pull the cattle through. I was lying one night worrying and thought, "Bill will know what to do." So I went to see him the next day. He said, "Nobody else knows what to do either Jim, nobody has seen it this bad, you just have to pick a

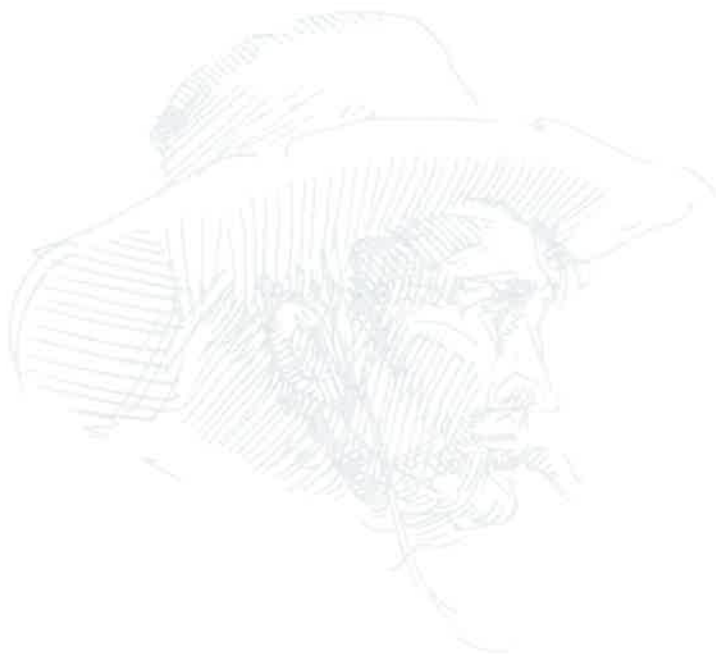
plan and stick with it." He made you rely on yourself. He didn't tell me what I should do, he made me figure it out for myself, and for that I would always be grateful. I did figure out a plan, and made it through.

Bill told me that there were two men that he admired the most in his life. These were men that he tried to pattern himself after because of their abilities and strength of character. One was his grandfather Nat Warren and the other was John Babbitt.

One of the men with the greatest influence on my life was Bill Howell.

Well, Adios, old friend. I'll see you again when I get finished up here.

Written by Jim Parks, published in the April, 2011 Arizona CattleLog



Janice Ryan Bryson



I was born in April, 1944 in Phoenix, Arizona. My father, Emmett Gerald Ryan, was in England with the U.S. Army practicing for D-Day when he would land on Utah Beach. He always told me each birthday that he knew where he was the day I was born; in the English Channel practicing for D-Day. While my dad was gone, my mother, Norma Owens Ryan, spent her time between her parent's home in Pinedale, my dad's parent's home in Phoenix or at the Ryan sheep ranch on the Mogollon Rim.

Three of my grandparent's families had settled in Arizona Territory prior to statehood. William Ryan and Anna Moloney immigrated from Counties Tipperary and Limerick, Ireland. They met and married in Globe in 1884. Their oldest son William "Will" Albert was my grandfather. He and his brothers Neil and Emmet ran cattle on the Apache Reservation and later owned the Five Slash on the Salt River at Globe. Their brother Joseph remained in Globe at the Ryan & Co. drug stores that were later expanded around the state as Ryan-Evans. During the Depression the Ryan's lost their lease on the Reservation and bought the Five Slash which Emmet ran. Will went to Bloody Basin to gather cattle on the Coburn Ranch for the bank. After about two years; that job completed, he wanted to buy a cattle ranch. However, as the Depression continued, the bank wasn't loaning any money for cattle ranches. The bank talked him into buying the Jim Scott sheep outfit. The Ryan's story was previously published in the Ranch Histories. Will's wife, my grandmother Edith, was the daughter of Southerner's who had gone to Texas after the Civil War; then to Benson, Arizona in 1897 where her father Isaac Henry Watkins was a doctor for the Southern Pacific Rail Road.

My mother's Owens family had come from Utah to Woodruff

in 1881, then Snowflake and her dad Del Owens eventually settling in Pinedale. Her mother Florence was from Connecticut and met Del in 1913 when she came with some of her fellow teachers to visit a friend in Pinedale. The Owen's story is also in the Pioneer Stockman History book.

I was fifteen months old when my dad was able to return home. He was originally in the Arizona National Guard Bushmaster's. He caught a bad case of Malaria while stationed in Panama. Sent back to Georgia for Officer's Training School, he suffered another bout. The Army transferred him to the 4th Infantry Division where he spent his fighting days in the snow in Europe instead of the jungles of the Pacific Islands. Dad had enough points from time served and the battles he fought in to be able to come home late summer 1945. I have always thought my dad was lucky that he knew he would come home and work with his family's sheep outfit and to the peace of the beautiful Mogollon Rim.



Janice with dad Emmett

My grandfather ran his sheep in the Mesa, Gilbert, Chandler area during the winter months. My parents and I settled into a small frame house on Greenfield Road south of Broadway for the winter and the Wilbur Sheep Ranch on the Rim in the winter. The whole time Ryan's had the sheep ranch in Long Tom Canyon, the Forest Service sign had the name Wilbur Ranch for the former owner. After Ryan's sold it to Gunner Thude, a new sign called it Ryan Ranch for many years. My brother William "Bill" Kenneth Ryan joined our family in 1947. Around that time, we moved to a house in the middle of eighty acres my grandfather owned on the northeast corner of Southern Ave and what would become Val Vista Drive.

I grew up there with the exception of two years on a ranch in New River. I remember there was a small 2 room frame house by the barn that the herders could stay in when

the sheep were in our field. It was later used for storage. There was a long hay barn already there. My Grandfather Owens built two of the areas of the barn into large tack rooms. He also built a number of wooden corrals and a loading chute.

One of my favorite things was my Grandfather Will taking me with him to visit the sheep camps. My Aunt Joanne Ryan Perry tells me that friends from Globe called him Will and those in the Valley called him Bill. I am using Will in the story to avoid confusion with my brother Bill. We usually stopped at the small grocery stores such as Rambo's that were in the area to buy supplies for the sheep camps. Of course, I always got a treat and got to eat at the sheep camps. Then he stopped taking me and my mom said he was so busy. I found out many years later that my mom told him I couldn't go anymore because eating at the sheep camps was spoiling my appetite for dinner. What a disappointment!

When it was time for shearing, my dad would take my brother and I as well as the neighbor kids to watch. We would be happy to be running around all day watching everything and playing. At the corner of Val Vista and Southern where we lived, the Hovde farms were on 2 corners and Gail Dana's on the other. Our playmates were Bruce Hovde and Ulate/Eulate kids. Their grandparents had worked for Grandfather Hovde. We had lots of fun through the years.

The sheep herders were always nice to Bill and I. I remember getting Christmas presents several years from two herders that were generally with the sheep that were in the fields by our house. One time I told one of the herders how excited I was that my dad was coming home early and taking me to buy new shoes. He didn't make it on time to go to Chandler for my new shoes; I'm sure something came up with the sheep. I was unhappy and asked him why! Trying to tease me out of being mad, he told me he spent all his money on beer and we would have to go tomorrow. The herder asked me the next day about my new shoes. I told him that I didn't get any new shoes because my dad spent all his money

on beer. The herder then in turn began to tell off my dad about his drinking. Wow - did I get talked to!

Spending summers on the Rim was wonderful - cool weather and always lots of relatives visiting. There were always Elk in the meadow and I remember my dad lifting me up in the mornings to look out of the high bedroom window to see them. Enjoyed Going with my dad and grandfather to check the sheep camps.



Ryan Sheep Ranch at Long Tom Canyon

One week I had an exceptional lot of kids to play with. After a hard day of play, I had slept with one of my legs curled up and when I woke in the morning, I could not straighten it. Polio was on everyone's mind. I was loaded in the car, my brother left with my grandparents, my dad picked up at one of the camps and we left for the doctor in Mesa. In the late 1940's there wasn't really a road down the Rim to Payson. The logging companies had built a dirt road. I don't know if it was basically a private road or just too dangerous with all the logging trucks. Everyone always went over to Show Low and down Salt River Canyon through Globe and on to Mesa. My leg would bend a little bit by the time we reached the doctor. Thankfully it was a strained muscle; even at the young age of six I felt bad we drove all the way to Mesa.

Visiting my Owens grandparents in Pinedale was always fun. All the kids would gather in the evening and play Kick the Can. There was no electricity in Pinedale until Rural

Electrification. I thought it was an adventure to use oil lamps and only have a wood stove to cook on. Many people had got butane stoves but my grandparents kept their wood stove. The small Mormon Church was across the street from their house. Whenever dances were held I liked to look over at the church and see the dancers through the tall windows and hear the music.

