

**ARIZONA
NATIONAL
PIONEER
RANCH HISTORIES**

Volume V



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

COMPILED AND EDITED
By
BETTY ACCOMAZZO

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

ARIZONA PIONEER RANCH HISTORIES, VOLUME V

The publication of Arizona Pioneer Stockmen Ranch Histories, Volume V continues to record the development of the livestock industry in Arizona.

We at the Arizona National proudly salute the Pioneer Stockmen whose examples of fortitude, industry, honesty and hard work are contained in Volumes I through IV and now in Volume V.

Thanks again to Betty Accomazzo and her committee for their continued hard work in compiling and publishing our Pioneer Histories. Most of all, thanks to all of the Pioneers who have provided us with their stories. You are the "stars" that have made the recordings of "Ranch Histories" possible.

Sincerely,

R. Gene Sparks

R. Gene Sparks
President
1981-1982, 1982-1983



P. O. Box 13548 • Phoenix, Arizona 85002 • (602) 258-8568



Dear Pioneers:

January, 1983 will mark the eighth anniversary of the Arizona Pioneer Stockman. The initial intent of the formation of this group was to honor Arizona's Pioneer Stockman as a part of Arizona's celebration in honor of our nation's 200th birthday. The Pioneer Stockman's first meeting was the highlight of the 1976 Arizona National, followed in 1979 by the publication of Volume I of "Arizona Pioneer Histories".

As a son of two pioneer cattle people, Will & Texie Stevenson, I am proud to have had a part in the recording of the stories of our Pioneers. The factual content of your stories will record for future generations the joys, trials, hardships and fortitude of the people who settled and began the development of Arizona.

Thanks to everyone who has contributed their time and efforts in making the publication of all five volumes of "Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories" a reality.

God Bless all the Pioneers for our Arizona heritage of which we are all so proud.

Via con Dios,

Nelson K. Stevenson
Show Manager

PREFACE

Because of the importance of the cattle business to Arizona and the interest of so many in its colorful romantic history, the Arizona National and I are happy to now present Volume V of *Arizona Living Pioneers Ranch Histories*.

Since older Pioneers are passing on, it is vital to the history of our state to get their stories while they are still around. Much of the color of Arizona's fabulous history centers around the lives of the Pioneers who worked cattle in the wide-open spaces.

Pioneer ranches and the people who lived on them are among the last landmarks of the Old West. We were pleased this past year to honor Mrs. Henry Duke of Mesa on her 100th birthday. She is our oldest Living Pioneer. Her family is now gathering information for her history.

It is our hope that through these ranch histories, more people will become acquainted with the important roll played by the cattle industry in the development of Arizona.

We again thank the officers of the Living Pioneers for their support, especially Fred Fritz, our President, for his perseverance in gathering all the ranch histories of Greenlee County. And gratitude to Roach Roberts who has sold many of the histories. He says he doesn't have to "sell the histories, they sell themselves!"

To Shirley Leneweaver who does the preparation and typing of the histories, and to Jody Yeager the Pioneer Office Secretary who keeps the

Pioneers informed and keeps their records, my thanks. And a special thanks to the Arizona National Board of Directors for making the printing of the volumes possible.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Cattlemen
and Cattlemen

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THE OLD-TIME COWBOY®

by

Clay Herrick

The folks came West in the early days,
Raised us on a ranch in wild and wooley ways.
We learned to camp on the open ground,
How to hide when the Injuns were around.

We had no fences to keep neighbors out,
Everyone lived like friends about.
There was lots of work, and time to play,
Out on the range or "getting up" hay.

In the school of God's creation,
We acquired our education.
We had our sorrows and we had our fun;
We lived in the raw, were quick on the draw,
And settled our fights by the speed of a gun.

We learned to herd and handle the brand;
Everyone ready with a helping hand.
We went to our neighbors to eat our own meat;
The way Ma cooked hers was hard to beat.

Sometimes we hunted for deer and bear;
Sometimes we trailed the lion to its lair.
The range at times was parched and dry,
Generally the grass was green and high.

We went to the dances down on the flats.
Wore chequered pants and wide brim hats,
Our chaps and spurs, and a red bandana.
'Twas 'way down the river by old Pantana.

Danced the square and reel with old-time girls
With their calico dresses, ribbons, and curls.
Their eyes were purty and cheeks were red;
An insult then, and the fellow was dead.

Some of the girls went away to school;
Most of the boys stayed home, as a rule.
In the good old days of the country store,
We always had a credit of a thousand or more.

Back on the mesa, a little to the west,
Some of the folks were laid to rest.
After Ma and Pa were put away,
Most of the rest began to stray.

Ours were the folks who blazed the trail,
Then came the law, and then the rail.
After awhile there came a change,
'Twas never the same on the open range.

When the auto came to stay,
The old stagecoach was put away.
A new era, and the movie came
With a different crowd of jazzy fame.

The original bunch is scattered and dead,
Now they carry their guns without any lead.
They haul their cows in a painted truck,
Can't ride a horse that really will buck.

So long, Old-Timers, vanguard of the West;
You had it hard and did your best.
God bless the Pioneers who built it new,
We'll keep the faith and see it through.

January 15, 1946

About the Author

Henry Clay Herrick, Jr. was the cousin of Fred and Lucy Moore of Rucker Canyon. Clay's father, Henry Clay Herrick, and mother, Clara Lamb Herrick, came west to Arizona along with Fred's father, Peter Moore, and mother, Martha Herrick Moore. The two families first settled in the Ft. Thomas area on the Gila River about 1875. The Moores purchased ranches in Rucker Canyon in 1893 and 1897, while the Herricks preceded them in purchasing a ranch at Fairbanks on the San Pedro in 1882. Clay wrote "The Old-Time Cowboy" as being "reminicent of early days in Southern Arizona." Clay and Fred were both born at Ft. Thomas, Clay in 1880 and Fred in 1876.

"The Old-Time Cowboy" was submitted to *Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories* by, and reproduced with the permission of, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Moore, Jr. Mr. Moore was the grandson of Fred Moore and the grandnephew of Clay Moore.

PHELON AND RUTH PARRISH

GILBERT, ARIZONA

A Family History

Phelon and I were both born in Monroe County, Mississippi. Our parents' lands adjoined, making them neighbors and friends, but none of them had plans for Phelon and I to marry. He was born December 17, 1900, and I was born May 13, 1906.

Phelon's family consisted of his father, James Sidney Parrish, his mother, Mary Davis Parrish, four brothers older than he, and two sisters, one older and one younger. His two older brothers, Elon and Oliver, were farmers, but not so with brother Jim. Jim spent all of his time with cattle. He was one of the "old-time" buyers, walking his cattle to the railroad some four miles from our homes. Phelon was always at Jim's side, and often he would skip school to make the drive. His brother Will, just younger than Jim, also liked farming but was not a "natural" cattleman like Jim, so Jim put his hopes on Phelon and the two brothers were very close and very adventurous.

My Grandfather Phillips, prior to our births, gave the land and lumber for the school which Phelon and I both attended. It was named in his honor, *Phillips School*, with both elementary and high schools. The four-mile road into Armory, Mississippi, our nearest town, was named *Phillips School Road*. That road is still there today.

Upon retiring, Grandfather deeded to my mother 320 acres, the home place, barns, and farming equipment together with the mules, horses, and cattle. He and his wife, Mary Smith Phillips, reared fourteen children.

Yet, my grandmother found time to properly rear her fourteen children, visit the sick, help the needy, and all without electricity or air conditioning. The thing that inspires me the most about her is her *epitaph* which reads: "Here lies a woman of many virtues, yet she found time to read her Bible through nine times."

My father, John Clemon Durrett, was from a family of Methodist ministers. His father and brother both were full-time ministers when he and my mother, Georgia Lula Phillip, were married. To their union came Mary Lou in seven years, then bam-bam-bam came Sudie Mae, Talmage, and me in just three years.

We always drove to Antioch to church every Sunday, and then in the afternoon my father held Bible study in the church on the farm with the tenants all attending. That was always a mixed group. "Aunt Hattie" and her eleven children, being colored, did a lot of singing, but even though others came and went, Aunt Hattie stayed until her death. There was never any difference as to racial equality, for Aunt Hattie was my "mammy" and would not let me play with either color. I had to stay busy so that I could, according to the phrase she coined, 'mount to sumpin'.

My father had a sister, Aunt Recie Roberts, who owned a large department store in Amory. Each Christmas here would come a wagon with two barrels, one for home use and one for the church on the farm. We kids looked forward to that, for in those barrels were huge stalks of bananas for distribution. The tenants got one and our family the other.

But let's go back to my tale and where we both were raised as children. We are most happy to say we lived in the same house and were happy to be referred to as from the Phillips School Community. We both

attended Phillips School, Trace Road School, and I also attended Hatley School for two years.

We married December 22, 1922. Phelon was twenty-two years of age and I was sixteen. We had been in love since I was twelve, but at that age I could only attend church and "singings" in the evenings. We would all meet, and someone'd play the organ and we'd have gospel singing. Phelon had a God-given bass voice. After our first gathering my mother called me in for a talk, reminding me that the families had planned that I grow up and marry Arnon Townley. Arnon and I were the same age, but he was still in knickerbockers and Phelon was in long pants, silk shirts, and *much more romantic*.

My mother was the greatest woman that ever lived. My father was grand, too, but he died when I was only seven years of age. I remembered myself as being his "favorite," but he would always say to me, "Ruth, honey, if only you had been a boy, you would have been a minister. But you were born for some *GOOD PURPOSE*; always remember that."

Cattle? I have not forgotten them. Every year my mother gave my brother and I each a heifer. Being in Mississippi, they were either Guernsey or Jersey and were springers (getting ready to be a milk cow). That would be our money. Talmage, my brother, being the only boy and spoiled, traded with me each time but somehow I always won. The last time he traded with me I had a large red Guernsey heifer and he had a small Jersey, but the Jersey had all the markings of a good cow, for my mother only kept the best. So, when he came with his usual plea, "I'm the only boy," I replied, "Okay, brother, no matter what happens, this is the last time we trade on these two." His heifer calved and had bad

luck and only brought him \$11 while mine brought me \$35. I bought myself a 21-jewel Elgin wristwatch for \$25 and had \$10 left. He used all his ingenuity trying to get my \$10, but my mother said, "No, Ruth just had better luck because of her disposition."

Let me add, here, my mother never whipped me with a switch but, oh, *them lectures!* Only she knew how to touch your heart and responsive chords and make you want to only be satisfied in pleasing our Heavenly Father and our parents. I wonder what she would say today at the news media and television. I am thankful for her sound teaching, and each day we had to read the fourth chapter of Proverbs, for her one desire was that we children might find TRUE WISDOM.

Phelon and I farmed our first year, 1923, and made 20 bales of cotton. We only received \$150 per bale, but we were off to a great start for God gave us a son, Boyd Durrett Parrish, born October 9, 1923. Yes, he was born at home, and in the same room I was. Grandpa Parrish came to see him first thing the next day, and went back and told the family, "Phelon's boy raised up and said, 'Come in, Grandpa, I'm going to be a cattleman just like my dad!'" He kept his word, for when he received the customary "little red wagon" there was also a Guernsey bull calf and harness lines and all. So all Boyd had to do was sit in the wagon and ride. A picture of this is *one* of our prized possessions yet today.

After that one year, Phelon never farmed again. Beginning in the fall of 1923 he began planning to spend time as a cattle dealer. This was mixed with being a millwright, but in 1932 after a prolonged illness, a bout with pneumonia osteomyelitis, empyriemia, and wearing two tubes in his left lung and two tubes in his left leg, he made up his mind. He

said, "Well, Ruth, God wants me to give all my time to livestock, and if you will help me regain my strength and weight [he only weighed ninety pounds], I'm starting now."

I drove him until he could do without his crutches, and then he was on his own. Sure, there were times I could not hear from him, but he always came in with droves of cattle. The *Mississippi Mud* did not stop him. He bought thousands of cattle for a banker, J. E. Edens, in Okolona, Mississippi. Then he worked for a packing plant in Memphis. In the meantime Boyd and I were buying close to home while keeping the home fires burning. We were netting more than just living costs, for Boyd was a "natural" from the time he could walk.

We had bought sixteen lots and built a beautiful home in Smithville, Mississippi. Boyd began his school years there and graduated April 22, 1941. God was with us in choosing our place to live and the school Boyd attended, for the Smithville High School was a *SMITH-HUGHES* school and had the best rating in the state. Boyd was valedictorian of his class. I believe this was due to the instance when he was eight years of age and had his signature verified so that he could write personal checks on our account. He bought hordes of livestock, but he never wrote *one* check for himself. We had lots of fun. *HE WAS THE GREATEST!* and I thank God for each of the fifty-three plus years he lived.

More illness came later for Phelon through a heart attack which was due to a collapsed lung due to an enlarged heart. Our family doctor ordered us to a less humid climate. We then came to Arizona in December 1955. God, through our relatives Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Beal, had our

apartment, our furniture, and a well-filled refrigerator waiting for our arrival. Boyd and I were working the second day, and by April 1956 I was working with the best people in Arizona: the late Paul Cornelius's family. Mr. Cornelius had two wonderful sons, Mel and Bobby (Robert). I worked as Custodial Bookkeeper, directly under Bobby, and even though I had formerly worked for one of the top organizations, the Agricultural Division of the State of Mississippi, and also Chance Vought Aircraft (a division of the U.S. Navy), I have never worked with men of *higher principle*. It was a joy for me to work long hours and feel that maybe I was helping to lighten the heavy work load that they all so graciously had accepted *so efficiently*. High business ethics are a worthy calling.

I overheard Mr. Cornelius talking to his "Goodwill Ambassador," Mr. Robert Pringle, telling him how desperately he needed a good, honest auctioneer. I asked him to excuse me, but I knew the BEST. In his curt way, Mr. Pringle simply replied, "Call him." At that time Boyd was District Manager for Johnson Wax and I located him in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He came and auctioneered and never returned to Johnson Wax. He worked here until the Cornelius Auction on Washington Street in Phoenix, across from the "Wedding Cake House," closed. I am proud of his record there.

Prior to this time and after finishing high school, Boyd entered Tupelo Military Institute in Mississippi, finishing with honors. Then came the war with the Japanese. Every night for four years we prayed for his safety and his return and often asked, "Are we who he is fighting for *worth* what he is going through?" He came home safe, and one of the first things he said was he wanted to be an auctioneer. We built

our own auction and he was one of our auctioneers. When he went for his first lesson I called his wife and said, "Evelyn, I want Boyd to be one of the most honest auctioneers in the world, and if you agree, let's talk to God about it." So we had our prayer, and I have never ceased praying for him.

Boyd was auctioneer for six sales in Alabama and Mississippi prior to our coming to Arizona. He had a sale each day of the week. *Cattle* were his life. He enjoyed helping the owners get the "top dollar" for their livestock. I am thankful he worked some eighteen years for the Cornelius Livestock Company, thankful for his experiences, thankful that during the *Arizona National Livestock Show*, still held annually, starting December 31, 1963 through January 6, 1964, he was one of the auctioneers both at the Cornelius Livestock Company and the State Fairgrounds.

After the Cornelius Livestock Auction closed, Garth Lamb opened an auction in the old Trimble Feedlot on October 9, 1974, with Boyd as his auctioneer. Boyd, at that time, was living in Gilbert, Arizona, on 9.75 acres out South Lindsay Road that he had purchased from John Sawyer's sister and known as the "Sawyer Place." Boyd registered the trade name Triangle Farms because the farm was a perfect triangle shape. That was in 1969 and that name is still registered today. The general nature of business was livestock and hay. Phelon and I live on the farm today and operate Triangle Enterprises, with an office that is open daily. We sell Holstein heifers ready to calve, to the dairymen.

Returning to Garth Lamb, when he was unable to get his West Chandler Dairy Auction off to a good start, he began trying to sell it to

Boyd. Garth finally succeeded, and Boyd had *his* opening sale April 15, 1975. Cattle came from everywhere.

Ed Nerud of Safford sold the first head at the sale, and never sold a springer at any other sale until four head were consigned to Garth Lamb at the Rawhide Livestock Auction on the night of February 26, 1982 for the sale March 2, 1982. Mr. Nerud had called me the night prior to the consignment, but I had fallen over a wheelbarrow of hay and had to tell him I was sorry but I was temporarily disabled. However, we have our bond through April 26, 1983, and still intend to sell livestock.

Dale Willis of Chandler was the first consignor with a large number of cattle, 197 head. Boyd was off to a winning start and he never slowed down. Yes, he was diagnosed with lymphoma on August 29, 1975, just twenty-seven days after giving his daughter, Patricia Marie Parrish Harris, in marriage on August 2, 1975, and only *four months* after he had purchased the West Chandler Dairy Auction (with no disability insurance).

We saved the best until the last. Boyd had a darling daughter, Patricia Marie, born May 14, 1955, just one day after *my* birthday. He adored her, but with Boyd married and divorced four times, Pat stayed with Phelon and me. We legally adopted her and she has been a *source of joy* to us. Phelon has always loved her better than he did Boyd, or at least he showed it more. I always felt that God gave us *two*, for both Boyd and Patricia, each in their own way, were the *GREATEST*; and now that I am getting to *really need* a daughter, I lean on her more every day. She is a good daughter, a dear granddaughter, and the best friend I ever had. We are really close, and what does one do without a pal, at our age? Never a day that she doesn't phone me, and on the eighteenth

day of June, 1981, she called when I really needed her the most. I was in the middle of a severe heart attack. Within minutes the Paramedics were there and then I was in intensive care at the Chandler hospital. My doctor said my life was saved because of her promptness.

And then there is Lindsay Marie Harris, Patricia's daughter, a darling five-year-old great granddaughter. They are the finest. Our "two girls." And we adore them both.

I do not want to fail to mention our son (son-in-law), Jack Harris, Patricia's husband. Though not a cattleman, he is such a strong arm to lean on and so thoughtful of our welfare. Phelon and I are so lucky to have all of them here so close, just next door on South Lindsay Road. We are just one big happy family.

To get back to Boyd's Auction, as we called the West Chandler Dairy Auction. Yes, Phelon, Patricia, and I were with him every day and night during its inception, doing exactly what Boyd told us to do and going beyond that, as the following figures which were sent to the Packers and Stockyards Division will verify.

