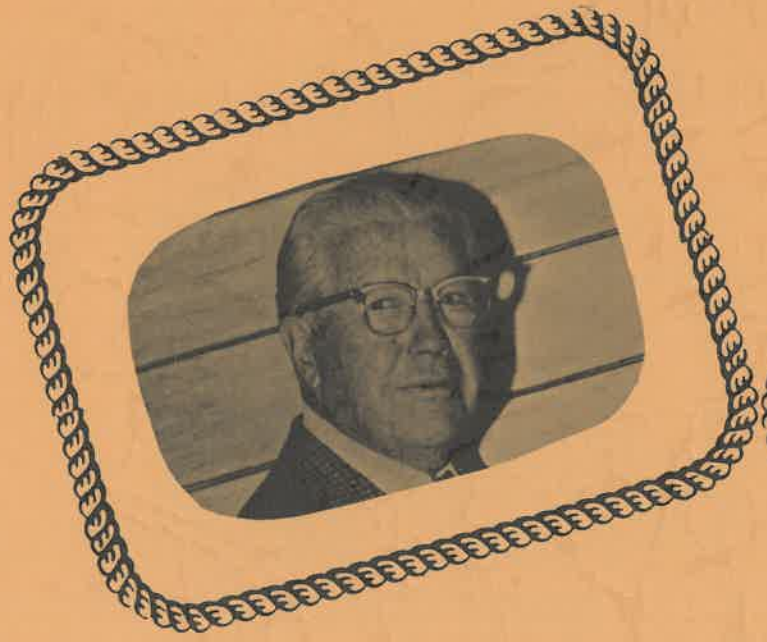
Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories



Volume III

Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman Volume III

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A Forward

Arizona Ranch Histories, Vol. III

With this printing, 85 recollections of our Arizona Pioneer Stockmen and their families have been recorded. It becames quite apparent, while reading and daydreaming through these unique vignettes of a rich heritage passed down for our enjoyment, that these stories were more than just recalled--they were being relived--as Betty Accomazzo and her historians continued a superb effort, with patience and compassion, in transcribing these individual personalities for posterity.

I am especially pleased to see that the colorful life of Ernie Douglas has finally been added to our collection of histories, although posthumously. How many of us matured under the fatherly pen of Foxtail Johnson, Ernie's *nom de plume*! Arizona's own Will Rogers, for sure!

There is one life story among many yet to be told, perhaps in a fourth or subsequent volume. Milo Wiltbank was born in Eagar in 1902 after his parents arrived in Round Valley prior to 1880. Although Milo passed away a few years back, his widow Mae, and lots of relatives, could probably document the full history around Springerville and the

White Mountains. I remember Milo here simply because he, in a real sense, *has* put in writing his philosophies, recollections, and friends in several volumes of prolific poetry. Mae has given permission to reprint some of Milo's work in the 1981 Arizona National program, and it just seems as if he is remembering along with all our pioneers in a poem called "Twilight" found in *Whiff of the West*.

By the campfire just a-dreaming,
Dreams all tallied, put away.
Just a-restin' in the evening,
Restin' at the close of day.

Sittin' now and just remembering,
Who would want to live again;
When he can sit and just remember,
Pleasant things away back when.

All the joys and all the sorrow,
All to live or throw away.
They are. None can take them from you,
Memories of yesterday.

So you sit and dream them over,
While the embers faintly glow,
In the evening by the campfire,
Dreamin' dreams of long ago.

Milo Wiltbank
December 1971

The Arizona National is proud and pleased to sponsor and underwrite the initial costs to produce these collections, and extend our sincere thanks, again, to Betty and her committee in their "labor of love."

I know Nelson Stevenson, General Manager of our Exposition, is also excited to realize the success of his idea--and Nellie, I hope I'm still around when *you* become eligible to set down the chronology of the SO.

Dan L. Finch, President
Arizona National Livestock Show
January 1981

PREFACE

It is my pleasure to have *Pioneer Ranch Histories*, Volume III, ready for the 1981 Arizona National Livestock Show. Because of the continuing interest, Volume I is into its third printing this year and Volume II copies are also available.

Happily, our Arizona Pioneers are continuing to share their ranch histories and memories of their past. Many dig down into old boxes and scrapbooks for documents of old territorial brand certificates to help add facts to their stories. Others remember names of families and neighbors they haven't heard from or thought of for many years.

We wish again to make known our appreciation to Freddie Fritz, President of the Arizona National Pioneers, Ray Cowden, First Vice President, and Nel Cooper, Second Vice President, for their support.

Additionally, we wish to thank Jody Yeager, Pioneer Office Secretary, for her invaluable assistance and Shirley Leneweaver for the preparation and typing of these ranch histories.

I would like to thank the Board of Directors and the Committee Chairman for making funds available for the printing of these volumes.

Ranching today is still an important industry in Arizona, although perhaps not a large as it once was. But the colorful ranch life of those early days has caught the public's imagination.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Stockmen

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF OUR WESTERN STATES

The story of the westward expansion of the United States extends over four centuries, from before 1500 to the middle of the nineteenth century. First came the explorers from England, France, and Spain, followed by the early settlers. As the Atlantic Coast became settled, hunters and woodsmen pushed over the mountains and down the rivers towards the Mississippi River. The Louisiana Purchase opened a huge new section of the West. Over the next century, territorial expansion continued beyond our shores to include islands overseas which became a state.

It took many weeks to follow the Oregon Trail to the new lands of the far Northwest, and often the pioneers were overtaken by wintry weather on the journey. This trail led across the lonely prairies through Nebraska. The prairies were alive with wild things, prairie dogs poked their noses from their holes. Deer and antelope ran fleetly before the hunters. Huge herds of bison with their awkward shaggy manes stared at the intruders of their land.

Many of the wagons were attacked by Indians who naturally resented this invasion of their country. If that happened, the pioneers could only wheel the wagons into a circle for defense; they had to protect the livestock as well as themselves.

After weeks of this life on the trail, the pioneers reached the South Fork of the Platte River. The shallow, muddy river was easy to

cross, and not very many of their animals or personal treasures were lost.

As they came into Wyoming, they found that's where the Rocky Mountains were to be crossed, and going on to Fort Laramie they picked up supplies. Continuing on through the slow waters of the majestic Columbia, they were hoping to find the woods and fertile valleys of Oregon. But it was work for stout hearts.

Not all the covered wagons went to Oregon. Some turned south to California, or sought routes to other territorial states, routes that took them through alkaline deserts. Later, many settled in California when the lust for gold attracted them. Many left their jobs; schoolteachers closed their schools; ministers deserted their pulpits; farmers left their crops to rot in the field.

Soon gold was discovered in Colorado and silver in Nevada. It was not long before gold, silver, and copper had been found here and there in the foothills of mountains from Montana to Arizona.

Many pioneers that settled in Arizona filed on homesteads after Congress had passed the Homestead Act granting a farm to any man or woman who would settle and live on the farm for five years.

The first white men on the open plains were the cattle rangers. Many of the large cattlemen grazed their cattle on the ranges on their way to the north praries of Kansas. Cattle kings and queens arose, and their vast herds wandered freely, bearing the owners' names. Most appealing of all, however, was the cowboy with his long, tough body, his wide sombreros and leather chaps, his slow speech and steady nerve, and his incredible horsemanship.

Many of the older Arizona Pioneers are descendents of the very early immigrants that headed West and claimed rights to the cattle ranches as territories became states. With the states came big cities, small towns, and later, nations of ranchers and farmers and merchants became nations of laborers and capitalists.

Many of the older ranches in Arizona have been sold in the name of progress for our present times. But never will the old times and ways be forgotten. Histories like those of our Pioneers will be told time and time again.

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LLOYD C. ADAMS

T RANCH, TEXAS CANYON

DRAGOON, ARIZONA

David A. Adams brought along some of his Texas horses, branded T (T L Bar), when he left Coleman County, Texas, in early 1879 with a wagon party headed for California. Supplies and money ran out near Gila Bend, Arizona. He was returning to Texas when his team was stolen near the Ohnesorgen stage station where the town of Benson is now situated. To replenish his dwindling finances, Dave Adams decided to stay for a time in that area of Arizona Territory that would become Cochise County on February 1, 1881. He remained the rest of his life and served the county and the people in many ways during the next 64 years. Dave Adams was a County Supervisor for 12 years and State Representative for two terms. He started, and operated for several years, the first commercial water works in Benson. He helped organize the old Citizens Bank, for which he served as president for some time. Dave Adams was a charter member and Executive Committeeman of the Cochise County Stock Growers Association organized in Tombstone March 12, 1912. He started a rural telephone company that eventually reached Benson, Willcox, Bowie, San Simon, Safford, and several other frontier communities and ranches. The very first lines were said to run from "mesquite to mesquite with beer bottles for insulators."

In 1884 Dave Adams established a ranch in the scenic, granite boulder-strewn area between Willcox and Benson that later became known as Texas Canyon. The ranch brand was the T Dave brought with him from Texas. It is one of the earliest brands registered in Arizona, and is

still in use 100 years later.

Dave Adams married Clara Lenora Fourr in 1896. Clara was a daughter of Arizona pioneers William "Uncle Billy" Fourr and Lucinda Jane Nunn Fourr. William Fourr, freighter, miner, Indian fighter, stage station owner, and cowman, had come to Arizona in 1861. He and Lucinda Jane Nunn were married at "Pecan Ranch, Gila River, Arizona Territory" in 1868. They settled in the Dragoon Mountains area in 1878, the same year Ed Schieffelin discovered silver at Tombstone.

Although the first two Adams children were born in the five-room adobe ranch house in Texas Canyon, Clara went into town for the birth of her third child. Therefore, Benson is the birthplace of Lloyd Adams, born July 15, 1900.

As an infant Lloyd was associated with a bit of havoc. Shortly after being baptized in a Willcox church, it burned down. On the train ride home to Dragoon, the train ran into another train and he was thrown from his mother's lap into the conductor's fat belly, knocking the conductor down and causing the only "casualty."

Lloyd was five years old when he was given his first saddle and he went on his first three- or four-day-long roundup. It was the beginning of his training as a true cowboy and cattleman.

Even while very young he was assigned the duty of "herding" the many visiting Texas relatives and family friends. Accustomed to the Texas flat plains, they found the mountains, boulders, brush, and canyons of northern Cochise County completely alien. It was quite a task for a youngster to have to tell some of those hardbitten Texans they were *always* going in the wrong direction!

Domestic water, as well as part of the livestock water, was and still is provided from six-foot-square, 20- to 30-foot-deep wells dug by hand before the turn of the century near the sand wash below the ranch house. Until about 1915 or 1916, Dave Adams had a contract to furnish water to the Southern Pacific Railroad. The water was pumped by a steam engine out of the canyon and over rolling hills some four-and-a-half miles to the wooden railroad tank at Ochoa Siding. The boiler and four-inch diameter, lead-jointed pipe were brought from Gila Bend in 1900. The pipeline had to be checked frequently and the accumulated air released--a task Lloyd often performed. On one such inspection trip, when only seven or eight years old, he came across a dead man near the railroad tracks. Although he thought of himself as very grown-up, brave, calm, and capable, he surprised himself and his horse by how very quickly they made it back to the ranch house!

The Adams children sometimes rode as many as three-at-a-time on an old mule to the one-room wooden school house in Texas Canyon. Too often they found the mule had wandered from the school yard long before classes were over, and they had to walk the two miles home.

Later, Clara stayed in Benson during the school year so that her children could attend the town's larger school. However, enough time was spent in Texas Canyon for Lloyd to help with the ranch work and even to join his younger brother, Alvie, in doing the forbidden--namely, ride the milk calves. One of their clever ideas was to put an old barrel hoop around both of Alvie's feet, under the calf, which worked fine--until the first jump! Alvie's very chafed ankles and broken collar-bone were the painful results revealing their prank to their father but

causing him to postpone their punishment.

Lloyd is naturally left-handed, a trait not allowed by teachers at that time. He was forced to write with his right hand (when "Teacher was looking"). As a consequence, he claims no one can read his handwriting no matter which hand he uses. He ropes right-handed--but in a pinch can swing a mean loop with his left hand, too.

By the time he was fifteen Lloyd had learned to make horsehair and rawhide ropes and reins by watching the Texas and Mexican cowboys. He dally-roped with reatas for many, many years. A few times he may have let a steer hit the end too hard, which "shortened" his reata with a dangerous and loud snap! He'd sure like to see a good 50-foot reata again.

At the time Arizona and New Mexico were being considered for statehood Lloyd remembers "everyone was wearing their pistols to show they didn't want to be part of New Mexico." Then on February 14, 1912, there was a lot of shooting of those pistols to celebrate Arizona becoming the 48th State of the Union.

Pancho Villa's raids along the border occasioned a visit to Douglas to see the 10th Cavalry Soldiers and, as Lloyd remembers it, to watch General "Black Jack" Pershing stroll out from the Gadsden Hotel--but march briskly back when gunfire was heard in the distance. Only residents were allowed in the area between the U.S. Army line and the Mexican border. On their sight-seeing forays into that area, Lloyd and his pals would point to a group of small adobe houses claiming they lived there. It wasn't until much later that Lloyd learned why the soldiers snickered--those little houses were the "Red Light District."

To further his schooling, during parts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 Llody attended Tempe Normal School. One-and-a-half years were enough for both Lloyd and his teachers, and certainly all of his education was not gained in the classroom! When he and a fellow "Freshie" had to sit on either side of an overbearing bully of an upperclassman in the dining hall, they couldn't resist the temptation to surreptitiously fill to overflowing his baggy sweater pockets from the big bowl of peas. They were banished to the kitchen for all meals as their punishment--and discovered it was warmer, more cheerful and informal, and they could eat all they wanted.

Although "cowboying" was his calling, the reason Lloyd joined the Cattle Growers Association in 1917 in Safford, when the Cochise and Graham County organizations merged, was to go to a dance--there were some pretty gals there and non-members weren't admitted! He has been a member ever since, and while President of the Cochise-Graham County Cattle Growers Association in 1965-66 worked diligently to get the Screwworm Eradication Program initiated. He now serves as a member of the Board of Directors.

Lloyd worked for his uncle Fred Bennett on his Slash T L Ranch in 1919. He also worked for other ranchers and outfits as a young man, including the Boquillas Cattle Company, Ben McKinney at Casa Grande, Johnny Rhodes on the San Pedro River, the San Simon Outfit east of Carlsbad, New Mexico, and on the 4F (4 F) Ranch for his grandfather, "Uncle Billy" Fourr. He mastered, even as a young teenager, the very difficult job of roping wild cattle and leading them out of the rugged and forested Dragoon Mountains. Before his death in 1935, at age 93,

"Uncle Billy" Fourr had grown rather cantankerous--he fired Lloyd at least once a day, but Lloyd persisted until the work was done.

Punching cows and breaking horses were his main livelihood as a young man, but Lloyd also worked on county road and bridge gangs in the southern part of the state. Skills and cowboy humor learned during these jobs were called on in January, 1958. Lloyd and two frequent ranch hands, nephew Douglas Robeson and long-time friend Homer Schmidt, labored mightily for days to get a wagon atop a 25-foot boulder overlooking the Dragoon exit on old Highway 86 (I-10 now). Motorists stopping at Homer's gas station below were told, straight-faced, about some flood that left the wagon stranded, or, how after a long drought the rains made a pebble suddenly swell into a boulder!

Lloyd even tried "making his fortune" on a "cattle deal" in Old Mexico. Like most such deals, he gained more experience than fortune.

In 1925 Lloyd was working for the 7— (Seven Dash) Guest Ranch when he met Letha Brattin, the pretty young school teacher who had come West from Stillwater, Oklahoma to teach at Russelville. They were married in Tucson April 16, 1926. In the spring of 1976, Lloyd and Letha made a return trip to Yellowstone National Park where they had toured in a model-T Ford on their honeymoon 50 years earlier.

In the 1930s Lloyd handled much of the ranch work while his father Dave Adams served in the Arizona Legislature. Lloyd assumed even more duties after Dave was disabled by a stroke. Lloyd and Letha had title to the LA (L A) brand and ran some cattle of their own during these years. In the early 1940s they purchased the ranch, the ranch's Hereford cattle, and the T brand from Dave and Clara Adams. The ranch is

composed of about 25 sections--patented, State Lease, and a little BLM land. The vegetation ranges from oak, grasses, and some juniper at the upper elevation of about 5,850 feet to grassy creosote flats at the lower 3,600 foot level with mesquite along the draws. After selling, Dave and Clara remained on the ranch until Dave's death in 1943. Clara moved into Tucson shortly before she passed away in 1956.

As Arizona's population grew, the natural passes on the ranch contributed to its seeming less like grazing country than "right-of-way" country. Perhaps first through the area, prior to the Civil War, was the Butterfield Overland Stage route, traces of which are still evident. Since 1884 when the ranch was founded, the following have been built across it: a railroad, a two-lane road which expanded into a four-lane interstate highway, three big pipe lines, three power and two telephone lines, at least one underground cable, and even an intercontinental nuclear missile site add to the headaches of cattle raising. After one pipeline crew dug a ditch completely across a pasture, cutting cattle off from the only watering tank, Lloyd resolved the problem but picked up the nickname of "Two-Gun Adams."

Letha joined the original Cowbelle group at Willcox. In 1956 she and Maud (Mrs. Clarence) Post initiated the organizing of the San Pedro (Benson) Cowbelles, and Letha was elected president at that time. She served as their president again in 1968, and as one of the rotating presidents in 1975 as well as holding other offices in both the local and state Cowbelle organizations. Letha's interest and devotion to the cattle industry is illustrated by her collection of all the *Arizona Catalogs* from Volume I, No. 1, September 1945 to Volume XXXII, No. 11,

November 1976. She "bound" each year's twelve issues by leather thongs. Letha was killed in a train-auto accident in Benson, November 5, 1976.

Some of the ways Lloyd helped the local community were by serving 18 years on the Benson High School Board of Education, as honorary Cochise County Deputy Sheriff, and several terms on the Benson District of the FHA Loan Board.

Lloyd is a member of the American Quarter Horse Association. His horses have been awarded trophys and ribbons for their high quality at a number of Arizona Quarter Horse Shows. He is also a gold card (life member) holder of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. His rodeo experiences began at an early age when his father put on the June 10th rodeos in Texas Canyon about where the I-10 Highway interchange to Dragoon has subsequently been built. The June 10th date honored Dave's mother, Laura Gleason Adams, on her birthday. The rodeo was an affair everybody in the family eagerly helped with--from participating in the events themselves to providing and working the stock, barbecuing ranch beef, and even making big galvanized-tin washtubs full of potato salad.

Through the years, often roping with good friend and neighboring rancher Archie Durham, Lloyd heeled in the team-tying events in numerous Benson, Willcox, Safford, Webb, and Payson rodeos, among others. In 1960, 1961, and 1962 he won first place at the Old Timer's Roping at Prescott. When Lloyd and Clarence Post went to the Old Timer's Roping at Lenapah, Oklahoma in 1963 and 1964, he said he "won 14 monies but it wasn't enough to eat on." The rodeo circuit pays more now!

Lloyd is a past president and member of the Board of Directors of the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboys Association. He is also a Pioneer

member of the Arizona Historical Society and a charter member of the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen.

Letha and Lloyd had two daughters, Drusilla Letha and Jacqueline Loy. Drusilla died at age 9. Jackie lives in Tempe and is married to Christy G. Turner II, a Professor of Anthropology at Arizona State University. They have three daughters: Kali Ann, Kimi Lee, and Korrie Dee. The  (Rocking R) brand is registered to Jackie and is used for the Turner cattle on the ranch in Texas Canyon.

Lloyd's surviving brothers and sisters are: Alvie, now retired from ranching and living in Tucson; Joyce Mercer, still in the ranching business with her son Virgil at Mammoth; Ralph, who lives in Lone Pine, California; Gladys Robeson, living in Show Low; and Woodrow, of Sierra Vista.

Before her death in 1977, Lloyd's older sister Birdie Glenn recalled her impression of Lloyd:

> We are familiar with Lloyd's uncanny sense of sight and observation of animals on the mountains a mile or more away. He can see a cow behind a bush, with just her nose sticking out, he can give her lineage back through her ancestors, he can recall all the calves she has had and her present calf--branded or not, and if it has worms or not. He can see a horse on a mountain two miles away and tell if it has ticks in its ears, by the way it slings its head. . . .

That about summarizes Lloyd's ability as a stockman for the past 75 years (and he's still going strong).

The Challenge
(A Renegade Tale)

Thirty-two years ago one of Arizona's few remaining herds of renegade cattle roamed the peaks of the Dragoons in Cochise County. The livestock was the remnants of the 350 head K/G herd grazing an eighteen-section, almost perpendicular ranch. Cattle that had been sold off the place the past twenty-seven years had been gathered haphazardly, trapped at water holes, caught when the opportunity presented itself, choused and abused until those that had escaped had become completely wild and ready to attack to avoid capture.

The ranch belonged to Mrs. John (Middlemarch) Kelly and lay several miles west of Pearce. The house stood on the only almost flat piece of ground. From there the land ran up the Dragoons to rocky palisades, the mountain thick with manzanita and scrub oak and cut by occasional canyons lined with sycamore and cottonwood, an ideal hideout for the renegades as wary of man as the deer with which they ranged.

It was early spring of 1948 when Mrs. Kelly offered Bill Owenby, *Lloyd Adams*, and Archie Durham, all of Dragoon, $15 a head for the cattle they could corral. While they didn't figure this would any more than pay expenses, the challenge was irresistible; they just couldn't pass up the opportunity to prove their prowess as cowboys.

Snow still patched the ground when they set up camp in a dry cement tank in Middlemarch Canyon at an abandoned mine several miles above the Kelly house. They were equipped with three horses apiece, heavy chaps and denim jumpers as armor against the brush, catch ropes, tie ropes, hacksaw blades, bedrolls, food, and luck.

Setting up camp and reinforcing the dispirited corrals down at the house crowded the first day. The men bedded down early, full of plans to ride out at daybreak. It was midnight when they awoke to sounds of hooves rattling sheets of the rusted tin that had fallen from the collapsing windmill that towered above camp. Something had come in to water. Moonlight contrasted with dark shadows beneath the mill where the water trough stood.

Leaping into their Levis, Bill and Archie grabbed up catch ropes, both anxious to make the first capture. Lloyd, who had gone with the wagon on his first roundup at the age of five and whose grandfather, Billy Fourr, had homesteaded in these mountains, squirmed deeper into his bedroll. "You damn fools go ahead, I'm going to sleep."

The ensuing noise made that impossible. Cows scattered, bellowing, thundering across tin. Cowboys yelled and cursed as they stumbled around barefoot in the dark.

Even noisier was their crowing when they returned to camp, Bill bragging of the calf and Archie of a cow they had caught and tied up for the night. Archie's triumph was short-lived. Dawn proved that the renegade he had roped was gentle as a housecat and belonged to a rancher across the mountain.

Catching the wild ones was deceptively easy the first day. Not yet alerted to the threat to their freedom, the cattle were off guard. In the lower land Lloyd roped four, Archie three, and Bill two. It was a self-satisfied group that gathered around the campfire that night to complain about the cooking and swap tales of their cowboying skills.

Their pardonable pride was dimmed the next day when they tried to

drive the animals to the corral and found it impossible. When the first big steer gave them trouble, they sidelined it, fastening one front and one hind foot together with a new, half-inch cotton rope. Bill then rode in behind it to crack it across the rump with the double end of a rope and send it on its way. The steer kicked, snapping the rope as if it were twine.

To be coralled, most of the animals after they were caught had to first be tied to a tree and left to wear themselves out fighting that tree. (Several were so vehement they literally beat themselves to death.) The next morning the cowboys would return to tip the vicious horns since the renegades, apparently undaunted by the night of captivity, hooked and slung their heads, straining every ounce to cut, mash, bruise, and mangle their tormentors.

One of the men would fix a rope around the horns or neck of the animal, pull its head as high as possible toward the saddle horn to throw it off balance, and get a couple of dallies around the horn to hold it. It didn't pay to let the renegades jerk slack in the rope. The first time Bill did, the steer ran one rough, tipped horn up inside his Levis and raked the hide nearly to the bone, much to the delight of the other two cowboys. In fact, every time one of the cowboys got into a jackpot, it sent the others into paroxysms of laughter. They called it sport.

Working as a team, one man led the animal out while another crowded it from behind. It was wicked country for this work, too rough for trails in most parts, or with a trail wide enough for just one animal where the renegades struggled constantly to jerk the lead horse off into

piercing brush or slick boulder piles.

The man who crowded from behind was always helpful. "Hang and rattle, Bill, hang and rattle!" as the unlucky lead man did his best to oblige, waiting until he had things under control enough to call back, "Why don't you come show me how?"

The men did their best to cut the stock off from water to bring them in from the roughest country. During that first week they did find some animals on the lower slopes. Bill, riding a three-year-old green colt, Pert, sighted a branded cow of seven or eight below camp, got a run at it on a flat bordering a canyon, and headed it. The enraged cow spun and headed back up the rope, head lowered and horns aimed as she pounded nearer.

"Get a short rein and deep seat!" called Lloyd. Bill fought vainly to rein Pert away. The cow connected, hooking Pert between hock and rump, slashed, and wheeled away to hit the end of the rope like a runaway locomotive. Pert reared and was jerked over backward. By the time Bill regained his feet, both cow and horse were bearing down on him, the rope stretched taut between. Though he put his all into a mad dash, the rope caught up with him. He fell flat to let it go over him and watched helplessly as Pert and the cow sped on until they straddled a tree and the rope brought them to an abrupt halt before it snapped.

Lloyd, until now an amused spectator, overcame his laughter long enough to rope the cow and wait for Bill to remount the quivering Pert, who luckily had suffered only a flesh wound.

As they led the cow on down the canyon they were hailed by Bill's brother Frank who had driven up to see what fun he was missing. He

stopped his car, got out and headed over to talk.

Sighting another hated man, the cow lowered her head and charged. Lloyd's riata, a braided Mexican rope of which he was very proud, proved unequal to the strain and snapped, freeing the cow to charge on. As the riata cracked, Frank looked up, judged that he could never make it back to the car ahead of the racing cow, and broke into a run directly at her and a broad-trunked cottonwood that stood between them. They reached the tree in a dead heat and began a mad circling, the cow sniffing at the seat of his pants as Frank high-stepped just out of reach. Slowly the pace slackened until the cow stopped, her great head against the tree, waiting for Frank to break out on one side or the other. Only Frank's hands appeared from behind the tree, darting lightning quick to capture the trailing riata end and make a couple of rapid dallies around the tree. "Stay with what you get, Frank," suggested Bill.

Frank took a moment to pant before turning to roundly curse Lloyd and Bill, who barely managed to stay in their saddles, nearly collapsed with laughter. "Why didn't one of you rope the damned old reprobate?" demanded Frank.

"The way you were chasing her, we thought you wanted her," explained Bill.

Near the top of the mountain the men caught a 15-year-old maverick bull that proved, even after a night tied to a tree, too stubborn to lead and too big to drag. Remembering a trick from his younger days, Lloyd armed each man with a green oak pole and turned the bull loose. It lumbered off, the men riding along behind until it took a wrong turn,

which it did with annoying frequency. Then one would ride in and whack it across the nose with a pole until it turned away. They made several hundred yards with their game of cowboy polo, squalling jubilantly, before the bull, tired of the game, stopped dead in his tracks and dropped his great head and sulked, refusing to budge an inch.

The cowboys recalled another trick. They uprooted a sacahuista, set fire to it, and rolled it under the bull. Assuring each other, "I'll bet we move that muleheaded, misbegotten old reprobate," they remounted their horses to wait confidently for the bull to decide to move.

The weed blazed high against the bull's belly, filling the air with the odor of singed hair. Head down the bull sulked, unmoved, obviously determined to burn to death without stirring. Defeated, the cowboys rolled the clump of bear grass away, tied the bull to a tree again, and rode off in search of something a little more tractable. Eventually they did win. Returning the next morning to try again, the bull was led down to the corrals, taking just over 10 hours to get the job done.

Almost all the stock gathered was fighting mean. Once the cowboys sighted three mavericks together: a cow, a calf, and a three-year-old bull. By now familiar with the nasty dispositions of the renegades, they treated the bull with great respect as they roped it, cautiously led it, and finally loaded and firmly tied it in a trailer. Only then did Lloyd scratch its nose, just to prove he could. The bull licked his hand. They learned later that Mrs. Kelly had been feeding that "renegade" at the house.

The round up was rough on renegades, men, and horses. Archie was riding his stud, Fred Lowrey, when he came upon a big steer and, as it

broke into a dead run, spurred Fred in hot pursuit. Just as Archie's loop settled around the steer's horns, the runaway leaped off a 20-foot bank. Archie managed to pull Fred to a halt on the edge of the bank just as the steer slid off, catapulting Fred sliding on his rump to the bottom of the cliff. When the dust settled the steer was still roped and Archie was still mounted, proclaiming, "There oughta be an easier son-uv-a biscuit-eatin' way to make a living!"

Daily, the renegades became harder to find. The cowboys were forced to ride until Lloyd's sharp eyes picked up a track. Though, according to Bill and Archie, Lloyd could track about anything that leaves tracks, they still were turned back by darkness and came to camp empty-handed many nights. Having served his cowboy apprenticeship riding the Dragoons with his father and grandfather, Lloyd's natural understanding of cattle showed up in many ways other than his ability to track.

The three rode the rocky crest one morning and sighted a heifer about two miles down in Cochise's Stronghold. As Lloyd was riding Slocum, a work horse he'd brought along for use in leading stock but who "couldn't get out of his own tracks," it was decided that Lloyd'd never get a throw at the heifer. Therefore he would wait on the mountain while Bill and Archie dropped down to get behind the renegade, pushing her ahead and out of the Stronghold, hoping to take advantage of the first opportunity to rope her.

They made the long ride down through the rocks and began pushing her out, each anxiously seeking that chance to rope her. Neither had gotten a throw at her by the time she topped out of the Stronghold.

Dejected, they rode on up to be met by Lloyd, still astride Slocum with the heifer neatly headed. While the two younger men scratched their heads in wonder, Lloyd explained that he'd just figured out which trail the heifer would probably come out on, waited behind a rock, and roped her as she trotted by. He made it sound simple.

But even Lloyd hubbed high center on that roundup one day when he rode Sino, a big bay horse he used for team tying. They got a run at a big steer that barreled down a trail. Lloyd threw, catching one heel just as the steer plunged off the precipitous edge of the trail. Back down at the end of the rope the effect was a lot like roping a stump. As if from a slingshot, Lloyd and Sino were flipped out over the trail edge and landed in an oak tree. While Sino crashed onto the ground, Lloyd was left floundering among the branches. Bill and Archie took full advantage of their opportunity to laugh before roping the steer. To anyone but a cowboy, their sense of humor must have seemed a little perverted. "It peeled hell out-uv both of 'em, but it sure was funny," Bill said. And for the entire three weeks they worked together, all three joined in howls of laughter as skin was peeled like parchment, bones bent if not broken, and bruises bestowed.

A worn and washed-out Forest Service road snaked up the mountain, making it possible to work a truck and trailer part way up. If an animal could be caught near enough to this truck, it would be hauled in the trailer to the corrals.

The men chose this method to bring in a particularly malicious yearling heifer they had left tied near the road. When they arrived, they found that being tied hadn't improved her disposition. If anything

she was madder than when they had cought her, and was obviously going to prove mighty hard for men on foot to load into the trailer.

This time it was Bill and Archie who came up with a plan. Six-foot-four Bill would hold the heifer, braking it with a rope while Archie, shorter and faster, ran ahead toward the trailer, letting the heifer charge him. Thus, they reasoned, they could lead her right up into the trailer.

Off went Archie, the heifer willingly charging behind. Bill, feeling that he'd never get a better chance to test Archie's speed, let the heifer get a little closer and smiled as Archie put his legs in high gear, yelling back, "You overgrown knothead! *Hold* that mangy varmint!"

The game had snowballed to where Archie's legs flailed like a windmill in a gale and Bill was letting the heifer snuff in Archie's hip pocket. That was when Archie's toe hooked in a root and down he sprawled. Bill, weakened by laughter, was helpless to do anything but hang onto the heifer's rope.

During the third week it rained, washing out all tracks. So, after three days riding without sighting a single high-thrown head or crossing one track, the cowboys called the roundup complete and, with poorly concealed grins of pride, broke camp. In three weeks they had gathered 64 head, only 8 of which were branded.