My sister Nancy Ann was born in 1950. Late in 1950 my grandfather Will sold his sheep outfit to Gunner Thude and went back in the cattle business. He bought a ranch at Florence Junction. There was not a house at the ranch; although good shipping pens were there. The Magma Copper Company had a rail line headquartered in Superior that hauled cattle and ore to and from the Southern Pacific main line between Florence and Queen Creek. The line ran through the ranch where a water station was located for the steam engine that was used until 1968. A one bedroom pre-fab house was bought in Mesa and moved to the ranch. Instead of locating it by the shipping pens, it was placed close to the water station and arrangements were made to buy water from the rail road. My Grandfather Owens once again brought his talents to the ranch and a screened porch was added across the front of the house. He also built a small barn, tack shed and horse corrals. My family continued to live east of Mesa; my dad went back and forth, many times spending the night at the ranch.



Janice, Nancy & Bill at Florence Junction Ranch

My parents were active in the American Legion and the Auxiliary in Gilbert. I remember many pit BBQ's given as fund raisers to build the Merrill-Mitchel Legion Hall. My dad was Commander the year the hall was built. I belonged to the American Legion Junior Girls and we sold poppies each year. We had many friends in Gilbert; however, our home was in the Mesa School District so we

attended Mesa schools.

There was a horse named Nestor that all the kids would ride at the ranch. He was so gentle and 3 or 4 of us could pile on him bareback and he never minded. I remember we had Brahma Bulls there and some were pretty mean. I would have loved to live at the ranch but there were no schools in the vicinity. The ranch was close enough to Mesa and Gilbert and we have lots of snapshots of relatives and friends coming to picnic on the desert. We would find good sized mounds of dirt and we were told they were the remains of Hohokam villages. We enjoyed digging in them as there were always lots of pottery shards. The pottery was only brown earth color with no decorations. My dad did find a whole bowl once and a stone ax.

My dad had a horn put on his truck that sounded like a bull. He often used it at the tanks to call the cows in. I don't remember if it was effective. My Uncle Ed borrowed his truck and his son Butch and I rode with him to Globe to pickup some furniture. When we went through the old tunnel past Superior, he honked the bull horn. Not a good idea! It certainly scared the drivers in the tunnel as we heard horns honking and brakes!

My sister Frances Ilene was born in 1953. Near the time of her birth in June, my dad took Bill, Nancy and me up to stay with my grandparents in Pinedale. There were only two phones in Pinedale. One at the small store and post office and the other at the Peterson home was the one to use for outside calls. The telephone operator would call Maida Peterson's house person-to-person and she would take the operator number. One of her children would run get that person to come to the Peterson's to take the call. Maida called the phone company back and ask for the operator number; the operator would call back the caller to tell them the call could be connected. I remember it was one of the old fashioned phones that you cranked to get the operator. When the call came for Del Owens we knew mom must have had the baby so we all walked with him to take the call. Del's first name was Francis, he just told us we had a new sister

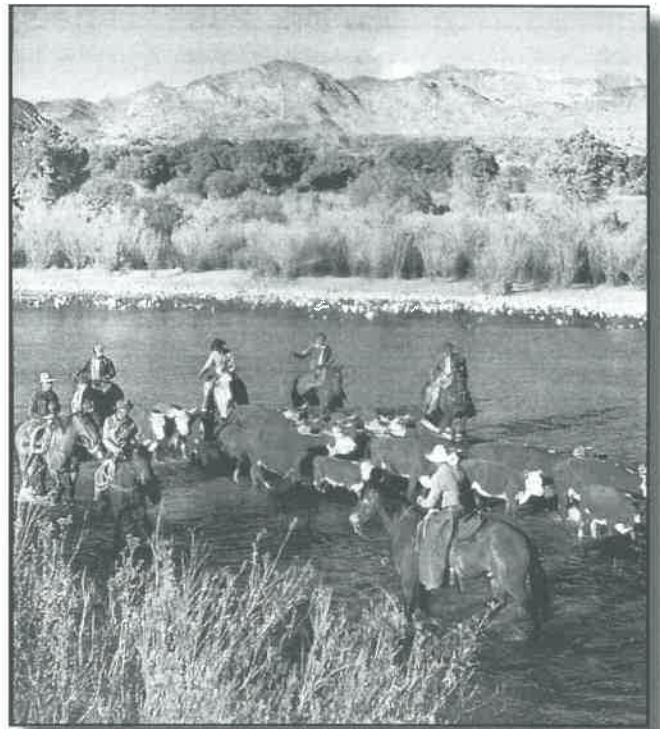
and said her name was Irene. I think he was embarrassed she was named for him and had misunderstood the middle name. We sang "Goodnight Irene" all the way home. When my parents came with our new baby sister we discovered her name was Frances Ilene. My youngest sister Susan was born in 1956. Bill and I were born in Phoenix and our three sisters in Mesa.

My Grandfather Bill sold the Florence Junction Ranch; I think to one of the Ellsworth's. He bought the Box Bar Ranch on the Verde River near Fort McDowell. I know many people kept their family ranch for generations. That might have been the way with our family if they hadn't lost the ranch on the Reservation they had for years; however, that forced them to look elsewhere and as you read this you will see we were at a number of different ranches.

Next to the sheep ranch on the Rim, the Box Bar was my favorite ranch. No electricity here; an outhouse across the horse pasture and a big horse corral made from Mesquite logs. Early on, many trespassers came through the property to the Verde River. It was right down from the headquarters and we were told there was a good fishing hole there. The 160 acres was private property and the entrance gate finally had to be locked. My family continued to live in Mesa and my dad went back and forth.

The house had four rooms with a large breezeway between those rooms and two others on the other side of the breezeway. Lots of chairs and coaches in the breezeway and it never seemed too hot. Best of all a jeep came with the ranch and my Uncle Ed always liked to take us exploring. The Verde River was generally pretty low near the house and we would wade around the edge. The cowboys and cattle had to cross the River to the shipping pens. One year a calendar company came to take some pictures. A beautiful picture of cowboys and cattle crossing the River was used for the calendar. My grandfather and dad weren't in the picture. The cowboys were so focused on getting in the picture that when a number of cows broke away; my grandfather and dad of course left to turn them back.

I went with my dad around 1964 to get some samples from a fluorspar mining claim he had made at the Box Bar. We rode horseback from the headquarters and had to cross the Verde River. I was riding Shaker; so named because when he got wet from crossing the river he would shake like a dog. The river was at the bottom of our stirrups; coming back about two hours later, the water was up to my knees. I don't know how to swim so I was scared. My dad reminded me that Shaker had crossed that river safely many times.



Ryan cattle at Box Bar ranch

That spot on the Verde near the headquarters was used for the opening scenes of the television show "26 Men" with the lawmen riding down the river. During one of the 100 year floods we had, the river changed course and is now up to the big Cottonwood Tree we used to shoe horses taking advantage of the shade.

Arizona was in a bad drought in the 1950's. In 1956 my Ryan grandparents were going to take Butch and I to Disneyland. I think it was the second year it was opened. My grandfather didn't want to leave the ranch until it rained. In the end my Uncle Ed took us to Disneyland with my grandmother as it didn't rain.

I remember them feeding meal to the cattle. My grandfather said in later years that he bought the Box Bar as he always wanted a ranch on a river. However, when the drought got so bad, they stuck by the river and didn't venture out where there was some feed left. I enjoyed helping grain the horses; we used morals - nose bags made from gunny sacks.

The ranch had plenty of Ironwood Trees and my grandfather got severe asthma each spring and was in the hospital. He sold the ranch and "retired". He had two corrals leased at Tovrea Stockyards and bought and sold cattle at the livestock auction there. He also had cattle at Parks one summer. I got to go to Turf Paradise with him a couple of times and he always talked to the trainers he knew checking out the horses. As a youth, he had raced horses at various Globe celebrations; the news paper always called him Willie.

Francis Curtis bought the Box Bar and my dad was kept on to round up the cattle for a count. Mr. Curtis told me his daughter's horse was a "ladies horse" and very gentle. I enjoyed riding her while my dad was working. One day my dad's horse backed into a Cholla and typical of the jumping cactus, it stuck to the horse's thigh. The horse kept using his back foot trying to paw off the cactus and hit my dad's spur so hard it broke his foot. He was rushed to the hospital and was aggravated his foot had swollen so much they had to cut off his boot.

My dad had worked with sheep or cattle all his life and I think he was kind of lost after the ranch was sold. He and Tom Cooley opened Rancher's Feed and Supply in Scottsdale and he also was a meat inspector for the state. In 1958 he went to work at the Spear S Ranch in New River. I won't name who owned it at the time as this job did not turn out well. Dad took the job because he was promised that if he did well caring for the ranch for two years he could put his own cattle on it. We moved to the ranch and I was excited I was going to live on a ranch full time; not just weekends or summers.