<u>Year</u>	<u>Time after Acquisition</u>	<u>Number of Head</u>	<u>Gross Sale</u>
1975	7½ months	14,402	\$ 2,568,762.28
1976	12 months	17,816	3,952,888.46
1977	24 months	15,175	3,289,899.40
1978	36 months	<u>10,992</u>	<u>3,863,269.85</u>
		<u>58,385</u>	<u>\$13,674,819.99</u>

Annual average, 7½ mo-1 yr in business, \$3,418,705.00

Annual average, headcount, 14,597

All this was accomplished with Garth Lamb building the Rawhide Sale and even opening it on the *same* day of the week and, even further, starting earlier in the morning than Boyd's auction. How did we do it? The *LOYALTY* of Boyd's friends, too numerous to mention. Fond memories of all of them live in our hearts, Phelon's, Patricia's, and mine.

Bill Roer, a prominent Phoenix cattleman, gave a talk at Boyd's funeral. I should have taped it. But *every word will always live in my heart*. I especially remember the statement:

Folks, we have come here today to pay our respects to Boyd Parrish, one honest auctioneer. But he is not here. He is in Paradise. How do I know? He and I never sat down for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. He worked for the seller. I was a buyer. Yet, when I could not be there, all I had to do was call Boyd, tell him the type cattle I wanted, and always, when I went over to pay for them, they were *exactly* what I ordered. The buyer's commission was given to someone else. Boyd was too honest to take the money himself, even though we all knew he could use it.

I remembered our prayer when he was on his way to take his first auctioneering lesson and thanked God that Boyd had found *TRUE WISDOM*. I also thank God for having known Mr. Bill Roer.

The West Chandler Dairy Auction was Boyd's life, something that proved his worth to the State of Arizona. He lived not for himself but for others.

Phelon and I have many happy memories of Arizona and of cattle. We had an office in the Tovrea Office Building for some four years, and Patricia learned how to drive the car in the alleys of the old Tovrea Feedlot behind the office complex. Yes, that is why she is a good driver now, no turning left or right, just straight ahead. Phelon purchased and sold cattle to many ranchers in the state, but the happiest

time of his Arizona life was up near Yucca with Lyle Trimble on his ranch, which was known to everyone as the Seventeen-Mile Ranch.

I was bookkeeper for Lyle, and also for his son, Norris, who at that time operated a feedlot which was located in the same place then as it is now, Rural and Pecos roads in Chandler. They both were very good employers, and I will always have a great deal of admiration for them both, considering them to be in the same category as the Cornelius family. I believe that each of them will always remain a good friend to the Parrish family. Patricia worked during the summer months with them, also, taking a lot of pressure off me as to where she was, etc. Phelon was in charge of gathering all the cattle at the Trimble Land and Livestock Ranch, and stayed there most of the roundup time and he thoroughly enjoyed every moment.

The ranch meals, the getting up early, and the starting of the roundup seems to have become more interesting as Phelon daily spins the yarns of what they did. He dwells more on that now than on all the grading and selling of cattle. One night when he did not come home, I had a bad dream--I saw him falling down the mountainside. When Lyle Trimble called the next afternoon he began telling me not to worry, but I could detect a note of concern in his voice. I asked, "How bad was he hurt when he fell down the mountain?" A surprised Lyle quickly asked how I knew, and then told me Phelon was in a jeep without a door, and he kinda slid out going around a curve and just kept rolling "right on down." He was not injured seriously. That is our secret, four people filled with love and dedication, trying to do the will of God and the will of each member of our family, and trying to make the world a little

better for all people to travel through. *Cattle* are a great way to a finer understanding, and we hope to never be very far away from them. If you need, and we all do, an awareness of the truly great things in life, sit down in the cool of the evening with God and talk to a *real* friend about what you have done today to help one of your friends. Do not make the growing and selling of livestock only lucrative. Think of what they really are and what God intended they should be.

We are glad we have visited in thirty-eight of these wonderful states, and REALLY glad we have visited some of the BEST livestock markets in the world, and especially glad that God intended we settle down in the great state of Arizona with some of the best people in the nation and await our eternity. But most of all I thank God for two kings, Phelon and Boyd, and two queens, Patricia and Lindsay. I feel that as a woman-wife-mother, grandmother, and great grandmother it has been my responsibility to lead them in the fear of evil and the LOVE OF GOD, and something that I fear is getting too thin today, love of each member of the family and a deep-knit closeness of family life.

We are especially proud of our brands, both of them, but Brand No. 9764 belonged to Boyd and has a great story of its own. Brand No. 12018 means a lot to us because when we came to Arizona it was on the floor of the main entry into the Tovrea building and the Stockyards Restaurant, also on the tables, both end tables and the coffee table, and since it is Phelon's initials, P P only it is an inverted P, we are very proud of it. Brand No. 12018 will expire December 12, 1989 and Brand No. 9764 will expire December 31, 1987.

Now that all our relatives are deceased, I think that the thing I

miss the most is the Nine-Plus Men's Bible Class that I taught for eleven years, from 1943 to 1954, with an average of 150 men per Sunday at the First Methodist Church in Amory, Mississippi. Health will not permit me to do that now.

One of the things that I appreciate most in the livestock industry is the superb and efficient work of the Livestock Sanitary Board, and we consider each of the inspectors our friend. Every livestock owner should work to the interest of the Sanitary Board. Also, every livestock dealer should be property bonded. The stockers and packers always work to the interest of the livestock owner.

Arizona is the ideal state for livestock, and if we were living our lives over again, the only difference we would make is that we would own a large ranch and live a life somewhat like Mr. and Mrs. Verl Brown of Globe, Arizona. In this world of pressure today, it is a joy to have them drop by and see what God, Jesus Christ, clean living, and good wholesome Arizona air can do for you. We would grow our livestock, rather than buy and sell constantly, and live even closer to nature and God. Then we would live to be A HUNDRED, right? May each of you who reads our history be blessed, and love your family better, your Lord more, and resolve to learn daily lessons from the livestock you deal with. Thank you.

LEVI H. AND RUTH REED

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

I, Levi H. Reed, was born on a ranch on the edge of the Sand Hills in Nebraska on September 20, 1902.

My father, Adelbert S. Reed, and his brother loaded their horses and tools and wagon in a boxcar in New Berlin, New York about 1875 and headed west. They arrived at the end of the railroad in Nebraska, unloaded, and went on west overland for a hundred miles or so where they found grass up to the stirrups on a horse. They decided to make that their home.

A few years later, a number of homesteaders who had settled there and had children wanted them to go to school. They got my dad to help organize a school district and hire a schoolteacher by the name of Dora McCall. She filed a homestead claim next to my father's, and Father, his brothers, and the neighbors helped her build a cabin and fence her property. She lived in the cabin, rode three miles to school sidesaddle, and taught from three to ten children for a few years. Then in 1886 my father and Dora McCall were married.

The Burlington Railroad continued to move west. When it got to my dad's land, they tried to buy his land to put the division on, but he would not sell. So they purchased land on his line and built the town of Alliance. Later there was a severe drought and my uncle sold his interest to my father. Dad also purchased neighbors' ranches over the next few years.

My father and mother ran a dairy and delivered milk, eggs, and

other products from the farm to Alliance. That was in addition to his ranching and farming.

In the late 1880s and early 1890s the cattle rustlers became very bold, stealing and butchering cattle on the range and then delivering them to town. I heard them say there was one man who would bring in a large wagonload of beef to town with a .30-30 rifle across his knees and two .45 pistols on his hip and deliver it in Alliance.

In 1889 my father and the other ranchers organized one of the first cattle growers associations to combat the cattle thieves. They elected my father president, probably one reason was he had no fear. He never wore a pistol or carried a rifle in the days when most men had one or two .45 pistols strapped on. When they threatened my father's life, my mother kept all the blinds pulled in the house.

I had two sisters, Minnie Reed born in 1892 and Ruth Reed (Cowden) born in 1898. We were all born on the ranch and my uncle, Dr. Bowman from Alliance, delivered all of us.

There was an old Nebraska rancher friend, who had moved to the Salt River Valley on what is now 51st Avenue and Van Buren, by the name of J. Stanley Howard who my father corresponded with. So in 1908, my father came to the Salt River Valley and bought a farm on what is now 35th Avenue and McDowell Road. Father sold his holdings in Nebraska to move his family and belongings, including eight Percheron horses, in the summer of 1910.

We came by way of Maricopa and arrived in Phoenix about midnight. Mr. Howard met us and we stayed with them two or three months until my dad and Edward Jameson fixed our house so we could move in.

In 1912 Father bought more land and a new house on McDowell and we moved. It was the place Ruth and I live in now.

Edward Jameson, who my folks had raised with his brother, brought the furniture and horses from Nebraska in two freight cars. Later Edward ranched in the Kingman area with John Neal. He was elected to the legislature and later was Speaker of the House.

I graduated from Isaac School and Phoenix Union in 1921. I then went one year to Phoenix Junior College and part of two terms to Iowa State (Ames, Iowa) until my father needed me on the farm.

In 1925 I rented my father's farm, purchased a 10-20 International tractor, and grew hay and grain. In 1927 I bought 120 acres on what is now 43rd Avenue and Lower Buckeye Road for back taxes and interest, assuming the old mortgage from a Mr. Verhuff at about \$85 per acre.

The next few years I farmed mostly alfalfa, bought old ewes from Fred Porter and others, lambled them, and sold the lambs and some of the ewes in Kansas City. I ran the rest on George Stermer's ranch on the Sitgreave National Forest near Heber, Arizona.

Ruth Bowman Reed was born March 30, 1904 on a ranch near an Indian reservation on the Canadian border in Culbertson, Montana. Her father, Rusaw Patrick Bowman, with his brother, Thomas Bowman, operated the ranch and raised Percheron horses and Hereford cattle.

They tell of her father going out to check his horses and finding someone had stolen eight or ten head, driving them toward the Canadian border. He followed the tracks, and sent back word to his family that he was on the trail of horse thieves. With the help of the Canadian police he found the thieves and his horses some two weeks later.

Ruth moved to Phoenix in 1912 with her parents and her sister Alice. She went to the old McKinley School, and graduated from Monroe School in 1919. She graduated from Phoenix Union High School in 1923 (we had gone there at the same time), from Tempe Normal in 1925, and then she taught school in Flagstaff for three years.

Ruth and I were married in Phoenix on December 28, 1928. We have lived at what is now 3741 West McDowell Road (which used to be Cristy Road) until the present time and I continued feeding sheep and cattle. Our son, Donald Bowman Reed, was born in Phoenix April 15, 1935.

In 1950 Frank Armor and I bought the old Billie Cook ranch on New River from Cook's brother-in-law, Mr. Laird, and his partners Claude, Earl, and Gus Evans. It was known as the T up and T down, branded $\frac{1}{T}$ left hip. When we bought the ranch we had to pack everything on mules and horses from Charley Cartwright's ranch above Seven Springs.

We hired John Cline from the Tonto to operate and gather some two thousand head of wild cattle. We later sold him a 10 percent interest in the ranch. John Cline hired Bureld Land and his Uncle Jim Cline and Denver Tumberson, who were some of the best wild cattle cowboys in the state. They had gotten their training from George Cline, who was one of the first successful wild cattle gatherers. After we had most of the wild cattle off, we bought cows from Ray Cowden from the Hillside Ranch to restock it.

In 1957 we traded some of our deeded land for the Marshal Lake Ranch near Flagstaff, on Lake Mary, with the M. O. Best estate which was running sheep. We operated it as a sheep ranch for two years, then converted it to cattle.

John Cline and I purchased Frank Armor's interest, and later sold the T ranch to a syndicate. John Cline bought about 40 percent, and I, with my son Donald, owned the Marshal Lake Cattle Company which branded U quarter circle, U), on the left shoulder. We built pipelines, tanks, and roads, and cross-fenced it so it could be operated at a better advantage.

In 1975 I sold my interest in the Marshal Lake ranch to my son but have continued to have an interest in the cattle and to help operate it.

Don had two daughters, Brenda Hatfield and Dona Lee Frishman. Brenda has two sons, Gary Lee Hatfield born October 27, 1975 and Donald James Hatfield born December 16, 1976, living in the old house on West McDowell. Dona Lee has one son, Levi Justin Frishman, now living in Oregon. Donald also has an adopted son, George Reed, and daughter, Cynthia Reed. They are in collage.

JOSIE KELLEY
GLOBE, ARIZONA

I, Josie Kelley, was born to a pioneer family in Fort Thomas near Safford, Arizona in the year of 1893 on March the twenty-fifth. My father was Charles Alfred Gardner and my mother, Jennie Barfoot, was from Tombstone. I lived in Fort Thomas with my family and went to a country school in Poverty Flat until we finally got a school over nearer to us on the Lesley Canyon road. The name of this school was the Shepherd School. I went to school there until I met John J. Kelley, who was employed by Phelps Dodge Mining Company. We were married in 1911 on July the twelfth and lived in Douglas, Arizona until 1916. Then we homesteaded on a piece of ground near the Double Adobes in Sulphur Springs Valley, and my father gave us a start of cattle and horses for a wedding gift. We took our start of cattle and ran the brand of Lazy J K ($\frac{K}{J}$). We accumulated about 250 head of cattle, and lived on the ranch for eleven years.

My father, Charlie Gardner, was born in Frio County, Texas, in 1861. He was one of twelve children for J. W. and Martha Stacy Gardner who had settled in Texas in 1851 and raised cattle.

By the time my father was twelve years old he was out on his own. As a teenager he was training horses for Sam Bass, who later achieved fame as a train robber. My father worked his way West, and got to Arizona when he was twenty-four years old. Shortly after arriving in Duncan he moved to Willcox, subsequently working for a number of the big, well-known outfits down in Cochise County--the Hooker Ranch, the Rod

Cattle Company, and others.

My father, Charlie Gardner, and my mother, Jennie Barfoot, were married in Tombstone. She also was from a Texas cattle family. About that time, Cochise County was passing through its liveliest era and even Indians were still a menace. On one occasion my father had to be gone for forty days on a cattle drive and my mother stayed home in Pinery Canyon in the Chiricahuas alone. When she would have to go out and milk the cow, she would carry one of us and a milk bucket under one arm and a rifle under the other.

When my father came to Arizona he brought two Steeldust horses with him, and all of his life he raised good ones. After he was older he had a horse called Fiddler that was his favorite. Fiddler was by Broken Legged Traveler, a stud that the one-time famous quarter horse-man, Clay McGonigal, and Joe Gardner had shipped out to Charlie from Texas. Fiddler was a match-race horse, a cow horse, and a cutting horse all in one package. Father also had a famous mare, Katy Bell by Joe Collins, and he had a standing offer to race her against anything at a quarter mile.

Father raised many good horses, raced a lot of them, and roped on many others. His surplus cow horses were usually sold to the Gabilondo family south of Agua Prieta. Father was a good roper, too. He only weighed 145 pounds but he won the first single, big steer roping contest ever held in Willcox; and then, the same day, to prove to a skeptic with some money to lose that his win had been more than just a lucky shot, Father won a three-head big steer to match from Ed Grew, who was one of the best in those days.

Father really got into ranching on his own when he bought a half interest in the High Lonesome Ranch in the Chiricahuas with his brother-in-law Joe Glenn. In 1903, I was told, he sold out his half to Glenn and homesteaded a place sixteen miles north of Douglas in the rolling country he called the Mud Springs Ranch. He branded U on the shoulder and 20 Bar on the hip. In 1914 he sold Mud Springs to Bill Neil and bought the old Bill Shepherd Ranch north of Douglas, also, and in 1919 sold that place to William Cowan. Then he bought the Buck Titus place at Elgin which he sold to N. E. Clark in 1928. In 1966 it was known as the Elgin Hereford Ranch.

Then Gardner bought what was called the Old English Ranch, ten miles north of Sonoita. It is now known as the Singing Valley Ranch. He sold this place, and the U Bar 20 brand which he had kept all those years, to Eugene Burns in 1935, and then bought still another old-time outfit, the Lowery Ranch west of Fairbank.

We lost our mother in 1947, and shortly thereafter he sold the Lowery place to Bud Morris and retired. In 1952 we lost our father after he retired and moved to Tucson.

My husband John continued to work at the mine while I ran the ranch. He would drive fourteen miles to work and came home at night. We had a drought and had to sell the cattle to a cattle buyer, and we later moved to Douglas for school for our two daughters, Thelma and Lorraine. We later sold the ranch to a pioneer family, John Hazelwood, who in turn sold to Ralph and Mattie Cowan of McNeal. My husband worked for Phelps Dodge Mining Company and retired after twenty-five years. We didn't give up ranching. We purchased more cattle and moved out to

Guadalupe Canyon east of Douglas, Arizona and continued ranching. We ranched for awhile out there, and finally moved to Douglas but we kept our cattle and put them on Pascoe Ranch over by Cloverdale, New Mexico. Later we moved our cattle back down to Guadalupe Canyon onto Ralph McDonald's ranch, and then later sold the cattle in the '50s due to the drought.

I am one of six children born to Charles Gardner and Jennie Barfoot Gardner. I recently was admitted to the Arizona National Livestock Show and received a Living Pioneer Certificate of which I am very proud. I'm now eighty-nine, retired, and living in Central Heights in a double-wide trailer out of Globe.

My daughter Loraine Strikland has one boy, Jerry Strikland, and two girls, Judy Donn and Barbara who is married to Dick Bowerman. Dick is in the sheep business and they recently moved from Chandler to a ranch in Prescott. My daughter Thelma Wright has one son, Alden, and he helped me with my Ranch History.

Mrs. Don Smith, Melba, was a daughter of my brother, Charlie Gardner, Jr., who married Eudora Summers in Douglas in 1915. The last ranch they lived on before he was killed was the Bar S Ranch, located sixty-five miles from Kingman. It consisted of 5½ townships, patented land school sections, and railroad land. Many of the ranches in Arizona are still with the same families.

JOHN HENRY EICKS

McNEAL, ARIZONA

John Henry Eicks was born in San Francisco on December 3, 1887. He was the eldest son of John Henry Eicks and Lena Buchenmeir. His mother had been born in New Orleans and his father was born in Germany. The couple was married in 1886.

Mr. Eicks was taken to Albuquerque, New Mexico at the age of one year, and he and his family resided there for ten years. His schooling, to the sixth grade, was all in Albuquerque. They then moved to Tucson, staying about two years, and then to Douglas. He made his home there and in the area since that time.

He was married three times, his wives predeceasing him. Emma Poly McDonsals was born in 1900 in Duncan, Arizona and resided in Lee Station northeast of Douglas at the time of their marriage at Lee Station in 1929. Lorene Hough Blucher was from Kansas City, Missouri and she and Mr. Eicks had one daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Day of Guam. He also was married to Ruby Blevin of Douglas.