According to state law, any unbranded stock one year or older can be confiscated by the state. In this case, since all neighbors relinquished any claim to these, the cattle inspector didn't press claims for the state.

One of the enormous steers they had brought in measured 5 feet,

2 inches to the tip of his shoulders. When loaded into a horse trailer he stood like a horse, his head hanging out over the front. Fairly thin, his estimated weight was 1,500 pounds. His head, measuring 27 inches from the end of his nose to the base of his horns, is mounted and hangs on the wall of Lloyd's ranch house at Dragoon. "The Challenge" and the steer's head remind Lloyd of one of his greatest roundups.

Some say the cowboys weren't quite as successful as they thought, that at least a few descendants of those wily renegades still graze the high Dragoons.

CORA RIGGS CHATFIELD

OAK RANCH

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

I was born in Tom Green County near San Angelo, Texas on June 30, 1903. Our family lived near Twin Mountains a few miles from San Angelo. We moved to Yuma, Arizona in 1919. In the fall of 1922 when my father began working for the Riggs Cattle Company, we moved to Willcox, Arizona.

William M. Riggs, Sr. and I were married August 29, 1923 in Tombstone, Arizona. William was born in Milan County, Texas, December 27, 1861. His family came to Sulphur Springs Valley in 1879 where he lived most of his adult life. The family members began homesteading and eventually buying land.

The older Riggs children didn't receive much education until they were adults. There were no grade schools for them to attend. Their father, Brannick Riggs, imported teachers from the East to teach his children in a school he maintained at the Riggs home ranch. William did attend a public school for a short time in a building he helped haul materials for and build in Dos Cabezas. He attended Valparaiso University in Indiana after he was a grown man.

During the Civil War, Brannick Riggs had fought in the Confederate Army. He gathered his flock together (there were eventually six boys and four girls in the family) and they drove a covered wagon with oxen teams to Trinidad, Colorado. There he and his brother Jim and his sons engaged in timber work along with furnishing dairy products to army

outposts. They had driven a dairy herd along with them.

About a year later Brannick Riggs and his family started out for the west coast. They wagoned south to Santa Fe, crossed the Zuni Reservation and then the White River in Arizona, and finally stopped in what is now the Safford area. That was in 1876.

For about a year, the Riggs family again sold products from their dairy herd to the army at Fort Apache. In 1878 they moved close to Fort Thomas, on the Gila River. But shortly after, Brannick once again gathered up his family and, after crossing through Apache Pass in the Chiricahuas, at the urging of his wife decided to settle there in the rich foothill grassland on the western slopes.

Here William Riggs got his real start as an Arizona cowman. The family worked as a team and soon became substantial cattlemen. They were to acquire a great deal of patented land, and because there were so many in the family, the area became known as Riggs Settlement.

During his youthful days in Arizona, William Riggs' history is rich with Apache Indian lore. Though the Riggs ranch was almost in the path of the Apache's favorite route to Mexico, they were never bothered. Members of the family were, in fact, friends of several famous Apache chiefs.

Later, when Cochise country became the favorite stamping grounds of many outlaws and cattle thieves, the Riggs menfolk made it clear that they wouldn't stand for any trespassing. Nor did they.

As a youth, one of William Riggs' earliest jobs was to haul logs from Turkey Creek in the Chiricahuas to the newly opened mines in Tombstone. Later the Riggs family engaged in sawmill operations in Pine

Canyon, along with their expanding cattle ranch work.

Meanwhile, their land holdings were added to. About 1910, many of the dry farmers who had been drawn there by land promoters gave up, often selling their homesteads for three dollars an acre--when they could get it.

William was 30 years old when he attended Normal School; he completed the course in three years. After coming home from his schooling he became interested in politics. He served several terms as County Supervisor, and after statehood was elected Senator from Cochise County.

After the senior Riggs died in 1908 the Riggs brothers ran the vast range operation together, alternating the foremanship from time to time. Florencio Hurtado, a pioneer Dos Cabezas cowman, remembers William Riggs well, "He was one of the best ropers in the country, and there were a lot of good ropers. All of the Riggs boys were sharp and good cowmen. When they decided to divide up, I helped separate the cattle." Each individual ranch had previously been fenced, so it was merely a matter of separating, each son driving off his part of the herd. William got the part known as Oak Ranch.

William Riggs and several of his brothers started the Riggs Bank in Willcox in 1920. In 1933 when all the banks were closed, they paid off all the "bad paper" and the depositarios. Controlling interest in the bank had been sold to Dana Milner of Bowie in 1931, and in 1936 the bank was sold to the Valley National Bank.

During his lifetime in the cattle business my husband and I had a number of brands, a five-pointed star for one, a big R for another. In 1931 we began using the three circles brand--two above, one below--which

has been the Oak Ranch's brand ever since.

I attended grade school in Texas and high schools in Yuma and Willcox. William and I had one child, William Monroe "Billie" Riggs, Jr., who was born in Willcox August 24, 1924. Billie and Jean Amalong were married May 25, 1952. They have two sons, William M. Riggs III whom we all call Tra and Ivan Clay Riggs. Both boys live and work at Oak Ranch, operating a family-owned ranch with their father. Tra married Pamela May Ingle. They have two children, April Rhea and William M. "Travis" Riggs IV.

William and I added considerable land to Oak Ranch throughout the years. In the early years we hired several cowboys. I did the cooking, but never learned to milk the cow! During roundup and branding time I would prepare meals to take to the place they were working. When the fall works started, William would hire Ivy Gardner from Willcox to help cook. Ivy cooked steak and gravey while I made biscuits. There had to be hot biscuits every meal as we couldn't buy bread as we do now. William thought he had to have hot bread every meal. I finally got him to eat toast for breakfast, and I learned to bake bread. We didn't have aluminum foil or plastic warp in those days, so I saved the bread wrappers from what bread we did buy and the waxed cereal box liners for wrapping material. William insisted that the cowboys take a lunch even when riding horseback. We made jerky that the cowboys like to carry in their saddle bags for a snack. They could always get a drink of water at a watering place. I enjoyed cooking for the roundup crew as they were a jolly bunch.

Billie started school in Willcox where we lived for the first five

years as William had to be in the Riggs Bank. We moved to Oak Ranch and Billie attended the El Dorado School. I drove him to and from school as there were no buses.

He attended high school in Douglas and spent two years in the U.S. Army. When we moved to Oak Ranch, William hired John Stark to come from California to work for us. John and Goldie had two girls, Connie and Mary, who were about the same age as Billie. The girls and Billie were good company for each other. The Stark's move to the Oak Ranch was the beginning of a long and enjoyable friendship.

William's health began to fail and he passed away February 13, 1949. He had lived a good life. He served in the Arizona Legislature and on the school board for years. He was always ready to help his neighbors and friends. His policy was "honesty is the only policy," and said always "live and let live."

I married Elmer L. Chatfield May 28, 1952. He had farming interests in Iowa. We lived in Mucatihe during the summers and at Oak Ranch through the winter months. Elmer and I enjoyed 26 happy years. He enjoyed the ranch and we saw our grandsons grow up. He died July 5, 1978. I continue to make my home at Oak Ranch near my family.

JOHN L. MUDERSBACH

COTTONWOOD, ARIZONA

John Charles Mudersbach was born in Ohio in the year 1869. Mary Azelia "Beesen" Mudersbach was born in Indiana in 1881. They were married in Flagstaff, Arizona. They homesteaded about 39 miles north of Flagstaff where they built a cabin, cleared about 40 acres, and dug a well. This was the only well in the area of Kendrick Park at the time, so all the farmers hauled water from it. The deed to the ranch was signed by President McKinley in 1898. They had grazing rights, and father built a large tank on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. The well and the tank are still usable. It was here in Flagstaff that John L. Mudersbach was born on February 25, 1902.

A ranch was purchased in Phoenix, so we moved there in 1904. We had sheep and cattle and, I believe, were the first to have sheep in the Salt River Valley the year around. Father won many ribbons for his Shropshires and Rambouillets.

My schooling began in the Isaac School, a two-room building with four grades in each room. We bought a home in Phoenix at 1516 West Adams Street and I attended the Adams School. From there I attended Phoenix Union High School. World War I got started and I had a chance to go to a private school in Meridian, Mississippi to study art. The army took over the school, messing up the art pretty good, so when the war was over I returned home.

Dad was on a half-section ranch in the Glendale area. This ranch was well equipped, with four 500-ton silos, large storage barns for grain and cottonseed hulls and meal. There were plenty of feed pens

for fattening 600 to 700 steers and about 700 lambs. They were shipped to the Kansas City market.

After moving all that feed, the trips to K.C. gave us a rest. The train stopped every so-many miles so the stock would be unloaded, fed, watered, and rested. All this gives a young man a strong back and a good foundation for the future. If you have any doubts, try carrying a fat lamb up the ramp to the upper floor of the double-deck cars. When you get one lamb in there, the others can be driven in.

We had several sections of grazing land on the desert north of the Arizona Canal and Lateral 19. One spring this was knee-high with filaree, Indian wheat. So we fenced in a 5-acre holding pen for the 180 steers and cows I took there to get fat. This allowed me to ride back to the ranch at night for good food and sleep. The only rough part of this was that some of the cows calved. We took the calves to the ranch so they could use the separated milk that was surplus, so the cows could be dried up. Range cows are a bit fussy about being milked, so by the time I roped six or seven for milking I had a good workout. We shipped most of these for range beef; however, some were so fat the inspectors placed them with the pen-fed beef.

The ranch brand was a "butcher block."

My last feeding job was on a ranch west of Buckeye finishing out about 200 steers. This lasted about three months. My bunk was in a small granary with a few rats and mice. My meals were taken with a sharecropper's family. Three times a day I had about a mile-and-a-quarter round trip to eat fried side pork, sliced fried sweet potatoes, and corn bread. By the last week or two I was missing the mid-day walk.

I've learned to like all these foods now.

This completes my stock experience. The only ranch I've owned was in Arkansas. This was about 120 acres with a two-story solid oak house and 20 acres cleared. The rest was in trees. When we visited it, planning to put a friend on it, we found that where there had been crops the trees had taken over. Not wishing to support a family for two or three years to get it in shape, we put the ranch on the market.

The desert was so peaceful it became plain to see that my life would be right there unless I moved off soon. The few years following were spent looking at the beauty of the Western United States.

Starting in the shipyards in San Pedro, California, learning to heat rivets, passing rivets, and "bucking up" were part of my experience. It wasn't easy--one cannot see from the bottom inside a ship. From there, my next work was in the lumber yards and mills in Oregon. Then to the logging camps in Washington. It was a splendid experience to work in the first all-electric logging camp in the world in Riderwood, Washington. There was no noise from the steam donkeys--just peace and quiet as the logs moved out on high lines hung to the tops of 100-foot trees.

We were told that if we stayed in camp six months we would be owing the company, so I left. On leaving I went to Bully Hill, California and worked on the steel gang remodelling a zinc plant for the California Paint Company. After about three months there was a big forest fire and a friend and I volunteered to help. We were on the mountain over two weeks bringing the fire under control.

From there, my next job was truck driving, hauling mud up on Signal

Hill in Long Beach for the oil drillers.

About this time the copper mines were starting to re-open. My next job was in the flotation department, the next to the last process in extracting copper. The next step up was the Vanner tables, then the Wilfry tables, ball mills, Chillian mills, and then to the roll floor. This last was the crushing department, operated by eight 500 HP electric motors. All communication was done by whistling and hand signals.

After a vacation on the coast, I went back to a smelter and learned to operate a triple-hoist electric crane. This was a good lazy man's job. After awhile, in Douglas, Arizona, they decided to raise the roof on the smelter and I took a job with the steel gang, doing the climbing and connecting up.

All of this time my painting supplies were available, and a bit of cash could be earned by selling hand-painted lamp shades of silk and evening shawls of crepe de chine with birds and flowers. Having acquired a surplus of these items I went to Phoenix and tried to place them in a store. No luck. So, upon stopping in a sign company to ask for advice, the owner offered me a job--learning!

Well, after more than 50 years in commercial art with a bit of fine art inbetween, I retired from my business in San Diego, California, where I was after WW II.

I'm back on the desert now, these past twelve years. Back on the peaceful desert using paint brushes instead of a rope.

Verde Village
Route 3, Box 1312
Cottonwood, AZ 86326
March 12, 1980

JAMES A. COSPER

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

James A. Cosper, who was known as "Jim" by his many friends, and in his younger years as "Little Jim," was born August 19, 1893 at Luna, New Mexico, the second son of Lou Ella and J. H. T. Cosper, who were often referred to as "Aunt Ella and Uncle Toles." They were the parents of ten children, four girls and six boys.

When Jim was about five years old, his parents moved to Blue River, Arizona and homesteaded just above McKidrick Canyon, where they raised their family and developed a large cattle ranch and branded Y-Y. Jim and his older brother, DeWitt, also had cattle which were branded KOS.

About 1912 the Cospers bought the VT cattle and Thomas Creek Ranch holdings from Jim's cousin, "Big Jim" Cosper, and this became "Little Jim's" Ranch.

On February 21, 1916 he married Katie Fritz, the only daughter of Katie and Fred Fritz, Sr., whose XXX Ranch joined the VT Ranch. They were married at the Fritz Ranch by Reverend Curry Love, the Presbyterian minister of Clifton. Katie and Jim made the Thomas Creek Ranch their home and used the VT and KL brands. They had two sons, Phil Morton and Edward Thomas, who spent their teenage years there, except the time they attended school on Eagle Creek and Clifton High School when they stayed with their grandmother, Katie Fritz. Later, Phil and Edward went to Colorado State at Fort Collins, Colorado.

Phil married Dorothy Edwards, a nurse at Morenci Hospital, and they have three girls, Sue Connor, Sandra Rausch, and Jo Ann Armstrong.

Edward Thomas married Mary Lou Lunt, daughter of Pearl and Randall

Lunt, an old-time family of Greenlee County. She worked in the Greenlee County Attorney's office. They have two girls, Deborah (Debbie), who is married to Michael Alecksen, and Katie, married to Jim Duncan. So, again, there is a "Katie and Jim" in the Cosper-Fritz family. They also have a son, Joel Edward, who is attending Northern Arizona University. Phil and Edward live in Phoenix.

In 1941 Fred Fritz, Jr. and his wife, Kathleen, bought the Thomas Creek Ranch holdings. Jim moved the VT and KL cattle to the Mallet (T) Ranch which he and Katie bought from Cleve "Dago" Miller. It was on the Eagle Creek watershed--the Sheep Wash-Hog Trail and Bear Canyon country.

Jim's wife Katie died February 4, 1947 following a lung operation at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix. She is buried at Clifton. In 1948 Jim married Twila Hawk Laney, who had one son, Russell. Jim and Twila had a son David, now living with his wife Joan in Flagstaff, a daughter Beth, married to Kendall Curtis and living in Thatcher, Arizona, and a second son, Scott, now with the Army in Germany. Twila passed away in April, 1969.

At that time, Jim sold the Mallet Ranch and came to the XXX Ranch. He was there until May, 1978, when he was badly burned when the bunkhouse and other adjacent buildings were destroyed by fire. He was hospitalized for over two months, and then went to Safford to live. Jim never fully recovered from that fire accident, and passed away April 24, 1980. Jim Cosper was buried in the Safford Cemetery as was his wife Twila.

Besides his immediate family, Jim left ten grandchildren and five

great-grandchildren. Also, two sisters, Lula Hodges of Rimrock, Arizona and Kittie Potter of Clifton, and two brothers, Johnny "Juan" Cosper of Prescott and Wayne of Safford, survive him.

James A. Cosper was a kind-hearted man who loved and lived for his family. He came from the old, rugged ranch type of which there are too few left--always a cowman and an exceptionally good cowboy with mean and wild cattle of which there were many in those early Blue River days. It was often said--and certainly was correct--that "Little Jim" knew the nature of those wild cattle and always seemed to be at the right place at the right time! Cowboys like him are very few today.

The special prayer which was offered at "Little Jim's" graveside services on the 26th day of April 1980 by Reverend Paul David Sholin of Tucson, a brother-in-law of Jim's son Phil, is a most fitting tribute with which to close this brief history:

Oh, God, we are gathered to say goodbye to your servant, Jim Cosper. He is deeply respected and dearly loved and is very special to all of us as we know he is to You.

Jim represents in his quiet dignity a large chapter of our history in this land. Who he was and the way he lived were a great example of the best the West produced.

He loved this country and knew some parts of his State better than anyone else. His face reflected the countless dawns he had greeted. He fit into Your creation so well, and was one of Your great creations himself.

He had a breadth of spirit to match the country that he rode. He was molded by the land he loved and the work he did. He had a fortitude that made him seem indestructible for so long.

His family and friends knew him as a man of his word, a man of courage and generosity. He spoke little of his relationship to You, oh, God. But You knew of his faithfulness and goodness that had to come from You.

We are truly grateful for the privilege of being related to him or of just being able to be around him. We will miss his grin and his gentleness. Care for him in Your mercy as he has cared for those gathered here. Grant us glad reunion with You and him when it comes time for us to go. We ask in our Lord's name, through His love and acceptance, amen.

Compiled by

Fred Fritz, Jr.

PETE MASSE

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

My name is Pete Masse and I was born June 4, 1905 in the State of Kansas. My parents were immigrants from Italy and came here at a young age. They migrated to Arizona when I was three months old. My father came first and was employed by the Harqua Halla Mine, nine miles from Salome, Arizona. I grew up and attended school in Aguila and Wenden, where I finished the eighth grade. At the age of fourteen I was employed by Renada Ranch in the Butler Valley, owned by Fred Tatum and managed by Henry Aldrich; later, I owned it myself. My pay at that time was $35.00 a month with room and board. I was there one year. At age fifteen I returned to Aguila where I started my own herd with one Hereford and a brand, P 4 Bar (P4), which is recorded in the brand book of 1920.

At the time it was open range and cattle were plentiful. Most were wild because of different ranchers and cowboys riding among them from day to day, range branding their calves or doctoring for screwworm. Mavericks could be found from time to time which helped build your herd.

About 1921 I was employed by Campbell and Martin who owned the Four Paw Cattle Company which was still open range. While working for them I could also keep track of my own cattle.

My mother, Mary, also had a herd of cattle which she purchased from my brother, George, when he went off to World War I in 1918. Her brand was Quarter Circle NV (NV) which is also recorded in the 1920 brand book. Due to the drought in 1923 and 1924, she sold her herd to Del Crab of Aguila.

Due to this drought of '23 and '24, Campbell and Martin, and also

myself, had to start feeding our cattle a supplement just to keep them alive. The latter part of 1924, Campbell and Martin decided to build a feed lot two miles south of Four Paw Railroad Siding and Shipping Pen where they also had a water well. At that time they made arrangements to purchase feed from Trumane Mills in Mesa. During this drought many cattle died on the range. It was then that Campbell and Martin decided to build a feed pen at Four Paw. By April 1924, we started rounding up the cattle which amounted to about 1,200 head. Also about 40 head of my own which I fed out with their cattle. The amount of feed per day was 25 to 27 ton which arrived by railroad at Four Paw Siding. After about 120 days of feeding we started selling the fattest of the lot to buyers until they were all sold. After the cattle were all sold and they settled with Trumane Mills for feed, Campbell and Martin told me the cost was $9.00 a head above the sale of the cattle. This was the end of my first bunch of cattle.

After this Martin told me he would not stock the ranch again and advised me to look for a job at ranches that were foreclosed on by the San Francisco Loan Company, which was in the northwest area of Yavapai County. At this time they were rounding up the cattle, having started before I went to work for them, but the cattle I helped round up all seemed to be wild cattle. In the morning when we left camp, the first bunch of cattle we would jump we would have to rope and tie down half of them before we could get the rest stopped to start our holdup. Then we would go back and pick up the ones we had tied down. The San Francisco Loan had ten cowboys and a cook at all times. Also, there were two to five stray men coming and going from different ranches. The

manager for the gathering and shipping of the cattle of San Francisco Loan was Jim Johnson. The wagon boss was Boomer Manan. These shipments were large. Trainloads at one time were 1,200 to 1,500 head. Shipments were made from Congress Junction or Date Creek, depending on the area we were in. Headquarters for this operation was the OX Ranch on the Date Creek. The sixteen months I was there, 7,000 head were shipped. Some cattle that were hard to find were left on the range. A man from the San Francisco Loan came to find out why we were not shipping more, and after a short stay he thought all but a few were gathered. The manager, Jim Johnson, bought the remnants as 400 head. After we finished gathering, the remnants there turned out to be 1,200 head!

After this the work was finished and I was the last cowboy on the payroll. Each cowboy had seven horses in his string, four to ride and often the remaining three were in the "hospital." When I left on Christmas Eve, 1926, the manager gave me my pick of the seven horses in my string. Leaving the JF Ranch three miles north of Congress Junction at 6:00 p.m., I rode across the desert to Aguila on that Christmas Eve night.

Shortly after returning to Aguila I was employed by John and Dick Bullard who were in the cattle business, mining, and also ran a grocery store at Congress Junction. I lived with John Bullard, who lived at the Bullard Mine which is located nine miles northwest of Aguila. We pumped water from the mine for the cattle which ran on the Harcuvar Mountains which also had springs. Bullard also piped water from a spring to Date Creek. This was known as the pipeline and was seven miles long. That spread is now known as the Pipeline Ranch. John Bullard was a veteran

soldier of the Civil War. In February 1927, it rained seven days and nights, and John fought the war over and over in that seven days. When the rain ended I knew the whole history of the Civil War and how the *South* won.

I worked for the Bullard brothers until the following fall of that year. Spring rain had brought lots of feed on the desert. Hub Russell, a cattleman, shipped 2,000 to 3,000 steers into the area because of the vast amount of feed. They were run on the Campbell-Martin range which was still mostly open range. Zeke Martin managed the handling of the steers. When the time came to gather the steers and ship, Zeke Martin asked me if I would help in the gathering of the steers. Having worked for Martin before, I agreed to help. While working for Martin, I met Hub Russell for the first time, and he played an important part in my life for the next five years. During the winter of 1927-1928 Hub purchased a ranch in the area of Aguila. The work for Zeke Martin being finished, Hub Russell asked me to work for him, which I did in the spring of 1928.

Hub had a lease on the Indian reservation between Parker and Blythe, which laid on the Arizona side of the Colorado River. This was a ranch managed by John Meadows on a year-around operation with mother cows. The ranch was used in conuunction with the Aguila ranch where he would move steers into the reservation ranch when feed was plentiful (like after a river overflow). Russell had ranches in Arizona and California. Also, he did some farming in both states. In the spring of 1929 he shipped 1,500 head of yearling steers into the Aguila ranch. A short time after that the crash of 1929 hit the nation. The following

spring they were returned to the Aguila ranch due to the low market price. The following fall, due to the continuing low market, the steers were shipped back again to the reservation ranch. The next spring the steers were shipped to an alfalfa farm in Holtville, California which was owned by Russell and managed by John Meadows who had managed the reservation ranch.

This was in the spring of 1930 and the Depression was well on its way. Hub Russell quit his operations on the Aguila and reservation ranches. The Babbitts, having an interest in both ranches, took over the operation in 1930 and ran both ranches until 1935, at which time the government cancelled the lease on the reservation ranch.

In 1935 Ted Thurston contacted me and asked me to come help gather the cattle off the reservation, as I knew the country having worked there before. The first shipment was made from Blythe, California. We had to cross the bridge between Arizona and California with the 1,200 cattle. It was one of the most scary jobs I ever did. One cowboy had to follow behind every fifty or so cattle. By the time I got to cross the bridge it was so wet, slippery, and shaky that my horse was about to fall. I wanted to jump right into that river. Such well-known cowboys as Ernie Richards, Lee Miller, and Tom Wells helped with this crossing of cattle.

The Aguila ranch was sold in 1935 to Marion Wilburn. Russell still had some interest in ranches in Arizona and still operated a ranch in Wilcox. Most of his interests by this time were in California.

In the summer of 1931 Russell contacted me and asked if I would come to Holtville, California, in the Imperial Valley, to help John

Meadows with the cattle. Later a feed pen was built to finish off some of the steers for market. This was my responsibility. In the spring of 1932 the steers were all finished off and marketed. After this I returned to Aguila, Arizona once more.

Upon my arrival back to Aguila I decided once again to get back into the cattle business on my own. Still having my brand, P4, all I needed was some cattle. Afterwards, I heard of a widow woman who owned a spread fifty miles north of Aguila called Buzzard Roost Country and who had some cows for sale. Early one morning I saddled my horse and started on the fifty-mile journey to the Buzzard Roost Country. Thirty miles north en route I stopped and spent the night with my brother, George, who was foreman on the DB Ranch owned by Viola McNeal. They were starting the roundup and needed help. She told me she wanted some cowboys who could ride a fast horse and throw a long rope, and offered me a job for the roundup. Asked what she paid she replied, "Fifteen dollars a month, room and board." The room was in a barn or wherever you could lay down and sleep. I had to refuse the offer as my plan was to get a herd of my own started.

Riding on over to Buzzard Roost, I found the widow who had the cows for sale. The cattle were running on the range. After talking for awhile, we struck a deal--$10.00 a head for fifteen cows and I gathered them off the range, which took four days. While there the four days, she served me my meals which consisted of jerky gravy, very good hot biscuits, and coffee. The widow had two sons, and the oldest helped me drive the cows back as far as the DG Ranch. There a nephew met me with a pack horse and helped with the drive to Aguila. While

spending the night at the DG Ranch one of the cows calved. Starting on the continuation of our drive the next morning, my nephew and I took turns carrying the calf across our laps in the saddle. The first day on our drive we made it to the Fogel Tank, ten miles north of Aguila. After returning to Aguila with my cows and calf, I kept them in a holding pasture to keep them from drifting back. My next addition to my herd was a trade with Jesse Moore. Nine cows for a 1928 model Ford. After that I kept adding to my herd, buying at small sales and from anyone who may have had one or two for sale, if the price was right.

In the fall of 1932 I retained two sections on lease from the State Land Department. I also bought three sections of deeded land that was up for sale because of delinquent taxes. This gave me some land holdings so I could further enlarge my herd, even though we still had open range. In the fall of 1932 I built a dirt tank to retain water, with a Fresno and four horses. This was on state land. I also drilled a well in the same area, never dreaming at this time that open range was about to come to a stop.

In 1933 the government enacted the Taylor Grazing Act. This was the beginning of the end of open range. After that the government allotted the land to ranchers according to their holdings and priorities or length of time in the area. This caused a lot of confusion and it took the government years to get the boundary lines settled. In the allotment I was awarded sixty-six sections in the Aguila area. Apparently my having water helped me get this allotment. After the boundary lines were established, ranchers started building fences to protect their own grazing land. The government helped some in the expense of

building these fences. After fencing my land I built more dirt tanks and installed a pump at the old Bullard Mine, which produced ample water for the cattle. Many improvements were made on my ranch from 1933 to 1935. Lots of just plain hard work and sweat.

In the fall of 1935 I felt I was on my way to becoming a rancher and should improve my herd by purchasing better bulls. Tom King, who dealt in cattle, had purchased some Hereford bulls from the state university. Of these I purchased six of his best for $125 a head from monies I saved up over the years as a $35 a month cowboy. Shortly thereafter, this improved my herd and made the cattle more gentle to handle.

About this time, Tom Pollock of Flagstaff contacted me. He had exchanged some government land into state land that adjoined my land on the south. This had three wells. Pumps had been stolen in the past. Allotment of this parcel was fifty-four sections, but not fenced. He employed me at that time to make improvements on his allotment, such as installing pumps and wells, building corrals, and fencing the fifty-four sections. Tom Pollock was an ex-banker from Flagstaff. At one time Tom had many holdings in the state and other places such as sheep and cattle ranches, coal mines, and at one time had his own private railroad car. During the period I was employed by Tom Pollock as the manager of his Aguila ranch, I also managed my own which lay next to his. Pollock also owned a large cattle ranch in the Big Chino Valley. At this ranch, as soon as the calves were weaned they were shipped to his Aguila ranch that I managed.

The following fall of 1936 the ranch had been improved and was

ready to handle cattle. Pollock's first shipment of calves from his Chino ranch was 800 head.

In the winter of 1937-38 the Big Chino Valley was hit with a very large snowstorm which covered the feed on the range. This forced Pollock to gather what cattle he could off the Chino range and ship them to the Aguila ranch. About 1,200 to 1,400 head were gathered. Some died as a result of the storm. He also lost a thousand head of sheep on the Willaha Ranch near the Grand Canyon as a result of the same storm. By this time Pollock had about 2,000 head of cattle on his Aguila ranch.

In February 1938 Pollock was stricken with a heart attack and died. He had come by the ranch in Aguila, visited with me, returned to Flagstaff that day, and passed away that night. I still managed the ranch until the estate was settled.

In the spring of 1939 Clarence Denny of Seligman purchased all of Pollock's cows, heifers, and calves. Guy Bryant of Phoenix, a cattle dealer, purchased all the steers. Then my job was to gather and deliver for shipment. This was done by five cowboys and myself. A year later the ranch was sold to Kemper Marley who at that time was dealing in cattle. This ended my job as manager. Marley used the ranch more for a holding ranch, with cattle coming and going at all times. My brother, John, managed the ranch until Marley sold it. This ranch is now all farm land where they raise mostly cotton and some wheat.

From 1940 to 1943 I had my herd improved and shipped about 150 calves a year. By this time World War II had been declared. On November 1, 1943 I received my notice to report for duty. At that time I was forced to sell my cattle, my ranch, and other holdings at a big

loss. John Boyer and his son Dick purchased the ranch. One year later they sold the ranch and cattle at a large profit.

While in the service I met a girl by the name of Lorraine Clausen, who was a Wave at that time. After a short courtship of four months she became my wife and later bore me two fine daughters, Vivian and Linda.

In June 1945 I returned to civilian life with a pregnant wife. My only income was the $20 a week government check which was known in those days as a "rocking chair check." The money I received when I sold my cattle and ranch before going into the service I had put into bonds. Cashing the bonds upon returning, I purchased a sheep ranch from Pete Espil which consisted of twenty-eight sections of state and BLM land. This lay four miles southwest of Wickenburg. At once I converted the sheep range into a cattle range. This range had two dirt tanks. I started an immediate improvement by drilling two wells four miles apart with two large dirt tanks, making four tanks in all. At that same time I built a two-bedroom house at the well near Wickenburg. I also built two corrals at each well and a fenced horse pasture near the house. To start over again, my first purchase of cattle was 150 head from a man by the name of Pete Echeverria. After two years of improving the ranch, I sold it to Jim Jones from California and this time made a profit. I was wanting a larger ranch.

In 1948 I purchased sixty-six sections which lay west of the previous ranch I had owned before entering the service.

In 1950 I purchased the Renada Ranch in Butler Valley, north of Wenden, which consisted of 150 sections (22 miles across!). General

Patton's army had trained there and left the ranch so demolished that the owner did not wish to rebuild it. Again I started immediately improving the ranch by drilling two wells; I also had springs in the mountains. I built a few corrals and fenced it.

In 1952 I sold the sixty-six sections I had purchased in 1948. This was an improved ranch with a two-bedroom house, barn, and outbuildings. It was known in the past as the Bob Miller Ranch. The purchasers were Wagner and Farnsworth from Mesa. The cattle were purchased by Chuck Barnes who owned the Lincoln Ranch on the Bill Williams River. I also let my brand, the 2 Lazy 2 (2ᔓ), go with the cattle as Barnes did not want to rebrand them.

Until 1955 I was still operating the Butler Valley Ranch which had been improved. Thereafter, my family lived in Wenden in a house I had previously built. At that time I traded the ranch for an eighty-acre farm in Mesa and sold the cattle to a buyer from California. The newly acquired farm had a five-bedroom house, two baths, a feedpen, and a cotton allotment.

The trade for the farm was with Mell Hancock. The farm had been in operation for many years, but after two years I decided I was not a farmer and sold to Joe Lamb.

In 1956 I purchased a four-thousand acre ranch near Mayer. One-thousand acres were deeded land; three-thousand acres, leased land. There was only one weak spring on the ranch and again I started making improvements. First were three wells and four dirt tanks. One was a very large tank. I built a three-bedroom house, barn, corrals, and outbuildings. After the ranch was improved and ready for cattle, I

journeyed to Susanville, California and purchased seventy head of registered black Angus cows and six bulls.

