

Volume IV



**Arizona National
Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman
Volume IV**

COMPILED AND EDITED

By

BETTY ACCOMAZZO

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories, Vol. IV

With the completion of this edition, there have been 107 recordings of Arizona Pioneer Stockmen histories.

Many of us who today are involved in livestock raising in Arizona are constantly aware of the harshness yet the beauty of Arizona. It is yet today as it was yesteryear, a land of constant change, challenge and growth. The time I feel closest to our Arizona Pioneer Stockmen is when I am alone on an isolated ranch somewhere in Arizona's rangeland. To think of the endurance and foresight they needed to pioneer the great land we have today is a tribute of the respect and love they deserve.

We at the Arizona National are proud and yet humble to be allowed to participate in the recording of their *Ranch Histories*.

We hope you enjoy reading them as much as Betty Accomazzo and her committees have in preparing them for your pleasure.

Good luck,

R. Gene Sparks, President
Arizona National Livestock Show
1981-82

PREFACE

Our purpose in compiling the ranch histories of the Pioneers of the State of Arizona is to give the readers a resume of the Cattle Industry in the State of Arizona.

Change over the years is a continuous process and cannot be otherwise. Modern technology is not confined to the industrial world but is very evident in ranching and farming as well.

These Pioneers and their histories are the roots of our heritage and wealth. We in Arizona can be proud of our heritage, and the Pioneers can be proud of their contribution to our day and to the economy of our nation.

My greatest pleasure is meeting these old-timers and helping them write their ranch histories. It is interesting to find out who their neighbors were, who they purchased their ranches from, what their brands are, and why they chose that particular brand. In some cases their brands' histories are as important to them as their ranches.

I believe the oldest and most colorful of all Arizona's industries, cattle raising, will continue as it has in the past, and it will continue to play an important roll in the future of our state. Arizona owes a debt to its Pioneer cattlemen and women, a debt that can never be paid in full.

It was these men and women more than any group who cut trails, subdued the savage Indian, wiped out the preying outlaw bands, and laid the foundation of community life that gave Arizona the stature it required

to become our forty-eighth state. In doing so, many paid with their lives. Until such time as a better use is found for what is left of the grassy rangeland that a provident nature apparently set aside as a logical habitat for the descendents of Father Kino's first herds, the cattle industry will always be with us.

So, thanks be, will that hardy individualist known as the Pioneer Cowboy. For despite the fact that machines have adapted to almost every other phase of agriculture, technology has yet to perfect a contraption which can ride fences and brand dogies with equal ease!

We now have a total of 107 ranch histories compiled into four volumes. Many of these ranch families are into the fourth and fifth generation. Some, such as the Day family, Harry A. and Ada Mae, parents of our first woman Supreme Court Judge Sandra Day O'Connor, are a hundred years old. I am sure Judge Sandra is as proud of her father and mother as they are of their daughter.

I salute all Arizona Pioneers. They are the salt of the earth.

The third printing of Volume I has been completely sold out. We hope to have more available soon. Volumes II and III can presently be purchased from the Arizona National. Volume IV was printed by the Arizona National and assembled by the Arizona Cowbells.

I want to thank the Arizona National membership for making all of these volumes possible. A vote of thanks to Shirley Leneweaver, our typist editor. To Jody Yeager, Pioneer Office Secretary, a big thanks. And our appreciation to Freddie Fritz, Pioneer President, who worked so diligently gathering histories of Arizona Pioneers.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Cattlemen
and Cattlewomen

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DOWN ON THE BLUE

by

Mary Lou Anderson Campbell
Roseville, California

Amid blue hills, in sleeping purple canyon depths,

A dancing silver sheen betrays the Blue.

Its living, rushing waters speak of years

Of giving life, solace, cheer to a favored few;

Those fortunate to know, to live

Down on the Blue.

The still dark nights must fade, and with fingers of light

The morning sun flings a warm golden hue

Among the ripples, beneath bright jeweled rocks.

The river sings its gay refrain to everyone who

Is fortunate to be, to live

Down on the Blue.

From small beginnings high among white fir and pine

The Blue assembles, gathers, creates a new

Tumbling, foaming, glistening stream; but soon

It quiets, murmurs softly, slowly to all who

Return to work, to play, to live

Down on the Blue.

The river's shinning sparkling path reflects, then sends
Its tumbling, tossing drops to soothe, subdue
The sorrows, disappointments, tears of life
And brings the calm of cherished memories of those who
Remember laughter, love, and youth

Down on the Blue.

A world of shelter in its glowing canyon walls,
Of peace, of fortitude, of joy, of true
Regard, respect, and tolerance for man.
The Blue creates this world known only to a few--
Those fortunate to know, to live

Down on the Blue.

*Written and sent to me for my
birthday by our niece. Mary Lou
spent ten of her summers with us
when she was a girl.*

Fred J. Fritz
"Freddie"

JENNIE LEE VAN DEREN

SEDONA, ARIZONA

My birthplace was in the town of Plainview, in the panhandle of west Texas. My father was George Alonzo London, an only child, born to parents living on a farm in Hunt County, near Greenville, Texas. My mother was Madgie Lee Graham London, born near Paris, Texas. She had two older brothers, and her father owned cotton gins. I was the second child in our family. There was an older brother and two younger sisters, and we were a red-headed family, all six of us. As a little girl I can remember we had a surrey with the fringe on top, and one time my parents took us to the Goodnight Ranch to see a big herd of buffalo. Another time they rented a team and covered wagon and took us to visit an uncle who lived on a farm near Portales, New Mexico. This was when I learned that horses walk faster going home.

In 1917 we moved to Farwell, Texas, a new little town on the Texas-New Mexico line. In February of 1918 my mother died of pneumonia, and when there was talk of separating us children to live with relatives, my father heard our pleas and kept us together with him and we have always thanked him for it. We have stayed close in love and loyalty through the years. In the summer of 1918 my father, with his four young children, moved to Clarkdale, Arizona, where he worked as an accountant for the Santa Fe Railroad. Jerome and Clarkdale were booming at that time, the copper mine in Jerome and the smelter in Clarkdale. When September came we children entered school, and November found us in improvised hospitals with influenza; and when we heard the beating of drums and tin

pans, whistles blowing, bells ringing and people yelling, we were told the war was over.

In the late spring and during the summer of 1919, we frequently spent weekends in Sedona. It was so beautiful then; few people, no paved roads, clean, clear streams, and the natural beauty of God's handiwork. Linn and Vinn Derrick, two handsome young men and excellent fishermen, would come in their big truck from Sedona to Clarkdale on a Friday afternoon, bringing fish caught in Oak Creek to this or that family, and the following morning boys and girls and parents with quilts and pillows would fill the truck and go to Sedona for the weekend. There would be a dance on Saturday night at the schoolhouse, the music furnished by Mrs. Robert Lee (Nettie) Van Deren at the piano, Frank Derrick and Walt Van Deren with their fiddles, and anyone else who could play an instrument and wished to join them. Babies were on pallets, children played games, and others danced. Near midnight everybody stopped for coffee, sandwiches, pie and cake, and then we from Clarkdale would go home with different families to sleep in their house or on the hay in their barn. Sunday morning would find us youngsters getting together to play games, go hiking, fishing, or horseback riding. There were no churches in Sedona then, and most of the Bible teaching was done in the homes. Occasionally a circuit rider would come through and preach to the people. It was on these trips to Sedona that I got acquainted with some of the Robert Lee Van Deren family. Earl was one of the five children, and he and I being the same age were most always in the same group of young people. Late Sunday afternoon would find us climbing in the truck again to return to our homes.

My father loved Arizona, especially the Sedona area, and working with and through the Forest Service, he was instrumental in getting Grasshopper Flat (now West Sedona) opened for homesteading, primarily for the First World War veterans. The area was opened for this purpose in 1921. In the mid-twenties and for the next ten or twelve years, my father was in chamber of commerce work in Arizona. He was Chamber of Commerce Secretary in Chandler when the airport there was dedicated. A big crowd, many airplanes, and several dignitaries were there, but the two I well remember were Mr. Jack Frye, then President of Standard Airlines, and Mrs. Marie C. Graham, Arizona's first licensed woman airplane pilot. Big news coverage then was by radio, and this occasion was well advertised by radio station KTAR atop the Heard Building in Phoenix. Mr. Richard O. Lewis was General Manager of KTAR, Mr. A. C. Anderson was Chief Technician and Operator, and Mr. J. R. Heath was Program Director. From Chandler my father went to Douglas and then to Flagstaff. While in the Flagstaff chamber office, among other things, he originated the idea and was most helpful in promoting and putting on the first Easter Sunrise Service at the Grand Canyon. He hardly slept the night before, fearing something might go amiss. He fought for the progress and good of Arizona as long as he lived. He retired to Sedona and was Acting Postmaster there in 1940-41. He was buried in Sedona in 1951. The home he and my stepmother enjoyed is now a place of business.

After high school I worked a year or so for Mr. John W. Prout, Jr., a mining engineer for the Central Copper Company at Dos Cabezas. While there I got acquainted with Mr. Riggs the cattleman and Mr. Riggs the banker in Willcox. When the mine closed I went to Douglas for a visit

with my parents and did some temporary work for Mr. Jimmy Douglas and Mr. Sam Applewhite, at the Bank of Douglas. Then I went to work for Babbitt Brothers Trading Company in Flagstaff, secretary to Mr. Raymond G. Babbitt. This was December 1929. During my eight years there it was my privilege and pleasure to get acquainted with several cattlemen. I remember Harry Metzger very well as Manager of Babbitt's store in Williams, and his painful problem with his hands. Some others were Cecil Miller, the Locketts, Ray Cowden, Ramon Aso, Larry Mellon, Bert Babbitt, and I met Henry G. and Frank Boice a time or two. Also renewed old friendships with Earl Van Deren, Jim Ralston, Kel Fox, and others. It was fun to go to Apache Maid Ranch on weekends and ride horseback, or to Soda Springs Ranch for swimming, visiting, and good food.

After eight pleasant years in Flagstaff, I left to visit with friends and relatives and seek a lower altitude. When I went back to Farwell, Texas to visit cousins, I went to work for the Capitol Freehold Land Trust, Judge James D. Hamlin and his nephew, Hamlin Y. Overstreet. The Farwell brothers of Chicago built the State Capitol of Texas and took in payment three million acres of land in West Texas. This covered ten counties and their brand was XIT (ten in Texas). I had an interesting day in Chicago with two of the elderly Farwell brothers and other executives of the company. They were not only successful in the XIT Ranch venture, but also in merchandising. While in Farwell I married D. K. Roberts, a widower with a grown daughter and son. The daughter married and the son went to the Second World War. He was in the Navy, the Medical Corps of the Marines, and saw four years of hard service. My husband was a First World War veteran. He was successful in politics

in east Texas and later in west Texas. Now he wanted out of politics, so after a couple of trips to Sedona to vacation and visit my parents, he bought some ground across the road from the little store and post office. This was in 1945, and February 2, 1947 we arrived in Sedona to make it our home. One morning I walked across the road to the store and met Earl Van Deren coiling a rope around his arm. He greeted me and asked me what kind of man I married. I told him to come over and find out for himself. This he did and they became good friends.

We cleared the ground, hauled materials and built rustic, comfortable cabins; a bigger one for ourselves, and others to rent. When we went to Babbitt Bros. in Flagstaff looking for building materials, I greeted a few friends and introduced my husband. Mr. C. J. Babbitt, President of the company, seemed pleased to see me, and because he appreciated my having been helpful to Babbitts in closing a cattle deal near Farwell when I lived there, he issued an order that D. K. and Jennie Lee Roberts were to have 10 percent off on everything they bought from Babbitt Bros. for one year. This was indeed a happy surprise, and we were humbly grateful. When we completed our cabin we got a telephone, this making only three in the area, one at the Forest Service office, one at the store, and one at our place. It seemed someone was always standing in line waiting to use the telephone. The little store and post office building was moved away and a large building was erected that housed a cafe, grocery store, and bar. Oma and Lee Bird owned and operated this business. A small building was built nearby for the post office, and Mrs. Frankie Tanner came down from Flagstaff to be our Postmaster. The Verde Valley School came into being and I was the school's

first secretary. And for almost twenty years I was on the Auxiliary Board of the Arizona Children's Home in Tucson. Because we had to go so far for a nail or a board, we bought another piece of ground in 1948 and put in a building supply business.

We, the few people living in Sedona, worked together and helped each other. When we wanted something known, it was written on a sheet of paper and tacked on the Post Office door. We built a church, the Wayside Chapel, and all were welcome to come and worship. George Jordan gave the land, my husband was Building Chairman, and many people donated their time and labor. As the town grew, attendance grew, and in time another story was added to complete this church of spiritual warmth. I sat with Mrs. Sedona Schnebly the night she died. She was a lovely lady and a good woman, and seldom spoke of the town being named for her. I could tell many stories about thoughtful, good friends and neighbors.

In 1950 and for a few years thereafter, movie companies made pictures in and around Sedona, and many actors and actresses and cameramen stayed at our motel, and the movie sets that were built gave us a lucrative business at the lumber yard. We also furnished the material that went into the building of the Chapel of the Holy Cross that Mrs. Marguerite Brunswig Staude had built in memory of her parents.

My great joy was working with children and young people, and several times I made wedding cakes for couples who got married. My husband, D. K. Roberts, was a good listener and also an interesting conversationalist. He made friends and kept them, and he usually had a human interest story to fit most any occasion. D. K. Junior and his wife, Helen, moved to Sedona so he could help his dad in the lumber business.

For a time Helen was Postmaster here. D. K. Jr. looked forward to roundup time each year when he could ride and work for Earl Van Deren. He and Helen now live in Orange, Texas where he does refrigeration work on ships and business buildings. Our lovely daughter lives in Dallas, Texas. Our grandchildren spent much time with us in their growing up, which was always a joy, and if and when one of them had a problem, he or she thought Big Daddy, as they called their grandfather, would know just what to do about it.

We sold the motel in 1954 and the building supply business in 1958. We traveled for several years when D. K. was not building a house for somebody. We enjoyed our church work, our friends, and played a little golf. December 16, 1973, D. K. Roberts died suddenly at the dinner table.

On November 30, 1975, Earl Van Deren and I were married in the Wesleyan Church on Brewer Road in Sedona. His history is in Volume I, but so little of it that I would like to add a bit more about him now.

The Van Derens were and are cattle people. Earl's grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Van Deren, left their Missouri home and with their children joined a wagon train. It was oxen that pulled their wagon to California. They moved to Nevada and then back to California. Later they moved again to Nevada, and during these moves the family built up its cattle herd, sold ranches, and bought others. It was another ranch in Arizona, specifically in the Verde Valley, that called for yet another move of the Van Derens and their cattle. It began in the spring of 1878. By fall they had arrived at Hackberry, Arizona, approximately 130 miles from their destination. The Van Derens

and their cattle wintered here, and in the spring of 1879 when the last portion of their journey was ended, they were on Kell's ranch, located some three miles west of Cottonwood. Earl's father to be, Robert Lee Van Deren, was now eleven years old. On November 25, 1893, Robert Lee Van Deren married Nettie L. Mason and to this union were born five children: Lloyd Alvin, Delitha "Dolly," Iva Lee, Earl Lanford, and Harland Perry. When Earl was five years old the family moved to Clay Park, now known as Foxborough, located at the top of Schnebly Hill. They lived there until 1913 when Robert Lee Van Deren bought a relinquishment on a homestead from Dave Lay in Sedona. This land of some forty acres covered where the Tlaquepaque shopping complex and other places of business are now located. He ran cattle and sold fruit from their big orchard to Flagstaff merchants. He bought the ONB cattle and brand from Frank Owenby and also the FO brand. Some years prior to this he originated the K-L brand and used it as long as he had cattle. About 1929 the ONB brand was discarded and the FO and K-L brands were used until 1958. In 1926 Robert Lee Van Deren sold this ranch and bought one at Newman Park, about fifteen miles south of Flagstaff. This same year Earl made a deal with the Arizona Central Bank in Flagstaff for forty acres where most of the town of upper Sedona now is. A small house was built here and the acreage was used for winter pasture. In 1927 Earl homesteaded a place on Dry Creek and built a cabin there.

In 1930 Earl took over his father's ranch at Newman Park, and during the next two years when two movies, "The Last of the Duanes" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," were filmed near Sedona, Earl worked with them using his wagon, some horses and cattle, and made enough money to

pay his indebtedness to the Arizona Central Bank. Earl then enlarged the cabin on Dry Creek and took his bride, Leah Seip, there on the seventh of April, 1933.

Earl's parents, Robert Lee and Nettie Van Deren, retired to a home in Sedona and lived there until their deaths in 1939.

Earl continued to ranch successfully and built a home in Sedona on additional land he bought. In the early fifties, when people began to come into this area he subdivided and sold the forty acres, but not before giving each of his brothers and sisters a lot on which to build a home. His son Walter had graduated from the University of Arizona, and in 1958 Earl sold his Arizona holdings and bought the Open-A Ranch in southwest Montana. The origin of this ranch was 1860, the Albers family, and Earl Van Deren was the third owner. The Open-A brand was purchased with the ranch. Earl and Walter made many improvements, stocked Black Angus cattle, and also some sheep until the environmentalists protected the coyotes and they lost so many lambs they quit the sheep business. Walter married a Montana girl and they have two fine sons, Robert Earl and John Lee. Leah Van Deren died in September 1973 and is buried in the Dillon, Montana cemetery. November 30, 1975 Earl Van Deren married Jennie Lee London Roberts, and in 1977 they retired to Sedona, Arizona, leaving the operation of the ranch in the capable hands of his son Walter, Walter's wife Patricia, and their two sons.

JESSEE GODDARD
CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA

My name is Jessee Goddard and I was born March 16, 1904, eight miles below Camp Verde, Arizona. I was raised in the Verde Valley and attended school at Clear Creek. I attended the Clear Creek School for seven years and finished the eighth grade in Camp Verde. That was the extent of my schooling.

I started on my first roundup at an early age, thirteen, wrangling horses in the Verde Hot Springs and Mud Tank areas. I also wrangled horses at age fourteen in the Cienega country which is now the Orme Ranch School. It was then known as the Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch (V) or the Hooker Ranch.

In 1921 at the age of seventeen I went to work at the Apache Maid outfit riding the rough string. There were lots of wild horses in that country. I roped many of those "Broomies" and broke them to ride. It was thrilling, but all of us old cowboys still have aches and pains related to those experiences.

I worked there off and on for twelve years. I was foreman for about the last seven years I was there. Most of the time when I wasn't at the Apache Maid I worked at the Hoe outfit (H), from the Verde River to Long Valley and from Fossil Creek to Clear Creek.

I learned to be a cowboy with wild cattle in rough country. This was before fences. All supplies used on the winter range had to be carried by pack outfits. It seemed as if all the ranches were shorthanded. This reminded me of a story told by an old cowboy foreman, that he

didn't want to go to heaven when he died because he would be too short-handed. He wanted to go to hell where he'd have plenty of help!

I was first married in 1923 at the ripe old age of nineteen. That marriage finally ended in a divorce. In 1933 I purchased my own cow outfit from Emma Ralston. It was located on the east side of Mingus Mountain, west of Cottonwood. This ranch had the *best educated* and *meanest* cattle I ever worked. They had been roped and branded on the range too much, and also the steers were roped and led in. So they learned to take advantage of cowboys and get away from them. I used a "Protha," a bunch of gentle cattle that acted as a holdup. We would run the wild cattle in with the gentle ones to quiet them down. Then we could take them to pasture or wherever we wanted.

I was in debt for the whole outfit, but paid it out the first year I had the ranch and had a hundred cattle left plus the range.

You all remember when the government bought those cattle in 1934, so at that time I had a lot of cattle, such as they were. I had had an offer in the spring of 1934 from Tovere Packing Co. for 3½¢ per pound, weighed off in Phoenix. That amount wouldn't have paid the freight to Phoenix.

There was plenty of permanent water, springs, one artesian well, and limited access to the Verde River.

I sold the ranch to Frank Ogden in 1957. He called it the Quail Spring Ranch.

I belong to the Yavapai Arizona and National Cattle Growers Association. Every year for twenty-one years I took calves from the Verde Valley to the Roy Hays ranch in Peebles Valley to the Yavapai Cattle

Growers Calf Sale and Barbecue.

When I sold the ranch, I bought a small motel at Huachuca City and lived there fourteen years. I remarried, and my wife Margaret taught school there and at Fort Huachuca. She had come to Arizona in 1951 from Iowa. We have a daughter Jane who lives in Kentucky.

We are retired now, moved to Camp Verde in 1971, ten years ago. Our main hobby is history. We get a lot of pleasure from our study of history of the Verde Valley and of Arizona. We have quite a collection of books and articles on Arizona history, and of bottles and old army artifacts. We enjoy sharing our collection with people who have the same interests.

Editors Note:

We would like to share with the readers a book review sent to the Arizona Cattle Growers *Cattlelog* in 1954 from Jesse Goddard. He wrote:

"I want to announce our new book, *Pioneer Stories of the Verde Valley*. This is a little different than anything you've read. These stories were written mostly by the pioneers themselves; they are not long but intensely interesting as they relate their trials and tribulations, and their joys, too. Some came from 'way back East, some from Oregon and California. Those folks loaded all their belongings into covered wagons, most of them driving ox teams, and headed west into the unknown--that took guts, and lots of them. They could not know what lay ahead as they journeyed along. Indians and water were their worst enemies; water because there was either too little or too much, wide rivers to cross, and broad plains where there were neither springs nor even

a trickle in the dry washes.

"They traveled mostly in wagon trains, but some undertook the long journey alone--many of the latter did not live to tell their story. Most all had large families. Many brought a few head of cattle along, and these had to swim the rivers. In the few places where there were no ferries, the crossing of the wagon trains was simply a project of much unloading and loading, unloading and re-loading, and many trips back and forth. Where there were no ferries, they had to devise their own ferry boats with nothing but their wagons and what they brought with them.

"Our Valley isn't very old, counting by years, for our first settler came in January 1865, just 90 years this coming new year. [Verde Valley is now 117 years old. Ed.] Dr. J. M. Swetnam, who later moved to Phoenix and practiced there, was one of the very first, and in his story he tells what happened that first summer--not all a bed of roses, I'll tell the world. Indians caused them lots of trouble."

Jessee added that their new book, which he was very proud of, was an authentic history of "their" Verde Valley, "and the sooner you start gathering other pioneer histories the better, for the pioneers are going fast and their stories will die with them. It's really surprising what you can learn when you get digging into history. Yes, it's a job, but I don't know of anything that is more interesting. Personally, I think our pioneers with all their hardships were a lot happier than we are today. So long as their families had enough to eat and wear, they were satisfied. Today we are too busy trying to get rich, and to hell with the other guy."

--Betty Accomazzo, Ed.

JOHN GARNETT NIX

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

John Garnett Nix was a rancher, cattleman, farmer, dairyman, sheepman, cowboy, and rodeo promoter. He was born at the turn of the century, December 12, 1900, in Ozona, Texas. He was named after his grandfather, John L. Nix, and the doctor who delivered him, Dr. Garnett. His parents were William Alfred Nix and Rhoda Emmaline Maddox Nix. His ancestors on both sides had come from Ireland to Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, then to Alabama where W. A., as he was known, met and married Rhoda Emmaline Maddox on October 8, 1882. After several years they moved to Greenville, Texas where the older children in the family were born. Then in 1900 they moved to West Texas, near San Angelo. John's father suffered a rather severe stroke in 1900. He was a hard-working man, and after branding calves in the hot summer sun, he pumped cold water over his head and had the stroke which paralyzed his entire left side. He continued working, still rode horses, and worked the ranch.

John was the fifth of seven children. His oldest sister, Lura, taught school many years in Texas and in the Phoenix area, beginning at Murphy School in 1919. She was later head of the Home Economics Department at Jerome High School, was very active in the 4-H program in the state, and began the school lunch program at Murphy School. John's brother Bill stayed in Rankin, Texas and was well known as a barber, storyteller, and successful roper. John had twin sisters Vera and Verna, known as Big Babe and Little Babe, who could break horses as well

as their brothers, were fantastic cooks, and played Ragtime piano on a professional level. Henry, just younger than John, came to Arizona with the family and married Dorothy Bradshaw. He worked for the Shell Oil Company for many years and was also a farmer, rancher, cattleman, and roper. John's youngest brother, Homer, died as a child.

The family was quite well-to-do, and in 1908 bought one of the first cars ever in West Texas. It was an International with buggy wheels and chain drive for which they paid \$900. In 1909 they bought a Stanley Steamer, and had to pay a mechanic five dollars a day to get the car ready to make a trip to San Angelo.

John's mother loved the ranch, her garden and chickens. She was very religious. On Sundays she would go to the Methodist Sunday School in the morning at Stiles and the Baptist Church in the afternoon. When they lived too far to go to church, she arranged for a traveling preacher to live with the family for two months and teach the children religion. She was hardworking and ran the post office at Hembrie, Texas for many years.

In 1910 John's father bought the Higgenbotham brothers' ranch. It was twenty-one sections and he paid \$81 thousand for it with \$25 thousand down. The family loaded everything on two large wagons. Mr. Belle and Mr. Sturdivant had lots of horses and they decided to move with the family. They drove the horses behind the wagons about 150 miles to the new ranch. The rest of the family, along with the mechanic, went in the car. It took about a week to make the trip. The roads were rough and bad. John's mother's sewing machine was tied on the back of one of the wagons. It fell off when the wagon was going up a fairly steep grade.

Then, somehow, the wagon rolled back over it and smashed it. This was a great loss to the family. The boys slept in the wagons at night. The horses would wander off and they had to round them up in the morning, before they could start the trip again. The new ranch was in Nolan County, Texas, three miles from Hylton and seven miles from Blackwell. It was a big ranch with a big nice house and had a very important feature in West Texas--a big yard with lots of shade trees. The boys loved playing with marbles when they weren't working with their dad.

The sheep had gotten a disease called scab. They had to build a large dipping vat and dip the sheep. John and Henry had to help with this job. There was much for the boys to do to help keep the ranch going. John recalls that his dad had no enemies. He was very easy to get along with--even though he had a high temper. John was never allowed to sass his mother or grandmother, and only remembers about two whippings. He has said, "My dad only told us once to do something and we knew we'd better do it." The ranch didn't turn out to be good for sheep, but it was good for cattle and horses. However, 1910 and 1911 were very dry years, and in 1913 they traded the ranch to a Mr. Whitfield for a home and land at Cleyborne, Texas near Ft. Worth.

The family then moved to a home rented from W. P. Longino who later married Vera, John's sister. This home was six miles north of San Angelo. John's father started milking cows and began the W. A. Nix Dairy. He also farmed and raised cotton. John's early life was typical of growing up on a West Texas ranch. There were cattle, horses, and sheep to herd and brand, horses to break, sheep to dip and shear. When the sheep were sheared in the spring, it was John's job to pick up each

fleece and put it in a stack on a bench. Another man tied the bundle and got it ready to ship to San Angelo. He and Henry raised the lippy lambs, those without mothers. They spent many days and nights herding the sheep, sleeping on the cold ground at night.

John's recollections of Christmas were these. His dad would drive into San Angelo in a wagon. He would bring back a barrel of apples and oranges and perhaps a little candy. On Christmas Eve the family would drive fifteen miles to the Stiles Baptist Church. Everyone took their presents and put them under the tree. Then Santa Claus would come and give out the presents. Sometimes they got presents and sometimes only a stocking with an orange, apple, and candy.

John remembers one incident that gave him his nickname, "Johnny High Pockets." His dad sent him and Mr. Sturdivant to Stiles for supplies. Mr. Sturdivant was a bit of a drinking man, and he drank a little too much in town. On the way home he fell off the high spring board seat, scratching his face badly. Taking up a handful of dirt and gravel he said, "Here Johnny High Pockets, rub this on my face and it will make it feel better." Instead, John managed to get him back in the wagon and safely home.

In 1916 telephone service came to Stiles. John's sister Verna and her husband, Wayne Coates, were the operators. John worked for them operating the switchboard for ten dollars a month.

John began school at the age of seven in Stiles. He also remembers he was almost that old before his mother cut his long blonde curls and he stopped wearing dresses and started wearing short knee pants. A favorite family picture shows him with curls, in a dress, riding a big

white horse.

His sister Lura taught the first four grades in Stiles, about sixty miles from the ranch. The family rented a house in Stiles so the children could go to school. Their grandmother, "Nana," Margaret Elizabeth Wylie Maddox, stayed in town with them. She helped the boys with their studies. John remembers her as being very strict, a very good woman, the best. She read to them every day from the Bible. It was a sad day for the family when she died of cancer. John had a great love for her, and remembers that he and Henry would take turns fanning her so she would be more comfortable.

John enjoyed school. His favorite teachers, beside his sister Lura, were Miss Arizona who taught mathematics and Lutie Blackwell who taught sixth and seventh grade English. He was in high school in San Angelo before he had his first pair of long pants. He didn't have any sox, so he wore long black stockings. John and Henry had a Ford car, and they would go to Ballinger with five or six boys to the football games. They liked to stop on the way and get a watermelon. Early in his schooling John was recognized as a real athlete. He played town ball with a rubber ball and a big board. He was asked to play on the big boys' team because he was so good. He was eighteen years old before he went with the girls.

In October of 1918 there was a severe drought in West Texas. John's dad, W. A. Nix, had heard about Arizona, and he and John's mother drove to Phoenix in a 1917 Ford. They stayed two weeks and looked the land over. They rented a sixty-six acre place, from Eliza Campbell of Tucson, on 43rd Avenue and Lower Buckeye Road. Then they went back to

Texas, finished all their business, said their goodbyes and headed for Arizona. They shipped the cattle, horses, and furniture on the train. They left Big Lake at 2:00 p.m., November 11, 1918. John's mother and dad drove out by car, but John and Henry rode the train to care for the stock in the cattle cars. Many times they would stretch their legs by running along by the side of the train. Often times their train was held up as they had to wait for army troop trains. They arrived in Arizona on November 18, 1918. They pitched a tent on their rented property and lived in it. They build corrals, milked cows, and fed the cattle they had brought from Texas. In Texas they had used the N I X brand on all their livestock. They continued to use it until one year when they went to register it and they found a man in Clifton had already registered it. They then changed their brand to N—X which is still used today.

Along with many other people, in 1918 the entire family contracted the flu. The epidemic was so bad that anytime they went to town they had to wear masks. The family was so ill--John and Henry in one bed and their mother and dad in another--that they had to hire a woman to take care of them. John was to be susceptible to flu and pneumonia the rest of his life.

The next spring Vera and her husband, Mr. Longingo, Verna and her husband, Wayne Coates, came to Arizona. They built a floor and walls three feet high which they covered with the large tent. They lived there until the fall of 1920 when they bought the sixty-six acres they had been renting, along with another fifty acres. They moved into an old adobe house on the place on what is now the corner of 39th Avenue

and Lower Buckeye Road. This house still stands today. John and his family lived there with his father until he died May 31, 1929, and his mother until her death January 3, 1935. In 1940 John built a new home just to the west of the old adobe. A corner of the old adobe house was washed away in the devastating Cave Creek flood in 1920. It was later rebuilt.

John's sister Lura, affectionally called Sis, came to Arizona in 1919 and began her teaching career in Arizona at Murphy School. John and Henry continued their schooling. John was a sophomore when the family arrived. John first went to Phoenix Union High School. This lasted exactly two days. His English teacher, Miss Chowning, gave him an assignment to hand in a book report the next day. John considered this an impossible task and said, "I quit," and enrolled at Tempe Normal where he liked Latin and mathematics but didn't like history and geography. John was a star basketball player at Tempe. He was called "Nix" and "Big Boy" because he was so tall and so good-looking. Cedric Austin and Pete Brown were on several of his teams. His last year he won the "Gold Track Shoe" given for making the most points in track. His coach, George F. Cooper, said, "Nix, I want to give you a little advice. Be sure this doesn't go to your head." And it didn't. John continued his schooling at Phoenix College, where he and his brother Henry played on the 1920 "Wonder Team" coached by Heinie Heindrick. There were fourteen men on the squad, and everyone was an "ironman." The team included Barto Davis, Hank Millage, Russ Talbot, Buzz Sanderson, Bill Wallace, Shorty Kinder, Sam Joy, Frank McDevitt, Bonner Whitman, and a couple of robust guards in the Nix brothers, John and Henry. This team received a

lot of publicity, and is still remembered as the best football team Phoenix College ever had.

In the fall of 1920 the cotton crash came. John's dad raised Pima long-staple cotton. They paid 4¢ a pound to have it picked. They took it to town where it was supposed to bring a dollar a pound. The buyers offered John's dad 2¢ a pound, so he brought his cotton home and fed the cotton seed to his cows.

In 1920 John met Norma Guthrie from Mesa. Norma was the daughter of Laren Vaughn Guthrie and Winniefredricka Johnson, and a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin Johnson, an early pioneer of Arizona and a colonizer of Colonia, Jaurez, Mexico. Norma tells the story of meeting and marrying John this way.

"I graduated from Mesa High in the spring of 1920. I was eighteen years old. My parents decided to send me to Tempe Normal to get an education to become a teacher. I was to stay in the dormitory with Mable Morris, a very dear friend. As the time came closer for school to start, a crowd of us girls decided to drive to Tempe to see what the school and grounds and dorm etc. were like.

There were four or five of us in a stripped-down Ford. When we got to Tempe, we drove through the beautiful grounds and finally ended up at the football field. A bunch of the boys were at one corner of the field. We drove up and started a conversation. I remember someone said something about John Nix. I said, 'Yes, where is this big boy, John Nix? I've heard so much about him and I'd like to meet him.' A big, tall, good-looking fellow turned around and said, 'I'm John nix.' And that's the way we met. It was not long before we were dating. We, with

other couples, used to buy cokes and peanuts at *Pops* and climb the Tempe Butte and dance in the old gymnasium. John was a great basketball player and star of track.

"We never missed a chance to be at every activity, and went together for three years before we were married on July 24th, 1923, in Florence, Arizona. We had both graduated from Tempe Normal. I had taught a year at Franklin School in Mesa and John had gone to Phoenix College for a year. After we were married we rented an apartment on East Van Buren, close by Phoenix Union High School. John worked as a mechanic in the Jack Silva Garage on West Jefferson for six or eight months, but before long, we moved back to the ranch where we lived until 1974. John's father passed away May 31, 1929, and his mother died January 3, 1935. After his mother's death, John bought the ranch for \$200 an acre from his brothers and sisters."

John decided that he wanted to get back into farming, so he and his brother Henry took plowing contracts for a year or two. Soon John began renting land and farming it for himself. Then when his dad's health failed, he began farming on the Nix ranch. The Nix ranch has one of the oldest water rights in the valley, going back to the 1870s or '80s. It was an exciting place to live. Lower Buckeye Road was the road to the St. John's Indian Reservation near LaVeen. On Saturday night, wagon loads of Indians who had drunk a little too much in town would go by in a noisy procession. Often the family would wake up on Sunday mornings to find several wagons of Indians sleeping off the effects of the night before. John hired Indians from the reservation to work for him as irrigators and farm hands. Cal Redbird worked for John for many years.