In 1908 Mr. Eicks started ranching in the Huachuca Mountains of what is now Arizona, continuing there two years. (The state was not organized until 1912.) In 1910 the Eicks moved to Sycamore Canyon, which was still in Arizona Territory, ranching there until 1917.

When World War I broke out, Mr. Eicks sold the Sycamore Canyon ranch, taking two hundred cattle to Mexico where they remained for two years. Mr. Eicks joined the U.S. Navy in El Paso, but until called for active duty he joined the Phelps Dodge Corporation work force at Douglas

as a moulder, a trade he had practiced in his youth. The demand for moulders was so acute he was never called for Navy duty, remaining on the job until the end of World War I.

Immediately following the end of World War I, Mr. Eicks purchased the Jim Hunt ranch at the lower end of the Animas Valley, near the Mexican-U.S. border, and reclaimed his cattle from Mexico. The Hunt ranch is of historical interest in that it was started by the Clanton brothers of Tombstone shootout fame. It had been purchased by Jim Hunt from the Clantons a few years earlier. Mr. Eicks continued to ranch at this place until 1964 when he sold to Bill and Cordy Cowan, who currently operate the spread.

The ranch in New Mexico totaled approximately 12,000 acres of patented, leased, Forest Service, and Bureau of Land Management land. The maximum population was estimated at 650 head of cattle of all ages.

Mr. Eicks was immediately faced with a water shortage when he occupied the ranch in New Mexico. It was necessary to dig holes in the creeks, letting the holes fill to water the stock. He also obtained some water from Indian Springs on his property. One of his recollections concerns water from a hand-dug 86-foot well on the property. It was not providing much, if any, water so Eicks and a friend drilled a three-inch hole horizontally for 108 feet through rock, and through this tunnel obtained a supply of water which is still used on the ranch.

Obtaining a brand in New Mexico at the time Eicks purchased the ranch was a long, drawn-out process, for after a request was made to the New Mexico authorities they offered a selection and the rancher was to make his choice. Mr. Eicks did not like the choices he was offered, so

when a neighbor did not use a brand he had been offered, Mr. Eicks asked for and received the Lazy U J brand ($\supset J$).

After starting the ranch in New Mexico, Mr. Eicks worked nine years for the Victoria Cattle Company, which had large acreages near him, while operating his own ranch. Known as the Diamond A (XX), it was part of the company which operated the Boquillas outfit in Arizona and the Kern Cattle Company in California. The Boquillas brand was the Wagon Rod ($\text{—}\bigcirc$), the manager was Henry Street, the wagon boss was Pink Murray, and headquarters was at Hereford, Arizona. In this period, 1918 to 1927, Mr. Eicks was engaged in obtaining water for the Diamond A operation. To do this he drilled wells (or had them drilled) provided dugouts or dams to hold water, constructed windmills for the wells, built watering tanks and troughs, and built fences throughout the area as the cattle company acquired small acreages from other ranches.

Roundup was a big time, as all the cattle from the valley were gathered in one area. As many as eighty to a hundred ranchers and cowboys gathered at a central place to sort out the cattle which had been ranging over a wide area, especially in the earliest days when there were few fences. The cattle were put into two herds, totalling four to five thousand animals, and the company's branded stock would be separated from the other animals. The others would be counted strays and would be divided by the other ranchers. Mr. Eicks recalls this would result in an estimated $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent calf crop, as the cattle roamed at will for years. In addition to the cattle, the ranchers, and the cowboys, the ramudas needed for the roundup would probably be as high as eight hundred horses, with round-the-clock guards on the two herds of

cattle so they would not stampede, stray, or intermingle.

The price of cattle was low in the early days, but of course the animals were not up to today's standards. Mr. Eicks and the other ranchers sold yearlings for eight dollars, the two-year-olds for twelve dollars, and the older cattle were difficult to get rid of. The animals were usually sold to John Slaughter, famous Cochise County sheriff, who shipped them to the grain fields of Kansas for fattening. In later years cattle brought higher prices as a rule, but when drought hit either New Mexico or Kansas the prices would drop.

Travel in the early days, 1918 to 1930, was a difficult problem for ranchers, with roads barely cut out and 'round-about. When he first started to ranch in New Mexico, Mr. Eicks traveled by horseback to Douglas, a distance of sixty-five miles. When he used a wagon this was a three-day trek via Mexico, with the Slaughter ranch one of the stopover points. Later, a road north of the border through Clanton Canyon in New Mexico and Cottonwood Canyon in Arizona cut the distance to fifty-four miles, but even today a car or pickup is lucky to make the trip in less than two hours.

Looking back on his years of ranching, Mr. Eicks has some observations, including:

It was a hard life, "I don't know how we survived."

A man's word was his honor.

Cooperation was the byword among ranchers.

Written by Garth D. Johnston
Douglas, Arizona
1981

ELSIE ALMEDA GRAHAM DUNN

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Elsie Almeda Rogers was born on the first of October in 1895 in Hatch, New Mexico. Her father, Rueben Rogers, was foreman on the 40,000 acre cattle ranch of Lyons and Campbell. At the age of three weeks, Elsie and her family moved by horse and wagon to a cattle ranch near Duncan, Arizona to a small town now known as Franklin. When she was two years old, the family pulled up stakes again and moved to Sweetwater, Texas. Age five found her and her family again in Arizona, settling in Safford in the summer of 1900. Here on the farm they raised wheat, alfalfa, and small grains. When Elsie turned six, she walked three miles, one way, to attend her first year of school in Duncan. In the summer of 1904 when Elsie was nine years old, the family moved to Naco and, after only a five-months stay, they began a three-week trip back to Sweetwater. This time they were in two wagons pulled by two horses on each wagon. Along the way other wagons and families joined Elsie's entourage, all dreaming of growing cotton in the Lone Star State.

It was to turn out later that Rueben was one of the first cotton farmers, but in the Salt River Valley instead of Texas.

Kyrene, Arizona was to be Elsie's next home when the family returned once again to the Salt River Valley in 1908. Here they farmed eighty acres of maize on the Dr. Moore ranch.

At age thirteen Elsie was helping her family farm the C. W. Peterson ranch in Arlington, Arizona where they grew alfalfa and cattle feed. Here, at the school in Arlington, Elsie graduated from the eighth grade

where, many years later, her nephew Frank Rogers served on the school board.

When the family moved to Cashion to farm eighty acres of pinto beans, Elsie attended her first year of high school in Glendale. She remembers her father driving her in a horse and buggy to the new school, where she was to attend classes in a vacant lumberyard on Grand Avenue just north of Glendale Avenue. While attending high school, Elsie had room and board with the C. H. Tinker family. Mr. Tinker was president of the Glendale office of the Valley National Bank. Elsie worked in the Tinker home, returning during the summer to her family in Cashion where she helped in the planting of the beans. She still remembers riding the disc harrow behind four horses to get the land ready for the July planting. Elsie tells of once when a wheel fell off the disc. Since she was completely alone and a great distance from home, it was up to her to get the wheel back on. By digging a trench under the wheel, she was able to somehow slip the wheel back on, and the faithful horses got both Elsie and the disc harrow back home.

In the fall of 1912, Elsie returned to Glendale for her second year of high school. There were approximately seventy-five students attending her school, and Elsie remembers when the vice-president of the United States, Thomas R. Marshall who served with President Woodrow Wilson, came all the way from Washington, D.C. to dedicate the new high school. All the female students were dressed in white and served as guides for this occasion. It was a gala dedication with important dignitaries and plenty of barbecue provided by the local cattlemen. Elsie says after this building had been used for fifty years it was razed to

make room for a new and larger campus.

Because of economic conditions, Elsie was unable to return to high school and spent the next few months working the farm with her father, brothers, and sisters.

Then in the summer of 1913 at a country dance in the old St. Johns school, Elsie met the man who was to become her husband and the father of her first son. Thomas E. Graham was born on January 12, 1888 near Gila Bend at the Hot Springs there. He was raised on a ranch at Florence, Arizona and obtained his schooling there. His family shortly moved to the Salt River Valley, purchasing 120 acres of land on the corner of Latitude 20 and west Buckeye Road. This acreage was to later be known as Graham Corner.

So, in February of 1914 at the age of nineteen, Elsie Rogers became Mrs. Elsie Graham. With the purchase of forty head of milk cows on eighty acres of land on the corner of Central Avenue and Southern (called Southerland in those days), the young married couple began their first dairy. This property was called the J. L. Irwin Ranch.

In the spring of 1915, their son Warford was born. Following his birth Elsie and Tom moved back to the old Graham Ranch on Latitude 20, where for approximately five years they farmed alfalfa and milked the herd of cows.

In late 1920 the cows were sold and the 120 acres were planted in cotton. Cotton prices dropped so low that the crop didn't pay for itself, so once again Elsie and her husband Tom went back into the cattle business. They purchased twenty-five milk cows and several heifer calves from the Borden Creamery and moved to Glendale, and on the B. F.

Richenberber Ranch, Avenue J and Latitude 18, they started all over.

Finding the cost of renting the land so high and the pay for butterfat so low (13¢ per pound), they again gave up the land and cattle and moved once more to Graham Corner on Latitude 20 and built a new house.

The following years brought a divorce and a second marriage--this time to Dan Dunn. In 1943 Elsie and Dan rented eighty acres on the John Sargeant Ranch at Latitude 24 and Buckeye Road and began their dairy with six cows of their own and fifteen rented from Mr. Sargeant.

A son, Patrick, was born to Elsie and Dan. In the years following, Dan suffered a heart attack and the dairy was turned over to Audrey Smith.

This was Elsie's final cattle experience. Since the death of her husband, Elsie has continued to live in Phoenix.

JEAN MC CLELLAND NUTTALL

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Jean was born on the Vaternvale ranch in Tombstone, Arizona. She attended both grade school and high school in Tombstone, then continued her education at ASU, where she graduated with distinction. She later did postgraduate work at the U of A, NAU, and schools in Europe.

Jean well remembers that her father, John J. McClelland, had dairy cattle on the Tombstone ranch where she was born. He later sold the dairy herd and went into mining. Her mother, F. Helen McClelland, was a teacher in Tombstone schools for many years. She had a Master's degree from Baylor College in Texas and NAU. Jean comes from a family of very well-educated teachers. Both of her sisters, Kathelene Bennett (now deceased) and Matia Burk who is living in Utah, taught school. Jean's grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Ayres, also was a teacher.

Curtis M. Nuttall, Jean's husband, was born in Arnette, Oklahoma and came to Arizona at the age of three. He attended Cochise schools. Jean and Curtis were married by the Reverend Brehm at his home in Bisbee, Arizona, May 14, 1927. Part of the ranch they moved to after they were married was inherited by Curtis, and later he and Jean purchased some of the surrounding homesteads. The Nuttalls ran many cattle on their ranch; they had many good wells, windmills, and storage tanks. Their brands were the AL — (AL bar) and the V/F (V slash F).

Curtis was well prepared to run his own ranch, for he had worked on four different ranches before he married Jean. She taught school for twenty-six years while they ranched. Jean was always amazed by the

children she taught; they were always saying something surprising. One of the best remarks that she remembered was from a little boy who had come from Mexico only a few months earlier and was staying with his aunt in Dragoon. They were having a hailstorm with hailstones the size of tennis balls. The little boy pulled on Jean's sleeve and said, "Look, teacher, quick! It's raining snowballs!"

Jean and Curtis's ranch, known as the Curt Nuttall Ranch since his brother Frank lived on the next ranch, was located between Dragoon and Cochise. They lived over twenty years in Dragoon. Curtis worked on the railroad as a signal maintainer and worked the ranch on the weekends. Sometimes Jean was able to ride with him. Her daughter Ruby and her nephew Frank E. Carey, Jr. were Curtis's main cowboys. Frank lived with the Nuttalls for five years after his mother's death. When his father remarried, Frank left to live with him. When they were working the cattle, Jean often would come along and bring big kettles of beans or chicken stew, bread, salad fruit, or fruitcake. She also helped at shipping time by keeping track of weights, etc. Therefore, she had a lot of good experience after her husband's death at the age of forty-five when she had to deal with some not-too-honest buyers who took her for greener than she was. She remembers one who talked all the time she was figuring, then he would say, "I get ---," a number always a digit less than Jean's. She finally told him, "Do you know you are dealing with a schoolteacher? Next mistake you make, please make it in *my* favor!" The buyer's boss finally came over and asked, "Do you know what the trouble is? Do you need an adding machine?" "No," the buyer replied, "She can add and she knows the score."

After the death of her husband, Jean supervised the finishing of their ranch house herself. A dandy chore it was for her, indeed, with the workmen resentful of being bossed by a woman, with her sleeping in an unfinished house, and with an unfriendly bull snake slithering in and out at unexpected intervals. At long last she was finally finished. But by that time Jean had been offered a school in Tombstone, so her daughter Ruby and Ruby's husband have enjoyed the fruits of her labors. Jean said, "Well, who should kick? I now live in comfort in a nice apartment, in my apartment house," which was built partly with money from the sale of the ranch and partly from teaching earnings.

Jean thanked the Arizona National for her Pioneer Ranch Certificate, and said she planned on framing it.

GEORGE P. HAZELTON, SR.

TONOPAH, ARIZONA

Carter Hazelton, father of George, was born December 25, 1861 in the Napa Valley of California, the son of Richard Pierce and Obedience Harer Hazelton. Carter's father died in 1878, and so in 1880 Carter brought his widowed mother and his younger brothers and sisters from Oregon, passing through Winnemucca, Nevada, and on to Lee's Ferry where they crossed over into Arizona. In November 1880 they arrived in Payson, which was then called Green Valley. All that was there at that time was the Burch Ranch, established in 1876 by William Burch who later became Carter's brother-in-law by marrying Ida Jeannette Hazelton. Carter's oldest sister, Mary Ann, had married Sam Conley and did not make the long trek to Arizona until later.

After the coming of the railroad and the establishing of Holbrook in 1882, Carter freighted from there to Payson to support his family. In the meantime he had established a ranch near Gisela, on Rye Creek, in partnership with George Felton. Carter's cattle were branded with the JL, which later was used in the Buckeye Valley area, but due to some misfortune the brand is no longer in the family.

Carter's sister Sara was at the Meadows' ranch when a wandering band of Apache renegades attacked the lonely ranch, killing the elder Meadows and one of his sons. Another son, John, was severely wounded but eventually recovered and later became Justice of the Peace of Payson. Sara married William McDonald in Payson in 1883, and had two daughters born there, one in 1884 and the second in 1889. There were some

occasions when Sara assisted her husband in fighting Indians before finally moving to the Buckeye Valley and homesteading on the Gila.

Carter's brother-in-law John Gilleland, who had married Laura Hazelton, was noted as having been the first man shot in the Pleasant Valley War of 1887-1888, allegedly by Ed Tewksbury. Carter watched the entire Graham-Tewksbury feud from a neutral position; however, his sympathy seemed to have been with the Tewksburys.

Benjamin Franklin Stewart came into the Payson area from south Texas in 1888, liked the country, and sent for his family. His wife and four teen-age children made the trip by covered wagon with no mishaps. George's mother, Mattie Stewart, taught school in Payson prior to her marriage to Carter Hazelton in 1889. Due to the fact that there was no doctor in Payson, they moved temporarily to Globe before the birth of their first child and Carter worked in the mines. Their first child was Lewis Brooks Hazelton, for whom the Buckeye cemetery is named. Lewis was killed in World War I and is buried in France.

In 1891 they moved to the Buckeye Valley and homesteaded on the Gila River south of Liberty, where their other seven children were born. Carter assisted in the building of the Buckeye Dam and Canal. In the 1890s Carter freighted from Maricopa to the Vulture Mine near Wickenburg. Portions of the old road over which his big freight wagons rolled are still visible in places, and it passed within a few yards of our home. The family milked cows, sold cream, farmed, and grazed their cattle on the then open range. Carter died November 1, 1928.


George was born September 14, 1905, the sixth child of Carter and Mattie Stewart Hazelton. He attended Liberty School and, for a time,

Los Angeles Pacific College in California.

In the 1920s George worked for his uncle, Charley Hazelton, on his Flying W Ranch near Gisela, previously owned by Andy Wilbanks. The ranch was in a remote and almost inaccessible area where everything had to be packed in by muleback. All cattle and horses had to be driven from there to the Salt River Valley. The drive was of several day's duration, over Reno Pass, through the rain and flooded streams, with an overnight stop at the Bernard Hughes' ranch near Four Peaks, past Fort McDowell, and on into the stockyards at Phoenix. George says one trip it rained on them all the way and his bedroll got to weighing about four hundred pounds!

In the 1930s he worked for the Livestock Sanitary Board. He was sent to Kirkland on a special assignment in an attempt to halt rustling in the area--someone was stealing Clarence Jackson's calves. He warned the suspected parties of why he was there and what he would have to do if they didn't watch their step.

George and I were married November 21, 1938, and we ranched a few years in Pinal County. While living there George did considerable business with the Indians, buying their cattle all the way from Sells on the Mexican border to Casa Grande. We were living there when our son George, Jr. was born in 1941.

Our cattle wore the  brand, and for lack of a better name, it was dubbed the "Frog Hook." We ran this brand on the old George Miller ranch near Hackberry for several years, but for the last twenty-five years home base has been on the Carter-Herrera Allotment near Tonopah, and on a few occasions we have had cattle in Cochise and Pima counties.

Some forty-three years ago, George's first venture into running horses was a gray quarter mare called Blueberry Hill (known in Texas as Cherokee Girl). Then came a fast paint horse called Painted Joe, which he had in partnership with Tom Clark and Roy Adams of Tucson.

Then he went into the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds. A few of these somewhat famous horses will be remembered by oldtime race goers: Bluestone, Johnny X, Water Wagon, San Fernando, Mutuality, The Rage, William D, Indian Wheat, etc. But all this time he was never out of the cattle business.

The racing stable enabled us to get out of the heat. Our summers were spent in Tijuana, Mexico; Ruidoso, New Mexico; Denver; Omaha; Detroit; or Santa Fe, New Mexico. Being a history buff, I think Santa Fe was the most fun, as there is a lot of history there.

George was a member of the Arizona Thoroughbred Breeders Association, the American and Arizona Quarter Horse Association, the Arizona Game Breeders Association, and he served one term on the board of the Arizona Division of the Horsemen's Protective Benevolent Association.