In 1960 I purchased a ranch in Skull Valley, near Ferguson Valley. This ranch had eleven sections of forest grazing land and eighty acres of deeded land with two running creeks, one well, and many springs which supplied plenty of water. The ranch was known as the Tot Young Ranch. Headquarters had a three-bedroom house, barn, corrals, outbuildings, and a well and windmill for domestic use. It also had a half-acre pond with bluegill and bass which was fed by springs, and apple and pear orchards and large cottonwood trees.

In 1961 my wife became ill. Shortly thereafter the doctor recommended that we move back to Mayer at a lower elevation and where we would be closer to the hospital. I did this at once.

In 1962 I sold off the Skull Valley cattle and the Triangle G (◁G) brand along with the forest grazing permit to Bud Webb, whose ranch adjoined mine. Later I sold the headquarters and eighty acres to a retired dentist from the East.

In the fall of 1963, after moving back to the Mayer Ranch, I sold off the black Angus cattle and the Nine X (9X) brand to Grover Kane who shipped them to the southern part of the state.

The following February 22, 1964 my wife passed away. My girls at this time were teenagers; the oldest in college, the youngest in high school. Getting a permit from the state, I established a one-acre private cemetery on the Mayer ranch and buried my wife there. The cemetery is now known as the Masse Ranch Cemetery.

My ranch at this time had no cattle at all, and Herman Meredith

contacted me for the purpose of running his cattle on the ranch. These were a purebred Santa Gertrudis. I managed his cattle while there. From the herd we sold the young bulls, and the heifers were shipped to the Meredith ranch in Young, Arizona.

In 1969, while still at the Mayer ranch, I purchased the Aguila ranch once more, the one which I had owned before the war and had to dispose of when going into the army. Over the years the ranch has run down to a point that before stocking it many improvements had to be made. By this time, my daughter Linda had married Paul Alastuey and they had one daughter. Afterwards, I purchased a house on Rodger's Turkey Farm, in Dewey, and moved it onto the Aguila ranch. Later, an addition was made which made it a four-bedroom house. I made my son-in-law, Paul, manager of the ranch. He and the family moved onto the ranch at once. Paul started improvements immediately. The first project was a sixteen-mile pipeline with a water trough every mile. This was fed by a 20-inch diameter well, 1,400 feet deep, with 900 feet of standing water. There was a pump at the well and also two booster pumps on the pipeline. After the pipeline was finished we started stocking the ranch. My brand then was Check C (✓C). Paul, at that time, also had fifty head of cattle of his own, branded Hook V (⁀V), which he brought to the ranch. Then improvements started again. He built six sets of corrals and five loading chutes over the ranch. While Meredith's cattle were still roaming on my ranch in Mayer, he became interested in buying it. After we struck a deal, I sold the ranch to him but kept twenty acres around the cemetery which had a 30-foot easement from the highway. After disposing of the ranch in Mayer, I rented a house in Prescott and

often made trips to the Aguila ranch when needed. Afterwards I had a bunkhouse built there and moved back to the ranch. The bunkhouse was a short distance from headquarters. During 1974-75 there was a bad drought and Paul and I were forced to sell off our cattle on a depressed market.

In 1975 I was stricken with a heart attack and have been in poor health since that time.

After the 1974-75 drought, we had a wet season in 1975-76 which produced lots of feed and no cattle. The spring of 1976, Frank Oza pastured 4,000 head of sheep on the Aguila ranch until June, then moved them out before it became too hot. Shortly after that, I sold the ranch and moved back to Prescott where I rented an apartment until I purchased sixty acres back from Meredith. This acreage adjoined the twenty acres I had kept when I sold him the ranch, giving me possession of eighty acres of the four-thousand acre ranch that I once owned. My first improvement was to fence the eighty acres and divide the same into two pastures, build an erosion dam, drill a well, and build a barn and outhouses. Then I built a two-bedroom house with a large screened-in porch. I moved into the house in July of this year, 1979. Then I installed two water troughs, one in each pasture, and piped water to them. On my small spread I have a horse, one dog, and two guinea hens. I still have my Check C brand (✓ɔ), and next spring I'll run a few calves. Not much of a spread but I'm back on the land that I love.

I now consider myself a retired rancher and have travelled a long trail since coming to Arizona in 1905 at the age of three months.

I have raised and educated two daughters who have given me five

grandchildren: three grandsons and two granddaughters. My oldest daughter, Vivian, married Norman Perry, has two sons, and now resides in Birmingham, Alabama. The youngest daughter, Linda, married Paul Alastuey, has two daughters and one son, and now resides in Douglas, Arizona.

Looking back over the years I consider I've lived a good, enriched life. Times of laughter and times of sadness. Should I live it over again I would not want it any different than it was.

ELDORA WAHL CURRY

CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA

Eldora was born December 2, 1887 in western Nebraska on a farm. She spent her younger days in schools in the area, and later received her diploma from the St. Elizabeth Hospital of Nursing. At that time nurses worked an all-day shift with only two hours off for the sum of $35.00 a month.

In 1918 following a period of rigorous duty during a flu epidemic near Lincoln, Nebraska, Eldora came to Casa Grande. The rigorous duty and no sleep in the bitter cold weather had taken their toll of her health, and her doctor had advised her to seek a warm, dry climate.

In those days Casa Grande, Arizona was little more than a whistle stop, but it offered a whole new way of life for Eldora. She worked for Dr. Gungle in the first four-room hospital in Casa Grande. The A&H Chevrolet Company stands at that spot today.

There were no highways, no ice, and the electricity was turned off at midnight. The hospital averaged two patients at a time. There was a time when a woman who was badly cut in a knife fight was brought in on a railroad hand-car from Maricopa. It was just before midnight and they had to work as fast as they could to get her sewed up before the electricity was shut off.

Eldora Wahl always felt her nursing career was a stepping stone to her happy marriage. At least when Roland Curry got a look at her as she walked down the street, pert and pretty in her white cap and uniform, he decided that she was the girl for him! A short time later, Dr. and Mrs. Gungle just happened to invite Roland and Eldora to the

same dinner party, and Cupid's arrow found its mark.

In 1921 Roland carried off Eldora in a Model-T Ford to be married in Florence. On the way back, jogging over the deep ruts crossing the rough desert country, the car broke down and they were stranded for quite awhile until someone came along and pulled them out.

Roland Curry was born October 20, 1893 on the Palominas Ranch in a hugh old adobe house next to the San Pedro where that river crosses the Mexican line.

Avery Curry, Roland's father, came out to Arizona in 1878 when he was 18 years old, driving out with two friends in a buckboard from Comanche, Texas. Avery soon got into the cattle business along the San Pedro. He sold out to Bill Greene in 1900, married Hughella Pyeatt, and moved to the desert country south of Casa Grande.

As a youngster in Cochise County, son Roland received a thorough schooling in the cow business working for Babe Thompson on the famed old Turkey Track outfit. He also worked on B. A. Packard's ranch in Mexico. When he was 16 years old, Roland Curry signed on as a cowboy with the Greene RO spread until 1920, the last four years as foreman.

During Pancho Villa's skirmishing in Sonora, Roland got tangled up in a deal that put 300 Villistas on horseback, on good RO horses. Villa had kidnapped Charlie Wiswall, the RO boss. (Curry also was Villa's prisoner for nine days.) The ransom for Wiswall was 300 RO horses pastured on this side of the line. Later, Villa used these horses in his raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

In 1920 Roland joined his dad as a partner on the desert ranch which included the Sawtooth Mountains. He has been ranching there

ever since.

Roland and Eldora's ranch brand was the UO. Extensive improvements were made on the Curry ranch. Spreader dams, tanks, and wells were put in. He also farmed some 500 acres in the San Carlos project.

Prior to 1940 the Currys ran Herefords, having started with 150 RO heifers and some Will Roath bulls. Then in 1940, Roland began switching to a crossbred operation and now uses Santa Gertrudis and Charollaise bulls.

In 1959 the Currys and Manard Gaylar bought the famous Old Palo Alto Ranch, north of Sasabe in the Altar Valley. They divided it up, and Curry stocked his fifty-six sections with crossbreds from his desert ranch.

Before his death, Roland Curry was a member of both the Masons and the Elks. At one time he owned a one-fourth interest in the Paramount Packing Company of Casa Grande, with Maurice Smith and Olin Woodruff as partners.

Life on a cattle ranch was a bit different from life on a farm. For the first time, Eldora learned to ride with a saddle (she had been used to riding bareback on an old work horse at home). Their nearest neighbor was three miles away and there were no phones.

The place was alive with rattlesnakes so Ben Pyeatt, Roland's uncle, bought Eldora a .410 shotgun so she could shoot the rattlers. She had handled B-B guns and rifles and it wasn't too long before she was expert at picking off the rattlers--she had plenty of practice. She lost count of how many she killed but they seemed to be limitless.

Roland introduced her to cactus, Western style. They were out

riding. He was leading and she followed, thinking he would break the trail for her since he was wearing chaps. Instead, he just led her right through clump after clump of the bristling plants! She was so full of cactus needles she couldn't keep from crying. What he was trying to teach her was to be self-reliant. She learned the lesson the hard way but she learned, and she was grateful as the years went by.

The year they were married was also the year of the big flood. Heavy rains started in Nogales and Tucson, and on July 3rd it began raining in Casa Grande. The rains lasted a month, and railroad sections were washed out between Casa Grande and Maricopa. There were no farms then, just desert land; and the water rolled over it for six weeks.

The year of the flood was also the year Eldora started in the cattle business on her own. Roland told her she could have the calves of the mother cows who died in the flood, if she would raise them herself. She went out in a pickup every day and chopped mistletoe from the mesquite trees to feed her "herd." She also gave them cottonseed cakes. There were 23 calves wearing Eldora's brand that year, the R Slash C (R/C).

Her life with Roland was rich and full, and when he died he left her memories as boundless as the ranch on which she still lives. But best of all, he taught her self-reliance--a lesson that will stand her in good stead for a lifetime.

Eldora's nurses's training has stayed with her since her youth. "Service" has been a key word in Eldora's life in many ways, not just as a club member and an officer of the many clubs she has belonged to. Concern for the comfort of one's fellow man is an admirable quality

many people possess.

In Casa Grande there was a small group of women that Eldora joined. These women met on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the Rebekah Hall at 8:00 p.m. to make cancer pads for victims of the dreaded disease. Eldora Curry had been one of the first people to become aware of the tremendous need for these pads. It was through a friend of hers, the late Mrs. Allie Brainard, who informed her that pads supplied by the hospital cost 25¢ each. Eldora was anxious to see her project become successful, so she recruited women from the Eastern Star Sunshine, Rebekah Lodge, and the Zonta Club of Casa Grande Valley, of which she is a member.

Eldora Curry has spent fifty-five years on the Curry ranch and farm. They also still run cattle on their Palo Alto ranch which her son Clifford Whatley and his wife Olene manage. Eldora's grandchildren are Katie and her husband Bob Lester, Fran and her husband Rick Snure, and Wade Whatley who works the main ranch. Eldora has four great grandchildren.

GLENN R. "SLIM" ELLISON

GLOBE, ARIZONA

Glenn "Slim" Ellison was born July 19, 1908 in Globe, Arizona to Perl G. and Lula Ellison. Perl G. was a son of Colonel J. W. Ellison, a Confederate veteran. The Colonel was one of the first cattlemen to drive herds north from Texas to the new railroad towns in Kansas after the Civil War. A progressive cowman, he bought a good deal of state land and fenced it. But when the free range cowmen began cutting fences, Ellison decided to move. In the spring of 1895 he sold his Texas holdings, loaded his family, 1,800 cows, saddle horses, and equipment on the train and headed for a range on upper Tonto Creek east of Payson.

The trip on the train to Bowie was not too severe, but the 30-day overland trek had to be made down the San Simon Valley to the Gila River near Safford, on to old San Carlos, up the river to Rice, then to Gilson Wash, Cutter, and on to Globe. From Globe the trail took them down Pinal Creek, over the summit, and on to the Salt River. They stopped about a year at the mouth of Salome, then moved on north to the place near Payson. For ten years the Ellisons remained at the Payson ranch known as Apple Valley from the apple orchard planted by Colonel Ellison.

Life was hard in those days. The Ellison family buried several family members in the little graveyard on the ranch. Among them was Rose Ellison Campbell, wife of Robert Lee "Bud" Campbell and one of the Ellison's eight children, who died in 1894 at Florence. She had been buried in Apple Valley but was later moved to the Ellison ranch graveyard when her husband was killed by the Indians about five miles south

of the ranch in 1896 and was buried there.

In 1904, Slim's Aunt Duette Ellison married George W. P. Hunt, who was to become the first governor of Arizona. After this occurrence, Slim's grandfather and grandmother moved to Phoenix to live near their daughter and son-in-law.

Lula Price, Slim's mother, married into the Ellison family in 1888. With her family, she had come to Globe from Missouri in 1881. Lula was one of the first students at the old adobe Globe school. Slim's sister was Lena D. Ellison; his brothers, Nathan and Travis who still ranches on Cherry Creek.

Slim's father Perl was a traveler and never really settled down, so Slim's schooling was limited to a few scattered terms at isolated cow-country schools. Education of many kinds came to Slim, from many directions; he became a writer and has two books printed in his name. He wrote many articles for the Arizona Cattle Growers *Cattlelog* along with sketches of ranch life. *Back Trackin'* and *Cowboys Under the Mogollon Rim* are the two books.

Comments from Slim Ellison's books on how he thought his neighbors lived, what they were like:

First, you never asked a stranger his name. If he felt like tellin' you he would, and where he was from. If not, he'd just be Sam or Fat as long as he stayed. And you never give out information till you knew he could be trusted. Sometimes that took a long time.

"Maybe you'd jist butchered a beef and give me some," Slim said, "I'd say, 'Wouldn't surprize me if that beef was wearin' my brand--I don't see the hide nowhere.'"

Good friends and good neighbors never got mad--they knew how to take such talk. And they'd give you the shirts off their backs if you needed it. In case of sickness or emergency, you took anything you needed. Ranch houses was always left unlocked for anyone to go in, eat, stay all night, and feed his horse. If it was really necessary you'd even take a horse. Just leave a note. Nobody ever took anything they didn't need, and they always brought it back. And would find something good to do for you some day.

Slim remembers his life on the ranches from the age of five on. His first gift was from his grandfather who had sent him a pony, saddle and all. His father turned the pony loose, saying he had no business with a pony. "He might hurt you. You got no business with a pony." Slim was seven before he was allowed to again ride a horse. His father had decided to move on, so he went to his grandfather's and brought back four horses. They loaded the horses with all their belongings and started on their way. They would kill turkey and deer to eat as they traveled on their way. His father told him, "Never kill any more animals than what you can eat."

Slim saw his first Apache Indians while they were traveling horseback. As they started up over a mountain on a steep, zig-zag trail, his father said, "Ahead is a war party of fifty Apaches." He told Slim, "You and your mother and the baby get in back of one of those juniper trees." They did, in nothing flat. They found out later they were friendly Indians. His father ended up giving the buck Indian a sack of Bull Durham and a book of papers to roll his own.

After they had traveled several nights they finally arrived at the

Q Ranch. The Q Ranch was owned by Slim's grandfather, Colonel J. W. Ellison. The Colonel had started the Q brand back in Alabama, and he took it to Texas and then to Arizona.

The next day at the ranch, Slim was excited. So much was happening he couldn't take it all in. Six- to eight-horse team freight wagons were hauling in salt, fencing, and all the supplies needed for the ranch and trading post. Indians were coming to trade, just stopping by to look, or getting a free meal since the Q fed many of them. They wore mostly long drawers and undershirts, rationed to them by the U.S. at Fort Apache, and a rag band around their necks. A few carried some old muskets, and some, bows and arrows.

There were nearly a hundred horses in the Q Ranch remuda. His grandfather bought thousands of cattle and had them delivered by trail herds to the ranch. There he would put the Q brand on them, trail them to Holbrook, which was on the railroad about a hundred miles from the Q brand, and ship them to market.

After several years on the ranch, Slim's father just had to move on. Slim's granddad wanted to fix up his dad with a ranch, but after a few days his dad decided to wander again. So, off they went and landed in Little Star Valley just east of Payson at their Uncle John Abbott's place. He was a relation of Grandma Ellison's. Soon Slim's dad got a job at a little mine about six miles north of Payson, and fixed up a couple of tents for Slim's mother to cook for a dozen men.

The family later moved on again. Slim's father had gone into Payson where he received a letter from Slim's grandfather at the Q Ranch, wanting him to come to the ranch. Slim's father was gone three months

while the family stayed behind. They had some good neighbors, the Ezells, and Slim went to school for the first time.

When Perl Ellison returned to his family, he had good news. The Colonel had bought a place on Tonto Creek, for him, near Gisela. It was an irrigated place, about thirty acres with three hundred fruit trees and an alfalfa field.

They traded for a wagon and hitched up the two horses, loaded their wagon, and headed for their new place. This was the first time the family ever traveled in a wagon.

Slim was able to again attend school in Gisela. The school was a one-room affair in about the middle of the settlement. Some of the kids came three or four miles. Most of them walked, or they rode horses or burros.

In 1899 Slim's sister was born. Keeping track of Nace, his younger brother, had been a job. Now he was to help look after his sister!

A fellow by the name of Matt Caveness drove up to their ranch one day to talk to Slim's dad. He said, "I like your part of the country up here. I have some cash and I'm wondering if you would sell me this place." The trade was made in fifteen minutes, and without asking Slim's mother what she thought about it. And it was a big deal! Thirty acres of irrigated land, a water right, three hundred trees, a barn full of hay, two haystacks, twenty head of cattle, wagon, mowing machine, hayrake, and some other things, all for a great big sum of $1,250, cash! Slim thought his father was a wonderful businessman!

Slim and his mother were brokenhearted. Slim had made friends when he was able to attend school. Once again the family was loaded on a

wagon and the team of horses pulled them into Payson to their new home, a house his father had rented.

His father again continued to haul freight, and Slim and his brother attended school. To Slim, the Q Ranch was the nearest "home"; it was always there to go to. But when Slim's grandfather told him he was now seventy-one and had decided to sell the Q Ranch, to Slim it was like getting a horse shot out from under him. His grandfather explained that the government was opening more homesteads, that they couldn't keep all the land they had been using, and that they couldn't make a living if they were not able to keep using all the acreage.

Slim missed the Q Ranch. In later years his memories always went back to the ranch and his first learning experience of ranching.

Slim ventured to the Los Angeles area in the year of 1915 and began working as a meat cutter. There is where he met Judy, and courted her while working in California. In April of 1916 Slim's job run out and he moved back to Arizona. Judy came in the fall and worked at Lula Ellison's boarding house. On January 7, 1917 Slim married Judy, and Slim went to work at a cattle company. Judy learned to love to ride and camp out.

Ben Nail, owner of the P Cross Bar on the Salt River, asked Slim and Judy to come and work for him. He was a cattle inspector. There was a lot of work to do at the P Cross Bar. Along with George Benson, Slim and Judy started the roudnup.

One day on the roundup Slim was riding a horse that he knew was homesick, so he had to whip the socks off him with the guthooks to close the gaps on a maverick bull. Slim was really moving when he made

a long throw that caught the bull by half the head--under the chin and in front of one horn. He had the rope tight and let it slack. He knew a wreck was on the way so he stepped out the window. That's when the cowboys are thrown off the horse.

Judy had her own horse and she soon learned to hold what they had gathered. She got pretty good before it was over.

That fall the government was opening some land up around the Q and Rock House country for what was called Stock-Raising Homesteads, so Slim and Judy each filed on a homestead near the Flying V Rock House. Then the flu struck. Slim's mother got the flu bad, and Judy went in to help. Slim's brother Nathan and his wife both got the flu and passed on. They left a two-month-old boy. Lots of people died that year.

Slim and Judy then gathered two more horses and a mule and three cows and calves and moved out to their new homestead. That was in 1921, when the drought hit. Everyone was losing cattle, and the cattlemen would bring little dogie calves and give them to Judy. Slim went to town and bought condensed milk and cottonseed cake. Judy fed the dogies milk, a handful of cake, and a wisp of hay. She managed to raise thirteen of those little calves.

They stayed on the homestead for five years. Later they bought a place on the Forest Service and moved back to Globe in 1927. Slim and Judy then bought a place on Cherry Creek, fifty miles north of Globe, and lived there twenty-two years. The county built a road to the creek, but it was tough going on to the ranch. A Model T or some old Dodge pickup could get in on an old wagon road.

During the depression Judy learned how to do taxidermy. She tanned

grey fox and bobcat skins and made neck pieces. Slim learned to mount heads, too. They made fur rugs and mounted game heads; people came and bought them. Slim trapped in the winter. Furs sold good, for some reason, and they kept the best for furs. This was how they got by while waiting for the calf crop to grow to yearlings. They managed to hang on through the depression.

In 1940 Judy and Slim made 8" x 3" by 16" bricks out of sun-dried earth. They would dig up some ground, mix it with straw, and let it stand overnight. Then, they mixed it well, into a thin mud, and poured it into forms. When the bricks were set they would empty them out of the forms and pour in more. They made 1,500 of these bricks to build their new house. A friend of theirs, Morton Maurel, came down and stuccoed the adobe for them.

One of Slim's brands was the Buzzard X. He had this brand recorded and used it for twenty-three years. One of his older brands was the V H.

Glenn R. "Slim" Ellison has been a well-known cowboy, trail driver, rancher, and camp cook under the Mogollon Rim near Payson. KOOL TV, Phoenix, made a 30-minute documentary of his life.

Slim was proud to be nominated for an Arizona Pioneer of the National Livestock Show, and was pleased when he received his Medallion.

Slim now makes his home in Globe, Arizona.

PERL CHARLES

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

I was born in Kansas on October 20, 1899 in the little town of Republic on the Republican River.

We left Kansas in 1907 in a covered wagon because of Mother's health. The weather got too cold in Dalhart, Texas, so we sold the mules and shipped the wagon etc. to Alamogordo, New Mexico.

We were all back in Kansas, briefly, after Mother's death. The next trip to Alamogordo was in an immigrant car. The two girls, Lucile and Louise, remained in Kansas and my brother Ralph and I came with our father in the boxcar on the railroad. Carrying livestock was a requirement, and my brother and I bunked behind the pigs because we really were not supposed to be there. Have not been too fond of pigs since.

The next stop was on a dry-land homestead five miles west of Alamogordo. We rode burros to school if we could find them, otherwise we walked; but were starved out there in about 14 months. Actually, almost everything else was, too, except the wild burros who seemed to do very well.

The next move was to a 160-acre homestead at a place, now called Bluff Springs, near the head of the Penasco River in the Sacramento Mountains, and then the Alamo, now Lincoln, National Forest.

We sent the wagons around by La Luz Cañon and we all went by horse and burro up Alamo Canyon and down the Penasco, driving the cattle and horses. Father was married again, to a niece of my mother's whom we all dearly loved, and we had a new baby brother, Ward. He was transported in a box on a pack burro and I, being the oldest, was assigned the job

of leading the burro. I remember I would have much preferred to help drive the cattle.

We lived in the Penasco Canyon for five or six years, attending school about six or seven months a year. School was in the summer, spring, and fall, to avoid the winter snow. One teacher taught all grades from 1st to 8th, I think only 15 or 20 pupils. In the winter we cut wood, fed the cattle and horses, and did a great deal of hunting for deer and turkey. My father had a small bunch of cattle and a grazing permit on the National Forest, but any beef we had was normally sold and we ate venison and turkey. Mother managed a number of different ways to cook venison. The Jeffers family had a great many cattle on the head of the Penasco at that time, and I remember brands like R o D, R u n, and R-H very clearly. I really enjoyed the years spent on the Rio Penasco. Some years we moved the cattle to Alamo Canyon for the winter.

The next move was back to Alamogordo to attend high school. We had a small irrigated place about a mile out of town. Jackrabbits were numerous and were eating the alfalfa. We shot some almost every night and ate the young ones. We stayed there a year or more, with rabbit the principal meat in our diet. Since then I don't even like to think about eating rabbit meat.

Next we moved to the small town of La Luz about five miles north of Alamogordo. The place we bought was known as the Dave Sutherland Place, a large old Spanish-style house with adobe walls about three feet thick. It was well known locally because Col. Albert D. Fountain, of Las Cruces, and his young son spent the night there before they were

both believed killed west of Alamogordo near the White Sands. The bodies were never found although the team, buckboard, and personal belongings were. They were having a local range war at the time, and Col. Fountain was Prosecuting Attorney.

I graduated from high school about 1917, spent some time at school and at the U.S. Naval Academy, entered the U.S. Forest Service in August of 1922, and was assigned as Assistant Ranger on the Weed District of the Lincoln National Forest. The job paid $120 a month and furnish your own horses. I could have gone to work for a local rancher, Oliver M. Lee, for $40 a month. When I told Mr. Lee about the job he said it would probably be a little better than punching cows. Oliver M. Lee was a very interesting man and was reported to run over 2,000 horses and 8,000 cattle at that time. The work on the Weed District was mostly counting cattle and some goats, and building telephone line. Frequently adjoining Ranger Districts would join together for cattle counts, and it was always pack horses as the country was too rough for a wagon.

While on the Weed Ranger District I married Mattie Buckner. Her people left Texas because of too many fences. Her stepfather, Claiborn Prude, had worked cattle drives from Texas to Dodge City. His account of the drives was much different from the books on the subject. He said their guns were mostly left in the wagon, and they were too busy to do much playing around.

We transferred to Pecos, New Mexico, on the Santa Fe Forest in March of 1923. Much of my work was in the Pecos Wilderness Area, then and now, a beautiful country. We stayed on the Santa Fe for about 17 years, and the work included three Ranger Districts and several years in

the Supervisor's Office. Most of the forest users on the Santa Fe Forest were Spanish-American, and in those days not too many could speak English. Fortunately, I knew enough Spanish to get by.

Probably the worst job I had in the Forest Service, or anyplace for that matter, was removing about 1,500 head of horses in the early 1930s from the Jemez River District. We were able to gather about half of them, but had to shoot the rest. About the only way I could not feel too bad about shooting them was to think about the good horses we had hurt or crippled trying to gather them. However, something had to be done, because they would not bring over two or three dollars a head and were simply taking over the country.

From 1941 to January 1944 I was on the Cibola National Forest, working out of Albuquerque. The Magdalena area of the Cibola included some of the most interesting ranches in the country and there were many big ones. I believe we had less than 200 permittees as compared to almost 1,000 on the Santa Fe. Magdalena for many years claimed to be the largest cattle shipping point in the U.S. At times there would be one large herd after another, trailing across the San Augustine Plains. An interesting practice, to me, was moving cattle to higher country in the winter months to get away from the windy San Augustine Plains.

Our last move was to Phoenix in January 1944 to work on the Tonto National Forest. All national forests are different, but there is nothing in the National Forest System that is anything like the Tonto. While most of it is semi-desert with 6 to 10 inches of rainfall, small areas in the Sierra Anchas may have as much as 35 inches of precipitation. The Tonto, of course, was set aside for watershed protection for

the Salt River Project, and not for timber as were most of the others. The most interesting thing ecologically is the predominance of annual grasses and perennials, due to warm winters and low precipitation and because most rain comes in the winter. The Forest Service gave no value to annuals in determining carrying capacity, and still don't, in spite of the fact that annual grass and browse range consistently produce the heaviest yearlings in the state, and I believe always have. While it was obvious that something was wrong in our philosophy, I must admit I was completely lost for some time. The Forest Service, then as they do now, blamed absence of perennial grass on over-grazing and insisted further reductions in numbers or complete removal of all livestock were the only solutions. Stories of the pioneers riding in grass stirrup-high were used to convince others. From what we now know, there seems no question but what the pioneers did find plenty of stirrup-high grass in a good year, but they were frequently mistaken in distinguishing between annuals and perennials, as many people still are. With only two, or even up to ten inches of precipitation in the hot summer months, you cannot grow perennial grass and never could.

Another disagreement I had with Forest Service policy was the place of fire in the ecology. I think in the early 1940s Harold Weaver, of the Indian Service, and others made extensive tree ring studies which showed that most of Arizona had burned over every five to ten years, mostly from lightning fires, and that removal of fire from the ecology was generally the major factor in the deteriorating ground cover rather than over-grazing.

These were major differences of opinion with the people I worked

for. I had been with the Forest Service for about 40 years and it was time to retire anyway, so I did. I am glad to say the Forest Service is now giving a great deal more recognition to the place of fire in the ecology. They do quite a lot of controlled burning and even let some fires burn. However, they still give no weight to annuals, which in many places is about all you can grow except for unpalatable shrubs.

After leaving the Forest Service I did quite a bit of work for people other than the government, which I enjoy very much. My basic interest in land management is ground cover and I never cease to be amazed at how much you can learn about it from ranchers, especially the older generation who has watched things change in the country that generation knows.

I have never owned a ranch and do not expect to, but have always managed to have a place where I could keep two or three saddle horses, and have taught our four children and fifteen grandchildren how to ride at least to some extent.

The only reason for writing this is that the lady who so capably ramrods the Pioneers annual get-together insisted I should.

4/30/80

Editors Note:

Perl Charles is a valued friend of both cattlemen and ecologists. His forty years in the Forest Service was rewarding to him and beneficial to the state of Arizona. Recent publicity regarding public land management problems, including diminishing wildlife, reduced water production, overgrazing, erosion, wildfires, etc., was of great interest

to Perl Charles. He said the surprising thing is so little is said of the basic problem, which is the change in ground cover from grass and forbs to trees and shrubs.

The country which the pioneers found so attractive in Arizona and New Mexico was predominantly a grass cover. This was the fire climax type, the best that nature can provide. Where trees and shrubs had a good hold seventy-five to a hundred years ago, they now usually form the dominant cover and are spreading to the few more valuable grass areas left. This change is typical of most of the Southwest as well as many other parts of the nation, and has resulted in a tremendous loss of production of things we like and need. Compared with fifty to seventy-five years ago, our public lands now have less water, less commercial timber except where thinned at great expense, a diminishing wildlife population, greatly reduced numbers of livestock, rapidly decreasing acreage suitable for public recreation, and an astronomical increase in the cost of suppression of wildfires.

Charles contends the climax type found by the pioneers was typically open, particularly in the lower elevations, but also in the pine where you had perhaps 100 to 200 stems per acre where now you might find ten to fifteen thousand. The reason for the change is simply that the climax type was the result of repeated burning by lightning fires for countless centuries. Tree ring studies in the pine indicate an average burn of every five to ten years. Fire was nature's method of cleaning up. We have done everything we could to eliminate it for three quarters of a century and are now paying the penalty.

When Charles entered the U.S. Forest Service in 1922, the place of

fire in the ecology was not generally recognized; in those days we blamed most everything on overgrazing, including lack of reproduction of ponderosa pine. Now, some fifty-odd years later, with livestock numbers on those National Forests with which he is familiar reduced to not over 23 or 30 percent of the numbers once carried, the fire problem gets worse every year. In 1977 the Forest Supervisor of the Tonto Forest apologetically reported to the Regional Forester in Albuquerque that in 1976 over $380 million had been spent fighting fires, and he understood the Tonto bill had been around $5 million.

The role of fire in almost every instance is to reduce the potential fuel enough so that any fire, once started, cannot get off the ground. Once this is done, crown fires can be eliminated for many years to come. A ground fire is easy to handle and, usually, is beneficial. Many species depend on fire. The ash improves most soils, food for wildlife and livestock improves tremendously for a number of years after a fire, and usually the flow of springs and streams is increased.

Charles feels that to reverse the trend from trees and shrubs to grass and forbs will be a big job, but it will be time and money well spent in the long run. We can either reduce fuel or wait to be burned out. Our public lands cannot be considered properly managed until the change that was made from grass and forbs to trees and shrubs is corrected.

Perl Charles encourages everyone's support in the future, joining in with the land managing agencies in doing everything possible to reduce excessive fuel accumulation, which is the big problem in public land management today. It will be much cheaper in the long run.

JANE TOPPER CARRINGTON

SONOITA, ARIZONA

Jane Topper was born in Chicago, Illinois in 1900. She went to school there, and attended Smith College. She moved to Arizona in 1936. Four years later, 1940, Jane and C. Blake Carrington were married and she became a rancher's wife.