We moved to the ranch when fall round-up was going on. I remember riding Shaker and a cute guy rode by, tipped his hat and said hello. I felt like I was in Heaven; finally living on a ranch! When you approached the ranch there was the bunkhouse, barns and corrals; crossing the wash you came to the house and a one car garage. This was the worst place for rattle snakes I was ever around.

The truck that was supposed to be there for my dad to use was a flatbed truck that was always broke down so he used his truck. No beef was provided; seemed like a lot of deer ended up in the freezer. There was a good well at the ranch and we had the usual ranch kid's swimming pool - a metal cow tank. I went back and forth to Mesa to finish my 8th grade year. There was a Sunday School and Church held in the one room school house at New River that we attended. There was no phone service available. We did have television but had to move the antenna on the roof with a pole for one of the stations. Cheryl Gribble went to school with me and we would ride along the Aqua Fria River and the T Ranch to say hello to Joe Cline and the Pock kids. Another ranch close to town, so lots of visits from relatives and friends.

Part of the ranch the cattle were running on was "Lee Akerman's Desert Hills and Desert Lakes" with five and ten acre lots for sale along I17. The "Lake" was a big dirt cow tank. No water or electricity was available. Only one person had built there when we were at the ranch; he was the only person to get water and he had an exceptionally deep well. Nothing has changed. Anthem had to buy water from the Central Arizona Project. There was a good sized herd of "wild" horses in that area. When the owners didn't want the horses anymore, they would turn them loose in the desert along Bell Rd and they often came up to the dirt tank to water.

The next year I was a freshman at Washington High School. My brother Bill was in 6th grade at a grade school in the area of John Jacob Farms. Sister Nancy went to the one room school house which included first through fifth grades. The law at the time required that grade school students were provided transportation to school; that could include paying for parents to drive their students. Bill and I were picked up at the ranch at 5:30 a.m. each school day, we went all the way up to the Yavapai County line right before Rock Springs. We picked up kids along the way and drove to Phoenix. Those of us in high school were dropped off at the southwest corner of the Black Canyon Highway (I17) and Bell Road to wait for the Washington High School bus

while the grade school students were taken to their school. It didn't matter if it was raining or not, we were dropped off. The New River bus picked us up at the same location for the trip home. Bill and I were the last to be dropped off. My Aunt Joanne taught at Washington Elementary School and sometimes when I had a school event she would pick me up and I would spend the night at my Ryan grandparent's home.

Bill and I had great excitement one Friday evening when the bus couldn't cross the Agua Fria River as three days of rain had it really flowing. We stayed at the service station and store and would periodically go watch the river as it continued to rise. The New River Station at that time was located along the Black Canyon Highway and was later torn down when the highway was expanded. My dad had started for the grade school to pick up Nancy and got caught between the ranch and the school. Fortunately everyone at New River knew not to cross washes and rivers when the water was running so we were all safe. The store had Chef Boyardee spaghetti packages and we helped Edie prepare dinner for all us school bus riders and residents coming back from working in town. Finally around ten o'clock everyone was able to get home. When I drive by New River on the I17, I remember that day and cannot understand why people were given building permits along the river; they have gotten flooded out several times.

Another bit of excitement was the opening of the Shangri La Nudist Camp down the road from the ranch. We teased my dad because when he was at New River Station one day he was asked to check if everyone was OK there due to a bad storm and no phone. Only the owners were there and they were fine.

One of the funny memories my siblings and I remember from New River was the famous Christmas bonus. We remember the owner telling my dad he would get a bonus. Oh the speculation we children had! The bonus was a hand juicer for oranges; probably cost about ten dollars. Things were always tight there; my dad did almost everything himself. He finally was able to hire a horse shoer. Dad had always done

the shoeing himself but he was wounded in his left shoulder during the war and it had begun to bother him when the horse leaned on him. He even sold a registered Quarter Horse he trained, Buddy Sunday, who was leased as a jumping horse. I was sorry he had to sell Buddy due to his salary.

My sophomore year began and no bus service as a second room had been added to the school and it went through 8th grade. Parents were going to take turns carpooling and getting us down to Black Canyon and Bell for the Washington High School bus. After one week of school, parents were already disagreeing about whose turn it was, etc. In addition, the owner of the Spear S wanted a very unreasonable grazing fee for my dad to put his own cattle on the ranch. He would have never made any money. Dad decided to take a job he had been offered as a Sheep Inspector for the state.

We moved back to Mesa and I enrolled at Mesa High School from where I graduated in 1962. Our school mascot was the Jackrabbit and our band and marcher/dancers, baton twirlers and trick ropers were "The All Cowboy Band and Rabettes". I learned to trick rope so I could be in the group; we even had Monte Montana visit us when he was here for the Phoenix Rodeo. Arizona was fifty years old in 1962 and the Phoenix Rodeo Parade was the official celebration of our 50th anniversary. It is a nice memory that I was in the parade. It seems time does fly as Arizona's 100th anniversary has come and gone. I belonged to several clubs in high school; my favorite class was journalism.



Nancy, Bill, Janice,

Norma, Emmett

Frances, Susan

After several years as a sheep inspector, my dad leased the P Bar Ranch; now the site of Fountain Hills. Bill Barnett worked for him there. As you turned off on to the Payson Highway from Mesa, there was a restaurant, service station and I think a bait shop - Triple B Service. My dad used to stop by and when they wanted a waitress between my sophomore and junior years

of high school he recommended me for a summer job. I made a whole fifty cents an hour. Not too many tips - lunch was a ninety-nine cent special each weekday.

Dad's friend Logue Morris had been over the rodeo end of the All-Indian Pow-Wow in Flagstaff for many years. Dad provided roping steers once or twice and we had a great time. There was a parade, rodeo, Native American dances at night and a carnival. Stands selling jewelry were among the trees at City Park. This was a big event for Flagstaff and celebrities often visited. I remember we were at a stand and the actor from the TV show Lawman walked up. The seller said, "How, Lawman". He really got a kick out of that. I remember seeing Debbie Reynolds there.

Besides the P-Bar, my dad went into business with Bob Roether, son-n-law of M.G. McCreight. Bob was a cattle trader on what was the Papago Reservation; now the Tohono O'odham Nation Reservation. Later they leased the ranch land of the Flying E Guest Ranch in Wickenburg. I was not at that ranch very often as Bob had three sons, then there was my brother and later my husband so no room in the house for women. They sold cattle at the livestock auction in Casa Grande and also leased the small feedlot of Tyson's on 51st Ave south of the Salt River. I was there a lot and remember the Salt River flooding and the cattle in the lower pasture had to be moved up to the corrals. Now there are houses in that area.

I went to Arizona State College (NAU) in Flagstaff in 1962/63. The school only had about 6,000 students at the time. I had taken college prep classes in high school but I knew it was a strain for my parents at the time to pay for college and I had a brother and three sisters following me. The college offered a one year secretarial course and I decided to do that. I could enjoy the college experience and it was a better situation financially for my parents. I had taken no business courses other than one year of typing so shorthand was hard for me. The other students had two years of it in high school. I did make it through and enjoyed the year tremendously.

I came home to find not many office jobs in Mesa for a nineteen year old. My Uncle Fred Herwehe was a Manager in the accounting department of the Mountain States Telephone office at Central and McDowell in Phoenix. He told me a big conversion to computers was happening there and new employees were being hired. I took an easy test, was hired and encouraged to carpool which I did. Can you imagine - we carpooled from Mesa to Phoenix and gas was about 12 cents a gallon! Not as many people traveled between the cities then so we thought it was a big deal. Because of the conversations, promotions happened pretty quickly if you did well. Thankfully I was only a clerk for few months and got promoted to a job with more responsibility. I worked there two years; then transferred to their Flagstaff office when I married in 1965.

My husband, Bernard W. "Bum" Bryson, son of Eldon and Mary Dona Chisholm Bryson, was born and raised in Flagstaff. His mother's family, the Black's and the Chisholm's had come to Arizona in the 1880's. He was named for his Great-Uncle Bernard "Bum" Black who had been a rancher and Deputy Sheriff in Flagstaff. Mary Dona's Grandfather Sam Black had been an Arizona Ranger and her Chisholm had emigrated from Scotland. Bum had worked a lot of summers and weekends for Pearce Rhodes at his ranch in Cornville and Mormon Lake and was employed at Navajo Freight Lines when we married.

Bum joined the Verde Valley Sheriff's Posse and we went to Posse Shows around Arizona. Our two horses were in Flagstaff in the summer and at the Rhodes Ranch in Cornville in the winter. He also roped at Mormon Lake; little knowing at the time how big the team ropings there would become.