During the 1940s and '50s he was a member of the RCA and participated in team roping with Carl Arnold, John and Tom Rhodes, and others.

In the 1950s we tried our hand at dairying, first at a farm on Broadway just west of Mill Avenue in Tempe, then a farm south of Tolleson, and lastly, a big farm east of Buckeye. We were doing quite well until one of the large chain stores cut the price of milk almost in half and we folded. That was their purpose, to break and put out of business the small dairymen. They succeeded. We were not the only ones they broke, but always, all the while, we had range cattle somewhere in

Arizona.

Twice, steers in the feed lots broke us, but somehow we always picked ourselves up and staged a comeback. As all ranchers know, cattle ranching has a lot of ups and downs, mostly downs, but it makes for a great life.

George has two children from a former marriage, Rita Hazelton Bennett and Richard Pierce Hazelton. Rita has one daughter, Bonnie Jean Silba, and Richard has two sons, Richard Allen and Scott Pierce. Our son, George P. Hazelton, Jr., has been associated with his father in the livestock business all his life. He married Marla Jean Kirk and they have two daughters, Jacque Hazelton Ast and Darla Lee Hazelton. Their son George Pierce Hazelton III, better known as "Tres," lost his life in a tragic traffic accident April 12, 1980.

Some of the recorded Hazelton brands are as follows:



George Hazelton, Sr.



George Hazelton, Jr. (son)



George Hazelton, Jr.



George Hazelton, Jr.



Richard and Marge Hazelton (son and daughter-in-law)



Richard A. Hazelton (grandson)



George P. Hazelton III (grandson)

George had but recently returned from a five-day roundup of the Robles Ranch at Three Points in the Kitt Peak area and was apparently in excellent health when, suddenly and unexpectedly, he passed away in his sleep at the age of seventy-six, February 11, 1982.

Of the family of eight children of Carter and Mattie Stewart Hazelton, only two survive. They are Pearl Hazelton Curtis of North Highlands, California, and Una Hazelton Bogart of Lemon Grove, also in California.

Drusilla Hazelton
March 27, 1982

RICHARD ALLEN TAYLOR

PAYSON, ARIZONA

I was born April 18, 1907 on the \diamond Ranch. The \diamond is eleven miles west of Payson and one mile west of the Δ Ranch, the "Doll Baby." These ranches are on the East Verde River. The two ranches consist of 72 sections of forest land and 349 acres patented land. About 30 sections are in the Mazatzals. This range was pretty well watered. The East Verde River ran from northeast to southwest through the center of the lower country. Pine Creek ran from north to south through the west part of the range. In the early years there were several good springs, but too many dry years dried up most of them. The Mazatzal range was too dry for summer use, so after the fall rains we would put cattle and horses up there to winter. Most years they did real good. We had a permit for about three hundred head. We ran somewhere around 250 cows.

My dad was born in 1872 at Oakhurst, California and came here when a young man. He went to work for Henry Wollpert. His first job was driving a herd of cattle into the Club Ranch in the Mazatzal Mountains. I don't know just how long he worked for Mr. Wollpert. He eventually moved into the Payson Country. Here is where he met my mother, Angela Belluzzi. She was born in Globe, Arizona and raised on the Belluzzi ranch under the Mogollon Rim. This ranch is now called the Rim Trail Ranch. It is at the head of the East Verde River.

Dad and Mother were married at the Belluzzi ranch in 1906 and went on horseback to the \diamond Ranch. Dad had bought the \diamond in 1904 or

1905, and in 1914 he bought the Doll Baby Ranch from George Smith. He had run the cattle part of this ranch for several years before buying it.

I went to school in Payson. Dad would move Mother and us kids to town in the fall into a rented house. We would stay all winter and move back to the ranch in the spring. There are five of us kids; I am the oldest, then my sister, Margaret Murphy who lives here in Payson, Bill who lives in Mesa, Fritz who lives here, and Ed who lives in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

After I was old enough to make a hand, Dad would take me out of school early in the spring to go through the spring roundup. After I finished school, I stayed awhile on the ranch. When I was about nineteen I went to work for the Horseshoe Outfit. Harry Kennedy was manager and Jimmie Gardner, foreman. I worked there less than a year, then came back to the ranch and stayed awhile. Later on I went to work for the Gila County Highway Department. They were building the road down Fossil Creek Hill. I drove a team of horses pulling a rock boat. I also worked in the mess hall.


In 1927 I got married to Valda May Beard. We were married in Globe, Arizona, November the eighteenth. Valda was the granddaughter of E. F. and Sara Pyle. They were real pioneers, coming here from California in 1890. They had moved from Kansas to California. They bought a place in Star Valley. Valda's mother was Nellie Pyle Beard and her father was Fletcher Beard. Valda was born on Ellison Creek, under the Mogollon Rim. The family moved to Payson when she was real young. They lived where the old Ranger Station is now, as Fletcher was a Forest

Ranger. He died when Valda was five years old. They had bought a ranch in Star Valley, so they moved to the ranch and lived there until the kids were all grown. Valda had a brother and two sisters. Elvin, her brother, died in California. Laura Pieper, a widow, is living in Globe, and Catherine Sanders, also a widow, lives in Camp Verde. Valda went to school in Star Valley and here in Payson.

After we were married, we lived on the Doll Baby Ranch. I worked there for a short time, then we moved to town and I worked at whatever I could find. I built fence, cut posts, and worked for a mining man for a short time, hauling in machinery with a four-horse team. Then in 1930, I got a job with the Tremaine Cattle Company on Rye Creek. Boss Chilson was manager and Lee Barkdoll was the foreman. I worked there for about three years. At first this job paid sixty dollars a month and we boarded ourselves, but I was lucky to have a job. Those were the good old days!

In 1933 I went to work for the Bureau of Public Roads. We surveyed the road between Payson and Fossil Creek, then we moved to Mormon Lake and surveyed from Long Valley to Flagstaff.

In 1934 I went to work for the Gila County Highway Department again. I worked five years this time.

Then in 1939 we bought the Doll Baby and  ranches from my dad. We kept the ranch until 1945. We sold out to A. D. Cobb, a man from Texas.

We moved to Chandler and bought five acres with a home. I worked cattle there for several different ones, mostly for Jack Clem and some for Mr. Day and Gibby Gibson. I also took care of some cattle for Joe

Bassett.

Two summers I worked in Payson as a stone mason. I worked on the Oxbow Inn. Jimmie Cox was the owner and also the architect.

In 1947 Jack Clem bought the FF Ranch in Bumblebee. I moved up there to run the ranch for Jack. Then we rented our place in Chandler and Valda and the children moved there, too. We were there nearly three years. I quit and we moved back to Payson where I went to work for Cobb at my old home ranch. I worked there until he sold out. He sold to Tom Mulcair and Les Mickel.

Then we went to Austin, Nevada to look at a ranch that Valda's brother had. It was in late November and real cold, so that took care of that for us.

While we were in Nevada, Bob Holder died. He was working for Gila County Highway Department and because I had worked for them before, they waited until I got back and gave me the job. Ed Armer was the foreman. He quit after about three years and I was made foreman.

While I was working on this job I built a rock house on some property we had here in Payson. We also built a small trailer court on this property.

I worked for the county until 1960. The state was taking over the main county roads, so I quit the county and went to work for the State Highway Department where I worked for twelve years. I retired the first of September, 1972.

In 1973 we sold the trailer court and rock house. We had bought several lots earlier, on Indian Hill. We bought these lots at auction from the Payson Townsite. This is now West Rim View Road.

We had a Bullock Home put on our lots here. I also put a chain-link fence around the four lots we still own. We have sold the rest of our lots. We keep busy with our garden and yard. Part of our lots are on a hillside, so I do a lot of rock work. I have built rock walls and rock steps all around the place; I also take care of the Payson Pioneer Cemetery.

We have four children: Fern Spears, a teacher in Phoenix; Lois Bissett works in the Assessor's Office here in Payson; Patty Rhoades, a teacher in Mayer; and John Taylor who works for the United States Forest Service in Safford. We have six grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

BRAINARD PAGE
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Brainard Cone Page was born in Rochester, New York in 1888, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otis G. Page (Ann Taylor Cone Page). When he was five years of age, his father died and he moved with his mother to Genesco, New York, where he was raised by his mother and his grandfather. His schooling was mainly by private tutor, but he graduated from Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Following graduation, he managed family properties in his home area several years before making his home in Arizona.

Mrs. Page, Ruth Schaffer, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Schaffer, Atchison, Kansas, where she was born in 1903. Her mother was Mary Warren Scott. Mrs. Page attended Atchison public schools, and she received her B.A. degree from Washburn University, Topeka, Kansas.

Mr. Page came to Arizona in 1929. For several years he worked for ranchers in the Sulphur Springs Valley and Tombstone areas to learn the cattle business. In 1935 he became manager of A. B. Scott's Rain Valley ranch near Elgin. He liked that area and in 1941 purchased a ranch on the west slopes of the Huachuca Mountains, bordering Fort Huachuca, from Mrs. Gladys Webb, who is currently a resident in Douglas at the age of ninety-six years. Mr. Page named the ranch the P Cross for his brand, the P₊. He also used the Deuce of Hearts (♥♥) brand acquired from Mrs. Webb.

In 1959 Mr. Page married Ruth Schaffer. She continued teaching in Tombstone High School, and he continued ranching until his

sight failed and he had to retire. In 1967 he sold the ranch. The Pages moved to Tombstone in 1971 and have continued to live there.

Mrs. Page entered the teaching profession in 1927 in her native Kansas. She moved to Tombstone in 1931, where she was on the staff of Tombstone High School. She continued teaching in Tombstone until 1964, during which time she taught in elementary and high schools, was acting principal, acting superintendent, librarian, dean of girls, and "a little bit of everything" at various times during the thirty-three years.

One of Mr. Page's first problems in developing his ranch was to provide an adequate water supply. This he did by developing three springs on the ranch and three wells for domestic use. He recalls the faithful service of two mules, first Amelia and later Napoleon, as they packed cement and other necessities into the rugged mountains for developing the springs.

The ranch consisted of one quarter section of patented land, with additional permit land, although he cannot recall the exact acreage. The permit was for sixty cattle.

Always interested in community activities, Mr. Page was named to the original Cochise Community College Board in 1961, continuing until 1964, and serving as chairman his last year. In his activities as a member of the board, Mr. Page played an important part in planning the physical development of the college, as the plant was built ten miles west of Douglas. He has been interested in the progress of the college in the intervening years.

Referring to his ranching experiences, he recalls the many fine friends he made in Cochise County. The words "beautiful country" are

repeated frequently as he recalls the many days of happiness he spent on his ranch on the west side of the Huachuca Mountains.

Prepared by Garth D. Johnston
February 1982

FLOYD JONES GOMEZ
CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA

My mother's father, Dr. W. W. Jones, was one of the very early pioneers, since he was born in 1826 in what is now Arizona. My father's family was here, farming near Tubac, when the territory belonged to Spain.

At the age of sixteen my grandfather, Dr. Jones, registered at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia and graduated from college after three years. Later he went to Maryland College and graduated with a degree in medicine. Family history tells us that he then went to Germany to further his medical education.

Dr. Jones did not cross the prairies to reach Arizona. Instead, he came to California by way of China, having gone there to do research on the dreaded disease, cholera, which was killing many people in both the United States and in Mexico.

He first landed in California, Los Angeles County, about 1853 and bought land. What is now Burbank was in the middle of what was once the Jones property. He also held the offices of County Recorder and County Clerk, and was later elected to the California legislature. He was well acquainted with many of the old Spanish settlers, including the Picos, Sepulvedas, and Del Valles. The Sepulvedas were cattle people.

In 1864 my grandfather came to Yuma where he met and married my grandmother, Arcadia Montañó. She was eighteen years old at the time, working as a maid for the families of two officers of the U.S. Cavalry.

Dr. Jones, seeing opportunity in the freighting business in the

Arizona Territory, borrowed money on his California property and bought mule teams and wagons for a freight line. The base of his operations was Ehrenburg on the Colorado River. Freight came there from La Paz, across the Colorado from Yuma, via riverboat steamers. Then his freight line hauled the freight, mostly by government contract, to old Fort Whipple, Prescott, Camp Verde, and Phoenix.

The Goldwaters, early pioneer merchants, had stores in Ehrenburg and Prescott. Once on a trip returning from Prescott, the two Goldwaters, Joseph and Michael, and Dr. Jones were attacked by Mohave Apaches at Mint Valley, which is near Prescott. Luck was with them, for as they tried to outrun the Indians they met a freight train coming toward them. Dr. Jones escaped with a bullet through his coat. One of the Goldwaters received a bullet in the shoulder, and Dr. Jones later removed it when they had escaped and were safe.

At one time Dr. Jones owned an interest in the Vulture Mine near Wickenburg.

Apache depredations cost him a good deal of money. One claim against the government was paid, another and larger one was not paid. The reason given was that the Indians were "on reservations." It was for about \$85,000 for mules, wagons, and goods.

After the Apaches were under better control, he sold his freight line and came to Phoenix, where he built a home on East Buckeye and Seventh Street which still stands. He owned about a section of land between Seventh Street and what is now Sky Harbor, and also another half section just east of Tempe. The Tempe ranch was rented by Mexican families. Among other crops, they grew sugar cane and made "panocha," a

crude brown sugar sold in small blocks.

In the early 1880s, Dr. Jones established a cow ranch at Coon's Bluff on the Salt River above its junction with the Verde River. The first herd of cattle was bought from Mormons at Skull Valley.

Francisco "Pancho" Monroy, a step-brother of my grandmother, came to Coon's Bluff from Arivaca. He had worked for many years as a foreman for the Zepeda ranch near Sasabe in Sonora, and had later established his own ranch near Arivaca. He brought his cattle and horses to the Coon's Bluff ranch and looked after both his cattle and Dr. Jones's cattle and horses, taking over as foreman.


In the early 1890s, Grandfather established another ranch at what was known as Jones Well in the Queen Creek desert area. On both ranches he raised cattle and horses. During the Spanish-American War he sold a great number of horses to the government.

To my grandparents were born six daughters and one son. Beginning with the oldest, they were: Katherine (Kate), Pastora (Anna), Juahina (Quina), Jacoba (Jake), Margaret (Maggie), Laura, and John Floyd Jones. My mother, Katherine, was born at Ehrenburg.

Each daughter had her own brand and cattle, and each had a stallion and band of mares in her brand. The nine brands of the immediate family were:

Dr. Jones	†
Grandmother	Ƨ
John	$\frac{7}{\diamond}$
Kate	Ƨ
Quina	3Z

Anna	$\frac{\diamond}{N}$
Jake	$\overline{39}$
Maggie	\overline{T}
Laura	2M

Pancho Monroy's brand was , and my own cattle brands are $\frac{3}{Z}$ and $\frac{2}{A}$.

In 1896, Grandfather took ill at the Jones Well ranch and was taken to the Tempe home of Winchester Miller, which was at the corner of what is now Scottsdale Drive and University. He died of pneumonia on January 7, 1896 at the age of sixty-nine. Grandmother Jones died on August 21, 1923 in Tempe at her farm home just west of town. Both are buried at the Double Butte Cemetery near Tempe.

Aunt Maggie, the sole survivor of the Jones children, was 102 years old on April 20, 1982.

My father was Jesus Gomez. He worked for years for my grandfather, handling his cattle and horses. He married my mother in 1896 at the Gila Chapel in Florence. I was born September 15, 1900. I had two brothers and two sisters. Father died March 29, 1940; Mother passed away on June 7, 1949.

As I grew up I learned the cowboy trade from my father, my Uncle John Jones, and Pancho Monroy. I later looked after my father's cattle on the Agua Escondido and Cottonwood ranches. During roundups I worked for Bernard Hughes. Those were the days of few fences and when neighbors worked together.

In 1920 I worked a year at Agua Caliente at a ranch owned by Dr. Craig and Ernest Stroud, both of Phoenix. This was the Craig-Stroud

Land and Cattle Company. Headquarters were at Oatman Flat, once a stage stop on the road to California.

I then came back to Tempe and my Uncle John put me to work driving teams grading roads for Twohy Brothers, who had a contract to build concrete roads in the Salt River Valley. But within three weeks the roundup started in the Four Peaks and I went back to work for Bernard Hughes.

After the roundup I went to work for Babbitt and Colcord on the Diamond Sunflower ranch, where I worked for about two years. During the roundup the big steers had not been held, so later Frank Colcord and I worked all winter roping them, tying them up, and later leading them to a fenced pasture. Our quota was two steers apiece each day. With heavy snow that winter, the steers came down out of the heavy brush and trees onto the "benches" where they were more easily roped.

My next job was with the Tovrea Packing Company, delivering meat to various Arizona towns. I worked for them for nine years with hardly a day off. I quit the job in 1932, in the midst of the great depression, and went into cattle buying on the Papago Indian Reservation. Many of the cattle I bought were sold to Art Houser of Eloy. Later I spent six months buying cattle in Mexico for Houser and for Swink of Brawley, California; this in 1939.

While in Mexico I met a number of big cattlemen. For several years they sent me trainloads of cattle, in my name, which I pastured on the desert when there was feed and also on irrigated pasture. Then I sold them and delivered the proceeds to the owners. At that time the peso had a lot more value than it does now. Later the border was closed for cattle importations, and since I was in the business of handling

cattle for others, I began to deal with American cattle owners from Texas and New Mexico.

In 1960 Ernesto Elias of Sonora, owner of the West Coast Land and Cattle Company, bought the Aguirre farm of seven hundred acres near Red Rock and hired me to look after it. Later, his company bought a farm and feed pens near Casa Grande where we fed cattle. This operation was expanded by adding many more feedpens and also a feed mill. In 1964, Mr. Elias's son came to manage the business and I went back to the business I had had of running cattle for others. At one time I had 4,500 head of cattle on pasture on lands of the Pima Indian tribe, and also looked after about two thousand in feedlots.

Some of the cowboys I have worked with in the rough Four Peaks country around Tonto Basin include George Cline, Eli Grantham, Bernard Hughes, José Maria Roblero, Enrique Borjorquez (a long-time foreman for Bernard Hughes), my Uncle John Jones, and Frank Colcord. Others were Carter Hazelton, Asbury Shell, Ben, Bert and Dick Robbins, Charlie Cole (son of Lem Cole who cowboyed with my father, Jesus Gomez), and Lalo Lopez, a faithful cowboy who was with our family from the age of twenty-five. When he died at the age of eighty-five, he was living with me in Casa Grande. He is buried in the family plot in Tempe.