The Carringtons raised Hereford cattle, quarter horses, and good ranch horses. The ranch they had was called the Crown C Ranch. The brand was C. This ranch's history dates back far into the territorial days. At one time the Crown C was part of the Rail X Ranch. The Crown C was managed by the Chiricahua Cattle Company which at one time had been owned by the Boice brothers. In 1936 Roy Adams bought the Crown C, and Blake Carrington later purchased it from Adams.

In the early history of the ranch it was part of the Rail X, owned at that time by partners Walter Vail and Oscar Ashburn, along with the Empire Ranch. This ranch was at Monkey Springs just east of Patagonia where they branded the Rail X. Glen Emmett Perry's mother married Oscar Ashburn in 1900 when Glen was just seven years old. Ashburn established the Rail X brand, a long slash on the shoulder connecting with an X on the rib. That was the brand that had the slick brand-changers scratching their heads.

Ashburn passed away on December 11, 1924, and in 1928 the ranch was sold to the Boices of the Chiricahua Cattle Company. One of the early Chiricahua cowboys was John Moore who came to Arizona in 1911 and started working on the famed ranch. John H. Lawhon was just fifteen when he worked for the same outfit. This company ran thousands of cattle under

lease on the San Carlos Indian Reservation.

At one time the Boice brothers, Frank and Henry, bought four famed old-time Arizona ranches: the Eureka north of Willcox, the Empire and Rail X between Sonoita and Patagonia, and the Arivaca southwest of Tucson. The southern end of the Empire Ranch was operated by Vail and Ashburn, and was known then as the Rail X.

There were at one time thirteen partners in the Chiricahua Company. Instead of splitting the permits, at one time they sold off three parts of the ranches. That is the time Roy Adams purchased the Crown C Ranch and then, later, Blake Carrington bought out Adams.

While Blake was busy tending to the ranch and cattle, Jane was busy with her Cowbelle work, as a member of the Sonoita Group. Sonoita, Elgin, Nogales, and Patagonia made up the nucleus of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles. Jane helped with many of their successful projects, among them Beef Education classes in local schools, working with their County Agents and Home Economists in beef demonstrations. Each year since 1950, Jane's group has sent girls to Girl's State at the University of Arizona. They worked with and helped 4-H Clubs in their various areas, and for several years they have contributed to the Mattie Cowan Educational Grant. Jane was president of her group, the Santa Cruz Cowbelles, in 1965.

Along with Jane's work in the Cowbelles, she was active in the community, serving on the Elgin and Sonoita School Board, the 4-H Council, and the Elgin Community Club. She was also a member of the Arizona State Cattle Growers Association.

Jane attended St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, and during her long

service in the county was generous with both her time and money. Her friendly, outgoing personality made her a favorite with young and old. Jane loved people and they, in turn, loved her.

C. Blake Carrington passed away in 1963. Jane continued to run the ranch with the help of her ranch foreman, Dick Jimenez. Dick's wife Eva was a friend and helper to Jane for many many years.

In 1973 Jane sold the ranch to Mr. B. W. Franklin from San Francisco. After selling the ranch, Jane leased it back from Mr. Franklin and, with the help of Dick, continued to raise and sell Hereford cattle, using the Crown C brand on the cattle.

Jane passed away in 1979. She is survived by two sisters, Barbara Mercati of New York and Mary Toleffson of Oxnard, California.

Jane's place in the community of Sonoita and in the Santa Cruz Cowbelles cannot be filled, and all were thankful for her many kindnesses.

CHARLES A. AND ELIZABETH (EDWARDS) WHITEHEAD

ELFRIDA, ARIZONA

Charles A. Whitehead was born in Bucyrus, Kansas in 1910. His parents sold their home in Kansas and moved to Hillsdale, Wyoming. Charles worked in the hay fields helping to put up hay for the long, cold winters in Wyoming. He worked in the railroad shop in Hillsdale, and as a clerk in one of the stores. Another job he held was working for the Warren Livestock Company for two summers. He attended school when the school in his area was in session.

Elizabeth Edwards was born on the Dull Ranch, October 26, 1902. The Dull Ranch was close to Henderson and Pecos, Texas. Her father moved the family by covered wagon in 1903 to the Chiricahua Mountains. Elizabeth was just ten years old when President Taft signed the proclamation making Arizona the forty-eighth state on February 14, 1912. Daniel Webster once called Arizona "a barren waste of prairie dogs, cactus, and therefore not worth retaining." But Arizona's "barren waste" soon became a grassland on which many herds of beef cattle and sheep fed.

Like many young pioneers, Elizabeth spent her first eight years in a one-room schoolhouse. In the winter months the school's only heat was a wood stove, usually in the middle of the room, and in the warmer months classes were held under a cottonwood tree. She later attended high school in Tombstone and Douglas. She received her high school diploma at Douglas High School.

Mr. Edwards, Elizabeth's father, made a living for the family by freighting lumber, fence posts, and wood for cooking to the local mines.

He worked for a Mr. Donald Ross who owned a saw mill in the Chiricahua Mountains. Ross also owned a ranch at the north end of the Swisshelm Mountains. Freighters, with their wagons and teams, hauled lumber from the saw mills to Bisbee and Pearce. Lumber and posts were used in the mines and wherever else needed.

On one of these freighting trips to Bisbee, her father made camp one evening. He hobbled his horses out to graze. All went well until the next morning when he missed his old gray horse. He started tracking the horse, and soon discovered an Indian track along beside the horse's track. Her father soon overtook the Indian. Riding up beside the horse he reached over and took the rope and said, "This is my horse, John, this is my horse." Elizabeth never ever found out why her father called the Indian "John." He later turned back, riding back the way he came. The Indian went on his way without a word.

Elizabeth's father was never molested or bothered in any way by the Indians, but he became afraid he might be waylayed or hurt in some way, so he moved to the eastside of the Swisshelm Mountains where he took up a homestead. Elizabeth was about a year-and-a-half at the time. She grew up on that homestead and loved it dearly.

Charles' uncle, Tom Whitehead, a Civil War Veteran, came West in about 1889. He and another Civil War Veteran, a Mr. Robert Van Ryper, started ranching east of Bowie. After a few years they sold their ranch and Van Ryper entered the army again, enlisting with the 6th U.S. Calvary, Troop M, which was active in establishing Fort Huachuca in 1877. He also fought in the Indian wars and was retired with wounds in 1886. He later came to the Whitehead Ranch.

In the meantime, Tom Whitehead went to Prescott and entered the restaurant business. He later was affiliated with the Can-Can Restaurant in Tombstone. Later when he moved to Bisbee he was part owner of a restaurant in Brewery Gulch. The last cafe that he owned was the Edelweiss Cafe in Lowell, Arizona.

In 1898 Tom Whitehead bought the Donald Ross Ranch. This ranch was also known as the Half-Way Place. It was nicely situated between the rest of the ranches and towns so freighters, travelers, and people just passing through would stop and rest their horses and stock. They took this time to shoe their horses, mules, burros, and oxen. Many of the travelers repaired their harnesses and wagons at this same place.

Tom Whitehead not only raised saddle horses but he raised registered cows, bulls, and Percheron horses as well. The Percheron is a draft horse that originally came from France. They will weigh from 1600 to 2100 lbs. and stand 15 to 17 hands high. These Percherons were sold for dray work in the towns about the area and for heavy work on the ranches. Elizabeth remembered seeing these big horses at work in the streets in Douglas. And the army used the Percheron horses purchased from Tom Whitehead. The stallions were noted for breeding purposes in the first world war.

Robert Van Ryper, Tom Whitehead's first partner, returned to the Whitehead after retiring from the service as a cripple and they became partners again. Although Van Ryper was crippled he was an excellent carpenter, leatherman, tinsmith, plumber, cowboy, and all-around handyman.

Tom Whitehead married Ellen Brown in Bisbee in 1892. They lived

at the ranch off and on, but maintained a home in Bisbee where Tom supervised his restaurant business at the time. They kept chickens and had a good garden. At one time there was quite a nice orchard consisting of grapes, apricots, peaches, and apples.

Frank Kennedy was foreman at the Whitehead Ranch from about 1900 to 1908, then his brother Ambrose Kennedy took over from 1908 to 1915. The cattle on the Whitehead Ranch were branded Bar SS ($\overline{S\ S}$) and the horses were Bar S ($\overline{S}$). These same brands are used on the same ranch today.

After Charles Whitehead left Wyoming in 1916, he came to the Whitehead Ranch. Charles helped his Uncle Tom in every way he could, helping to fill the big barn full of prairie hay and making long trips into Bisbee for supplies. These trips took from three to four days, depending upon how long they stayed in town. It was one of his delights to take "Big Black Joe," one of the Percheron stallions, and round up some of the other horses.

In 1917 Charles was called to the service. He took part of his training around Deming, New Mexico. He went overseas with the 1st Battalion, 133rd Infantry. He fought in the battles and skirmishes in St. Elnis, France. He was later transferred to the 164th Infantry, then was discharged at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming in 1919. It was during this time when Charles was in the service that his Uncle Tom died.

In the year of 1923, Charles Whitehead met and courted Elizabeth Edwards, and they were later married in Tombstone in 1924. After Tom Whitehead's death, a Mr. B. A. Packard had been administrator of the Whitehead Ranch; then Dr. Bledsoe became administrator until 1926 when Charles was given the privilege of buying the ranch. It took eighteen

years for Charles and Elizabeth to pay off the ranch. Many new stock tanks had to be made, three wells were drilled, and windmills were installed. They raised registered Poll Hereford cows and bulls. Many of their bulls were sold to the Riggs and Erickson families as well as to other ranchers in the area. After electricity came into the area, the windmills were abandoned and electricity powered wells were installed.

The ranch consists of ten sections; about half is patented and the other half is state lease. There are around 40 acres of BLM land, more or less. The Whitehead Ranch is the first ranch as you turn off Highway 666 on Rucker Canyon Road. Ranches above them are the Les and Katie Kuykendall Ranch, on to the Moore Ranch, the Tom and Betty Jo Kuykendall, the Bill Winkler Ranch, the Dart Ranch, the OK, the Bar Boot, and the Marvin Glenn Ranch.

Charles' and Elizabeth's son Bob and daughter-in-law Patricia now run the Whitehead spread. Their son Bill lives with his family in Chireno, Texas and both of the boys, Bob and Bill, are now owners of the Whitehead Ranch. The Whitehead's have three grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Elizabeth is a past member of the Douglas Cowbelles and is a long-time member of the Rucker Canyon Homemakers.

The history of the Whitehead Ranch dates back to territorial days. Tom Whitehead, Charles' uncle, passed away at the age of seventy and is buried in Bisbee, Arizona. Ellen Whitehead died at the age of forty-two and is also buried in Bisbee. Robert Van Ryper lived to the age of eighty-three and was laid down to rest in Bisbee.

ERNEST B. DOUGLAS

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Ernest B. Douglas was born on a Gila Bend homestead in a tent that belonged to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Douglas, October 20, 1888. Ernie's mother Elsie had left their covered wagon while on the trail and boarded a Southern Pacific passenger train for Gila Bend where Ernie promptly put in his appearance.

The water played out on the family's first homestead due to increasing diversion upstream, so they moved to the Salt River Valley in 1892. They homesteaded another place six miles north of Gila Bend in 1895. Ernie's earliest recollections of that period of his life include selling their cash crop--watermelons--to the Southern Pacific section hands. He also recalls how often the cows would bog down in the sloughs bordering the Gila, and what good cattle country it was.

One of the reasons the family moved to the Phoenix area was because the neighborhood population had dwindled until there was no school for Ernie and his three or four brothers and sisters to attend. Ernie enrolled at the old Central School, which occupied a block that now accommodates half-a-dozen skyscrapers.

There, he was seized by a consuming ambition to become a newspaper carrier and earn five dollars a month. So he badgered his mother until she lent him fifteen dollars to buy a bicycle. Thus equipped, he applied at the *Gazette* and was in journalism at the age of fifteen. He delivered *Gazettes* to all its subscribers in the southwest quarter of the city.

Eventually, Ernie graduated from the eighth grade and started

business college. Before he could learn the difference between single- and double-entry bookkeeping, a vacancy occurred at the *Gazette* and he was promoted from carrier to circulation manager, which meant he kept subscription records and issued papers to the carriers. But the paper was growing and soon he was a full-time employee, "a sort of general flunky" is the way he told it.

Then came another vacancy; the one reporter quit and Ernie was thrown into the breach. "We started reporters early in those days," he said as he shook his head. But a kid of sixteen being turned loose to gather and write all the news in the capital city of the Arizona Territory! The owners were new in the business and didn't have any better sense.

It was a great day for Arizona and a greater day for Ernie Douglas, for he was there, and covered the Story.

A Great Day for Arizona, Yet a Territory

by Ernie Douglas

What a day that was! Saturday, March 18, 1911! The day Roosevelt Dam was dedicated by the immortal Teddy himself. A sun-drenched day in Phoenix, and on the verdant mesas and hills between Mesa and Roosevelt through which 25 automobiles, nearly all the cars in Arizona at that time, chugged their uncertain way over the road that was later to be known as the Apache Trail.

No, I was not at the dam for the part of the program, the main part, that took place there. For I was only the junior reporter on the *Arizona Republican*, as the *Arizona Republic* was known half a century

ago. So my assignment was to cover the Colonel's arrival, his reception, his brief stop at the Indian School, and his departure for what the *Republican* proudly proclaimed was "the greatest storage dam and reservoir on earth." That was a perfectly valid claim, then.

Clint Scott, the *Republican's* senior and star newsman, got the principal assignment to go along with the official party and phone in or write the story of the dedication itself. I was a bit miffed at that because I regarded myself as a far more accurate observer and abler writer than Scott. What youthful wordsmith doesn't think of himself as a genius and his older co-workers as incompetent fogies?

But my mind was made up to do my impressive best with the limited opportunity afforded me; and I believe I did succeed in conveying some idea of the enthusiasm and the near reverence with which the former President, the one who had signed the Reclamation Act into law and decreed that the first Reclamation Service Project should be in Arizona, was welcomed.

Before me is a copy of the *Republican* for Sunday morning, the 19th of March. LIFE BLOOD OF VALLEY TURNED INTO ITS ARTERIES BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the banner line across the full seven colums of page 1. Underneath, in the first two columns: TRIUMPHANT END OF THE GREAT PROJECT, WITH A COUPLE OF DECKS IN SIMILAR VEIN. The next four columns, two-thirds of the way down the page, are occupied by a cartoon drawn by Howe Williams, former *Republican* reporter who had left to start an art school. It shows T.R. in patriarchal robes with a wand, as Moses, smiting the rock to make the water gush forth. In the distance is the big dam, with some shadowy camels in front and a hill-rimmed lake beyond.

I still don't think the Moses idea was apropos, but Howe was a gifted artist.

And my story of the Roosevelt arrival is beneath the cartoon, under its own four-column head: PHOENIX CATCHES FIRST GLIMPSE OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

"He looked as if he were really glad to see us," is the way the account starts. "Dee-ee-e lighted! was written all over his hearty, friendly, amiable, somewhat pugnacious countenance when he stepped from the rear end of his private car, waved his hat aloft in a jolly-glad-to-see-you-and-hope-we'll-see-more-of-each-other way, and stepped into the automobile that was to bear him to that monument of his labors in the cause of conservation, the Roosevelt Dam."

The area around the Santa Fe Depot, which was between Central and First Avenue (the present union depot was to come decades later), is described as jammed with people, with rigs and automobiles. The most popular man in Phoenix at that time, excepting Theodore himself, was a transfer man with a big truck from which an unobstructed view could be had.

The transfer man was a friend of mine and made a choice place for me right back of his seat. From there I saw Colonel James H. McClintock, who had been a Rough Rider and "one of the most terrible of Teddy's Terrors," brush aside a porter to be the first inside the private car. Others following included Gov. Richard E. Sloan, Dwight B. Heard, Pres. John Orme and Secy. Charles A. Van Der Veer of the Salt River Valley Water Users Association.

"For each one," I wrote that evening, "Mr. Roosevelt had a differ-

ent form of greeting. He knew every one of them, and it was plain from his brief conversation that he considered himself among people who 'do things,' therefore in the best of company."

How did I know that, watching from the outside and not even looking in? Later I insinuated my lathlike frame through the press of humanity and had a moments talk with Col. McClintock; he was a veteran Newspaperman and knew exactly what the youngster from the *Republican* would want to know.

And then--

He came! With startling suddenness he emerged from the car, squinted through his spectacles at the crowd and waved his black hat, at the same time showing his famous much-caricatured teeth in that wonderful smile which has been such a wonderful help to him in winning the hearts of the American people.

"Hurray for Teddy!"

"Bully Boy!"

"Looks just like his pictures."

"See them teeth? It's him all right."

These remarks and a thousand others were heard. There was no concerted effort at cheering. The swaying of the throng, the smiles that returned his own, the excited buzz was greeting enough for him. Mere cheers were not enough for Roosevelt. The admiration of the people of Arizona, particularly the people of the Salt River Valley, have for him is the kind that runs deep. For this meant their livelihood, especially the ranchers and the farmers.

The story goes on to recount how Dwight B. Heard showed Mr. Roosevelt

to the lead car in the procession of twenty-one, later increased by four, "Smiling right and left and still waving his hat he hurried through the crowd. While Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Miss Cornelia Landon, the ladies of the party, were shown to their car he stood up in the machine and smiled and smiled. Instead of dying down, the excitement became intense."

"Col. Roosevent was given the front seat on the left [sic] of the driver, Wesley A. Hill [another Rough Rider]. In the rear seat were Gov. Sloan, Col. McClintock and Engineer Louis C. Hill. . . ."

The crowd tried to follow the autos but gave it up at Washington Street, three blocks away. We all knew that the first destination was the Indian School, then a mile beyond the town's northern limits. Somehow I got there to hear the first public talk that T.R. made in Arizona. How? I haven't the faintest recollection but suspect that Martin Mohrdieck, who operated one of the first auto repair shops in Phoenix, raced me there in his little Reo.

Anyway, I was in time to quote rather extensively the remarks of Roosevelt to Indian School pupils and teachers, assembled out-of-doors. "Cadets with shining rifles were gay in natty uniforms. Everyone, from the teachers down to the tiniest child, was in holiday attire. A cheer for Roosevelt went up."

The distinguished visitor told the pupils that members of their race were among the best soldiers in the regiment that stormed San Juan Hill. Turning to the teachers, he urged them to instruct "these boys and girls . . . so they can make use of their knowledge even though not under as advantageous conditions as they have here. Teach them so they

can do their work at their homes, so they can cook just as well in a log cabin as here even though they have no such utensils as they have been accustomed to at this school."

When he had concluded with a triple "Good luck!" the Indians again broke into applause. One strapping six-footer stepped up and cranked the auto. Reaching out of the car, the Colonel shook his hand and thanked him. He was still waving his hat and smiling when the machine sped out of the grounds and on to Granite Reef.

Chronicling the Roosevelt passage through Phoenix was the extent of my dedicatory duties that day. Late in the afternoon Clint Scott got through on the erratic telephone line to Jim Simpson, the *Republican's* third reporter who had been detailed to wait at the office for the call. On the strength of what Clint told him, Jim prepared a straight, unadorned "lead" for the main dedication feature starting on column one under a Roosevelt dateline. It was recorded that the Roosevelt car "rounded the point" at 4:15. At 5:15 he began his address "punctuated with some humor." At 5:48 he "touched a button and a mighty roar of water rushed through the canyon." Jim also relayed word to Uncle Billy Spear, the editor, that the "hold for release" speeches already set in type from advance copies had been delivered.

These speeches which appeared in the March 19, 1911 *Republican* included the addresses of Roosevelt himself; of Gov. Sloan, Chairman; John Orme, representing the Water Users; Louis C. Hill, Reclamation Service engineer in charge of dam construction; Charles J. Blanchard, Reclamation Service statistician; and B. A. Fowler, first Water Users President and then president of the National Irrigation Congress. All were profoundly

thankful, almost ecstatically so, over the dam's completion, and grateful to the man who made it possible.

Actually, the dam had been impounding water for some time and, in an inspired *Republican* editorial, Uncle Billy declared that the contents of Lake Roosevelt were enough to irrigate half a million acres for a full year. That was probably an exaggeration, for neither newspaperman nor reclamationist nor farmers knew as much about the duty of water as we were to learn later.

Late that night a weary Clint Scott turned up at the *Republican*, then housed in a building at the northeast corner of Adams and Second streets. Somebody, probably Mr. Heard, had brought him back in one of the first cars to return. He sat down at his ancient Fox typewriter and banged out nearly a column which added life and sparkle to the otherwise rather drab lead story of the dedication. After holding forth almost poetically on the flowers and greenness of the deserts and hills, so colorful after a rainy winter, and the effects of the scenery on visitors who had never been in Arizona, he reached the ceremony itself.

"The decorations were modest, consisting of the American colors and the blue flag of the Reclamation Service," Clint wrote. "At the top of dam, surrounding the speaking stand and again at the space of the southern gate house, was a crowd mostly assembled from Phoenix, Globe, and the mountain fastnesses of the Tonto country. Citizens of both towns mingled with cattlemen and cowpunchers from the hills.

"One of the latter, in wild enthusiasm, yelled something as the Colonel rose to speak. Mr. Roosevelt replied, 'I don't know what he

said, but he's my friend.'"

That was Teddy all over. He knew just what to say when a cowpoke with too much tulapai aboard threatened the dignity of a solemn occasion. He knew just the right solemn occasion. He knew just the right thing to say when a big Indian lad cranked his automobile. I wish that Clint had got the name of the range rider and that I had got the name of the Indian boy, but we didn't bother. We knew that we were living and recording history, but it never entered our heads that such trifling incidents might be revealing sidelights to recall and treasure at the Theodore Roosevelt Dam Golden Jubilee in March of 1961.

I had a few other regrets, too. One is that I did not throw up my *Republican* job, if necessary, to get to Roosevelt on that memorable spring day in 1911 and hear from Teddy's own lips these *eloquent words*:

"I wish to congratulate all who have taken part in this extraordinary work . . . and to thank you for having named the dam after me. I do not know if it is any consequence to a man whether he has a monument; I know it is a matter of mighty little consequence whether he has a statue after he is dead. If there could be any monument that could appeal to any man, surely it is this. You could not have done anything that could have pleased and touched me more than to name this great dam, this reservoir site, after me, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Wherever Roosevelt's spirit is today, and whatever monuments may have been raised to his honor, I am sure it is still true that nothing pleases and touches him more than his first greatest monument, the Theodore Roosevelt Dam.

Three years before Ernie wrote the Roosevelt Dam story, Angus Douglas bought Marshall Young's A Spear Ranch at Crown King in the Bradshaws, but Ernie stayed in Phoenix delivering papers. Later he worked as outside correspondent for the *El Paso Herald*, several coast papers, and others.

In 1916 Ernie sold his interest in a small bunch of cattle his father ran for him. He bought the *Verde Copper News* at Jerome and got married, all on the same day. It was during World War I that Ernie took over the Jerome newspaper, which published mining camp news. Then in 1925 he sold the Jerome paper and went to work for the *Mesa Journal Tribune*. On March 1, 1929 he went to work for the *Arizona Producer*; the name was later changed to the *Arizona Farmer* (now it is called the *Arizona Farmer-Ranchman*).

The typewriter in Ernie's study at 74 West Edgemont in Phoenix was busy whenever he wasn't out making windshield inspections around the state or participating in a farm or ranch meeting for the benefit of all. Ernie's mailbox was always stuffed with papers and magazines from all over the world. When folks wanted to know what was doing in the irrigated range, they just naturally wrote Ernie Douglas.

During his lifetime he took an active part in building Arizona. He was witness to the transformation of the Salt River Valley from arid desert land to a burgeoning metropolis through reclamation. And as a budding reporter he covered the arrival of Teddy Roosevelt when the hearty, popular ex-President journeyed here to dedicate Theodore Roosevelt Dam in 1911.

Enrie Douglas since then has never paused in recording the growth

of Arizona and fighting its battles in print. As a student of reclamation he was unsurpassed; as a champion of reclamation he was the peer of many, particularly in the field of water.

Ernie said that only through the will of the Lord did he escape being born a Texan. His family was living in Texas at the time and was about to migrate by wagon to Arizona Territory. Luckily (he says), his mother went ahead by train. As a result he managed to be born in Arizona, getting his first glimpse of this restless world in a tent pitched on the lower Gila River about ten to twelve miles from Gila Bend.

He spent the first sixteen years of his life in the wilds of the lower Gila until the family moved to Phoenix. And it was in Phoenix that he made an astonishing discovery that proved to be a turning point in his event-crammed life. Ernie, who up to that time had only forked a cowhorse for locomotion, discovered the bicycle. All the boys of his age rode them, and he decided he had to have one. The bicycle gave him a chance to become a carrier; later he had his first opportunity to become a newspaper reporter.

That was when he made the second astonishing discovery of his life. He found out he could do a tolerable job of stringing words together and fitting them into the right places. Thus the beginning of his extraordinary career. By this time people everywhere were interested in Arizona. Papers and magazines were begging for Arizona news. Ernie would rather write than eat and he worked every spare minute to fill all the requests. His copy appeared in many papers including the *Los Angeles Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Wall Street Journal*, and national magazines. In time, writing for out-of-town papers struck him as a more

satisfying, lucrative business than "working for a living," so he quit his job to devote full time to it.

When he was working for the *Mesa Journal Tribune*, he found his true forte working the ditchbanks and ranges as a farm reporter. This was during the period when the Salt River Project was putting out the *Arizona Producer*. It was sent free to all shareholders, and later to members of the Farm Bureau. But hundreds of dollars were lost on each issue; this was during the depression years and the Project could ill afford the loss. Eventually Ernie was offered the paper and he took it over in the mid '20s.

It was a hard row to hoe at first. Ernie spent years as a one-man farm reporter, writing features under all kinds of names. One of these has survived--Foxtail Johnson, a connoisseur of squawberry cordial. It is still a popular column in the *Arizona Farmer-Ranchman*, as the old *Arizona Producer* is called. Ernie syndicates the column to various other publications. Some of his Foxtail Johnson Objects are:

> A farmer that contracted his cotton in February and a rancher that didn't contract his steers in July met on Main St. this a.m. Their tears sure made a big mud puddle.
>
> Our county agent says us farmers are prosperous. His evidence is that the patches on our overalls are fewer and smaller.

In 1969 Ernie wrote an article, in the *Arizona Farmer-Rancher*, about his Jerky Memories: "Yes, I had seen those little cellophane bags of so-called jerky in snack displays here and there. But I paid them no never-mind until the *Wall Street Journal* printed a front-page story about how chawin' on beef jerky has become a national fad and its sales arising 10 to 15% a year. Until they have reached $8 or $10 million. The heading: 'It May Be Leathery But Many Americans Swear By

Beef Jerky.'"

But to Ernie it tastes like anything but jerky, at least when its properly cured out in the hot Arizona sun. According to the author, the insipid jerky of modern snackery is beef stripped of fat and gristle and dried in ovens. Ovens! Great jumpin' cactus! A little preliminary boiling is permissible, but ovens? Three rousing noes!

Ernie didn't know how the Indians prepared jerky but he knew how *he* did on the Gila. "I pounded it with a hammer. My mother took the chips and fragments and combined it with a can of tomatoes, an onion or two, and everything else she had handy to make a stew so tasty that I have to smack my thin old lips every time I think of it. Jerking was the only way they had of preserving meat for future use. It was eaten out of hand."

Highlights, a Tribute to Ernie

by Bill Riley

All his life Ernie has concerned himself with the economic prospects for Arizona cotton farmers, cattlemen, and vegetable growers. When the rains came he was concerned about farmers not being able to get into the fields with a picker, getting spotted cotton, loss of grades, and all the other host of troubles that accompany rain at cotton harvest. Yet, on the other hand, he had to have some real satisfaction from the end of the longer dry periods we've experienced in recent years. And with his concern for fall rains and their plentiful spring soil moisture on dried-up rangeland, he knew the cattlemen must have been delighted. But they always wished for more rain.

One of our constant problems, in my days of managing the *Farmer-Ranchman*, was to find editorial people who could "write in the Douglas style." I finally gave up. There was just one Ernie Douglas; his style is his own. Imitators haven't a ghost of a chance, 'cause they don't know Arizona the way Ernie Douglas has known Arizona.

Ernie has an additional quaint philosophy which people sometimes talk about; that's his frequent statement: "Leave us not be troubled with the facts." Fact is, he was a bear for facts, and could convert those agonizing statistical reports from USDA, the University, the chemical people, and the machinery people into what he prefers to call "ditch-bank English." Lord, when he got through, even I could understand what he was saying!

I suppose I have to take the blame for the premature feeling a lot of people got back in the spring of 1971 when that magnificent "Ernie Douglas Appreciation Dinner" was put together. It all started when I suggested to Rod McMullin that Ernie might just possibly be eligible for one of those awards the Project handed out from time to time. Rod's reply was that "Ernie belongs to all Arizona, not just the Project; let's give him a Really Big Party." That's what happened, with business and political leaders from all over the state gathering to pay tribute to Ernie. Former Governor Howard Pyle flew in from Chicago, and we had some county politician's group mad because Governor Williams at that time wouldn't change his plans to attend. Many people thought it was a retirement party. They couldn't have been more wrong!

When George Grotlish asked me to contribute something to this Ernie Douglas issue of the *Farmer-Ranchman* I was quick to accept. Then

I started to think about what to write. As I type this I go back to the Whitlow Dam story and how similar it was to this, and find myself in the same situation of trying to pass along some of the wonderful wisdom this guy has given me through our years of association. It brings up a flood of memories, all of them happy ones.

I've frequently said that, if I ever wanted a father image, I'd put Ernie there at the top. That's where the Whitlow Dam resemblance came in; you can't tell this story in a couple of paragraphs, but you have to stop the flood.

I first met Ernie in March of 1958 when I took over as General Manager of the *Farmer-Ranchman*. As usual we were short of manpower. One day when he only had Farm Bureau, Cattle Growers, and Aerial Applicators meetings scheduled inbetween his tours through the University Farm, the Cotton Growers, and the Research Center, he asked me to give him a hand. It seems the Whitlow Dam, Queen Creek and Higley, was to be dedicated. Of course I took a few pictures and wrote a few paragraphs about the dedication, and I kept a program so I could get the names right. I never recognized the story that appeared in the next issue. Ernie, with his knowledge of ruinous floods through the years around Queen Creek and Higley, had turned it into a half-page masterpiece. Ernie was a gentle critic and a magnificent teacher. I learned more about how to write a farm paper article from reading that Whitlow Dam story and talking to him afterwards than I learned in all my years in journalism school and as a newspaper man. The guy was an absolute genious in taking a few facts and romancing them into a story that kept pulling you through to the end.

Bill Riley closed his tribute, "Ernie, Happy Days, Happy Days! from a guy who tried to imitate you, but who will never succeed in that task!"

Ernie has been called Mr. Agriculture of the Southwest, and never was a title so richly deserved. For, after all, the history of agriculture in the State of Arizona and the history of Ernie Douglas and the *Arizona Farmer-Ranchman* are the most accurate histories of agriculture in the Southwest.

Ernie tried to retire many times, but circumstances brought him back to what he recalled was the World's Greatest Farm and Ranch Paper. He would just cool his typewriter to medium-hot and do all that in-depth reporting he'd been putting off for the century. And as Foxtail Johnson he prophesized and philosophized in language he felt talked directly to the hearts and funny bones of farmers and ranchers.

After Ernie's eighty-fifth birthday he was determined, that time, that he was going to take it easy with his wife Elsie at their home, 74 West Edgemont, Phoenix, which was appropriately named Casa Loca.

When Ernie Douglas was nominated to the Arizona National Heritage Livestock Show, folks felt he was an institution for Arizona agriculture. He was presented a certificate as a charter member of the Arizona Living Stockmen Hall of Fame in 1976. Chet Johns was president of Arizona National at that time.

In the *Arizona Republic*, under "Arizona Deaths," and at his services held at A. L. Moore and Sons, Ernie's last tributes were read. Ernie Douglas, an Arizona agricultural instutition, was dead. Leukemia took him at the age of eighty-six.

At that time he was survived by his wife Elsie; a son, Ernest B., Jr.; three daughters, Mrs. Guy Acuff, Mrs. R. E. Johnson, and Mrs. Antoinette Nelson; thirteen grandchildren; and six great grandchildren.