He was the son of Ida Redbird, the famous Indian potter and basket weaver. John and Norma have several pieces of her work.

In the early days, Lower Buckeye Road was the route of the stage-coach going into Phoenix and the stage going from east to west passed this way. It is also believed that the old adobe house served, at one time, as a stagecoach stop. The story was told that in the 1880s the stage was robbed. The sheriff caught some of the robbers but did not recover the gold. One of the robbers was supposed to have been hung in one of the back rooms of the old adobe house. In later years this room was used as a bedroom, and the children sometimes thought they heard a groan in the night but it was probably only the wind in the mesquite and umbrella trees prevalent on the ranch in the early years.

One of the captured robbers said they had buried the gold by an old cottonwood tree that stood on the west side of the land until the late 1940s. Many times men came with geiger counters, divining sticks, asking if they could search and dig for the gold. John and Norma always allowed them, but if anyone ever found the gold they never offered to share it. As late as 1977, a group came and said they had been shown in a dream where the gold was buried and wanted to look for it.

Norma remembers John and his father using teams and, later, big heavy tractors to clear the land, and often irrigating the land to leach the alkali out of the soil. She said after John bought the ranch from his brothers and sisters that no one could ever say John got the land at a small cost. He paid dearly for every hard-earned acre. He would come in from a hard day's work, Norma would meet him outside the back door with a broom to sweep away the dirt and dust clinging to his clothes.

John went into the sheep business for several years. He had bucks and ewes shipped in crates from Texas. However, his sheep operation was not large enough to be highly successful, and he turned to the dairy business. He bought the Angus Davies' herd and began his career as a successful dairyman. He had three different dairy herds, mostly Jerseys and Guernseys. One time he went to Midland, Texas, bought an outstanding herd, and had them shipped out by train. He sold out three times, the last time in 1958. At one time he was one of the largest milk producers for Borden's Dairy. He also had the Borden's Arizona "Elsie, the Cow" in his herd. His dairy cattle were high producers, and several times were the highest butterfat producers in the state. John was one of the valley's first dairymen to purchase an electric milking machine when he put in a DeLaval Milking Machine.

John's children all helped on the dairy, milking the cows, testing the milk, cleaning the barns, going after the cows, riding the hay wagon and stacking the hay. They loved the life on the ranch, and have all said they wished their own children could have experienced it.

The Nix ranch was famous for its hayrack rides and barbecues. The children and neighbors also enjoyed the big auctions when John sold out his dairy herds. The auctioneers came and put up a huge tent. It was like a carnival. The Mormon Church Relief Society put on a huge barbecue. Actually, it was a big social gathering. For weeks after, the children enjoyed imitating the auctioneers with "What am I bid?" and "Who'll give me five?"

During this time John raised wheat, alfalfa, maize, and hegira. He built a huge pit silo where he stored the sileage he ground as seed for

the cattle. He also built a huge hay barn. His nephew Richard Nix remembers that his Uncle John paid him 10¢ an hour to drive the Massey Harris four-wheel drive tractor that pulled the big hay wagon through the field. He also remembers that Johnny almost turned this tractor over in the silage pit. Richard says he learned to shock hay from his Uncle John, and that the big hay fork used to stack hay in the hay barn was taken from the W. W. Bradshaw barn on 35th Avenue and Buckeye Road.

John joined the Mormon Church in 1938. Norma and the children were already members. In the 1940s John was on the Welfare Building Committee of the Capitol Ward. He was instrumental in organizing and furthering many projects, gardens, calf raising, branding cattle, and having big steak fries for the purpose of raising money for the building of the Capitol Ward. He was always more than willing to help young people with school and 4-H projects.

John and Norma's children attended the Riverside School when it was still a three-room schoolhouse and they were all involved in the Riverside community activities. They also enjoyed all their neighbors through the years: the Coverdales, Halls, Weedons, Coppingers, Mrs. Macdonald, the Gavettes, Godbeheres, Stewarts, Roberts, Medigoviches, Yamamotos, Hammans, Nelsons, McEwens, Reeds, Lowes, and Coboses.

When John went into the cattle business, he and his son David bought 500 white-faced cows at the Corneliu Livestock Auction and the Arizona Livestock Auction. David recalls that they sat at the auction until three o'clock in the morning buying the cows. They had rented the old Macdonald farm. They took the cattle there and dehorned them. They later pastured them at the Eton Cattle Company, and eventually sold them

to the McCright Cattle Company. Not long after, John bought a herd of five hundred Brahma cattle. They raised the calves and eventually sold the cows to John T. Hughes. One of John's favorite sayings about the cattle business was, "If I could buy cattle like Billy Russo and sell cattle like Bill Roer, I'd get rich!" John stayed in the cattle business until 1962. He also sold a lot of cattle to the Hurley Packing Company. His sons, John and David, still carry on the cattle business on a leased ranch near Ajo.

John was also very active in rodeoing and the rodeo business. He started roping competitively when he was forty-five. He always loved roping and roped in most of the big local rodeos. David remembers team roping with him when he was sixty-one years old, and says he was at his best then. He loved horses and always rode the best. Some of his horses took blue ribbons at horse shows around the valley. His favorites were Cremo and Tony. He won many times when roping on these two great horses. He bought Cremo for \$350. Later he sold him for \$1,750, but he couldn't stand it and bought him back the next day for \$2,000! Jeanne remembers that summer vacations in Texas meant looking for an outstanding roping horse and hauling him back to Arizona in a big horse trailer.

John taught David to rope when he was eight years old. When he was eleven, he was the Junior Rodeo Champion at the Phoenix Junior Rodeo. He won this championship several times. John and David roped together for many years, and in the late '50s and early '60s John and Norma and their granddaughters, Terilu and Debbie, and David and his family spent the summers in Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, and Nebraska

attending and roping in rodeos and winning saddles, belt buckles, and prize money. One year in Wyoming John won the Old Man's Steer Stopping Contest. At the Cody Calcutta, John and David won the Cody Team Roping. They roped big running steers and averaged 13 seconds on six head, and won \$2,300 apiece. Some of his other roping partners through the years were Bill Roer, Phil Stockton, Ross Stewart, Audrey Smith, Cotton Logan, Bill Gibson, his brother Henry Nix, and Allen Holder who had been a world champion cowboy. John was a member of the Rodeo Cowboys of America and later joined the Arizona Rodeo Association and the Northwest Cowboy Association of Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Utah. One of John's favorite pastimes was match roping Bill Roer at the Wigwam Arena at Litchfield Park. John and his friends roped nearly every weekend and practiced all week after their work was finished.

John also continued his enjoyment of sports. He loved to watch the old Phoenix Senators play baseball at the Municipal Park on south Central. He also attended the Tempe football and baseball games. He learned to bowl in the 1950s and carried a 185 average. He was a natural athlete and this carried over into any sport he took up.

During this time, John and Ross Stewart began putting on the Sparks Rodeo on the Sparks' place on 39th Avenue and Buckeye Road. They bought bucking horses and bulls from Jo Lambert. Many of the leading ropers of the day roped here--Jim Miller, Clyde Allred, Audrey Smith, and others. John continued this for four or five years. One of their special attractions was an old cantankerous mule. They offered twenty-five dollars to anyone who could ride him. Very few ever did it. They also had a big old mean calf. They bet that no one could rope him and tie him in

less than 20 seconds. They had to pay off very few times. These rodeos were held during the war. All the cowboys had pre-war manilla ropes, and when the war began they quit making these ropes, so all the cowboys really protected and hoarded their manilla ropes. David recalls that one day when they were driving the stock north on lateral 15-1/2 a big German shepherd came at them. David decided to rope the dog. When he did, the dog really came at him and David dropped the rope. That dog took off with David's manilla rope still around his neck. Needless to say, John was not happy at this loss of precious manilla rope. In 1958 John was hired by the rodeo producers of the Houston Fat Stock Show and Rodeo, Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Lockett, to furnish the bucking stock. This was a big ten-day event held in the Houston Coliseum. David and his family went with John and Norma. This was the largest amateur rodeo in the world. It was a great trip, and a real highlight for John and Norma was meeting the actor, Hugh O'Brien, who was entertaining at the rodeo.

In 1962 when John was out in the arena he had built behind his house, he noticed that a neighbor's calf had gotten loose and was out in the field where he had some cattle he was pasturing for the Sennet and Dryer Cattle Company. The neighbor was anxious to get the calf out but John wanted him to wait until David got there. The neighbor was anxious so John got on Red Tip and headed into the field to get the calf out. The neighbor rode out, too, and inadvertently his horse bumped Red Tip, who stumbled and fell, and this threw John off and he hit his head on a hard boulder. The ambulance came immediately. He was in such bad condition they did not think he would live, so they took him to the old

County Hospital a mile away. They finally took him to St. Joseph Hospital where he stayed in a coma for two weeks. He had suffered a severe brain contusion. He had a long recovery, but with the faith and prayers of his family and friends, and then the help of his devoted wife Norma, he made what the doctors called a remarkable recovery. He was never able to resume all his former activities but was able to work and enjoy life. He worked many years at Deseret Industries in Mesa as a rehabilitation activity.

John and Norma moved to Mesa in April 1974. In 1976 he fell and broke his hip and was confined to a wheelchair. He now lives in the Mesa Christian Nursing Home. On his eightieth birthday last December, 1980, all his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren and his wife Norma had a birthday party for him. It was a grand occasion.

John Garnett Nix has lived a full life which has spanned eight-tenths of a century. He has seen many changes, from the horse and buggy days to the jumbo jet that he flew on when he went to Big Lake, Texas in 1978 for an Old Timers' Reunion. John has hundreds of friends. Everybody liked John. He was always willing to help his neighbors, branding, doctoring, or moving cattle, and as David says, "He was also very willing to offer the help of his children as Johnny and I can testify." John is a tall, goodlooking Texan who became a dedicated Arizonan with all the charm to go with it. John was a life-long Democrat and never could understand one or two of his children who registered as Republicans. He had a saying that you never asked a man his religion or his politics. And you never asked a man how he had voted. In fact, sometimes he wouldn't even tell his children. He loved life and enjoyed

living each day to the fullest. He also loved and enjoyed his family and all their accomplishments.

John and Norma had seven children, five of whom are still living. John Carl Nix married Margaret Stewart. They have three children, Cheryl Dawn, John Wayne, and Patricia. They have five grandchildren. John still lives on the ranch at 43rd Avenue and Lower Buckeye Road where he continues farming, raising cotton and alfalfa. He and his brother David also have a 640 cattle feeding operation near Ajo and the Child's ranch. John's brand is the Lazy F Quarter Circle. His wife Margaret works at Motorola.

Margaret Jeanne Nix married Jack Wright and moved to Mesa where Jack is a partner-owner of the Wright's Market Grocery Business. Jeanne owns three successful dance studios and was recently named Mesa's Woman of the Year. Their children are John Nix Wright, Joy Arnett, Julie Wright, Jim Wright, Jack "Jocko" Wright of Mesa, and Jeanine Smith of Yuma. They have twelve grandchildren.

Cheryl June Nix married Edwin Long, who is the Director of Athletics and Physical Education Consultant for the Phoenix Union High School District and President of the National Council of Secondary School Athletic Directors and many other national boards. Cheryl has taught school in the Baltz, Glendale, and Washington districts for 32 years. They have two daughters, Cheryl Patridge of Mesa and Carolyn Whatcott of Modesto, California. Cheryl and Ed have five grandchildren.

Mary Louise Elliott is married to Jack Elliott, who is retired from the Navy. Mary Lou, or "Babe," works for the Mesa Public Schools. She has four children, Teri Barela, Debra Lisonbee, Danny Graham, and Jana

Elliott, and three grandchildren.

David Nix married Voniece Blair. They live on the old Nix ranch in the new home built by John in 1940. David is in the cattle feeding business with Johnny and also helps farm the "home place." David used the Double Bar N (== N) and the N I X brands.

David and Voniece have five children, Carl William who is married to Buffy (they have a daughter Alisha), Dalisa Gay, Pamela Sue is married to Donny Walden (they have a boy, Hunter Lee), Darin Dale, and Grady Dean.

FRANK WILLIS
DUNCAN, ARIZONA

William Frank Willis was born in Navarro County, Texas, not far from Corsicana, on August 9, 1864. He was the youngest of seven children, five boys and two girls. Due to his father's death coming when he was only two years of age, Frank was raised by his mother and older brothers.

At the age of fifteen, Frank was living with his youngest sister and her husband who was a lot older than she. During this time Frank had a fight with his brother-in-law over the way he treated Frank's sister, after which he saddled his pony and headed for West Texas where he worked as a cowboy for several of the large cow outfits.

In the year of 1884 he was working for Alex Martin. Mr. Martin decided to move to New Mexico, so Frank came with the herd of cattle Martin brought to New Mexico. They arrived at their destination just east of Carlisle in February 1885. He worked for numerous cow outfits in New Mexico. The first place he owned himself was at Mule Creek, New Mexico, which he later sold and moved to the Duncan area.

In 1896 Nannie W. Wiltshire moved to Duncan from Hazlehurst, Mississippi to teach school. She was the first teacher to teach a full term in Duncan. Along with her teaching, she worked as a bookkeeper for the B. F. Billingsley Mercantile.

In July 1900 William Frank Willis and Nannie W. Wiltshire were married in Safford, Arizona. On July 28, 1902 a son, Preston Felix, was born to them. Just a short six months, two weeks, and one day later, on

February 12, 1903, Preston died. On July 11, 1904, a second son was born to them, Frank, Jr., who at the present time is living in Duncan. In the year of 1914 Mr. Willis bought Clear Lake Mining Camp and ran a two-thousand head cattle outfit.

In 1929 he and his son Frank, Jr. bought the old T Triangle ranch which he and a pardner had owned for several years at a previous time. The T Triangle ranch is now owned and operated by Rowan Willis, a grandson of Frank, Sr.

Through the years Mr. Willis owned several different ranches around Duncan. He raised, bought, and sold horses for a number of years. He shipped a lot of them to Texas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. He owned the meat market in Duncan and the slaughter pens. He was Deputy Sheriff in Duncan several years, and also in Morenci for several years, in the '20s. This was during the time the cattle business went bad!!!

Mr. Willis had the Bar X (— X) brand recorded in 1898 in both New Mexico and Arizona. The Bar X brand has been used continuously since being recorded. At one time there were a lot of horses being used on different ranches in Arizona and New Mexico with the — X on the left shoulder. The Bar X brand is still being used by Frank, Jr.

Mr. Willis built one of the first houses in Duncan which is still being lived in. In 1908 he bought a house located on the corner of High and Harwell which is now owned and occupied by his granddaughter, Virginia Ann Richins.

Mr. Willis passed away on his eighty-first birthday on August 9, 1945. Mrs. Willis passed away eight years later on June 30, 1953.

Frank Willis, Jr. married Frances Davis, daughter of Frank Davis


and his wife Viana, both of whom have passed away. Viana was a sister of Mosby Wilkerson, now deceased, but Mosby's wife Lillabel still owns the ranch. Frank Davis ranched east of Clifton.

Frank Willis, Jr. and Frances, now deceased, had a son Rowan and a daughter Virginia Ann Richins. They both reside in the Duncan vicinity. Frank is still in the ranching business in the Duncan area and has been in the ranching business all his life. At one time he worked for Ray Cowden who had a feed lot business in Phoenix.


Frank was President of the Greenlee County Cattle Association in 1944-45, and was Cattle Inspector in the Duncan District for a number of years. He has been and is still active in the operation and management of the Greenlee County Fair.

ROLAND PYEATT
HUACHUCA CITY, ARIZONA

Roland, better known to all his friends and relatives as Buster, Pyeatt was born on his father's ranch on April 18, 1906.

Roland's father, James Henry Pyeatt, had come to Arizona with the Turkey Track Cattle Company (brand, ) from San Sabo County, Texas in 1884, and located at the old John Slaughter place in San Bernardino which straddled the International Line at the New Mexico boundary. Slaughter, at this time, was famed for being the sheriff who rid Cochise County of so much crime.

James Henry Pyeatt married Mary Ollie Kelly in 1887 at old Charleston, Arizona. They lived at old Palominas for several years. Then, about 1890 Henry acquired a ranch at Hereford which he sold later to Colonel William Green about 1897.

In 1899 Henry purchased the old Igo ranch (brand, I G O) nestled at the west point of the Huachuca Mountains and it has remained in the Pyeatt family ever since. The I G O brand was changed for the  brand in 1902, one that is still being used by Roland.

Roland was one of nine children, six boys and three girls. Only Roland and his sister Luella Cooper remain.

Roland acquired the ranch after his mother's death in 1949 and has lived and worked on the ranch all of his life. He likes to boast that he has never even been out of the county. ("Tch, tch!") He also states that "these old Huachucas have been good to me."

At one time the ranch had a lease on the Huachuca Military

Reservation which consisted of about 40,000 acres. At the beginning of World War II all grazing was restricted, so the lease was terminated.

At one time the Pyeatt ranch was noted throughout the area for the lovely fruit from their orchards. Many of the fruit trees were planted by Mr. Igo prior to 1900 and are still bearing very palatable fruit. The orchard is slowly declining, as we all are, but there is still ample fruit for the families. An article taken from the *Arizona Daily Star*, dated July 1896, reads as follows:

One of the finest orchards in Arizona is owned by Mr. Igo, at a point of the Huachuca Mountains, five miles west of the Post. He has hundreds of bushels of peaches and apricots now ripe. The grape vines can hardly sustain the weight of their fruit. It is a remarkable fact that while his neighbors have for years tried to raise fruit and have been unsuccessful because of the late frost, Mr. Igo's orchard is never damaged in the least.

The water on the ranch is all from springs and is delicious. At one time there was a large spring-fed "pond" on the place where many people found it to be a beautiful spot to picnic, swim, boat, or just relax. This pond was eventually dried up and the spring used to fill a stock dam on the ranch.

Roland attended the old Canelo School (still standing) during his grammar school days, riding the five miles horseback every day.

Roland married Rose Ritchie and had two sons, Ronald and James. Ronald now lives at Huachuca City and James has a home on the ranch. Rose passed away in 1969.

In 1977 Roland married "an old sweetheart," formerly Mildred Wilcox, who was born and raised on a ranch just north of Sierra Vista, then known as Buena. Mildred had lived in Orange County, California for

forty-five years prior to their marriage, and she has two children, a son Fred and a daughter Patricia. Both Roland and Mildred attended Tombstone High School.

Roland and Mildred live in the old adobe house built in 1917. The walls are 18 inches thick and there are 11 foot ceilings. At one time it was a two-story house but in later years was reduced to a one-story.

Roland is cited as being one of the three oldest ranchers in the Canelo Valley; that is, he has lived in the area longer than most of the ranchers. The other two are George Berceich and Blain Lewis. Roland says he can remember when there were more wild horses in the country than there are cattle today.

You can find Roland and Mildred riding the ranch checking out the cattle, looking for deer, antelope, and Javalinas many days out of the week, enjoying this great outdoors of this great area.

IRENE SPROUL
DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

I, Irene Valora Knott, was born in Tombstone, Arizona, February 14, 1905. Two days later, Frank Sproul was born in Marathon, Texas.

My parents had a small ranch on Turkey Creek, Cochise County, and that is where I grew up. At branding time my first spring, my grandmother had her son, my dad's half-brother, brand a heifer calf for me using Dad's brand and putting an "I" on the jaw. Another half-brother branded a heifer for me, too. Dad kept the heifer offspring and sold the steers, putting the money in the bank for me for awhile. That is how I got my small start in the cattle business.

My dad, David William Knott, was born near Muscatine, Iowa in 1862. His father, a carpenter by trade, was killed in a construction accident when Dad was an infant. His young widowed mother, after a time, married Benjamine F. Smith. They joined a covered-wagon train heading west, and arrived in San Diego some ten years and several children later. There they remained till 1881 when they moved to Arizona. They bought a small ranch that had a large orchard on Turkey Creek on the west side of the Chiricahua Mountains. B. F. Smith drove one of three stages loaded with Chinamen from San Diego to Tombstone. For this he was paid one hundred dollars each. The old stagecoach which is now on display in Tombstone is one of those three. The Smith family remained on their ranch at Turkey Creek the rest of their lives. For thirty-five years of his life Dad contributed generously to the support of his mother and her family.

The Apaches were still around in the 1880s. Although not too

dangerous to groups, they would shoot a lone homesteader or freighter from ambush. Dad's stepfather's brother, William Smith, kept a post office for a time. One day some neighbors told the family the post office had not been opened for a couple of days. A son, Henry, went to see why. He found William Smith in back of the house, near the wood pile, with a hole through his head. Troops from Fort Bowie were called and came immediately with an Indian tracker. The tracker "stumbled" and warned the Apaches who got away but their hideout had been found. It contained flour and sugar, and supplies enough to stock a store, which had been stolen from ranchers, as well as several horses and saddles. The post office and later the school district were named "Wilgus" after William Smith, my great uncle.

My mother, Ella Kane, was born near Marysville in northern California. Her parents and grandparents came from Ireland and worked their way across the U.S. to work in the gold fields of California. Ella became a teacher, and in 1900 came to teach school at Harshaw, near Patagonia. The next year she taught the Wilgus School and there met D. W. Knott. They were married in Tucson, December 30, 1902, and came to live on their small ranch adjoining the Smith ranch. That is where I lived until I went to high school in Douglas. Then I attended Tempe Normal School, and then taught school for three years. For diversion there were picnics and country dances which I went to.

Frank Sproul's father, Oliver Brown Sproul, was one of eleven children and was born in Salem, Texas, near San Antonio. He worked on ranches around that area and on farther west. Frank's mother, Emma Taylor, was born in Burnet, Texas, near San Angelo, and she had two

brothers. On October 17, 1900 Emma Taylor and Oliver Brown Sproul were married in Sanderson, Texas. They homesteaded a place some 28 miles south of Marathon where they lived until Frank and his sister Florence were old enough for school. They sold this place and moved to Marathon. Ollie Sproul worked on the Hess ranch for eleven years, until his health prohibited him working there any longer. Then they moved to the Rucker Canyon area where they bought several settler's places.

Frank had come to the Rucker Canyon area two or three years before his parents. He stayed a short while with his uncle and aunt, Dan and May Taylor. May was a sister of "Little" Charlie Gardner, whose widow is Eudora. Frank worked a short while in the mines in Bisbee, giving his age as twenty-one tho he was really only seventeen. Next, he hauled ore from a mine in the Swisshelm Mountains to Douglas. Ranching was what he really cared about, so he went to work for the Frank Moores. They thought almost as much of him as though he were their son.

As mentioned before, picnics and country dances were the main form of entertainment. And so this was how Frank Sproul and Irene Knott met.

We were married June 30, 1928. On August 10, 1928 we went to the Bar Boot Ranch where Frank was foreman and I did most of the cooking for ten happy years. It was while we were at the Bar Boot that our three children, Robert Frank, Ruth Valora, and Mary Ella, were born. Also, we formed lasting friendships with people on neighboring ranches as we exchanged work with them.

The Bar Boot Ranch was owned jointly by William Lutley and Lemuel Shattuck. Mr. Lutely was born in England. While in his teens he came to the United States and eventually ended up in Arizona. He hauled

freight out of Globe for awhile. One hill on his route was so steep that, going down, he cut a pole longer than the width of the wagon and ran it between the spokes of the back wheels so they would not turn, just skid. That acted as a brake. Men made good money freighting in those days. Mr. Lutley owned a home in Tombstone. His wife lived there but he would come to the ranch and stay a week or so every once in awhile. He always came for branding and dehorning roundups.

Lem Shattuck worked hard at various jobs, too, and became owner of the Shattuck Den Mine, a bank, and a half interest in the Bar Boot Ranch. His home was in Bisbee, where his family lived. Once in awhile he came to the ranch but only stayed a few days.

One story Mr. Lutley told: The Jim Hunsaker Ranch, Bar H Bar, joined the Bar Boot on the south. The two men were best of friends as well as being neighbors. One spring had been unusually dry, up into the summer. The Bar H Bar cattle had water enough for one more day. So Mr. Lutley insisted they gather Hunsaker's cattle and move them to the Boots where there was a little more water. By late afternoon the cattle were rounded up and ready to be moved. Jim Hunsaker suddenly said, "Turn 'em loose, boys! It's going to rain tonight." There was one tiny cloud in the southeast. Mr. Lutley was so disgusted he could have punched Jim Hunsaker, but they let the cattle go. That night there was the biggest rain they had had in years. The creeks all ran, water holes filled. Mr. Lutley couldn't figure out how Hunsaker could have been so sure it would rain.

There was always one man besides Frank to cook for. At roundup time there would probably be six or so for breakfast and supper, and

twelve or more at noon. Often I took the lunch out to some corrals. Fred Moore always had a campfire going when I got there to put the coffee pot on. Listening to the men talk after supper was so interesting, but at the time I never realized I might want a record of their stories.

While working at the Boots we bought some cattle from a rancher at Silver Creek and ran them on our parents' ranches. In 1938 we bought the Dan Taylor and O. B. Sproul ranches and moved to our own place. With his dirt-moving equipment Frank cleaned out, or built new, dirt tanks on surrounding ranches.

Frank was a member of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers and served a term as its president. Also, he was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers. After his death I continued membership in these organizations and also the National Cattlemen's Association. Frank was a member of the Masonic and Elks lodges in Douglas and the Shrine Temple in Phoenix. He enjoyed participating in rodeos and was very good at it. In 1941 he won the calf roping at the Fourth of July rodeo at Prescott.

Life went on uneventfully for several years until Frank's health got so bad we sold the ranch to Betty Jo and Tommy Kuykendall and moved to Douglas. Frank died of a stroke in 1973.

I am a charter member of the Cowbells, State and National Cowbells. When these good organizations were started, I worked along with all the others putting on public roast beef dinners to pay for our building, or whatever money was needed for. We enjoy meeting in our building, and letting a 4-H Club and the Douglas F.F.A. use it once a year for their award night and fun meetings. Too, I am a member of the

Order of the Eastern Star, the Daughters of the Nile, and the Episcopal Church.

Robert Frank Sproul and his wife Shirley have the ranch that was my parents, Ruth and her husband Bob Williams have a farm at Elfrida, and Mary Ella Cowan lives near Tombstone. Their ten children are all grown.

MARK A. COOK
and the $\frac{0}{T}$ BRAND
WILLCOX, ARIZONA

In the mid 1880s Ben Duncan, Mark's grandfather, brought his herd of cattle and the $\frac{0}{T}$ brand from Texas to Arizona. He settled where Marcellus DeBois now lives and his ranch became known as the $\frac{0}{T}$ Ranch. This is located about five miles west of Willcox. After many years Grandfather Duncan sold his holdings to John McKittrick, whose ranch was known as the H. It not only took in the $\frac{0}{T}$ but the land known as No-Man's Land between Willcox and Bonita. The Brookerson, where the Gammon's now live, was included in the sale. McKittrick branded the H and he let the other brands run out, including the $\frac{0}{T}$. Mark applied for and got the $\frac{0}{T}$.

In the meantime J. B. Cook, Mark's father, was building up his ranch holdings. This included some 250 or so sections of land owned or controlled by the Cook family. Some of the camps were a farm at Bonita, the land across from the school, the North End or "Pitchfork," and there was a picture of the old adobe cabin in the *Range News* some months back, the Martin place, and the Hayes place or the $\frac{0}{0}$ headquarters. The $\frac{0}{0}$ is owned and operated by Joe Lane. There was Jess Moore's, later the Cowden ranch; the Red Tail, T→; Campa Mocha; Wilson's bought from Mutt Wilson who had a sheep ranch; from Frances Froelich's father, the UX; the 10 Ranch, and the W.A., from the Irish mining millionaire, John Gleeson.

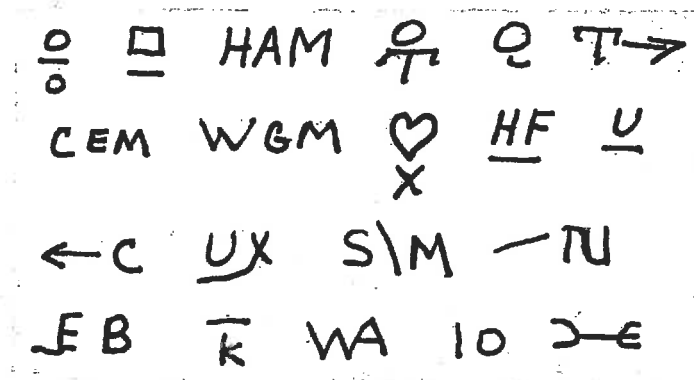
Mark would take the wagon out the first of September and they would

barely get home for Christmas.

In 1916 came the fence law, and the public domain became State lease land. The land had to be bought, leased and recorded, or someone else would get it from under you. Daddy Cook started to sell part of his ranch empire and the $\frac{0}{0}$ was sold to Russell and Bixby. They bought all the cattle and some fifty brands that were owned by the Cook family. This included the $\frac{0}{T}$, Mark's brand. He made an agreement with Mr. Russell, who was going to brand everything in the $\frac{0}{0}$, as each remnant of branded cattle was sold to let Mark buy back the $\frac{0}{T}$ when he got rid of the last of that particular herd.

The Cook Cattle Company was formed and they branded the $\neg ru$, which they bought from King Sloan of Bowie and San Simon. Time passed, then when only the Cook brothers, Tay and Mark, were left of the Cook Cattle Company, the dissolving of their partnership became expedient. In 1939 the company had bought the Monk ranch, and Tay took the Monk and branded $\neg ru$. Mark took the Red Tail and his $\frac{0}{T}$ brand.

The cattle and horses are gone and the $\frac{0}{T}$ is used only occasionally now, but the legends of the "Old West" will live as a legacy for your children, our children, and our grandchildren. To name a few of them:



ORION AND ARTHUR WRIGHT

YORK VALLEY

CLIFTON, ARIZONA



Deerhead and Tule Ranch

DTE

Orion Wright was born in Allens Mill, Collins County, Texas on July 1, 1880. He was the second child of Leander Simeon Wright and Nancy Emily Tarter, and the oldest of four boys. The family was traveling west toward New Mexico and stopped in Allens Mill just long enough for young Orion's entrance into the world, stayed only a short time for his mother's recuperation, and the family continued on their journey. They settled in the northeastern region of New Mexico, mainly around Roswell, Hope, and Artesia, where they began to develop the land and build their homestead. The family soon grew in size as seven more children were added, three boys and four girls. As the children grew older they were able to carry their load of the chores, for everyone helped with the work of making a living and improving the homestead. Some of the girls received an education and became school teachers. The boys received very little education during those early days, so they learned to work and develop skills that would help them to earn a living. Orion was a self-educated man in the Three Rs and would tell of his formal schooling which amounted to about three days. As he grew older and became independent of his family, he learned very quickly that people would take advantage of his ignorance, so he made up his mind that he would learn to read, write, and study figures in mathematics.

Orion's father had the idea that if he acquired any property or wealth of any amount it would ruin his boys, so about the time one place would be established and prospering he would move to begin all over again. This was hard on the family, especially the boys, as they did much of the work.

In searching for a new place to settle they sighted a very pretty spot that was surrounded by large pine trees; however, some of these trees had been hit by lightning, so the family members were afraid to homestead the area for fear lightning would strike again. But being the head of the household, Orion's father decided this would be the new homestead and told the family they had no need to fear, for nothing would happen to harm them or their home while they were living there. After working for two years improving the area it was time to move on, and shortly after the family left, lightning did hit and knocked off one corner of the cabin they had built. Orion's father was a very religious minded man.

During their growing-up years the boys enjoyed sports of their own making. Orion and his brother Will, with two or three other friends, would corral wild burros that were running out on the range, sometimes catching as many as 25 or 30. After getting them corralled they would have great sport in trying to ride them. Some proved too tough for the boys and they were given a taste of the corral dust. One in particular was never ridden, even though all the boys tried their best to ride her.

Orion worked for his Uncle Wiley, and many interesting events took place while he was thus employed. On one occasion Uncle Wiley hired Orion to dig post holes for him. After digging several holes, in the

process of trying to complete another hole Orion hit solid rock, and being a young boy, he kept pounding away trying to get through the rock but getting nowhere. His uncle told him, "For goodness sakes, when you hit solid rock don't just spend all the time pounding on it, but go to another hole." Well, the next time Orion started digging on a hole and hit a rock no bigger than his thumb, he would quit and go on to another hole. He kept this up until his Uncle Wiley made it loud and clear what he was to do, and not to carry his obedience too far. Orion would always get a big laugh out of this experience with his uncle and how he succeeded in aggravating his Uncle Wiley.

Another experience Orion had with Uncle Wiley was the time the family went on vacation for about a month. Uncle Wiley had been having trouble with a stray bull in his alfalfa field and couldn't keep him out. So his uncle told the family to just leave the bull in the field to eat all he wanted and, no doubt, would bloat and kill himself by the time they returned home. That way they would rid themselves of the stray bull. But, to their surprise, when they returned they found the fattest, slickest-looking bull in the country, due to his stay in the alfalfa field for a month.

Orion's father did many things to make a living for the family, and one way was hunting antelope then selling the meat to people in Roswell. It was Orion's job to go with his dad on these hunts. One thing his dad taught him was whenever he saw a deer or antelope to shoot and keep shooting just as long as he could, because he wouldn't be able to get any closer shot and he wouldn't get any meat unless he did shoot.

At one time they had an old dog that Orion's father decided to use

while hunting. He thought the dog would be good to run down and catch the wounded animals, or at least hold them until they could get to them. His father shot an antelope and ordered the dog to follow it, but the old dog just sat down and watched it run off. Of course this made his father very angry so he decided to move the dog with the toe of his boot. He backed up and made a run for the dog with the intention of kicking him end over end. But just as he kicked, the old dog decided to take off after the antelope, and when he did, Orion's father's leg flew up in the air and he fell flat on his back. The dog went straight on towards the antelope, running three times as fast as the wounded animal when a soapweed loomed up in front of him and he plowed into it full speed ahead which doubled him up good and put him out of the race. That was the last time they tried to go hunting with the old dog.

Orion worked for many of the cattle and sheep outfits as he grew older. He herded sheep with a Mexican sheepherder, and during the heavy storms it was not unusual to lose several hundred sheep because of the hail that fell. Most of the cattle and sheep were owned by large outfits, and many of the settlers were dependent on these big ranches for employment. Orion never liked working with the woolies and would seldom admit that he had anything to do with them.

As he became older and was seeking independence, there were many reasons he wanted to leave New Mexico, but he always said the main reason for leaving was, "You couldn't saddle your horse unless you tied your saddle blanket on first with a hoggin' string and then threw your saddle on." It was that windy, and he wanted to find a calmer climate.

So at the age of eighteen, in May of 1898 Orion and his friend John

Netherland left their homes in Weed, New Mexico on horseback and headed for Almagordo where they found a few day's work making adobes. These adobes were used in the first adobe house built in Almagordo. After leaving there they continued on their journey through New Mexico and into Arizona. It took them about ten days to make the trip to Duncan. Orion recalled the grass as stirrup high and plenty of it at the time they entered Arizona. John succeeded in getting work on the farms and doing ditch work, but Orion continued on to Thatcher, Arizona where he went to work in the hay fields. Not being used to the hot climate and being a hard worker, he became too hot before he realized it. One of the older men noticed and advised him to quit and rest awhile to cool off, but Orion told him he was alright and continued to work, but the man insisted he quit and rest. This proved to be good advice for Orion, for he became extremely ill from overheating and this was a lesson he remembered all his life.