I am now eighty-one years old and in good health. I live near Casa Grande and have a small herd of cattle on the desert at Sacaton. I still am looking after pasture cattle for other cowmen when there is feed. A good many of my family are around me. The cattle business has changed a good deal since I started in it, riding with my father, Pancho Monroy, my Uncle John Jones, and others as a small boy.

KELVIN K. AND LOUISE HENNESS

CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA

My son, James K. Henness, of Casa Grande, Arizona brings word that he was asked to have me write of some of my experiences in agriculture here in Arizona. Such comes when I am trying to enjoy retirement on a farm which I acquired and developed over a period of many years while working as county agricultural agent for Pinal County.

I was born in Pinal County, Arizona Territory, on October 14, 1900. My father was a merchant, associated first with L. B. Giffin, with stores at Kelvin and Winkleman. Later with the development of the Ray mines by the Jackling interests, they established other stores at Ray, Sonora, and at what was called the "Y" in Hayden. Meanwhile, they had taken in a third partner, one Russell Leonard.

In 1911 my father sold out his interests in the business and moved to Tempe, Arizona where there were better schools for his four children. He bought an eighty-acre farm from Charles Berkenkamp and later acquired other land, part of which is still owned by the family.

We grew up on that farm, and there I learned a lot about irrigating and cutting and raking hay, and dairying, and fruit growing including orange grading and packing. I have seen the sun come up over the Four Peaks many a morning after irrigating all night, and early in life I resolved to see to it that when I was an old man I wouldn't have to be irrigating for someone. Yet, even at this late date, there are times when I am up most of the night irrigating a very small pasture in front of my house and the yard around our home.

I graduated from Tempe High School, with the class of 1917, when I was sixteen years old. I intended to farm, and did farm under my father's supervision the rest of that year and all of the next. The war was then over (World War I). Most of my acquaintances who had gone to the University of Arizona that fall had joined what was called the Students Army Training Corps. Enlisting in September, they were discharged in December, and it was announced that that year of schooling would start about the second of January, with two short semesters. I decided to attend.

The big financial break came in 1920, and cotton that was expected to sell for \$1.25 per pound couldn't be sold at any price when harvested that fall. My father was ill, and at the end of the first semester I quit school and went home and grew a long-staple cotton crop in 1921. The market improved, costs of production were very low, and our cotton showed a reasonable profit that year of 1921. So I returned to school again to begin the second semester.

I graduated with the Class of 1923. It happened that I had met one John M. Evvard, Head of the Animal Husbandry Section of the Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station, and had worked with him in assembling marketing data on livestock and in the preparation of his Ph.D. thesis. He offered me a Fellowship at Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, where I could get my M.S. degree. So I went to Iowa State. There I received my degree and also worked for a few months in livestock research work.

I received my degree in August, at the end of summer school and, after some months of work as a sort of assistant, was about to go to work for a packaging plant and encourage farmers to grow bacon-type hogs

in their trade area. About that time some friend of Dr. Evvard's mailed him some photographs of cattle grazing among chollas near Oracle Junction, and I became homesick for southern Arizona. I turned the job down and returned, and Director P. H. Ross of the Extension Service hired me as County Agricultural Agent at Flagstaff, Arizona.

He met me in Flagstaff on July 16, 1925, took me into the agent's office in the Coconino County Courthouse, showed me my desk and turned me loose, just as green as one could get about what a county agent did and what he was expected to do.

Flagstaff was popular in those days for those of the University who had an opportunity to leave Tucson and visit in other areas of Arizona, and during the summer I had a good many visitors. It happened at that time that a new president of the University of Arizona was busily engaged in firing a number of professors who enjoyed long tenures. They had organized, and had a sort of clandestine newspaper published whenever they could collectively raise the money to pay the printer and buy paper and ink, and they were engaged in a holy war trying to stay at their posts.

One of the professors came to Flagstaff and asked me for a contribution (as a university employee) to aid in their struggle (it was supposed to be *my* struggle, too) with Dr. Floyd Heck Marvin. Now it happened that Dr. Marvin had only recently hired me when I badly needed a job, and I refused to have anything to do with the matter. From that day on I was no friend of the several who in a few short months mostly left for other parts.

Work in Coconino County was enjoyable. There wasn't a lot of

agriculture, and there was time to visit and spend a lot of time in personal service to farmers in the area of greatest rainfall and along Oak Creek where there was a small but thriving fruit industry. I helped the County Fair Commissioner assemble the annual exhibit of farm produce for the county exhibit at the State Fair, and who could have known that such a fine exhibit could have come from such a relatively small agriculture?

But at the end of the Fair came winter, with little to do. I had one of the few well-heated offices in Flagstaff. It was a public office, and day after day I had about the same visitors and they talked about the same things. So I decided to look around for perhaps the same sort of work, but in a different place.

It happened that I had assisted some representatives of the B.A.E. and B.A.I. in a study of costs of production of livestock. The head of the work, one Virgil V. Parr, asked me to go to work for them on a cooperative study in which the Arizona and New Mexico agricultural experiment stations were involved, as well as the two federal bureaus. So I began in early 1927 visiting sheep and Angora goat ranchers in the two states and collecting cost of production information.

There was a lot of travel, and meanwhile, I had married Louise A. Hodges, a native Arizonan of Clifton. She had been secretary of the Arizona Wool Growers Association. We decided to look for a job somewhere where we could have a home, and Director Ross offered me the job as County Agricultural Agent for Pinal County, with headquarters at Casa Grande. I took this job at the salary of \$2,700 per year, moved to Casa Grande, and began work on April 1, 1928.

Very soon after we arrived in Casa Grande, we started looking for

some land to buy. I found a piece of desert with a water right, and immediately started clearing it and getting it ready to farm. Before we even thought of building a house, first the corrals and loading chute were built, then the fencing was done. I decided on my brand and received authorization from the Livestock Sanitary Board to brand KH on the left hip, so I began trading in cattle. From that time on we always had cattle along with the farming. In fact, it was just last year, fifty-two years later, that they started rolling up the barbed wire and pulling up the posts, and the fences came down. That is, except for about a twenty-acre pasture back of the house where we always have a few head just to be sure that the family and the help don't run out of meat.

Work was then going on on the construction of Coolidge Dam, which created San Carlos Reservoir on the Gila River. Pinal County Electrical District No. 2 had been organized (No. 1 failed to meet constitutional requirements) and landowners were looking ahead for prosperity. A number of electrically driven pumps had been installed, mostly in the area around the beginning town of Coolidge. Promoters were trying to build the towns of La Palma and Randolph along the railroad south of Coolidge. Every town had its chamber of commerce, and great plans were being made.

Coolidge Dam was dedicated in 1928, as I recall, and farmers were busy preparing their lands for planting in the spring of 1929. But spring came and there was still little, if any, stored water. Will Rogers had been right when at the dedication he took one look at the empty reservoir and said, "If that was my lake I would mow it!"

But in the winter of 1929-30 there was rain, and there was runoff, and water was available in the spring of 1930. If ever new lands were

"hogged-in," it was done in Pinal County on the San Carlos Project in 1930. Mostly short-staple cotton was planted.

But in a few short months, perhaps weeks, it was apparent that the economy of the United States and the economy of Pinal County were in a tail-spin. Short-staple cotton could have been contracted for as much as about 19¢ a pound early in the year, but that fall there was little market. And 1931 was worse, and 1932 worse still. There was little finance for farming. Men worked for as little as a dollar a day, ten hours, for anything they could find.

There was, of course, agitation for reduction of local government expense, and the office of county agricultural agent with an appropriation of \$1,500 from Pinal County was a prime target of some people who enjoyed a certain amount of influence. But by that time I had acquired some friends whom I had helped, so when the county budget was approved by the board of supervisors it included that \$1,500. After that there never was any problem.

In early 1933 came the New Deal, and out of Washington came a cotton "plow-up" program, with farmers plowing up, under contract, from 25 to 50 percent of their cotton (it was then mostly knee-high) and, in return, receiving a check and options on an amount of government-stored cotton that the plowed-up acreage was estimated would have produced.

There was also a corn-hog program where farmers, if they had been growing hogs, produced evidence of their sales and signed a contract to produce fewer hogs. We had a very few such farmers, and one was an old farmer from Florence. One day we sat down at a desk in a back room of the Cleans Cattle Company, and there we took his receipts for sales of

hogs and determined his "hog base." All this information was placed on a form provided by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and it was ready for the signature of the hog grower, and so I told him. He then asked me if there was any more room on the form, and I told him there was a place for remarks. Remembering the hard work and many days he spent in preparing his land and planting and cultivating maize to feed hogs which when fat sold for perhaps two cents a pound, that farmer said to me, "Just write in that space that the hog business in Arizona is the -----!"

We also had a wheat program, with few wheat growers. And then in 1934 the A.A.A. came out with a two-year contract, supplemented, when it appeared that some farmers would not cooperate, by the Bankhead Act. This act provided that farmers who did not cooperate would have to pay a tax on excess cotton above their allotment of 50 percent of its value. As someone said about that time, the Bankhead Act did not prevent anyone from growing cotton, it merely removed the incentive.

And in 1934 there was a drouth in much of the West. Cattle were cheap and the drouth furnished a chance to reduce their number. So the county agent, who holds a commission from the Secretary of Agriculture, became the "county drouth director." Telegrams came announcing his appointment, with instructions to follow. And then came the instructions. It is said that one county agent received a telegram announcing his appointment and instructing him to proceed to buy cattle, with his quota unlimited. He went out into the county and lined up owners of cattle, setting dates for them to have them gathered. After a most busy week, tired and dirty, he returned home. He went by the office to see

if there was anything that needed his attention, and found another telegram which read, "Your quota cut 50 percent." So he sent another telegram which asked, "What is 50 percent of an unlimited quota?" We bought about six thousand cattle in that season of 1934, of which about twelve hundred were condemned and slaughtered in the field.

Veterinarians had to inspect the cattle and determine which were too emaciated to ship. And the B.A.I. did not have enough veterinarians. So they brought back into the service a number of old men who had retired. It happened that I drew one who was deaf and who had a hearing aid which he pinned to his shirt. When talking to you he would shove that hearing aid in your face and speak loudly, as many deaf people do.

Now, it happened that we had a cowman who started with a few cattle and a well in the desert hills east of Florence and made a real success of desert ranching. He was proud that there had never been a mortgage on his cattle. One day he came into the office with a sheepish look on his face and asked about the program. I knew him well, and I knew the pride he had in his own ability to succeed at the ranching business in a tough set of conditions. So I explained that the program was available for those who wanted to participate, but carefully explained also that it made no difference whether or not he joined in the program. We wound up by setting a date for us to meet at his ranch corrals.

We had appraisers whose duty it was to place a value on the cattle, and where it was apparent that the cattleman had spent a good deal of time and money improving his cattle those appraisers set a higher figure, with a maximum of twenty dollars per cow and fifteen dollars for

yearlings. It happened that on that day I was busy with other business so the appraiser, a good neighboring cattleman of the rancher offering the cattle, took over the job. He took the veterinarian with him, and they arrived at the ranch corrals. There they found the owner, not a bit proud that he was offering his cattle to the government, and ready to, as some say, take off like a bird.

It was my duty to investigate and determine if there was a mortgage on the cattle we bought for and on behalf of the government, and I had not bothered to look, in this case. No one had to tell me that there was not then, nor had there ever been, a mortgage on that proud old Arizona cattleman's cattle.

The veterinarian, whose duty it was to determine what cattle could be shipped and which were too emaciated and poor and had to be killed, got out of the automobile, opened the gate, and walked into the corral. He looked the cattle over, came out, walked up to that nervous and almost ashamed cowman, grabbed his hearing aid, stood close to the cattleman, shoved the hearing aid in his face, and called out in a loud voice, "Are these cattle mortgaged?"

As some say, it was then that the ---- hit the fan. The cowman chased our appraiser and the veterinarian off, and to show his independence of government he called a Mexican cowboy, pointed out a starved yearling steer, and told him to take him around the hill and shoot him. He finished by saying, "---- ----- will kill my own damn cattle!"

During all this we had some difficulty in finding time to do the agricultural extension work we were hired to do. But we did get a program to working.

One involved leveling of land. With a Bostrum-Brady farm level, the county agent helped farmers to lay out thousands of acres of new land for irrigation. Such were far from finished jobs, but they did diminish the rate of fall and resulted in better irrigation.

And we found a great variance in Pinal County soils. Thousands of acres were what were called "slick land," where floodwaters carrying finer silt along with salts in solution had spread over the soil native to the area, usually a sandy soil. Dr. Burgess, then Dean of the College of Agriculture and Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, approved a project where I had a few dollars to rent a ten-acre block of land which was real "slick," and there I tested deep plowing, that is, as deep as the equipment we then had would go. There I found what I thought was the answer to our problem. And so it proved to be when we had the plows to break ground to a depth of about thirty inches and put the silt far below and cover it with the native sandy soil. Many thousands of acres were thus plowed, as financial conditions improved and farmers had the money to pay from twenty to twenty-five dollars an acre for such a plowing job. Sometimes it made the difference between one-half bale to the acre to two bales an acre, and the practice, where needed, rapidly took hold.

Louise and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary five years ago. We are retired now and are living on our ranch, "Poverty Flats" we call it, a few miles east on the old Tucson highway. I keep busy tending about twenty head of cattle we always seem to manage to keep and am on the State Veterinary Examining Board.



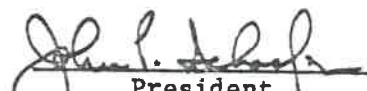
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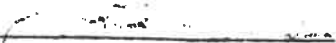
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

December 4, 1975

KELVIN K. HENNESS, your expertise in agriculture and animal science has made you a major figure in the industry. After receiving your Bachelor's degree from the University of Arizona in 1923 and your Master's degree from Iowa State University in 1924, you began work as an agricultural agent, first in Coconino County and then Pinal County. In 1952 you joined the Institute of Inter-American Affairs to develop agricultural extension programs in Bolivia, South America. Even after your retirement in 1956 to your farm in Casa Grande, your knowledge has still been sought on numerous occasions. In 1957 you spent six months in Spain to establish a training program for agricultural extension workers. You have become known as a pioneer in land leveling and irrigation which led to your participation in various projects under the New Deal Triple A Program. Because of the major role you have played in the advancement of the agricultural extension program in Arizona and around the world, the University of Arizona Alumni Association is proud to present to you its DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN AWARD.




President
University of Arizona


President
Alumni Association

CLELL AND KATHARINE LEE

BLUE, ARIZONA

Background of the VM Ranch

John Casto and his wife Betsy, the first white woman to come to Blue River, arrived from Idaho in 1878 when she was thirty-five. They settled 'way up the river first, but the Bronco Apaches were so bad that they went back to Utah for a few years.

The Castos returned to Arizona in 1882, settling at the mouth of Grant Creek on a large flat along the Blue. It is now known as Lee's VM Ranch. They had a big vineyard (in later years, floods washed away those big flats) and made wine to sell. Betsy brought a start of the blue-purple iris with her, and when Katharine Lee first came to the VM Ranch in 1936, clumps of them were still found at the side of the river, along with two very old plum trees that later floods finally washed away. Katharine dug up some of the iris and planted them on Betsy's grave in the Blue cemetery.

Mr. Casto's first house here had a sort of "port-hole" arrangement so they could look around for Indians before leaving the house. Later, Mr. Casto sold his place, and still later, everything burned.

There is a record of a homestead application being filed on 62-1/2 acres on October 27, 1914. Joe Hale homesteaded the place. Frank Hodges, husband of Lula Cospers Hodges, bought the place from Joe Hale in 1915. Later half of it was sold to R. O. Barnes, and that part was again divided. Now, most of Barnes's former part is owned by R. C. and Jane Deyo and a smaller part by Kenneth and Helen Urey. Of Frank

Hodges' original 31-1/4 acres, John and Leola Parks now own the half acre onto which the Blue Post Office was moved in 1981.

Lula's father, JHT "Uncle" Toles Cosper, had given Lula and Frank thirty head of cattle branded LULA when they married September 1, 1910 down at the old Y-Y Ranch. After buying the present VM Ranch, they moved the cows up here. Later they bought the VM brand and a remnant of cattle from her cousin, "Big Jim" Cosper, who was Uncle Ed Cosper's son. Big Jim was living on down the river at the Bob Bell place, and they moved the cattle on up from there. There were quite a number of them; some were wild, and some were of Mexico origin and quite colorful! After a number of years the original number became depleted.

After Frank Hodges' death in 1933, Lula's brother DeWitt ran the cattle for quite awhile until he moved away. Then Frank's nephew, Jack Richardson, moved onto the ranch, living near Lula and taking care of the cattle for several years. He built them up to a better quality and a larger number than when he took over. In 1940, W. H. (Mac) McCool built a new house for Lula. It is dangerously near the river.

Lula's brother DeWitt, having left in the early forties, returned later and he and his wife Katharine bought the ranch and cattle. Lula and her children moved to Kingman, Arizona. DeWitt passed away in 1954, after further improving the ranch for over eight years. He is buried on the place.

In 1955 Clell Lee came to the Blue to stay, and he married Katharine, DeWitt's widow. They lived on the ranch, later combining the VM cattle into one operation with the WFT cows which were on the old Robert Balke ranch that they acquired in the early sixties. Clell added some

buildings, and also added onto and modernized the houses.

The Old Robert Balke Place

The first person known to have lived at this place at the mouth of Foote Creek on Blue River was "Old Man Foote," for whom the Foote Creek on current maps was named. He trapped a lot and worked on the road some.

Later, Peter Battendorf homesteaded the 160 acres there. His wife Marguerite died and is buried on the place just above the mouth of Fish Hook Canyon. Peter moved to Clifton and lived to be about a hundred years old.

Then George Thompson bought the place shortly after 1893, or perhaps in that year. He and his wife had one son, Donald, still living, who was a very "wild" cowboy.

Mr. Thompson sold the place to Robert and Thelma Balke about 1931 or 1932. Thelma was a Hale. They had one daughter, Sammy Lou, at this time. Later, after Thelma's early death, Rob married Alameda Lewis and they had another daughter, Donna. Rob set out a large apple orchard just below the house and took good care of it, raising much fine fruit. He built a good two-room cabin on the summer range in the mountains near Hannagan Meadow in 1937.

In the early sixties Barbara Mickey purchased the ranch, but after a year or so, she sold it to Clell and Katharine Lee. That was when the Lees mixed the WFT cattle and their VM herd, running them all together and greatly improving the stock.