EMMA J. PIEPER CHILSON
(MRS. N. W. CHILSON)

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Emma J. Pieper was born in Globe, Arizona, December 30, 1889. She can well remember when Arizona was just a territory. Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States when she was born, and Arizona became a state in 1912 while William H. Taft was President.

Emma's father and mother both came to the United States from Germany when they were very young. Her father, Augustus Pieper, made his way by getting odd jobs. For awhile he worked for the Anhauser Bush Beer Company in St. Louis. After leaving there he went to Silver City, New Mexico, which was then a booming town of silver mines. His next move was to Globe, Arizona, where he settled. While there he built and operated an ice house in the Pinal Mountains, supplying Globe with ice. In Globe he met and married Wilhelmina Bohse; she had left Hamburg, Germany to visit her father who had previously settled in Globe. While en route to Globe, the stagecoach Wilhelmina was on was attacked by Apache Indians--fortunately no one was injured. She became familiar with the English language by studying Globe's first newspaper, the *Silver Belt*. She married Augustus Pieper in the early 1880s in Globe, where in 1889 Emma was born. They moved to Payson where Ernest and Elmer Pieper and another daughter, Helen Baldwin, were born.

The Piepers acquired land and cattle. At one time they owned most of the property in Payson, from the east side of the present State Highway 87, down the valley, and west of the center of Old Payson. After Augustus Pieper's death in 1931, Mrs. Pieper sold off real estate

on the property they had accumulated throughout the years. Building lots sold for seventy-five dollars, and even at those prices the sales were productive compared to her cattle sales in the same period when cattle sold for ten to fifteen dollars per head. Her brand was W/P and was in use from about 1890 to 1941. Mrs. Pieper remained very independent and active up until her death.

Emma went to grade school and high school in Payson. She later attended the State Normal School at Tempe, which is now Arizona State University. To get back and forth wasn't as easy as it is now. She always went home to Payson for Christmas, and it was quite a trip. She would take the evening train from Tempe to Mesa, stay all night, and the next morning take the stagecoach to where they were building Roosevelt Dam across the Salt River. There she crossed the river on a tram which was rigged with a flat piece of iron about the size of a table on which two passengers could ride at one time. She would spend the next night on the other side of the river and then take another stagecoach the next morning to Clanton's ranch where she would spend the third night. The next morning she would go on to Payson via the same stagecoach. Almost four days to make the trip which today takes two hours or less!

Emma married N. W. "Boss" Chilson in Payson, December 30, 1913, and they went directly to the HI Ranch south of Payson.

Boss's family, Emer and Margaret Chilson, moved from Texas to California in 1860, settling near Whittier. By wagon and ox team they were nine months on the road. Boss was born in Downey, California on May 4, 1876. Emer Chilson was a true pioneer. By 1877 he felt crowded by civilization moving in, so he started out again by wagon train for a new

land with his wife and three small children. They settled at Richmond Basin, a silver mining camp near what is now Globe, Arizona. They moved on down to where Miami is now and which was a thriving mining camp in those early days. Many people had moved into the country with children who needed schooling, so Emer Chilson and Ed Horrell established the first school in Gila County. Boss had been named Napolean by his parents, but the miners started calling him "Boss" and that name stuck with him all his life--few of his friends knew him by any other name.

Not long after the Chilson family settled in Arizona, Emer and some of his brothers started in the cattle business, and in 1883 they moved to Green Valley Mining District which later became Payson. At that time there was no post office, or school, or even a store, and of course, no doctor. Emer Chilson had attended the meeting where Globe was named, and also later a meeting when they gave the community of Payson its name.

Boss was called a natural cowman. He bought and handled lots of cattle in the Tonto Basin Country when they ran the big roundups. He was also a lover of good horses. Some of the same hardships that ranchers experienced in early days are still prevalent. Success was primarily dependent upon rainfall. An interesting but devastating incident occurred. An extended drought after the turn of the century was so severe that Boss and his brothers decided that their best chance to survive in the cattle business was to gather up all the heifer calves at Sunflower and haul feed to them by wagon from the Salt River Valley. The balance of the cattle, they assumed, would perish. Due to the lack

of feeding facilities, they fed the calves in the creek boulders in the bottom of Sycamore Creek in order to keep the waste of feed to a minimum. They also cut sycamore limbs in the creek bottom and fed them as roughage along with the hay and grain being hauled in. After several months of this constant feeding, the drought broke overnight causing a serious flood in the Sunflower area. Though they were aware in advance that Sycamore Creek would flood, they were unable to drive the calves away from their feeding ground and nearly all of them were drowned.

To briefly tell the story of the ranches which have been bought, sold, lived on, etc. by the Chilsons, Boss and his three brothers (Jesse, Charley, and John) acquired substantial properties and permits in the Tonto Basin area about 1913. These were the old Bar T Bar Ranch established earlier by Pink Cole, the HI Ranch which Boss alone bought from Fisher, and the HI and H properties that we know today in that area, and by 1924 Boss had acquired the 1,200 head Little Springs and Hay Lake permits. The brands that they used in early ranch history are still in use today by the family; namely, the -T- and HI brands.

During foreclosure proceedings following the depression, the Tremaines and Boss met as they had both started similar procedures. This led to meetings and friendship, and to Boss becoming a part owner and General Manager of the Tremaine Alfalfa Ranch and Milling Company whose name was changed to Bar T Bar Ranch, Inc. and to a complete reorganization of all the Arizona properties. The adjoining Sunflower Ranch was purchased and the AD Ranch in Greenlee County was sold. By 1939, there had been substantial increases in the cattle market; i.e., yearling steers sold for 7¢ per pound. Even though the Tonto Basin

properties which were used mostly for winter grazing and the Little Springs property for summer grazing were separated by some seventy miles, the cattle ranch operations had proven profitable. However, the long-range future was being carefully considered. The U. S. Forest Service on the Tonto National Forest was making many threats toward the reduction of forest permits, and eventually it would prove to be difficult if not impossible to move the cattle over the long distance separating the winter and summer ranges. It was taking four cattle drives, consisting of seven to ten days each, to move to Little Springs and Hay Lake with three drives back to Tonto Basin and one to Winslow for shipping. So in 1939 the decision was made to sell the Tonto Basin properties and purchase permits, private lands, and state leases contigeous to the Hay Lake property. In 1939 the Hay Lake allotment was purchased from Babbitts, that same year the Pitchfork Allotment also from Babbitts, and later the Moqui and Wolfolk allotments from Fred Bixby. The present Bar T Bar Ranch is still unique in that we have long cattle drives between the winter and summer ranges each spring and fall.

Boss and Emma had two sons, Ernest and Don, both born in Payson. As did most ranch wives, Emma moved to town each winter to send the children to school--to Payson for grade school, Winslow for high school, and Phoenix for college--and returned to the ranch in the summers. The ranch was always "home" and the love of their lives. For many years they lived on the Bar T Bar Ranch south of Payson, had a home in Payson, and spent their summers at Little Springs.

In 1942 the company purchased the Tehachapi Ranch in California. It consisted of 23,500 acres, all private land. Boss, Emma, and Don

moved to California to operate that ranch. This move was complete tragedy to the family. Boss passed away August 4, 1945, the result of colliding with a train at the headquarters ranch. The following year Don, when roping a 1,000 pound Brahma steer, had his horse jerked over a bluff and ruptured a disc in his backbone, which attributed to his death.

The California ranch was sold in 1947, Emma moved back to Arizona, and at the age of twenty-six Ernest was manager of all the ranching interests. He later became president of both Bar T Bar Ranch Company and Meteor Crater Enterprises, Inc., a leased tourist business.

In 1938 Ernest married Evelyn Back, a member of another Pioneer family. Her grandfather, William Back, was from Missouri and at one time owned Montezuma Well and farmed the surrounding land. He also was a cattleman as was his son, Fred, who was Evelyn's father. Evelyn's mother's family, the William Allens, settled in Cherry Creek in the early 1880s. Evelyn went to high school in Clarkdale and graduated from Arizona State University at Tempe. She and Ernest had one daughter, Judy Hill, who now lives in Houston, Texas and works for the International Charolais Association.

Ranching has been in the Chilson family history since the beginning. Emma has lived at the winter headquarters, called Crater Ranch, near Meteor Crater for the past thirty years. She is now in her 90th year and does not care to leave the ranch--it's been home to her for so many years. She still drives her car for shopping, etc. Ernest and Evelyn live at Hay Lake in the summer and fall, and in the winter they maintain a residence in Flagstaff.

ANNIS A. ARCHER REAGAN BOULDIN

GLENDALE, ARIZONA

Allie Annis Archer was born in Marlow, Oklahoma on April 17, 1893 to Thomas Jefferson Archer and Martha Jane Stewart Archer. Annis' father, Thomas, was a Methodist minister for many years. He was born on January 4, 1858 in Texas, and her mother, Martha Jane, was born in Missouri, December 5, 1858. Annis spent her early years going to school in Cheyenne, Oklahoma. At the time Annis was born, Oklahoma was yet considered an Indian territory.

In January of 1912 at the age of nineteen, Annis came West with her family by train to settle and live in Springerville, Arizona. Annis then set out to get herself a job, and Tom and Maude Phelps were pleased that she had decided to help Maude with the housework, canning fruits and making jellies. Annis remembers at one time helping Maude put up five hundred jars of apples. Annis helped Maude many times, putting quilts together for the cool nights in Springerville.

Maude Phelps was a sister of Bert Colter who lived and ranched in Springerville, and Annis remembers the many get-togethers and the family's dances. Bert himself started out wrangling horses at $12.50 a month. When he started working with cattle, he never knew how far it was to any barrier which stopped cattle from drifting. The Colter range ran a hundred miles in all directions from Springerville, which was, and still is, headquarters for most cattlemen in the area.

Cattlemen then had, in the early days, what they called "pool wagons," and on all the ranges they worked, there were quite a number

of big cowmen as well as numerous small owners who were represented at the pool wagons. Sometimes there would be four or five of these wagons working at the same time, with each wagon having a cook, horse wrangler, foreman, and from ten to thirty cowboys. The owners of the cattle would meet and outline certain parts of the world--it seemed that big to the cowboys then. It would take from early spring until late fall to do the branding and shifting of cattle and the gathering and shipping of steers.

In the earlier days very few cattle were sold except steers. The cows usually were left on the ranges to die of old age or other causes. When the roundup started it was a case of work night and day as long as they were working, as there were no houses to camp in, no corrals to catch horses, no holding traps or corrals for the cattle. All work was done in the open spaces, with none of the conveniences of these times. In those earlier days, no one thought of feeding cattle anything, and they felt pleased if they had no heavier loss than 10 percent per year.

In 1914, Annis and Jim Reagan had been married just about a year when Bert Colter moved up to northwestern Colorado (Meeker) and went into business with his younger brother Harry. They had some eight hundred cattle and a hay farm that produced around one thousand tons of hay. This was Bert's first experience in feeding and he was very favorably impressed with the results. However, it required too much hard work for Bert, so he married a school marm who was very popular, and of course, he wanted to take her to a new and better country. Annis remembers when Bert brought his new bride, Elsie Wear, back to Springerville to live for the rest of their lives. At that time both Annis and Bert worked for Bert's brother-in-law, Tom Phelps.

When Annis' job came to a close at the Phelps, Annis packed her bags in preparation for returning to Oklahoma with her sister Deamis and her sister-in-law Minnie, but Mrs. Alice Reagan, the hotel owner in Springerville, asked Annis to stay and help out at the hotel for a couple of weeks. At the end of two weeks, Annis again prepared to leave. Mrs. Reagan had other ideas. Again Mrs. Reagan came by to talk to Annis and to plead with her to please stay on at the hotel in hopes that Annis would be a good influence on her son, Jim, and that this influence would get Jim to work more around the hotel and do less roaming around in pool halls, carousing and gambling.

The time came when Jim did stay around the hotel more, and eventually he began talking to Annis about settling down. He even promised her he would homestead a place and go into cattle ranching. Finally Jim did win over Annis with all his talk. In February of 1913 James P. Reagan married Annis. Jim had been born in Springerville, Arizona on July 22, 1888.

Annis and Jim used the V A N brand on their ranch and raised mostly whiteface cattle. Annis had climbed the Escadea Mountain on the ranch many times, passing bear tracks and hearing the cries of the lions. Their homestead was irrigated from Reagan Lake, a lake that had formed when the water came off the mountain. The ranch's name was the J. P. Reagan Ranch, and it would usually carry about seventy-five head of cattle.

After many years on the ranch, Annis and Jim moved back to Springerville. Once there they bought an adobe house from Mickey Wall. Across the street from the house, Jim built an adobe building which was

to be a garage to work on cars. The garage was to be in direct competition with the only other garage in town, which was owned by Eddie Becker.

Eventually, Jim also ran a movie house and dance hall which, this time, ran in competition with the Apache Hotel and Dance Emporium which was owned by the Becker family.

An exciting event Annis remembers is that one day a "barnstormer" came to Springerville selling tickets for rides in his airplane. As this was the arrival of the first airplane to come to Springerville, many people wanted to take a ride. The liquor was running free and the spirits were high. After each ride, in which the barnstormer kept bringing it (the airplane) in lower and lower to the trees, the barnstormer would have another drink. On one of his flights he took the Becker twins up, but coming back down, due to many libations, he misjudged his distance and the plane's wing hit a tree limb, wrecking the plane. Neither the barnstormer nor the Becker twins were seriously hurt. The next time up was to have been Jim Reagan's turn, but fate wouldn't permit it. However, Jim did get the privilege of storing the wrecked plane in his barn.

Barnstormer: a person who toured rural areas giving exhibitions such as stunt flying, short plane rides, and all was usually done for money.

Before leaving Springerville, Jim and Annis Reagan were blessed with four daughters: Georgia, Dorothy, Gertrude, and Gwendolyn. Later, a fifth daughter, Betty, was born in Phoenix. In 1926 the family left Springerville and came to live in Phoenix. At that time the population

was about 45,000.

James was with the Dodge Brothers Company in Phoenix for many years. In later years Jim and Annis were divorced. Annis married O. D. Bouldin on October 30, 1946 and they had many happy years together. They bought five acres on Glendale and 43rd Avenue. O. D. worked for several years as a mechanic for the famed Webster's Dairy which was in existence for many years. Annis spent many of her years working in hospitals, and was a practical nurse in World War II.

Annis enjoys going to Pioneer Day at the Arizona National Livestock Show. She is spending her last years enjoying all of her grandchildren and her great grandchildren.

THOMAS "TOM" COOK

EAGLE CREEK, ARIZONA

Thomas Benton Cook, known as Tom, was born June 3, 1872. Emma Spradlin was born June 7, 1875. Tom and Emma were married on June 16, 1889. They left Kerrville, Texas in 1902 and came by covered wagon to the Blue River country of Arizona.

In Arizona Tom hauled supplies by wagon and team for the ranchers of that vicinity. The high floods of 1905 washed away the land of the early settlers on the Blue River, including that of the Cooks. So, in 1906 they moved into Clifton where Tom worked for the Arizona Copper Company, in their store, for a few years.

Leaving Clifton, the Cooks moved to Eagle Creek, Arizona and homesteaded near the Double Circle (◎) Ranch. With a burro train of a dozen or more animals, Tom packed supplies from Metcalf and Clifton to the Double Circle and Four Drag (4◟) cattle ranchers. They also had a small store and operated the post office, which was called "Woolroc" but was abandoned after a few years and a rural route was established.

In 1937 Tom and Emma sold the store, etc. and moved to Clifton where they spent the rest of their lives. At different times they had a few cattle.

Tom and his wife had thirteen children. Rose, the first, was born September 1890, then Earl, Luther, Eugene, Minnie, Pearl, Herman, Gus, Prudy, Lutie, Claude, Vernon, and Etta who was born September 3, 1919. Now, in 1980, only Pearl, Prudy, Lutie, Claude, Vernon, and Etta are alive, and there are nineteen grandchildren. Earl had worked for the Cattle Company a long time.

Pearl and her first husband Crawleigh, who died, had a ranch on Eagle Creek. She then married Frank Jones who was with the Four Drag Ranch, also later with Freddie Fritz on Blue River. Several of the Cook boys homesteaded on Eagle Creek in Burro Basin, but today these are owned by the Double Circle Ranch.

Minnie Cook was born September 1898 and married Pete Fatheree, who was a cowboy at the old H Λ T Ranch on the Lower Eagle. The cattle were gathered out and Pete and his brother-in-law, J. L. Crawleigh (known as "Maggie") who had married Pearl Cook, bought the remnant of the cattle in the H Λ T brand and became partners for several years. Minnie and Pete had one boy, Gene.

Minnie and Pete separated and she married B. B. "Buck" Martin who worked as a cowboy for George Montgomery. Montgomery was the first president of the Greenlee County Cattle Growers Association and had the W. J. Ranch on Pigeon Creek which was on the Blue River drainage. Today this is part of the Tee Link (T⬭) Ranch owned by Bob Fletcher of Phoenix and managed by Jim Grammer. In later years Buck was in charge of the A D and the 6 K 6 ranches, now owned by Sewell Goodwin.

A few years later Buck and Charlie Davis, another cowboy, became partners with Wade Hampton of Clifton in the Tin Roof Ranch on the 'Frisco (San Francisco) River above Clifton, and they branded R U . This property became part of the Ed Elrage, or Uncle Dud as he was commonly called, ranches and branded *EE*. It stayed in the Elrage family until a few years ago when it was purchased by Emil Keirne, who in 1980 is president of the Greenlee County Cattle Growers Association. Minnie and Buck are both deceased; they had one daughter, Barbara.

Ludie Cook was born February 1908 and married Nites Hicks. The Hicks family was an old ranch family that for many years ranched in the Glenwood, New Mexico country and in later years homesteaded on Eagle Creek in Arizona. The Hicks' brand in New Mexico was HE but on the Eagle Creek Ranch the Three Slash (///) is used. At the present time Adelyn Hicks (widow of Irwin, another of the Hicks family) still has the ranch on Eagle Creek.

Though the Cook family was never engaged in the ranching business, except through their marriages, through their large family they have had many connections with livestock ranchers in this community and other places.

In 1940 before Tom and Emma passed away, they had a reunion with all of the family present except two of the grandchildren.

JOHN PETER "CATCLAW" HOWARD

LAKESIDE, ARIZONA

John Peter Howard was born on September 15, 1900, the son of Andrew Jackson and Lydia Allbritton Howard. Jack Howard was born in Missouri and Lydia was born in Alabama, but they were both Texans by upbringing and tradition. They made their way to Arizona in the middle 1880s and were living at Black Rock, southwest of Ft. Thomas, when little John was born, although he is technically listed as born in Globe.

When John was four years old his father died of smallpox. His mother married again but John spent much of his childhood with his Grandmother Allbritton. When he was about eleven years old they were living at Dos Cabezas and John was going to school in Willcox. He had a chum there named Benny Thorpe, whose father owned a saloon. One day Benny high-graded a quart of whiskey from the saloon, and he and John went behind the schoolhouse and drank the whole thing. Back in class, they were violently ill. The good doctor who was called got one whiff and recognized what the trouble was. The boys were in the hospital for two weeks, but the experience had a salutary and lasting effect; since then John Howard has not used alcohol in any form. The fact is, he can't even stand the smell of it. Some ten years after his initial drink, Fat Chapman talked him into trying another one. "Come on," said Fat, "one little old drink isn't going to hurt you." So John took that one little old drink; he was promptly sick, and that ended his drinking career for good. When the rest of the cowboys were getting drunk in town, John whiled away the time at The Lodge and other cowboy hangouts playing the punchboards.

When he was just sixteen years old John went to work for the great Chiricahua Cattle Company, known among the cowboys as the Cherrycows, or more simply as the Cherries. This famous old outfit had a range covering a couple of thousand square miles on the San Carlos and White Mountain Apache reservations, where some hundred thousand head of wild cattle were worked by a handful of even wilder cowboys. It was here that young John grew up as one of the wildest.

Shortly after he got the job, the outfit was changing horses while working the Sontag Creek country. John was stuck off in a catclaw thicket holding one corner of the rope corral the horses were being held in while John Osborne, the foreman, was roping out the horse each man called for. Not remembering the name of the kid in the thicket, he hollered, "Hey, Catclaw, what horse do you want?" The name stuck, and since then only his wife has used anything else. She calls him John, but most of the boys he punched cows with didn't even know what his real name was. At one outfit he worked for, even his paychecks were made out only to "Catclaw."

Catclaw went to work at the onset to become one of the wildest of the wild brush hands. He says with some pride that nothing stuck out its head that he didn't rope it. One day shortly after he had gone to work the outfit had gathered several hundred calves to brand. John Osborne put Catclaw to dragging calves and kept him at it all day. When the last calf was branded Catclaw was so tired he got off his horse and threw up. Mary Osborne, who often made a hand with the outfit, said to her husband, "You shouldn't have made that kid rope all those calves." To which Osborne replied, "I wanted him to get all the roping he could

use for once; now maybe he won't rope everything that sticks its head out." But it didn't work; Catclaw kept his rope down and got his practice.

Everett Bowman, who later became famous as a rodeo cowboy, went to work at the Cherrycows the same time Catclaw did. One day after the noon dinner, Osborne sent Everett and Catclaw out to the day herd. When they went out, Bert Killian, the boss of the day herd, came in for his dinner. While he was gone, Catclaw and Everett spent the hour roping the steers that grazed away from the herd. When Bert came back and caught them in the act, he didn't say anything, either to them or to Osborne. But a few days later Osborne told Bert he would give him Catclaw and Everett. "Nope, don't want 'em," said Bert. "Why not?" asked Osborne. "Because they spend all their time roping my steers." Everyone knows what a roper it made out of Everett. Catclaw was at least as good; he just didn't go into the rodeo business where he got the publicity.

Catclaw worked continuously at the Cherries for eleven years. In 1926 John Osborne, who had given him his first job, bought the old Cross S, the neighboring outfit to the west, and left the Cherries. Not long afterward Catclaw quit, too, and went to work for Osborne, gathering the remnant of Cross S cattle off the Forest part of the old Cross S range which Osborne had not acquired. Catclaw and Frank Young worked together out from the old Buck Ripley place on Ash Creek above the Chrysotile Mine. There were lots of big old Cross S steers to be gathered, and Catclaw says that out of every little bunch of cattle they would jump, six or seven would be mavericks. George England, that

fine old Chiricahua cowboy turned trapper, was working that country and spent the winter with Frank and Catclaw. Every morning George would have a breakfast of fresh eggs and fluffy hotcakes ready, and at night when they came in he would be ready with something equally tasty. One time, Fat Chapman and Pecos Higgins came over from their camp at Cienga to help move the gathered cattle to the big pasture. When they saw how the boys at the Buck place were eating, Fat said, "Where do you get all the fancy chuck? We don't have anything like this at our camp." "It's your own fault," said Catclaw, "You furnish beef to the Regal Mine. Do like we do at the Chrysotile Mine, trade beef for chuck instead of going in to Hilltop once a month for a bag of beans." But it wasn't all velvet like Catclaw thought it was; Osborne was charging their pay for all the fancy chuck old George was getting in trade for beef.

After he left the Cross S, Catclaw went to work for the Double Circles, the big outfit to the east of the Cherrycows. But it wasn't like the first eleven years of his cowpunching career; he began to move very often. He even worked again for the Cherrycows under the new manager, and then went back again to the Double Circles. In 1930 he was working for John Griffin at the X4 northeast of Globe when a horse fell with him and he was badly hurt, just one of the many serious wrecks that Catclaw had in his cowpunching days.

During 1931 Catclaw, like many of his kind, put in a hitch ridding the San Carlos Apache Reservation of the wild horses that were spreading the contagious disease dourine. At first they roped the horses, but this proved to be too slow and they began to eradicate them on the range with rifles. This didn't last long, however, and Catclaw soon went back

to punching cows at Griffin's. He was there in 1932 when John Griffin was killed when a horse turned over on him.

In May of 1933 Catclaw was working for Bill Lee on Coon Creek north of Globe when a bigger event took place: he married Lucy M. Thompson, a young woman who had come to Arizona from Pennsylvania. This happy event had a mildly taming effect on Catclaw; his cowpunching days were beginning to come to an end. Being a married man he found a job on the new Highway 60 construction that was taking place through his old stomping grounds. And in these years, too, he began his off-and-on careers in the mines of the Globe-Miami district.

Catclaw's last big job as a wild cowboy gathering wild cattle was with John Moore in 1937. John Moore was an old Cherrycow hand who had become superintendent of livestock on the White Mountain Apache Reservation and had later owned his own outfit on that reservation, covering the country in the forks between Black River and White River. Moore had been asked by R14, the wealthy Apache cattleman, to gather his wild Spear R cattle that were running along Salt River around the mouth of Canrizo Creek. Moore hired the best cowboys in the known world: Lyn Mayes, Arnold Johnson, Delbert Maness--and Catclaw. And those five gathered the wild cattle out of that rough and brushy country. When that last big wild cattle works was over, Catclaw went back to the mines. He was at Inspiration when the war broke out, and he stayed until after his unit had won the coveted "E" award for excellence.

But Catclaw couldn't stay away from cattle for long. In 1944 he was selected by John Moore to be the Stockman for the Indians in the Turkey Creek country of the White Mountain Apache Reservation. This

was a nice cowboy job because there was a good house at Chino Springs where Lucy could live, and it covered country that had been old Cherry-cow country when Catclaw had started out almost thirty years earlier. He made a reputation there this second time around, too. But after he got all the mavericks branded and all the big, old, overage steers gathered, it became too tame for Catclaw, and three years after he started he was back at the mines again.

In 1949 Catclaw and Lucy left Globe and went to live at Lakeside, where they bought a home and Catclaw went to work for the Navopache Rural Electric Cooperative. But again Catclaw wanted to get back to cattle, and in 1955 he began to manage the ranch of Lucy's brothers eight miles north of Lakeside. There he gradually became used to the ways of gentle cattle, and he has done very well, indeed, with them. Of course all the wild cowboy could never be rooted out. One day a few years ago he was helping a neighbor move some cattle, and was mounted by the neighbor on a high-powered young quarter horse. When a spoiled yearling broke out and headed for a jack-pine thicket, the old cowboy laid hot pursuit; never one to pull up, he hit the thicket just behind the yearling. The horse ran over a limber sapling that lodged under Catclaw's leg, the sapling gave as far as it could go and then sprang back, and Catclaw was lifted into the air and catapulted some forty feet. He got up by himself and kept on with the work, but by night he was in agony and gave in and went to a doctor. A pain-killer was the only relief the doctor could give him, and the old injury still bothers Catclaw, although it doesn't slow him down much.

In recent years Catclaw and Lucy have been living a quiet but

productive life, dividing their time between the ranch and their home in Lakeside. Catclaw takes care of a little bunch of blooded black Angus cattle that he has trained to come up for feed when he calls--a far cry from the methods of the old Cherry cowboy. Lucy, only slightly slowed down by heart trouble that requires her to spend much of her time in town to be near a doctor, is interested in reading history and in taking care of their comfortable home. Catclaw gets in an enormous supply of wood for their two homes each winter, sawing it and neatly stacking it all himself. He is still around cattle, still the old cowboy, one of the few of his special breed that are left. Only this year, 1980, are Catclaw and Lucy buying a mobile home, locating it in Porter Mountain Estates near Lakeside, and thinking of retiring.

VIRGINIA LAYTON LEE

SAFFORD, ARIZONA

Virginia Layton was born July 12, 1884 in Kaysville, Utah. The family lived in Layton, Utah, a town that had been founded by her grandfather Christopher Layton. There she attended school until she was twelve. In 1896 the family moved to Thatcher, Arizona where Virginia spent her teenage years in the Thatcher area schools.

Marion Lee was born in Nutrioso before Arizona became a state. Nutrioso is in Apache County, Arizona, and his birth, March 7, 1882, was recorded as being one of the first white children born in Apache County. He was born in a covered wagon. Marion and Virginia were married October 11, 1905.

Virginia was a very active club woman having been president of the Arizona State Parent-Teacher Organization, president of the Safford Womens Club, president of the B.P.W., and Woman of the Year of that organization. She was Graham County Red Cross Chairman, and a Charter Member of the Graham County Cowbelles. She was named Graham County Mother of the Year. She started the first lunch room in Graham County for the Thatcher schools, furnishing much of the food from her own garden and home. Virginia was a member of the Arizona and Graham County historical societies, and donated many antique treasures to both from her own home. She was a member of the first board of the Republican Women's Club of Safford as well as their treasurer.

Because of her interest in painting, Virginia's daughter Sabina bought her a box of the basic oils. That interest also brought about the establishment of the Art Department of Eastern Arizona College.

The Art Department encouraged the talents of many men and women who shared her love and enthusiasm for art. All her family, as well as many of her friends, have pictures painted by her in their homes. The Parent-Teachers Symbol of the Oak Tree which she painted and donated hangs in the State Office in Phoenix.

Marion at one time was Graham County's long-time Cattleman. In fact, the claim is made that although he was seventy-five in 1957, he had been in the cattle business that many years since while yet an infant he straddled a horse and began talking cow language.

His parents, Dave and Evelyn Lee, trailed 400 cattle and 100 horses from southern Utah into the Nutrioso area in 1880, and then for a time ran the cattle just across the line near Luna, New Mexico. The cattle and horses were turned loose around the Escudilla Mountains in Apache County.

Marion Lee was only about two years old when his father moved his cattle, horses, and family to Luna, New Mexico. At that time he found a more temperate range for the cattle. Marion's mother and his brother David died while in Luna and are buried in their little cemetery.

Marion attended school in Luna until he was fifteen years old. His father then sent him to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. When he was seventeen in 1899, he finished schooling and became a regular hand with his father's outfit.

At that time the cattle were summered in the White Mountains' country and wintered on the Blue River. Marion soon made a deal with his dad for a third interest in the 1,500 cattle and a large number of the horses Dave Lee was running at the time. When the Forest Service

began to administer the range, such a drastic cut was made in the number of stock allowed that they sold most of their horses, about 1,000 head, and moved the cattle to the Gila Valley near Safford. Marion had, at one time, trailed cattle 160 miles to be shipped from Magdalena, New Mexico, and admitted that for about ten years he owned sheep.

Marion was twenty-two years old when he spent his two years on a church mission to England.

The Lees were devoted to their family and home. One whole wall in the library of their house was lined with shelves of old books, and the other household furnishings included antiques and bric-a-brac that would drive a collector frantic. Virginia's home was filled with her beautiful oil paintings of bright, vivid landscapes, and she used to turn out a steady output of ceramics.

The Lee's home ranch lay southwest of Pima and extended ever upward from the desert to the desert grasslands, between the Santa Teresa and the Pinalenos which are capped by 10,713 foot Mt. Graham. The road from Pima to Arivaipa courses through the center of the ranch. Up in the higher parts where the divide runs which drains into the Gila on one side and the Arivaipa on the other, the country looks smoothly rolling off the road a bit. This rolling look proves to be deceptive. It is rocky, rough, and interesting, containing as it does, for example, the site of the famous Wham Robbery.

Back in the days when Ft. Thomas and Ft. Grant were important military installations, a Major Wham who was in charge of a colored cavalry troop was held up and robbed of a military payroll. It was a well-planned, well-executed exploit, and has been a favorite Graham County

conversation piece ever since then because it is alleged that a number of early-day cowboys were involved. But as one famous old cowman put it years ago, "No one was ever convicted."

The Lee's ranch was named the Indian Springs Ranch, and the brands used are summed up in an article written by Ted Lee, son of Virginia Lee, the "History of the Lee's RL Brand."

The RL brand is one of the oldest brands handed down from one generation to another. On January 24, 1813, Ralph Lee went down to the court house of Randolph County in southern Illinois and registered the RL brand for his cattle. The earmarks were a crop off the left and a small fork in the right. Ralph Lee was the uncle of John Doyle Lee.

In 1966, 153 years later, a descendant of John Doyle Lee, David Turner Lee better known as Ted Lee, President of the Arizona Cattle Growers, gathered up a few cattle that were the remnants of his spring roundup and branded a couple of the steer calves with the RL iron.

It would be of much satisfaction to be able to say that this RL brand had descended down through four generations of Lees. That would be something akin to a suit of Scotsmen possession, which is a matter of quiet pride, implied integrity, and inherited thrift. A cattle brand through four generations carries the same implications to many old Arizona cow outfits.

But alas! In the case of the RL, the chain was broken way back on; at least there is no record available after 1813 until, that is, 1966. In the *Arizona Brand Book, 1920*, Marion and Virginia Lee's brands were also  and  . J. David Lee's brand registered in that same 1920 brand book was AL. Doyle Lee's brand in the same years

was the 7L.