During the time he worked in the hay fields he would tell how the wives of the farmers would cook and bake pies or cakes and then bring them out to the men working in the fields during the mid-morning and mid-afternoon to help them through until regular mealtime. He said the men would show their appreciation by really getting the work done and going out of their way to help their employers. They greatly appreciated this extra attention and looked forward to the snacks.

On one occasion as the women were preparing the meal there was a young girl helping, and of course the men enjoyed joking and teasing her, but one man made some remark to her which she didn't like and she dumped a bowl of beets she had in her hand upside down on top of his

bald head. Orion said that was one of the funniest sights he had ever seen: beets and the red beet juice running down over the man's head and face.

Orion and a friend named Hanks decided to go into Mexico to hunt for a living. Orion was a very good shot and had been trained to be a good hunter. He and Hanks planned to kill and dress out the deer on the Mexican side of the border, then bring them into Arizona and sell the meat. Orion was unable to kill any deer, not because he wasn't a good marksman, but Hanks would go stomping through the country and the noise would scare off the deer. After about a week or so of this and nearly starving out, Orion told Hanks to go in one direction and he would go in another in hopes of killing some deer. Orion did kill a deer but realized they would never succeed with their plan, so they headed back for Arizona. On the way back they stopped at Roosevelt Dam, which was under construction then, and both got jobs for some time. This was where Orion got introduced to Limburger cheese. One day he came into camp when he noticed quite an odor around the chuck box. He began a search and found the source of the odor, so proceeded to throw it down over the hill where it landed in the sand wash. When one of the men came into camp and was rummaging through the chuck box, Orion asked him what he was looking for. He replied he wanted to know where his cheese was. Orion asked, "Cheese? I haven't seen any cheese." Then it dawned on him what he had done and he said, "Oh, was that the damm stuff that was stinkin' so? Why, I threw that away." The man asked him where he threw it and Orion told him it was down in the sand wash. So the man went down, found it, brushed all the sand off, and brought it back to camp

where he ate every bit of it.

Orion finally made his way back to Thatcher without his friend Hanks. Several months had elapsed when a Mr. Layton approached Orion to tell him how happy and relieved he was. Orion asked him what he was talking about so Layton replied, "Did you know that everyone thought you had killed Hanks while you both were in Mexico, because no one has seen him since?" Orion was very surprised, "People thought I would do a thing like that?" "Yes," said Mr. Layton, "and there was talk of arresting you but we learned that Hanks has since showed up in Salt Lake City. That is why I am so relieved and happy for your sake."

After working for some time around Thatcher and Safford, Orion went to work for a Mr. Chlarson in the Graham Mountains as a teamster hauling lumber from the Old Fry Mill to the foot of the mountain to the Chlarson Lumberyard. The distance was nine miles and it would take all day to make one trip. During the winter months it was very difficult getting over the snowy, icy road.

It was at this time he met Miss Jane Halterman, a sister-in-law of Gus and Lars Chlarson, sons of the owner of the lumberyard. She was the daughter of Hugh Halterman and Belinda Basore. She was born in Hardy County, West Virginia, January 30, 1880. She lived in West Virginia until the age of eleven when her parents joined the Mormon Church and came west. They traveled by train to Bowie, Arizona and from there to Central, Arizona by wagon. Her father was a farmer and also worked in the rock quarries. He helped cut the stone for the Thatcher Chapel in 1900, and this building just recently was destroyed by fire but the stone blocks are still standing. Jane was the sixth child of a family

of eleven children. Her family moved from Central to the Chlarson Lumberyard where they established their home. Her brothers also worked at the logging and lumber operation.

Orion's and Jane's first meeting was on the road from the mill to the lumberyard where Jane and her brother-in-law were coming back from the mountain. Orion was on horseback going up to the mill. This meeting didn't seem important to either of them at the time, but later on their romance blossomed after Jane helped to nurse Orion through a bout of measles. About a year later on August 19, 1899 they were married at the lumberyard by President Johnson of the St. Joseph Stake, LDS Church. Jane wore a white cashmere dress and Orion was attired in a blue serge suit. They later on learned that Orion's mother had passed away on their wedding day.

They lived at the lumberyard for another year, and on their first wedding anniversary were blessed with their first child, a boy who was named Johnny but only lived seven days. This was their first real sorrow.

In a search for work Orion and one of his brother-in-laws, Silas Halterman, went down on the line of Mexico in the vicinity of Naco and got jobs logging. They worked here for about two months while Jane remained at home with her parents.

After returning home to the lumberyard, Orion and Jane prepared to leave for New Mexico to visit Orion's folks. This, of course, was by wagon and they could only make between ten to twenty-five miles per day. They left Thatcher in April and traveled the route from Solomonville to El Paso and on to Hope, New Mexico. They visited with Orion's family

and, also, during their stay Orion cut and hauled cedar posts from the Sacramento Mountains and sold them for 12-1/2 cents apiece. These posts were used to fence the farms in Artesia which were beginning to increase in development.

After remaining for six months they started homeward in November 1901. Jane told about the time Orion attempted to load the water keg on the wagon and somehow it slipped and came back down, hitting her on the top of her head. She was wearing her hair styled in a bun on top of her head, and that is all that saved her from being seriously hurt.

They again settled in Thatcher where Orion traded their wagon and team for a set of blacksmith tools and opened a blacksmith shop where he worked for some time. On June 28, 1902 their second son was born and they named him Willard Wesley after his two uncles. Two years later their home was blessed with a little girl who was named Della May. This happy event took place on September 24, 1904.

After working in Thatcher they sold the blacksmith shop and moved to Clifton where Orion went to work for Babe Damron as a blacksmith. He worked there for sixteen months and then moved to Garfield, which is about one mile up the canyon from Metcalf (now a part of the Morenci open-pit copper operation of Phelps Dodge). He worked as the blacksmith doing all the horseshoeing of the horses used to pull ore out of the mine. Many of these horses were large and hard to handle, some forced Orion to tie up their legs in order to shoe them. It was hard, back-breaking work and he did most of it without help. He also did all the blacksmith work on the ore wagons, handling the big wheels and tires by himself. Jane worked hard caring for her family and at the same time

cooking for the men who hauled the ore from the mine. This was all accomplished the old, hard pioneer way, with none of the conveniences available even at that time.

At this time Orion came down with typhoid pneumonia and it was feared for some time he would not survive the disease. Arthur who was six years old, being the fourth child born to Orion and Jane on September 30, 1907 at Garfield, also contracted pneumonia, so Jane had her hands full taking care of two very sick people. The doctor didn't think Orion would ever recover, but told Orion he would have to get out into the country so he could be exposed to all the clean, fresh air possible and the least amount of work until his health improved. He explained to Orion that he had an abcess on his lungs and, when and if it broke, if he had the strength to cough hard enough to get rid of it he would survive, but if he was too weak to cough it would choke him to death. When Orion recovered enough to get up, he took Willard and, traveling horseback, headed for open country. They rode towards Safford and beyond, south to the mountains. Orion would tell Willard to watch where they were going so he could find his way back home in case anything fatal happened to him. When they reached the area of Steans Pass the abcess broke, and Orion through sheer willpower succeeded in coughing up the mucus but was so weak afterwards could hardly hold his head up. It took him several days to regain strength enough to return home to Garfield, and it was after this he started looking for a place to homestead and get his family settled once more.

Orion didn't know where to go or look for a place since he was not familiar with the country north of Garfield, but he wanted to take up a

homestead and begin a new life for himself and his family. A friend, Elmer Montgomery, told him of a place that had a good spring of water on it that he could homestead. He told Orion he wouldn't tell him where the spring was unless Orion agreed to file on it as a homestead. Orion talked with other people concerning Elmer's character and was told not to believe anything Elmer said because he was known to tell sixteen lies to anyone else's one. For some reason Orion felt Elmer was telling him the truth, so the two of them rode horseback about seventeen miles to see what this place looked like and to see if such a spring of water was there. They rode up the canyon where Elmer said the spring was but that it was covered up with sand; however, he explained to Orion that about two feet down in the ground he would find red sand rock with a crack in it and there he would find the spring. They had taken a shovel along with them, and when Elmer told Orion where to dig he thought, "Maybe those people I talked to were right about Elmer lying," because all he could see was sand. However, he started to dig, and for about a foot the sand was dry but as he continued to dig he finally hit damp sand and on below the damp sand came to the red sandstone. There he found the crack and the spring of water. This took place in 1913 and the Deerhead Spring, as it was named, has never dried up to this day. It runs about a gallon a minute, which doesn't sound like much water today but was a lot in 1913 and still is as far as furnishing water for the Deerhead homestead.

Orion was convinced. So he filed for the Deerhead homestead and the family began the move to their new home. Orion bought two mares, one horse, and ten bronc burros to start out in the ranching business.

The first night on the homestead was spent camping out under an oak tree and it started to rain. They had no tent, so Orion stretched up a canvas to keep his family dry and as comfortable as possible. Willard was eleven, Della nine, and Arthur six. Jane was no doubt very bewildered about this new way of life, but being of pioneer stock made the best of her situation, her main interest being for the health and well-being of her husband. She had always lived in town around people but now her nearest neighbor was 2-3/4 miles away. It was 17 miles to a store, and the only way to get there was by horseback over rough, steep mountains.

The first job to be done was to get the water out of the spring and to where the house would be built. Orion and Willard packed 900 feet of black 3/4 inch pipe in 20 foot joints from Metcalf by using two pack burros. They had one animal in front and another in back, then tied the joints of pipe on both sides of them. One burro was a bronc, so the gentle one was put in front and that way the bronc had no choice but to follow. It was a seventeen mile trip, one way. Orion and Willard boxed up the spring and put in 300 yards of pipeline to carry the water. Then the house was started and they cut cypress poles near Webster Springs which was five miles away. These poles were used as rafters and were also packed on the bronc burros. They would load rafters on a burro, turn that one loose, and continue to pack the rest of them, turning each one loose as they finished. The burros would run and buck trying to get rid of their loads, and when all were packed Orion and Willard would round them all up and start the five mile trip to Deerhead. At one time they found a burro that ran off the mountain and when she hit the bottom the rafters hit on each side of the creek leaving the burro swinging off

the ground. They got one 14' x 16' room built the first summer. Orion busted out pine shakes for the roof, and the rest of the house was built of split cedar poles which he cut down near Deerhead. Later on two more rooms were added to the house and a storage barn was built.

Since all the children were in school, Orion bought a house in Safford so they could live there during the school year. Jane's parents lived nearby. The family rode from Deerhead to Safford on horseback through the mountains and across the Indian reservation. Each year Orion would get a permit from the Indian Agency at San Carlos so there would be no problems going across the reservation. It took two days to make the trip. During the winter months Orion stayed at the ranch taking care of his cattle and helping his neighbor, Johnny Thompson, with his stock.

Orion would visit his family in Safford about once a month, and when spring came they all returned to the ranch, often having to cross the Gila River during times of flooding. One time they swam the horses across and Orion told the children to pick out a tree or other object on the other side of the river and watch it instead of watching the running water. He knew if they kept their eyes on the flooded river there was a chance they would get dizzy and fall off into the river. They had to cross a distance of 200 yards. Arthur, being about nine years old, became too attracted by the running water and nearly fell off his horse, but realized what he was doing soon enough to put his attention elsewhere. Another time Orion and several other men swam the horses across but Jane and the children went across by boat. This was between 1916 and 1919, and at that time the Gila River would run for about a month,

would be from 100 to 200 yards wide and, of course, was deep enough to swim a horse. The children went to school four years in Safford.

During these four years Orion took care of the ranch, making as many improvements as he could. He started fencing the homestead with Willard's help and this was the first fence built. In the winter of 1916-1917 he built the big pasture fence by himself. This fence runs from Deerhead north, then back east, then south to the southeast corner making a circle. Since there wasn't money enough to buy stay wire, Orion weaved the stays through the fence wires. It was known to be one of the best fences in the country at that time. From 1918 to 1933 several other fences were put in on the ranch. The Indians put in the reservation fence in 1916 and the CCC boys built the fence from HL south to Cherry Lodge. About a year later the WPA crews built another 1-1/2 miles of fence. Through the years other fences were built as needed.

Gene Hopper owned the HOP Ranch at Tule Springs in 1913 when Orion and his family first moved to Deerhead. Orion bought forty head of cows from him but didn't know the cattle were mortgaged until some of the other ranchers told him. They prevailed upon Hopper to do something to release the cattle, so he sold out to a Mr. Coffee. Coffee thought Orion would steal all his cattle and so decided to get rid of Orion. He and a man by the name of Suds Williams tried to get Orion to kill a beef; they would testify to the act and thereby force Orion to get off the allotment and out of the ranching business. But Orion was not taken in by such a scheme, so it wasn't long before Coffee sold out to Tom McCulloch. Orion proved to all his neighbors that he was not a thief.

It wasn't until 1930 that Orion saw Suds Williams and found out

about the plan. Williams told Orion that Coffee had planned to send him to prison for stealing the beef and would use him, Suds Williams, as a witness. Williams said he didn't know all this at the time it took place or for several years later. Williams traveled across the country by himself because being around people made him very nervous ever since he had served as a medic in World War I.

Between 1918 to 1922 there were several ranchers running cattle on the Tule and Deerhead allotment. Maggie Jones (John Crawley) had a permit for 200 head, Orion's permit was 336, Tom McCulloch had a 300 head permit, Gene Cook had 40 head with Johnnie Thompson, and Arthur Slaughter had as many cattle as all the others put together. There were so many cattle, horses, and burros besides the wildlife that everything edible was grazed off. These were the days of wild cattle and wild cowboys in a country difficult to work.

During this time everyone gathering their cattle for fall delivery would use Orion's big pasture for holding their cattle. At one time, while gathering the steers out of the pasture, fifteen head of big steers made a run off the mountain and Arthur, riding a little mule, was right in their path. He can remember the steers heading straight for him, and his father, Orion, riding hard and fast trying to turn them away from him.

In the fall of 1917 the children went to school at the Tule Springs ranch, owned by Tom McCulloch at that time. Willard, Della, and Arthur rode the three miles from Deerhead to Tule riding burros. The next year the county paid Orion three hundred dollars to build a one-room schoolhouse. He and Willard dug the cypress logs five miles over deep

Mountains, using two teams dragging two logs each. They built the schoolhouse about halfway between the two ranches for the Wright and McCulloch children to attend school. After using the building for several years until there was no longer any use for it as a schoolhouse, the forest ranger told Orion he could have it if he would tear it down and move it to the ranch. So Orion and his sons tore it down and moved it to Deerhead where they used it for a bunkhouse. In 1942 after Arthur and Harriett were married they tore it down again, moved it to the ranch at Tule Springs, and rebuilt it for a kitchen for their home. It is still in use today as the kitchen in the main house.

Willard, Della, and Arthur went to school in several places, namely Duncan, Metcalf, and Clifton. In Duncan they stayed with their Uncle Will. While going to school in Metcalf they rented a house from Bill Sloan. Since they had no need for the house in Safford, Orion sold it and put the money in the Metcalf bank. When the bank went broke, they lost every penny they had and were forced to go in debt even to buy groceries. At one time Orion owed Fabian Fernandez about \$1,200, and it took him three years to pay the debt. This was after World War I and there was no market for cattle. Willard quit school as a sophomore in 1921 to help Orion at the ranch. Della married Joycie L. Chapman during her senior year of 1924, and Arthur graduated from high school in Clifton in 1925 after completing the course of study in three years. Both boys stayed on the ranch until 1930 when Willard bought a place of his own at Mule Creek, New Mexico.

One amusing incident happened when the children were smaller. During the winter it was cold and freezing, so the boys decided to make a

slide by pouring water on the trail to the pig pen and letting it freeze. It was quite a steep, downhill trail and so it made a really good slide. One morning Orion took the two 5-gallon cans of slop out to feed the pigs. When he stepped out on the trail, both feet flew out from under him and he slid all the way down to the gate, slop buckets and all! The boys thought this the funniest sight they had ever seen but feared what Orion might do to them; however, he must have been a little amused himself for he didn't say one word about the incident.

After the drift fence was built between the allotment and the reservation there were still four ranchers left, Tom McCulloch, Gene Cook, John Crawley (Maggie Jones), and Orion. At that time no one ever sold a heifer or a cow because this was their breeding herd and the only way to increase their herds as quickly as possible. It was hard to even find a buyer for the steers to be sold. Roundup was in the fall and all the ranchers moved their cattle together in one big herd. The steers had to be driven either down Eagle Creek or following the highway (Coronado Trail). If they went down Eagle Creek they crossed over into Tellez Canyon and followed it until they hit the Frisco River, where they had to cross the river and head straight for the stockpens south of Clifton. This was about a five-day trip and thirty-five miles in distance. The cattle would get so sore-footed it was hard to move them, and since there was very little feed along the way, the cattle looked like gutted shoestrings by the time they reached the stockpens. The ranchers would drive the cattle out of the river and onto the railroad tracks to get to the pens. The tracks were easier for the cattle to travel on, and it was the straightest way to the stockpens. At one time while they were

on the tracks the train showed up, and the conductor, thinking it would be a great joke, blew the train whistle five or six times, causing the cattle to stampede and scattering them in every direction. It was almost impossible to get them back together again and to the pens. It was no joke to the tired and weary ranchers. At times there would be two or three thousand head of cattle at the pens, so they were held under hold-up during the day and corralled at night until they could be shipped out by train. This was the usual method of getting the cattle to market until 1939 when the ranchers started trucking their cattle.

If they drove the cattle down the highway they had more to eat, but would get so sore-footed many left spots of blood on the ground. It was a shorter distance traveling the highway but harder on the cattle. Getting through Clifton was another big job as there were so many dogs, and all seemed to delight in barking at the cattle. The herd would be held in Metcalf the night before, and at two in the morning the drive to Clifton would begin for that was the only way of getting through just before daylight and then there was plenty of trouble with the cattle and dogs.

It was in 1927 that Orion and the boys rounded up about 350 head of cattle and sold them for \$27 for a cow and calf, \$25 for a dry cow, and \$15 for yearlings. Orion contracted for a hundred head of cow and calf pairs, a hundred head of dry cows, and the rest yearlings. Since they didn't have the hundred head of dry cows, they sold 117 cow-calf pairs. Their neighbor, Tom Greenwade, sold fifty head of his cattle at the same prices, and they moved all the cattle together. Orion paid off the loan of eight thousand dollars he owed on the ranch with the sale of these

cattle. This was the day of rejoicing for the entire family, for now the ranch belonged to them.

In 1927 and 1928 they started work on the road from Deerhead to the highway, which is 7.2 miles and much of it solid rock. The only tools they had to work with were a team of horses, plows, and scrapper and a V that Orion had made. Rock wall had to be built to support the lower side of the road and keep it from caving off or washing away during hard rains. This was a lot of hard manual labor but they completed it in the late summer of 1928. The road has often been referred to as "a trail" because it is only wide enough for a truck with no room to run off or pass. Bootlegger bumps were put in to stop hard rains from washing the road out. If the road was wet and a vehicle slipped six inches it was off the road and that meant hard work getting it back on the grade. The road is still in use, and through the years was improved and widened where possible when Arthur bought a D-2 Caterpillar in 1949. Some places there wasn't enough dirt to work with, and other places were just solid rock. But it was much better than using pack animals to get supplies into the ranch.

Orion was quite a handyman, craftsman, and blacksmith. At one time the manager of the Double O Ranch asked him to make some packsaddles. Orion sawed out the walnut wood for the legs of the saddles and sycamore for the sideboards. Sycamore was such a tough wood it would not split. He made them during one winter and was paid a hundred dollars for five saddles and rigging. Orion bought oak-tanned leather for the rigging.


In 1934 Orion and sons had the opportunity to buy Tule Springs Ranch from Johnnie Thompson, so they moved from Deerhead down to Tule

Springs and made that headquarters since it was more centrally located on the allotment. Another road had to be built from the turnoff to Deerhead to Tule, which was a distance of about two miles. Since there was such a good spring of water at Tule they immediately began to plant alfalfa and raised enough hay needed for the horses. An orchard of various fruit trees was planted, and through the years many loads of apples, peaches, pears, and apricots were hauled out and sold in Clifton. As old trees died out, new ones were put in their places. People in the area of Clifton still inquire as to the fruit at the ranch even though it has now been sold to a new owner.

It was also during 1934 and 1935 that cattle sales were very low, and since no buyers were around Orion sold his cattle to the government, which was paying four dollars for a calf, twelve dollars for cows and bulls, and twelve dollars for a yearling. Orion decided to sell because he owed \$1,500 to Harv Grady that he had borrowed to pay for the Tule Springs Ranch. He sold forty-one head, and this was the year all cattle bought by the government were taken out and killed so the meat could not be used for human consumption. This was one of the worst events ever witnessed by Orion and his family. The next year cattle sold for 3¢ for heifers and 3.25¢ for steers. Orion sold to Mr. Land, who at the same time was selling registered bulls. Orion bought eleven of the registered bulls, and it took five yearlings to pay for one bull. This was the beginning of getting better-grade bulls for the ranch. Then, later on in 1939 Orion bought Polled Hereford bulls from McCauley's of Cliff, New Mexico. In the late '40s and early '50s Polled Hereford bulls were bought from Royce Pember of Portales, New Mexico. This was a great

improvement for the ranch because in the early days cattle were wild and hard to handle in the rough and brushy country. Getting better bulls developed gentler stock and greater weight features.

The many years that Orion and his sons operated the ranch they witnessed many droughts and dry seasons with light-weight cattle and low prices. Then seasons would change and they would have years of good feed and fat cattle with prices a little better. During this time the allotment started first on the Apache Forest, then the district at Clifton was transferred to the Crook National Forest at Safford, changed then to Gila National Forest at Silver City, New Mexico, and in the last several years has transferred back to the Apache Forest with headquarters in Springerville. So they met and worked with many forest officials during the sixty-six years on the ranch. There were many challenges in those days, and they always tried to meet them with honesty and integrity to the best of their ability.

The first brand Orion had recorded with the Livestock Sanitary Board was  which still belongs to Arthur, and in later years he had another brand recorded DTE. He had asked for DEL because of Della, his daughter, but this brand was already recorded. When Arthur sold the ranch in 1979 he let the DTE brand go with the ranch.

Between 1934 and 1953 when the cattle were sold for market they had to be driven from the big pasture at Deerhead, down past Tule Springs, up the ridge, and held in a small trap overnight. The next morning the cattle were turned out of the trap just at daylight and driven up past Webster Springs and Sawmill Springs to the loading chute near the highway. The distance being about eight miles through rough,

steep, brushy country. This was a difficult way to get the cattle to the highway so they could be loaded on trucks. In 1953 Arthur suggested building the shipping pens at Grey's Peak and driving the cattle from Deerhead, around the south side of Grey's Peak to within a mile of the highway where the loading chute and corrals would be. Although Orion felt it was not a good idea, he helped to build the corrals and chute but was never able to make the cattle drive to this new shipping point. Since that time the cattle have been driven to Grey's Peak and shipped from there, which proved to be a great improvement because of the shorter distance and easier traveling for the cattle.

Willard bought a small farm and some grazing land at Mule Creek, New Mexico in 1930, and Orion and Jane lived there part of the time so they could help him with improvements and getting his crops planted. It was also an opportunity for them to visit with neighbors which they enjoyed very much, after living at Deerhead and Tule Springs for so many years when they couldn't do much visiting. While Orion and Jane were busy helping Willard, this left the responsibility of the Deerhead and Tule ranches on Arthur. In 1941 he married Harriett Elaine Read, who at that time was living in Morenci, her father being a locomotive engineer and machinist working for Phelps Dodge Mining Company. She was a girl from the city, however, she adapted herself to ranch life and for the first twelve years of their marriage helped with the ranch work and cattle with Orion, Willard, and Arthur. Eventually she became a good enough cowgirl that she and Arthur rounded up the cattle one fall by themselves due to the illness of both Orion and Willard.

Orion started out with a permit of 336 head; it was then cut to

220, and in 1936 was cut to 198 head. In 1949 the family bought a D-2 Caterpillar, and with this Arthur built forty dirt tanks in about two years. Many places there wasn't enough dirt to build a very big dam, but through the years only four or five of the tanks have washed out, and they are still in use today. It is one of the best watered ranches in the area because so many springs have been developed and improved along with the dirt tanks.

In 1950 because of ill health Orion sold the ranch to Arthur but continued to maintain his home at Tule Springs and also at Mule Creek with Willard. He and Jane had always enjoyed visiting with the neighbors around Mule Creek, and this gave them more opportunity to do so. They also made a few trips to New Mexico to visit with his sisters and their families. He enjoyed getting acquainted with their children. In 1949 he and Jane celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary with many of their friends and relatives in attendance. The affair was held at Cherry Lodge, fifteen miles north of Clifton along the Coronado Trail, which was on the way to the ranch. They were truly pioneers in every sense, honest and upright citizens, and communities in which they lived honored and respected them. They were hard-workers and persevered in helping to develop a home for themselves and their family.

One desire Orion had was to fill a mission for the LDS Church, but due to ill health was never able to do so. However, during the winter months of 1951-52 he and Willard took care of the ranch while Arthur and Harriett went on a six-month mission to the Hopi Indians in northern Arizona.

After returning from their mission in the spring of 1952 Arthur and

Harriett began plans for a family, and during the years 1953 to 1961 they adopted five children, four boys and one girl, all infants at the time of adoption. This put a stop to Harriett's work as a cowboy since she had been riding from 1941 to 1953, finally learning the hard way how to measure up to three lifetime and professional cowboys: Orion, Willard, and Arthur. Orion greatly enjoyed Donnie, the first grandchild, for a few months but while staying at Mule Creek he became very ill. Not wanting to worry Arthur and Willard who were busy with roundup, Orion drove to Tucson for medical attention. Jane recalled how sick he was because he would drive for a few miles, then pull over and stop until he felt well enough to continue on. He was immediately admitted to the hospital on arrival. Finally Arthur received word of his illness and, at the request of Orion, took Jane home. Two weeks later Orion passed away in the hospital at the age of seventy-three. Jane continued to live with her two sons at the ranch and Mule Creek. In 1955 Willard sold out at Mule Creek and bought a place at York, thirteen miles south of Clifton. This is where both Willard and Jane lived until their deaths.

Orion always wanted his sons to stay at home to help improve the ranch, and he wanted to leave them something they could continue to make a living at. From 1950 to 1979 Arthur and Harriett made his wish come true by managing and making improvements on the allotment. In 1966 the Forest Service wanted a cross fence put through but finances were low and Arthur could not afford to hire any help, so he told the agency he would need time to build it because he would have to use his boys to do the work. The boys were fourteen, twelve, and ten, but working on the

ranch was routine for them because from the time they were nine, seven, and five they were all the cowboys Arthur had. They helped with the branding, roundup, and anything else that was needed, even during the school year. Only when Donnie entered sports in high school was there conflict. Orion would have been very proud of all of them. The distance of the fence was 2-1/4 miles, and everything had to be packed onto the line by pack animals because of the remote area. Wesley, age ten, would pack five T-posts in front of him on his saddle and put them on line. Donnie, fourteen, and Jimmie, twelve, would drive the posts in the ground while Arthur would cut and clear out the brush and trees. They worked all during the summer of 1966, weekends during the school year when possible, and by the next summer of 1967 they finished the fence which cut the range into two sections to be used as rotating pastures. Later on, as Loretta and Bruce got old enough they, too, helped with the ranch work. Most of their summer was spent at the ranch. But it wasn't all work, for many times they would go swimming in the tanks or go fishing down on Eagle Creek. And they would go with Arthur on lion and bear hunts. This was fun and at the same time a necessity, because the predators killed so many calves. In one year, thirty head of calves were killed by an old female lion that had cubs. She traveled across the Indian reservation onto the Tule Allotment, killing a calf every time she came through. Arthur finally caught up with her, but that didn't help his profit for that year. It was very difficult to tree a lion along Eagle Creek because of so many bluffs, and the dogs couldn't go where the lion could. Other years the ranch suffered losses from lion and bear, but Arthur always kept his hounds so he could

control them as much as possible. One day Arthur and Harriett rode in the upper country along the Coronade Trail, and towards evening Arthur decided to ride out on top of HL Mountain so Harriett turned back and headed home. Just about a half mile from the time they separated, Arthur killed a lion. That didn't make Harriett very happy when he came in with a lion across his saddle that evening.

One fall Harriett had to help with roundup and shipping, and so she got back in the saddle. Since the boys hadn't seen Mom ride before they didn't think she could, so that was a surprise to them. While rounding up the big pasture to ship cattle, they got caught in a big snowstorm. The boys were very small, and cold, so Arthur built a fire to keep them warm while he and Harriett rode to the far side of the pasture to turn the cattle out of the corral. When they got back the boys were nearly frozen. Wesley had taken off his boots thinking to get his feet warm but just got them wet and colder. This was at Deerhead, and they finally made their way back to Tule Springs where the huge chinaberry tree was split in half due to the heavy snow. During another snowstorm one winter, Arthur and Harriett were isolated at the ranch for thirty days before they were able to get out. But as all ranchers do, they had plenty to eat and were able to keep warm so they did not suffer at all.

There were some accidents and injuries, but all survived. When Donnie was five years old a pup bit the heels of his horse causing him to be thrown off and breaking his collarbone. Jimmie roped a dry mesquite stalk and tied it to the saddle horn (which was a no-no) so he could drag it; however, it spooked his horse causing him to run. Jimmie

couldn't manage the horse and rope and stay in the saddle, too, so was partly thrown off and fell off breaking his leg close to the hip. He was in the second grade of school. Arthur had to carry him about a mile and a half to get to the road where he could be transported in the pick-up to the hospital at Morenci. There were always bruised arms and legs, burns from branding, and the usual mishaps of ranch life.

In the fall of 1978, during shipping time Arthur's horse fell on him and he suffered a broken leg, just above the ankle. Loretta, Bruce, and a friend, Norman Crockett, were with him as they were moving the cattle from one pasture to the holding pasture in preparation for shipping the next morning. They got the horse off him. However, they had to lift him back into the saddle where he rode for a mile and a half to get out to the road. It was during hunting season, so when they came to a hunter's camp Norman asked the man to take Arthur into the hospital at Morenci, which he very graciously did. He arrived at the hospital some 3-1/2 hours after the accident. This stopped his riding for some time, as he wore a cast for almost a year before his leg completely healed. This accident was one of the deciding factors that convinced Arthur to sell the ranch. The other reason for selling was a cut in the permit from 198 head to 90 head, so because of inflation and the fact his leg hurt him when he rode, he made the decision to sell out. This wasn't easy, because the ranch had been his entire life. He now keeps very busy on their small farm at York Valley, which is thirteen miles south of Clifton, and still has cattle. Before selling the ranch he had always wanted to put Red Angus bulls with his herd and was able for several years to accomplish this. He now has the Red Angus cattle on the

farm. So, once a rancher and cattleman, always a cowman.

Arthur is a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers and the American National and Greenlee County Cattlemen's associations where he was, at one time, president. He remains very active and interested in all phases of the industry. The following comment tells how Arthur feels about his life as a cowboy and rancher.

"In many ways ranching is still the same as it was when my dad, Orion, started in 1913, but there have been many changes, too. Today, with so much modern equipment ranch work can be done faster and with less wear and tear on the cattle and cowboy. I have enjoyed my life as a rancher and still enjoy having cattle to work with. I would never be satisfied without having some cows around to care for, and they are still a good investment even though the prices have dropped. I spent many hours alone riding the allotment and also hunting predators, but feel I have been successful as a rancher and was able to continue on with the ranch when my dad could no longer operate it. There were many years when it was a struggle to keep in the business, but the old cows always seemed to produce and pull us out of the hole. This is what my dad always told us, 'You can always sell them for something and manage to get by until the economy picks up.' Ranching is a good life, one that keeps a person close to Mother Nature where you can watch life grow and produce. It is a constant battle against the elements, prices, and government agencies, and means lots and lots of hard work and long hours. But satisfying. Under the same conditions I would do the same thing again, for I feel it has been a good livelihood for me and my family and taught us it is honorable to work and also how to appreciate

livestock and the great part they contribute to the life of mankind. Since my dad, Orion, managed to turn the ranch over to me and taught me how to be a rancher, it would have been great to have continued to keep the ranch in the family by me turning it over to my boys, but circumstances beyond my control prevented me from doing so.

"I will always be interested in what the ranching industry is doing and how it will continue to progress in the years to come. With so many forces in opposition to the industry there are still many of us who have faith in the land and what it can produce. People ask me if I am retired, but I find more to do now, here on my small place in York Valley, than I can keep up with. I am now seventy-three years old so I don't think I will ever want to retire, for I feel as long as I stay active, I stay alive to enjoy all the modern progress in the world today and to witness what the future holds for all of us. Also, I want to be around to watch my grandchildren grow and develop."

At the present time all of Arthur and Harriett's children are living close by. Donnie, the oldest, is working for Mike Traynor on his ranch just across the New Mexico line from the Clifton area. James and his wife are living here in the valley, but are planning to move soon. Loretta with her husband and two children, a girl Alison and a little boy Wesley, also live here in the valley. The youngest, Bruce, has moved his mobile home to the York Valley farm where he and his wife Erica live. He is working for the mining company at Morenci. Wesley was killed in a car-bicycle accident thirteen years ago and would have been twenty-four years old. All the Wright sons are good cowboys and know how to handle cattle in rough country and still be gentle with

them.

"I hope to be around for a long time. Since talking to my aunt, my mother's sister Lucy Calarson, who is 104 years old this year, I am sure if she can do it, I can!"

—Arthur Lee Wright

LULA JANE GRANTHAM CONWAY
PAYSON, ARIZONA

Jane Conway was born on March 10, 1898, in Baird, Texas. She was the daughter of Rufus M. Grantham, Sr. (who was born in Atlanta, Georgia on June 21, 1859) and Mary Ann McReynolds Grantham (who was born in Bosque County, Texas on April 6, 1868). She was one of thirteen children; namely, Tom, Phoebe, Mamie, Elizabeth, Allie Lee, R. M., Jr., Bob, Levi, Winnie, Belle, and Andy.

Rufus and his family moved to Arizona, a few at a time, and he took over payments on a place which his son-in-law and daughter, Ed Mann and Mamie, had purchased from Bill Stephens. It was located three miles east of Tonto Creek, up Lower Greenback Creek. Jane lived in Texas until June 1912 when she and five of her brothers and sisters came by train with their mother to Tonto Basin.

Times were hard for the Grantham family, and they often milked range cows and bought groceries on credit at Cone and Jay Webb's store. Elizabeth and R. M., Jr. worked for neighbors to help until they got the farm going. Their ranch later became known as "The Grantham Place," and they paid off the ranch by selling alfalfa hay. Since Rufus had asthma, Bob and Jane did most of the farm work. Bob was twelve and Jane was fourteen at the time.

The family first lived in a two-room "stick-and-mud" house, but Rufus later built an adobe room about 18 by 40 feet.