When the Lees acquired the Balke property, they made a deal with

Kimble and Pauline Coleman for the Colemans to live in the Balke house. They vastly improved the place and cared for it beautifully, while Clell and Katharine continued to live down at the VM headquarters on the old original Casto place at the mouth of Grant Creek.

Clell's Life Story

I was born in Donley County, Texas near a small town by the name of Rowe, which I think has since been abandoned as I cannot find it on our present-day maps. I was born in 1905 on April the fifteenth.

My dad was John Spurgeon Lee and my mother's maiden name was Jane Rebecca Vincent. They were both born in Alabama. My dad's father had come south from Virginia; I do not know the year. Then in 1877, both families drifted to Texas when John was thirteen and settled near Crystal Falls at Brownwood. John and Jane met, fell in love, and were married at Crystal Falls in Stevens County on November 13, 1887 when Jane was nineteen years old and John was twenty-three.

In 1908 my father came to Arizona and took up a homestead here, across the line from Rodeo, New Mexico, four miles west of Rodeo. He stayed in Arizona one year, then returned to Texas after his family. Mother and Dad had eight children, all born in Texas: Ernest, Bill, Vincent, Barney, Arthur, Clell, and Dale. There were three years between each and they are named in order, starting with the oldest, Ernest.

When Dad returned he put Mother, Lela, and us three younger ones on a passenger train. Money was very scarce, so he and the older boys rode the freight in a boxcar with our horses, milk cows, dogs, chickens, household goods, and implements. They unloaded at Rodeo, New Mexico.

It was the last day of January, 1910. My father was in the process of building a house out of adobe. It was about half finished and it was pretty cold weather, but he soon had it done.

I well remember the first day I was in Arizona, for Arthur and I got in a rock fight throwing rocks at each other, and we both got our hides tanned a little for fighting. I was four years old and he was seven.

We had a 320 acre homestead. Father and the older boys farmed and raised corn and beans mostly, also, a big garden. We had lived here three years when we moved to another place closer to Rodeo and Dad got a contract to run the stage line and carry mail from Rodeo to Paradise, Arizona in the Chiricahua Mountains fifteen miles away. This place was called the Forest Hughes Place, as Mr. Hughes had homesteaded it.

I was nine years old in 1914 when Father and Mother arranged to operate a hotel for Mr. Jim Hancock. We moved to Paradise in January 1916; I was eleven. We had lived at this hotel for about one year when they made a deal for another old hotel and decided to move. All this time Father was driving the stage and carrying the mail between Paradise and Rodeo. He then had a Model T Ford; cost about \$450.

Arthur and I were building chicken pens to move our chickens down the street to the other hotel, when about nine o'clock that April morning we heard someone yelling, "Fire!" We could see the hotel where we were living in flames and people running every direction. We ran on our bare feet as fast as we could go to the hotel. The roof had started to burn. A cabin near the hotel had started to burn first. It belonged to an old bachelor; he had put ashes around his house to stop the wind from

blowing under it. The cabin caught first, then the hotel. The old man had gone inside his cabin and locked the door, and the smoke was really boiling out of there, coming from inside. Well, Vincent, Barney, and Ernest were all trying to get to the fire. The only fire department was a bucket brigade to the creek that ran in front of the house, but no one could get to the blaze which was inside. Well, Vincent ran to the woodpile, grabbed an axe, and smashed in the door. They saw old Sam Dale lying on the floor, passed out, and blazes burning on his back. They dragged him out and put out the flames. He was pretty badly burned. While this was taking place, water was being thrown on the hotel to keep it from catching, but a hard gust of wind carried the flames to the top of the hotel where it caught fire. Ernest was running upstairs when he heard someone yelling, "It's gone!" These were the days of Poncho Villa and there were fifty rifles in this hotel, and about 1,500 rounds of ammunition and guns were going off and ammunition was exploding. It sounded like a revolution. When Father returned, his lifelong belongings were in ashes. I never even had a pair of shoes. Neither did Arthur or Dale.

Well, we did not have anything to move but the chickens and two watch dogs, but we finally got set up in the old hotel they still had. Mother took in boarders and Father drove stage and we were doing all right. When my father had the mail run he drove a hack for passengers; he drove two horses and would change every day and at each town.

Later he got a Chevrolet and he had gone to Douglas to get parts for it. He started to walk out on the street. A car came whirling over and it knocked him onto the pavement. He never regained consciousness.

Thus, nearly all my folks have gone in tragic ways: Dad, Grandfather, brothers. All but Ernest who was sick so long, suffering so much, and died from emphysema. My father was killed on August 30, 1916 at the age of fifty-two.

I began hunting with my oldest brother, Ernest. One day when I was seventeen we were lion hunting, became separated, and I treed and killed my first mountain lion, alone.

At the age of twenty-one I began hunting for the U.S. Biological Survey Department. I worked four years in New Mexico, catching bears and lions that were killing livestock.

Ed. Note: At this point Clell was interrupted in the writing of his history and did not get to complete his life story. It continues here by his wife, Katharine Lee.

After working in New Mexico for the government for four years, Clell quit to begin a long and well-known career of guiding big game hunters in the Western States, Canada, Mexico, and Central and South America. Throughout his career he bred, owned, and trained many famous hounds and was an active member of the Bluetick Breeders Association.

In 1940 Clell married Margie Wilson. Later, a daughter Judy was born in Tombstone, Arizona. There, during World War II, Clell served as a deputy sheriff in Cochise County for several years.

Clell made his first trip to the Blue River area in 1922 to guide a hunting party. He continued to return to the Blue, and during one ten-year period, he and his brother Dale guided hunters to about 250 bears besides a number of mountain lions in this region. By this time, the Lee brothers were famous well-known hunters, nationally, and even

guided for some hunters from foreign countries.

Clell made some tapes telling of his hunting experiences; he also made some notes listing certain incidents related on the tapes. Some of these notes read:

My lion hunting trip to the Hualapia Mts.

The killing of "Old Tab" [the largest lion the Lees ever killed]

Told of hunting, with Dale as my assistant, for the Gov't

Told of my brother, Arthur, being shot on a lion hunt by a hunter friend

Told of hunt with Dobie; also of the first Jaguar ever killed by the Lee brothers

Told of hunt with A. B. Freeman and the Howards; of lions that killed 26 sheep in one night

Told of getting the lions that were killing horses at Guy Spear's ranch and for Frank Burris

Told of the Burke's Garden coyote [Clell was called to Virginia and received \$2,500 for catching their "unknown varmint," which had killed over \$25,000 of registered sheep. He received much publicity for his success.]

Told of hunting in South America, guiding parties for jaguars [During one 31-day hunting period, they guided sportsmen to 29 jaguars, or "Tigres" as the natives called them.]

Told of catching the two jaguars and one ocelot in one morning

Told of the lion which we treed for the hunter from Tucson that we had to saw down the tree to get

Told of hunting in the Huachuca Mts. with Sid Wilson and treeing a female lion that later got Sid by the arm and "I choked it to death before it would turn loose."

Told of John Bendel and I hunting in the Galiuro Mts. and killing two lions

Told of catching three "tigres" with Dobie

Clell and his brother Dale made many hunting movies, photographed by hunters or friends. He took great delight in showing these movies, which were often requested at meetings of various organizations.

In 1955 Clell came to live on Blue River permanently and married Katharine Cosper, a widow. Since that time he was a wonderful father to Katharine's daughter, Rose.

In addition to being a famous hunter, Clell was a good cowman. He and Katharine operated the VM ranch at the mouth of Grant Creek on Blue River for over twenty-five years. He was an active member of the National, the Arizona, and the Greenlee County Cattle Growers Associations. For two years he served as president of the Greenlee County Association. He was also a member of the Arizona Farm Bureau.

Clell had also bought Robert Balke's old ranch and cattle. During many of these years the Lees also worked the cattle for various absent owners of the famous old Y-Y ranch, now known as the ELK ranch.

For years they made drives of fifteen miles back and forth to the summer range on top of the White Mountains near Hannagan Meadow. Most of the time they had no hired help other than their own two young "cowboys": Clell's daughter Judy and Katharine's daughter Rose. During one eight-year period, Sam Foster II helped with cows and hunts. In later years they began hauling some of the cattle in stock trailers.

They had camped out in tents under the firs during the first three summers. Then in 1958 Clell cut logs (dragged in by Judy, then eleven, on her paint pony, Chief), and built a one-room cabin in Hannagan Creek which served from then on as summer range headquarters.

During the spring of 1981 Clell had a hunting camp at the mouth of

Swafford Canyon on the Blue. He was assisted by Justin Marks, and they caught several mountain lions for hunting parties just a few months before his death at age seventy-six.

Although not really well, Clell did very active ranch work and riding up until only seven days before his death. On July twenty-fifth, only two weeks before he passed away, he entered the team-tying in the Luna, New Mexico rodeo.

Few people were better liked than Clell. He loved people; had many, many friends; and was always available to help his neighbors in addition to assisting with community projects. During his lifetime, Clell entertained many groups with his hunting movies and stories of his adventures on the trail. He loved music, played several instruments, sang, made tapes, and enjoyed entertaining at gatherings and dances.

Clell dearly loved life; however, after a brief illness of only a week in bed, he passed away at the age of seventy-six on August 7, 1981, on the Blue, the country he loved best of all.

Clell Lee is buried in Blue Cemetery, Blue, Arizona. His widow, Katharine, now alone, continues to live on the ranch.

CLEO A. WOODY
BUCKEYE VALLEY, ARIZONA

I moved to Liberty, Arizona in the 1919s with my father and mother, Nathan and Maggie (Baxter) Woody. I was born in Pattonsburg, Missouri on December 11, 1902. My Uncle Bill and Aunt Martha Blackmer had homesteaded just west of Liberty in 1909. The first grade school in that area was named after them. He also installed the first milking machine in the Buckeye Valley. In 1909 my Uncle Will (W. D.) Baxter moved all of his belongings from Missouri and settled in the area as a farmer. He went into politics and became a member of the legislature of the 9th District; he also served on the irrigation board of the Buckeye Irrigation Company. My grandparents, John and Marinda Baxter, followed the rest of the family to this area shortly after.

My parents leased a ranch west of Buckeye. They purchased a twenty acre ranch near Glendale and moved to there after living eight months at that ranch west of Buckeye. Then, selling the ranch in Glendale, we lived in East Phoenix, Casa Grande, and Gilbert; and then in 1927 we rented the Ed Brewster homestead at Liberty.

One summer Junius and Myrta (McDonald) Brewster wanted to take their family to the coast for a vacation, and had asked me if my sister and I would milk their cows for them while they were gone. We did, and when they got back their oldest daughter, Helen, would come down to our house and listen to the radio every evening as they didn't have one. That's how I met my future wife, June Helen Brewster. We were married January 28, 1928 in Phoenix.

Going back to my wife's family on her father's side, Ed and Kate Brewster were direct descendents of William Brewster of the Mayflower. They homesteaded south of Liberty in 1898 after traveling with their family from Thayer, Kansas. They had eleven children, many of them moving to Liberty with them. Allen Brewster is the only surviving one at ninety-five years of age. Junius Brewster, one of their sons, married Myrta Ina McDonald in November of 1906. They had four daughters. When Myrta married her husband, whose parents had homesteaded the adjoining piece of land, they took over management of her parents' farm and she continued living on the place where she had grown up.

Myrta's parents were William and Sara (Hazelton) McDonald. Prior to moving to Liberty, William McDonald had married Sara Jane Hazelton in Payson in 1883. During the early years of her residence in the Payson area, Sara was involved in the Indian attack on the Meadows family in 1882. Henry Meadows gave orders to Sara to put powder in the single barrel shotgun to shoot at the Indians so they would believe there were lots of defenders. They experienced the hardships of pioneer life, and on notable occasions she aided her husband and neighbors in fighting bands of Indians. Then in another encounter with the Indians, Sara and two other women stood behind a barricade and loaded the rifles for their husbands while the men kept up a constant fire. The McDonalds then moved and homesteaded in Liberty in 1891. During the flood of the Gila River in 1916, they lost the lower half of their 160 acres and had to move their house up next to the main road.

William and Sara had two daughters born in Payson, Myrta and Willa. After sixty-seven years on the homestead, Myrta and Willa moved

to Phoenix and lived there until their deaths. Myrta passed away on May 23, 1961 and Willa on April 12, 1981. With their passing there are three generations buried at the Liberty Cemetery.

Junius Brewster brought the first Guernsey bull into the Liberty area many years ago, rafting the bull across the Agua Fria River when Arizona dairymen used almost no breed of dairy cows but shorthorns. He was one of the oldest Guernsey breeders in the state at the time of his death, which was June 14, 1953.

When Helen and I were first married we lived in California for a year, in South Phoenix for a short time, and then moved back to Liberty. I worked for her Uncle Dwight Brewster, he was a Supervisor for Maricopa County. We helped build some of the first roads in the Rainbow Valley and Tonopah areas. I also drove cream truck for my father-in-law, Junius Brewster, hauling for Challenge Creamery Products shipping to California. He was one of the directors on the Challenge Creamery Board.

In 1938 Helen and I bought a mesquite thicket in Liberty to set up our own dairy. The Buckeye banker told us, "Don't try to farm this place, you'll starve to death." But both being of pioneer stock, we were used to hard work and set out to prove to the banker that it could be done. We bought an old irrigation district house and moved it onto part of the cleared property. We cleared the east half of the forty acres by tractor, grubhoe, and what have you so we could level it enough to irrigate for feed for the dairy herd. My first dairy cattle were 100 percent Guernseys which I had bought from my father-in-law. We milked them in an open corral for a few years before we could build a wood frame barn.

During World War II we supervised a government project for the ladies of the community who were making 138 mattresses. That's how Helen got her first electric Singer sewing machine.

While raising a family of eight children, two boys and six girls, we also raised chickens and sold eggs to a local hatchery, some going to Glendale and some to the local market. I also ran a milk route, hauling milk to Phoenix for Borden's for eighteen months.

Our children are:

Laurence Cleo Woody, now residing in Buckeye

Leonard Brewster Woody, now residing in Newberg, Oregon

Eloise Genelle Dean, now residing in Jerome, Idaho

Iona June Finkle, passed away December 8, 1981

Esther Inez Walls, now residing in Buckeye

Willa Ruth Colver, now residing in Filer, Idaho

Sara Grace Woody who resides in Show Low, and

Darlene Fay Barton who also resides in Show Low

Continuing with the growth of our dairy, Helen and I were able to lease another forty acres across the road from our "thicket" for extra feed and pasture. Then in 1952 we were able to buy that forty and we started thinking of up-grading our barn facilities, going Grade A. By this time we had added more Guernseys, totaling forty out of the original Brewster stock.

In 1955 I had to have open heart surgery which forced me into an early retirement, so we had to sell our dairy and farm ground. Then when Helen's mother and aunt wanted to move to Phoenix so they could be closer to their doctors, we bought the McDonald homestead. I thought I

would try to do a little farming, but my health wouldn't permit it so we sold it and moved to Phoenix for three years. Then we decided to get out of the heat and moved to Show Low in the early 1960s where we could live the retirement life and do some fishing and traveling. My wife, June Helen Woody, passed away on May 22, 1964 in Phoenix. Then I moved back to the Buckeye Valley in 1973 to make my home.

Brands of the families are:

Cleo A. Woody	$\frac{D}{\text{OK}}$
W. D. Baxter	WZ
Ed Brewster	$\frac{E}{E}$
Junius Brewster	2F
Sara McDonald	Y

JOHN E. (SLIM) JOY, JR.

BLUE, ARIZONA

Just outside Magdalena, New Mexico on October 23, 1900, John E. Joy was born, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ely Joy. Soon after Slim's birth, his father took the family which also included Slim's older brother Tex and moved to Alamogordo, New Mexico. There they bought a home. A couple of years later a younger brother, Clifford, was born. In 1905 their mother died and the boys stayed with their dad until the next year when Slim and Tex went to their grandparents' home in Texas to start school.

Slim's grandparents lived approximately twenty-five miles out of Bracketville on the West Neuses River. Tex stayed only one year with them before going back to New Mexico with his father. But Slim stayed in Texas until he was almost through the eighth grade, with the exception of 1910 when he was in New Mexico with his dad.

When Slim quit the eighth grade he took a job working for an uncle, Jim Latham, on the West Neuses and also worked herding goats for a neighbor. They had a big hailstorm that killed a lot of the goats. Soon afterwards he quit that job and kept farming with his uncle.

At the age of fifteen, Slim moved on to a new job, working for Harry Clamp on a ranch near the Mexican border. From there he moved from one ranch job to another, not staying at any place too long until he hired on with Winn and Cloudt at twenty-five dollars a month and board. He worked there quite awhile before going on to a job with the Neuses Riverside Cattle Company under Mr. Gosset. That fall he was

transferred to Silver Lake where he fed Brahmans through the winter.

From Silver Lake he went to a job working in a garage in Bracketville, then back to Alamogordo and on to a job farming and ranching three or four miles out of Cloudcroft for Bill and Molly Smith. After the farming was over they moved their cattle to Whitesands and he spent one winter at Whitesands taking care of the cattle.

This brings us up to the spring of 1918 when he left, going back to his uncle's who was now in Del Rio, and got a job working on the railroad. But this didn't last too long before he got fired for getting a motorcar run over by a freight. He then went back home to carpenter with his dad and a friend, until 1923 when he and a friend first came to Miami, Arizona and went to work in the underground mine. It was there in Miami that he met Lilian Bessie Ross and they were married in 1924.

In 1926 they went to Florida and worked a steel job for a short time, then returned to the mine in Miami where Slim fired boilers. On the way back to Arizona from Florida, they had made their first trip to Blue River and bought some land with Grace and Hump Johnson as partners. Grace and Bessie were sisters.

Bessie and Slim's first daughter, Sylvia, was born while they were in Miami in 1927, and Slim continued to work at the mine until just before John, Jr., their second child, was born in 1930. Bessie stayed in Glenwood until the baby was born. Slim moved to the Blue and sold out their portion of the partnership with the Johnsons and bought 160 acres with a two-room, log house on it. Bessie moved there as soon as their son was old enough to travel.

They opened a hunting business soon after getting established,

serving primarily deer, elk, and turkey hunters. Bessie had the post office for awhile, but after Betty Jean was born in 1932 she decided it was too much to take care of and they built a building across the river from their house and Slim took over the post office job.