Ted Lee, Virginia's son, has told many stories that have been written up in the Arizona Cattle Growers *Cattlelog*. One was when his granddad, David Lee, bought 300 Hereford cows at five dollars a head from a fellow at White Oaks, New Mexico--near Magdalena. The fellow drove the cows to Ted's grandfather's, about 150 miles, and turned them over to him. Ted's dad was just a little boy then, but he remembered his father counting out $1,500 in gold which he paid the fellow for the 300 cows with their calves thrown in. The fellow put the gold dollars into a belt he wore under his shirt and the next morning he pulled out for home.

The cows were branded R$\overset{L}{\smile}$, the R Drag L, which is the brand still in the Lee family.

Along about 1905 is when the Forest Service regulations were getting a little rough, so Ted's grandfather decided to move. That's when he drove the cattle to Gila Valley and decided to settle there. But Ted's father decided they had jumped from the pan into the frying pan. Of course some things have been easier for them.

In that country, like any other in the early days, the big outfits were troubled with people eating and stealing their beef. The Slaughter outfit was the big one in Apache County then, and old Pete Slaughter had a hard time trying to protect his cattle. One day he was riding along when he came up to three of his big P.S. cows lying under a spruce tree, killed by lightning. The next time Ted's dad saw him, Pete said, "Guess I might as well give up. I've got Mormons on the north of me, Texans on the east of me, Blue River ranchers on the south and Indians

on the west. Now the Lord almighty is killing my cattle, too!"

It was open range in the Fry Canyon and Ash Creek country where Marion and Virginia first ranged their cattle. Later they bought a ranch at Indian Springs and Crazy Horse from Ben Tenney. It had goats on it but it also had homestead land and water rights. It was some time later that Virginia and Marion acquired some adjacent state land and they bought out part of the famous old 76 outfit that laid on the north side of the Pinalenos. Among other ranches the Lees added to their holdings were the Bill Moody place which they bought from Jim Smith, the Ferguson goat ranch from Ted Norton, and the Galiuro Ranch from Mrs. Elizabeth Gurnett, Arch Wilson's sister. The Galiuro Ranch is presently owned by Sabina Larson, Marion Lee's daughter.

The old Pup Ranch brand name P U P was purchased by Marion Lee many years ago from Woody (Mark) Wilson, Jack Wilson's father. Layton Lee, Marion and Virginia's son, took over this ranch and later sold it to Ned Daley. Layton then bought the old Double Circle at Nutrioso and the Luna country areas near Eagle Creek. Layton sold the Double Circle and is now working for the Forest Service.

Virginia and Marion Lee spent many happy years together, raising their five children (Layton, Sabina, Etta, Evelyn, and Ted), and celebrating their Golden Anniversary in 1955. Virginia lost Marion in 1957 and son Ted took over the part of the ranch that his dad had built up over the years.

Etta, Mrs. E. L. Tedwell, is now deceased. Evelyn Spriggs is the widow of the late Claude E. Spriggs of Riverside.

At seventeen years of age, Ted Lee had enlisted in the Pathfinder

Paratroop outfit. The army sent him to the University of Utah, after which he was assigned to Fort Bragg teaching other volunteers the paratroop business. After the end of World War II he spent two years at the Junior College in Thatcher and then went on to the University of Arizona, graduating in 1948.

Ted married Doris Billingley in 1952. Doris was from a pioneer Duncan family. They now manage their farms in Safford and Graham County, and are also in the process of developing land in Navajo County. Ted and Doris have two sons, Turner and Chris. They are both enrolled at the University of Arizona in Tucson, and both are majoring in agriculture.

Sabina Larson, the only one of Virginia's daughters who is still ranching, married Preston Parkinson Larson in 1934. "Pres" Larson was born in 1901 at Preston, Idaho, which is not far north of the Utah line. He was the son of Nephi and Bertha Smart Parkinson Larson. His mother was a sister to Ezra Taft Benson's mothers. As a youth, Preston Larson worked in his father's general mercantile store. His mother's family was in the sheep business around Idaho Falls and Rexburg. Young Larson also worked for his uncles on their sheep ranges. Training in both of these areas, business and range livestock, were to serve Pres Larson well in his subsequent operations in Arizona many years later.

Preston Larson attended Utah University at Logan for three years, and then spent three years on a Morman mission in Heidelberg, Germany. After returning home he majored in business administration at the University of California in Los Angeles and worked part time for the Biltmore Hotel there.

Sabina Lee and Preston met in Utah at the university there, and later married. Sabina's grandchildren will be the sixth generation of ranchers in Arizona. Her father was Marion Lee, her grandfather was David Lee, and her great grandfather was John D. Lee.

About 1938, while in Los Angeles, Preston and Sabina Larson received a call from Marion and Virginia asking if they might come to Arizona and help with the Lee's affairs. They had extensive farming and ranch interests, and Marion's health wasn't up to par. Shortly thereafter, Virginia and her husband bought what was called the Galiuro Ranch, about 35 miles northwest of Willcox, in the Winchester Mountains. The permit had been transferred to the Galiuro Livestock Co. from the Kino Livestock and Land Co. in 1934. The latter firm had purchased the Galiuro (though it is miles away from the mountain range of that name), in turn, from D. W. Campbell in 1925. And Campbell originally bought it from the Hancock Livestock Co. They ran 2,000 sheep and 300 cattle the year 'round.

So Sabina and Pres Larson moved to the Galiuro, and while they were living there they bought the nearby William H. McGirk Ranch. A few years later they sold the McGirk place and used the money to buy out Virginia and Marion Lee's share, and those of sons Ted and Layton, in the Galiuro.

Preston Larson got into steer buying on an extensive scale, and in 1955 on a steer buying trip, he bought the fifty-section Harvey Smyers ranch 15 miles south of Deming, New Mexico. The Larsons moved there and did real well on the steers. Pres was a "born trader," and often he would rather pay someone to work the cattle so he could have

more time to buy and sell them.

Four years after he bought the New Mexico place, which was a few miles north of the border, he received a call from Tom Baker who owned the ranch adjacent to the Galiuro. Baker was ready to sell. The Larsons bought his place, making a very nice set-up as it means only opening a few gates to have a fine, rough-country entity between the two ranches.

Sabina and Pres got into farming in the 1950s. He was a gregarious man and had many friends. He bought some raw land in what is called the Stewart District some 15 miles with two friends, Jim Blaisdell and Bill Hubbard, successfully growing the first lettuce in that area. They also were among the first to get into cotton and sugar beets there--and the first to use sprinklers. Larson, with Floyd Smith, had been on the Governor's Committee which was instrumental in getting the sugar beet allotment started in this state and the refinery built in Chandler.

Sabina lost Preston suddenly in 1967. Their oldest son, Victor, operates the ranch, and they have made extensive water and range improvements in a long-range program that Preston Larson started in the fifties. Victor's range rotation system, water, corral, pipeline, and fence installations were instrumental in his being selected as the Arizona Range Management Man of 1973.

Sabina is a member of the Safford Womens Club, the State Republican Club, the Willcox Hospital Auxiliary, and for many years has been active in the local, state, and national Cowbelle organizations. In 1962 she was elected National Cowbelle Secretary and Treasurer. She recently worked on the 1980 National Cowbelles Cook-Off held in Scottsdale,

Arizona.

Sabina has another son, Preston Lee, who has a business in Phoenix. Her daughter, Frances Marion, and Frances' family live in San Francisco.

Virginia Lee is ninety-six, and is a resident of the Graham Mountain Nursing Home in Safford, Arizona. She has lived a long, full life in the state of Arizona, and the National is proud to have her as a member of the Arizona Pioneers.

CHARLES AND ADA RIGDEN

KIRKLAND, ARIZONA

Charles Lewis Rigden was born in London, England on December 23, 1866. His mother died when he was three years old. In the early 1870s his father, John Hadley Rigden, brought Charles and his older brother, Jack, to America. They first settled in Chicago at about the time of the Great Fire. John Rigden was a carpenter and helped to rebuild some of the burned area there.

Later on the family moved to Colorado, settling on the Cache Le Poudre River near Ft. Collins where Charlie helped on the family farm for several years. Then in 1893 he, his father, and other family members moved to the Salt River Valley of Arizona. There they engaged in building, contracting, and farming. Once, when asked what prompted him to come to Arizona, he replied, "Well, I had to go someplace, since back in those days, almost everybody figured he had to move on, especially farther West. Also, I think it was partly due to the fact that I wanted to get warm!"

Charles farmed for a time with Alfred Lockwood, who later became a judge and served on the State Supreme Court for many years. In later years, these two men enjoyed reminiscing about their early adventures as young men in the Salt River Valley.

In the mid '90s, Charlie went to work for Jerry Sullivan, a well-known cattleman who had property near Glendale and in the Big Chino Valley area of Yavapai County, most of what is now the Double O Ranch. In the late 1890s he worked for Murphy and Johnson, large operators in California and Arizona. He helped drive a bunch of cattle to California's

San Joaquin Valley and remained there for three years with Murphy and Johnson. While there he worked with Roy Hays and his father, John, on many large roundups and cattle drives before the Hays Cattle Company bought ranches in Arizona.

In 1902, after he had returned to Arizona and having decided that he would go into business for himself, he purchased the Fred Gaines ranch near Kirkland. He was there only a short time when Murphy and Johnson asked him to help gather a remnant of cattle off the Apache Reservation near Cibecue in Eastern Arizona. He thought that was the toughest cow job he ever tackled! Every one of the head they gathered had to be roped, tied to a tree overnight to cool off, and led out yoked to an ox or a mule!

After working there for three months, he returned to his ranch near Kirkland where he went into a partnership with Jack Lawler, an early day mining man and rancher. The deal did not include many cattle, so he and a neighbor, Joe Rudy, went to Texas and bought 400 head of young heifers at $8.00 a head on the cars there, and shipped them to Kirkland.

In 1907 Charles Rigden married Ada Eldred, a young shcoolteacher from Battle Creek, Michigan, whom he met when she taught school in Kirkland in 1905. Ada and her younger sister, Lina, had come West to teach school. Lina went as far as Pachuca, Mexico and Cananea, Sonora, where she taught in the American schools established by the mining companies. Later, in Clifton, Arizona, Lina married Peter Riley, for many years a well-known businessman in that area.

Ada Rigden was an active club woman and a talented artist as well

as being an accomplished ranch wife. She helped organize the Kirkland Women's Club in 1923, and was active in the Arizona Federation of Women's Clubs for many years. She was a serious artist, in both oil and watercolor, an interest carried on by her granddaughter, Cynthia Rigden.

The Lawler and Rigden partnership was dissolved in 1926, each partner taking a half of the rangelands. At that time, Mr. Rigden added a spear to his G brand, forming the G Spear as it is still run by his son Tom.

Charlie Rigden remained very active for almost eighty-five years; he rode horseback alone about the ranch the day before he passed away. He died, at home, on December 16, 1951.

Mrs. Rigden continued to live at her ranch home, pursuing her interests in painting and gardening. She passed away there on December 25, 1962.

The Charles Rigdens had two children--a daughter, Betty Wilson, who lives in Stamford, Connecticut and a son, Tom Rigden of Kirkland. Tom and his family moved to the ranch in 1955. They still reside in the old ranch house, part of which was built over 100 years ago and where Tom was born on August 13, 1911. Both Tom and Betty graduated from the University of Arizona, Betty in 1930 and Tom in 1935. After college he worked three years for the Soil Conservation Service on the Navajo Reservation. Tom and Margaret Hays were married in 1938, and Tom went to work in Tucson as Livestock Specialist with the University Agricultural Extension Service.

In 1943 Tom and his family returned to ranching in Peeples Valley, Arizona. There he worked for his father-in-law, Roy Hays, until 1955

when he returned to his home place.

Tom worked for eight years in Arizona as a per diem appraiser for the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley, until he lost his sight in 1964. He and his family continue to operate the ranch much as it has always been done. One daughter, Cynthia, manages the ranch and lives there in her studio apartment. She is well known for her art work, especially for her animals in bronze. A son, Charles, graduated from Northern Arizona University and manages a hospital in Anchorage, Alaska. Daughter Anna Mary lives in Page, Arizona, where her husband, Dr. Robert Glaab, is a veterinarian. The Rigdens have two grandsons, Charles Thomas Rigden of Phoenix and Rigden Glaab of Page, so now the ranch is into the fourth generation and almost eighty years of Rigden ownership and interest.

WILLIAM THOMAS AND ANNIE MAY (MEYERS) ZUMWALT

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

Memories of their daughter Eula

William Thomas Zumwalt (called Will and also Bill) was the oldest of nine children born to Noah and Alice Hope Zumwalt. He was born on June 30, 1876 in Kerr County, Texas. He had seven brothers and one sister. I guess the boys were all plenty aggressive and independent. They were born and raised in Texas and around Capitan and Nogal, New Mexico.

My dad told me that he used to drive an ox team and wagon carrying groceries and supplies to different places for wages, which were very little in those days!

My parents were married in Hereford, Texas, December 17, 1899. My mother was fifteen years old and Dad was twenty-three. They were married in her parent's home. My grandfather was Charlie Meyers and my grandmother was Willie Neal Boren. My grandmother was ill at the time, so my parents lived with them so that my mother could help take care of my grandmother. Grandmother passed away the year I was born (1902).

Grandpa Myers had a little farm and ranch near Elida, New Mexico. They had a few cattle, etc. We continued to live with them until my grandfather found himself a second wife. After that, my parents filed on some land not far away. In a little while, my parents had built a little home and took me to live in their new home.

My parents raised seven children: Eula, Francis, Alice, Robert, and a little son who died within a month or so after he was born. Then there was Mae. Mae was our cousin. Her mother died at birth and so

she became a member of our family. Lela was born in their later years.

Francis and Alice were born at our first new home. We didn't live there very long until my father filed on another place nearby. It was here that Robert was born. We had a larger home here, a windmill, a big dirt tank, lots of trees, a barn, and a big lumber corral. How they managed this must have been hard because this was on the plains and sand hills. We raised cattle, but my father also had a dry land farm.

One time my mother sent me to see about the troughs to examine the water content. My sister Alice, just a little tot, followed me and rolled off into the tank. I yelled for Mamma and she came running, but I had already reached in and pulled Alice out! I wasn't quite six years old myself. We learned to react fast in those days.

I learned to ride on a sidesaddle. My mother always rode on a sidesaddle. It wasn't "lady-like" for a woman in those days to ride on a man's saddle.

Some of my fondest memories remain from this place. We children had so much fun with each other, especially at Christmas when Santa would come and bring us one toy each and some candy, fruit, and nuts. The fruit amounted to an apple or an orange, and there was a handful of candy and nuts. The children today, with all their nice things stacked high under the tree, could never be any happier than we were then.

Our parents taught us to respect them and to work, which I am very thankful for. I always enjoyed going with my mother over to see my Grandpa Meyers and family. Mamma would let me drive the team as we rode in the buggy. I loved to watch the wheels turn in the sand. One

of my father's brother's families lived near. It was fun to visit them and play with my cousins. We would visit often.

One day my uncle came riding in and said there had been some trouble. We left in a hurry and went to Capitan, New Mexico where my dad's parents and brothers lived. I was about eight years old then. We only stayed a few months, then left for the West. My dad drove a covered wagon with a big team of horses. The wagon carried most of our belongings. My mother drove the hack drawn by a small team of horses. My Uncle Boyd Zumwalt, Cousin Wildie, and by brother Francis drove a herd of horses, mares, and colts. Robert, my youngest brother, about three years old, rode a little gentle horse nearly all the way. His nose blistered and peeled off but he never wanted to get off the horse.

We would stop and camp each night. We cooked over a fire. Every night we had delicious baking powder biscuits. There wasn't much else, but one day one of the men killed a deer. We hadn't had meat since we left. Everyone was so hungry for fresh meat. I can close my eyes today and still remember how good it all tasted!

Another really exciting thing happened on our way. It came up a big thunderstorm, lightning really popped and rain began to pour! The men were driving the horses, and the older boys told Francis that he had better run to the wagon. He said that he had just raised his quirt to give his horse a start and there came such a bolt of lightning that it held his hand in the air for at least a minute. It knocked my uncle's horse down that he was riding and killed two or three other horses. I say the Lord really protected the boys, but He also gave them the scare of their lives!

It seemed as tho we had been traveling forever! My sister and I rode in the two-seated hack with my mother. One day we arrived near the town of Alma, New Mexico. My dad had some friends who lived out in the country not far from the town. They were the Holomins. We drove out there and camped and visited with them for a week or so. They welcomed us with open arms and treated us so very good. We rested and enjoyed our visit so very much. This long trek, I know, must have been hard on my mother as she was expecting her fifth child at the time.

From Alma we traveled on to Mule Creek, New Mexico, where my father bought a little home with a few acres of farmland and a little pasture of grazing land for the horses. We hadn't been at Mule Creek too long until Grandpa Zumwalt and Grandma came. My dad gave them our little place and he bought and built another. This is where our baby brother was born. There was no doctor. My little brother lived only a short while, a few months, and he was called back home. It was sad for all of us.

My dad helped with getting the first school on Mule Creek, to the best of my memory. It was the first public school that I had ever gone to, but my mother had taught me at home and I had had a girl who was hired to teach me.

My brother Francis and I rode a little horse to school and carried our lunches. It was a one-room schoolhouse. I had two or three different teachers while there, Margaret Kull and Jack Wright. I enjoyed my school and liked my teachers. I especially enjoyed having school friends.

Seems as tho we could never settle in any one place permanently,

and soon we moved on. Our next move was down on the Frisco River, about twenty-five miles up the river from Clifton. Why a person would ever move out in the sticks like that with a young family is more than I know! The only way we could get there was to go up near Glenwood and come down the river in a wagon or over a trail, horseback. So, this time we again started in a covered wagon and hack. Whether it was the same teams or not, I don't know, but the same amount and the same way we left Texas and New Mexico, for sure. Guess I wasn't too happy about leaving. But you can bet that I didn't make a whimper! In those days kids were seen and not heard. My papa was a firm believer in that philosophy. So, down the stream and over the river we went. At this time there seemed to be a lot of water in the river. Ever'so often my mother was really afraid, but Papa took the lead and she followed! She had more courage and patience than that of Job in the Bible.

We finally made it to the place. There were two little rooms, but they were not connected. The largest one had been pieced together with whatever kind of lumber could be found. It had one window in it. It even had a floor. The other room was made of part logs and part pickets and a dirt floor. There was a nice young orchard and some berries, but everything was covered with weeds. There was a nice bubbling spring not too far away, so we all got plenty of exercise carrying water. There was a farm--or there had been--but it was now covered with rocks. In places we could see the remains of an old fence. The whole place had to be made over, except for the orchard and springs! There was water in a canyon that came by our place, so we built a dam and fixed ditches and then had plenty of water to irrigate a few acres. The wonderful part

about it was the water was our for the taking. No charge, just work!

My parents were just the kind of people that God made to do this kind of job. They were both hard workers and saved everything, even to a bean. They also taught us children to work and save.

Wherever we moved, the first thing my father seemed to think of was getting his children in school. So, with this in mind we went to meet our new neighbors, the Gatlins. They had a bunch of children. My dad and Harvey Gatlin got together (perhaps another nieghbor or two, that I can't remember) and had a small, one-room schoolhouse built up Dix Creek, up from the Sligger farm where they raised the most delicious apples I have ever eaten.

They hired a good teacher, Tony Zimmerman. Five Gatlin children attended school, Earnestine Ward and her sister, Jessy Stacy, and three of us who met on that first day of school.

The Gatlins lived at the mouth of the Blue. We all had to ride either horses or donkeys to get to school. It was a cold ride in the wintertime. When the river was up, the Gatlins couldn't get across the river. But we could go around a longer trail and make it. It was for this reason that the families finally hired teachers to come stay in the individual homes. But I still remember the fun we had at the little one-room school when we all got together.

After a considerable amount of time my hard-working parents, with the help of us children, finally got our Frisco home looking like a different place! All of us loved it. My dad bought a house in Clifton and hauled it up the river in pieces, painted and put it back together! It really looked beautiful to us.

We had lots of vegetables and fruit, that we grew, to eat. On holidays we would all ride up the trail to Mule Creek, strung out in a long line, one horse behind the other. We would visit with relatives and friends. The most fun was the dances! My dad called for the square dances. There were other times when we would ride up the Blue River and visit with the Cospers. They often had dances and three-day celebrations! My, the fun we had then. Seems like only yesterday. Some of the people I remember are the Fritzes, Gatlins, Stacys, and many others. The Cospers would put on a big feed for everyone.

My folks continued to live on the Frisco River until after I was married to Los Phillips in 1920. It was at this place that sister Mae came to live with us. At the same time, my Aunt Mary's children, Earven and Ruby, came to live with us and to go to school with us. We still had a teacher who lived in our home. This wasn't nearly as much fun as the little one-room schoolhouse.

Soon after I was married my folks moved back to Mule Creek. They bought a nice ranch up there. Alice, Robert, and Mae went to the little school at Mule Creek. My father now had cattle. He had gotten his start while we lived on the Frisco River. Both of my brothers worked for my father. While living here, my folks youngest child was born. They named her Lela, and she was born in Silver City, New Mexico.

Some years later they sold their ranch on Mule Creek and moved to Duncan, Arizona. They bought a farm between Duncan and Clifton. While there, my brother Francis married Morene Hext, and my sister Alice married Jerome English. The farm work got too hard for my dad because by that time he was getting up in years, so he sold the farm and moved into

the town of Duncan where he bought rent houses and office buildings and a bar. He made good with this property. It was while they lived in Duncan that they gained another daughter-in-law, Helen Freestone became Robert's wife. Mae and Lela were both married here, also. Mae married William Windes and Lela married Carl Points. Mae graduated from the Duncan High School.

My dad was brand inspector for several years after they moved to Duncan. He had a deputyship card for years. They managed to live well and save for their old age. They never once drew Social Security or an old-age pension. My father was active in the community and was a part of all the cattlemen programs.

They were both members of the Church of Christ in their latter lives. After my dad passed away my mother would walk to church almost every Sunday. She never learned to drive a car.

My dad broke his hip and was in the hospital for some time. Then he was released to come home but never did recover. Robert and our mother nursed him faithfully for five or six months until he died, July 27, 1964. He is buried in the Duncan Cemetery. Mother had a stroke and passed on about two years later, May 25, 1966. My brother Francis died October 14, 1968, and my sister Alice died January 28, 1978. They were all laid to rest in the Duncan Cemetery.

William Thomas and Anna May Meyers Zumwalt have four living children: Eula Phillips, Robert Zumwalt, Mae Winds, and Lela Mae Points. They have thirteen grandchildren and great grandchildren.

In Recognition

Eula Zumwalt was married to J. L. "Los" Phillips. They ranched in the New Mexico Mule Creek country just across the New Mexico line, later moving to Duncan Valley in Arizona where they bought a farm and again had cattle. Their brand was the  brand. When Los died, Eula sold the cattle.

Eula's father, Bill Zumwalt, was in the cattle business on Mule Creek. About 1912 he moved his family to the mouth of Hordin Cienga on the Frisco River. After about ten years they moved back to the Mule Creek country and homesteaded on Tennessee Creek. Bill branded the 4 X 4, the Triangle Bar (), and W M brands, and his range straddled the Arizona and New Mexico line. A. N. "Curley Bill" Traynor, now deceased and the former Annie Halliman of the old Halliman ranching family of Glenwood, New Mexico operated the ranch, now handled by Annie and her son Mike.

Bill Zumwalt was a Charter Member of the Greenlee County Cattle Growers when it was organized February 10, 1914. The founders divided the county into five districts, and a board of five directors was elected. Bill was one of the first members of the Board of Directors.

Bill was a great cowman. Until his death he took an interest in the county and in the ranchers' affairs.

Freddie Fritz

HARRY METZGER

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

The Indians wore full regalia! The cowboys raced through the streets actually shooting! And colorful confusion was the order of the day in 1908 when seventeen year old Harry Metzger arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He thought his dreams of the West were true, indeed, and was both disappointed and relieved to learn that he had stepped from the train into the midst of the famous Frontier Days. Not every day was to be such exciting chaos.

Born in Canton, Ohio to a family with several sons, Harry was a good student, but not overly fond of school. As a young man of thirteen or so, he worked as an architect and design artist. He enjoyed his artistic talent all his life, but his desire was for the life of the western cattle ranch.

Harry stayed the year in Wyoming, working on several ranches and learning as much as he could of ranching. His brother Dick had come West also, and was working in Colorado. Harry joined him there. They soon decided the northern winters left a lot to be desired. Harry had traveled around a good bit to see the country. He was particularly keen on Idaho and Montana, and kept up a lively interest and membership in the Montana Historical Society.

Working and saving, Harry bought a mare of which he was justly proud. He named her Flirt for, he said, obvious reasons. In the spring of the year he rode Flirt, accompanied by her colt, back to visit his family in Ohio. Staying awhile to visit, he sold the mare and colt before returning West with the intent of always, thereafter, owning

geldings.

Another brother had made his way West, and he and Dick had come to Arizona. Harry returned to Idaho but was easily persuaded to move farther south. He rode from Idaho through Colorado and Utah, stopping to visit a prominent family in Richfield and getting to know his way around that ranching area for a few months. The Metzgers in Canton had met the sons of the Richfield family when they were on a mission in Ohio. Harry continued his ride through the pretty much uncharted regions of southern Utah, experienced the Crossing of the Fathers, then had to find a route across the Navajo Reservation where he had the chilling adventure of an all-night Yeibichi dance, an exciting time for a young man from the city.

Harry arrived in Flagstaff on August 12, 1911 and spent his first night there as a grateful guest of the McMillan Ranch, now the Homestead of the Museum of Northern Arizona. There was land to be homesteaded, and it was in the Mormon Lake area Harry settled. Both brothers were ranching on land in the valley that was to be known as Ashurst Run. Theirs was also a homestead at the "narrows" of Lake Mary (which was properly Mary's Lake), a plot now under water--at least during years of good runoff.

The George H. Perry family had homesteaded in Ashurst Run, and here Harry first met their young daughter, Gertrude, whom he married in 1920. There were several other aspiring ranchers in the valley with the same dreams but, perhaps, not the diligence of young Harry. One by one he acquired other homesteads, as had the Perrys. Gertrude's brother Arthur and Harry merged their ranches and branded the Swinging MP (MP).

Besides his ranching activities, Harry was a talented management expert. He operated a wholesale grocery business in Prescott for Babbitt Brothers and was manager of the Grand Canyon and Williams Babbitt stores.

In 1928 Harry was stricken by a never-diagnosed paralysis which left him with very limited use of his left hand and a recurring pain and invalidism that prevented his ever resuming the totally active cowboy life he so enjoyed. His illness progressed rapidly and his search for relief led him in 1931 to the Mayo Clinic. There he was given the chilling sentence of "six months to live." At age eighty-five, he commented on the error.

Maintaining the ranch through World War II, Harry turned over the operation to his son H. Herbert Metzger. Herb served in the Japanese Theater, finished his degree at the University of Arizona, and took over the ranch in 1949. Gertrude Perry Metzger died in 1948.

Harry and Gertrude had two children, Herb and Helen. Herb's wife is Jane Darrow Metzger; their children, Diana Metzger Kessler, Jack Metzger, and Kit Metzger, are all accomplished and active cattle ranchers. At this time, Herb serves as President of ACGA and Head Honcho of the Flying M Cattle Company. The ⅂M⅂ is a brand he designed after Uncle Art Perry semi-retired during World War II. Herb's sister, Mrs. James G. Shackelford II, lives in Phoenix and is landscape artist Helen Metzger Shackelford.

For a short time in 1920-21, Harry and Gertrude lived in Utah where Harry renewed his friendship with the A. K. Hansen family in Richfield. While in Utah Harry was a founder of a still flourishing Utah Poultry

Association. Their love for Arizona was great, however, and back they came to stay. At one time Harry bought ranches in the Bridgeport-Cottonwood area, but it proved too populated for cattle.

After his retirement from the ranch Harry became one of the founders and the first Director of the Northern Arizona Pioneers Society. He was named to the Hall of Fame by the Citizen of the Year Foundation of Flagstaff for his service there. He served as Director, Curator, and General Everything until ill health forced further retirement in 1975. A growing memorial fund at the Museum in Flagstaff continues his devotion to the preservation of the pioneer life of Arizona.

During his lifetime Harry was a member and served on the vestry of the Episcopal Church. He belonged to the Rotary International and the Masonic Lodge. He was a member of numerous historical societies in the Western States, as well as the Heard Museum and the Arizona Historical Society.

Harry died in February 1978.

HENRY G. BOICE

SONOITA, ARIZONA

The following, written by Richard G. Schaus, was first published in the *American Hereford Journal* in July 1959. It is reproduced here with permission.

Early one crisp morning last April (1959) the corrals on the historic old Arivaca ranch in southern Arizona, 10 miles from the Mexican border, seethed with the annual activities involved in sorting the ranch's 80-head herd of purebred Hereford cows, in branding the frisky calf crop and in selecting the two-year-old heifers destined to become replacements.

The day before an exactly similar sorting and branding had taken place on the Empire ranch, 45 miles to the northeast, as the crow flies, and about double that far by road. On both the Empire and the Arivaca one of the most severely dry winters on record had left the cows in rather "poor" condition, but their calves were a thrifty looking bunch, and had been well mothered. These purebred units are used to raise bulls for the quality commercial herds operated on those ranches.

A big, strong-headed bull, with some "structure" to him, and not at all fat, watched the dusty and smoky goings-on in the Arivaca corrals with detached interest, no doubt feeling secure in his wisdom and experience, that he and the cows being selected for him would be turned out together that evening. Two other younger bulls, one of Arivaca breeding and the other from Albert Mitchell's Tequesquite Ranch in New Mexico, acted less complacent. They would wander over to the corral fence, from time to time, to watch what was going on, the way bulls do

sometimes.

The old bull's pedigree, though not too unlike that of many other Hereford sires throughout the western range country, merits some scrutiny here. Henry Gudgell Boice and his son Fred, and his nephews, Frank and Bob Boice, simple call the old bull "Number 52."

"Number 52 is by a bull we also raised, Number 35, and 35 was by still another one of ours, Number 8," Mr. Boice recently recalled. "Number 8 was by an Albert Mitchell bull which we called Number 34. He was by Young Mischief 4th, who was by Mischief 149th, by Mischief 76th, by Mischief 5th. Albert Mitchell got Michief 5th from Mousel Bros., of Cambridge, Neb., he being a son of Young Anxiety 4th by Bright Stanway, the latter a prominent Gudgell & Simpson herd bull.

Gudgell & Simpson, of Independence, Mo., founded the first Hereford herd in that state, which was the second such west of the Missouri River. "It became the greatest Hereford breeding establishment ever known in America," wrote Henry W. Vaughan, in his textbook *Breeds of Live Stock in America*. Most students of Hereford history will agree with the unequivocal statement. Vaughan's observations, made in 1927, are of special interest here because the numerous members of the Boice clan in Arizona today are direct descendents of Charles Gudgell. Mr. Gudgell's daughter, LuBelle, married Henry S. Boice in 1891 at Independence.

Henry and LuBelle Boice had three sons and two daughters: Henry, Frank, Charles, LuBelle and Helen. Both Henry Gudgell Boice of Tucson and the late Frank Seymour Boice of Sonoita had two children. The former's are a son Fred, and a daughter, Peggy Ann (Mrs. Jack Rubel), while the Frank Boice children are sons, Robert and Frank Stephen. (None of

the late Charles Boice's children are interested in the cattle business.)

Family Carries on in Cow Business

But all four of Henry and Frank Boices' children--great-grandchildren of Charles Gudgell--operate range cattle outfits and raise first-class commercial Herefords in Arizona. And there is a splendid crop of great-great-grandchildren coming along on all four of these places they operate--fourteen in all so far.

Later on a closer look will be taken at each of these four ranches because, considered together, they illustrate the Hereford's amazing adaptability to thrive on about every type of terrain, forage and extremes in temperature that the southwest range country, and Arizona in particular, have to offer. These include desert, with relatively mild winters and summer temperatures that soar over 100 degrees for months on end; more or less semi-desert areas where mesquite beans have often saved the day when spring and early summer have been rainless; broken, rocky country with the forage a mixture between brouse and grass, and finally upper ranges climbing to 7,000 feet where the winters can be severe.