Jane married Edward Franklin "Ed" Conway in 1916 and they had three children. Edward Charles, "E. C.," was born on November 1, 1917 in

Globe, Arizona, and married Frances Brewton in 1939. Clarence Woodrow was born on January 11, 1920 in Globe and married Helyn C. Childon in 1941. Opal Jane was born on September 8, 1928 in Payson, and married William N. "Bill" Collins.

Ed and Jane lived in Greenback Valley fourteen miles east of Tonto Basin (Punkin Center), running Greenback Valley Ranch. They sold yearlings and ran a year-round operation. Ed was always looking for the opportunity to purchase more land and cattle to expand his operations. They acquired land in Payson, the Grantham Place, and the TIN Ranch on the north side of Roosevelt Lake. The TIN Ranch bordered Greenback Valley Ranch to the south. They later sold much of their holdings, retaining all of Greenback Valley and the TIN Ranch on Roosevelt Lake.

During the years when E. C. and Clarence were in elementary school, Jane moved to Tonto Basin and commuted to the ranch on weekends and vacations. When they entered high school she moved to Mesa for the sake of their education, since there was no high school in Tonto Basin. After Opal finished school, Jane moved back to Greenback Valley where she and Ed lived and ran the ranch with E. C. and Clarence until the time of Ed's death from a heart condition on June 7, 1963.

In 1965, Jane Conway moved to Payson and E. C. and Clarence divided the ranch into two separate ranches. E. C. kept the Greenback Valley Ranch and Clarence took the TIN, which now is often referred to as the Hat Ranch.

E. C. and Frances Conway have four children:

Edward Charles, "Eddie," Conway, Jr., born November 30, 1940, married Betty Sue Fletcher, born April 19, 1944, on December 11, 1965.

They have two children: Christie Ann born August 13, 1968, and Debora Sue born July 7, 1971.

Mary Ann, born September 21, 1945, married Jim Sage who has two children by a previous marriage: Deanne, born July 11, 1962, and Cody, born July 22, 1964, McCarn.

Jeanne was born on December 23, 1947 and married Charles Franklin, "Frank," Kelly. They have two children: Janna Jean, born October 14, 1967, and Keli Jean, born July 18, 1971.

Bill was born October 16, 1949 and married Penny Simon on October 5, 1979. They have one child: Katy Marie born April 18, 1980.

Clarence and Helyn Conway have two children:

Clarence Fredrick, "Fred," was born March 10, 1943 and married Sue Bain. Fred has four children by previous marriages: Kem Renee born May 4, 1964, Ryan Duane born August 20, 1965, Shannon Dee born October 27, 1969, and Misti Sue born December 4, 1971.

Helyn Sue was born on May 2, 1947 and married William T., "Bill," Cavness. They have two children: Cindy Sue born February 14, 1969 and Thomas John, "Tom," born February 15, 1971.

Opal and Bill Collins have four children:

William Mark born in 1952, Douglas Nolan born in 1956, Kevin Lincoln born in 1957, and Mary Jane born in 1961.

Jane still lives in Payson. She enjoys her membership in the Senior Citizen's Club as well as visits from her family.

J. D. "SLIM" WARING
GREEN SPRINGS AND PARASHANT RANCHES
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Born to Samuel C. Waring and Cornelia Deyo Waring on September 16, 1892 in New Paltz, New York, Slim is the oldest and only son of their three children. New Paltz is about seventy-five miles north of New York City, across the Hudson River from Poughkeepsie, New York.

Growing up was the usual: school, hunting and fishing pals, and much reading. He is a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and Roosevelt's experiences on a Montana ranch and the organizing of the "Rough Riders."

In 1912 a pal was having health problems, so the doctor advised the dry climate of Arizona. So the two boys left by train, going south to Atlanta, then west. They stopped in New Orleans for Mardi Gras. They landed in Phoenix, Arizona on February 12, 1912. The friend had an uncle, Fred Woolsey, a freighter by trade, who the boys stayed with a few days, then Slim looked for work.

He chauffeured some about Phoenix and drove stage to the Superior, Globe, Miami area over the Old Apache Trail. Somebody mentioned that the Future Mine out of Wickenburg was hiring men, and to see Mr. McKee. So Slim called on him and was hired. He took the train to Wickenburg, then the stage wagon with two horses to the mine. Went to work in the mine for awhile, then the oiler in the engine room left so Slim was put in that job. He worked off and on for three years, bought a motorcycle for transportation, and took the back trails to Phoenix.

During the years at the mine he met cattle ranchers in the area. There was a mother with two sons who had a ranch out of Quartzsite, Arizona. She had a restaurant in town. So they finally asked Slim to come work for them, mainly to keep rock salt out and windmills working to pump water. It was summer and hot so he made the rounds in the cool of the morning. One day when he arrived back at headquarters, mill running and water pouring into the trough, he found the cattle bawling and not drinking the water. So on inspecting the water, the smell was terrific! He climbed down the sixty-foot wooden ladder to find dead rabbits, rats, and several snakes. He fished them out and into a bucket he'd taken down. Took a little time for the water to clear out.

Slim spent some time here, met two other men on neighboring ranches. One had been in Overton, Nevada area and knew of the mustangs on the west end of the Arizona Strip. So, in time, the three left Quartzsite with three horses and a white-top buggy drawn by two horses. By now it is the summer of 1916 and they shaded up in the heat of the day. They crossed the Colorado River at Parker on the ferry Nellie Trant, on to Searchlight, Las Vegas, then north through the Valley of Fire to Overton, then on to St. Tomas.

In St. Tomas they purchased feed for the horses and some grub for themselves and left the buggy. In paying for purchases Slim gave them a twenty dollar bill, purchases came to \$11.39. There was not enough change in the tin box so the storekeeper sent his daughter all over town to get the change. Hard times, not much money.

They packed their supplies, etc. on two of the horses, then they mounted and headed east. Arrived at the Grand Gulch copper mine, about

4300 foot elevation. Then they rode on up Pigeon Canyon, the route the ore was hauled to St. George and to smelter at Salt Lake City or McGill, Nevada.

They had been told by some of the ore haulers that Hidden Lake had water so they hit for this area, 5800 feet elevation. They threw up a shelter and took stock in the area. They did capture a few mustangs, but it wasn't easy and there was not much of a way to dispose of them. One of the men, the one who had been in Overton, decided to go back, as there was talk of a railroad being built from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. The second man, Dub Whidden, went to work at the mine. He stayed there until the World War I draft came, then he went back to Florida to register. Slim registered at the mine, then when called to the army he went from St. George with a group to Kansas.

Slim continued to work with the Preston Nutter wagon and local men of the area. He bought a few head of cattle and the improvements of Preston Lamb, called Penn's Valley, with the brand Kay L (K~~L~~).

Slim was gone about a year and a half, with the Saddle Supply Company, 355th Infantry. Was through St. Mecheil, Arragone, and Chateau Theiry; then, when the war was over he spent six months in the Army of Occupation.

On returning to the U.S. he landed in New York and spent some time with his parents in New Paltz. He came back to Phoenix by train, then to Kingman. He took the trip out to Pierce's Ferry with Tap Duncon who had a ranch just above the Ferry. Duncon staked him to a horse and saddle then he ferried across the Colorado and rode back up to Penn's Valley.

Had some cattle left, so he picked up the loose ends and started to lay plans for the future. He worked off the range in slack time. In 1920 he acquired improvements of Horse Valley Flat and the XZ brand. Then in 1928 he purchased the remanent of Preston Nutter from Hail and Veater. This included Green Spring, Penn's Packet, Kelley Spring, and Dinner Packet. He made headquarters at Horse Valley where there was a log cabin. He usually had someone in charge when he left for any length of time.

In 1927 he brought six boys from a private school in New York to the ranch for a working vacation. They spent time packing and riding to parks. Slim met Blondy Jensen of Fredonia who had a trail riding concession on Kaibab Plateau at North Rim Grand Canyon. Blondy asked Slim to come in the fall and run the Pine Flat Deer Camp, a concession from the Forest Service, which Slim did. He also brought several head of horses and mules for hunters to use.

In 1928 he brought in another six boys, one was of the first group, for the trip. In the fall he ran the camp again, then in 1929 had the boys in summer and Blondy sold his interest in Deer Camp to Slim.

Depression came which ended the boys' trips. The ranch moved on. A couple of homesteaders had completed improvements and were ready to move on. Slim bought them out, Pine Valley from Pemberton and Spencer Place from Jack Spencer.

In 1934 the Taylor Bill was enacted and permits were adjudicated according to water. By 1936 the area was pretty well divided. In 1936 Slim brought Tom Woheling and wife Anne Johnson to the ranch, a working partnership. Tom stayed until 1939. He used the 27 brand.

In 1937 Slim and Wally Mathis ran a division fence from the east rim to the top of Dellanbaugh. This put Slim all south of Horse Valley and down Kelly Point some twenty-three miles. That summer he purchased 450 head of cattle from Indians on the Navajo Reservation. They were bought in small bunches and gathered and traileed across to Green (Green Springs, Horse Valley, etc.), Edd Fisher being the trail boss. These were branded with a 4 / V brand. Now he had really gotten into the cow business, which meant there was a lot of help, too numerous to list all.

Weather and drought brought serious conditions. Dirt reservoirs were built, first with fresno and mule team, then with big cats. Pipelines were laid and pumps put on the springs to bring water up on the rim.

In the early '30s Slim acquired half interest in Moquitch Deer Camp with Bob Vaughn. The winter of '36-'37 was a big snow. They were spared a great loss; however, some steers went around the end of a fence line and starved to death. Three heifers died calving down on Kelley Point.

In 1938 Slim met Mary while she was teaching home economics at Fredonia High School, and they were married the next year, 1939. Mary continued to teach until 1947 when Slim decided he needed a full-time cook and cowboy. So ended the teaching career.

In 1940 the Warings acquired the Wild Cat Ranch and half of the Pigeon permit from Jacky Wiggins. Then World War II came along and made lots of changes. All the young fellows were gone. So Slim and Mary went along, using older men. There have been some wonderful associations over the years.

Slim served on the Taylor Grazing Board (that is the way it was

known then, BLM came later) for several years in the '40s and '50s. He was chairman for two terms. He represented District I at the Denver meeting in 1952. Slim also served on the Land Committee of the State Cattle Association.

He continued to purchase small permits from cattlemen and sheepmen until he put together Parashant Ranch, 151 sections BLM, 8 private, and 4 school sections. He built the headquarters house at Wild Cat in 1960. Still used Horse Valley in the summer and fall when cattle were there.

In 1967 the Warings purchased a home in Flagstaff, due to Slim's health, but still spent much time at the ranch until the last couple of years. Now, maybe a couple of trips to the ranch a year. The ranch manager has been with them twenty-five years, LeMoyne "Buster" Esplin, and there is not another like him anywhere.

In 1969 Slim sold the Green Ranch to the Park Service, still maintaining grazing rights as long as one of the couple lives. Both are members of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and the National, and Mary is a member of both Cowbell associations.

After sixty-six years of cowboying, Slim is still interested in the ranch and goings on there. With Mary's shootings of 35 mm and movies he can go back in memory and "shows" to the days that used to be. They have trophies from Alaska and Canada to show for some "fun" trips away from the ranch. Mary adds, "Come by and see us, we'll take a trip back in time on the Arizona Strip."

The ranches are located eighty-two miles south of St. George, Utah, in Arizona Strip Country, in high country north across the Colorado River from Peach Springs.

FRED AUSTIN STACY

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

The Fred Stacy story was written by his oldest daughter Fay, who married Ellis "Tulley" Moore from Eagle Creek country. They have a ranch on the Upper Blue about 38 miles above the old XXX Ranch. Fred Stacy was a most wonderful man and an exceptionally fine neighbor.

--Freddie Fritz

My father, Fred Austin Stacy, was born in Iola, Kansas on September 13, 1876. He was the second child and the oldest son in a family of six children, three boys and three girls. His father, Russel Marion Stacy, was born in Howard County, Indiana; his mother, Philinda Jane Minton, in New Fairbanks, Iowa.

Grandfather Stacy's family came from England to Massachusetts. From there, through the generations, some of them traveled west and settled in Kansas, as did my grandmother's family. My grandparents were married there November 4, 1873. In 1889 they moved to Montrose, Colorado.

That year tragedy struck their family. In March they lost their youngest child, Ralph, who was less than a month old. Then in November, the mother died. Dad was only thirteen at the time. The oldest child, Nancy, was fifteen. It was up to her to be mother to the younger children. She was the only mother Bertha, the youngest girl, ever knew.

After losing his wife and baby Grandfather loaded his belongings and his family into two wagons and returned to Kansas. Then he traveled on. I have heard Dad and Aunt Nancy talk about traveling through

Arkansas. They finally wound up back in Montrose, Colorado. Dad and his father found work there in the lumber camps, on the farms, and in the mines and managed to support the family.

In 1894 Nancy married and settled down on a farm near Montrose. She would spend the rest of her life there and become the mother of seven children. When she married, Nancy took the two younger sisters, Bertha and Ella, to live with her. The younger boy, George, now ten, stayed with Dad and their father.

In the fall of 1898 Dad and one of his good friends, Roy Lockheart, left Colorado and headed for Arizona. On their way they spent part of the winter working in the gold mines at Dawson, New Mexico. I never knew whether George Montgomery left Colorado with Dad and Roy, but when they rode into Springerville in the spring of 1899 he was with them.

Dad got a job cowboying for Pete Slaughter on the latter's PS (P's) ranch. The ranch is located on Black River and we now use some of the range to summer our cattle. Dad worked on the PS a year before drifting on down to Metcalf. Here he got a job driving a team and hauling timber for the mines.

In those days the Arizona Copper Company was going strong in Metcalf. It was a busy little town with a bank, schools, and stores. Some of the people had homes up on top of the hills. The sides of the hills were terraced and covered with houses. There were no roads and no cars. Water on top of those hills was nonexistent. Dad bought some mules and some barrels and sold water to those people on the hilltops. He finally sold his mules to the copper company to use in the mine.

Dad and one of his friends decided to go in partners on a ranch.

In those days there was no Forest Service and no fenced ranges. They picked their location and built a cabin and a corral. It was on the present 6 K 6 range but not on the site of the present ranch. The last time I was there, traces of the corral and cabin still remained. Dad's friend, Jim James, bought some cattle from Fred Knopp (the brother of Mrs. Fred Fritz, Sr.). Dad bought some old dairy cows. I think he told me there were thirty-two head of them. He said when he turned them loose in that brush they took to it like rabbits in a lettuce patch. Fred Fritz, Jr. told me that he and his father met Dad when he was moving his cattle to the LUE ranch. He said there was a black cow in the lead wearing a big cowbell. Dad has told me about this cow. Her name was Belle and he used her whenever he had a herd of cattle to drive. He said the herd would follow that bell and go right along.

After ranching awhile at Pine Flat, Jim sold out and went to work in the store in Metcalf. Dad moved to the Juan Miller ranch. Then, in 1904 he bought the HL ranch from Harland Walker. He started branding RU at this time. His father and his brother, George, came to live with him there. Grandfather had become very ill and was unable to work anymore. He died in November of 1905.

Along with his ranching at HL Dad started a butchering business. He supplied the beef, another man ran the butcher shop in Metcalf. All of the beef had to be packed on mules to the shop from the ranch.

In the meantime Dad had met THE girl. My mother, Mary Eleanor Laney, was born September 9, 1886 in Luna, New Mexico. Her father was David Laney, her mother, Margueritta Eleanora Earl. They were some of the Mormon pioneers who came from Utah to settle in Luna and Alpine.

Mom grew up in Luna and attended school there.

Mom's older sister, Elizabeth, married one of Pete Slaughter's sons (Arthur) and moved to the WJ ranch north of Clifton. After visiting her there, my grandparents decided to move to Clifton. They sold out in Luna, packed their belongings in wagons, and went down the Blue River to Clifton. Mom has told me what a long, hard trip that was. She and one of her sisters rode horses, the rest of the family rode in the wagons.

Dad and Mom were married February 14, 1906. The wedding took place at her parent's home in Clifton. My grandmother made the wedding dress. She was an excellent seamstress and used to tailor men's suits. The minister who performed the wedding ceremony was the Reverend Curry Love. He and his wife were good friends of my parents. I can remember them coming to visit us at the LUE ranch when we moved there.

After the reception my parents rode horseback to their HL ranch to start a long and good life together. Dad gave Mom a white horse named Rex for a wedding present. Rex lived long enough for a lot of us to learn to ride on him.

Mom told me that on Sundays at HL they always had a houseful of company. Their friends from Metcalf, Jim James, Julis and Mrs. Ottman, and many others, would ride out to the ranch and spend the day. When we went to Clifton from HL we would go horseback to Metcalf, leave our horses there, and take the train to Clifton.

Mom raised chickens at HL and sold eggs to the people at the gold camp near there. There was one old fellow there that they particularly seemed to like. I've never heard any name for him but "Uncle Bradley."

While we were living at HL my older brother Jesse was born, and

about two-and-a-half years later, I came along. I can't remember the HL ranch, as I wasn't two years old when we moved from there. Mom loved that ranch, and I know she wasn't very happy about leaving it.

We moved to the LUE ranch in January of 1911. This ranch is located on Johnston Canyon, about a mile up the canyon from Blue River. Charley Johnston had settled there and owned it until his death. He had met and married a nurse, Minnie Chapman, from Ohio. After his death she continued her nursing career in Clifton and spent her life there. Years later her great-niece, Dorothy Chapman, also from Ohio, married my older brother.

Dad and Walter Colby bought the LUE ranch from a Mr. McBest who was, I believe, handling the settlement of the estate for Mrs. Johnston. The only LUE cattle left were a few wild cows and bulls and some old steers that had been missed during an estate settlement drive. The bulls would charge anything that moved, and Mom was afraid to let Jesse and me play outdoors until Dad got rid of them. I asked him when I was older what he did with the bulls. He smiled and said, "I took my thirty and made coyote feed out of them." Dad's youngest sister, Bertha, was visiting us at the time we were moving. Mom often spoke of how much it helped to have her there. They were about the same age and were always good friends.

The Colby family, Mr. and Mrs. Colby and their daughter Katharine, didn't move to the ranch until we had been there awhile. When they did, Dad continued to use his RU brand and, I believe, Colby branded LUE. A couple of years later Dad sold the brand and the cattle to Charley Davis and Buck Martin. Then he bought some good Hereford and Durham cattle,

several good horses, a mule, and the 4 slash K (4 / K) brand from Will Baldwin in Luna, New Mexico. He was away most of the summer of 1913 gathering these cattle. By the time he got home my sister, the baby at the time, would have nothing to do with him. She had completely forgotten him. Dad later dropped the 4 from the brand and just used /K. One of my younger brothers, George, still uses it.

Shortly after we moved to the LUE ranch, Harvey Gatlin and the Stevenson brothers bought a ranch located where the Blue and San Francisco rivers converge. Mrs. Gatlin and my mother were cousins and it was nice to have them there. Also, they had a big family like ours so it was fun to visit them.

After a few years Colby sold out to Gatlin and Stevenson brothers. This range was added to the Gatlin and Stevenson range on the west side of Blue River. Later on another son of Pete Slaughter's, Joe, bought this ranch. It is now owned by Bob Fletcher.

Life on the ranch wasn't easy but we didn't know that then. That was just the way folks lived. We carried water in buckets from the creek, washed clothes on a rub board, made our own soap, cooked on a wood stove, also heated our irons on it (no permanent press fabric then), burned kerosene lamps, and even made our own cheese and vinegar. Besides this, we baked all of our bread and canned or dried our fruit and vegetables. When we sat down to rest a bit, we could sit and churn the butter, darn a few socks, quilt a little, or perhaps string some beans or shell some peas. Dad had to kinda' keep an eye on his vinegar barrel. When it reached a certain stage, some of the hands would dip into it and try the contents when no one was looking. But to me, the cheese

was the BIG headache. All that milk and all that work for one small cheese.

We were really excited when we got our first radio. It was just unbelievable! It was powered by a car battery, and when that ran down it had to be taken all the way to Clifton to be recharged. Later on Dad found Mom a Maytag washing machine that ran off a separate gasoline engine. He ran a belt from the washer down a hill to an engine. Then he rigged up another flywheel on the engine and ran a belt from it to a generator. So, while we were washing we could also charge the radio battery. Dad bought a radio battery from Montgomery Ward. On one end was a little glass pocket that contained three small balls, red, white, and blue. If the red ball was on top the battery needed charging. If the blue ball was up, the battery was getting low, but if the white ball was on top it was OK. Fancy, huh? It was my job to keep an eye on the battery and take it off the generator when it was charged. Then crank the engine and get back to washing. That wasn't bad, though. No more rub board, and there was even a wringer on the washing machine.

School on the ranch was always a problem. The ranches were so isolated, so many miles apart. Our nearest neighbors were the Fritz family, six long miles to the north of us, and the Gatlin family, eight miles down the river. We had the Blue River in front of us and the San Francisco River to the left, cutting us off from the other ranches when they were flooding. My family lived at the Gatlin ranch one winter so that my older brother could attend the Dix Creek School. He was five years old and rode a burro several miles up the Frisco River to school along with five of the Gatlin children.

The next year we had a teacher at the ranch. Wiley Aker was the County School Superintendent. He came to the ranch and talked the school over with Dad. The county could put up a little money but most of it would come from the rancher's pocket. There were two of us in school. Jesse was six, I was four, and it was high time we were getting an education. We had a wonderful teacher, Elmer Zimmerman. I only wish all children could have such a teacher and such a wonderful start in school as we did. The base we got from this teacher was to help us all our lives.

Sometimes, when we didn't have a teacher, Dad taught us. He had a good education and I know that it was largely through his own efforts that he did. I asked him once where he learned to read, and he told me his mother taught him. He said both she and one of her sisters were teachers.

Dad also had a very practical knowledge of medicine. He was often called on to care for someone who was sick, and even to deliver a baby or two. Including two of his own. One time when a smallpox epidemic was on in Clifton, the local doctors told Dad they were very concerned about the people on the outlying ranches. They couldn't leave to go inoculate them. Dad told the doctors if they would give him the necessary supplies and show him how to use them he would take care of the ranch people. They did and he went from ranch to ranch inoculating the people. He vaccinated us kids first and then gently dragged the needle across Mom's arm. She promptly fainted, he laid her on the bed, and when she came to her vaccination was all over with. He had known exactly what would happen.

Over the years our family grew until there were ten children, eight boys and two girls. Sorrow came when the youngest child lived only three days. We were a very close, happy family and had a good life together on the ranch. Mom and Dad worked hard but they always had time for us kids.

Dad had a brand recorded for each of us and started us out with a few heifer calves. I got my first calf for my eighth birthday and my brand was Bar 8 (— 8). I still use it.

When I think back I remember some of the highlights of our life on the ranch. We only went to town about once a year to visit my grandparents. Until they became too old to ride, they would come to the ranch and spend several weeks with us during the summer. What a joy that was, and we missed them so when they left.

It was customary in the old days when a man wearing a gun came to visit, to take the gun off and hand it to his host. When he got ready to leave it was returned to him. One of our neighbors, Bob Bell, carried the biggest six gun I've ever seen. I remarked about this one morning after he left and Dad said, "That's what you call a hog-leg." After that mine and Jesse's toy guns were our hog-legs.]

There used to be hunters who traveled around the country hunting lions and bears that killed the ranchers' cattle. The cattlemen paid them a bounty to do this. One of them was Ben Lilly. Dad used to keep a stock of supplies at the ranch for him. When he came by he would spread out the bear and lion hides for us to see. To a small girl those hides looked pretty scary. He used to bring Jesse and me brown sugar in a little cloth sack. Sometimes it tasted a little liony, but we ate it,

anyway.

A lot of the old-timers played fiddles--not violins. In the evenings everyone gathered around to listen to the music. Harvey Gatlin was a good hand with the fiddle, as were several of his sons and my older brother as well. My dad and several of my brothers were harmonica players, so we always had a little music around.

A man who worked for my father for years was Jim Willcox. He was a top hand, and whether Dad was there or not the work went right on. When the First World War started, Jim was drafted. Dad as well as the rest of us really missed him. When the war was over Jim was sent back to Clifton. He wasn't expecting anyone to meet him, and when the whole family showed up to meet his train, he was delighted. That night we all went back to the ranch in the wagon. Dad and Jim took turns driving the team, and they talked all night about the ranch and Jim's experiences in the army. When we finally reached the ranch Dad said, "I'll build a fire and make some coffee," and Jim said, "I'll go feed the horses." They were going right along as though Jim had never been gone.

In 1943 Mom and Dad built a new home on the ranch. Dad hired a carpenter, Bert Massey, from Duncan to build it. It kept my husband busy hauling supplies from Clifton. Mom was very pleased with it all. She now had a gas cookstove to replace the wood-burning one, plus a gas water heater. My parents, as well as the rest of us, really enjoyed the new home.

When World War II started two of my brothers, Kenneth and Vic, were drafted. Another brother, Berl, enlisted. In 1945 Vic was killed in Belgium, January 13th, and on April 20th of the same year, Berl was

killed in the Philippines. Kenneth got home safely later that same year. Losing the two sons was a terrible shock to all of us and Dad wound up in the hospital. There we learned that he had diabetes. He was never really well after that.

The doctor told us Dad would have to be on a very special diet. This presented a problem, as there was no electricity and no refrigerator at the ranch. There also was no road. Dad found a kerosene refrigerator, but, how to get it to the ranch? My husband told Dad he'd figure some way to get it there, so Dad had it trucked out as close as possible--a mile from the ranch and all up a steep hill. Tulley thought awhile, and then with the help of my three youngest brothers and our oldest son he went to work. They cut two long poles and lashed them to the pack saddles on two burros, a pole on each side of each saddle. Then they tied the refrigerator between the poles about four inches off the ground, one burro in front of the refrigerator and one behind it. Two of the fellows led the burros, two of them steadied the refrigerator, and the fifth moved rocks so the refrigerator wouldn't high center. They got it in without a dent. That winter Dad had a road built in to the ranch. What a relief that was to be able to drive right up to the house.

Eventually Mom and Dad sold the ranch to my three youngest brothers, George, Ed, and Jim, and moved to Clifton. They bought a home there and were able to travel around a bit. They thoroughly enjoyed going to the Cattlemens meetings and visiting with old friends. Also, the grandchildren were coming along, and even some great-grandchildren. Each new one was a delight to them.

After a long illness Dad died January 6, 1956. He and Mom had been married almost fifty years. We lost my older brother, Jesse, in 1970 and my mother on the third of January, 1977, at the age of ninety.

I feel that we were very fortunate to have had such wonderful parents and so many happy years together.

--Fay Moore

FRANK AND ETHEL GODARD

CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA

My folks came to the Verde Valley in 1900. My mother was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, and my father was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas. I was born shortly after my parents came to Arizona. In fact, I was born on July 22, 1900, just under Squaw Peak on the north end of the old Winer place. My father went to work on the old Winer place and we lived there until 1904. Then my father went to work on the Shield ranch for Henry Wingfield. From Henry's place we went to live in a two-story rock house on the Salt Mine Road while my father worked for Uncle Bill Wingfield. Uncle Billie was from Fayetteville where my father was born. He spread his Hatchet brand over the range and developed the Clear Creek Ranch into one of the most fruitful orchard and farms in the Verde Valley.

We moved on to Cornville, the place that Ross Raton now owns. When we lived at the Hank Wingfield place for awhile, my father bought some of the land there. He traded it for seventeen head of cows, as I remember. After Cornville, we moved on to the Jerome Dairy where they bottle milk and I started to attend the first grade there, near Jerome. The schoolhouse was where the cemetery in Jerome is today. Then we moved to Peck's Lake on the west side where, at that time, there was a large peach orchard. I went to school above the Clarkdale slag dump, the school was on the east side of the river.

Then in 1909 we moved to Camp Verde just above the old Camp Liveon. At that time there were some graves over the hill from our house. I

remember one having a white fence around it. We lived on that ranch until my father passed away in 1914.

I went to school at Middle Verde; there was a schoolhouse on the west side of the O.K. Ditch above the Indian reservation. Then when the new block bridge was built, I was able to go to school in Camp Verde. This bridge was built in 1911 before my father passed away. He and some others helped build the bridge. They mixed the cement. My Uncle Bill Godard had an old steam boiler they used to pump water for the cement.

I left home after my father passed away. My mother married soon after and we didn't get along. I began working here and there, pitching hay, shoveling ditches, and anything I could do to make a living. In 1916 I got a job with Dan Fain. Dan was born in Cornville in 1879. His father, William Marion Fain, was one of the first settlers in the country and he took up a homestead on the Verde River, and later settled on some land south of Flagstaff. His son, Norman Fain, was very young when he bought the Bloody Basin Ranch, and it was soon after that I began working for Dan Fain.

My first job for Dan was to pack some salt up to a double corral. I was to ride one of the mules and pack salt on the other two mules. I had never packed a mule before. Well, anyway, I started packing the mules, and I must not have packed them very well because I would go about twenty feet and the salt would fall off the mules. Charley Morris, who was running the outfit for Dan Fain, didn't give me any instruction on how to pack the mules, just showed me the trail that took me to the corral, and that was three miles. Well, I took my time; it took me


eight hours to go three miles. After I lost the salt off those old mules every twenty feet, I decided to pack it on my back. Well, I thought I would quit and come back to Camp Verde when I ran into Alton Gardner. I told him my troubles and he showed me how to tie salt on the old mules. Later I packed salt all over the Basin ranch.

Then one day Charley Morris told me to take a redwood trough up to Turk Springs. It didn't pack like salt; it was a long, shallow, open container with three sides and two ends. I had trouble all the way, so I finally tied the ends up on the pack saddle and drug them up to the springs. The next day Charley took me up to the springs to put the trough in, and the end was drug off! He had a fit and so did I. I worked down there on the Basin until Dan Fain sold out to a man named Carbean. I could pack anything when I left the ranch. In about six months I was back and worked for Carbean. I was with Carbean about six months and then went to work for Dave Murdock, staying there about two-and-a-half years.

On June 24, 1921 I married my wife Ethel. She was born in 1901 in Winslow. Our first set of dishes was ten plates and ten cups.

After awhile I got a job with the Forest Service and worked for them for several years. While with the Forest Service I had a team of horses. It had rained every day we could work on the old dirt roads. If we did, we would just get bogged down in the rain. At that time we were living in Long Valley and the old road went over a hill, and at the bottom of the hill was a dirt mud hole. I would go up to the mud hole and stay with my team of horses and pull cars out of the hole. I stopped a big car and told the driver he couldn't go through the hole,

that he would get stuck. Now if he would give me two dollars I would pull him through the hole, but if he went on through on his own and got stuck it would cost him three dollars. He said, "Hook on to my car, boy." I pulled him through and he gave me *five* dollars and said if anyone asked, tell them I pulled Governor Hunt through the mud hole.

In July of 1930 we moved to Fossil Creek. We borrowed the money at 10 percent to buy a ranch. I had to work out to make bread and beans during the depression. The interest on the ranch was all we could pay for seven years. Our ranch was called ZL Ranch. We branded the Diamond U (), cows L-H, and horses L-S.

The year that we paid off our ranch, the house burnt down. I didn't even have a change of socks and that's a funny feeling! We rebuilt and lived on the ranch until 1972; however, we sold the cattle and the lease in 1963. When we sold out we moved to Strawberry, Arizona. We bought the Strawberry Lodge and ran it for four years before we retired and purchased five acres and a house in Camp Verde.

Frank, our eldest, was killed in a car accident in Oregon in 1965. Bill lives in Phoenix, and our daughter, Pat Ashby, lives in Camp Verde. We have six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. My brother Carl also lives in Camp Verde.

Ed. Note: This year the Godard children hosted an open house to celebrate their parent's 60th Wedding Anniversary. Before the party Frank Godard remarked there probably wouldn't be many people coming because so many of their old friends had passed away. To his surprise, nearly two hundred people came. Many of these people were the grown

children of their friends who had passed away. Others brought their elderly parents who can no longer drive. People came from all over the state. They also received many cards and phone calls from friends and relatives who live out of state.

--Betty Accomazzo

ARCHIE MILLER
TOLLESON, ARIZONA

I think the first Miller to come west was Sam Miller from the Virginias. He came with the Walker Party. They found gold in Lynx Creek and the nearby areas. He was my grandfather's brother.

Later my grandparents, Rolland and Rachel Miller, came to Arizona and settled near Prescott. The settlement became known as Miller Valley. My grandparents moved to Skull Valley where they ranched and farmed. They had four sons, Charles, Harley (my dad), Tom, and Fred, and three daughters, Lilly, Dora, and Esta.

When my dad was sixteen his father died, so he and Charlie managed the ranch and farm. At nineteen Dad married Eva Gibson. She was sixteen, and they lived in Skull Valley until 1910. During that time my older brother Leroy, myself, and sister Nora were born.

In 1910 Dad bought a ranch on Date Creek from John Bullard. I was four and can remember moving by wagon and buggy from Skull Valley. We camped at Date Creek Station, then went down a river road. We criss-crossed Date Creek many times before reaching the ranch headquarters. After we were sort of settled in, Dad went back to Skull Valley to bring his cattle. He branded the Little Hat at that time.

We planted a large vegetable garden and had berry vines, fig trees, peaches, and two acres of Golden Delicious apples. We also had thirty-five acres of alfalfa which we cut and used. We irrigated from Date Creek and had a cool, natural spring to furnish water for the house.

By this time Mother's folks had moved to Thompson Valley and Mother

would take us to visit. We went in a buggy, and she could drive it well. A car stumped her, though. Guess it would not respond to gee, haw, or whoa.

While at the Date Creek ranch my sisters, Grace, Edna, and Mary, and my brother Jimmy were born. As we reached school age my mother would move into Congress for the winter. When we learned to drive, Leroy and I drove a Model T back and forth.

In 1917 Dad bought the Harcuvar Ranch from Jim Rowe and his partner. We got about a thousand head of cattle and the Bar Z brand for Leroy and me. The cattle cost about thirty dollars a head. Although the ranches joined, the headquarters were twenty miles apart, and during the summers Leroy and I stayed at the Harcuvar Ranch. We did the branding, feeding, and watering. We used siphons and gas engines for watering.

After World War I there was a very bad drouth and we lost a lot of cattle. The price dropped from thirty to eighteen dollars a head and we sold the cattle at a loss to pay debts and turned the Harcuvar Ranch over to the bank.

When I was sixteen I went to work for Bud Ming at the OX Ranch, helping to gather cattle. There was a lot of rustling at that time, and Bud's foreman caught one of the men. Shortly after, Bud's horses began dying. It was believed the poison was put in the feed in their nose-bags, but no one found out who did it.

In 1925 I went to work for John Neil at the Burro Creek Ranch. After about a year of helping him to gather his cattle for sale, he sent me to Donby, Canada to a ranch called Old Woman's Mountain Ranch. There

we gathered some more of his cattle. He later sold his Arizona ranch and cattle remnants to Hosea Cline.