In 1966 Navajo closed their Flagstaff Terminal and Bum was given a choice of transferring to Phoenix or Albuquerque. We chose Phoenix as my family was in the Valley and his parents had moved there. Our daughter Kelly Jeanne was born in Phoenix in July/1966. My dad and Bob Roether had a semi-tractor and livestock trailer for their own use. Bum used to drive down to Sells to bring cattle up to Casa Grande or Phoenix. He helped a lot at the Flying E. I

had transferred from the phone company in Flagstaff and was working in Phoenix.

Later my dad and Bob dissolved their partnership and my Grandfather Ryan and Dad formed Ryan and Ryan; leasing the Conley Ranch at Wenden. It was located on the road to Alamo Lake. Bert and Betty Conley worked for my dad and lived at the headquarters on Alamo Road by Black Mountain. There was an adobe house that had belonged to a goat rancher located 17 miles on a dirt road from the Alamo Rd. A barn, small corral and an outhouse was also there. The house had been wired so a generator could be used. A water tank was bought there so we had running water in the kitchen. Still had the old outhouse! No one had lived in it for quite a while and it seemed like forever before we got rid of the mice in the attic. I used to lay there in bed and listen to them run around at night.

Part of the contract in buying the ranch included my dad drilling two water wells. Both tries were dry; even with the advice of the proper location to drill from supposed experts. It seemed like we were always pumping water and the pumps always needed fixed. We did have a water truck and at times would go into Wenden and buy water from the rail road.

My dad gathered off the Hancock Ranch across the road. It hadn't been worked in several years and the cattle were wild. Bill Barnett would come to help as did my husband. Dad did get to keep the cattle over the number Hancock wanted. He sold them at Bill Roer's livestock auction.

The cattle market wasn't great and we all helped at the ranch. We kept our horses at the ranch so I didn't get much practice riding. One day I was on the horse about 8 hours with a small break for lunch. My legs were so stiff when I got back to the house I didn't have the energy to get off the horse and my husband had to drag me off. Friends were good to come help at round-up and my dad's brother, my Uncle Ed, often come to the ranch. The minister at mom's church asked several times if he could send a boy to the ranch for a week or two and my dad was too nice to ever turn him down.

The ranch had a Charolaise bull that seemed to be an escape artist. He had once again gone to Hancock's ranch. My dad, Bill Barnett, Bum and I as well as Kelly, who was about three at the time, went to bring him back. We had my dad's truck with racks on the bed and a two horse trailer to haul the horses. Kelly decided to name the bull Sally. Bill and Bum caught the bull fairly quickly and jumped him up in the pick-up. Kelly and I had been told to stay in the truck but the bull started shaking it so bad I was afraid it was going to turn over so we got out. Sally proceeded to get the racks in his horns and jumped out of the pick-up with the racks on his head. I ran over to some trees with Kelly; the Ironwood was so dry that the small branches at the bottom kept breaking when I was trying to push Kelly up in the tree. Fortunately Bum's rope was still on the bull. The racks finally fell off and they got the bull in the trailer. We had to take him back to the ranch and came back and get the horses. A very scary experience!

When my Grandfather Ryan died in 1970, my aunts and uncles wanted the Ryan and Ryan cattle sold to settle his estate. The market was down and since the ranch would have no cattle; he turned it back over to the Conley's. I couldn't believe our family went from several family members owning ranches to no ranches at all. Ranching had been a part of my life for 28 years and I couldn't seem to grasp not going to the ranch on weekends. I know my dad who had been around sheep or cattle his whole life was devastated. All of my immediate family was saddened by events. My dad worked at Hughes and Ganz and drove a truck to California for his cousin Jack Moloney. He and my brother had a feed store in Apache Junction and also feed trucks that hauled feed from Scottsdale Feed Lots to their new feed lot being built in Queen Creek.

I write so much about my dad as this has been a ranching story. I was so blessed to have a wonderful mom. She was active in the American Legion Auxiliary and her church; singing in the choir and leading a children's choir. Mom was always supportive of us and loved all of her grandchildren dearly. Selling the ranch was an adjustment

for all of us. My parents built a new house on Southern Avenue at the southeast corner of the original eighty acres I grew up on.

Bum and I moved to Laveen and our son Ryan was born in 1974. We had partnered with Denis Goeller buying some yearling calves to turn out on pasture at the west end of Mormon Lake. We took turns with Denis and his family going up every weekend. The forest was really dry that year. We wanted to leave our horse at Lockett's so we didn't have to keep hauling him back and forth. No one but Lockett's were allowed to use the road due to fire danger. We finally did leave him at the pasture. There was a Dutch-Hip barn on the property so we could camp in the barn. I had a small chuck box my Grandfather Owens has made so we were able to leave supplies at the barn. I was pregnant with Ryan and missed rounding up and shipping calves as I had Ryan in September. Mormon Lake Lodge did catch fire that summer on the 4th of July and burnt to the ground. We had been going to ropings at Mormon Lake for years and couldn't believe that landmark was gone. Planes dropping slurry were able to keep the fire from spreading to the pine trees.

I must confess, my husband and I divorced; then remarried and realized the same differences were still there so we divorced again. We did agree on how to raise our children and got along in that way. Bum remarried and was living in Buckeye where he was the herdsman for Treguboff Dairy. He eventually had his own milk cows there.

The kids and I lived in Laveen where we were very active in 4-H. I was a leader and Kelly started her first club when she was 16. Both the kids did horse, dairy and clogging; even dancing with their 4-H Club at Disneyland. Ryan first showed sheep; then pigs. He also belonged to FFA at Tolleson High School. Kelly graduated from Trevor Brown High School and they didn't have FFA. Our family was named Maricopa County 4-H Family of the Year for 2002/2004. Both Kelly and I were inducted into the Arizona 4-H Leaders Hall of Fame.

I began working at team ropings to earn extra money. It was a nice extra job because not only did I enjoy the sport; but I could take my kids and not leave them with a babysitter. I worked at Elmer Reid's and for Dub and Joanne Crane. Theresa Payne announced a lot of ropings and liked me to time for her. We worked in the Valley and in Pinetop as well as Texas a couple of times and in New Mexico. Sometimes I announced but usually timed. My daughter Kelly started announcing and I started doing the books. We went to California a number of times for ropings. Thank goodness someone wrote a computer program to do so much of the paperwork. Especially great to have the program for draw pots.

After working seven years for Mountain States Telephone/Mountain Bell, I had gone to work for American Express. I retired after 39 years; many of them working with fraud and internal fraud. I enjoyed my job and am enjoying my retirement except sometimes volunteer too often.

I belong to the Arizona State Cowbelles and served as State President. For about ten years I went to National Cattle Women Conventions and met such great people. Our state organization isn't as active as it used to be. I treasure my Cowbelle friends especially those from Santa Cruz and Tucson Cowbelles as well as my own Maricopa Cattle Women.

I am a history buff and have written articles on ranching history for the *Arizona CattleLog*, and *Western Ag Life* as well as articles for the Arizona National Livestock Show. I worked on the ranch history displays at the ANLS for many years. I enjoy writing stories of our Pioneer Stockman so we have their stories in our ANLS history books. I am been Cowbelle Chairman of the Pioneer Luncheon for several years and look forward to that event each year as Cowbelles play hostess to the Pioneers. I am on the board of the Arizona National Livestock Show. I currently serve on the committee for the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame Honorees Dinner. It is so important to have a record of our agricultural history. In 2014 I was honored by the

Arizona Cattle Growers Association as Top Wrangler for my contribution to the Arizona Cattle Industry. In 2016 the Arizona Cowbelles honored me as Cattle Women of the Year. I have a lot of big footsteps to follow there.

My Ryan great-grandparents immigrated to Globe, Arizona Territory from Ireland as did various aunts, uncles and cousins. I became very interested in the history of the Irish who settled in Arizona in Territorial days and early statehood and began writing a column titled "Irish Tales from Arizona Territory" for the *Desert Shamrock*. Kathy Wood also volunteered at the Irish Cultural Center and together we founded the Irish Arizona Project researching Irish settlement in Arizona. This was an ethnic group that had not been researched before. Kathy and I wrote an Arcadia book *Irish Arizona*. I was named as an Arizona Cultural Keeper in 2008 for my Irish research. The Irish Cultural Center selected me for their Anam Cara Award for my study of the Irish in Arizona and my volunteering at the Center. I serve on the St. Patrick's Day Parade and Faire board.