In 1934 Bessie was killed in an automobile accident while traveling with a relative. It was at the time they were in the process of building a new hunting lodge across the river beside the new post office. Slim went on and finished the lodge and continued to expand his hunting business, getting some hounds and hunting lion and bear. Later he opened a package liquor business and put in a gas pump.

Slim and Marjorie Rehurek were married in 1949; she was the mother of three girls: Caroline, Joan, and Ramona. Margie took over the post office job in 1963 and worked it until 1978 when she retired. Both of them retired from the hunting lodge in February 1979, bought a double-wide trailer, and moved-back to the original homesite on the west side of the river where they still live today.

SAMUEL RAY CLARIDGE

SAFFORD, ARIZONA

The Arizona history of the pioneer Claridge family began in November of 1883 when Samuel Claridge and his wife Rebecca and their eight children entered the Gila Valley at Ft. Thomas, coming by way of Show Low and Ft. Apache after spending ten years in Orderville, Utah, living the United Order. At the request of Brigham Young, the family made the move to help settle the area. Samuel had arrived in the United States from England in 1853. The fourth child of this couple, Wilford, was a boy of eleven when the family arrived in Arizona. He helped his brothers drive the cattle on this long trek the family made by covered wagon, walking barefooted all the way.

The family settled in Thatcher when it was merely a mesquite thicket. Father and sons cleared the land of mesquite for their farms, dug canals and irrigation ditches, cut wild hay which was sold to nearby military posts, and made adobe for their first home. When fourteen, Wilford began eight years of freighting between Willcox and Globe. This round trip usually took ten days to two weeks. His equipage consisted of two wagons shaped much like modern boxcars drawn by a team of six horses. The freighters traveled in groups for protection against the Indians, as their route took them through the Apache Reservation and there was always danger from marauding groups of Indians off the reservation as well. On June 6, 1893, Wilf married Laura Nelson, daughter of Thomas and Dorothy Peterson Nelson who had come to the area from Idaho in 1890. At the age of fifteen, Thomas joined and served as a drummer

in the famed Mormon Battalion.

Wilf and Laura established a home in Thatcher. The first of the nine children to be born to them, Laura, Marcus, and George, were born in Thatcher. Laura died when only four days old. Wilford continued to freight after his marriage, and also hauled lumber from the sawmill on Mt. Graham which his father had helped establish. In 1900 the family moved to Bryce where Wilf continued to farm. The family always refers to this period as the time they lived at Lizard Bump! Here Orson and Annie were born. Annie later died at the age of sixteen. The family reported that sometimes three months would elapse before they could cross the flooding Gila River. In 1904 the family moved back to Thatcher. Here Julia, Samuel Ray, Roy, and Hugh were born.

This couple's seventh child was born on September 20, 1907 while Thatcher was still a part of the Arizona Territory. Although christened Samuel Ray, he has always been called Ray. This was out of necessity, as four grandsons bore their grandfather's name. Ray received his education in the Thatcher schools and the old Gila Academy. In 1912 his father engaged in the cattle business in the Graham Mountains while it was open range, and in the fall of 1916 he moved his ranching interests to Arivaipa Canyon. During these years, Ray and his brothers helped work the family farm in Thatcher and also the family cattle ranch. At that time the only transportation from ranch to town was by horseback or by team and wagon. The trip one way by wagon took two days.

In 1921, during the depression, Wilf was forced to sell the farmland in Thatcher but retained his ranch holdings. For some years, while his older boys operated the ranch, Wilford continued to farm on a lease

basis in the Solomon area. In the last semester of his junior year in high school, Ray ended his formal education to help his father farm four hundred acres of land. In 1933 Ray moved permanently to the Arivaipa ranch with his parents and the other two unmarried boys, Roy and Hugh, and joined George, who had been operating the ranch since 1916. The partnership had become known as the W. H. Claridge and Sons Ranching Enterprise. They branded Cross F (F).

This family group soon started to enlarge its holdings, which was quite a feat for the depression years. In 1932 they purchased the Haby Ranch, and in 1934 the Bridwell interests were added, acquiring the VC brand. In 1937 they bought out Clarence Dowdle and acquired the RX— and $\frac{0}{\text{I}}$ brands. They also made a land trade and bought the Warm Springs pasture from Phil McNair. It was their intention to continue to consolidate and develop extensive interests so as to make all members of the family financially secure in the years to come.

A lot of hard work by all members of the family went into these years, which were not without incident. There were good years and bad. The drouth of 1934 resulted in a small calf crop in 1935. There was a tremendous calf crop in 1936, along with another drouth, and in 1937 there was more dry weather. This made it necessary to remove a large number of cattle from the Claridge ranches. They sold 735 yearlings and enough cows and calves to bring the number sold to 1,450 head. This still left a substantial breeding herd. The cattle were delivered in two drives to the Fort Thomas railroad shipping pens. Each drive took three or four days.

While driving the cows and calves to the railroad, Ray had an

unforgettable experience. The boys had corralled the cattle at Cottonwood for the night and made up their beds in the dry wash because of the harvester ants which were crawling all over the flats. During the night a flash flood occurred and the fellows barely got out of their bed rolls before the water caught them. To Ray's dismay, he found he had lost his pants. There he was, two days from home and two days from town! In between showers he would check the wash bed for his pants, and even threatened to depants some of the cowboys if his weren't found. Fortunately, at daylight the elusive pants were found in his bedroll and the drive continued without further incident.

World War II began, and Ray celebrated Valentine's Day by enlisting in the U.S. Army on February 14, 1942 together with Wallace Bryce and Scott Pace, two lifelong friends. The recruiter had promised they would remain together, but this lasted only 72 hours! Scott's parents drove the boys to Fort Bliss, Texas, where they were inducted. Mrs. Pace still says that the saddest sight she ever saw is the three Stetsons left on the back seat of the car for the return trip to Safford! Scott Pace also tells the story that Ray was AWOL for three days because he failed to answer the roll call for Sam Claridge! That same year, the Oscar Blair ranch in Arivaipa Canyon was added to the family holdings and the 6N brand acquired. The family holdings then totaled eighty sections.

Ray took his basic training at Camp Lee, Virginia and was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps. He returned to Fort Bliss in July 1942, serving three months as Stable Sergeant, and then was placed in charge of the Remount Farm for thirteen months. During this period, most of

the horse cavalry and horse artillery in the country was dismounted and mechanized. Ray and a detail of eight men cared for as many as 1,500 head of horses at one time on this farm, with a total of 6,000 head dismounted from Fort Bliss. Early in 1943, he was transferred to Camp Lockett, California, where his troop helped dismount the 2nd Cavalry Division and disperse 1,500 head more. From there, he went to Fort Reno, Oklahoma to train pack mules for the British Army on jungle duty. Next, his group was shipped to Fort Riley, Kansas where they were given a refresher course in combat weapons and combat training.

While at Fort Riley, and later at Camp Anzio, Ray was asked to consider remaining in the permanent cadre, but he felt he had entered to fight and preferred to go overseas. He left the United States in August 1944 and, after forty-three days aboard ship, landed in the Bay of Bombay. En route, the ship docked at Suva in the Fiji Islands and at Melbourne, Australia. Ray flew from Bombay to Calcutta and then to Myitkyina, Burma, where he was assigned as an infantry replacement in the old Merrill's Marauders, later known as the Mars Task Force.

Ray arrived in Burma during the monsoon season and was camped on the Irrawaddy River, which at the time was running eighteen feet deep and a mile wide. It was here he reported he had the best fish dinner he has ever eaten! The original five men in the squad tent invited the three new men to a fish dinner if they would play poker; otherwise, no fish. Ray had not as yet been introduced to this game, but he played and lost. He still feels the money was well spent! While at Myitkyina the men were ordered to dispose of all their winter clothing, including heavy overcoats, wool underwear, gas masks, and all. They were thrown

in a heap on the parade grounds and left to mildew and rot. He was immediately assigned as a packmaster for a heavy weapons company in the 1st Battalion of the Mars Task Force. Each battalion in the Task Force had a platoon of Kachin Rangers assigned to them. These men had been headhunters only a few short years before, and they never drew their machetes out of their sheaths without drawing blood even if it meant cutting themselves. They were rabid Japanese hunters, so Ray spent a lot of time with a young Navajo from Tuba City as his shadow because the Kachins thought the Navajo was Japanese! As long as he was with the six-foot-four packmaster from Arizona he was protected and he lived to survive his personal war with the American Kachin Rangers! Mules were used to pack all ammunition and supplies that were air dropped as they were needed, and Ray's job was to keep his fifty packers and fifty mules moving.

After traveling through central Burma to Lashio, Ray was transferred into a Quartermaster Pack Troop. He went back to Myitkyina with this pack outfit, and it was there he became ill and was hospitalized. His pack troop flew the Hump to China, but Ray was sent back to a camp in Chabua, India to recuperate from jungle diseases. When it came time for him to fly the Hump, the commanding officer of the Post Engineers asked him if it made any difference to him if he went to China or remained in India. Since Ray said it was immaterial to him, he was attached, unassigned, to the Post Engineers where he remained until the end of the war, which was just a month away. During one seven-month period in the jungles of Burma the men received no paydays, as the area was so primitive. For security reasons, Special Services took care of

all correspondence from the men to their families (form letters) during this same period.

When Ray started home he crossed India by train, ferrying the Ganges River and picking up a new train on the west bank. To him, the Ganges looked as big as the ocean. He left the train at Karachi and was quartered in the old British Eighth Army barracks for some three weeks before transportation was available back to the States. On board ship for the return home, he traveled through the Arabian and Red seas, the Straits of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic Ocean to New York Harbor where he had his first view of the Statue of Liberty. Thus, in his service travels he completely circled the globe, crossing the Equator and the International Date Line several times. He was discharged on October 31, 1945. To this day, Ray refers to Halloween as his birthday!

The ranch partnership was in the process of buying Bonita Creek Ranch when Ray returned home from overseas. With this purchase, the family ranch holdings then totaled 116 sections of land. This ranch was located approximately one hundred miles north and east of the Aravaipa property. The brands acquired with the ranch were M/A and L_C. The HZ cattle on the ranch were removed from the ranch and the cattle left were branded 6N. Ray and his brother Roy spent considerable time working on this ranch. About this time Ray met a registered nurse, Lois Wesslund, who had come to Safford in February 1946, shortly after he had returned from the service.

Lois, the daughter of Anton and Ellen Pearson Wesslund, was born in Paxton, Illinois on October 8, 1921. She was raised in this Swedish-Lutheran farming community which her grandparents and great-grandparents

helped pioneer after they immigrated from Sweden. She had always been proud of her Scandinavian heritage. Her parents moved to the Chicago area in 1932, where she and her brother Richard completed their educations. Lois attended North Park Junior College, the Evanston Hospital School of Nursing, and Northwestern University, graduating with a diploma in nursing and a B.S. degree in Liberal Arts. She then served on the staffs of the last two institutions as an Instructor in Medical and Surgical Nursing. Because of a rheumatic fever history she had been advised to relocate to a warm, dry climate, and came to Arizona where she was employed by Dr. F. W. Knight of the Safford Clinic.

Lois and Ray met during the course of his treatments for recurrent malarial attacks and a slipped disc. She has never decided whether she caught him while chasing him around a treatment room with a needle and syringe (this is gospel truth) or if she had won him at a horse race! It has always been a family joke about the horse race, because Ray would let Lois choose a horse and he would take the field thinking the odds were in his favor. Without any special knowledge of horse racing, she won all the bets made with him, while he won all the bets made with her roommate. The courtship was also arduous, since Ray traveled three hundred miles for every date. At any rate, the matter culminated on October 8, 1948 when the couple was married in Chicago, Illinois. He states it was a "long wedding march."

At Christmas time in 1949, Ray had spinal surgery at White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles. Shortly after this, he traded his interest in the Aravaipa holdings for the thirty-six section Bonita Creek Ranch. They used the ⁰I and the RX— brands. He and Lois operated the

ranch until April 1972, when various health problems forced his retirement from ranching. Ray had the choice of extensive surgery for a hip replacement or a cessation from horseback riding. He chose the latter.

Although the ranch was only eighteen miles north of Safford, Ray and Lois also maintained a home in Safford, as entrance to the ranch was only by horse and pack train until August 1952, when a road was built as far as Bonita Creek. This road has a 22 percent grade in several places and, to this day, despite many improvements, is not considered a road to be traveled by a novice.

The couple's oldest child, Clifford, was born in Safford on June 8, 1951, and twin daughters, Lynne Ellen and Lois Ann, were born on November 7, 1952. Although another house was later built near the creek at the ranch, Ray continued to commute daily and the family maintained their permanent home in town, with Lois and the children spending much of their summer vacations at the ranch while the children were growing up.

Lois was employed as the Safford School Nurse from September 1953 until the spring of 1965, when she started working for the State of Arizona as a social worker with the Graham County Welfare Department. She is still employed as Graham County Office Coordinator and Eligibility and Payments Supervisor for the Arizona Department of Economic Security.

Bonita Creek has always been a scenic area, and the Claridges frequently entertained at the ranch and became well known for their Dutch oven dinners. Groups of from thirty to a hundred were welcomed there throughout the years, as well as at their home in Safford. Ray became active in community and civic work as a result of living in town. In

1955 he was named captain of the Graham County Sheriff's Posse when it was reactivated, and he also served as president of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers Association at the same time. This same year Lois was president of the Safford Junior Woman's Club, and this was the tenor of their lives for many years. One supported the other in their activities. When the Sheriff's Posse reactivated the RCA-approved rodeos in the area Lois worked with Ray in this effort, organizing parades, food booths, etc. She entered the family in the rodeo parades for several years, driving an old Model-T Ford with a saddle on the radiator, and won a trophy every year! While Ray was active as a board member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, Lois helped organize the Mt. Graham Cowbells, and in 1959 was elected president of the Arizona Cowbells. Ray, Lois, and the children frequently traveled together to cattle meetings throughout Arizona and have thus covered almost every nook and cranny of this state. In 1962 when Lois was elected president of the American National Cowbells, Ray traveled throughout the United States with her. If a sitter was not available for the children, he would remain home with them. He announced to one and all that he was "Mr. CowBelle," and to this day the husbands of all succeeding national presidents share this title with him. On one six-weeks trip through eighteen states during the summer of that year, the children traveled with their parents. This remains in the minds of all members of the family as a highlight of their lives even though the family has since traveled extensively throughout the continental United States, Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, and the Bahamas. They all made many long-lasting friendships during this year of unusual experiences which have enriched their lives in

various ways. They met and were entertained by cabinet members, governors, senators, legislators, and other well-known figures, so that modern day politics has become a very living thing as they follow the progress of these people who continue to shape the destiny of our country. The children also received lessons in geography never equalled in a book!

In 1961 Ray served as president of the Safford Kiwanis Club and he was active in the Boy Scouts during the years his son Cliff was growing up. Cliff was an active Boy Scout and achieved the rank of Eagle. In 1965 a serious ranch accident almost cost Ray his life. Cliff, then only fourteen, managed to get his father to town after a seven-hour ordeal and Ray has always felt it was Cliff's Scout training which made it possible. Cliff always adds that his horse should also be given credit! He was awarded the Certificate of Merit by the National Boy Scout Council for his ingenious rescue, and it was depicted in the "Scouts in Action" section of *Boy's Life* magazine. He was also presented a Citation of Merit by the Governor of Arizona.

After nineteen months spent recuperating from a broken hip and other complications, Ray took over management of the ranch again. He has cooperated on many ranch projects with the staff of the University of Arizona and has given help to the faculty of Colorado State University as well. Since predators were a problem on the ranch, especially mountain lion, Ray became a knowledgeable authority on the habits of this animal and appeared before many governmental agencies to discuss the problems created by the lion. While stalking a lion one day, he discovered artifacts from an old ceremonial cave which archeologists

have stated dates back to 1275 A.D. These artifacts were given to the Arizona State Museum, and were considered by authorities to be the archeological find of the year. Much has been written about them since they proved to be a connecting link in our ancient cultures.

Ray has always been interested in conservation and has spent thousands of dollars and thousands of hours working to improve his range. He has been commended by various land authorities for his conservation practices. His wife has said she thought the words "another mile of pipe" or "another mile of fence" should be inscribed on his tombstone, because for years every time he mentioned ranch improvements this was all she heard!

Ray and Lois have been extremely proud of their children and their children's achievements, and have always supported them in their activities, and in return, the children loved ranch life. As children, Cliff and Lois were avid horsemen. Despite Lynne's fear of horses as a child, she grew up to be her father's extra hand during school vacations while the other two were engaged in summer school or other work. For awhile the couple had three children in college at the same time. All three attended the University of Arizona.

Cliff studied in the College of Agriculture, and on August 28, 1971 he married a fellow student, Constance Rae Pleiter. This new addition to the family was a delight for all. The couple presented Ray and Lois with their first grandchild, Courtney Rae, born on September 12, 1975. Their joy was marred because Connie was then hospitalized for cancer and passed away from a melanoma when Courtney was only three months old. At the time of her death, Ray was a patient at Good

Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix. He spent three-and-a-half months there, two of which were in intensive care battling for his life because of myasthenia gravis, which had surfaced following his hip replacement the previous October. It was a most trying period for all the family, but their sorrow was eased by the joy little Courtney brought into their lives.

Lynne, who had just graduated from the University of Arizona, went to live with Cliff and care for the baby until she was a year old. Cliff had worked for the Apache National Forest and was working for the Coronado Forest at the time. He was offered a post with the Gila Forest in Silver City, New Mexico shortly afterward, and Lynne moved to New Mexico with him. It was there she met John Franklin Smith III (Pancho), whom she later married. He is the son of Peggy and J. Frank Smith, Jr. of the Heart Bar Ranch, which is located forty-five miles north of Silver City near the Gila Cliff Dwellings.

When Courtney was a year old, Lynne began her teaching career at Fort Thomas High School as a Home Economics instructor. Pancho, who had been a football player at New Mexico State in Las Cruces, transferred to Eastern Arizona College and they were married on July 30, 1977. When he transferred to the University of Arizona Lynne accepted a teaching parent post at the Arizona School for Deaf and Blind, and Pancho worked there part time in the same capacity for the three years they lived in Tucson. In the summer of 1981 Pancho began working for the Safford District of the Coronado Forest and the couple moved back to Safford. Lynne now teaches kindergarten for the Safford schools, while her husband is Game Range Manager for Cluff Ranch near Pima, which is part of

the Arizona Fish and Game Department.