I worked for Roy Hays at Peeples Valley for a time and then went to Hillside to work for Charlie Gibson. He was managing for a loan company for the L Ranch. We were gathering cattle to sell to the new owners, Ray Cowden, Cecil Miller, and Jim Rowe. They renamed the ranch Hillside Cattle Company. This was 1927 and I continued on with the company. In 1935 Ray, Cecil, and Charlie Michel bought the DK Ranch and two thousand head of steers from Manning in Tucson. The DK had a winter quarters at Cottonwood and summer quarters at Rogers Lake near Flagstaff.

I married Dorothy Miller in 1935. She was born in Springerville in 1917 and was the daughter of Jim and Allie Annis Archer Reagan. We were asked to go to the DK Ranch. I was to help Claude Evans, the foreman, make the drive up the mountain from Cottonwood to Flagstaff. At one place the steers had to be lined out one or two at a time because the trail was man-made and cut out of the side of the mountain, and at that rate it sure took a long time for two thousand steers to climb the mountain.

We were up there about three months when Jim Rowe died and Ray sent for me to come back to Hillside and manage the L Ranch. This I did until June 1950.

In January 1939 our oldest daughter, Jolene Bachman, was born in Phoenix, and in August 1944 our youngest daughter Judith Lowery was born in Prescott. They are our only children and have many fond memories of the Hillside ranch life. They both now live in Maricopa County.

When I took the Hillside ranch over there were about seventy

sections of open range, so we fenced and cross-fenced all of it. There was only one well on the place, and it was about fifteen feet deep. We drilled some fifteen wells and put in about twelve dirt tanks. We were bothered some with mountain lions and would have to hunt them down. On one such occasion Giles Goswick, who worked for the government, was with us and we had killed the mother lion and then found three cubs. Some of us held an open gunny sack on the ground and he pulled them out of the rocks, one at a time, keeping their feet on the ground and they would run in the sack because it was dark. We brought them back alive and Giles took them to be placed where they could be taken care of.

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

At another time we decided to ride some colts we were breaking out to work on fence. As we came out of the corral something spooked my horse and he went to bucking toward an oak thicket that you couldn't ride through, so I hit him behind the ears with a hammer handle. He

swapped ends so fast he knocked Jim's horse down--never did figure out what he was doing so close behind me! We were a little late getting started, but finally got untangled.

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

Dorthy and I decided to go to Arkansas to live. We bought a ranch consisting of 271 acres of improved pastures. The winters were pretty severe, about 15⁰ below, and the summers weren't much better, about 100⁰ and 80-90% humidity. No one branded their cattle, and almost everyone ran them together on government pasture during the summer. Their fences left something to be desired--two wires stretched, maybe--and roundup consisted of a foot race, horses were for plowing the fields. When they had one they couldn't catch, I took one of my Arizona horses and roped it for them. You should see the people gather to watch this! Most of their water was from hand-dug wells which went dry every time they had the least bit of a drought. We drilled a well about seventy feet deep which came up within six feet of the top, so we always had water. Irrigation was unheard of and everyone's gardens would die, except ours because we carried water to it. You couldn't build fence during the wet season as the holes would fill up with water faster than you could bail it out.

In 1953 we came to Tolleson, where once again I went to work for Ray Cowden at his feedlot in Tolleson. At the time Gerald Palmer was managing that ranch. After two years Gerald decided to leave and I managed the feedlot. A second company called the Tolleson Livestock Company was formed and consisted of Ray Cowden, Joe Entz, Cliff Clements,

and myself. About 1960, Spur Feedlot leased Tolleson Livestock and enlarged the feedlot from handling five thousand head of cattle to about sixteen thousand head. I managed Cowden, Spur, and Tolleson Livestock until retirement in 1970. Spur closed their feedlot down shortly after I retired and moved to Sacaton and built a feedlot there. This returned all properties to the original owners.

We left the ranch and bought a home in Phoenix where we lived for nine years. Again Mr. Cowden asked us to come back one more time to take care of the place in Tolleson where we now live.

JOSEPH WAYLAND BARNETTE

SUN CITY, ARIZONA

I was born December 14, 1899 at the foot of Pinal Creek in Miami, Arizona. I was named after my father, Joseph Raleigh Barnette.

My father was born in 1873 in Franklin County, Arkansas. Shortly thereafter his parents moved to Hunt County, Texas, where they were engaged in farming and cattle growing. In his memoirs he wrote,

"I joined a cattle drive from West Texas to Arizona with the oldest cattle outfit in Arizona, the famous CCC Cattle Company, whose range was the southeastern slope of the Graham Mountains as well as the Chiricahuas. This was during the period when the government was having trouble with renegade Apaches who were leaving the reservation to make trouble for the neighboring ranchers and their stock. . . . I got a job in March 1893 working on the CCC outfit on Bonita Creek and the Double Circle on Eagle Creek and a little southwest of where the mining town of Morenci is located."

After spring roundup, my father and several other cowboys went looking for mavericks up in the southeastern slopes of the Grahams and ran across the Apache Kid's camp. Some of the hobbled horses wore rawhide shoes--and Duncan ranchers' brands. Foreman Tuck Prina told them two of his men had been killed by renegades not long before that.

In 1895 my father married my mother, Minnie Allen, in Bowie. She was from near Weimar, Texas, where her family had cattle. She was out visiting her brother who worked with my father.

My parents then settled on a little farm at Safford that they

bought with the take he had saved from his \$1.50 per ten-hour-day job building the railroad from Bowie to Globe.

About a year later they sold the farm, moved to the Globe area, and bought a herd of mohair goats from Lee Davis and some Hereford and Durham cattle. The cattle grazed in the Bloody Tanks country now owned by Inspiration Copper Company. My father did his ranch trading with George W. P. Hunt's Old Dominion Commercial Company. Later he served two terms in the legislature during Hunt's long tenure as governor.

In 1912 my parents sold out and got into farming and cattle near Chandler. Five years later they moved to Wickenburg, paying five hundred dollars for the water rights to McGee Springs in the Blue Tanks area. For rangeland, father picked up all the state land around there that was available. And I helped him run it for several years, then we sold out to Ora Hann. Shortly after that we bought the only dairy in that area that was started before the turn of the century by a Dutchman called Yoggie. Then we sold the cattle in the early 1940s, retaining much of the land, some of which we later subdivided and it became part of the town.

My father took an active part in civic affairs all of his life. In Miami he helped organize a school district which was paid for by giving dances and box socials. He served as clerk of the Wickenburg School Board and on the city council. During his terms in the legislature he worked closely with Senator Carl Hayden on the original water appropriations of the Colorado. He also served in an advisory capacity to the State Land Department for a number of years. In his memoirs father wrote, "My first vote was for Bucky O'Neil for Congress in 1894."

There were seven children in our family, six of whom were born while Arizona was still a territory. Those surviving are Mrs. Alice Wadsworth, Wickenburg; Mrs. Ethel Johnson, Showlow; and Mrs. Nell Heu-
loth, Phoenix. I have lost my three brothers, Lee, Foy, and Raleigh. Father passed away in 1957, and mother is also gone.

I was born in the Territory of Arizona at the mouth of Pinal Creek, Gila County, approximately ten miles northwest of Globe, just prior to the turn of this century. My folks had cattle at the time on a small farm and ranch that had a few acres that was more or less dependent on the weather for full production. Believe this or not, I can remember the time I was nearly two years old and Dad had some trouble with one of the horses hitched to the wagon which was stuck in the mud. Father really got angry. Didn't do a bit of good.

It was about 1904, so my older sister who currently lives in the Phoenix area recently informed me, that the folks moved into their recently constructed home in upper Miami and Dad became the first school trustee. This was before the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company purchased all seven mining claims father possessed. In those days the dollar had several times more purchasing power than it does today, surely.

When I became eight years of age I entered the first grade in a school that required two miles of walking each way over a large range of hills, as there were some ranchers and "mine-diggings" for ore besides the claims Dad and Mother owned. This also was prior to the period of the purchase of father's claims by the Inspiration Copper Company.

George W. P. Hunt, the Territorial Governor of the Arizona

Territory, and father were quite friendly; both were Democrats. I call 'em Left Wingers!

Prior to June 1912, my folks had two different areas for grazing our livestock. One was in the Miami area and the other was in the Pinal Mountains and the Wheatfield area. In this way, Father claimed more livestock could be handled, and today I shall agree.

June 1912 was the final month of our family's living in Gila County as residents, and "cattle rustlers." This was the turning point in our living standards and our means of so doing.

My older brother and two men drove our livestock to Chandler, where Father had recently purchased 160 acres of deep soil farmland. This is the area we *handpicked* long-staple cotton and ran livestock on the south of our farm for several years. The route of the cattle drive was by the old Superior mine road clear across the desert to the Chandler area. This was the longest cattle drive ever recorded in the State of Arizona, so I am told. Our brand used on the cattle was the Bar D Four ($\overline{D4}$), left hip, horses the same on the left thigh.

The other members of the family and I came down the construction road of the Roosevelt Dam in two covered wagons. We were the first and the last.

Later in life I discovered the cattle business has a good future, *if* irrigated pasture can be provided with the use of gravity water, or almost gravity water, and this has always been my goal in the cattle business, especially range cattle.

After five years in the Chandler area Father sold his ranch to the John Dobson family across from our 160 acres and we again drove our

cattle, or at least the residue of the original herd, to Yavapai County fifteen miles east of Wickenburg. The road to Wickenburg at that time turned off at Morristown as there was no road up the Hassayampa River.

I was matured enough at this time, the year 1918, to participate as a full "Top-hand," and Father put me in charge of this operation. We developed the necessary water from a spring near the cabin and corrals. The roads were bad, never kept in shape, as there was very little use of them other than some miners who did more prospecting than actual mining; many claims were staked. We had thirty-five acres in grains and hay located where it would now be east of Highway 93 toward Las Vegas. Father and I, with our team of horses and scraper, cleared enough sand and gravel to produce sufficient water near the streambed of the Hassayampa River to fully irrigate the thirty-five acres. Father purchased the dairy from a German fellow. Milk was delivered around Wickenburg with the power of ONE horse milk wagon at 10¢ per quart. This was during the period of the first World War and I was anxious to help defend our country, but the government said there must be sufficient folks at home to feed the army, and I was one of those elected to stay.

When the war ended, I, along with others, was classified as one of the necessary food producers and thereby we were entitled to a higher education. I chose the University of Arizona at Tucson.

George W. P. Hunt was in his last term as governor, and you can wager that I persuaded my father to have the Governor arrange for some type of state work that I could obtain. This he did, and my first job was in the University "mess hall" which gave me the food I required but no cash. So I joined the U.S. Cavalry at nine dollars a month

including Sam Brown belt and boots. I could ride like the westerner I was, and so was assigned to assist the female equestrians as to the "art of riding," or at least staying on. The Cavalry at this period used the old water-cooled machine guns that were carried on mules or horses for firing. On this we did quite a bit of practicing.

Later on I was pledged to a local fraternity, and became president of the Sophomore class. I finished the University of Arizona with the class of 1926, and I still thank all those who aided me with the hard work it was for me to stay at the university.

During the years beginning with 1958 on through June 1960, I owned the Date Creek ranch that is situated in the southwestern part of Yavapai County, Arizona. This ranch is northwest of Wickenburg and Highway 93, twenty-four miles toward Las Vegas. My objective for owning this ranch was based largely on the underground water supply that I discovered about two miles above the ranch headquarters. I had planned to irrigate several sections of the adjoining desert. Our investment in the water determination even surprised the federal and state water commissions. The actual determination of the underground flow of water was 3,600 gallons per minute. The amazing fact regarding the underground water was that it flowed only ten feet below the surface. I had two large, four-wheel Ford trucks haul in some specially cut redwood lumber, which was cut by clients and friends of mine at their sawmill at Willets, California, about 140 miles above San Francisco on the Redwood Highway 101. The lumber was used to build a 110 foot testing device to measure the underground water.

I had permits from both federal and state departments to do what I

had set out to do, but was denied performance according to contract. This was the largest error I have ever been guilty of; as a matter of fact, it was larger than all the errors I made all the rest of my life combined.

I have invested approximately \$1 million, which includes my time and transportation, on this project that I believe in. My son Kirk witnessed a good part of the construction and termination of a project that the Arizona Supreme Court has, as of April 26, 1978, upheld the constitutionality of the 1977 law permitting the transfer of groundwater within and from critical groundwater areas. I recently checked this out, and it means exactly what it has stated.

I am now in the process of assembling all the materials necessary to put an agricultural operation together in the same area that has several sections. On this land we hope to grow four agricultural products, alfalfa, hay, short-staple cotton, and grains, and also have irrigated pasture. We want to use a high protein type seed, mostly Trudon 8, on the irrigated pasture. This seed can be purchased from Northrup-King growers who have an office at 4802 South 40th Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

I presently live in Sun City with my wife Clarabelle. My son Kirk Mathew and my daughter Donna Dean have presented us with seven grandchildren.

IONA MARKS SWAPP

BLUE, ARIZONA

Samuel Jones was born in Virginia in September 1756. He married Nancy Wilmouth and they had eleven children. Samuel died in Morgan County, Illinois in 1839.

Samuel's third son, Lewis Westland Jones, Sr., was also born in Virginia, April 1784, before his family moved to Morgan County, Illinois. Lewis married Fannie Bobbitt and they had eight children.

Lewis's fifth child was Lewis Moreland, Jr. He was born in Christian County, Kentucky. He went to Texas, married Elizabeth McCord Lingle of Fullblood, Texas, and they had fourteen children. Lewis died in November 1895 and is buried at Smith Field, Texas.

The eighth child of Elizabeth and Lewis, James Henry Jones, was born November 26, 1856 at Birdwell, Texas. Later on, the people on the Blue River would come to know him as Henry. James and his brother, Samuel Lafagett who was just younger than Henry, went West about 1875. They took a few cattle branded with the family brands of LWJ and V-A and, via Lincoln County, New Mexico, they finally settled in Magdalena, New Mexico in 1880.

In 1891 they continued on to the upper Blue River country, then in Graham County, Arizona, to the Horseshoe Ranch, later known as the Bob Cat Ranger Station, which was at the forks of the Blue River. Here Henry started the WY brand, marrying Mary Keahey in 1895. Samuel ran the BR brand.

About 1903 Samuel moved back to Magdalena, but Henry moved down and

homesteaded what became the Jones ranch. The ranch has been in the Jones family for 86 years.

When Henry and Mary were married, she had one son, Lee, by Arthur Haines and one daughter, Myrtle Beasley, by John Beasley (former marriages). Mary and Henry had eight children, all born at the WY Ranch in Blue River country.

In addition to their ranch operations, Mary and Henry Jones had a store from 1902 to 1931. Henry hauled the supplies in by wagon from Magdalena, New Mexico, a trip of over two hundred miles from Blue. Later he hauled the supplies from Holbrook, Arizona, a somewhat shorter distance. Also, Mary was postmistress of the Blue Post Office, which was located in the store from 1905 until the closing of the store.

Henry passed away on November 26, 1926, but Mary and her family continued to run the store until 1931.

Their oldest son, Albert L., helped his parents at the ranch and was also a very successful government and state hunter and trapper. Albert married Margaret Jane Rogers. When he retired from the government hunting position, they went to Nevada City, California and went into the bee business, producing honey.

Albert's brother-in-law, Bill Castro, married Albert's setpsister, Myrtle Beasley. Bill also was a good trapper of coyotes and wolves.

Iona May was born February 22, 1898. She married Dave Scott Marks, a forest ranger on the Coronado and Apache forests. After he passed away, Iona married Melvin Swapp, a rancher at Luna, New Mexico where they lived until his death. Iona then moved back to Blue River where she passed away February 9, 1980 and is buried in the cemetery with her

parents.

Iona and Dave Scott had three boys and one girl. Their son Bill and his wife Elaine took the Jones ranch. Bill passed away, but Elaine and her family still run the ranch, and the WY brand is still being used. This is one of the many ranches on Blue River that has remained in the same family to this day.

James Henry Jones, Jr. married Elsie Baker. He also was a hunter and trapper. They later moved to Willcox, Arizona where he drove a bus on a stage line. He died in 1973.

Franklin Jerry married Bonnie Bay Allen, and at last reports they were living in Montesano, Washington. Paul Jones also married and lived in California, but he passed away March 12, 1979.

Of the remaining children of Mary and Henry, Baby Jones died in infancy and Catherine and Willie Jones both died young.

Mary and James Henry Jones and their families have been a part of the Blue River, Arizona community these many years. Good, substantial, and respected citizens, they have contributed much in making their country and ours a much better place to live.

KITTIE COSPER POTTER.

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

In 1768 Henryck Gasper and his wife sailed to this New World. For reasons only an immigration officer can comprehend, he became known thereafter as Henrick Cosper. Since that time his descendants have multiplied, making places for themselves across the country. So this history of Arizona's Kittie Cosper Potter is not just *her* history, but also the history of many of her paternal relatives.

Kittie Cosper, the ninth child and fourth and youngest daughter of Toles and Lou Ella, was born on the Blue the day after Christmas in 1901. She grew up on the Blue. In 1921, on Christmas Day, she married Lloyd Vernon Potter in Tucson. Part of the time they lived in Lloyd's parent's house, up the creek a few miles from Clifton. Around 1975, the First National Bank had a picture of that house on one of its calendars. Kittie's family were cattle people and Lloyd's family were mining people. Both families were pioneers in young Arizona.

For many years Kittie was the County Treasurer of Greenlee County. In fact, she has been retired only a little while. Lloyd was born on October 19, 1895 in Silver City, New Mexico. They have two daughters, June and Barbara.

One account says when the ship carrying Henryck Gasper and his wife sailed from Germany, it was bound for Nova Scotia but was blown off course. At any rate, they landed in South Carolina in the spring of 1768. These people were known as the "German Palatines" or "Poor German Protestants." They were given land in Edgefield County on Hard Labor Creek. Thus began Kittie Cosper Potter's great-great-grandfather's new

life in this new country.

The story handed down from generation to generation is that Henryck fought a duel with a noble of some sort over the affections of a lady. He killed the nobleman and won the lady, who became his wife, but the action necessitated a hasty migration. The name of the lady has never been located in the records.

From the *Council Journals for South Carolina* appears this: "Arriving from Germany, Henrick Gasper, and allowed for his arrival . . . 100 acres land . . . in Hillsborough Township on 12 September, 1768." This land was in upper Edgefield County along the Abbeville County border. The state of Georgia is on the west.

The unexplained name change of Henrick Cosper resulted in a heritage loss for him, because in Germany if a person's name has been changed, his inheritance automatically goes to the state--or so it did at that time. The law governing name changes as it affects one's inheritance may be different now.

So far, no records of participation in the Revolutionary War have been found, but then, Henrick was in America only eight years when war was declared on England, so he may not have been involved in the fighting.

The Cosper family was of the Lutheran faith, and since Lutheran pastors were not in abundance, nor were Lutheran congregations, the Cospers came under the spell of Bishop Asbury, a circuit-riding Methodist minister, and were converted to Methodism.

Henrick Cosper and his wife had three sons and two daughters; not a very large family for those times. Their son, the Rev. George Henry

Cosper who was ordained by Bishop Asbury, went into Georgia to minister to the Indians and also became involved in land speculation. This man was said to stand over six feet tall and to weigh around 300 pounds. Very few, if any, Arizona Cospers have inherited his physical traits.

Rev. Cosper married Martha Elizabeth Knapp (or possibly Knopp or Knab). She was with some German settlers who had come to Abbeville County, South Carolina in 1864. She never did learn to speak the English language. If any of the present-day Cospers speak German, they either learned it in school or from someone else, not from any Cosper ancestor.

Rev. Cosper founded a number of churches, but after first going to Georgia, he finally settled in Randolph County, near Graham, Alabama. He and his wife, Martha Elizabeth, are both buried in the churchyard there, as well as many Cosper relatives. A great many Cospers still live in that area, and every year there is a large Cosper reunion in that same churchyard.

A great many Cospers from Alabama fought in the Civil War. Some of them died in combat, some died of diseases or infections, but others returned home. Some of those Cospers were over fifty years of age at that time, others as young as fifteen.

Either a brother or cousin of Henryck Gasper came to Pennsylvania in 1754. Their name had been changed to Cosper, also. They settled in the northern part of the colonial states and then fought for the North in the Civil War. One wonders whether the Northern Cospers and the Southern Cospers knew they were fighting against each other in that War Between the States.

Prior to the Civil War, the Alabama Cospers had been rather well-off financially. They owned quite a few plantations, factories, and slaves. The devastation that swept the South at that time affected this family in a very disastrous way.

Twice they started for Texas. The first time the Mississippi River was so flooded it was impossible to even approach it. Finally, during the years 1869-70 their emigration from Alabama was successful.

Of the large family born to Rev. George Henry and Martha Elizabeth, three of the sons were the Rev. Joel Henry Cosper, Hampton Harmon Cosper, and James Glenn Cosper. It was the Rev. Joel Henry Cosper with his wife, Mary Eliza Bagby Cosper, and two children, son D. Benjamin F. and daughter Tennessee, who led the successful migration. Rev. Joel and his family settled in Bell County, Texas. He and his wife had many more children. After Mary Eliza died the Reverend married again, and it is believed, five more children were born.

Although he never came to Arizona, some of his descendants later moved here and live in Phoenix, Mesa, Tucson, and Douglas. More information about this branch of Cospers can be found in the book written by Willie Zell Ray Hunt, Route 3, Killeen, Texas.

Hampton Harmon Cosper, brother to the Rev. Joel Henry Cosper, came to Arizona and settled in the Willcox area. He and two of his sons, Freeman T. and Sylvester Swope, were teamsters hauling freight between Willcox and Globe. On or about February 8, 1889 while hauling freight near Globe, an Indian by the name of Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an shot and killed Freeman Cosper and stole his gun, then escaped by horseback. The coroner's inquest and the trial of the Indian are recorded in the Gila

County Courthouse in Globe (Case No. 129).

Hampton Cospers returned to Texas after the death of his son, but some of his children stayed in Arizona. One of his descendants is Rex Allen, the cowboy singer. Another, Lola Clarke, lives in the town of Roosevelt near Roosevelt Lake. She grew up in Virden, New Mexico and is researching that branch of the Cospers family.

This brings us to the third son of Rev. George Henry Cospers, James Glenn, who was in the final Cospers migration from Alabama to Texas in 1869-70 along with his brothers the Rev. Joel Henry and Hampton Harmon.

James and his wife, Sarah Caroline Tendall (or Tindall), came to Texas and later moved on to Luna, New Mexico. He had been fifty years old when he fought in the Civil War; his oldest son George Henry also fought in the war. James died before the family moved to Arizona, but his wife Sarah lived into the 1900s in Duncan, Arizona, where she is buried. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren remember her as a white-haired little lady who sat in a rocking chair smoking a corn-cob pipe.

All of their children had been born in Alabama and all of them moved to Texas in the Cospers train of 1869-70. They had four sons and two daughters. The four sons came to Arizona. The oldest son, George Henry Cospers, and his wife, Mary Jane Johnson, and one daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, came to Texas in 1869-70. Mary Jane's family was distantly related to Lyndon Johnson's family. By the time they came to Arizona and settled in Duncan, there were many more children. This family was originally of the Methodist faith but many descendants have embraced other faiths.

George and Mary Jane's son Edward (Uncle Ed, as he was known in

Duncan) married Azzlee Carmichael in Texas. Aunt Azzlee was a native of Texas. They were also Methodists.

The following narrative was written in 1938.

The Story of James Edward Cosper

I was born in Randolph County, Alabama, December 2, 1852. Nine years before the Civil War.

I well remember the first soldiers that left our county. There were two companies. The captain of one company was a Methodist preacher named Smith, and the captain of the other company was a Baptist preacher named Robison. I have often wondered just what kind of soldiers they made; they should have been good soldiers, for both were very fine men. Two hundred fine young men went from our county, but very few of them ever returned.

My brother, George Cosper, who was just seventeen at the time he enlisted, marched in Captain (Preacher) Smith's company. He was one of the few who were lucky enough to go all through that war without a scratch. He had only two furloughs during the entire war. He was with General Robert E. Lee at the battle of Gettysburg, and also at Shiloh. He died in the year 1920, at the age of 77, and is buried at Duncan, Arizona.

My cousin, Willie Cosper, a Confederate Soldier, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, and cousins Buck and Francis Cosper, brothers and Confederates, were both killed in the battle of Shiloh.

My son, James E. Cosper, Jr., was a Spanish-American War Veteran. He died in 1923, and is buried at Duncan, Arizona.

"Lady Luck" seemed to ride with members of the Cospers family in the World War. I had three grandsons, and numerous nephews and second cousins, who crossed the "Big Pond" in 1917, and all came home safe and sound.

General Grant, leader of the Federal Army, may never have become President of the United States had General Lee been able to foresee *his* chance in the battle of Shilo.

Brother George told me that the battle took place at daybreak, in a big bend on the banks of the Tennessee River; the fighting continued all day, all night, and into the next morning. The Confederates were being slaughtered by the hundreds, but they were getting a little the best of it at that. Then General Albert Sidney Johnson fell under the Federals' mighty gunfire and General Grant ordered his men to "stack arms."

The Federals had just stacked their arms when 40,000 reinforcements began swarming across the river. It took them all the rest of that day and night to get that great army of reinforcements across the river. And eight years later, General Grant became President of the United States.

The year I was seventeen, 1869, my father decided to move west, so we started in covered wagons pulled by oxen. These oxen were short horned, short bodied, and very strong. They could out-pull and out-last any I ever saw.

I remember well my mother's iron kettle, a 30-gallon iron pot that had been in our family since it was bought in 1820 in Charleston, South Carolina. Naturally, Mother had to bring that pot along! We had to unload the blamed thing every time we camped--there just wasn't any

place we could put that pesky thing so it wouldn't be in the way--we couldn't pack it full of stuff and leave it that way, for Mother had to use it. Finally we put the supply of fresh meat in it and that worked fine! So it wasn't so much bother after that.

My brother, Toles, still has that pot, at his ranch up on Blue River. Some trip for an iron pot. All the way from South Carolina, to Alabama, Texas, and Arizona. That pot is now 118 years old and as good and useful as it ever was; and about as much trouble to the family, too, I allow. The older members still prize it and the younger ones hate it as much as I did when I was a kid.

(Note: That pot was to go to the youngest child of Toles, and that was his son Tommy. Tommy took the pot with him to a place he had bought in northern California. After his death, the property was sold and the pot remained there.)

We stopped in Ruck County, Texas, and made a crop. There I met Miss Azzlee Carmichael, and we were married April 27, 1871.

On the first day of May, we left for further west, stopping in the southwestern part of Bosque County, which was new country then, and out on the extreme frontier.

We had to go into the timber and cut post oak logs for material to build our cabin. Fourteen feet was about as long as we could get a log; then the logs had to be sawed down with a broad-ax to prepare them for the walls. We cut the best-looking trees for boards for the roof, and dressed them down. We had dirt floors.

Our first two children were born in that cabin with the dirt floors. It was 150 miles to the nearest sawmill, and we didn't have money to buy

lumber for the floors--or for any other purpose, as to that matter. We had to do with what we had at hand.

The two children I speak of being born in that cabin now have good homes of their own with every modern convenience: victrolas, radios, frigidaire, fine oil-burning cook stoves, fine automobiles to ride in, and they are not rich, either. The very poorest have these things nowadays.

Back in the frontier days, we didn't have cook stoves of any kind. Cooking was done over an open fireplace, and the grub was awfully good: beef, corn pone, strong coffee, and plenty of milk and fresh butter and eggs, and fried chicken, with now and then a venison roast, bear steak or roast wild turkey, or maybe a big mess of brook perch or catfish thrown in for good measure.

We settled close to the cattle trail, when the big herds were being driven to Kansas City and other markets. For two months in the spring, every day from three to four thousand cattle to the herd could be seen passing our place. In ten years, from 1867 to 1877, fully ten million cattle were driven north out of Texas, and the drivers brought back over \$100 million in gold to Texas.

As soon as the country began to settle up and we began to feel cramped, we went still further west and settled in Taylor County, close to Buffalo Gap which was the county seat then. That was three years before the railroad came through and the town of Abilene was built.

And by the way, Buffalo Gap is where our present beloved Governor R. C. Stanford (of Arizona) was born. I knew his father well. I went to see our governor last spring, and told him how he had grown since I

saw him last.

Fifty-one years ago we came to Arizona, we four brothers with our families. My youngest brother, John, was still single, and my next youngest brother, Toles, had just married. Now there are over two hundred descendants, nearly all of them live in Arizona. I told Governor Stanford that as far as I knew they all voted for him, for as you know, where we come from, Democrats, they say, grow on trees. Anyway, I think we have a fine governor.

When we came here in 1887, there wasn't much of Duncan. There was one store, a saloon, one blacksmith shop, and maybe half-a-dozen resident houses. I visited the Duncan school in 1893 and there were only five pupils; a Miss Olney was the teacher. Now the Duncan school has two big, fine buildings which cost from \$40 thousand to \$50 thousand each, with school buses to bring the some six to seven hundred pupils in from the outlying country districts over fine, paved roads everywhere.

At first our roads were very poor; mere cattle trails. When we went to Solomonville or Safford it took from three to five days to make the trip, if the Indians didn't get us. Now we make that trip in less than half a day and have plenty of time for shopping and visiting.

My wife and I were coming from Solomonville in November 1894, and we camped for the night about six miles west of Ash Peak. The very next day, between sundown and dark, a Mr. Merrill and his daughter were killed at that spot by Indians who were lying in ambush. Mr. J. L. T. Waters, who still lives in Duncan, came along shortly after. The daughter was still alive. He put a quilt under her and over her, and hurried to Duncan to give the alarm. There was a big dance going on in Duncan

that night when Mr. Waters gave the alarm, and soon a large party of men were on the trail of the Indians, but did not overtake them. It was supposed to have been the Apache Kid, a half-breed, and his renegades who had killed another man and woman near the same spot two years before.

I had a cousin killed by Indians near Globe, Arizona, in February 1889. I have been lucky myself, living all down through the frontier of Texas and in the early days of Arizona, and somehow I have missed the Indians, or they have missed me. But I have been in some mighty tight places where I didn't know what might happen next. But I have been spared.

I am now eighty-five years old. I am hale and hearty; I never used tobacco, never used profane language, never gambled, don't drink, and never danced a set in my life. I don't know *what* I am good for!

I lost my companion almost two years ago. We had been together sixty-five years and five months, and raised a family of eleven children to manhood and womanhood; eight are still living. I have been a member of the Methodist Church sixty-four years. I have crossed the plains of Texas five times when it was one hundred miles to water. There are only three people now living in Duncan who were here when we came here.

Respectfully yours,

Uncle Ed Cospers (1938)

John Caston Cospers, the youngest of James' sons, didn't marry until they were in Arizona. They had two daughters, Bessie and Mildred. They lived on the Blue. Later, Uncle John sold his ranch to Ed Cole who died

at the age of eighty-six. Later, Uncle John and Mary were divorced and he moved to Eagle Creek.

Bessie married Howard Fileman and Mildred married Fred Johnson. Bessie and Howard's children are Harold, Jody, and Olive "Babe" McEwan; she lives in Safford.

Mildred and Fred had two children, Bradford and Chloe. Some years later Mildred married Casey Jones and moved away from Eagle Creek. Brad and his wife Lola have just recently purchased a ranch on or near Eagle Creek. Chloe and her husband, Jack Etter, live on the Casey Jones ranch near Mayer, Arizona. Mildred now lives in a rest home in Phoenix.

Joseph Hampton "Toles" Cospers was the third son of James Glenn and Sarah Caroline. Toles married Lou Ella Flanagan in Merkel, Texas on January 22, 1885. Toles had been born in Randolph County, Alabama on July 31, 1857, and Lou Ella was born in Rome, Georgia, December 7, 1865. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister.

The first six of their ten children were born in New Mexico--Effie, Etta, DeWitt, Lula, Jimmy, and Johnny. Wayne was the first to be born on the Blue. The next child, Clifton "Babe," was born in Clifton, and Kittie Cospers Potter and Tommy were born on the Blue. Babe was the only one who was born with the help of a doctor.

In October 1969 James A. Cospers recalled some of the "background and color of one of four brothers," that of his father, Toles Cospers. The following is Jimmy's narrative.

Highlights of the Cospers Family Migration to Arizona

Four brothers, three married (George, Ed, and Toles) and one single (John), left Abilene, Texas in covered wagons in the spring of 1886 and landed in Magdalena, New Mexico that fall and settled there. They were there for about two years and Toles' first child, Effie, was born there and George's first child was also born then. In about a year George and Ed moved to Duncan, Arizona and settled there, taking up farms. Toles and John stayed in Magdalena for about another year and then they moved to Luna, New Mexico and settled there. All the while, they had this little herd of cattle they came along with, a few head of cattle. Toles was working for an old fellow in Texas and ran the outfit for him for a couple of years or so, and he branded them Y-Y. Then Toles got out of Texas into New Mexico, and he started the brand and kept it up as long as he lived; Fred Fritz runs the brand now.

They were in Luna for a couple of years. Toles was made Justice of the Peace and ran cattle there all the while. John worked for different outfits around, including an English outfit with thousands of cattle carrying the VT brand. Toles worked for an outfit that branded JTH, and they went out of business. Toles and Bill Lee (no relation to the Mormon Lees) gathered the remnants (four to five hundred head) and sold them to a fellow over west of there during that cattle and sheep war they had in there. They came off into a ranch. Before they came to the ranch, they held the cattle up three or four miles up on a big mesa or prairie. Toles went ahead to see if they could get through and as he pulled up at this ranch, there were two men hanging on a cottonwood tree. He rode on down to the ranch. There were twenty or thirty men around

there, cattlemen. He told them his business and that he'd like to go on through. So they told him that was all right, to go right ahead. So he went ahead and delivered his cattle and went back to Luna.

Toles moved down on the Blue the next spring. He settled on a place way up there and stayed there a year or two and moved back to Luna. He stayed there a little while and moved to Duncan for a year. Then he and George Martin went in partners and bought cows and settled on Pine Cienega on the Harden Creek in the Mule Creek country. They were there about a year or so and then divided their cattle and Toles went back to Luna Valley. He was there a year or less, and moved back to the Blue on this first place he had settled. He was there awhile and then bought this old ranch from the Graham brothers, George and Cat. The Grahams gathered their cattle out and moved to Alma, New Mexico. Toles and George had a few cows which they moved into there and just kept building up. There were a lot of wild cattle in the country. There was an outfit that had thousands of cattle and they branded a big Y on each shoulder and they called it the Y. Toles and a fellow by the name of Bill Jackson bought that remnant after they went out of business and they gathered on them for three or four years; gathered a lot of them, and they both got a pretty good little start from that Y remnant. That was in about 1896 or 1897 when they bought the place. It was in 1897 when Toles bought the Y-Y ranch, and he bought this remnant before he bought the ranch. He was there from then on.

In 1912 when Greenlee County was cut off of Graham County, Toles and Frank Billings and Judge Wilkerson (?) were elected as Supervisors, the first elected in Greenlee County. They built a courthouse in 1912,

at least it was started that year.