My two children were such a blessings in my life. Kelly married Earl Butler and gave me grandchildren Colten and Austin. Her second husband who treated her so well was Bruce Bryant. The greatest sadness of my life was her passing from Ovarian Cancer in 2013. She fought hard and suffered so. Her friends and the Liberty Sheriff's Posse she co-founded have put on a memorial roping for her each year to donate to the 4-H Horse Scholarship in her name. People say you should not bury your children and that is so true.

My son Ryan joined the Army after high school and was stationed in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. I definitely enjoyed visiting him in Hawaii. He became a journeyman lineman and now is co-owner of High Side Electric. He has two children Walter and Layla. My little ten year old Layla is the only grandchild still at home. She is following in her dad's footsteps showing pigs in 4-H.

Co-owner of High Side Electric. He has two children, Walter and Layla.



Janice, Ryan and Kelly

Kelly's son Colten graduated from Cochise College and went to Missouri Valley College in Marshall, Mo; attending both schools on rodeo scholarships. He qualified for the National Collegiate Rodeo Finals twice. Austin qualified for the Arizona High School Rodeo Finals her senior year. She graduated with an associate degree from Three Rivers College in Poplar Bluff, Mo.; attending on a rodeo scholarship. Sadly, for me, both still lived in Missouri. Austin has blessed me with a great-grandson Keston. Ryan's son Walter is an Army Ranger and we are very proud of all he has accomplished in his military career. Layla is my youngest granddaughter and is following in her dad's footsteps in 4-H with the swine project.

We were always a 4-H family. Kelly and Ryan both attended the National 4H Conference when it was held in Chicago. Colten, Austin and Walter attended the National 4-H conference at the new location in Atlanta, Ga. Coleen and Austin were in FFA at Buckeye High School.

I have had many wonderful adventures and memories with my brother and sisters. In an effort to not make my story too long --- those will be tales for another day. Missing our family having livestock, I have kept that part of my life close with the organizations I have belonged to and histories I have written regarding our great state of Arizona.



MARILYN WILLIAMS HARRIS



The 2018 Arizona National Livestock Show was dedicated to Marilyn Williams Harris for her hard work with their scholarship program in partnership with the Arizona Horse Lovers Foundation. At that time, nearly one million dollars in scholarships had been awarded to 750 students who demonstrated an interest in agriculture. Marilyn was one of the driving forces behind the scholarship program. Grant Boice, retired Executive Director of the Arizona National Livestock Show, notes that Marilyn is a strong leader, successful rancher and generous with her resources and talents.



Marilyn's grandparents, Louis and Frances Sands Jr., arrived in Arizona Territory in 1902 from Manistee, Michigan. Sands purchased a farm in Glendale in 1907 he named "Manistee Ranch" after his hometown. There he developed techniques on his ranch for rotating cattle pastures to work within the limits of the land. He grew feed for his cattle, sheep and horses as well as growing citrus and dates. The family kept the ranch until 1996 when part of the ranch was sold and part was donated to the Glendale Historical Society and the Glendale Parks Department. The house is listed on the National Registry of Historic Places.

Sands attention was drawn to Southern Arizona and between 1917 and 1919 he began purchasing ranchland near the Whetstone Mountains in Cochise County. Marilyn and her sister Kathy Williams are proud to continue their grandfather's legacy at the Sands Ranch. Their grandfather was a great horseman and passed on his love of horses to his children and grandchildren.

The two sisters, daughters of Robert and Flora Sands Williams, grew up in Phoenix where Marilyn began riding and showing horses as a young girl. She showed in pleasure, trail, and equitation, stock horse, all-around and

horsemanship in the American Horse Show Association shows in Arizona and California. She remembers attending the Arizona National Livestock Show with her parents and showing horses at the Fair Grounds. Her parents were always supportive of her efforts and her father, a banker, was involved with the Arizona Horse Lovers Foundation.



Marilyn with parents Robert
and Flora Williams

After graduating from Central High School in Phoenix, Marilyn graduated from Pitzer College in Claremont, California. Her education included a University of Arizona Summer Program in Guadalajara, Mexico, and a year at the University of Madrid in Spain.

Marilyn married and became mother to daughter Hailey and son Wyatt. As a busy mom, she took a break from showing horses for a while. Marilyn traveled to horse shows with Hailey when she began showing reining and cow horses. Wyatt always helped at the ranch during round-up; but his main interest was team sports.

Marilyn's riding skills have earned her state, regional and national awards. In 1986 she was the American Quarter Horse Association World Champion in Amateur Reining; other awards include 2005 and 2010 AQHA Select World Champion and 2007 and 2008 Select Reserve World Champion Working Cow Horse. Marilyn was the 2008 NRCHA World and National Champion in Novice Non-Pro Bridle and the 2012 American



Cutting Horse Association Rookie of the Year.

Marilyn and her sister Kathy work hard to keep the legacy of the Sands Ranch alive as it is edging past 100 years of conservation efforts. The ranch is a cow-calf operation on 100 sections of private, state, Bureau of Land Management, Forest Service and Pima County lands in Whetstone. For Marilyn it is part of their heritage and their love for livestock and the land. Their grandfather had a vision and the sisters help carry that out.



Marilyn and Kathy

She and Kathy began working with the United States Department of Agriculture's Natural Resources Conservation service in the late 90's to assess the condition of the ranch resources through vegetation monitoring. They also work with the University of Arizona Cooperative Extension and the U.S. Forest Service to help identify any issues with the ranch's natural resources. Working with other agencies and groups to build a stronger and healthier ecosystem on the ranch has been a large part of what the sisters have done to leave their mark on the ranch.

Four primary resource concerns were identified by the group; change of plant communities (changed from grasses to shrubs), loss of soil surface, loss of ability to absorb and store rainfall, and a lack of water reliability for cattle and wildlife. The NRCS assisted Sands Ranch with restoring its natural plant community through the implementation of

chemical brush removal using their Environmental Quality Incentives Program (EQIP). Removing brush to restore native grasslands provides livestock forage and wildlife habitat, while also enhancing the watershed.

The sisters have brought a new perspective to grazing management. They have made protecting wildlife habitats, repairing ecosystems, and preserving Arizona's western landscapes a priority.

In addition to horse shows and managing the ranch, Marilyn is a real estate broker and president of Manistee

Investments, specializing in horse properties, land and ranches statewide. Her community involvement is very important to Marilyn as she believes in civic responsibility and making the world a better place. She volunteers for projects and organizations from art to medical research to equine causes. Education is important to her and she had taught English as a second language. Marilyn was chair of the Board of Regents and on the Board of Trustees of Brophy College Preparatory as well as being involved with the Phoenix Art Museum, Barrow Neurological Foundation and the O'Connor Institute. She is also a member of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association, past chairman of the Horse Lovers Foundation and served as the first female chair of the Arizona Community Foundation.

Marilyn's son Wyatt, daughter Hailey and husband David Neher reside in Dallas, Texas. Hailey has blessed her mom with two granddaughters, Isabelle and Charlotte.

Marilyn was inducted into the Cowgirl Hall of Fame, Fort Worth, Texas, in 2016. In her acceptance speech, Marilyn said one of her favorite sayings was from Kathryn Graham "Love What You Do and Feel That It Matters - - How Could Anything Be More Fun!".



Branding at the Sands Ranch



The Chilton Family of Arizona



Jim, Ken and Tom Chilton

Ken and Margaret Chilton

James Kenneth "Ken" Chilton, Sr. was born in Clifton, Arizona on May 21, 1916 and lived 97 years in his native Arizona until his passing September 6, 2013. While at Arizona State Teachers College, now Northern Arizona University, he met Margaret Jessie Smith whom he married on March 26, 1937. Their two sons Jim and Tom and daughter Ruth Ann Pfeider were raised riding for the brand. Margaret and Ken built their life together on farms and ranches in Arizona and celebrated 69 years of marriage.

Ken was born to be a cowboy and lived his dream. During his ranching career he improved every ranch he purchased throughout his long and vigorous life.

Chilton ancestors arrived from England during the 1650's. Successive generations moved west. In 1885, Ken's mother's family, the Cospers, drove cattle to Arizona from Texas and were among the first settlers on the Blue River and in Duncan in eastern Arizona. His great-grandfather Thomas Langdon Chilton and family arrived in Arizona from Oklahoma Indian Territory by covered wagon in 1898 and eventually settled on a farm and ranch that is now partially covered by Roosevelt

Lake. Upon the construction of Roosevelt Dam, the Chilton family moved to the Duncan area where they farmed and ranched.

Ken graduated from Miami, AZ schools where he was named athlete of the year and was quarterback and captain of the football team. Ken went on to earn both a bachelors and masters degree and a school administrator's credential from Northern Arizona University.

Ken served ten years on the Arizona Livestock Board--appointed by two successive governors--and chaired the Board for seven of the ten years. He was named "Cattleman of the Year" in 1988 by the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association.