We mentioned particularly the "amazing adaptability" of the breed because nowadays this quality of Herefords is often taken for granted. But in the two decades before the turn of the century, the emergence of Hereford cattle as the almost universal breed on the ranges of the Southwest represents one of the greatest and most abrupt biological changes in North America's history. Left to nature, such changes occur slowly, and, even when given man-made assists, usually take more time

than it took Herefords to "top out," as the saying goes.

During the previous centuries, Spanish cattle had adapted themselves to this region, and, in the process, had become wild, lean and hardy--characteristics they probably possessed to some degree to begin with, but which the rough environment of the Southwest had notably reintensified. The main fault with the Spanish cattle was that they did not produce much beef. The post-Civil War southwestern cattleman soon came to recognize the superiority of the English beef breeds but it was not until some semblance of land tenure and use rights developed, along with railroad transportation and wire fences, all more or less contemporaneously, that the cowman could do anything much about improvement of the Longhorn cattle through the use of English type bulls. How Herefords won out over the other English breeds, even as a late entry, as the ideal range cattle, needs no repetition here.

In a statement written from Los Angeles in 1914, about five years before he died, Henry S. Boice, Charles Gudgell's son-in-law, said: "About 35 years ago, while I was working as a hand on the range in southern Colorado, we had a drought, followed by a very severe winter. In those days range cattle, including bulls, were left to the mercy of the elements. The losses during that winter were simply tremendous. The next spring our roundups showed very plainly the survival of the fittest in the depleted herds, and the Herefords, compared with the other breeds, were conspicuously numerous. And of the bulls that survived the many months of grief, the Herefords were about the only ones left. This experience of course made lasting impression on me in favor of the Herefords and my varied experience since has confirmed it."

Henry Stephen Boice was an extraordinary man and his career as a western cattleman was an epic one. Many of his colorful contemporaries achieved fame by their exploits, fame that in many cases has been amplified by reams of literature about them. But very few of these men--the great trail drivers, the big land owners, the cattle "barons," the famous syndicate bosses, the "remittance" men and other pioneers of the western range cattle business--ever matched the scope of this man's far-flung, but unsung, operations over a full lifetime.

Cowboy Life Started Early

Henry Stephen Boice was born in Las Vegas, N. M., in 1860. He was the son of Stephen Boice, a physician, and Helen Hatch. Young Boice started regular cowboying in New Mexico when he was 15 years old--at $15 a month. He learned to speak fluent and native Spanish as a child. It was not until he was 21 years old that he started thinking in English instead of Spanish, a not uncommon mental characteristic of "Anglos" born in New Mexico in those days, and even much later in many instances.

This close association with native New Mexicans, who had, and still have, an instinct for courtesy and gentle manners that almost borders on courtliness, and who had, and still have, a born know-how with range livestock, having raised cattle and sheep there for 200 years, helped to shape the senior Henry Boice's character as well as his career. Coupled with an upbringing at home that was genteel and cultured, he very early showed signs of having great executive and administrative ability. By the time he reached his early 20s he was often swinging cattle deals that even in these present days of rapid

transportation and communications would present problems in logistics, not to mention finance.

The ranch that suffered such a disastrous winter, as mentioned by Henry Boice in the letter quoted above, was owned by a man named Creswell. Young Boice soon became his foreman, and was a partner in the firm by the time it was sold out in 1881.

In Charge of Boice-Berry Operations

In that same year the Berry-Boice Cattle Co. was formed. Berry was a friend of Creswell. One can assume that the latter spoke well of his former young foreman and partner to Berry, who lived in New York, because very soon the new Berry-Boice firm was operating on a grand scale, Boice in charge of the whole operation--buying, selling and conducting the other extensive activities involved.

The Berry-Boice operations, run as the 777 outfit--from the brand, of course--centered on the Missouri River country near the Montana and North Dakota boundary area where Medora, Dickinson and Wibaux are now located. Theodore Roosevelt's ranch bordered the 777's on the east and Henry S. Boice got to know him quite well.

Many years later, after Roosevelt's Bull Moose party had lost the three-way election battle of 1912 to Taft, the ex-president and hero of San Juan Hill was scheduled to speak at a large meeting in Denver. He was very late in arriving, to the impatience of everyone present. When he did arrive, Roosevelt spotted his old neighbor, Henry Boice, standing near the entrance, and immediately got into an animated conversation with him, reminiscing about the old ranch days and inquiring about a number of their mutual acquaintances. This delayed the meeting further

and Mr. Boice often related afterward how progressively embarrassed he became the longer Mr. Roosevelt talked and the greater the waiting audience's impatience grew.

The Berry-Boice outfit ran a steer operation. Mr. Boice would contract for steers throughout the Southwest, as many as 25,000 of them a year! On one occasion, early in their business association, Henry Boice bought a big bunch of Texas cattle and trail herded them to North Dakota. Berry-Boice operated on this scale for 12 years, with the average price received for their shipments during that period being less than $4 a hundred on the Chicago market. Their top price was $5. Charles Robinson of the famed old-time commission firm of Clay, Robinson & Co., once said that Berry-Boice was their biggest shipper during the years the 777 outfit patronized the hugh Chicago market.

Contracting for these cattle in the Southwest every year, arranging for their delivery and then shipping them to North Dakota involved for Mr. Boice, among other things, a lot of travel. The steers he would buy in Arizona went by rail to Cheyenne and then north to Orin Junction on the North Platte. From that point on they were trailed to their North Dakota and Montana range where they stayed until they were shipped to Chicago as grass-fed four- and 5-year-olds.

Talent in Many Directions Proved

All this west-wide shipping and receiving took some sound traffic management skill, and having cowboys, shipping crews and chow wagons at the right places at the right times also took a lot of executive direction. During the more than a decade that the Berry-Boice firm operated, Henry S. Boice got to know the western range country as few individuals

had, or have since then. His long-distance travel was by rail, but often to look at and buy cattle involved many a mile of driving a buggy or riding horseback.

Mr. Boice's first buying foray into northern Arizona led to an interesting story, long remembered by the old-timers in that section of the state. Cattle prices had been at a very low level for several years. In fact, there were times when cattle could not be sold at any price. When Henry S. Boice landed in Holbrook, Ariz., and put up at the Apache Hotel, he went over to the Bucket of Blood Saloon and told the bartender that anyone who had two-year-old steers to sell should come over to the hotel to see him. This announcement created quite a bit of excitement in the little railroad, lumber and cow town, where the Bucket of Blood acted as a sort of combination clearing house, market news agency and general hangout, as well as a thirst-quenching emporium.

What pleased these northern Arizona cowmen almost as much as the appearance of an actual buyer, was the observation made by several that *this* buyer seemed to be ready for a plucking. He was small, quiet and well-dressed. In fact, he had on a derby and patent leather shoes. Even more convincing, he was bidding $12 a head and paying $5 a head on the spot to bind the bargain. For the previous six years these cattlemen had been glad to get $3--if they could sell at all.

Henry Boice contracted for 15,000 head to be delivered at Holbrook. In June he returned to "receive" the two-year-olds he had contracted for. The sellers had about 5,000 head thrown together in one bunch on a flat near town, including a large number of yearlings and unmerchantables which they had deliberately left in because they thought he would

not know the difference.

Sellers Couldn't Fool the Newcomer

Mr. Boice went out with the sellers to look over the bunch and rode slowly back and forth through the herd. To make it more humorous they had provided him with a good cutting horse, expecting to see him go flying if the horse really started to work. After his ride, he said, "Boys, when you get about 500 yearlings and about 80 unmerchantables out of there, send me the word at the hotel and I'll come out and look at them." The Holbrook cowmen, a thoroughly chastened lot, went to work and "shaped up" the herd according to their contracts. The deal was then pleasantly consummated and Boice bought all of their steers for several following years.

The provocative origins of the rather unusual name for the Holbrook saloon were recently recalled by an old-time resident, John Divelbess, now in his 90's. "Two young fellows left their home in the Indian Nation (Oklahoma)," he said, "and drifted west to have some fun. They were traveling under the names of Bell and Crawford. They were full of fun, even playing with us boys in the daytime. One morning early I was looking for our milk cows and as I passed the saloon there was quite a crowd gathered, and I joined up. And there in the door of the saloon lay two dead Mexicans. I learned that my friends Bell and Crawford had killed them. I had saw (sic) too many dead men to get excited so went on to the feed yards to look for our calves. Later on, the liveryman went to the Indian Nation and learned that the last of the Daltons was on trial. He was Mr. Crawford."

It was his interest in Herefords that had led Henry S. Boice back

to the Missouri breeding establishment of Gudgell & Simpson several times, and on one of these visits he met LuBelle Gudgell. In 1891 they were married. That same year, when he came out to receive cattle at Huachuca Siding, down near the border, he brought his bride along. It was an almost 200-mile buggy ride from Tucson so Henry Boice left his wife at the Orndorff Hotel. This old, box-shaped hostelry had an adobe first floor and a wooden second story, with an overhanging veranda across the front. Real Arizona pioneers remember the place with nostalgia because it was an oasis in the dusty and ancient town of Tucson.

Berry-Boice Outfit Closed Out

Peripatetic sheepmen and ubiquitous homesteaders put an end to the Berry-Boice operations in the north. They were forced to close out in 1897-98. It had been an open range deal on too huge a scale to withstand the infiltration of the nester and sheepman. But it was also Mr. Boice's opinion that a cattle ranch of any size could not operate economically if the land had to be owned outright. Nevertheless, he was ready for another venture, even before all of the Berry-Boice steers had been shipped east.

We quote again from the 1914 statement to which earlier reference was made: "During the year 1897 the H. S. Boice Cattle Co. was organized and purchased the Beatty Bros. ranch and cattle in southeastern Colorado and southwestern Kansas. We continued the ranch about 10 years, when the settlers came in on us and obliged us to close out our cattle. These cattle were fairly well improved. We eliminated all the bulls from the herd except the Herefords and soon raised all the sires required from a fine little herd of select cows in which we kept the best

bulls money could buy.

"We were very particular in selecting the heavy-boned, big-framed bulls for both the small herd and the large one. When it was known that we intended to use the Hereford bulls continuously without crossing with Shorthorns occasionally, it was often remarked that our cattle would grow smaller and smaller until we would be obliged to cross with the Shorthorn. But our experience did not justify the prediction. Our herd grew in numbers until we were branding over 5,000 calves. It became very attractive in quality and steadily grew heavier in bone, frame and weight, and our feeders sold on the range at the top of the market year after year. The fat cows likewise generally topped the market at Kansas City in weight and price."

The main headquarters of the H. S. Boice Cattle Co. was at Point of Rocks, on the Cimarron. The range lands converged around the point where Oklahoma, Colorado and Kansas corner up. The firm shipped from the railroad town of Texhoma, and Arkalen, Okla., so a drive of over 100 miles was necessary to get the cattle loaded and on their way.

The bulls, "the best bulls money could buy," came from Gudgell & Simpson. Boice, because of his frequent trips there, was well versed on what that firm was doing so far as its breeding program went. Charles Gudgell and Thomas A. Simpson had built up their herd to about 500 breeding cows by this time and the majority of the bulls they produced were sold to western rangemen. These bulls became a powerful factor in building up the Hereford's supremacy in an enormous area where cultivated grass pastures, ample water all year every year, and protection from the elements were all but unknown.

Gudgell & Simpson Bulls "Produced"

Under these adverse conditions, the Boice commercial Herefords, sired by Gudgell & Simpson bulls, were hardy, early maturing, good travelers, more "shrink resistant," and the bulls were aggressive hustlers. They produced a high-percentage calf crop, the lack of this ability being one of the reasons the "grazing district" English breeds faded out of the range picture. Meanwhile the Boice family had moved to Kansas City. It was a better place to raise a family. The first son Henry G. Boice had been born in 1894; Frank in 1895; Charles in 1902; LuBelle in 1897, and Helen in 1900. During the summers the whole family moved out to the ranch where the boys, just as do the Henry G. and Frank S. Boice grandsons today, got a thorough grounding in cattle growing and ranch life. It was a two-day buggy ride from the railroad to ranch headquarters.

Henry and Frank were 6½ and 5 years old respectively, when they experienced their first real cowboying at the Point of Rocks ranch. Their father sold 2,000 heifers when the regular roundup crew was busy at Arkalen, shipping a trainload of steers. The heifer buyer wanted immediate delivery so Henry S. Boice rounded up several "crippled" cowboys left on the home ranch, and put them to work gathering and trailing the 2,000 heifers south to Texhoma. His two young sons helped as full-fledged hands.

"Pulling bog" was another chore often assigned to the boys. It was a job the cowboys disliked. During the dry season, when the Cimarron would go down, the cows would bog down in the quicksand. Then some roping, pulling and hauling would be necessary to extricate them. After being rescued the cow, likely as not, would turn on her rescuers and

charge them.

Sons Learned Their Lessons Well

Not only did their father see that they received a lot of practical experience in cowboying, but the Boice boys very early began assimilating what old Scotchmen call an "eye for the kine." A continuous stream of Hereford bulls, all of them descendants of Anxiety 4th and North Pole, between Grandfather Gudgell's place and the Boice ranges led to constant comparisons between the offspring.

As may be deduced from H. S. Boice's statement quoted above, he was never satisfied with simply standing still. His aggressive effort to constantly improve his cattle not only rubbed off on his sons but they absorbed their lessons very well and imparted the same qualities to their own children, as shall be seen in looking at the present-day Boice operations.

Henry S. Boice had the happy faculty of selecting competent people to work for him. For example, after his first foray into northern Arizona, he had Will C. Barnes do his buying and receiving in the Holbrook area. Barnes later became inspector of grazing for the U.S. Forest Service and a well-known writer on cattle and range management. At one time he was a cattleman and had built up a 7,000-head herd, but he sold out to escape the rough and tumble of what he described as a "hazardous business."

Monroe Simpson was another employee of Henry S. Boice, an altogether different sort than Barnes. Once while cutting out one of Teddy Roosevelt's steers, Simpson's horse slipped down. Monroe's foot was injured and had to be amputated. From his wooden leg, of course, he

became known as "Splinters" to everyone.

Splinters taught the Boice youngsters a great deal, as he was a top range hand and took an interest in the boys. From him they learned much about holding the herd, cutting out, branding and all the other things a cowboy had to do. Over the years Splinters accumulated a considerable amount of money, all of which he gave to his boss, Henry Boice, to take care of. After he retired he sought Mr. Boice's opinion on what he should do with the money. Boice suggested, by means of a typewritten letter, that he buy heifers. Splinters wrote back and asked Mr. Boice "to sit down, take your pen in hand and write me a letter. Don't shoot at me with that dam (sic) thing any more."

In 1905-06 the H. S. Boice Cattle Co. operations were closed out. Just as they had up north, hordes of settlers moved in, lured by real estate operators' somewhat fanciful claims, encouraged by homestead laws and following a natural urge to move west onto land of their own. Boice had installed a number of wells with pumps that the manufacturer had painted red, white and blue. Some of the land promoters would tell the land seekers that these were installed by the government for their use.

Sometime earlier, Mr. Boice and several partners had formed a livestock loan and commission company in Kansas City. In order to build up their commission business they loaned money to their customers, then endorsed the notes and sold them to eastern banks. About the same time he closed out the H. S. Boice ranches, there was a severe and extended drouth, and consequently a very low cattle market. Many of the commission company customers went broke and couldn't pay their notes. Mr. Boice and his partners had to make good on their endorsements, which

they did. But it took everything they had, and more. Mr. Boice was offered the general managership of the XIT outfit in 1905 and he accepted, moving the family to Channing, Tex.

Vigorous Exponent of the Hereford

Referring back once again to his 1914 statement, he said: "I was connected with the Capital Freehold Land & Investment Co. (XIT outfit) as general manager of their cattle interests in the Panhandle of Texas for seven years, closing out the same in 1912. When I took charge they were branding about 20,000 calves, much the larger number from their Hereford herd. Those cattle were of good quality and had been graded up from the unimproved straight Texas cows that were placed on the ranch about 1885. Nothing but purebred Hereford bulls were being used and they were raised from a purebred herd that numbered at one time about 3,500 head. We kept the standard of this purebred herd high by cutting out every year and turning into the large herd everything that showed a lack of quality.

"I wish to emphasize the fact that the purebred Hereford is a hardier, thriftier range animal than the grade Hereford. As a demonstration of the fact I will say in this instance that our purebred herd was handled just the same and had no better treatment than our large graded herd and yet was always in better condition. Both herds had to depend on grass and natural shelter of the pastures in which they were located, with simply a wire fence between them. Neither herd was given any additional feed in the winter. Those cattle that became poor and weak were gathered into a smaller pasture and fed cake on the grass."

The history of the famed three-million-acre XIT is familiar to

most. A Chicago syndicate was formed to construct the state capitol building in Austin, for the state of Texas. In exchange the syndicate got a strip of land in the Panhandle that included parts, or all, of ten counties. After years of operation without being able to pay a dividend, the directors decided to sell it off. It was simply too big for one operation. In his definitive book, The XIT Ranch of Texas, J. Evetts Haley wrote: "In his place (Col. A. G. Boyce) came H. S. Boice who once ran cattle in Montana with the Berry-Boice Cattle Co. and was later a partner in the Kansas City Livestock Commission Co. He came to the ranch with a wide knowledge of the cattle business from almost every angle and his executive ability proved of value to the company in handling and closing out the last of the great herd entrusted to his care. He was a unique character in the rough and ready life of the cattle range. He did not smoke, drink or indulge in profanity. He was a man of force and his orders were carried out with dispatch."

Never one to consider the management of a herd of 30,000 cattle to be a full-time job, Mr. Boice formed a syndicate in 1908 that bought out what was known as the Block Ranch, in the Carrizozo-Roswell, N. M., area. This was a huge range operation, and after Boice became general manager of the Chiricahua Cattle Co., in southern Arizona, he sold out his Block buildings. But there was an interval when he was running all three of these places, the XIT in Texas, the Block ranch in New Mexico, and the Chiricahua in Arizona.

Purebred Herd Proves Worth

Referring back once again to his 1914 statement, he wrote: "During the last six years I have given most of my time to the breeding ranch of

Boice, Gates and Johnson, formerly known as the Chiricahua Cattle Co., or CCC outfit, in southern Arizona. It is one of the oldest herds in the state and has been one of the best improved for many years, though we have materially improved it and it is still in the process of improvement. At the beginning of my administration we bought a select purebred herd to raise bulls from and shipped them to our upper ranch where they are located at an elevation of about 6,500 feet. They have never had any feed except the natural grass and browsing and have always been in better condition than our main graded herd adjoining. When we brought this little herd there, the old foreman, who had been in the business all of his life shook his head, thinking he knew the disaster that would follow in turning out purebred cattle to rustle for themselves. But since then he has often stated that it was too bad that all our cattle were not purebred Hereford.

"We are now able to turn into our main herd 150 choice bulls a year from our purebred herd. The three herds to which I have referred, in Colorado, Texas and Arizona, reached the highest standard in quality for range cattle in the several localities by the same method--careful elimination and selection. In following this method the very best bulls, regardless of price, should be obtained for the purebred herds. Everything undesirable in quality should be culled, leaving only the big-boned, big-framed, loose-hided, rangy fellows even though some of them may seem a little coarse. The main or large herd should also be constantly culled. By the way, I think most of the breeders of our finest herds of purebred cattle are not as particular as they should be in culling out from their herds the poorer quality and undesirable

animals."

Early Days of the Chiricahua

The American phase of the Arizona cattle industry's history didn't get well started until along in the 1870s when large herds began to appear, driven in from Texas, from California and even from the northern states. The Chiricahua Cattle Co. was one of these, being then owned by Leonard White. He took in a partner, J. V. Vickers, who soon bought him out. Vickers took in C. W. Gates, the two of them operating the ranch until 1908. The headquarters was on the east side of the vast Sulphur Springs Valley which is about 20 miles wide and around 100 miles long. On the east side it is rimmed in by the Dos Cabezas (Spanish: two heads) mountains and the rugged Chiricahua ranges, the latter being almost 10,000 feet high, and by the even higher Grahams and the Galiuros, while on north and on the west are the Dragoons. The Sonora line is on the south.

The Sulphur Springs Valley is wonderful grass country, though somewhat lacking in natural waters, and it attracted numbers of cattlemen looking for virgin and uncluttered range for their livestock. Cowboys without cattle, but having a strong yen in that direction, also came, along with an awesome assortment of last-frontier characters who had been driven out of every other section of the West.

In this area, amid the range mayhem, the Vickers and Gates operation of the Chiricahua was fairly successful. Some old accounts list a Pursley, too, as one of the owners at one time. At any rate, it was a boldly run outfit and at one time controlled a range 75 miles long and 35 miles wide. Numerous wells, operated by windmills, were put down.

The cows were "Texans" and "Mexicans," but very early, Hereford and Durham bulls were introduced. During a severe drouth in 1893, however, the latter were practically all lost.

With the influx of other cattlemen in great numbers, the CCC's, as the outfit was known, from its brand, the original holdings diminished, being cut up by those around who filed homesteads on and around what few natural waters there were, or who dug wells to water their stock. Underground water there was quite close to the surface.

As the valley filled up with settlers, some of whom even tried dry farming, the CCC's curtailed their valley operations and increased them as a permittee on the San Carlos and Fort Apache Indian reservations.

Cows of the G. & S. Acquired

Among his last chores for the XIT, Henry Boice had liquidated that huge outfit's Gudgell and Simpson-bred purebred herd. A buyer for 400 of these cows was located, the Tod ranch in Kansas, so Mr. Boice went to the XIT directors and offered the same price for the remaining 400 head to stock the CCC's in which he and W. D. Johnson, of Kansas City, had purchased an interest. This was agreeable to the directors and the selection of the cattle was made by first having Tod make his choice of a cow and then Boice, and so on, through the entire herd.

The name of the CCC's was officially changed to Boice, Gates and Johnson in 1908. Further chaotic conditions in Cochise County, Arizona, induced the company to sell off various isolated pieces, greatly reducing the valley operations from what they had been at one time, but the deal at San Carlos was correspondingly increased until at one time the "Cherry Cows" as nearly everybody still called it, had about 20,000

mother cows. As indicated in his 1914 letter, Boice immediately instituted the same program of improvement that he had always used, this using nearly all bulls which were descendants of the noted Gudgell and Simpson-bred Beau President.

Meanwhile, Henry's and Lubelle Boice's children had been growing up. The two older boys, Henry and Frank, of course, got most of their grade schooling in Kansas City, with two years of high school in Channing, Tex., during the XIT days. Then they attended New Mexico Military Institute, in Roswell, for a year, and finished up at Occidental Academy in Los Angeles. The family home had been moved to Pasadena so the children could receive proper schooling. Both Henry and Frank then graduated with B. A. degrees from Occidental College in Los Angeles, which is a small liberal arts school with high academic standards.

Henry S. Boice's son, Henry G., came to Arizona as manager of the firm in 1917. Frank, who had gone on to graduate in mechanical and electrical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, came in 1920. During the first World War he had gone to work for Western Electric Laboratories, developing a highly successful submarine detector.

Elder Son Steps Into Father's Boots

Henry S. Boice died in December, 1919. He had been in poor health for a time and his oldest son, though only 24 years of age when he had taken over in 1917, stepped into his father's boots.

The senior Boice's problems when he came to Arizona had been the same ones which had plagued all of his other operations, plus a few more --homesteaders constantly moving in, cattle stealing and the like, and

all of the things that go to make TV plots today. Hence, the gradual move to the San Carlos, as previously related. The San Carlos was, and is, wonderful cattle country. Son Henry G. continued the purebred operations on the reservation, in addition to the vast commercial deal. After the Gudgell & Simpson herd's dispersal at Independence, Mo., in 1916, the Boices had continued with the same bloodlines by getting what bulls they needed from T. E. Mitchell and his son Albert, of New Mexico (T. E. Mitchell and Henry S. Boice were cousins).

The purebred herd on the San Carlos (registration had been dropped) which was built up to 1,000 head ranged in some rough country that, on top of Nantack Mountain, rose to an elevation of 6,500 feet. The Herefords did fine in this rugged and brushy country but it was hard to give them much attention up there, so young Henry decided to move them down to what is known as the Ash Flat country, with headquarters at Arsenic Tubs. Ash Flat is a vast plateau of some 80,000 acres, hemmed in by the Gila and Nantack Mountains. With the move, the cow herd was culled down to 500 head, and as had been cutomary for years, the excess cows went into the commercial herd. From the manner in which he took over and handled the affairs of Boice, Gates and Johnson, it soon became clear to other Arizona cowmen that Henry G. Boice was a chip off the old block.

So, in 1921, at 27 years of age, Henry G. Boice was elected vice-president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. This organization, formed in 1904, had started out strong but had begun to taper off in effectiveness. Cowmen of Arizona were, and are, on the whole, about as individualistic and salty a lot as one is apt to run across. And by

the very nature of the business in Arizona, where land tenure was so variable and the subject of such a lot of bureaucratic solicitude, "splinterization" and "fracturization" were likely to turn up. Shortly after he became an officer, Henry G. Boice automatically moved up to the top job on account of the newly elected president's death. He was in what today is called a tough spot.

His Mettle Tested at the Helm

Cattle prices were distressed, national meat consumption had dropped drastically, and locally, the association of which he was the president was broke, in fact, in debt. Young Henry Boice began a campaign for closer organization among the state's cowmen. Meetings were arranged in the various cowtowns--Kingman, Willcox, Holbrook, etc., to explain why the association was needed.

In his "annual report" the president listed the industry's problems. Some cattlemen had suffered up to a 50 percent loss in cow numbers due to the severe drouth. No credit was available from the banks so there were no buyers. In 18 months the price of yearlings had dropped from $40 to $20. Per capita consumption of beef in 1900 had been 79 pounds. In 1921 it was 45 pounds. Exports of beef had dropped 100,000,000 pounds (200,000 head). Many of the association's members could not pay their Forest Service grazing fees--35 cents a head per year. Freight rates were high.

President Boice's report was lucid, erudite (he quoted Disraeli to the effect that the man with the information wins), and it clearly demonstrated to his contemporaries, some of them grizzled old veterans of the rough-house, every-man-for-himself days, that, though "just a kid,"

Henry G. Boice should be elected as their president for a term of his own. They kept re-electing him through 1927. He served more terms than any other president of the Arizona association, before or since. He left the job with the membership rolls up, a surplus in the bank and an organization that was strong and effective. He also left the job with a grave personal problem looming up.

The Indian Service had decided to discontinue issuing permits for all the non-Indian-owned cattle on the reservation.

Where to go with 20,000 cows?

After World War I, Frank Boice had moved to Pearce, Ariz., where the CCC's off-reservation operations still centered and began an active part in the management, along with his brother Henry. The two brothers faced the problem squarely and decided on a bold move of which their father would have heartily approved. Instead of liquidating part of their herd, they decided to extend their range holdings in the southern end of the state. Within six years they bought four famed, old-time Arizona ranches--the Eureka, north of Willcox; the Empire and Rail X, between Sonoita and Patagonia; and the Arivaca, southwest of Tucson. Each of these was a large outfit, the Empire especially, and they were scattered, thus minimizing the possibility of drought over all their range at the same time. Each ranch had a Forest Service permit as well as other types of land holdings, including a great deal of patented land--a great deal, that is, speaking comparatively, as shall be seen.

The federal government controls most of the grazing land in Arizona through various agencies: the Forest Service, and a lot of this agency's land is not forrested, at least in Arizona; the Department of

the Interior, which administers what is called the Taylor Grazing lands; the Indian Service, which administers the many millions of acres of reservations; other bureaus such as the parks, national monuments, wildlife and even the military. The state of Arizona itself is a large landowner.

Frequently an Arizona ranch will have, in addition to its patented (private land), leases with two or three of these agencies. Who owns or controls the available water determines who gets the lease.

Moving their cattle off the reservation was a five-year job, not too unlike the job involved in shipping 25,000 head a year to North Dakota, as Henry S. Boice did for over a decade. As the steers on the San Carlos Reservation came of age they were shipped off as before. The cow herd was moved off in lots over a long series of roundups and long drives.

The Eureka ranch was purchased in 1924. It isn't too far from the old homestead place at Pearce, a matter of maybe 90 miles. The Eureka had been stocked with commercial Herefords from the reservation but in 1928 the reservation purebreds were shipped down there--that is, the topped out 250 head. In 1928 Boice, Gates and Johnson acquired the Empire. This ranch, started up in the 1870s by E. N. Fish, is some 10 miles north of Sonoita, which is near the site of old Fort Crittenden, an army post that was established before the Civil War. Large quantities of military supplies stored there were destroyed at the war's outbreak to prevent seizure by a Confederate column advancing westward. When the Federal troops left, the Sonoita country was virtually taken over by the Apaches, but in the late 1860s and 1870s settlers began

coming back in spite of them.

Many of those early arrivals were tortured and killed. Fish was one of this group of second-wave pioneers. He sold out to the firm of Vail (Walter) and Hislop who were later joined by John N. Harvey and Edward Vail. Hislop and Harvey came from England so naturally their outfit was referred to as the "English Boys."

In 1877 Walter Vail wrote: "Indians came to one camp and took all of our horses. They have stolen 150 of them and killed many cattle. They only killed three men in our neighborhood." His neighborhood, as he called it, had grown much larger than Fish's original 160 acres. Vail had changed the name to Empire Ranch and he soon made it just that.

The company bought out many old-time outfits such as Tully and Ochoas' Cienga, Don Sanford, the Monkey Springs ranch of R. R. Richardson and others until finally they controlled an area about 25 miles wide and 50 miles long between Patagonia (from the Spanish, *patagon*, big-footed, in a reference to the local Indians of that region) and Sonoita (from a Papago word which means where the corn grows) north to Pantano (Spanish for a marsh or moor).

Part of the southern end of this empire was operated by Vail and Ashburn and known as the Rail X, running from 2,500 to 3,000 head of cattle. The Empire itself ran more than 5,000 head.

The Arivaca Southwest of Tucson

The third ranch the Boices bought was the Arivaca, southwest of Tucson. Cattle have been grazing the Arivaca ranges since long before the American Revolution. Between 1693 and 1701 a Jesuit priest, Eusebio Francisco Kino, established a number of missions and *visitas* in the

Pimeria Alta country. *Pimeria Alta* was the Spanish name for the area now roughly encompassed by southern Arizona and northern Sonora. The various religious orders were used by the Spanish government in the "reduction" of the frontier natives, in this case mostly Papagos and Pimas. Kino's headquarters were at *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores* (Our Lady of Sorrows), some 50 miles south of the border-straddling towns of Nogales, in Arizona and Sonora.

Many of Kino's missionary, exploring and colonizing activities, until he died in 1711, centered in the region around Arivaca, or La Aribac, as it was first called. The change to Arivaca, which in Spanish could be corrupted to mean dry cow, from the uncommonly used word *arido*, for dry, and *vaca*, for cow, probably took place after the arrival of the first Americans about 1800.

One of the first things established after he had determined the site of any new mission or *visita* (an inhabited place but without a resident priest) would be a breeding herd of cattle, selected from the immense herd at Mission Dolores.

The Jesuits were expelled from the western hemisphere in 1767 and the Franciscans took over the *Pimeria Alta* country. They are responsible for having completed such stately old churches as the one at Tumacacori, 40 miles east of Arivaca headquarters. The Franciscans, too, encouraged the livestock industry but due to Mexican politics, Apache depradations, a lesser amount of enthusiasm for the rugged life and various other causes, the missions went into a decline and never recovered, the lands in many cases reverting into private hands.

Original Cost Prices Exactly $80

In 1833 Tomas and Ignacio Ortiz received a title to the La Aribac land grant by the land department authorities of Pimeria Alta. Application for this land, two leagues (17,000 acres) in extent, had been made by the Ortiz brothers' father in 1824 and he very likely had been running cattle there even before that, as well as on the adjacent valley lands. The cost price was $80.

The Ortiz's sold out for $2,000 in gold and 10,000 shares of stock in the Sonora Exploring and Mining Co., of which General Heintzleman was president. The 1857 report to the stockholders of this Ohio incorporated company stated, ". . . the Arivaca has much beautiful meadow land, fine pasture on the low surrounding hills for thousands of cattle; good oaks grow in the gulches, mesquite on the hills and on the lower ends of the stream it is thickly lined for five or six miles with groves of cottonwood, ash, walnut and other useful woods for farming and mining purposes in sufficient quantities to answer all the demands of the districts . . . (the property) had 25 silver mines, the most famous of which are the San Jose, Santa Margarita, Basura, Blanca, Arenias, Los Tajitos, de Amada and la Purissima."