Toles was a great hunter and had an old 42-70 that he killed a lot of bear with, and deer. And when these Winchesters came out, the 30-40, he got one of those. He killed one bear that got up on the horse behind him, got the cantle of the saddle and pulled all the leather off of it. It cut the horse's hip pretty badly. He got away from that one, got out there and got his rifle and killed the old bear. And another time, DeWitt, Johnny, and Jim and Frank Balke were with him. They were just kids. Frank and DeWitt were probably eighteen years old. DeWitt, Johnny, and Jim were down under the hill and Frank and Toles on top of the ridge. DeWitt, Johnny, and Jim scared a bear off of a cow that he had killed and he went right up to Frank and Toles. Toles jumped off his horse and started shooting at the bear. He wounded him and he was charging, fighting and trying to get to them. Frank Balke would run between Toles and the bear while Toles was reloading, and the bear almost got ahold of Frank a couple of times. Toles got his gun reloaded and finally killed the old bear. By the time he got him killed, DeWitt, Jim, and Johnny were up there. Those were about the two narrowest escapes he ever had, although he killed several grizzly bears after that.

Question: Do you know if he ever killed a Merriam's elk?

Answer: When he first came to this country, there were elk. He killed elk up on that White Mountain at the head of the Blue. There was a place up there in the head of Foote Creek called Potholes. He and a neighbor camped there a lot on the roundups. There were elk in there and he killed elk in there, several different elk. But they just disappeared all of the sudden. I guess they were killed out, I don't know.

It doesn't seem likely that they were just killed out--not so suddenly. Some cow disease or something must have gotten to them. It was just over a period of a year or two that they all vanished from the scene. He killed mountain lions and bear. They were quite a problem in those days--they killed lots of stock. But all the cowmen had lots of cattle --they could afford it. And the horses--every rancher had a bunch of mares and tried to raise his own horses, but the lions killed 75 percent of the colts. You could very seldom raise a colt. Toles built bear pens and caught a lot of them that way, lots of bears and lions both, in those pens. They built a log cabin about four feet high with a drop door in it. Turkey and deer, goodness knows how many of them were killed. Of course, there were no game laws in those days. When they finally passed the law for the closed season on the deer and all the game, there was an open season for thirty days and you were allowed two deer, two bucks. Every fall there would be a bunch of guys from Clifton, businessmen, doctors and whatnot, would come out to Toles' ranch and take twelve, fourteen, or sixteen pack mules and load them and a dozen men would take off on a hunt. They would put in most of the thirty days out in camp, hunting, kill the deer and pack them in to the ranch and hang them up.

Q: Mule deer or whitetail up there then?

A: Whitetail. There were a bunch of mule deer; up on Bear Mountain there were mule deer and on further up around Potholes and on top of the mountain, that middle mountain in Beaver Creek. In all that country, there were a lot of mule deer. But down in the Blue, there was no such thing as a mule deer in those days. Over in the Alma Mesa

country there were a lot of them, that's where they got into the Blue from.

Q: How big an outfit was Y-Y when it was at its peak? How many cattle were they branding?

A: They had about six thousand cattle. They must have had three hundred sections of country or more. They had all the Blue Range from KP to Blue and from the New Mexico line over to Rose Peak along that divide there. Lots of country. It doesn't seem reasonable, but it seems that there was as much grass in those days when it was carrying that many cattle as there is now. They just trampled it out, so many cattle, they just killed the grass out for several years.

Q: What outfits neighbored Toles?

A: Charley Thomas' Flying Diamond outfit on the north, McKean's HU on the east, XXX and AD on the south, and on the west was the 4 (Four Drag) outfit. All big outfits. The XXX and AD were the smallest two. The others had from four to seven thousand cattle; the XXX had about twenty-five hundred head of cattle, and the AD had about five hundred.

Q: Toles enjoyed quite a reputation as a fiddler, didn't he?

A: He was one of those old breakdown fiddlers, one of the best, I guess. He played for many, many dances up in Luna Valley.

Q: What kind of fiddle was it, do you know?

A: The first fiddle he had was an old fiddle when he got it and he got it when he was about twelve or thirteen years old. It's been in the family for over a hundred years. Couldn't read the make of it, but on the back it has "Ole Bull" stamped on it and inside of it is a little tag with the name, make of it. He had two good fiddles, one was a

Stradivarius. Babe has both of them now. (Ed. note: Cleo, DeWitt's daughter, has the Stradivarius. It was given to her when Toles died. It is still in the beat-up old case that it came in. It needs a new bow and something to keep the strings from slipping out of tune. She has had it worked on once, but it still needs a new bow!)

Q: Heard a lot about the parties and dances Toles used to throw, down on the Blue at Y-Y Ranch.

A: He had people ride from Duncan up there, horseback, ninety miles or more. They came from all over: Halliman, Eagle, Luna, Alpine, Springerville. They used to come in flocks. Sometimes they would dance for two or three nights straight. They would have little rodeos.

Q: He'd bring in outside music, too, wouldn't he?

A: There was an orchestra from Clifton--five Spaniards--and they were good, too. He'd get them up there. They would dance from sundown to sunup, sleep part of the day, and get up and eat and go rodeo or start dancing again. And of all the parties that were there, I never knew anyone to get out of line. I never knew a quarrel, even, from any of them. There would be a hundred people there, sometimes. He'd feed them all and bed them down; usually find beds for at least part of the women and kids. During the daytime, the men would get out in shade or sun, whichever they wanted, and stretch out and sleep.

Q: Did he maintain a school, too?

A: Yes, he had a school. The county paid the teachers.

Q: Have any trouble keeping teachers?

A: No, no trouble in getting them and no trouble in keeping them. He got teachers, one from Kentucky, one from Ohio, and the rest of them

were maybe Arizona or New Mexico natives from not far away. But those two came from a long way--the two young women.

Q: Have any trouble with discipline? All you big, old roughneck boys?

A: No, they didn't. Oh, I played a little hookey once in awhile.

Q: How many grades? Eight grades?

A: Yes.

Q: What about the disastrous flood of 1904, 1905, and 1906, do you remember that?

A: Yes, I remember the 1904 flood very well. My dad (Toles) and the fellow who was working for him, Johnny Chapman, took a bunch of butcher cattle to Clifton in December, not long before Christmas. It started raining on us the day we delivered the cattle. We stayed in Clifton one or two days; had a bunch of pack mules and loaded those mules down with groceries and Christmas things, mostly, and started back. The river was up then, pretty high, and we had to come over the hill. We camped one night, probably the second night, right over from Pigeon up on top of a hill there on Cedar Creek. We got up the next morning and my dad said, "Boys, I don't believe we can make it; I don't know whether we can get across Pigeon or not." You could hear it roaring. So, we walked, maybe half a mile or not that far, out on the rim of that hill there and looked, and Pigeon was a river. We walked on down toward the mouth of the canyon and looked off in the Blue, and you could see lots of cottonwood trees and sycamore and all kinds of trees--great big old trees--going down end over end. There was a lot of timber on this creek then. We stayed there three days. It rained day and

night until the third afternoon, it quit raining and the next morning Pigeon was down quite a bit. We packed up and crossed Pigeon. It took us all day to get to the XXX from there. You can't imagine! The old mules were bogging that deep, just couldn't hardly navigate. We got into the XXX that evening pretty late and there was no one there. The Fritz family was waterbound in Clifton. We stayed all night, packed up the next morning and came out up Baldy and camped at the fork of Bull Creek that night. The next day we packed up and went into the ranch. It didn't look like the same place, at all. Out in front of the creek was a big bottom with timber on it--a pretty stream down there. There wasn't a tree left on that flat; it took them all. Dad had some big corrals there--there was no sign of a corral or nothing.

Q: Did it wash away any houses?

A: No, I don't think it got any houses. Uncle John was there at the ranch while we were gone--he was the only man. The boys were there, DeWitt and the other boys, and my mother. They had a cellar out back of the house, dug back in the hill. They filled that cellar up with the furniture and everything. The most valuable parts of the household went into that cellar because the water was slopping up onto the porch of the house. This never happened before or since. That was a bad one.

Q: That changed the character of Blue River forever, I guess?

A: Yes, it did. It will never be the same again. It was a good road all the way down there. The pass was all covered with timber and the road was cut out through the timber. It was a pretty drive from here to Clifton. And the creek was just a narrow channel that would go off and out on the other side. My dad would hook up the buggy and leave

the ranch up there and trot down to Clifton in forty-five minutes or an hour. The only place you slowed down was going off the bank, crossing that creek channel.

Q: Were there fish in it?

A: Yes, there were, on up above, from the Y-Y on up there were lots of trout.

Q: Do you recall, did they ever have any encounter with the Indians?

A: After we moved to the Y-Y (I remember that as if it happened yesterday, because I was a little kid and it scared me pink), one evening about forty soldiers rode up to the ranch and they were on the trail of the Apache Kid. He made a raid through this country and on into New Mexico and stole a bunch of horses. They were a couple of days ahead of the soldiers. They trailed them and they crossed right there at the mouth of Raspberry, maybe a mile above the ranch, and took that old trail out toward East Eagle. And they trailed them on up there and found where they camped on that little high peak up there. They put the camp on top of that peak, and it's been called Indian Peak ever since. They trailed them on into the reservation, and they never did overtake them. The soldiers came back in about three or four days, and stayed all night and camped there at the ranch again. That's the last raid that the Indians made through here. They didn't kill anyone on that raid. But I remember, it scared me when those fellows began talking about those Indians they were trailing through there, because we'd been hearing all the time about them killing these fellows along the creek here and all around. I'll never forget that; I just grabbed ahold of my

mother's apron and held on.

These two boys had worked with my dad and Uncle John for several years and they became pretty close friends, but all of a sudden those two boys quit their jobs and took off and went south. They were gone quite a little while, and one evening they rode into my dad's house, got down and said hello and visited a few minutes. My dad insisted on them staying all night, and they said no and told him that they were in trouble and the law may be on their trail. My dad told them, "Well, in that case, John has a camp--he's camped up at ELC Flat--you go up there and stay all night with him. He'll be glad to see you." So they took off--they knew all that country as well as anybody. They rode in there that evening and Uncle John was really glad to see them. They stayed all night with him, and they visited and talked over old times and where they had been, and all about it, and the next morning they got their horses and were going to leave. Uncle John insisted on them staying, and they finally told him, "You heard about the Southern Pacific train being robbed down there close to (some little town, they called the name of it). Well, we're the two that robbed it, and we don't want to be caught with any of our friends, if we are caught. The law may be on our trail and may not. We think we gave them the dodge and think we're safe from the law now, for the time being." So they each gave him a \$50 gold piece (I believe it was \$50 they gave him, each one of them), and took off heading for Montana.

Uncle John thought about that and wondered and worried, I guess, about it because he thought a lot of those two boys, and years and years after that he said, "I would just love to know what became of Hank and

(I can't think of the other fellow's name). But I believe they got clean away with the money.

Q: They must have. It would have been in the local papers if they had caught them. Is it possible some of the big cow outfits in Montana, if you could trace them back, might be Hank and that guy?

A: Might be, because they got a pretty good roll of money.

Q: I guess this upper end of the Blue and Luna was full of cross-roads a long time ago, wasn't it, from people going east or west?

A: Yes, there were a lot of the outlaws, horse thieves and, I guess, murderers and what-have-you, coming through there--coming and going, both ways, for that matter--and there was seldom ever one of them picked up. They had no communication of any kind then; it would take a month to get the word scattered around, so they had a good chance of getting away. There's some fiction to it; it isn't all true. They don't get the dope correct, I don't believe. It's all exaggerated.

I read one about these Smith boys, the Hill brothers, George Hill and his bunch, and it's entirely exaggerated. 'Way big. It gave those boys the name of being outlaws and criminals and horse thieves and everything else, and they weren't. They were good boys. They killed those officers up on Black River. The older one, Bill, had stolen horses somewhere or another, or two, or maybe a bunch of them. These other boys, Floyd and George and Al, they were all good boys, all good citizens. Those boys were good boys; they didn't bother anyone.

They were up there hunting and fishing, camped there on Black River, and the officers got word of it. There was a United States marshal and four or five officers, sheriff and deputies, and they slipped

in there and they all got up the hill from their camp. There were a lot of big old boulders, and they slipped in there. The boys had been out hunting that day and killed a bear. George was just a big old boy-- eighteen or nineteen, or somewhere along there--and they were cooking supper and they had an old hound or two and one of the old hounds smelled these men up there, these officers, and he went off that way with his nose up. Bill told George, "Take the gun and slip out there and you'll kill you a bear." So he took his gun and started off out there and the officers opened up on him. He fell behind a tree; they shot him through the heel. Bill and Al got their guns and got behind the trees. The officers were shooting as fast as they could down through there, and every time one of them would pull his head up over the rock, one of the boys got him. They killed four of them: the marshal, the sheriff, and two deputies. It was getting pretty late in the evening and they stayed hid out there 'til it was dark and they took off afoot.

And their mother, she was a nice old lady, a good old lady, but she was tougher than an old boot when you'd get her stirred up, I guess. They said she was. She lived away up on the Blue there, and she visited a lot with my mother. She would come down there and stay a few days and go back--lonely old thing, and she didn't know where they were.

The one or two officers that had escaped the boys that night went on into Springerville and got a posse and got out there and got on the trail, but they couldn't trail them, they were walking. They headed east and they came into the ranch. These boys' mother had been there at the ranch the night before, had stayed there the night before. These officers found it out on the way down and they came down--they knew my

dad, all of them knew my dad--and they told him what they were after. It was the first Dad had heard about it. "No," he said, "boys, they're not here and haven't been." The officers said, "Well, their mother was here last night, and we think the boys were and you know where they are." And they argued awhile and my dad got mad and he told them, "Just get going. I'm not protecting those boys. They haven't been here. So, you fellows just get on your way and leave me alone." But they surrounded the place and watched until the next day. They saw that they were losing time and they took off.

The boys crossed the creek up above the ranch and went there, and the HU, McKean's outfit, was camped at Bear Valley. This Bill Castro, that old government trapper, I read an article he wrote about that and he said that he and someone else met these boys away up there from camp and told them, "You go on down to camp. Hugh's down there (that's a McKean) and a bunch of the boys. They'll be in camp by the time you get there. Go on down." So they went down there. That's his story. And he wasn't even in the outfit--he wasn't even there.

I've heard George Balke and old man Bill Moore, who knew McKean, talk about it more than one time and tell that story. Those boys got up in the timber, close to camp, and watched until it began to get dark, to see that there weren't some strangers there. They knew all the old boys so they walked into there and told McKean what they'd done, and said, "We want horses and we want saddles--the best ones you have, the best horses. And we'll pay you for them or we'll send them back as soon as we can get some more. If we can't get them one way, we'll take them another." So McKean told them, "Why, sure boys, we'll get you some good

horses and you can have some of these boys' saddles." So there were three of the boys who didn't have saddles. They went on the next morning--left early the next morning and went on.

But Bill Casto said that they gave him thirty dollars for his saddle and he rode bareback into Alma and went into Silver City and bought him a new one for just a few dollars more than the thirty dollars. He said his old saddle wasn't worth ten dollars, but they gave him thirty for it.

These boys went on and several days later McKean got his horses back, and saddles. They didn't know where they got other horses and saddles, or how, but they got these horses back to McKean. And they went on. And years later they got George (they never did do anything with him--they couldn't even convict him), and Bill and Al were never heard of, as far as anybody knows, up until now, that is.

When George had the Clifton Hotel, Bill came in there under another name--he was an old man then. He stayed around there about a week and George and his wife went to El Paso on a visit for some reason. Walt Thorn and Bill Hill were left there, and while George and his wife were gone the hotel burned. Bill hung around awhile and then he left. Walt Thorn told me this, that nobody else knew it then and not many know it now, but he knew it then and he told me that it was Bill Hill, George's brother, under another name.

George would trust Walt Thorn anywhere and anytime, just like I would. If I were going to rob a bank or murder somebody and had to have somebody to help me, I'd go get Walt Thorn. He would never say anything. They might hang him, but he wouldn't talk. And they made it known to

Walt that it was his brother, and knew Walt wouldn't say anything. And he didn't. Walt didn't say anything about it until George and the whole outfit were dead before he ever mentioned it to me. He told me, and I don't know whether he ever told anybody else or not.

James A. Cospers, October 1969

James A. Cospers died in April 1980. He was an intelligent, good, gentle, hardworking, honest cowman and worked punching cows until he was badly burned in an accident about a year and a half prior to his death.

For the past three years the present generation Cospers (sons and daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren) and many relatives and friends have gathered for a reunion at the summer grazing range of Toles called KP Cienaga in the Blue Range Mountains, where many stories and fond memories of the past are exchanged.

In 1981 a beautiful bronze plaque inscribed and dedicated to the memory of Toles and Lou Ella Cospers was mounted on a stone and placed permanently in the cienaga in lasting memory of those great pioneers. The inscription reads:

Y-Y RANCH HEADQUARTERS

THIS SITE WAS ONCE THE SUMMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE Y-Y CATTLE COMPANY, OWNED FROM 1887 TO 1927 BY TOLES AND LOU ELLA COSPER, WHO WERE MOLDED BY THE LAND THEY LOVED AND THE WORK THEY DID.

WE, THEIR DESCENDANTS, DEDICATE THIS SITE IN LOVING MEMORY.

JUNE, 1979

A Tribute to Joseph Hampton Toles Cosper

The story of Toles Cosper began when he was born on July 31, 1857. After the Civil War, with their lands gone or depleted, many of the Cospers had begun a western migration by covered wagon, hoping to find richer lands by moving on from Alabama into Texas. As a young man Toles worked and ran a cattle outfit for an old man in Texas. There he met and married Lou Ella Flanagan in Merkel, Texas, on January 22, 1885.

Lou Ella was born in Rome, Georgia on December 7, 1865. Her father was Rev. John Flanagan, a Methodist minister. Her mother died when she was about nine, and the family moved to Texas when she was about twelve. She had one sister, Sally, and two brothers, John and Jim. Lou Ella was a kind lady and a very hardworking person who used to say that she wouldn't know if there were a city or a wheat field on the hill behind the house because she never did get that far away!

Toles and Lou Ella lived in Abilene until the spring of 1886 when they left by covered wagon with a small herd of cattle which Toles had branded Y-Y (Y—Y), the first of the famous Y-bar brands. They moved to Magdalena, New Mexico in the fall, where they lived for about two years. Their first child, Effie, was born in Magdalena on July 28, 1886.

From Magdalena they moved to Luna, New Mexico, where Toles and a friend gathered remnants of a cattle outfit which had gone out of business, keeping the Y-Y brand. While living in Luna, Toles began his long career of community leadership and contribution to the betterment of his fellow man. He was sheriff, justice of the peace, and constable, and had run-ins with outlaws, performed marriages and other duties as required, as well as doing deeds beyond the call of duty.

Five more children were born to the Cospers during their years in Luna. Etta Mae, their second child, was born December 28, 1887, and was about nine or ten when the family moved to Blue, Arizona. The local residents called it living "down on the Blue" or "up on the Blue," depending on just where one lived.

Toles DeWitt was born August 1, 1889, the oldest son. He attended elementary school on the Blue, only to about the fifth grade. DeWitt was the first person to bring a car to the Blue. It was a Studebaker that he brought fifty miles up the river from Clifton. The man who sold it to him asked if he wanted him to show DeWitt how to drive; DeWitt said he'd learn to drive as he went along. Once he got up to 25 mph and thought if he didn't slow down, he'd kill himself at such a fast speed! DeWitt was a hunter and a fisherman. He also was a taxidermist as well as a trapper. One time he roped an elk and brought it into the corral at the Y-s. Needless to say, it didn't remain long. As though attached to springs, that elk was up and over that fence quicker than a blink of an eye. He also was a good storyteller and, like most Cosper men, was a fiddler.

Lou Ella, "Lula," was born on a ranch on the Escudilla Mountain near Nutrioso, Arizona on the 8th of May, 1891. She grew up on the Y-Y Ranch on the Blue and did what young ranch girls did, helped her mother with the housework. After marrying Frank Hodges, they started the VM Ranch on the Blue. For all the many years that they took their cattle to the mountain for the summer there was never a cabin there. They lived in tents--always camped out. After Frank's death in 1933, Lula ran the ranch herself and did a good job even though it was pretty

rough for a woman to run a ranch. Finally, she sold out to DeWitt and moved to Kingman. Now living near McGuireville in Yavapai County on a beautiful piece of property near a river, Lula still keeps her own house, keeps an eye on things, and makes quilts with complicated patterns, entering several in fairs where she has won ribbons.

James A., "Jimmy," was born August 19, 1893 and remembers when, in 1915, he was attending the Rubicam Business College in St. Louis and he received a telegram telling him of the chance to buy the VT Ranch from his cousin, Big Jim Cosper. Well, he took no more time than was necessary to return to Clifton and arrange for a \$12 thousand loan to make it a dream come true! Several years later he sold out to Fred Fritz, his brother-in-law, and purchased the Mallot Ranch from Cleve Miller. Within a few more years Jimmy was employed on the XXX Ranch by Fred Fritz, remaining there until a fire in the bunkhouse in 1978 resulted in his long-awaited and well-deserved retirement in Thatcher, Arizona.

Johnny, the last child born in Luna, was born April 16, 1895, and soon after, the family moved to the Blue. Probably in 1917, he married Mary Ann Filleman. Their only child, Wilbert, was born in 1918 and was only about eighteen months old when Mary Ann died. Johnny decided that his mother should raise his son, so he started out on horseback from Clifton to take Wilbert to Lou Ella at the Y-s. Naturally it took a long time to go that distance in country so rough, on a horse, and carrying a tiny baby who cried most of the way. They stopped at the VTs where brother Jimmy and his wife Katie lived at that time. Johnny asked his sister-in-law if she could find what in the world was the matter with that baby. He had been crying almost the whole way. Upon

examining the baby, Katie asked him when was the last time he had fed Wilbert. Fed him? He hadn't at all! Whereupon Katie took care of that situation and Wilbert ceased crying. Johnny lived in Clifton most of the time until a year or two ago when he went to live at the Pioneer's Home in Prescott. He is there now and looking better than he has for several years.

Once when Toles started to move his family to the Blue in Arizona, Lulu recalls, there were Indian fires all around at night, so they went back to Luna for that time. Later, a band of Indians came up the river and passed across from the house. They were dressed in gee-strings and paint. A very frightening time. DeWitt said that one time his parents put all the kids in trees when they knew the Indians were coming.

Toles had bought a place down the Blue River in 1897 where he established a home for his family and which became the Y-Y Ranch. When they first had moved to the Blue, they lived where the old Milligan place is.

Wain Wright, "Wayne," was the first of their children to be born on the Blue on August 3, 1897. Notice that originally his name was spelled W-a-i-n, but he changed it to W-a-y-n-e. He went to school on the Blue and then in Clifton in 1917-18 enrolled at Roswell New Mexico Military Institute. He came back home to the Y-Y and helped work cattle during World War I. In June 1920 he married Dollie Bray, and four years later they moved to the HU Ranch and had some cattle there. He had to sell out there, as the Forest Service crowded him. In 1928 they went to Litchfield Park while Wayne worked for the SW Cotton Company repairing houses, learning the carpenter trade, and remodeling houses in Clifton

and Safford. After working for W. A. Bechtel Company on a new smelter and mill for five years, he went into contracting, mostly remodeling houses, until he retired in 1967.

Cliff, "Babe," Cospers, the eighth child of Toles and Lou Ella, was born August 8, 1899 in Clifton, and was the first of their children to have a doctor for delivery! Babe was a very handsome boy and man, and he became a carpenter by trade. He also was a fiddler like most of the Cospers men. Babe and his wife Mauricia, whom he married in 1926, liked to go to the mountains in the summer. They often went to the 4th of July Rodeo in Springerville. After retirement they moved to Phoenix. He was helping a neighbor repair a house--doing what he liked, which was helping others--when he had a fatal heart attack. He died the 20th of October, 1976. Mauricia is now living with her sister Violet in Tempe.

The Cospers' fourth daughter, Kittie, was born in 1901 and son Tommy was born on December 22, 1903; both of the births were back on the Blue. There were seventeen years between Tommy and Effie, the youngest and the oldest of the Cospers children. Tommy married Marion McCleay and they had a ranch at KP Creek on the Blue, running cattle on the mountain at KP. However, due to asthma he had to sell out and move, and became an electrician in Clifton. After their two children were grown and married, they all moved to Long Beach, California. They bought land in Northern California and were there for Thanksgiving in 1953. (See also the story about the travels of Lou Ella's 30-gallon iron pot, pages 126-127.) Tommy had become ill as the result of a fall he had when working as an electrician some years earlier, and he died that Thanksgiving Day in 1953. Marian still lives in Long Beach.

Toles was very strict and protective in the raising of his family, gaining the respect of all the children. With the help of his sons, he built up a vast, profitable cattle business, the girls helping with the household duties as required. He was at one time the biggest single rancher (in cattle and land, not size!) in the state of Arizona. There were *companies* bigger, but not individuals. He was a generous man, willing to help a neighbor as long as he had the means to do it.

In those early years there were still threats of Indians, and people were always on the alert. The land was unspoiled by mankind at that time and was abundant with many wild animals. Toles was noted for killing many bear which had killed lots of the stock.

When families began moving in from other parts, most of them having children of school age, Toles saw that schoolhouses were built in convenient locations in order that they could get to school. Toles hired schoolteachers whose wages were provided by the county but whose room and board or places to live were provided by him.

Toles was a very generous man, always helping any who were in need by providing meat, fruits, melons, vegetables, and other necessities, as well as giving jobs to the boys of some of the families. One of the highlights of the Y-Y Ranch was the dances he used to give about twice a year. He hired musicians to come out from Clifton, Nutriosa, or Alpine, and provided bountiful food and accommodations for many dozens of people who came to stay two or three days at a time, eating, dancing, and sleeping through many happy hours.

In the year 1912 when Graham County was divided into two counties, Graham and Greenlee, Toles was one of the three first supervisors

elected to Greenlee County. He rode horseback from the ranch to all the meetings in Clifton, about seventy miles.

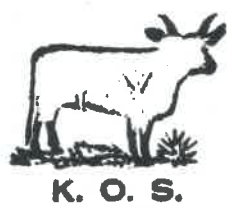
Toles was the central figure in the Blue community to whom everyone turned for help and guidance. He was always well prepared to do anything that could be done for the people. He kept dental and medical supplies on hand, and pulled many teeth and dispensed medicine and treatment for those who might need it. He also was prepared to embalm, if necessary, and once took care of a lady who was drowned in the river flood which prevented anyone from getting in or out of the Blue. She was buried in a homemade pine box under a juniper tree in the pasture on the ranch. Dentists and doctors in Clifton furnished Toles with the various supplies he kept.

After the First World War and the onset of the Depression, things got as bad for the cattlemen as for the rest of the country. Banks went broke; cattlemen went broke. After a long and happy life on the ranch he built and so loved, Toles' wife Lou Ella passed away, following a short illness, on May 28, 1935 in Clifton and is buried there. Toles sold the ranch and moved to Clifton to stay with his two daughters, Lula and Kittie, where he lived quietly until his death November 17, 1943.

The Y-Y brand was taken up by Fred Fritz, who used it for many years until he sold out to Sewall-Goodwin in 1976.

Today, four of the ten Cosper children are living: Lula E. Hodges, Rimrock, Arizona; Johnny, Pioneer Home, Prescott; Wayne, Safford; and Kittie Potter, Clifton.

The following is a representation of the first page of a letter written by Toles Cosper on the Cosper business stationery. Unfortunately, a reproduction of the original was not clear enough to be used here.



J. H. T. Cosper & Sons

BREEDERS and RAISERS

High Grade Cattle

RANGE BLUE RIVER

BLUE, ARIZONA,

July 13th

1916

*Mr. Drowliger & Son
El Paso Tex -*

My dear sirs—

Both of your letters & pictures rec'd. today. The pictures was sure good. I take the liberty of writing our letter to you together as I am a poor hand to write letters. I will say that all of us was glad to hear from you. At the time of the Stock Convention we all had the Gripp in the meantime our old friend Mr Fritz died and on top of that the river was high and a woman and babe was drowned 3 miles below my place. Dewitt & I succeeded in finding the woman and she was buried. hear the child was found a few days ago at Clifton in a drift. All those hapings prevented us from going to El Paso. My ranch was not damaged any by the high waters. we are all well now and I am figguring

on going to Albuquerque Mar. 8th to the Panhandle and Southwest stock-
mens Con. Oh the snow we have had. Now lots of turkeys all round.
Dewitt made a Lion Killing the other day getting 3. Unkle John Walter
& Jimmie are on Thomas Creek building a pasture. Now boys cant you
over

In 1979 Sue Cospers Conner compiled a list of some of the brands
used by the Cospers family throughout the years. Toles also used a
second unrecorded brand, according to Fred Fritz.

<u>Recorded</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Brand</u>
1916	J. E.	TOL
	J. H. T.	Y-X
	Cospers Bros.	M J
	Toles	TZ
	(not reg.)	BOK
	DeWitt & Jas.	KOS
	Johnnie	+ C
	Kittie	K \ C
1920	Mrs. Katie	K L
	Jas. A.	RB
1926	Tommie	MM
1928	Lou Ella	C
1943	Jas. A.	VT
1953	Rose	Q 7

"The majority of us Cospers have a great love and respect for Arizona, especially for the Blue, the mountains, where KP and Hannagan are located, Eagle Creek, Thomas Creek and all of Greenlee County. We love old friends and meet new ones whom we welcome with the same love.

"We are especially proud of our family heritage."

Cleo Cospers Coor, eldest
daughter of DeWitt Cospers
and Claire Peery

ROBERT L. WHITE

WAGONER, ARIZONA

(as told by his wife Joyce)

Bob was born early 1900's in the rural community of Three Forks, near Belton, Texas. His parents were farmers and their main crops were cotton and corn, which the whole family helped to produce. As a result Bob learned about farming at an early age, which was beneficial in the years to come when he was developing his ranches.

Mother White once remarked, "Robert always played cowboy--he never played anything else." He daydreamed of being a real cowboy, and he wanted a horse of his own; but there were no saddle horses on the farm, so he rode the milk cows and work mules.

By the time Bob was fourteen years old he had already helped move a large herd of cattle to Big Lake, Texas. That six-day trail drive proved to be an exciting experience for a button--it had even included a cattle stampede during a thunder-and-lightning storm! He found cowboy-ing was everything he had envisioned, and his lifelong interest in ranching was now underway.

The first horse that he owned was a little black-and-white pinto pony that ranged on the ranch where Bob was working. That pinto cost him a month-and-a-half's wages. They became good friends, and Bob soon had him trained to do tricks. Many beautiful horses would eventually be in my husband's remuda, but that first pony would never be forgotten.

During his cowboying days Bob worked on numerous ranches in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, all the while saving and planning

for the ranch he was determined to own one day. How could a thirty-five dollar a month cowpoke dream such dreams? And make them come true?

Time passed and cowboy wages improved, somewhat. His dream of a ranch remained bright. Hoping to make bigger money to hasten his success, he had begun rodeoing at small shows on a big brown horse called Canyon. Bob team roped, calf roped, and rode saddle broncs. In the 1940s he participated in Prescott's Fourth of July rodeo and parade numerous times.

In 1943 Bob bought a small place in Chandler, Arizona and began buying calves at the sale ring to put on milk cows. Then he bought field pastures from local farmers to supplement his own pastures. He continued buying and selling until he was able to quit his ranch job and devote full time to his own operation. Somewhat later he bought cattle from the Indians. I recall several years afterwards when an Indian cowboy saw Bob in Prescott and asked, hopefully, "Are you going to buy our cattle, Bob White?"

In 1949 Bob and a partner, who was bought out the next year, began looking for a ranch to buy. They found a small outfit located seventy-two miles from Prescott in upper Burro Creek Canyon. The place was a packmule outfit--a mighty rough piece of country. However, the stream of water that ran through the middle of the range and the resulting grasses plus the mesa covered with grass appealed to them, and the Loving U Ranch was purchased.

It was said that a road couldn't be built into that canyon, yet one was soon there and the fifteen years of ranch improvements began. A rock house was constructed, miles of fences were built, numerous trails

were developed, tanks were built, alfalfa fields were planted in the rich malapai soil, and experimental grass seeds were scattered across the range. It is reported that many of those grasses are still thriving.

It was there in Burro Creek that Bob began crossbreeding cattle. He was one of the first cowmen in Yavapai County to crossbreed and it caused a lot of comments at the time. He bought Brahman bulls to use with the Hereford cows that had been purchased with the ranch, then he went to Campbell's ranch for Charolais bulls to use with the crossbred heifers. This three-way cross produced strong, disease-resistant animals that ranged to the top of the steep mountains and yielded a consistently good calf crop, outweighing the original calves by fifty pounds--sometimes more.

In 1956 Bob and I married, and my son Mike and I went to share Bob's life in the canyon. There was no television, telephone, or mail delivery, of course, and sometimes we were stormed in for weeks at a time during the winter, but we loved it there. Mike has often remarked, "Burro Creek was a wonderful place for a boy to grow up."

When Bob began planning his semi-retirement years he decided to sell the Loving U Ranch. He wanted a smaller place, closer to town, and one where he could grow more of his cattle feed. We looked at several places in Arizona but found none that answered our needs, so we began looking for a stock farm in the Midwest. In 1964 Bob found the ideal spot located about thirty-five miles south of Springfield, Missouri, in the beautiful Ozarks. We settled down on the 400-acre place and began improving the pastures with lime, fertilizer, and reseeded. Three years later he bought an additional 400 acres of land that bordered us.

And he came out of semi-retirement! He had reserved one hundred head of his Charolais-cross cows and they were shipped by railroad to this new place. Immediately, he went to Texas to buy purebred Charolais bulls.

Mike married a neighbor girl, Joyce Mae Burks, in 1965 and they joined us on the stockfarm two years later. Our first grandchild, Michael Todd, was born on December 21, 1968.

During the seven years we were in the Ozarks Bob was active in programs to improve pastures and cattle in that area, and he was invited to sit on an advisory board to further the production of beef cattle. He joined the Missouri Cattlegrowers and the Charolais Association, and he sold many Charolais bulls in Missouri and adjoining states. However, the damp, humid climate proved detrimental to his health, and our family doctor said we should return to the West.

The Hozoni Ranch near Wagoner, Arizona awaited us. On September 18, 1970 Bob and I arrived at the old ^M_L outfit that he had recently purchased in time for the fall works. Although we had made some warm, lasting friendships in Missouri, it was very good to be back home in Arizona!

This historic ranch, the ^M_L, was called the H Breechin' years ago. It was first used as a goat ranch, and later, a horse ranch. The two-story rock-and-board building at headquarters was a stage stop that served as a relay station in the 1890s on the Prescott to Castle Hot Springs stage line.

When the Missouri Farm was sold, Mike and his family joined us here on the Hozoni. We settled down to improve another cow ranch--and we

began crossbreeding cattle again, this time using our own Charolais bulls that had been raised in the Ozarks.

Our second grandchild, Tara Lea, was born October 29, 1975. This year she and Todd both attend the little country school at Walnut Grove, seventeen miles from the ranch.

Today, Bob is a member of the state, county, and national cattle-growers associations. When he is asked, "How did you get your start?" he replies, "Milk pen calves." But I could give another reply: milk pen calves and a *lot* of determination! I recall one instance in particular that illustrates that characteristic. We'd gathered the yearlings from Burro Creek and had them hauled to a Phoenix sale ring. The prices were just awful that spring, and we sat in the truck after the sale--stunned. Then Bob said, "Well, . . . we'll just go home and raise some more!" And we did.