From 1976 through 1986, Ken served on two Governor's Rangeland Councils advising governors on conserving Arizona's ranchland, the state's ranching heritage and Arizona's beef production.

Ken was an active member of Arizona Cattle Growers' Association from 1946 until his passing. He and his wife Margaret purchased the Diamond Bell ranch west of Tucson with sons Jim and Tom in 1979 after selling the 7+A, which they had owned and worked for nearly 10 years along Eagle Creek in eastern Arizona. The 7+A was near the ancestral Cosper homesteads on the Blue River.

Ken's wife Margaret was born in Morenci, Arizona on September 22, 1917 and passed away on January 28, 2006. She lived her entire life, 88 years, in her native Arizona. She graduated from Morenci schools and then from Northern Arizona University.

Jim and Sue Chilton



Jim and Sue

Jim Chilton, now the fifth generation of his Arizona pioneer family, was born in Morenci, Arizona, the first son of Ken

and Margaret. He was raised on farms and ranches. In 1963, Jim married Susan E. Chemnick whom he met and courted while both attended ASU. They celebrated 55 years of marriage on August 24, 2018.

As a pre-teen, Jim learned to pick cotton at three cents a pound resulting in the ability to earn fifteen cents an evening after grade school which seemed like a lot of money when you could buy a candy bar for a nickel. Soon afterward, Jim won first place in both the bull riding and calf roping at the Florence Junior Rodeo. He took his \$45 and other prizes and never picked another pound of cotton.

After graduating from Camp Verde High School, Jim completed a bachelor's degree and two master's degrees at ASU. After working for the Salt River Project for a few years, Jim then was selected to serve U.S. Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona for three years as a Special Assistant.

Jim and Sue raised two sons, Ken (James Kenneth, III and Tomas (Thomas Carl), who are connected to the ranch while being outstanding in their own professional careers.

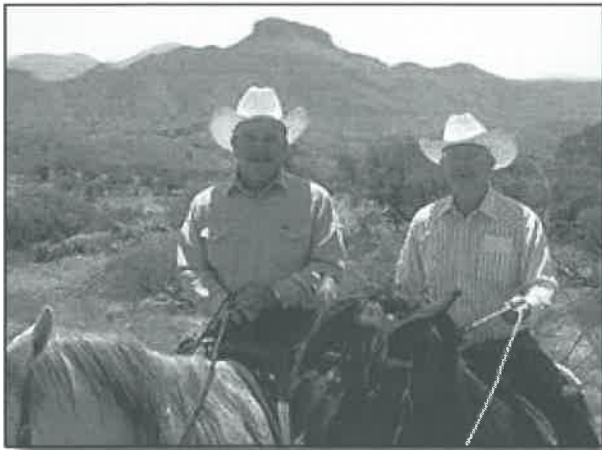
Sue was appointed to the Arizona Game & Fish Commission where she promoted both wildlife and ranching and advocated for collaboration between hunters and ranchers during her five years on the Commission. Then, in 2013, new legislation established the Game and Fish Commission Appointment Recommendation Board to which Sue was appointed by Governor Jan Brewer. Sue was re-appointed to the Board by Governor Douglas Ducey for a five-year term beginning in 2017.

In 1979, Jim, together with his father Ken, Sr. and brother Tom, joined together to establish Chilton Ranch & Cattle Company, a cow-calf ranching operation at the Diamond Bell west of Tucson. In 1987, Jim and his wife Sue and their sons Ken and Tomas purchased a 50,000-acre ranch south of Arivaca, Arizona that expanded the family operation.

Jim and Sue are best known for their defense of their ranch in a successful lawsuit against the Center for Biological Diversity for libel and slander, for their decades of work

with several ranch related organizations and for their advocacy for securing the International Boundary.

Jim was honored as Rancher of the Year in 2002 by the



Tom and Jim

Arizona Cattle Growers' Association and three years later, won the Arizona Farm Bureau Oscar. In 2005, he received the True Grit Award from the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association and the Individual of the Year Award from the Coalition of Arizona/New Mexico Counties. In 2005 his wife and he received

The Arizona Farm Bureau

Environmental Stewardship Award and in 2018 they received the Arizona Association of Conservation Districts State Conservation Leadership Award.

Tom and Kathy Chilton

Tom Chilton, born in 1947, has dedicated his professional life to farming and ranching in Arizona. At Arizona State University, he met and married Kathryn V. Sprawls, daughter of Wayne Sprawls, a cotton farmer in Pinal and La Paz counties. Kathy grew up in Casa Grande and Maricopa and was chosen the Casa Grande Cotton Wives' Junior Maid of Cotton in 1967. She has worked with the Arizona Cowbells as Secretary and on the National Beef Cook-off. She has become an internationally respected Judge of the American Iris Society.

Tom began riding for his parents' brand at five along Clear Creek southeast of Camp Verde, Dick Hart grazing allotment and then later on the Laurel Leaf Ranch on Mingus Mountain with Jerome located approximately in the middle of the ranch. As a rough country cowboy, he established his first

herd at thirteen, broke colts and enjoyed roping in local rodeos.

After establishing his own herd, Tom was named Arizona FFA Star Greenhand, starred in football at Mingus Union High School in Jerome and then attended Arizona State University obtaining a degree in Livestock Production Management.

Tom worked for Farm Credit in Willcox while working weekends on his parents' 7+A ranch on Upper Eagle Creek near where his ancestors ranched north and east of Clifton-Morenci. In 1979, he joined his father and brother in the purchase of the Diamond Bell Ranch southwest of Tucson where he is now the owner.

Tom and Kathy raised their family in Palo Verde, Arizona, where Kathy taught school for 15 years and Tom managed the Buckeye Farm Credit office for 16 years, financing many farmers in the area. Their daughter Rebecca A. and son John T. Chilton followed the tradition of their parents by helping on the ranch while participating in 4-H, FFA and Jr. Rodeo.

John Chilton

For eleven years, Tom was a member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association where he team roped in numerous rodeos across the west. Later he joined in the management of Chilton Ranch & Cattle Company for both the Diamond Bell Ranch and the Chilton Arivaca Ranch. He has been the managing partner for both ranches since the early 1990s.

Recognized for his lifetime contribution to Agriculture, the University of Arizona College of Agriculture granted Tom their Lifetime Achievement Award in 2010. Tom's major contributions to the livestock industry include serving as Arizona Cattle Growers' Association President, Foundation Board Member, and Executive Committee member. Earlier, Tom served as President of the Pima, Pinal and Santa Cruz counties Cattle Growers Association affiliate (SACPA). In addition, Tom was honored to be selected to be a member of AG 100.

John Chilton, son of Thomas B. Chilton and Kathryn Chilton, is a graduate of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture with a degree in Agricultural and Economic Resources. John and his wife Yoon have two daughters, Brooklyn and Quinn.

A sixth generation Arizona native, John has dedicated his professional life to agri-business. He began his career as a grain trader with Cargill in 2000. In 2005, John advanced his career in the cotton business with Handwerker-Winburne, Inc. where he has been engaged in the business in Arizona and internationally in foreign market development. He is now the Owner/President of Handwerker-Winburne, Inc. He is former President of the Western Cotton Shippers Association. He is a Board Member of the American Cotton Shippers Association and a delegate to the National Cotton Council.

John is a founding member of the West Valley Mavericks, an organization dedicated to raising money for charities in Maricopa County. He is also a member of the PCH 50 which raises money for Phoenix Childrens Hospital.

John is a former member of the United States Long Range Rifle Team where he represented America in 2013 in both National and World Championships. John has set Arizona, national and international individual records and won gold medals with his team in international competitions at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.



In March, 2019 the Chilton Family was inducted into the Arizona Farming and Ranching Hall of Fame.

Four Generations of Pouquettes in Arizona Stockmen Industry 1890 – 1992



Pierre Pouquette, the Patriarch

Four generations of Pouquettes were proud Arizona sheep men raising their sheep. Three generations raised both sheep and cattle before the family completely left the stockmen trade in the 1990s. Pierre Pouquette, Sr. was born December 31, 1858 in Escot, Basses-Pyrénées, France. He came to the United States in 1881 where he went into the sheep business near Ventura, California. He was a seasoned sheep rancher as he had been one in France prior to coming to the United States. Sometime after his arrival in California, he met Marie Manaut, also French and from Basque Country. She was born in 1860. The couple married in San Francisco. The couple's oldest child, Catherine, was born in 1886. His second child, Joseph, was born in San Francisco on January 6, 1888. Emma Charlotte, the third child, was born in Ventura, California on April 22, 1890. The family, for unknown reasons, returned to France shortly after Charlotte was born, but it is unclear as to the year as no information has been found on the families departure, but it had to be between the birth of Charlotte and the fourth child, Leon, for he was born in Escot, Basses-Pyrénées, France in April, 1892. More children were born to the couple in France: Francois (1894), Jean-Marie (1896), Catherine Elisabeth (1896), Simon (1899) and Marie-Jeanne (1910).



back row: Albert, Marie, Pierre Front row:
Joseph and Marguerite.