La Aribac's title was declared invalid by the Court of Private Land Claims around the turn of the century. All of this Altar Valley country thus became open for entry. The proceedings of the 13th annual convention of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, published 37 years ago, states: the Arivaca Valley situated around the village of that name has had a most interesting history. Dr. Wilbur was one of the earliest cattlemen there and had about 200 cows. Pedro Aguirre had

an immense flock of sheep constituting of 7,000 to 8,000 head, and also some cattle . . . In 1877 N. W. Bernard began in the cow business with headquarters at Arivaca where he kept a small country store. Later, in 1878, John W. Bogan, also came into the district and soon began a partnerhsip with Bernard. This company later developed into the Arivaca Land and Cattle Co., with large herds over the Altar Valley.

In 1917 the ownership of the company was shuffled around, from it emerged the West Coast Cattle Co. The good herd of commercial Herefords which had gradually replaced the Arivaca's early Mexicans was sold out and the new firm got into the buying and selling of Sonora cattle. This soon went sour and finally the ranch went to the War Finance Corporation. The Boices bought it from Ernest Wickersham who had operated for several years prior to 1930. The cattle were all sold off and replaced with Boice Herefords from the San Carlos.

Purebred Herd to the Empire

Because of the good grass at the Empire and more suitable topography for dividing the land into pastures, the purebred herd was moved from the Eureka to the Sonoita place in 1938. Each bull was given his own cow herd, something that had not been practical at the Eureka. The benefits in this move were proved by one bull that was a splendid looking specimen and the favorite of Henry G. Boice. This bull's first exclusive calf crop was not a good one, but he was given another chance with a second group of cows. Results were about the same: negative. So this bull went to market. Which in a sense was a manifestation of progress.

Things went along, after the move from the San Carlos, for the

"Cherry Cows" about like they did for the whole industry. Henry Boice was elected and re-elected president of the American National Livestock Association for the years 1930-33, and has been active in its affairs ever since.

Frank Boice, likewise, was active in industry matters, being president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association during the 1935-36 period. His annual reports clearly showed the same ability to apraise and elucidate on the various aspects of the livestock industry, as well as the rapidly changing political complexion of the country, as had the reports of his brother Henry some years earlier. Frank Boice noted that prices for spring delivery were around $25 (on weaners), with yearling steers bringing six cents and heifers five and a half. "Buyers were thick in the southern counties," he wrote.

He reported about "one bunch of housewives in Los Angeles who were widely reported to be boycotting beef. They were found to be the organized wives of men in the fish business." Frank Boice also quoted the government's figures on the drouth relief buying program--101,350 head of cattle at an average of $14.29 per head were purchased by the government. (However, the Chiricahuas never participated in this program --or any other of the subsequent "programs.")

"It seems to me," Frank Boice went on to say, "that the nation and the individual should meet difficulty by a tightening of the belt and a determination to rely primarily upon ourselves and our own organization to see us through."

In 1935 the Arizona association's Weekly Newsletter and Market Report (now in its 39th year of weekly reports) carried items in several

issues about a "Feed Calf Project" being conducted jointly by the University of Arizona and the Tucson Livestock Show.

There were 17 entries of 10 head each which were judged by Prof. W. L. Blizzard of Oklahoma A. & M. College at Stillwater. Top pen honors, judged on conformation, went to the Chiricahua ranch. At the end of the 120-day feeding period at the University's feedlots, the Boice entry came out again on top with the most gain at the least cost--$6.60 per cwt. of gain. The prime steers then sold to the Cudahy Packing Co. at $9.40. The contest added proof that Henry S. Boice's sons were good cattlemen as well as businessmen.

Charles Boice, the third son, assisted in the operation of the Cherry Cow outfit from 1924 to 1945. He managed the Sulphur Springs Valley ranch and then the Eureka, and from 1930 to 1945 he managed the Arivaca, doing an excellent job in the development of that ranch. In 1945 he liquidated his interest in the Chiricahuas and moved to California where he died in 1956.

Frank Boice Expert in Tax Matters

Frank Boice had long since become an expert on taxation matters. In 1940, he again followed in his elder brother's footsteps when he was elected president of the American National, "serving with distinction during the hectic years when there was a strong fight to put the cattle industry under government controls, price supports and subsidies. His leadership is credited with keeping the industry on an even keel and free from government control." Being a tax expert, in the fullest meaning of the word, he organized the National Live Stock Tax Committee and served as its chairman until his death in 1956. This committee's

efforts are credited with having saved the nation's cattlegrowers untold millions of dollars. It got the capital-gains provision written into the tax law as its major accomplishment and also got established the constant unit value provision. These and many other tax matters the committee handled, with attorney Stephen Hart and Frank Boice doing most of the legwork in the labyrinthine jungle of Washington politics.

One change that was to upset the Cherry Cow operations with the same impact as had the cancellation of the San Carlos leases was the Forest Service's decision to cut the limit any one lessee could run to 1,200 head. This change was made when Rexford Tugwell was one of Henry Wallace's top men in the Department of Agriculture. It was open season again on the CCC's, after a comparatively calm and peaceful decade in which they had weathered a depression, several dry years, and some up-and-down price cycles as well as being object of several large scale rustling projects.

Altogether the Chiricahua's had Forest Service permits for 6,500 head on the four ranches. This, of course, was by no means all the cattle they ran, as their ranges included other types of land tenure, including quite a bit, comparatively, of patented land.

There were, at the time, 13 partners in the Chiricahua company so the Boices could have split up the permits. They chose to stay within both the spirit and the letter of the regulations. They decided to sell off parts of each place. In each case, the Empire, the Arivaca and the Rail X, this meant selling more country than they would eventually wind up with. The tax-and-tax-and-spend-and-spend boys defeated their own purpose. They spread out the tax base and thereby reduced the U.S.

Treasury's intake.

New Owners Also in Hereford Field

The Eureka was sold outright in 1939. Part of the Rail X end of the Empire was sold to David C. Jeffcott, who operated a registered Hereford herd for a number of years. Another part of the Rail X, called the Crown C, was sold to the Blake Carringtons. They still have it and run a fine bunch of herefords. The lower country (north), called the Andrada, near Pantano, went to Emon L. Beck. Jack Greenway bought the Cienega division. The third big chunk of the Rail X was purchased by the Rod Harmons who raise both registered and commercial Herefords.

The Arivaca went through the same reduction process. The Atacosa country on the border went to the late Roy Place, and other parts were sold to Osborn Bros. and Jack Rubel. What remains of the Arivaca, still a splendid entity, centers around the original Ortiz brothers' grant near the village. It is sometimes referred to as La Ruina. Not far from the main house there are unmistakable signs of a once big establishment. Unlike several other similar "mounds" in the vicinity that have been excavated by archeologists, La Ruina has never been touched except by amateur "pothunters." It very likely was once a Spanish settlement, which in turn was built on top of an aboriginal site.

During the liquidation of the Cherry Cows, Frank and Henry Boice bought out the other partners in the company and then they broke up the firm, with Frank going to the Empire at Sonoita and Henry to the Arivaca. The 160-head herd of purebred cows was divided. Each half of it now produces enough bulls for replacements in their respective commercial herds.

Sons Again Follow Father's Example

Both Henry and Frank Boice's children have been reared very similarily to the way in which they themselves were brought up. It is interesting to hear Arizonans who have been in the cattle business for a long time remark, with reference to one of these fourth generation Boices, that he's "a chip off the old block," just as was said by others in times past of Henry and Frank when they were getting started on their own. For example, when a recently installed president of the Arizona Cattle Growers was selecting his "tax committee" chairman, he ran through the list of possible candidates, all of whom were knowledgeable on the subject, to head the committee. His choice turned out to be Frank Boice's son, Frank, Jr., who now runs the Empire. As another example, at a recent ranch school meeting of the state association, one subject concerned the pregnancy testing of cows. The speaker was Fred Boice, Henry G.'s son, who runs the Arivaca. Due to a drouth in 1956-57 they decided to sell of a third of their cows. They called in a veterinarian and those cows found not to be pregnant were shipped. The calf crop on those they kept was 97 percent the next spring. The costs ran to about 50 cents a head. Fred's responses to the several searching questions propounded afterward indicated his caliber as a capable cowman.

Besides his son Fred, Henry Boice, who married Margaret Tait, of Phoenix, in 1924, has a daughter Peggy Ann who is now Mrs. Jack Rubel. They have the X Bar I ranch in Arizona's Yavapai and Mohave counties, where Herefords, of course, are raised. They also use Albert Mitchell bulls. Their range is probably more diversified as far as type of

country goes than the others' ranches. They top out in some rugged, brushey mountains at 6,000 feet in cedar and gamma grass country, and descend to the desert along the Big Sandy River, with intermediate altitudes of fairly good grass. This single ranch will illustrate the Hereford breed's adaptability to rocks and rough going, to sparse desert and to heat and cold.

Jack Paw An Honored Veteran

An honored old-timer on the X Bar I is Jack Paw, a stallion that Peggy Ann received as a gift from the late, famed Dan Casement of Kansas, when she was 17. Mr. Casement stayed at the Boice residence whenever he came to Tucson and he professed shock to Henry Boice when he discovered that she had not been allowed to have a stallion. Peggy had, and still has an intensive love of horses and she can recite pedigrees, winnings and earnings of many prominent Thoroughbred and Quarter horses, past and present.

About six months after that particular Casement visit, a wire came from the Kansan stating that he had shipped Peggy a stallion, Jack Paw, and advising when it should arrive. Peggy's kids now ride him, crawl all over him and love him. Jack Paw stands docily by, taking it all, and with a weather eye cocked if the youngsters start straying, for all the world like a baby-sitting canine. Jack Paw is by Little Fred, by Old Fred, the latter one of the famed old Quarter horse sires, and is out of Janie, by Balleymooney, by Concho Colonel. Over the years he has produced some good looking and useful cow horses.

Frank Boice married Mary Grantham, of Light, Ariz., in 1923. They had two sons, Frank and Bob. Both are partners in the Empire and Slash

S, the latter a commercial outfit near Globe, in central Arizona. Bob manages the Slash S. His rough country illustrates Hereford adaptability, too.

Earl Peterson, of Bassett, Neb., who has bought many of the Boice steers over the years, and who has won a number of prizes with them at the annual Bassett Feeder Show, came up to see Bob and Frank's cattle last spring. When he was looking over the cattle on the Slash S, he readily picked out some steers which Bob had brought up from the Empire to take advantage of some surplus feed. Peterson could not see that the brands differed from those of the other steers which were from the herd that had been on the place when the Boices bought it a few years earlier. He could tell the difference and he paid 35 cents for the Empire steers, which was a record price for Gila County. Incidentally, this was a 3 cent premium over the other calves Bob sold, which goes a long way toward explaining why the Boices are particular about what kind of bulls they raise in their purebred unit for use in their commercial herds.

In conclusion, brief mention should be made (it deserves an article in itself) of a co-operative project between the Boices and the University of Arizona. It was started in 1948. The plan was to investigate the possibility of selection procedures for getting more productive ability in addition to good conformation. For over 10 years Prof. E. B. Stanley, Drs. Bill Pistor, Lloyd Pahnish and Carl Roubicek of the University have gone down to the Empire and Arivaca at weaning time, and again when the calves were 18 months old, have weighed the calves, judged them and kept the figures. Over the years, this record

has become voluminous. The young Boice cousins, Fred, Frank and Bob, now assist the men from the University. From this work an "index" has been developed which shows the record of every cow and calf on a weight and grade basis. In selecting replacements, these index figures are used.

Great Contrast in Past and Present

Henry Boice said recently that when he attended the ceremonies opening the American Hereford Association's large new building in Kansas City, he could not help thinking of his Grandfather Gudgell's office in his home at nearby Independence. This single room was the first office of the first secretary of the Hereford Association. Henry Boice's grandfather was that secretary.

Herefords have come a long way since then. It is a certainty that Charles Gudgell would be proud of their record, and perhaps even prouder of his grandsons' careers as Hereford cattlemen; not to mention the early promise in the same direction of his great-grandchildren.

He might be a little confused to see the latter cutting out cattle with the reins in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other, but after an explanation of the "index" he would get the point quickly. And, most liekly, his eyes would gleam with pride, too, to know that their cattle all stem back to Anxiety 4th and North Pole.

Addendum

The Boice families no longer have any of the original ranches.

A decendent of the Henry Boice family is Fred T. Boice who is working with cattle and commodities. He is president of the Cattle Fax. Fred is also a past president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association and is now on the Executive Board and the Board of Directors of the National Cattlemen's Association. Fred's wife Ann K. Boice is a teacher at the Tucson Community School, where she has worked for thirteen years.

Fred and Ann have five children. Henry Kelley Boice is manager of the Arizona Bank in Prescott. He married Lynn Witman who is a University of Arizona graduate in Food and Nutrition. Mariann Tait Boice is a registered nurse working in the intensive care unit at the University of Arizona Hospital. Jennifer Lynn Boice is a senior at Pomona College in California, majoring in economics. Fred T. Boice, Jr. is a sophomore at Occidental College, California, majoring in economics also. Margaret Ellen Boice is a freshman at Redlands College, California, and is a science major.

Peggy Boice Rubel, daughter of Henry Boice, lives in Prescott and is active in many organizations. She is presently Public Relations Chairman of the Arizona National Livestock Show. Son John Boice Rubel is 29 years old, married to Nora Baum, and has one daughter Cy Dione who is two years old. John lives in Dewey, Arizona and is raising Christmas trees. If all goes well, the Three R Tree Farm will have about 18,000 trees. Thomas Henry Rubel is 28 years old. He is married to Leslie Spear and they have a daughter, Anne Loree, three years old.

Tom is an Assembly Technician for Western Foam Packing in Fresno, California, but his true interest is gun collecting and repairing. Peggy Lynn Rubel is 22 years old, married to Arne Nielson, and living in Ft. Collins, Colorado while finishing his degree in Industrial Construction Management. Lynn's hobby for eleven years was showing quarter horses; she went to the National Finals three years.

Frank Seymour Boice was born in 1894 and passed away in 1956. He was a southern Arizona rancher, ACGA president, ANCA president, and Farm Credit Administration Director for fifteen years. He has been elected to the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Family of Frank Stephen Boice (Pancho):

Frank Stephen Boice (Steve) has his own contracting firm in Tucson, Arizona. He and his wife Annie have two children, Faith who is five and Ben who is two.

Katherine Boice Linder is an airlines stewardess with United Airlines. She and her son Justin, three years old, live in Santa Barbara, California.

Sherry married Wayne Buzzard. He is a construction superintendent in Tucson where they live with their two sons, Joshua age four and Casey age two.

Carol is married to Kevin Barleycorn, who is with the United States Military Intelligence. They have just returned from service in Scotland. Their sons are Trevor, age three, and Aaron, age two.

Family of Robert G. and Miriam Boice:

Mary and her husband Bruce Moreton are University of Arizona graduates. Both are Professional Engineers employed by Bechtel Power Corp.

and live in Irvine, California.

Grant has a degree in Animal Science from the University of Arizona and is a loan analyst with the Arizona Livestock Production Credit Association. He and his wife Krist and one daughter, Cheyne who was born in 1980, live in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Martha has a degree in Fashion Design from Colorado State University and is working for the Los Angeles Tops Company (L.A.T.C.). She and her husband Hamid Madani, who is a Civil Engineer with the city of Los Angeles, live in West Los Angeles, California.

Peggy is a recent graduate of the University of Arizona in Horticulture, is employed by a plant nursery, and makes her home in Tucson.

HARRY A. AND ADA MAE DAY

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

Henry Clay Day (known in this area as H. C. Day) was born on a farm near Coventry, Vermont, close to the Canadian line, in 1845. He died in Pasadena, California in 1921 at the age of seventy-six. Until he reached maturity at the age of twenty-one, he lived on the Day family farm. After leaving the farm, he attended a small college in Canada in order to improve his education. He worked in an office in New York City for a short time and operated a store on the U.S. Canada line at Bebee Plains. Then he went to Wichita, Kansas, a thriving, growing place at that time.

In Wichita, H. C. Day had a successful lumber and real estate business. He acquired considerable property, including a sizeable ranch in western Kansas near Garden City on the Arkansas River. It was in Wichita that he married Alice Hilton, who was connected with the Judge Fisher family.

Capatin Lane Fisher, son of Judge Fisher, came back from the West and told about the wide-open range along the Gila River near the Arizona-New Mexico line and in the Animas Valley in New Mexico. It was all government land with abundant grass on it, water in the Gila River and the Animas, and no cattle grazing on it. It was a golden opportunity to get into the cattle business, so H. C. Day formed a partnership. H. C. Day furnished the money and Captain Lane Fisher went to Mexico and bought cows and drove them to what is now Greenlee County, Arizona and Hidalgo County, New Mexico. These cows were branded with a capital B laying down on the left hip. As a tally mark they were branded with a bar across the buttocks, under the tail. We call it a britchin'. That

brand has been kept up from that day until now. The blood lines of most of the present Lazy B herd go back to those original Mexican cows.

We have no firm record of the date that Lane Fisher brought those cattle from Mexico, but it was some time in 1880. We think that he must have brought more than one herd. Bill Cosper said that he brought in 6,000 head.

After forming the partnership with Lane Fisher, H. C. Day and his wife Alice went to Europe. They visited Mrs. Day's grandmother who lived on the Island of Jersey, and then spent about a year and a half in Germany where they both became quite proficient in the German language. After their return to Wichita Mr. Day came West to see about his cattle investment, following rumors that things were not going right.

We do not know the exact date of his first trip to Arizona and New Mexico. In later years he said that it was shortly after the railroad through Lordsburg was completed but we don't know if "shortly after" meant a few months or two or three years. Neither do we know how long he stayed before going back to Wichita. The railroad was completed through Lordsburg in 1882. We do know that in 1884 H. C. Day brought his wife and baby son, Courtland, along with household goods, to the Lazy B headquarters ranch up the river from Duncan and lived there until 1908. Four of his five children were born there.

In the year 1908 a partnership was formed with Sam and Walter Foster, doing business under the name of Day and Foster. H. C. Day sold a one-third interest, largely on credit, to the Foster brothers and moved

with his family to Pasadena, California, turning over the management of the outfit to Sam Foster. The primary reason for the move was because of the school situation. There was no high school in this area. Courtland, the oldest in the family, went to high school in Topeka and lived with his aunt. The four younger children would soon need a high school.

The Day and Foster partnership continued, with Sam Foster managing the ranch operation until the fall of 1926 when Mrs. Alice E. Day passed away. H. C. Day died in 1921 but prior to his death had transferred his property to his wife, Alice E. Day, so his death did not affect the partnership. Alice E. Day's death terminated the partnership. Sam Foster turned the settlement of the partnership over to the executor of the Alice E. Day estate, who, in turn, made Harry A. Day manager of the ranch. Settlement of the Day and Foster partnership became a legal matter in Federal court that lasted a number of years. Finally the heirs of Alice E. Day formed a corporation, called Lazy B Cattle Company, which made a settlement with Foster Brothers giving them clear title to all the farm land and the corporation assumed all responsibility of all the sizeable debts of the old partnership.

The Lazy B Ranch has been managed from that day until the present by the Lazy B Cattle Company under the direction of Harry A. Day, followed by his son, H. Alan Day.

The Lazy B, 100 Years Old

Harry Day stood over the kitchen sink and carefully and expertly prepared fresh-from-the-range mountain oysters while his wife, Ada Mae, plopped each of the finished western delicacies into plastic bags and placed them in the freezer.

The Day's are a team and have worked together since they were married in 1928. They still live in the thick mud adobe house that is their first home, although they no longer share four rooms with eight or ten cowboys. They've even acquired some modern conveniences like running water, in the years since the Depression.

Next to the still-sturdy pioneer home is a modern ranch house (microwave oven included) where younger generations of the Day family carry on the traditions started so many years ago by Harry and Ada Mae. Their son Alan and daughter-in-law Barbara live there with their two children, Marina age 17, and Alan, who is 20.

While Harry at 82 has turned the running of the ranch over to his son, he still has breakfast at the bunkhouse about 4:30 in the morning with Alan, the cowboys and Ralph "Bug" Quinn, the cook, who has been with the ranch for sixty years. He and Harry, between bites of Bug's delicious bread pudding, swap stories, turning breakfast into an "event."

The Lazy B is located southeast of Duncan, Arizona and got its name back in 1880 when Harry's father (Henry Clay Day) bought 6,000 head of Mexican cattle from the famous Terrazas ranch in northern Mexico. At that time, it was the largest cattle ranch in the world. The cattle were branded the Lazy B, and Day recorded that brand for his

cattle that ranged in both Arizona and New Mexico territories.

The Lazy B brand has been in the family ever since, making it one of the oldest Arizona brands in the continuous ownership of the same family. Which brings up the point of this article. . . .

The Day family is having a special birthday celebration this fall. The Lazy B Ranch will be 100 years old and according to Alan, who has done a lot of research, it is the oldest ranch he knows of owned continuously by the same family in Arizona today.

"The only other one that comes close in age to the Lazy B is the Babbitt Ranch in Flagstaff. I think it is about 98 years old," said Alan.

Because the ranch land is in both Arizona and New Mexico, the Days belong to both state cattle grower associations. Their land is 67% BLM, 25% state and 8% is deeded. Alan and Barbara have a Duncan, Arizona address; whereas, Harry and Ada retain the Lordsburg, New Mexico address.

When it comes to raising cattle at the Day's, the name Lazy B seems inappropriate since the changes made in the last 100 years have taken tremendous energy and foresight.

Take for instance the time Harry Day bought Hereford cattle (mostly polled) to mix with his father's Mexican cattle. . . . And the time Harry's son, Alan, first introduced Angus cattle to cross with Harry's Polled Hereford herd. Since then, Alan has crossed the herd with various exotic breeds, but "they were hard to handle." Today, he buys Barzona stock from Doug Bard of Prescott and Neal Hampton of San Manuel, Arizona.

"In seven years I plan to have nothing less than half breed Barzona

stock, 7/8 or 3/4 purebred. These Barzona are good cattle."

Harry, who was once distraught over the disruptance of the uniformity in his Polled Hereford herd, now says enthusiastically, "These Barzona yearlings are 100 pounds heavier and get around the rocky, rough country better and utilize the range better than other cattle."

Alan adds, "We sold the best set of Barzona steers ever in the fall of 1979. The light end weighed 407 pounds. I fed out the heavy end at our feedlot. (They have a 350-acre farm where they grow hay, silage and other grains.) By feeding my own cattle, I can see how they do in a feedlot situation."

The Lazy B Ranch has been internationally recognized for the outstanding network of flood control dams and flood water spreaders in the major canyons and washes on the ranch, and the re-seeding of the canyons as the silt has backed and filled them. This conservation effort has attracted visitors over the years from as far as the Middle East, Africa and Australia.

Tabosa grass, Alfilaria, Mesquite, Greasewood and Yucca (Soapweed) grow in abundance on the Day's land. When *Outlook* visited the Lazy B in late May, the Yucca plants were in full bloom. "This plant typifies the desert here, when our elevation is between 4-6,000 feet. . . . It is like the Saguaro plant that grows in the lower elevations," said Alan.

Alan uses a rest-rotation system of grazing with three pastures, much like that of the Alan Savory grazing method on a smaller scale.

In the last 100 years, the Lazy B has been through the Depression years, droughts and now inflation and recession. We asked Alan what he

thought could most affect the future of his ranch operation today.

He reflected a moment and said, "The number one problem is *energy* and the second is *public lands*. The Arizona Cattle Growers' Association Public Lands Committee Chairman said, "We learn to cope with Mother Nature and market instability . . . but these two seem out of our control.

"We use our horses now more than we have in order to alleviate excessive gas consumption. But there are the people that don't want grazing on public lands, and call any grazing on public lands 'exploitive.' Federal regulations will eventually prohibit a successful grazing program for the rancher here in Arizona."

He looked up at the huge windmill that has been supplying water to the Lazy B since 1915, and said, "We have to start educating the public to understand our use of the land. It is up to *us* to be constructive users, not consumptive users."

"Another problem facing ranching and farming operations today is that the bright young people are leaving the industry. Today's leaders are all middle-age and older. Granted, I want my kids to get a broad background like I did." (Their son, Alan, is a sophomore at the University of Arizona and is thinking about studying medicine.) Alan said, "But when he comes home to help and visit, he seems to appreciate our life here more."

Barbara is also an integral part of the ranch, but finds time to devote to her painting. In addition, she teaches aerobic dance in Duncan and at one time was a journalist for the local newspaper. She and Alan met at the University of Arizona while he was studying for a business degree and she was studying for her degree in art.

In September, the Lazy B will celebrate not only 100 years of livelihood, but also honor Harry and Ada Mae, Cole Webb, Ralph "Bug" Quinn and the late Jim Bristow at a barbeque. Bristow was a world champion rodeo performer until he was 72 years old and used to claim that the Lazy B was *his* ranch. "Rockhounds even take time from their pursuits to come to the ranch and ask us if this really was once Bristow's ranch," said Barbara.

Cole Webb, who has been a cowboy on the Lazy B for the past 14 years, is a collector of colorful old bottles that he has found on the ranch over the years that would make a Phoenix antique dealer green with envy.

Alan said, "We are going to invite all Arizona Cattle Growers' Association members to the barbeque and we are going to barbeque beef, pork and lamb. Friends from San Francisco, New Mexico and as far away as Canada will also be here."

Marshall Trimble, one of the most prominent and colorful historians in Arizona will also speak and entertain throughout the day.

"We are even building a cement carport which will house a band and we will display photos of the people and things that have made the Lazy B what it is today." Alan added, "It's going to be a big celebration, or none at all."

After all, this is the kind of birthday that doesn't even come around, in most cases, in a lifetime!

Editor's note: The preceding reproduced, with permission, from the August 1980 *Outlook* under the byline Beth Pesmen, Ag Communications.

Ranching on Non-Deeded Land Rates High as Problem Facing Arizona's Cattlemen

One hundred years ago, Henry Clay Day brought 6,000 cattle, purchased for $10 apiece from the huge Terrazas Ranch in Mexico, to this harsh country on the Arizona-New Mexico border and turned them loose on open range.

The Day family kept the Lazy B brand, making it one of the oldest continuous brands in Arizona. Henry Clay Day's son Harry helped make the Lazy B one of the most respected and successful ranches in the Southwest, and grandson Alan is now continuing the tradition of making beef on range described as "marginal" at best.

Alan Day has a reputation of being an astute ranch manager with ideas for making the Lazy B profitable for another hundred years. In addition to the 260 sections of primarily leased land, Day has added a 130-acre farm for feed production and a feedlot with a capacity to finish 2,200 head of cattle.

Interview

California-Arizona Farm Press interviewed Day, and the following are his personal ideas on some of the problems facing the ranch of the future.

FP: You have federal and state lands. Could you explain what the future is on those lands?

Day: I'm really concerned with the use of federal and state lands. It's becoming harder and harder to comply with everything that's required of ranchers, and the trend is continuing to be more and more

difficult.

I feel that the use of non-deeded land is the first or second highest priority problem we face on this ranch, and I feel that state land is not far behind in the rules and regulations that will come with it.

Control Question

FP: Is the rancher going to lose more and more control over his lease land?

Day: Yes. The federal bureaucrats are saying we will approach a time when the rancher simply has to comply in terms of trend and condition of the range and the health and vigor of the individual grass plant.

If, in fact, that comes about, that is not an impediment to good ranching and good management, because good managers are concerned with the vigor of the perennial plants.

Unfortunately, politics and prejudice get mixed into the whole thing, and the result is less than being judged simply by our ability to manage the perennial plants.

Concept Favored

FP: Do you support the Sagebrush Rebellion, then?

Day: Yes, I support the concept of moving the land into the ownership of the state. I feel that a lot of the regulations we have to live with come from Washington and people who are not concerned about the vigor of the perennial plant, but about their job and the power structure in Washington. It would be a lot easier to deal with problems if the land were state land.

FP: Your ranch is known for some of the land improvements you have made. What are some of these?

Day: There is no water on the ranch at all, so we have something like 35 windmills and wells and quite a lot of pipeline to scatter the water.

On erosion control--we had an ongoing program in cooperation with the Bureau of Land Management for a series of check-dams, that are large structures, to slow down the rapid runoff of water.

Costly Project

In most cases the BLM built the larger dams, and we as our part built the smaller dams that spread the water out on ground that wouldn't be wetted. Total cost of the combined federal and Lazy B Cattle Company projects is well in excess of $250,000.

FP: Consumer attitudes toward the rancher and beef itself are changing. How does that affect you as an individual rancher?

Day: I think we need to be aware of the need for leaner beef, higher cutability in carcass and more red meat with less fat showing at the meat counter. I think this is the trend, and I think we need to breed for it and feed for it.

Breeding

FP: Could you outline your breeding program at the Lazy B?

Day: The original herd was Mexican Corriente cattle, a mixture of breeds similar to longhorn. We at an early date started introducing good Hereford bulls to the Corriente cows, and over many, many generations brought the cattle up to being essentially purebred Herefords.

In the early 1950s, due to dwarfism in the horned Herefords, we switched to polled Herefords. We eliminated our dwarfs and successfully bred polled Herefords for many years. When I became active in this ranch I got interested in crossbreeding, and I tried Charolais, Brahman, Angus, Barzona and various other bulls. I've finally settled on the breed I like best--the Barzona.

Activity

We are crossbreeding a lot of Barzonas right now with our polled Hereford cows, but I plan to buy only Barzona bulls from now on so we will go more toward Barzona as rapidly as we can. We want to end up with pure Barzonas as soon as genetics allows.

FP: Are these primarily for the carcass or the land adaptability?

Day: I would say more for the land adaptability than the carcass, although these animals feed very well and hang a good carcass. They were specifically bred to thrive in desert conditions.

Last year we fed the better-doing end of our own crossbred Barzona steers out to finish. They gained 2.88 pounds per day and converted at 7.5, which are very good numbers. We made some money doing that.

Effect of Trend

FP: How will the trend toward artificial insemination and heat synchronization affect you?

Day: We plan to use both techniques within this year. I haven't used any heat synchronization before, but I plan to this calendar year.

We plan to use more and more of both techniques in the future.

I can't foresee that we could ever artificially inseminate a very

big percentage of our grown range cows, but in growing heifers I think we will make greater use of both of them.

Obviously, getting your calf crop within a short period of time and getting your heifers bred and being able to pregnancy test the heifers are great advantages to getting your herd not only fertile but fertile to have a calf when you want that calf.

Major Goal

We spend a lot of time thinking and working toward greater fertility in these cattle. That's one of my major goals.

FP: Two of the common problems on ranches nowadays are labor and transportation. How are these affecting you?

Day: We have a chronic shortage of labor. We live in a small county. The major employer is a copper mine. A worker at the mine earns in excess of $80 per day in starting pay. Something's wrong with agriculture because we can't meet those wages at all.

I think maybe we have to become more efficient and need less labor. If you're working with less cattle you need less help. Maybe an indirect benefit of the cuts in public land is that we'll need less help. I don't really have an answer to the labor problem.

Other Crises

FP: What about the transportation-energy crisis?

Day: The energy crisis has second priority of business threatening problems that I need to work on.

I personally am trying to combine an alcohol plant with our farm and feedlot to alcohol at a profit.

That doesn't lessen our cost of energy. If energy rises in cost the most rapidly--and it has been in the past few years--and if we can tie ourselves somehow to that escalation we will have income from the fact that energy has become more expensive.

It is almost a backward answer, but it is one answer to the energy problem. We will be benefiting from the rises instead of always losing. That's my intention.

Counter Cycles

FP: Are there any other ways that having your own forage and your own feedlot can help iron out the cyclical nature of a ranch?

Day: That is why we have a feedlot to go with the ranch. In any given year it seems that the price fluctuation in cattle, in just an average year, might be 20 percent or even 25 percent up and down. And it always seems that here in the Southwest when we have a drouth the prices go down. When you have to cut your numbers and sell thin cattle that's exactly what the buyers don't want to buy.

Having the feedlot and the farm gives us marketing flexibility and allows us, if we're smart enough, to identify the times of the year when the market is higher and to fit our cattle to meet that market. And that's specifically why we have the feedlot.

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