HUGH BRONSON MCKEEN

His Family History

ARIZONA LINE

John Bronson McKeen was born in Allegany, New York, May 15, 1818 and moved to Texas between 1834 and 1839. Euphrasia Isadore Parkill McKeen was also born in New York State, in Lockport, on July 17, 1832. Their son Hugh was born March 8, 1863 in Palo Pinto County, Texas.

Hugh McKeen moved to Alma, New Mexico, arriving there on July 4, 1888. He had with him a small bunch of mares branded HU. He turned them loose on Blue River, Arizona and worked on the farm at the WS until the spring of 1889. At that time he went to Arizona, gathered his mares and traded two of them for a ranch, Benton on Blue River. His HU brand was recorded in Arizona about 1890. About 1897, he bought the LF Bar cattle and rangeland which was located at Bear Valley from a Frenchman named Freizna.

Records show Hugh McKeen held Grazing Permit No. 76 for five hundred head of cattle and thirty horses on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve from April 1, 1901 to December 1, 1901. He was a Forest Permittee from the time the Forest Service came into being in 1905. At various times he held permits on the Apache, Datil, Crook, and Gila National Forests. Early records dated at Benton, Graham County, Arizona show permits on the Apache and Gila National Forests.

On June 24, 1902. Hugh McKeen married Francis May Balke at Benton, Arizona. They spent their summers at Bear Valley and Winter Cabin, and winters on Blue River. Mrs. McKeen always rode with Mr. McKeen, the

first year and a half on a sidesaddle. After Hugh Bronson McKeen was born at Clifton, Arizona in 1904, Mr. McKeen bought Mrs. McKeen a range saddle with a big seat so she could carry Bronson in the saddle with her. She said if she had to chase cattle she would lean over and sit young Bronson down on the ground or on a rock, and when she had stopped the cattle she would ride back and pick him up.

The nearest supply town was Clifton, where they went by team and wagon or horseback. The mail was also brought in from Clifton. After the big floods of 1905 washed out the road to Clifton, people sometimes came to Alma with a pack train to secure supplies.

One of Mr. McKeen's first jobs on Blue River was with a man by the name of W. S. Colter herding a bunch of four- and five-year-old steers on good feed on top of the Escudilla Mountains until late fall. He got caught in an early snowstorm and almost froze to death before he managed to get the herd down to lower country. I believe, from there the herds were driven to Holbrook or Magdalena, which took two or three weeks depending on how many times they stampeded. He also gathered wild cattle out of the Blue country for the W. S. Land and Cattle Company.

In 1906, Mr. McKeen bought 160 acres from his brother-in-law, William J. Weatherby, near Alma, New Mexico. This, like the place on Blue River, became known as the HU place. The HU place on Blue River was sold to the Cospers, then later on to Fred Fritz, and in 1938 a portion of the Crook National Forest was waived to Fred Fritz, Jr.

Mr. McKeen ran cattle from Blue River, Arizona to Mogollon, New Mexico. At one time the records show he owned 5,277 head of cattle and 40 horses. Mr. McKeen once said that after he had accumulated a little

and had a good herd of cattle, he would sit and watch those big steers come in to water and just wonder what he would do with all that money. (At that time they were worth from ten to fifteen dollars per head!)

Friends and neighbors of Mr. McKeen's were J. H. T. (Toles) Cosper, Fred Fritz, Sr., Charlie Thomas, Bob Bell, George Graham, and Nat Whittam.

Hugh McKeen's youngest son, John A. McKeen, still runs cattle in Arizona on the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest. On the New Mexico side on the Gila National Forest, Eva M. Faust (Faust Cattle Co.), his daughter, and Hugh B. McKeen, Jr., a grandson, have grazing permits on the Gila National Forest.

John A. McKeen still has the HU brand recorded in Arizona, but his son, John A. Jr., runs the brand in New Mexico.

As early as 1909, Mr. McKeen had a general merchandise store in Alma, New Mexico. This was managed by his father-in-law, Max A. Balke. In 1912, this store was consolidated with the Jones Bros. store, also of Alma, and became Jones-McKeen Mercantile.

In 1909 Mr. McKeen purchased the William Jackson ranch, cattle, and the Flying T brand. In 1914 he purchased the George Graham outfit and the Cross H brand. In 1930 he purchased the Wiley Morgan outfit with the 7 \wedge brand, the Robert Balke outfit with the $\text{R} \diamond \text{B}$ brand, the Walt Hollimon place on Keller Canyon with the L-H brand. In 1931 he purchased the W. J. Morgan outfit with the $\diamond \text{J} /$ brand. In 1935 he purchased the Udean Bliss preference, and 1938 was when part of the Crook was sold to Fred J. Fritz.

He also purchased the Tuck Hollimon homestead on Keller Canyon, the

Elsworth Tipton patent on Whitewater Mesa, the Joe Morgan patent, the Butler and Hannigan patents on Mineral Creek, and the Goach Hicks and Fred Balke patents on Vigil Canyon.

In 1919 Mr. McKeen bought the "Oaks" on Mineral Creek where the family lived for many years. The Oaks is now owned by John A. McKeen, Jr. John A. McKeen lives on the W. S. Ranch above Alma, as does Hugh B. McKeen, Jr.

For a number of years Hugh McKeen owned the Goddard Farm in Pleasanton, which he sold to Carson Reed on December 5, 1933. He purchased the Jackson Ranch at Buckhorn which was a portion of the Moon Ranch once owned by Thomas Lyons, the "Cattle Baron." This place is now owned by Hugh B. McKeen, Jr., et al.

About 1940 he purchased a ranch south of Deming, New Mexico, but later sold it to Procopio D. Torres and bought a ranch near Clifton, Arizona, which he later sold to John D. Gray.

Hugh McKeen's children are:

Hugh Bronson McKeen, married Emma Jo Fankhanel. Children:

Bonnie Jo, married Hubert Schmieder, children:

Paul, Karin, and Carla.

Hugh Bronson, Jr., married Margaret Mueller. Children:

Eric, Suzanne, Hugh Bronson III, and Allen.

Jerry Thomas.

Robert Eugene, married, one child, Robert.

Eva, married Alvin L. Bayne, then Jerry W. Faust. Children:

John Brunson, married Maurine Herd. Children:

Jerry Shane and Shannon Cherie.

William Alexander, married Charlene Stailey Allen. Children:

Alexander Elliot and Nicholi Estes.

Joseph Edward, married Loretta Lynn Roberts. Children:

Hugh Raymond, Gustin Grant, and Misty Lynn.

Francis Ernestine, married John A. Wheeler, Jr. Children:

Steven, David, Douglas, and Kathy.

Steven married Denise.

John August, married Toni Thacker. Children:

John A. Jr. "Jay," married Eileen Klumker. Children:

Robert Paul and Jayleen.

Phyllis, married Scott Nichols, then Darrel Allred. Children:

Christina Eve and Amanda Jane.

Eva Faust lives on the William Jackson place at Alma, John Faust on the George Graham place at Alma, Joe Faust on the Murphy place on Mineral Creek, and William Faust of Arenas Valley works for Kennecott Copper Co. H. Brunson McKeen lives at Vista, California, and Francis Wheeler lives in El Paso, Texas.

Blue River Adventures from 1889 through 1906
As Told by Mrs. Hugh McKeen

The W. S. Cattle Company, whose headquarters were located at the W. S. Ranch near Alma, New Mexico, had a number of wild cattle which had strayed over into the Blue country. Due to the Indian raids, it was difficult to get cowboys who would go into that wild country. It took a full-fledged Texan to take that chance. Hugh was offered a good price for every head of stock he could gather and return to the W. S. range,

so he took the chance. And, thereby, his livelihood was earned until he could get into a business of his own.

The only livestock Hugh possessed was five or six mares and a work team. He traded one of the mares for the old Benton Ranch, now known as the old HU Ranch. This was his headquarters, but being on a main trail through that part of the country, he did not stay at the ranch much. From the experience he and his parents encountered with the Indians in Texas, he learned to stay away from the main traveled trails, thereby avoiding being killed. His nearest neighbor, Nat Whittman, just three or four miles below was killed by the Apaches. Fortunately, Hugh was not home or they probably would have gotten him.

In one instance, Hugh was away for a short time, and upon returning to his small log cabin on Squaw Creek, discovered right away that there had been some undesirable callers. Everything in the cabin had been upset; flour, sugar, coffee, and feathers were strewn all over the place. After an investigation, he found moccasin tracks and discovered that the Indians had been hiding behind a large pine tree not far from the cabin, evidently watching for someone to come out. When no one showed up, they took over, ripping everything to pieces in search of ammunition. Behind this pine tree he found tracks and prints of a gun stock in the dust, where evidently they had set the gun against the tree. At that hair-raising moment, had it been me, the Blue River country would have been minus one white woman. But not Hugh; he was determined to stay, regardless of what might happen to him. Later he found a large steer killed and nothing except the tendon, or sinew, had been removed. This they used for strings on their bows. This happened on Thomas Creek, which is

northwest of Benton.

Sometime later, forgetting about his experiences with the redskins and getting down to business, Hugh was riding out in the Squaw Creek and Rousensock country, which is west of Benton. In crossing the main trail he noticed several horse tracks, and supposing them to be cowboys or prospectors going through the country, he galloped on up the trail to see who they were and have a chat with them. But coming to Rousensock, the water was still running back into the creek where the horses ahead of him had crossed. Upon closer observation, he noticed moccasin tracks. He was convinced. And he said in a short time he had put several miles between him and those Indians.

This being his last experience with the Indians, he settled down to business in earnest. In the year 1889 or 1890, he took the LF cattle on shares for five years. This brand and cattle belonged to an English outfit which had located a ranch in Bear Valley, Arizona. It lies northeast of the old HU Ranch, ten or twelve miles up high among the pines--a beautiful country, if I remember rightly. Frusneigh was the name of one of these Englishmen, and a man named Ruggles was a caretaker before Hugh took over. At the end of the five years, he bought the LF cattle and ranch. His original brand, HU, was recorded in his name in both Arizona and New Mexico in 1889, sixty-seven years ago, and is now owned by our youngest son, John, here at Alma.

After buying the Bear Valley ranch, Hugh had two ranches to improve. He would ride hard all day and then come in and cook his dinner, which most of the time was lunch and dinner combined. After dinner he would go out and cut trees down and build fence or do some farming until

bedtime. In other words, he, like others who made their start on Blue River, made it the hard way.




After Hugh had accumulated a little wealth, he said he would sit and watch those big steers coming in and out to water and salt, and just wonder what he would do with all that cash when they were sold. (I suppose they were worth ten or fifteen dollars at that time.) Of course, Hugh didn't smoke or drink, and his other expenses were small. But after 1902 he was relieved of the above anxiety; he had acquired a wife. Then he was kept busy working and wondering where the money was coming from to pay his bills. Of course, I felt sorry for him, so I got out and gave him a hand on the range.

For four years we rode the range together. The first year and a half I rode sidesaddle, even though I had a little trouble keeping it on a horse when climbing those mountains. After our son, Brunson, came along we didn't want to get him skinned up, so Hugh bought me a range saddle with room for a pillow in front of me to park the young cowboy on. Then, back to the range we rode. It was a wonderful life. Our forty years of wedded life were spent happily together. Since he is gone I have no regrets. I feel that I stuck by him through thick and thin.

May Balke McKeen, 1956

CORTLAND CARTER
NECKTIE RANCH
WALNUT GROVE, ARIZONA

This history of the Carter family and the Necktie Ranch, the first ranch in Yavapai County, was told by Cort Carter to Nel Sweeten Cooper and first published in *Echoes of the Past*. It has been updated by Ruth Carter.

The present ranches known as the Necktie (, the L-Seven (, and the TK Bar () were homesteaded by Pauline Weaver, one of Arizona's first white settlers. In an old book in the Recorder's Office in Prescott, Yavapai County, can be found, written in longhand, the following:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Pauline Weaver of the County of Yavapai and Territory of Arizona, claim one quarter section of land, consisting of 160 acres situated on the Hassayampa River at a point known as Walnut Grove and being the ranch located by me in July AD 1863 and of which I have had possession and have improved since said month.

Pauline  Weaver
mark

Very little is known of Weaver the man. He came originally from Tennessee to Arizona perhaps as early as 1833. He guided many gold seekers and made one or two "strikes" himself. He had explored the Colorado River as well as the Verde and had travelled over all the territory. It is said no other white man knew it half as well as he. Why did this mystery man of early day Arizona decide to "settle down"?

No doubt the beauties of the great grove of walnut trees attracted him. Perhaps it reminded him of his boyhood home in Tennessee. Many

tales are told of the wonders of this grove of immense trees that grew on the flats along the Hassayampa River and of the fertile soil in which their roots were so deeply embedded. Cort Carter remembered vividly hearing his grandfather, William Pierce, describe the hard work entailed in removing these trees so that the fields could be enlarged. No tree of the original grove remains today--only the stories of their immense size and beauty.

History records that Weaver remained only a few years at his ranch on the Hassayampa, then sold out to a man named Richardson and moved on. The place changed hands several times in the next few years. For a time a Lambertson family owned it. They sold to Peck.


On September 29, 1881, William Pierce bought the Walnut Grove ranch. With Pierce began the improvement and building of one of the great ranches of Arizona. The property to this day remains in the possession of one of his great grandsons, Cortland Arden Carter II.

"Uncle Billy," as Pierce was affectionately called by all who knew him, was also from Tennessee. He had gone first to California, but for some reason decided to come to Arizona to rear his children and live out his life. When Uncle Billy died, his son William Pierce, Jr. took over and continued in the ways of his father.

The Pierce home was known far and near for its hospitality. Myriad are the stories of gay dances and other entertainments held there. For the most part the guests arrived on horseback and, of course, stayed at least one night. Many of the men who established Arizona's "first families" met their future wives at Pierce's place.

The ranch was on one of early Arizona's few thoroughfares. The

stage road from Prescott, the capitol of the territory, to the small but growing town of Phoenix ran by the door. The weary traveler stopped overnight and sometimes stayed on for days or weeks. No one was ever turned away. The Pierce ranch was truly "a house by the side of the road."

In the meantime, others had come to settle along the Hassayampa. Among them was Thomas B. Carter from Iowa. He brought with him his wife and one son, James, who had been born in Kansas. The other boys, Charles and Grant, and three daughters were born after coming to Arizona. Carter homesteaded a few miles south of the Walnut Grove. His original grant was the quarter section just north of Milk Creek where the creek flows into the Hassayampa. He started the Box brand (), one of the oldest recorded brands in Arizona.

All of Carter's sons became ranchers along the Hassayampa. James, or J.O. as he was known, married Clara Pierce. For a time he was a partner with his father, and then in 1908 bought the Walnut Grove ranch from his father-in-law, William Pierce, Jr. Later, from his own father he acquired the Box ranch and cattle. These two ranches, along with the original Necktie holdings and other parcels of land and a Forest Allotment, comprise the historic Necktie Ranch as it is known today. The only part of Pauline Weaver's original grant not in the present ranch is the TK Bar, which is now owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gouldner of Phoenix, Arizona.

At the beginning of J. O. Carter's career as a ranchman, he started "breeding up the herd." A foresighted man, he could see that weight and meat quality would one day be of greater importance than mere numbers.

He brought in Polled bulls of good breeding and sold off all undesirable cows and heifers. Today one of the best herds of Polled Herefords in this area wears the Necktie brand. Also, where once the walnut grove stood is found an abundant alfalfa acreage that furnishes sufficient hay for the beautiful quarter horses being raised there for use in the ranch's operation.

To James and Clara Carter were born one son and three beautiful daughters, Glenna, Georgia and Clay Dean. Cort Carter, the son, was born and lived all his life in the Walnut Grove area, being absent for only short periods at a time excepting for three years in Europe as a soldier in World War I. He was married to Stella Byrd Cartwright in 1918 and brought her to make their home on the ranch. They have one son, Arden (Cortland Arden, Jr.), and two daughters, Gwendolyn Sheppard and Lorraine Walker.

In 1942 when J. O. Carter died, Cort bought the entire ranch from his mother. He continued to live there, improving the ranch and cattle because, like his father, he was a forward looking man, knowing that drouth and other disasters may strike the ranchers momentarily. He kept abreast of the times.

The son, Arden, is a ranchman, too. He, with his family, lives on the L-Seven Ranch which, as mentioned before, is a part of the original ranch granted Pauline Weaver.

Cort, with his son Arden and grandson Cort III ("Trip"), continued running the ranch. Keeping the Polled Hereford cattle and raising alfalfa hay, they survived many drouths.

Cort led a very full and rewarding life. He was active in the

Arizona and American Quarter Horse Association, always upgrading his horses. He served as the first president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers when it was first organized in 1933.

With his wife, Stella, he saw a need for a place to worship in Walnut Grove. They donated the land and much of the finances needed to build the Walnut Grove Chapel. Arden worked very diligently on the chapel, which was dedicated in 1958. Cort taught Sunday school class for many years. It was very fitting that on August 12, 1980, Memorial Services were held for Cort at the chapel where he had served the Lord so faithfully. He was laid to rest at the family plot in the Walnut Grove Cemetery.

He has been missed by his family and all who knew him. His daughter-in-law remarked, "He never spoke unkindly of anyone, but always saw the good in everyone." His widow, Stella, continues to live at the Necktie Ranch; her son Arden and grandson Trip run the ranch for her. Trip lives with her, and Arden and Ruth are nearby.

Arden and Trip have gone into more of a cross-breeding program. The cattle are healthier and weigh more.

Trip has a son, Clay, born August 7, 1981. Clay represents the sixth generation of the Carter family living in Walnut Grove and the seventh generation of the Pierce family.

Arden and Ruth's daughter Connie and Connie's husband Paul Anderson live in Hemet, California with their daughters, four-year-old Autumn and one-year-old Allison.

Cort III says, "I want my son to live here and work cattle as my ancestors and I have done." So the Carter tradition goes on.

THE SALT RIVER PROJECT: ANOTHER PIONEER
CENTRAL ARIZONA

The Salt River Project, which serves the citizens of three central Arizona counties, is an organization with a pioneering heritage. In 1903 the ranchmen and farmers of the Salt River Valley filed articles of incorporation for the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association with the Maricopa County recorder. The purpose of the association was to facilitate the repayment of the cost of constructing Roosevelt Dam and also to handle the distribution of the water thus collected. Later, in 1936, the Salt River Project Agricultural Improvement and Power District was formed, and these two organizations became the Salt River Project.

Modern farming in the Salt River Valley began at the time the Swilling Irrigating and Canal Company was organized by John W. "Jack" Swilling in 1867. The company's ditch head was on the north channel of the Salt River just east of 40th Street and a little north of Buckeye Road, if imaginary lines were to be drawn in extensions of these two roads. Swilling and his associates brought water to the land in time to grow crops of wheat, barley, and corn in 1868. Other canals were begun on both sides of the river. However, since the water flow was erratic, there were times when there was too little as well as too much water.

In 1868 the need for water storage was widely discussed. Lawsuits were filed to settle who had the first water rights and what amounts of water were involved. Storage sites were located and attempts were made to raise money to build dams. The 1870s heralded the beginning of federal aid for establishing canals and reservoirs in the West.

Dr. Alexander John Chandler, the first veterinary surgeon for the Territory of Arizona and one of the largest landholders in the Salt River Valley in the 1890s, was interested in irrigation and had made some successful efforts at tapping the underground water supply. However, an inexpensive source of power for the necessary pumping was not yet available. Obviously, both a controlled reliable water supply and the energy to distribute it were needed.

A storage dam had been built on the Gila southwest of Phoenix, and on the Hassayampa to the northwest there was the Walnut Grove Dam built basically for mining and grazing purposes. Both were destroyed by floods in 1890, 45 people died when the Walnut Grove Dam collapsed. These failures lost support for building dams on the Salt and Verde rivers. Pessimists said silt would accumulate in the reservoirs and that the lakes' lives would be shortened, therefore the investments would not be justified. Promoters for the dams argued that the eastern cities were overcrowded and said the solution was to open public lands of the arid West by making irrigation water available.

The businessmen and farmers of the Salt River Valley were certain that flood control of the Salt and Verde rivers was the key to the successful development of the valley. It was the dreamers and entrepreneurs searching for storage sites who agreed the best site on the two rivers was about sixty miles east and a little north of Phoenix. This was the Tonto Basin on the Salt River just below its confluence with Tonto Creek.

In 1897 a topographer and engineer for the U.S. Geological Survey, Arthur Powell Davis, reported in his conclusions of the Roosevelt Dam

site that "it would probably be impossible to find anywhere in the arid region a storage project in which all conditions are as favorable as for this one. The capacity of the reservoir, in proportion to the dimensions of the dam, is enormous. The lands to be watered are of remarkable fertility. . . ."

For several years, many efforts had been made to get federal government aid for canals and reservoirs in the West, and many arguments were put forth both pro and con. George H. Maxwell was one supporter who carried on a decade-long campaign in favor of federal aid. Through the National Irrigation Association he pointed out the success of many government-sponsored irrigation projects in other countries. Also discussed were the potential benefits to the Indians, such as the Maricopas and Pimas along the Gila River, and that national irrigation projects would provide new markets for eastern manufacturers and the transcontinental railroads. The Santa Fe Railroad was one of the major supporters of the National Irrigation Association.

An idea the National Irrigation Association was opposed to was having Congress cede public land to the states and territories so it could be sold to finance irrigation construction. Another proposal was to have Maricopa County bond itself to subsidize a private company to build the dam--corporations had been unsuccessful in their efforts to raise money--or for the county to build the dam itself. It was doubtful that the county could win approval by Congress for such a proposal.

Most publicity was very publically oriented and little concern was given to private ownership such as in the Salt River Valley. Therefore, throughout these national "irrigation discussions," local efforts that

focused on building a storage reservoir at the Tonto Basin site were expended.

The drought in Arizona and the valley in the late 1890s was a major factor in uniting the various factions of the valley searching for water storage. At this time, one of the various counterparts involved was the land speculators. More acreage than there was water for had been sold, and this led to a system of "floating water rights." The system treated water as a marketable commodity separate from the land. A certain piece of land's right to use water could be sold, leased, loaned, or mortgaged. Without a right, water could not be obtained. Those living on the Phoenix side of the river widely used this system and it was the cause of much bitterness.

Then there was the fact that the irrigation canals could not supply enough water to irrigate all the land that had been "distributed" by the speculators. Therefore, on those occasions when water might be more than sufficient, it most likely flowed right on through the valley.

Also to be considered were the facts that upstream water diversion and forest watershed overgrazing were increasing. The valley farmers said the "great storage reservoirs established by nature" were being diminished by overgrazing. However, water diversion and watershed overgrazing were very minor loss factors when compared with the drought, overcultivation, and limited canal capacity present in the valley.

In the third year of severe drought, 1900, the Phoenix and Maricopa County Board of Trade (another of the concerned organizations) appointed a five-member Water Storage Committee "to agitate the question of bonding the county for the purpose of building water storage reservoirs."

This committee, along with a group representing the canals' and towns' interests, introduced in Congress a bill to bond Maricopa County for up to \$2 million for establishing an irrigation system. The bill died in Congress in 1901.

That same year, 1901, another five-member group was spawned by the Territorial Legislature: the Maricopa County Water Storage Commission. The committee was to have the power to spend \$30,000 (in two fiscal years) for water storage purposes. Benjamin A. Fowler of Glendale introduced the bill.

By the end of the following month, these commissioners appropriated five thousand dollars for Arthur Powell Davis to use boring for bedrock and other work at the Tonto Basin site. In three months Davis reported to the commissioners that the storage capacity would be even greater than expected.

Also in 1901, a national reclamation law was asked for by President Theodore Roosevelt in his first message to Congress. He said, "Vast areas of public land . . . can be made available for homestead settlement" with the construction of reservoirs and mainline canals but the reclaimed lands "should be reserved by the government for actual settlers. . . . Whatever the nation does for the extension of irrigation should harmonize with, and tend to improve, the condition of those now living on irrigated land." It could be argued that Roosevelt was not opposing aid to private landholders, but the final legislation was only for opening public lands.

One year after being commissioned by the Water Storage Commission Davis submitted his report. He estimated the cost of construction at

less than \$2 million, including a power house for electrical generation. The lower than expected cost was based on the fact that he had found materials with which to manufacture cement near the site; this could save as much as \$500,000.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Fowler continued working on behalf of irrigation efforts. He and others had gone to Washington promoting the act allowing Maricopa County to bond itself. He was also working on behalf of the National Reclamation Act. Efforts were still ongoing for privately held lands to receive assistance, areas such as the Salt River Valley. George Maxwell persuaded President Roosevelt to call a conference at which this assistance was agreed upon.

The day after the National Reclamation Act was signed by Roosevelt, the Water Storage Commission in Arizona agreed to underwrite the survey of a canal to develop electric power at the Tonto Basin dam. However, it appeared even though eventually a reservoir would be built, there would be no water power canal unless the county was bonded. There was confusion as to the application of the National Reclamation Act in the Salt River Valley. Much depended on the bonding effort.

Fowler, as a member of yet another three-man committee, went to Washington to try and persuade the Interior Department to build the Tonto Basin dam. Upon his return August 2, 1902, he reported that there "are certain officials who want to build the first reservoir at Tonto, simply because it will in the future serve as a model for others. Our work will take on more than local interest, in fact, will become national, for every man will want to know what is being done with the first project, and every man will watch with interest to see how the

government's policy will work.

"We must build for the future. After we have constructed the first reservoir we can have as many as we like, and within 25 years we can have 500,000 acres of land in this valley under cultivation instead of what we have now."

It would appear that Benjamin Fowler fathered the present-day Salt River Project, as at this meeting he listed several requirements to insure the success of the Salt River Valley's "project." He said solutions were required for the water right question such as determining who was entitled to water, how much, and in what order; the water would have to be attached to the land and could not be separated; the canal companies would have to become the property of the land owners; title would have to be obtained to the proposed dam site and turned over to the government; and a plan would have to be devised to repay the government for building the dam, since "the government is not coming down here to make contracts with each and every individual who owns land." He suggested the people form an association or company and that each share of stock would represent one acre of land.

The Water Storage Conference Committee was created at this August 1902 meeting. This was a 26-member group directed to "make such adjustments and secure such agreements as may be required by the Department of the Interior prior to the consideration of the construction of the Tonto Basin reservoir."

When Chief Hydrographer for the Geological Survey, Frederick H. Newell, was asked about the best course to take in getting the reservoir, he recommended that "the interpretation of the reclamation law, and its

application to a particular circumstance, may properly be entrusted to its principal advocate and exponent, Mr. George H. Maxwell." He also stated that "whatever Benjamin Fowler may recommend to you will be based upon a complete knowledge of proper methods and feasible ends."

Maxwell suggested a cooperative association of farmers and land owners buy the canal companies and go before the government with their differences resolved. It was the end of September when an eleven-member executive committee to prepare articles of incorporation for the association began its work. For four months the committee, along with Maxwell and Attorney Joseph H. Kibby, worked diligently to prepare the articles. A discordant note was sounded when three of the members, Dwight Heard, E. W. Wilbur, and J. W. Woolf, filed a minority report along with the proposed articles. These three disagreeing members were from those with interests south of the river.

The minority report favored continuing the system of floating water rights and did not want to make the water inseparable from the land. Landowners south of the river objected to a lien on their lands insuring the payments of assessments for repaying the costs of dam construction. According to Heard, they felt the articles asked the legitimate "farmers with existing water rights to underwrite the bulk of the cost for the benefit of owners of speculative idle lands."

However, the articles were adopted and filed with the county on February 7, 1903. The first board of governors was to include members of the executive committee but Heard and Woolf were not on the revised list when the articles were filed. The landowners under the Tempe Canal and its branches had not joined the Water Users' Association; they had

informed the Water Storage Conference Committee that they were not in agreement with the articles as adopted. They also voted to amend the articles that were adopted "either through the Secretary of the Interior or otherwise."

This dissenting minority named a committee of five, including Heard, Woolf, and Carl Hayden, to investigate the installation cost of a pumping system to insure water in the summer. That was ironic, since that was one of their points of objection--they might be forced to take pumped water which might damage their lands or crops.

In March the Geological Survey received authorization to begin acquiring properties and rights of way as the first step toward the construction of a reservoir. At this time the Bureau of Reclamation had not yet come into existence. Construction in the Tonto Basin area was endorsed in April.

After a visit to the dam site, the articles of the Water Users' Association had been approved by Charles D. Walcott, then director of the Geological Survey. Walcott also met with the minority group and informed them their position had been considered and rejected, that henceforth the only changes the Interior Department would consider were to be those made by the Water Users' Association.

Dissension continued in spite of the fact that the minority spokesman, Heard, had finally agreed to sign some of his land into the association. He urged the Tempe Canal owners to do the same, but most still refused.

By this time, however, sufficient acreage had been enrolled with the association so that all that remained was for Hitchcock to approve

the construction. Discussions about where the dam was to be located continued, including the thought that the first project would be the San Carlos Dam which would benefit the Pima and Maricopa Indians on the Gila River Reservation. But the Geological Survey officials had decided the Tonto Basin site was the best choice.




On October 13, 1903, Secretary of the Interior Ethan A. Hitchcock officially issued the order for construction of the future Theodore Roosevelt Dam.

RILEY NEAL
GISELA, ARIZONA

I was born November 20, 1891 in Gisela, Arizona, the year my parents William R. and Ellen Neal moved there. They were among the first settlers in Gisela.

My brothers' and sisters' places of birth are an indication of my parent's movements from Texas to Arizona. Arthur was born in Texas in 1881, as was Curtis in 1884; Mary and Dollie were born in New Mexico in 1887 and 1889; and I was the firstborn in Arizona. Then Annie, 1897, and Katie who was born at the turn of the century, 1900, were both born here in Gisela.

We children attended school in Gisela and grew up working on the ranch. However in 1905 when Katie was only five, Father drowned in Tonto Creek leaving Mother to raise us seven children by herself.

In 1927 I inherited the Gila County ranch from my mother and called it the Valentine Ranch, branding a valentine (). I also branded the Kay-Bee () , a brand which was originally my mother's brand. My father had branded a tree () , a brand that he brought with him from Texas.

The fields, orchard, and garden were irrigated from Tonto Creek; I owned two shares of water. I ran around ninety head of cattle on the ranch--my permit was for ninety--and also leased land here in Gila County.

Never seemed to get around to getting married, and so don't claim any children. After thirty-four years, I decided to "retire" and sold

my ranch to Calvin and Anna Mae Peace. Anna Mae is my niece. She's the granddaughter of William and Ellen Neal. Calvin and Anna Mae are currently using the valentine brand.

At one time the Riley family and three other families, the Hales, Booths, and Hickcoxes, were the only permanent settlers in Gisela. My sister Dollie Neal Hale is also a Pioneer.

DOLLIE NEAL HALE

GISELA, ARIZONA

Dollie Neal Hale was born in Pine Cienaga, New Mexico on March 12, 1889. That same year her parents, Ellen Jackson Neal and William R. Neal (he was a Texas Ranger), decided to move to Arizona. They traveled by covered wagon.

At first the Neal family lived in a place called Bloody Tanks, but soon moved into Globe. Dollie at that time had two brothers, Arthur Lee Neal and Curtis J. Neal, who now lives in Prescott, and a sister Mary Bertha Neal, now deceased.

When Dollie was two years old, her family moved to Gisela where they were among the first settlers. This is where her brother William Riley Neal, Jr. and sisters Catherine M. Neal and Anna L. Neal were born. Riley and Catherine are now living in Payson; Anna L. Neal is deceased.

A lot of interesting stories have been written about Gisela, but there seems to be a mystery about Gisela and how it got its name. When the post office was established in 1894, Fred Stanton was the postmaster. He was asked to give the town a name. His wife, the local schoolteacher, suggested Gisela, which was the name of the heroine of a book she had read.

Many years ago some travelers stopped to ask directions to Gisela. The sign on the highway had said, "Gisela, five miles." One of the women wanted to drive over to see what sort of place would have that name, because they were from Austria and *her* name was Gisela. The

daughter of the ruler of Austria was the heroine in that novel, *The Countess Gisela*.

Dollie Mae spent her school days in Gisela, but the man she was going to marry had been raised in Texas. Forest Hale was born in Ranger, Texas on March 1, 1884. He first came to Arizona with his parents in 1902 and they settled on the Blue River. Forest came to Gisela as the first Forest Ranger in the area, that is when Dollie happened to meet and to marry him. They were married on December 24, 1906.

In 1910 Dollie and Forest homesteaded a ranch on the East Verde, near Payson, in Gila County. However, they sold it to Matt Casper in 1928 and moved back to Gisela where they bought a place from Dollie's brother Riley. Their ranch was the 7E Ranch and they carried the 7E brand. The small spread had a permit capacity of thirty-five head of cattle.

Aunt Dollie, as everyone calls her, is ninety-two now, and Gisela's oldest resident was honored this past year on Old-Timer's Day. The town is just betting back to peace and quiet after its own big 100th Year Celebration.

Dollie can remember the days her family first arrived in Arizona in their covered wagon. The Mormons were already settled there, having bought out the very first settlers in 1881. She remembers that, "They all had two wives, you know."

The yard of Aunt Dollie's home is filled with what seems to be thousands of chickens that are getting out of hand. They hide their nests in the woods and "the only time you know there's eggs out there is when they walk back up to the house."

Aunt Dollie is one of those Neal sisters who married one of the Hale brothers. After being widowed, and after a lifetime of loving to draw, Aunt Dollie painted and exhibited pictures in Gisela and Payson. "I never had any lessons but I drew a lot of pictures," she says, but that she has gotten lazy now and doesn't paint anymore.

"People had to work for what they had," she said. "There wasn't lots of money, but we were happy. Played was about all I did. I had two older brothers and we believed in Santa Claus."

Just recently, Aunt Dollie was told by her children she would have to quit climbing the fruit trees because they worried about her. Just telling her wasn't enough, they finally had to hide her ladder!

Forest and Dollie had two children, Myrtle Ellen and Clarence. Myrtle married Otis Barkley, and later married Charles Flack. Clarence married Mamie Ruth Wilbanks.

Aunt Dollie Mae Neal Hale is one of the Arizona National Livestock Show's Living Pioneers.

MAGGIE FULCHER

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

Maggie Fulcher was born in Monticello, Utah in 1894. She came to Arizona along with her family in two covered wagons, and was just a year old when they left Utah.

Maggie's father, William Thomas Sanders, the son of William Calloway and Sarah Jane Weiland Sanders, was born September 5, 1860 in Limestone County, Texas. In 1877 they sold their farm and moved to Erath County.

Not long after his father's death, William left home, staying for a time with his sister, Mag Willis, in Indian Territory (Oklahoma). He worked for different cattle ranches in Colorado, Utah, Texas, and Arizona. One of the ranches was the Hashknife outfit near Holbrook. He also worked for the railroad when they were first bringing it into Flagstaff.