According to the ship manifest, L'Aquitane, Pierre returned alone to the United States, arriving in New York on April 8, 1900. It is believed that Pierre settled in the Ash Fork area and began to raise sheep again mostly likely with his brother, Simon. No newspaper accounts of Pierre have been found of his three years in Arizona prior to his son, Joseph's return to the United States, but it is believed that Pierre returned to France shortly thereafter, but it could have been a few years later. A few of Pierre, Sr. and Marie's children would migrate to and become citizen of the United States; Leon (1910) and François migrated, but the date is uncertain. Both Pierre and Marie died in their native France in Basque Country; Pierre died in 1939 in Lurbe, Basses-Pyrénées and Marie in 1945 in Escot, Basses-Pyrénées.

Joseph Pouquette, son of Pierre, Sr.

In 1903 when Joseph was only 15, he returned to the United States, although it says on the ship manifest that he was 16. Why the discrepancy in the age is speculated that he would not have been able to travel by himself if he proclaimed his age as 15. Edith Pouquette, his daughter-in-law, said that he had a sign around his neck which stated for the train conductor to make sure he got off the train in Ash Fork. His uncle had sold the Red Hill Sheep Ranch in 1903 along with the 8,000 sheep so he had to find employment elsewhere. Joseph worked for the Campbells who raised sheep in the Ash Fork area and eventually he was able to purchase his own sheep. There is a great deal of uncertainty to Joseph's activities from his return to the United States in 1903 and his marriage in 1915. There is no documentation as to how long he worked for the Campbells, if he owned any sheep on his own prior to his marriage in 1915 or if he stayed in California after his marriage or returned to Arizona.



Back row: Leon and Joseph;
Front row: Amelie and Marguerite

At the age of 27, Joseph married his sweetheart, Marguerite Bordenave, who was born in California to Pierre Bordenave and Catherine Laplace Bordenave, natives of France who had immigrated to the US prior to 1887 when their first child Felix was born. Marguerite was born in 1891. A sister, Amelie (1893) and Marguerite would marry two of the Pouquettes, Leon and Joseph respectfully. Joseph and Marguerite married in 1915 in California. The couple may have remained in California until their first son was born (1917). The couple may have returned to Arizona as there is information in the Arizona Wool Growers Association files that in 1917, he, his uncle who the family believes was Simon, but could also have been Leon, and a hired hand, Bargo, walked the several hundred miles from Ash Fork to Panguitch, Utah to purchase 4,000 yearling ewes. They trailed the sheep back to Arizona crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. It took 40 ferry crossings to get all the ewes across as the ferry could only hold 100 ewes at a time. He would make this trek a second time, but nothing is known of this trek. Who cared for Joseph's sheep in Arizona while he served in France is believed to have been a family member, either his brother Leon or uncle Simon.

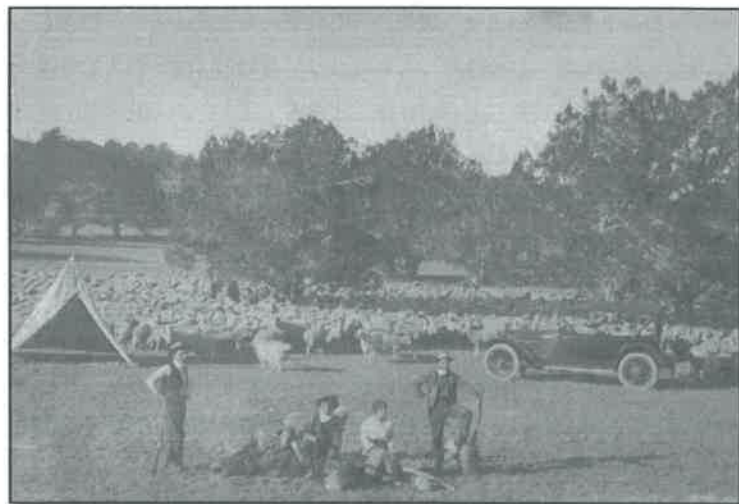
When WWI began, Joseph was called to serve in the US Army as an interpreter in France during 1918 and 1919 because of his knowledge of French. He was discharged at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas in February 1919. Joseph would never return to France. He returned to California as best as can be determined using phone directories for 1919. Marguerite with son, Pierre who was born February 9, 1917 in California, must have stayed with her sister Amelie who was married to Joseph's brother Leon while Joseph served in the US Army. The two couples were listed in the 1919 San

Francisco phone directory living at the same address. The couple's daughter, Marie, was born in San Francisco on May 26, 1918.

A theory for Joseph being in Arizona in 1917 and getting sheep in Utah with his uncle along with the herder is that he returned alone to establish his sheep business prior to bring his family. When Joseph left California can be only speculated on, but it is known that he had set up a permanent summer home in Williams in 1920 with his wife, son, Pierre, Jr., and daughter, Marie, along with his vast holdings of sheep. He had purchased 3,000 sheep shortly after returning which were added to those that a family member had cared for while he was in the service. This was the start of the Pouquette Sheep Company. A sheep camp was located nearby. He would trail his sheep between Williams, his summer range, and Wickenburg-Congress, his winter range. The couple was blessed with another children Albert on March 8, 1925.

When it was time for the family to move either to the summer grazing area or winter, it would be an adventure. The mother and children would travel by train with chickens, a wood stove, dishes, bed linens, clothes and everything that would be needed for the summer months in the Williams area. Everything taken

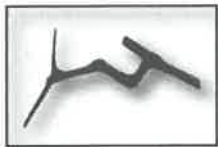
for the summer months were hauled back in the fall as most sheep families did not have the luxury of owning two of everything. Later the family would travel by car between the summer and winter ranges, a two-day trip with an overnight in Prescott. One year, Joseph told the Arizona Wool Growers Association, that their car got stuck in mud for three days on the highway. It is very unfortunate that he never told what happened those three days or it was not recorded by



Pouquette Sheep Camp. Two unknown herders, then Leon, Marquerite and Joseph

the Wool Growers! It can only be imagined what the family did for those three days, but the sheep men families were very resourceful and had a lot of tenacity to survive such hardships.

Joseph had a few business partners over the years prior to his sons joining him in the business. During the late 1930s and early 1940s, the Pouquettes and the Alemans ran a sheep outfit which they called the Pouquette-Aleman Co. He continued to run the Pouquette Sheep Company. By 1945, the business was known as the Red Hill Sheep Company. The Red Hill Ranch was first purchased by Simon Pouquette, later to be the husband of Pierre Sr.'s daughter Charlotte, and her uncle, in the 1890s for \$0.75 an acre from the railroad, according to the family. However, there may be evidence to suggest that the ranch was purchased from Dr. E. B. Perrin, a sheep rancher in the area. Simon sold the land and 8,000 sheep in 1903 to Charley Burton. Burton owned and operated the land until 1928 when he defaulted on the principle and interest of another loan and everything had to be liquidated. Not only was Red Hill Ranch sold but land in Congress and Chino Valley that Burton owned. In 1928, the Red Hill Ranch was sold at auction in Prescott and Perrin family bought the land, again. The ranch would change hands several more times as Perrin sold it in 1938 to Northern Arizona Livestock Company and W.W. Wagner would own it next. In 1945, Joseph and his sister, Charlotte Pouquette, bought Red Hill for \$75,000. The Red Hill Ranch had been in the Pouquette family for 51 years, 1945- 1996. Sheep and cattle have both been run on the ranch. The Pouquette cattle brand was,



The family also owned land that they called "the Homestead;" land still owned by the family.

Joseph was considered the oldest sheep rancher in the state of Arizona in 1967 and he passed away the following year. In an article of the Arizona Wool Growers Association (AWGA), it stated that he began to run sheep in 1903 thus he had been running sheep for 65 years in Arizona when he died. A few stories that Joseph related to the AWGA helps tell the history of the industry and some of

its early changes. Joseph recalled good years and bad when there was plenty of water and grass or neither of either one. His sheep were caught in the early snowstorm that struck Williams and the surrounding area in the winter of 1948-1949. The City of Williams had their crews help break a trail for the animals and it took the animals 21 days to travel the 30 miles from the Pouquette Red Hill Ranch to Ash Fork, the closest location. This was just one of the big snowstorms that caught men and livestock off-guard but perseverance and tenacity of the sheepmen and townspeople who helped, the flocks were saved.