William met his wife, Phoebe Jane Freeman, in Monticello, Utah. They were married in Conejos, Colorado in 1891 and lived in Monticello. In June of 1895 they decided to leave Utah and find a warmer climate because he had been ill for quite some time. It took a lot of courage to start on a trip in two covered wagons with three small children. The oldest, Mitch (deceased), was two years old; the next, Maggie Fulcher, was one year old; and the baby, Frances Kennedy (deceased), was one month old.

The small family must have been traveling in a wagon train. He later said that Toles Cosper dropped off into the Blue River, Bob

Glaspie stayed on Bitter Creek, and Joe McKenney went on to the Willcox area. The road into Duncan at that time went down through Cherry Creek and Carlisle. When they first came here the country was open range, and the grass was up to the stirrups on a horse.

They arrived here in September, homesteading 160 acres on both sides of the river near Duncan. William started clearing part of it for farming and also went to work for Jim Parks. Their first house, one room, was close to the river. Later they moved to town and started a new house, but decided to move back on the farm and the house was sold or traded to Jim Parks.

They went to Solomonville about once a year for supplies. Sometimes they would go to the Angle Orchard and stay there and can fruit. One interesting story he told was about when they were coming back from Solomonville. Near Ash Springs he could see some Indians up on a hill where they had killed a beef. He had all of the children lie down in the wagon and Phoebe drove. He sat with his gun ready but the Indians didn't bother them.

They purchased some land adjoining their farm and built a new home in 1906. Part of the farm and the same home is still owned by their granddaughter and her husband, Arch and Norma O'Dell.

The Fulcher ranch was in the Ash Springs area, running to the Gila River, and included Ash Peak. The brand for their cattle was the A L P and also the Figure 4. Some of these animals were butchered and delivered to the mine at Carlisle.

William and Phoebe not only raised cattle but also horses and mules. Their H X brand on them was well known, as he shipped them by

train to Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. He also sold saddle horses to the Chiricahua Cattle Company. He had men hired just to break horses. Some of the well-known men in this area were Otho Cox, Ted Kennedy, Arch and Sid Fulcher, Elmer Stevens, and Tex Johns, just to mention a few. Once some renegade Indians stole five head of his best horses, so he and some of his men went after them. The men were gone several weeks but returned with the stolen horses, which they had found near Holbrook.

Maggie had ten brothers and sisters. They were Mitch and Frances, who had been born in Utah; Mary, she was married to the late Otho Cox; Gus, he married Bertie; Dolly Russell, now deceased; Hazel Stephens; June Oliver; and John, also deceased. Maggie and her four surviving siblings are all still in the Duncan area. Mary, Gus, and Bertie still own part of the original Fulcher ranch.

Maggie's father had been a close friend of Governor George W. P. Hunt. He also served as chairman of the Livestock Sanitary Board, and helped build the first canal in this area. He had a great respect for veterans; on Veteran's Day he would have a barbecue in their honor and invite most of Greenlee County. Maggie's grandmother and Aunt Fannie came to Arizona to live with her parents shortly after they arrived here. Her grandmother was the first person buried in the Duncan Cemetery. William Sanders was a man of strong character, agreeable manner, and right principles who commanded the respect of his fellowman. He died June 26, 1937; her mother died November 10, 1947. To all their friends they had been Uncle Bill and Aunt Phoebe.

Maggie Sanders Fulcher is a member of the Pioneer Stockmen. She is living in Duncan and enjoys visits from her children.

MARGARET L. REIDHEAD STEWART

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

I was born on July 26, 1902 in Taylor, Arizona. My great grandparents, John Oscar Reidhead and Julia Ann York Reidhead, had come from Utah to Lone Pine, Arizona in the 1800s to help settle Arizona. It was in this homestead of his paternal grandparents that my father, Charles Oscar, was born September 2, 1880. Father's parents soon moved their growing family to Taylor, Arizona as the Indians were still roaming in small bands, stealing and causing trouble. At that time my grandfather, John Oscar Reidhead, Jr., worked on the Santa Fe Railroad, on the line from Holbrook to Seligman, Arizona.

When Grandfather made his stake about 1888, the family moved to a small settlement called Juniper. Its name was soon changed to Linden, possibly because of the cottonwood trees in nearby Linden Wash. They homesteaded in south Juniper at the edge of the pines. They had cattle, two good teams, and one old mare for the boys to ride. Here they increased their cattle herd and farmed.

There were several other families living on scattered ranches, so a schoolhouse was built. My father was in the third grade by this time, and he had brothers to take care of and take to school on the old mare. The small family grew to number eleven children. Father had seven brothers before his two sisters came along, and then there was one more little brother.

Grandmother Reidhead used to embarrass him by saying that he was the best "girl" she had. Being the oldest, he was a jack-of-all-trades

as a baby-sitter, maid, cook, choreboy, gardner, cowboy, and farmer. Later, when Grandfather bought sheep, Father was helper to the sheepherder, Cacuse. He called the sheep dumb, and told his father that just as soon as he was big enough he was going to buy some cattle and a ranch. Time spent with Cacuse was not time spent in vain, as he learned to speak and sing in Spanish. I used to long to hear my father sing La Paloma, that was my favorite.

Since Grandfather's range joined the Indian reservation, the Indians would ride into their camp and were always fed. The Reidheads made friendships that lasted throughout their lives, and some of the men were later very prominent, like Baha, R14, Skitty, and Alchasay, just to mention a few.

When supplies ran low, my father was sent to Holbrook with a team and wagon for fresh supplies. One time there, he went to see a lantern show. He thought this was so great he would buy one and make his fortune to buy a ranch. He had to use some of his family's money to buy the show, and arrived home a little worried but very enthusiastic. But little was said, since Grandfather thought he was really entitled to the money. The next morning he was up bright and early with his clothes and a pack, ready for his first big business adventure. As he traveled he camped out, except when he had friends who would ask him to stay. He played several of the small towns all around, some as far away as in New Mexico. He could dance jigs, which was rather a type of tap, and sing in English and some in Spanish. When the Fourth of July came along, he was back in Taylor to celebrate and entertain. He met my mother, Margaret Alice Kay, for the second time and that was the end of show business!

He was married to Margaret Alice Kay on December 14, 1899, in her home in Taylor. This was the only two-story house in town at that time, and it was a very beautiful home. They moved to Linden where he continued to work with his father and brothers in ranching and farming.

Mother's parents were also early pioneers in Taylor. Her father, Joseph Kay, became the first leading and devoted merchant in Taylor. He was very progressive and owned the first threshing machine in the area, along with other farming equipment. This union was blessed with three boys and four girls. My mother was the second child, the first girl.

In due time, Charles and Margaret were blessed with a son, Roy, then I, Loa Stewart, came along. We both were born in Taylor at my grandmother Kay's home. We were the first children of a family of ten--four daughters and six sons. They lost one son, Carl, at age thirteen, with a ruptured appendix. The other nine all married and had families. Two sons served in World War II, both came home. The youngest of the Kay family was killed March 17, 1952 in a car accident, leaving three children.

About 1903 or 1904 my parents sold their ranch in Juniper, moving to Show Low where they purchased the north end of the Ellsworth Valley from George Adams. This consisted of a large, two-story house, barns, corrals, farming acreage, and some pasture. A small creek ran through this property, south to north, which was called Show Low Creek. From this creek they irrigated the farms around Show Low. At this time they also bought several sections, east on top of the mesa, for the cattle. Dad built a house on the north slope of the valley with a beautiful view of the valley and the mountains. This was our part-time home for a few

years.

In November 1906, Dad's father passed away at Casidore Springs, east of Globe. He was on his way to the Salt River Valley, where he was moving the sheep on the desert east of Mesa. This was a great blow to the family, and after this very sad time was over, a family council was held. It was decided that my father should go to the valley with the sheep. Dad and Mother fitted up a covered wagon, and with this and a large room, we made it through the winter. Dad was away out to the sheep camp with the men most of the time.

In the spring when it was time to move back to the mountains, Dad said that he had a dream to send Mother and us two children back home on the train. My mother's protests were ignored, and we were soon on the train for Holbrook. My uncle picked us up and we arrived at my grandmother Kay's house to wait for my dad's return.

On his way home in the wagon pulled by his faithful team, his favorite saddle horse tied on behind, everything went fine until on the Superior Mountain west of Miami. Just as he caught sight of a bobcat, his team bolted and ran away. On the next curve, he was thrown out into a large pile of huge boulders as the wagon went over and over to the bottom of the canyon. How long he was there he did not know, but his saddle horse had pulled loose, somehow, and was standing there when Dad looked up. Dad tried to get up but passed out from the pain. This accident almost cost him his life. Although he lived a long and busy life, Dad was always bothered by his back and legs after this.

Now, the family council decision was to sell the sheep and divide the money. This enabled Dad and his brother Ed, who married my mother's

sister Cora in 1951, to decide to go into the cattle business. Dad felt that riding a horse would be easier than walking. After scouting around they bought a ranch and cattle, and obtained the lease of a ranch south of Lakeside about eight or ten miles, called the Big Springs Ranch, from Charley Fought. The clear cool water came down from the side of a small split canyon that opened into the big beautiful valley. The ranch house was at the northeast end of the valley where the spring had made a small ditch. Dad was in heaven! His long ago dream had finally come true. He often had a few hundred head of cattle. The brands were K-H, T-X, L/S, B-E, RR, and ^eye.

About 1911, this ranch was sold and they bought the B-E Ranch from Byde Ellsworth. Located east of Big Springs at the foot of Cooley Mountain, two miles south of Cooley ranch house and down the mountain all of the two miles, they called this the Mail Station Ranch. When the mail driver, Frank Nicklos from Show Low, drove the mail from Show Low to Whiteriver town, he sometimes would stay the night in the ranch house on his way, coming and going. Frank said, "Old Geronimo had come in and slept in front of the huge fireplace many times in cold weather before Ellsworth started ranching there." It was also called the Milk Ranch, as the Ellsworth family milked cows and sold milk, which my father continued after moving there. My mother sent about 20 pounds of butter, plus milk, buttermilk, and vegetables in the summer to the Whiteriver agency about three times a week. On other days she sent the food to Fort Apache, paying the mailman Frank Nicklos to deliver for her. She also cooked the noon meal for him and any passengers he may have had along, which were mainly soldiers from the fort. They were either on

their way to Pinetop's saloon or on the way back to the fort. She never charged for meals from any friends or the neighboring cattlemen.

Each fall the cattle were driven to Holbrook, about sixty-nine miles from the ranch, always bringing back a wagon load of supplies. The long supply room was partitioned off the first fall. The east part was used for a schoolroom, as there were several school-aged children of the few ranch hands, and three of us children were of school age at this time plus our two cousins, Uncle Ed and Aunt Cora's family. We had a good teacher and everyone enjoyed the little school. However, some families moved away, so we were sent to Lakeside to stay with our Uncle Phil Kay and family during the school months. My brother Roy kept running away and hitching a ride to the ranch.

The next fall Mother and Aunt Cora decided to move to Show Low for the school season, leaving Dad and the men to batch it until spring; however, they did ride out as often as they could.

About this time my father's brother German came in with them, buying the 5◇ Ranch with a very nice home and barn on it. It was about five miles over the mountain west of the mail station, into another beautiful little valley. However, no one had ever moved over there, as the road around into it was so far around, and the trail straight over the mountain was up the first two miles and then down three to the house. Uncle Germ, as we called him, batched during bad weather or when he wanted or needed to. Everyone else went in and out on horseback as needed to help with the cattle, but that fall they sold it again after shipping was over. Uncle German married Lillie Peterson and she did not want to move to such a place, even with a nice house.

It seemed that Dad was the only one who didn't want to give up his cattle and horses. Yes, he always had good, well-cared for horses. So, when he moved Mother and us five children out to Show Low, where on the sixth of September my brother Karl was born, he began planning to move for good. He bought some land in the northwest of Show Low, where they built a big two-story brick house, moving into it just before Christmas 1914. Something to really rejoice about, so many rooms we all got lost. There was a large family-sized kitchen, dining room, living room, and a pantry room off the kitchen. There were three bedrooms and closets downstairs, with three large bedrooms and attic room at the top of the stairs, plus a small sewing room, and a glassed-in porch we all enjoyed. This was a lovely home, and enough room for all of our company. This home is still in use today by a niece and nephew, Joann and Carl Cluff, and owned by my sister Lavon Hamrick.

Dad bought some sections of land east of town, out on what they called the Mesa. He also leased grazing land from the Forest Service, and had an allotment or something called the Taylor grazing. He had sold most of the cattle and the ranch, moving the rest of the livestock out to the sections. He also bought 160 acres of pasture and farming ground out west of town from Allen Young. That was called the Bench.

My brothers were old enough now to help him. His brother, Ed, eventually went into the sawmill business. He founded the present Reid-head Mill and Lumber business that stands in Show Low today.

During the years, Dad had traveled by foot or horseback over much of Arizona, especially from Show Low to Globe. During this time he had found strata of fibers he found to be asbestos but, as he said, he just

let sleeping dogs lie at that time.

The spring of 1918 he bought the old Bull Hollow Ranch. This was south of Taylor and a little southwest of Shumway, just east of the old highway which went from Show Low to Taylor. He moved some of the K-H cattle down there and, finally, during the early summer he fulfilled a long hoped-for dream. He bought some thoroughbred white-faced cattle from someone south of Globe or Safford, moving them up to the Bull Hollow Ranch which was to have been a good winter location down out of the mountains.

Dad also rented a house in Snowflake for the winter from Jim Peterson so we could live close to the high school my first year. That winter was a very surprisingly cold winter, coming from the north. They had more snow in Snowflake than in Show Low. It snowed deep at the ranch and then froze a hard, thick crust on top. The cattle froze and starved trying to dig down to the feed. Dad shipped cottonseed meal and alfalfa hay from Mesa to Holbrook, trucking it to the ranch, and still the cattle died. He bought out several small ranches at different times. Here are a few of the brands he acquired: ^eye, B-E, T-X, L/S, K-H, Horse Brand Y 2 .

The war was on and an epidemic of the flu swept the country. A lot of people died and our family was no exception, we were all ill. In the spring, we moved back to Show Low feeling so blessed to just be alive that we were able to go about living. Dad hired a fellow to stay with my brother Roy and tend what cattle we had left. He took a packhorse camp outfit and rode down on the reservation west of Cibecue to the Salt River. He was gone about two weeks and did assessment work on several

of the asbestos mines he had filed on years before. When he returned he formed a company to work one next to the river that he called the Horse-shoe Mine. One can see the location today, looking up north and a little west to the top of a big round cut of the mountain as you stand at the store located just north of the river on Highway 60. There was no bridge or building or road at this time, but a company was formed to mine asbestos for sale in Globe. At this time they were using a lot of asbestos for everything.

I don't remember who all was in the company, but Dad and two of his brothers and a fellow named Abe Johnson built a sort of a road down from below Cibecue into the mine and established a camp. They moved others down and began to mine asbestos. There was still a problem of getting it across the river and down to Globe. They could swim the horses across when the river was low, but much of the time it was too high to cross. So they built a swinging bridge across the narrowest part of the gorge east of where the bridge is now. He said they had a time getting the loaded pack burros to cross the bridge the first time. I guess this was a pretty slow and not too sure a business, so after a year or so, the company split up or something. I never knew for sure just what did happen.

However, Dad wasn't to be outdone and he came up with the idea of a highway being built from Show Low to Globe following that short route. So Dad made a few short sketches comparing his ideas with the existing road that went around by Whiteriver, down over the mountain, across the Black River, across the Salt River down by Rice, and on to Globe. Then Dad made a trip down to Phoenix and explained all this to Governor Hunt,

who was so taken by the idea that he started the ball rolling.

Before long, Dad was taking a couple of engineers over the proposed route. He furnished the horses, camping equipment and all, even doing the cooking. This trip they went from Show Low as far as the river. A few weeks later, Dad met them in Globe where they went over the route to the river and back to Globe. Before long Governor Hunt and one of his aides visited our home in Show Low. Plans were made to soon take in some state surveyors. The morning of June 10, 1925, Dad and three surveyors left Show Low with three weeks of provisions to survey the route to the river. That was the birth of Highway 60 from Show Low to Globe.

To this day, we have yet to see anything, anywhere, giving Dad one bit of credit. Politics played such a roll that Julius Becker, a general merchant and rancher of Springerville, got all the credit. The first look-out stop was even named the Becker Look-Out Point. There is also a small rest area on the very spot of Dad's last asbestos claim. It is located on the highway a short distance from the station and store on the north side of the river. During the last few years, Dad and his brother Morris lived in a trailer there by the Bill Williams Store, mining enough for their needs. They had a car to travel back and forth to Globe or Show Low. They did it the hard way, pick and shovel, but that is what kept them in good shape.

Dad always enjoyed his family and home. He was a wonderful father and a good provider. He also had a very generous nature, good to a fault, some would say. As long as he had cattle, at least once or twice a year each widow woman in town received beef according to her family's needs. Every Christmas they were given a sack of flour, some beef, and

a box of mixed canned goods. Every fall when possible, he would take the young boys of the church and get wood for each needy widow to add to her winter supply.

Dad passed away October 28, 1954 in the Globe Hospital from a stroke and kidney infection at the age of seventy-four. I know he made many contributions to Arizona and to the cattle business which was always his love.

He also loved music and dancing. Dad always provided something for us to play on. First we had an organ, then he bought us a piano. Three of us girls learned to play the piano. We would all gather around the pinao in the evenings and sing and dance; all the cowboys joined in. Dad taught us to dance as soon as we could walk. We all looked forward to our evenings at home. Getting home late from riding the range, Dad would light up the carbide lights so that we looked like a hotel. We had many people who were going through town stop at our home because they thought we had a hotel. We would send them on to the Show Low hotel, but many returned and we never turned anyone away, always making room. All the cowboys or cattlemen going through always stopped, and if they had horses, they were put in the barn and fed, too.

In the early days of ranching you had to be a man of all trades. I remember when Dad, in the long winter evenings, would bring the saddles in by the fireplace to repair. My brother Guy was his best helper from the time Guy could crawl. Guy always had a few scraps of leather in his little chest. He loved anything to do with leather. He became a saddle maker. He made saddles for N. Porter for many years, and then had a saddle shop of his own in Phoenix. Later he moved his shop to Gilbert,

and his two sons went into business with him.

There has always been a love of cattle and good horses in our family. We are now going on our sixth generation in the ranching business --Great-grandfather John Oscar Reidhead, Grandfather, our dad and his brothers, my brothers Roy, Ralph, and Joe (who moved to Utah in 1941), and their sons.

The Charles Reidhead boys all roped. Three (Roy, Ralph, and Joe) rode bronks; Roy and Joe bulldogged. Roy, after a serious accident in 1957, retired from ranching and went into other businesses. Roy had three sons roping and some ranching. Roy J., the third son, has the largest ranch any of the family has ever had. He is out of Holbrook; he had 300 sections. His ranch was stocked with Herefords until he saw the line of Beef Masters and the size of the calves. He now has established his own registered herd of Beef Master cattle. He also has a feed yard and farm. His three sons work in the ranching business with him.

Ralph's sons are still operating the ranch he had for many years--about forty. Ralph was still breaking his own horses the year he passed away when he was seventy.

Brother Joe has sons ranching in Utah; he also has a daughter and son-in-law who have a large ranch in Idaho. Joe is still roping at the age of seventy. When he was sixty-nine he was awarded seventy-five dollars for roping every head of cattle turned out to him, 27 or 28 head. He also won a thousand dollars. We still have nephews, nieces, and their children rodeoing.

Years back our father and his brothers had a herd of horses they

let run on the range. They would bring them in to the corral, cut out what they wanted to break at that time, and take the others back to the range. Their stud horse was Morgan; we called him Old Lizzard. They sold the horses after they broke them.

Out of the ten children of this close-knit family, four are still living: Joe in Utah, Bess Black, Lavon Hamrick, and myself, Loa Stewart, all of Phoenix. We all belong to the Cowbells; their chief aim, the promotion of BEEF.

I have enjoyed writing our family's Ranch History. Some of it is taken from old family history, but most of it is from hearing everyone tell it in the family or my own personal memories through the years.

WIDOW NELL

by

Honolulu "Tootsie" Ellington

My folks homesteaded land in Central Arizona,
While the country was still wild and free.
Dad and Mom had three boys, John, Bob 'n Roy,
I was secondborn of the three.

Our spread reached for miles in every direction,
Brushy basins and steep canyon walls.
Most of our help came from south of the border,
Busy time was roundup in the fall.

I remember well one early frosty morning
In the fall of the year I turned thirteen.
Neighbors stopped by to make plans for roundup
And do a little roping inbetween.

We saddled up our horses, Dad cinched extra tight,
The horse he was riding was still green.
'Twas a knot-head gelding 'bout fourteen hands tall,
The look in his eye said he was mean.

Back in those days they all tied hard and fast,
A tougher breed of man you'll never see.

They faced some kind of danger every day of their lives,
It was a part of that time, that country.

We were all taking turns, then Dad ran at his steer,
But his headstall broke and the horse began to buck.
Dad fell to the ground, the rope 'round his wrist,
And I guess he knew he'd just run out of luck.

The gate was open at the south end of the fence,
His horse took off heading down that way.
We froze in our saddles and stared in disbelief,
The only horse moving was the Bay.

"O, Lord!" shouted Roy, "Dad's hung up in his rope!"
A cold chill came creeping over me.
I dug in my spurs and took off after Dad,
But burning tears made it hard to see.

The Bay shot out the gate and down the creek bed,
My heart was pounding, I could hardly breathe.
I stood up in my stirrups and tried to look ahead,
Was this really happening to me?

Seemed like it's been forever when I caught up to the Bay,
My lariat was ready in my hand.
I leaned and roped that horse, and jumped down to the ground,
My legs were shaking, I could hardly stand.

We laid Dad in the back of a beat-up Model T,
Took right off for Prescott on the run.
We had two flats on the way to the doc's,
Seemed a year since that day had begun.

We made it to the doc's but Dad died in two hours,
That left an awful burden on my mom.
Three wild boys to raise, a big ranch to run,
I wondered where her strength was coming from.

"Now what happens, Mother, can we run this spread?"

"Just don't worry boy," she said to me.

Days were long and weary, riding dawn to dusk,
But everywhere you looked, there she would be.

That lady had the courage of a mama mountain lion,
And the strength of an angry grizzly bear.
If there's a hall of fame for people like my mom,
Reserve a place, 'cause one day, she'll be there.

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BRYCE, WILLIAM E., Pima, AZ
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MRS., Kirkland, AZ
CARTER, JAMES RANDAL
THELMA, Mesa, AZ
CHAMPIE, LAWTON, Morristown, AZ
CHAPMAN, IDA, Phoenix, AZ
CHAPPELL, RALPH, Phoenix, AZ
CHARLES, MATTIE, Phoenix, AZ
CHATFIELD, CORA RIGGS, Willcox, AZ
CHAVES, JAMES, Phoenix, AZ
CHEATHAM, ARETA, Laveen, AZ
CHILSON, EMMA, Winslow, AZ
CLARIDGE, GEORGE B., Thatcher, AZ
CLARIDGE, ORSON, Duncan, AZ
CLARK, ELVIS L.
MARY, Globe, AZ
CLARK, JOSEPH HOWARD, Willcox, AZ
CLARK, NEWELL C.
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MRS., Buckeye, AZ
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FLORENCE E., Pima, AZ
COOK, E.L. "Tay", Willcox, AZ
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CURRY, ELDORA, Casa Grands, AZ
CURTIS, MILTON
ALICE, St. David, AZ
D'ALBINI, CLARA, Hereford, AZ
DAY, HARRY A., Duncan, AZ

DeLaOssa, ROSAMEL, Patagonia, AZ
 DENHAM, VIRGIL
 FORENCE ISSACSON, Snowflake, AZ
 DUBOISE, JESSIE, Bonita, AZ
 DUKE, CARRIE, Buckeye, AZ
 DUMONT, KATHARINE CROCKER,
 Kirkland, AZ
 EADS, CLARA BARFOOT MILLER,
 Douglas, AZ
 EATON, CHARLIE "Sam", Safford, AZ
 ELKINS, MARK A.
 INA, Mesa, AZ
 ELLISON, GLEN R. "Slim", Globe, AZ
 ELLISON, BUSTER, "Travis", Globe, AZ
 ENZENBERG, ORION J.
 OSCES, Sonoita, AZ
 ESCPULE, ERNEST, Tombstone, AZ
 EVANS, A.A. "Gus"
 EHTLE, Tempe, AZ
 EVANS, IRENE ARMER, Morristown, AZ
 EVANS, MYRL PYLE, Payson, AZ
 EVERHART, CORA, Sonoita, AZ
 FLAKE, GERDA, Mesa, AZ
 FOOTE, GERALD, Safford, AZ
 FOREMASTER, LINDAU, St. George, Utah
 FOREMASTER, PHILLIP, St. George, Utah
 FRERICHS, W.F.
 HAZEL, Phoenix, AZ
 FRITZ, FRED
 KATHLEEN, Clifton, AZ
 FULCHER, MAGGIE, Duncan, AZ
 FULLER, LESTER, Sr., Phoenix, AZ
 GARDNER, B.A., Willcox, AZ
 GARDNER, EUDORAL., Kingman, AZ
 GARDNER, GAIL
 DELIA GIST, Prescott, AZ
 GARDNER, IVY B., Chandler, AZ
 GATLIN, LEOTA, Patagonia, AZ
 GIBSON, FRANK
 MRS., Snowflake, AZ
 GIBSON, IRVING, Heber, AZ
 GILLET, CARRIE, Globe, AZ
 GILPIN, FLORENCE, Safford, AZ
 GODARD, FRANK, Camp Verde, AZ
 GODDARD, JESSE W., Camp Verde, AZ
 GOSWICK, MERL ALLEN, Mayer, AZ
 GRANTHAM, GEORGIA BELLE BAKER,
 Young, AZ
 GRANTHAM, R.M., Globe, AZ
 GYBERG, R. LOUISE, Coreville, AZ
 HABY, MERLE., Willcox, AZ
 HALE, DOLLY NEAL, Payson, AZ
 HAMPTON, LENA CHILSON, Payson, AZ
 HALE, DOLLIE NEAL, Payson, AZ
 HAMPTON, LENA CHILSON, Payson, AZ
 HANCOCK, ART, Taylor, AZ
 HANCOCK, AVY EARL "Jack", Cornville, AZ
 HANSEN, DELBERT, Joseph City, AZ
 HARRISON, FRANK, Tucson, AZ
 HAUGHT, WALTER, Payson, AZ
 HAYNES, EHTEL, Apache Jct., AZ
 HEALEY, ILA HARRISON, Hereford, AZ
 HENNESS, KELVIN K.
 LOUISE HODGES, Casa Grande, AZ
 HINTON, BERT, Ft. Thomas, AZ
 HITTSON, VIRGINIA, Globe, AZ
 HOGAN, ELIZABETH, Harshaw, AZ
 HOLDER, BABE HAUGHT, Payson, AZ
 HOLT, RAYMOND, Kingman, AZ
 HORRELL, LOUIS P., Scottsdale, AZ
 HOUSTON, EDNA, Tucson, AZ
 HOVERROCKER, LINNIE, Duncan, AZ
 HOWARD, JOHN "Catclaw", Lakeside, AZ
 HUDSON, HARRY, St. Johns, AZ
 HYMPHREY, JACK,
 MRS., Copper Basin, AZ
 HUNT, JOHN IVAN, Pine, AZ
 HUTCHISON, SAM
 ELIZABETH IVEY, Phoenix, AZ
 IRVING, ANNA, Prescott, AZ
 IRVING, VIOLET, Mesa, AZ
 JARVIS, GEORGE, St. Johns, AZ
 JEFFERS, J.C., Holbrook, AZ
 JEFFERS, W.B., Holbrook, AZ
 JELKS, JEFFERSON RUKIN, Tucson, AZ
 JOHNSON, BELLE, Tombstone, AZ
 JOHNSON, ETHEL L., Vail, AZ
 JOHNSON, WELLINGTON L., Willcox, AZ
 JONES, ALBERT, Nevada City, CA
 JONES, C.A.
 MYRTH, Payson, AZ
 JONES, DAVID A., Benson, AZ
 JONES, ELLA M., Kingman, AZ
 JONES, MILDRED CAROLYN COSPER, Phoenix, AZ
 JOSH, NORMAN, Alpine, AZ
 JOY, J.E. "Slim", Blue, AZ
 JOY, MARY GRACE, Kingman, AZ
 KAMBITCH, WILLIAM, Podedo, New Mexico
 KEITH, ABBIE, Chino Valley, AZ
 KEITH, MARION, Benson, AZ
 KELLIS, MAMIE, Bagdad, AZ
 KENDALL, GLADYS, Tombstone, AZ
 KENNEDY, HY, Phoenix, AZ
 KENNEDY, VERNON H.
 FRANCIS, Duncan, AZ
 KIMBLE, F.C., Douglas, AZ
 KIMBLE, GUS, Douglas, AZ
 KLEEK, J.H. "Jess", Phoenix, AZ
 KOONTZ, CLIFFORD, Mayer, AZ
 LARSON, MORONI, Safford, AZ
 LAZAR, JOE, Florence, AZ
 LAZAR, WELLBANKS, Payson, AZ
 LEE, VIRGINIA LAYTON, Willcox, AZ

LeSUEUR, BRUCE
 ILA, Egar, AZ
 LEVERTON, JOHN, Scottsdale, AZ
 LINDSEY, EUNICE PARKER, Tombstone, AZ
 LOCKWOOD, SARA "Babe", Payson, AZ
 LOGSDON, BILL, Kingman, AZ
 LONG, MRS. MARSHALL, Buckeye, AZ
 LOVELADY, A.L. "Shorty", PHX, AZ
 LUND, MILES
 BILLIE, Phoenix, AZ
 LUND, W. GUY
 CATHERINE, Mesa, AZ
 MASSE, PETE, Prescott, AZ
 MARTIN, IDA B. "Sis", Payson, AZ
 MATLEY, ALBERT, Prescott, AZ
 MATLEY, JOHNNIE, Prescott, AZ
 MATTICE, WARNER, B.
 JANET T., Pima, AZ
 MCALEB, MRS. E.B., Willcox, AZ
 McDONALD, LAWRENCE, Douglas, AZ
 McGEE, CHARLIE, Chino Valley, AZ
 McINTYRE, JOHN R., Patagonia, AZ
 McKEE, MRS., Buckeye, AZ
 McKELVEY, WILMER, Duncan, AZ
 McLAIN, LLOYD, Globe, AZ
 McMILLAN, E.E., Elgin, AZ
 McPEETERS, CLAUDE, Willcox, AZ
 MEDD, EDA, Yarnell, AZ
 MEISTERHANS, EMEL, St. David, AZ
 MENDIVIL, CLAUDE, Benson, AZ
 MERCER, JOYCE, Mammoth, AZ
 MILLER, ALLEN K.
 PHILENA H., Snowflake, AZ
 MILLER, ARCHIE B., Tolleson, AZ
 MILLER, CECIL H., Sr., Tolleson, AZ
 MILLER, CLARA, Prescott, AZ
 MILLS, MRS. ANDY, Willcox, AZ
 MILLS, ELTON K. Prescott, AZ
 MITCHELL, GRACE, Prescott, AZ
 MOODY, EDWIN, Thatcher, AZ
 MOTLEY, INEX, Cottonwood, AZ
 MUDERSBACH, JOHN L., Cottonwood, AZ
 MULLENO, HARBAY, Kingman, AZ
 MURDOCK, Mr., Camp Verde, AZ
 MURPHY, LEE P.
 MRS., Prescott, AZ
 NARRAMORE, S.L., Palo Verde, AZ
 NEAL, JACOB, St. Johns, AZ
 NEIL, RILEY, Prescott, AZ
 NELSON, MATTIE COOPER, Phoenix, AZ
 NIX, JOHN GARNETT
 NORMA GUTHRIE, Mesa, AZ
 NORTON, JOHN R., Sr., Scottsdale, AZ
 NORTON, W.F. "Bill", Phoenix, AZ
 NUNN, ANNIE, Chino Valley, AZ
 NUTTALL, JEAN M., Tombstone, AZ
 O'CONNELL, E. SYLVIA, Phoenix, AZ
 ORR, FLOYD, Cornville, AZ
 OWENS, ALMON, Show Low, AZ
 PAGE, BRAINARD C., Tombstone, AZ
 PARKER, FAY J., Patagonia, AZ
 PATTON, MRS. FRED, Prescott, AZ
 PAVEY, JUANITA IRENE, Kingman, AZ
 PEHL, LUKE, Prescott, AZ
 PEMBERTON, HENRY
 PEARL, Prescott, AZ
 PENDLETON, JAMES B., Nogales, AZ
 PERCY, R.V., Sr.
 PEARL FULLER, Wickenburg, AZ
 PHILLIPS, EULA SUMWALT, Duncan, AZ
 PIEPER, ELMER, Winslow, AZ
 PEEPER, LAURA, Globe, AZ
 PLACE, WYNEE CROWE, Tucson, AZ
 POGUE, BEULAH, Tolleson, AZ
 PORTER, LESLIE "Dobie"
 MRS., Heber, AZ
 POTTER, KITTIE COSPER, Clifton, AZ
 PROCHNOW, RAYMOND J.
 MARIE HART, Sun City, AZ
 PYEATT, ROLAND M., Elgin, AZ
 RANDALL, LENA STRATTON, Mesa, AZ
 RAY, TAPPIE, Las Vegas, Nevada
 REED, TOM E., Snowflake, AZ
 RIX, MARCELLUS, Willcox, AZ
 ROBBINS, DICK, Payson, AZ
 ROBERDS, BIRT, Douglas, AZ
 ROBERTS, ROACH
 ETHEL, Wickenburg, AZ
 ROBERTS, ROSS
 EDITH, Buckeye, AZ
 SAINZ, JESUS, Solomon, AZ
 SANDERS, ARMON
 MYRTLE, Safford, AZ
 SASSER, FLOYD, Prescott, AZ
 SASSER, SELDON "Bob", Phoenix, AZ
 SAUNDERS, JOHN MARION, Globe, AZ
 SCHIVERS, VINNIE, Cottonwood, AZ
 SHARP, CLAIRE, L., Show Low, AZ
 SHARP, DORA DAVIS, Prescott, AZ
 SHARP, REGINALD L. "Weg", Springerville, AZ
 SHEPPARD, MILDRED H., Buckeye, AZ
 SHILLING, IRENE WIEN, Pearce, AZ
 SLY, MRS. L.A., Buckeye, AZ
 SMITH, BERT J.
 MRS., Chino Valley, AZ
 SMITH, HOMER C.
 LOIS M., Phoenix, AZ
 SMITH, TED, Hereford, AZ
 SOWELL, BEN L., Safford, AZ
 SPROUL, IRENE V., Douglas, AZ
 SPRUNG, DOROTHY, Tucson, AZ
 SPURLOCK, JOSIE MAE, Payson, AZ

C O V E R

TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

IONA MARK SWAPPS - "James Henry Jones Homestead on the Blue 1892"

JOHN GARNETT NIX - ARCHIE MILLER - LULA JANE CONWAY

J.D. WARING - JESSE W. GODDARD - JOSEPH W. BARNETT

FRED & MARY STACY - JENNIE LEE VanDEREN - PETE MASSE - KITTIE COSPER POTTER