Sheep being loaded onto train,
Williams, AZ. c1950s.

Joseph firmly believed that the Western sheep industry could not have survived if the US government had not permitted the importation of Basque sheepherders on three-year contracts. These Basque sheepherders came seeking a better life than what they found in their own areas of Spain and France. He also thinks that the

sheepherders' diet had drastically changed from the rice, raisins and beans that most received when they were first brought to work the sheep. In the 1950s and 60s, their diet was canned ham, cabbage, green salads, and drinking water that was hauled to them from town.

Pierre Pouquette

Joseph and Marguerite had two sons and a daughter that have been documented through either census information or through family documents. Pierre was born February 9, 1917 in San Francisco, CA. By 1920, as has already been stated, the family was living in Williams. Pierre



Joseph, Albert and Pierre Pouquette

attended elementary school in the little red schoolhouse in Wickenburg. When he entered school in the first grade, his native language was French; his only language. But, as a resilient child, he soon learned English. He attended high school in Wickenburg excelling in basketball, baseball and track. His nickname was "Flashy Frenchmen." Pierre worked part time in the sheep business prior to graduating from high school. After graduation in 1935, Pierre joined his father full time in the sheep business. He would help trail the sheep which took about six weeks; a trip in the spring and then again in the fall. The trail began in Wickenburg, up through Peeples Valley and Skull Valley, Chino Valley and finally they would end the trailing near Williams. The trail southward in the fall was just in reverse. This trail or driveway was known as the Old Bears Springs Trail,

Because of the need by the military for wool and lamb Pierre did not have to serve in the military during WWII. He married his high school sweetheart, Mary Kerkes, on October 6, 1940. Mary Kerkes was born March 12, 1917 in Constellation (Golden State), Arizona. Four children would be born to Pierre and Mary: Melanie (1941), Annette (1944), Denise (1947), and Thomas Pierre (1949). Thomas Pierre was only two years old when he passed away from influenza. With a family, Pierre and Mary had to make sacrifices when it was necessary to move between summer and winter grazing. The family, with mom packing up everything that was needed for the summer, moved to Williams. When the children started elementary school, they would attend for the first six weeks in Williams and then continue their education in Wickenburg as the mother once again packed up all the family belongings for the winter move. The men would follow later as they trailed the sheep between the winter and summer grazing area. When the children became of high school age, their mother would move sooner so the children attended all year in Wickenburg. The grazing area during the winter was known as Marinette on the Boswell Family farm near Phoenix, Arizona. The Boswell family sold the land to the Del Webb Corporation in 1962 and today's Sun City sits on the old sheep winter grazing land.

During the summer months many sheep owners were active in sports in Williams. Pierre played on the softball team, Williams Merchants. Manuel Aja, another sheep owner, played on this team also. Many also played on the winter leagues for the Wickenburg Merchants. Pierre was selected as a member of the Arizona All-Star team in 1938 and won the Most Valuable Player in 1949.

Family memories of growing up in Pierre's wool-growers family were shared by the three daughters. One story that the three girls remembered was eating at the sheep camps. Lamb, beans, vermicelli, rice pudding and "camp" bread. Pierre would often bring a loaf of the "camp" bread home when he would visit the camps without his daughters. They thought it was a tasty treat for them. The girls also remembered feeding orphaned lambs with a bottle of milk. The bottle was often a Coke bottle with a large rubber nipple attached. The bottle was filled with half condensed milk and half water.

Albert Sr. Pouquette

The second son, Albert, Sr., was born in 1925. He would not work full time with the sheep until after he returned from fighting in WWII. With his brother, Pierre, ten years older than him, he learned about the sheep industry from both his father and brother during weekends and summers while he was going to school. In February 1947, Albert, Sr., married Edith Bess. Edith was born in East St. Louis on November 14, 1926 and died in May 2019. Albert, Sr. and Edith had four children: Albert Joseph, Jr. (1947), Jerry Luther (1951) (deceased), Diana Michelle (Rocheleau) (1956), and Chedelle Jeanine (1968).

Albert, Sr. and Edith ran sheep for 40 years. Edith always said she moved 80 times in the 40 years that they had sheep as twice a year the household would be packed up and moved in the fall to winter grazing pastures in the Marinette and then moved again in the spring to the Williams area. They lived in both the Litchfield Park area and Peoria while grazing their sheep at Marinette. When the Marinette

property was sold, the family moved to Blythe. Pierre's wife, Mary, could also say the same thing about moving more than 80 times in the years her husband was in the sheep business. Albert, Sr. did not see much of the trailing of the sheep as when he came on board in 1946, the railroad was the chief mover of the flock. Pierre, ten years his senior, had been on the trail most of those ten years. Marinette was a good area for grazing and had easy access to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad for shipping the lambs out in the fall. The railroad was used until 1970 when trucks became the norm for moving sheep between summer and winter grazing areas.

The family moved to Blythe, California for about 25 to 30 years to run their sheep during the children's younger years. Albert and Edith moved to Parker, AZ after their youngest daughter, Chedelle, graduated from high school. They also had a home in Ehrenberg when it was time to send the boys to college in order to pay in-state fees to the university. When the youngest, Chedelle, was ready to start high school, Williams became their permanent home.

Edith Pouquette, wife of Albert, wrote that Joseph and Marguerite wanted their children to have a college education and with every effort on their part, tried to have them obtain higher degrees of learning. But both sons had other ideas. Pierre was taken twice to college at the University of Arizona. He made it home before his parents or at least it seemed that way to his parents. Albert lasted longer than Pierre by going for a semester, but eventually, he too came home to work the sheep with his father and brother. It was at this time that he married Edith. A home was built by the couple in 1952 on Pine Street in Williams. The years that the family lived in Blythe or Ehrenberg, their Williams' home was rented mostly to teachers.

Charlotte Pouquette

Charlotte was born in Ventura, California in 1890. Shortly thereafter, the family moved back to France for unknown reasons. What is unclear is if the marriage

occurred in France or here in the United States. A wedding date of 1907 has been suggested. Simon and Charlotte had six children of which three were born in Ash Fork and one in Williams. Their oldest child, Pierre, was born in Ash Fork in 1908. The only child that there is substantial record of is their youngest, Aimee who married John W. Simpson in 1942 and the couple had two children, John, Jr., and Larry. John ran the sheep outfit for Charlotte after he married Aimee. According to the Arizona Wool Growers' Association, the Pouquette (Amelie) Sheep company was in business from 1953 to 1976. Amelie may have been a misspelling of his wife's name by the Arizona Wool Growers' Association.



After a round up Red Hill Ranch House
L-R John Simpson, Pierre Pouquette, Dale
Barlow, Johnny Andrews, Albert J Pouquette,
Jerry L. Pouquette, Albert Leon Pouquette.]

Red Hill Ranch

Returning to the Red Hill Ranch, it has an interesting story. Both sheep and cattle had been run on the ranch and probably both were run when the ranch was purchased in 1945. As was stated earlier, the ranch had been originally purchased by Simon Pouquette in the 1890s, sold, and repurchased by Joseph and his sister, Charlotte, in 1945. The ranch was worked by the "Pouquette" family for many years and in 1976, it was decided that the time had come to divide the property. With a flip of a coin, it would be decided who got the west side of the property and who would

get the east side. Both properties were equal in size and quality of land, but the west side had the house, barns and corrals. A lawyer had drawn up the legal document for the split of the property leaving blanks for who would end up with the east or west side of the property. Pierre, Albert, Robert Pouquette (a son of Charlotte's), Johnnie Simpson and his wife, Aimee, daughter of Charlotte Pouquette, were all present and sat around the Simpson's kitchen table. Charlotte had passed away in 1973. Pierre got first flip of the coin based on the flip of the coin. If the next flip was heads, they would get the west side of the property with tails giving them the east side. Well, the coin was flipped; it came up heads. Charlotte's son-in-law, Johnnie and his wife, Aimee, got the east side of the property. Johnnie ran sheep for Charlotte under various names, Pouquette (Amelie) Sheep Company and the Sitgreaves Sheep Company.

Conclusion

The Pouquettes have been active in the stockmen trade in Arizona from 1903 to 1996 years that can be documented with accuracy, 1903 to 1984 starting with sheep and divesting of the last of the cattle in 1992 and their divesting of the Red Hill Ranch in 1996. The family has been involved in their community playing sports, and many have been active in their churches. Joseph was one of the early members of the Arizona Wool Growers' Association. Simon and Leon were also members. Pierre's wife, Mary, was a Girl Scout Leader and met Lady Baden-Powell, a founder of the Girl Scouts when she visited Wickenburg in 1957. Both Mary and Edith were active in their churches. Mary was active in her church Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Edith was a Sunday School teacher for 60 years.



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