Lois Ann graduated from the University of Arizona, College of Pharmacy, and subsequently became licensed to practice in Arizona, California, Oregon, and Washington. She also married a fellow classmate, James McDowell of Portland, Oregon, on January 11, 1975. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. McDowell of Portland. Following their graduation in May 1975, the couple moved to Portland where both were employed. After three years, they moved to the San Francisco area and now live in Marin County near Novato. James is a television engineer with KPIX in San Francisco, and Lois Ann is a Chief Pharmacist for Kaiser Permanente in charge of a 244 bed hospital pharmacy and out-patient clinic pharmacy. The couple has a son, Scott Claridge McDowell, born May 17, 1980, and a daughter, Erin Claridge McDowell, born June 18, 1982.

On March 23, 1980, Cliff married Drusilla Lucke near Pinos Altos, New Mexico. Dru is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Lucke of Clinton, Maryland. She graduated from the University of New Mexico and worked for the Gila Forest after graduation, thus meeting Cliff. Courtney is delighted with her new mother, and Dru has legally adopted her.

Although there were many activities involved in raising three children of his own, Ray has always had time to lend a hand to other young people and has helped more than one young man straighten out his life. He is known as "Uncle Ray" to many, and they often come to him with their troubles and for advice as he always takes the time to listen.

Ray has served as a member of the Safford Library Board and the Graham County Historical Society Board for many years. He has been a member of the Safford Rotary Club, the American Society of Range

Management (serving for years as a member of the county committee to select the Arizona Range Manager of the Year), and a member of the Arizona-Sonora West Coast Trade Commission as a representative of the cattle industry when Paul Fannin was Governor of Arizona. He is a member of the National Cattlemen's Association and the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, serving many years on the Game Committee and Leased Lands Committee of the Arizona Group. He is also a long-time member of the American Legion, the Safford Elks Lodge, and served as a board member of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers Association for twenty years, assisting with both the brucellosis and screwworm control in these two counties as well as on almost any problem or issue of importance to the cattle industry. Although he long ago stopped active participation in rodeo activities, he has maintained a long-time interest in horses and most sports.

Ray's sense of humor has helped him over many of the "hard spots" of life. Most of his health problems have stemmed from his years of military service, but he has accepted this uncomplainingly and has been grateful that he has received the best of medical care during the twenty-eight hospitalizations and twenty major surgeries he has endured in the thirty-three years of his marriage. The broken bones have been too numerous to count! Lois says he has truly become a bionic man, with his many joint replacements, and is a "living tribute" to the medical profession and the many doctors whose persistence and friendships have helped him through some very trying experiences.

GEORGE M. (SKEETS) THOMAS

BOWIE, ARIZONA

George M. (Skeets) Thomas was born April 7, 1892 in Roswell, New Mexico. Two years later he arrived in Bowie with his mother, a widow who worked as a waitress for awhile in the local railroad hotel before moving on to other towns. Skeets spent most of his school life in the Douglas schools before he moved on with his mother. They spent times in Tucson, Phoenix, Nogales, Naco, Douglas, and Ciudad, Juarez, and Chihuahua, Mexico.

Skeets then came back to engage his services for the livestock industry. He was head of the Joy Valley Ranch that branded the 9M. This ranch was purchased in 1930 from the Pat Smiths. The water that supplied the ranch came from artesian wells. According to the rain and feed, the ranch would carry from 110 to 400 head of cattle. This ranch was sold in 1938 to Jesse Williams.

It was while he was in Juarez that Skeets got his start as a bartender at its famous Mint Bar. His nickname was the result of his being "a ninety-eight pound mesquite." Skeets doesn't mind telling you he's the best bartender there ever was, as he stands behind the forty-year-old bar at Skeet's Tavern. The bartender is now reduced to digging Coors cans out of an ancient, red Coke machine and ripping off the tabs for his clientel--most of them don't want a glass.

The ashtrays on the scratched bar are a variety of saucers, the carpet on the floor is patched with duct tape, and the felt on the pool table is worn as thin as a pair of nylons. So, what is the world's

greatest bartender doing in a small-town bar like this?

As Skeets points out, that's a long story. And he's proud as can be to tell every detail of it. "As a bartender, you get a reputation," he said, "and I was a good bartender." He was at the Mint Bar only seven months, but Skeets says that's where he learned the two facts that keep good bartenders working: Don't steal, and don't get drunk on the job.

Skeets likes to tell how he happened to start bartending in Bowie. One day he and another cowboy were sitting on a Bowie street lamenting the fact that the only bar in town was closed. "Let's build our own bar here," Skeets recalls saying. Well, the friend later backed out, but Skeets went on to build his bar. He battled both a local petition against his request for a liquor license and a lack of funds. Later, when the highway was rerouted, he built another bar. Now, at the age of eighty-nine, Skeets has had his bar for forty-five years. Despite the fact that an even newer highway has bypassed the town entirely, and despite the fact that his daily receipts have dropped from hundreds of dollars to tens, Skeet's Tavern survives.

Skeets says he doesn't smoke and he works out at calisthenics for an hour every morning. Then he grabs a hoe for a couple of hours. He keeps down the weeds on the eight lots he owns around town--he became quite a property owner during the Depression. At various times he's owned a garage, a lumberyard, and three rodeo grounds in Bowie.

At one time Skeets's tavern was packed with hundreds of folks swinging to bands the likes of Bob Wills, "the biggest thing in Texas!" Back then, he had a roulette wheel and crap tables in the back for the

folks so inclined. But now, "Business is terrible," and "No one appreciates a Great Bartender!" Everybody drinks Coors or Bud out of a can. "As popular as the martini used to be, nobody asks for them anymore. Or an Orange Bloom, or Clover Leaf, or Golden Fizz," Skeets adds.

The old drinks may go begging in Bowie, but for a minute Skeets perks up as he demonstrates the use of a real drink shaker and describes the classy drinks he once mixed at the Mint Bar for the rich people of El Paso and Juarez. "There were over five hundred drinks in the Bartender's Guide," he says, "and every bar had its own specialties." Now he is down to beer cans of various colors. Skeets feels this is a new world he's facing and he hangs on as a gesture of public service. "I'm obligated," he says, "I've got the only liquor license in town."

Skeets Celebrates His 90th Birthday
(by Vicky Musnicki)

On one of the nicest days that God ever created, a man whom we affectionately call "Skeets," became ninety years of age recently. Show me a man who's been working till he's ninety and I'd say he's bound to be a man who has lived a good, healthy life. The Cowboy Hall of Fame hasn't claimed him yet, but approximately three hundred people (on our side of the creek) passed through the portals of Skeets' Tavern on April 3, 1982 to pay tribute to a man who's been around these parts a lot longer than any of us. Cowboy, rancher, soldier, saloon keeper, master of ceremonies, grand marshall, and town crier all rolled into one, that is George "Skeets" Thomas, whose place of business is located on Highway I-10 in the heart of Bowie where folks have been viewing the spectacular mountain peak, officially named Government Peak, in the

spread of Dos Cabezas Mountains for many a spell!

All day a procession of folks from all walks of life--ranchers, farmers, teachers, railroaders, restauranteers, youngsters, storekeepers, preacher, housewives, miners, drillers, etc.--came by for a short or to sit a spell and offer their good wishes. Besides the local yokels, family and friends from California, Phoenix, El Paso, Washington, Tucson, and many other places too numerous to mention were there.

Hosting Skeets' party were his daughters and their families, Kay Mahan of San Simon and Georganne Borden of Texarkana, Texas. The buffet dinner was a wonderful array of food of every variety. For his birthday there was a cute cake decorated with two boots on it, and the one most of us won't forget is the huge cake with the word inscribed thereon in big, bold, creamy lettering: SKEETS. They were baked by Claudia Baumer of Tucson and Myra Mahan of Animas, New Mexico. Some even put up a money tree, by golly!

The country music of Forest Hale, Bart Williamson, and their musical groups was delightful in the afternoon and brightened up the festivities as different couples danced on the beautifully polished hardwood dance floor adjacent to the tavern.

I had to stop in and extend my congratulations to Skeets. Although he and Lois have been in the spirits business for years, young Skeets hasn't savored nary a sip in over forty-five years, and that's a fact! The jukebox was playing something that sounded like "Back in the Saddle Again" ("Out where a friend is a friend, /Where you stay home every night and the only law is right," etc.). Skeets has palavered (spoken) of the old times and old-timers, and heard many a tale of life and love

come from the other side of the bar, and one thing for sure, he's been a darn good listener!

Maybe the sign on his corral on Apache Pass Road once read "No rancho yeto," but every day ole Skeets would go to the corral and pick himself a horse to ride to keep himself limber, and maybe to let his faithful horse know he's still his favorite horse, of course. I'm certain few of us have forgotten Skeets astride his horse Sonny prancing along the parade route, as Skeets rode as Grand Marshall in the Bowie Centennial Parade in 1980.

As the cactus and the wildflower grow and the wind blows free over the desert floor, we are reminded of a young lad who made the trek by covered wagon with his family by his side, and of his serving in World War I, and we are glad all of us folks took the time and made the effort to help this nonogenarian, this grand ole cowboy, George M. Skeets Thomas, celebrate his great day, and pray our Heavenly Father will take a liking to him, oblige him, and enable him to enjoy many more fruitful years in the comfort of his family and friends.

Ed. Note: At the end of "his" day, Skeets and Lois thanked each and every one, those who prepared the food and all who were instrumental in making that day a very special day for them to remember always.

Besides his daughters Kay and Georganne, Skeets has two other daughters, June Thomas who is in nursing and Jean Thomas who is teaching in San Francisco.

If you ever drive into Bowie and are dry, stop in and see Skeets and his wife. Yes, they're still running the same bar.

CHARLES F. AND VIOLET M. WEEKES

BAGDAD, ARIZONA

Charles Frederick Weekes III was born July 14, 1899, the son of C. F. Weekes II and Margaret Allison Weekes. Charles's father was a man of prominence in Mesa where Charles was born, and was a native of Ontario, Canada who had come to the Mesa area in the mid 1890s to homestead and help build a raw, young territory.

In 1904 the elder Weekes left his farm during a bad drought period and started a stage station on the Apache Trail, east of the present Apache Junction. He cared for the needs of the freighters and their teams hauling to the Roosevelt Dam site, and he started his own stage line for passengers and express. As a boy, young Charles helped out and was fascinated by the stories told by the colorful teamsters who passed by the Weeks' station.

From the time he was in the fourth grade Charlie lived with his family in Mesa, where he attended elementary and high schools and also helped his father in the dairy and ice plant the senior Weeks had established. Charlie captained the track team at Mesa High and played basketball on its dirt courts. In the summer months, he piled up a sizeable savings account by operating a threshing machine for two dollars a day. He also bought two teams of horses and received two dollars a day for each team he rented out.

In 1918 Charlie graduated from Mesa High School, and he entered the University of Arizona that fall with the idea of trying his hand at mining engineering. But in the back of his mind, Charles had already

decided to be a cattleman. His father had started running cattle on a ranch near the foot of the Superstition Mountains, and Charlie helped operate the spread.

It was not a normal or a happy year at the University of Arizona. All eligible male students were drafted into the army and subjected to a rigid schedule of drill, study, and discipline. With World War I over, young Weekes left the university at the end of the spring term and attended Orange County Business College at Santa Ana, California for a year's work. That was the end of his formal education.

Charlie returned to Mesa to work for his father and become a partner with him in a pen feeding operation. It was necessary to move to the Weekes' ranch to help his father build ranch buildings and to gather and brand cattle. They soon started buying up neighboring ranches to add to the family operation.

In 1925 Charles bought out his Uncle George, who had become a partner, and in 1928 he purchased his father's interest in the ranch. At his peak, Charles was running six hundred Herefords. They branded the Y/Z and the K 2, and their ranch name was the Weeks' Cattle Company.

It was not until he was firmly established that Charles turned his thoughts to dating and marriage. He courted and married the girl of his choice, Violet Morse.

Violet was born February 14, 1907 in Mesa, Arizona to Florence Felton Morse and Collins Morse. They were ranching in the vicinity of Pinal (once known as Picket Post because of the nearby butte of that name) and close to where the town of Superior is now located. Florence came to Mesa shortly before her baby was to be born, and stayed there

until Violet was a month old before the two of them returned to their ranch. The family later moved to Mesa and began farming. Violet's mother had been brought to Arizona by her family when she was two years old, and they settled at the forks of Tonto and Rye creeks. Her father's family came from Utah in 1881 and settled in Mesa. Violet attended grade school and high school in Mesa and attended Arizona State University in Tempe. She later taught in Superior.

Charlie and Violet were married on June 26, 1934 at Lordsburg, New Mexico. After they were married they worked from dawn to dark to hold things together on their ranch in the Superstition Mountains during the bitter depression years.

In 1950 Charlie and Violet bought eighty acres southeast of Mesa and built a home on Gilbert Road. Weekes farmed, although he didn't like it nearly as well as raising cattle, and entered into Mesa civic activities. He was a charter member of the Mesa Elks Club, a Master of Oriental Lodge No. 20 of the Masonic Order in 1954, and a Patron of the Eastern Star.

Within ten years Mesa expanded the two miles to Weekes' farm and he found himself in the midst of growing subdivisions. For a man accustomed to wide-open spaces, this was an uncomfortable feeling. Besides, the price of his land had jumped from \$250 an acre to an amazing \$4,000! When he got a chance to trade his farm for the ranch owned by Pete Grubb at Hillside, he took it.

That was in 1961. Ever since, the Weekes have been enjoying, as Violet put it, "All the joys of ranch life with all the comforts of living in town." Although Charlie is approaching the biblical three-score

and ten years, he spends long hours in the saddle every day and enjoys every minute of it. He has served on the Hillside school board, is active in the Yavapai County Cattle Growers Association, and keeps up with Masonic work, but he still gets a little nostalgic at times about "the good old days" in the cattle business when the big roundups provided memorable and colorful excitement for all concerned.

The Weeks built a comfortable three-bedroom home on the ranch, with an office for Charlie and all the conveniences anybody could want. Since they've been there they have done extensive water development, both wells and stock tanks. They currently still use the Y/Z brand that he acquired when he bought out his father. The ranch lies on both sides of the highway towards Bagdad, and goes almost to the Santa Maria River. Their home is located a mile off Highway 96, just a mile from Hillside towards Bagdad. That ranch at one time belonged to Ray Cowden. Jolene Backman, Arizona State Cowbelle President in 1982, lived there when she was a small girl and her father, Archie Miller, was working for Ray.

At one time Charlie Weeks stood trim and lean as a greyhound. He was tall and proud in his cowboy boots, and if necessary, could have licked many a man half his age. He has the happy look of a man who thanks his lucky star that he has been able to do the only thing in the world that he likes to do, because he became the Cowman that, all his life, he wanted to become.

The old T Ranch that Weeks purchased in 1961 in Yavapai County is an historic one which dates back to territorial days. It is an hour's drive to Prescott from the Weeks ranch. They used to drive it often to shop and to swap yarns with other cattle families.

Now, after forty-eight years of married life, Charlie and Violet have three children, ten grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. Their only daughter, Betty Jean Schahrer, now lives in Strawberry with her retired husband, Jack. He spent twenty years in the U.S. Air Force. One son, Charles IV, is employed as a heavy equipment operator for the Cypress Copper Company at Bagdad, and their third child, Felton A., has taken over the ranch since Charlie retired this spring at the age of eighty-three.

Charlie retired not because he *wanted* to, but because he *had* to. Violet said his decision to retire was one of the hardest he ever had to make. She still loves her ranch life and hopes she never has to leave, for they've been there for twenty-one years.

MYRTH PYLE JONES

PAYSON, ARIZONA

I was born July 17, 1901 in Payson, Arizona, daughter of Elwood and Sarah Pyle. My mother Sarah delivered two girls, for I have a twin sister, Myrl. My sister and I spent our school days in Payson. As I remember, my folks' ranch was one of the prettiest places under the Rim, north of Payson.

My father, Elwood F. Pyle, was born in Iowa in 1856. His father was Cheney A. Pyle and his mother was Mary Elliott. My mother, Sarah Corder, was born in Illinois in 1862. Both the Pyle and the Corder families had moved to Kansas from the states where my father and mother had been born. That's where Elwood and Sarah met, and where they were married in 1879.

My future parents lived on their own small farm in Kansas after they were married, and it was there in Kansas that their first three children, Nellie, Lewis, and Myrtle, were born. To supplement his income, Father sold and installed windmills and water tanks. Because of those Kansas winds, the demand for windmills was good. So Father was able to save a little money from those sales and some from working the farm.

One day while Father was away a tornado hit their farm. Mother had seen it coming and had put her three small children down in their cellar. She then could only watch while their barn was lifted up and blown away! The house, fortunately, was not damaged and the children were safely in the cellar.

When Father came home and found the barn and other things blown away, he agreed with Mother; she was ready to move out of the state. So they sold the farm and moved to Los Angeles, where he was able to continue to support his family by selling windmills.

However, Mother was having trouble with asthma in California. Her doctor told her that the dry air in Arizona should help her. When she suggested to Father that they move to another state, Father said first they'd have to sell their property in California; then they could leave. In less than a week, Sarah made a deal with Kitty Sideles to trade their Los Angeles home for a small ranch in Star Valley, Arizona. Star Valley was about five miles east of Payson.

In the fall of 1890, the couple and their three children set out for Star Valley. They came by train to Flagstaff, where they were met by a Mr. Peach with a team and wagon. When they camped for the first night, Sarah slept so soundly that Elwood kept awakening her to see if she was all right. She certainly was all right. No more asthma troubles!

On the way when they were coming down Strawberry Hill, they had to tie a tree to the back end of the wagon. This made a drag to keep the wagon from running over the horses. Soon after, they arrived in Star Valley and their new home without ever having seen the place they were traveling to. They found it had been badly misrepresented! Things had been taken that were said would be left there.

It was about this time that my brother Floyd was born in 1891. They stayed on the Star Valley place for three years and Father was elected the first Justice of the Peace in Payson.

The family's next move was when Father traded the Star Valley property to Mr. Joe Ezell for a ranch under the Mogollon Rim. He named the ranch Bonita Gardens and the stream Bonita Creek. He bought a few head of cattle, mostly Durham, and branded K S on the left hip (K S being for Kitty Sideles). He was running about a hundred head when the Forest Service came along with their regulations. They allowed him only about half that number of cattle.

Then, about ten years after Floyd had been born, my sister and I arrived. We were born in Payson in 1901 and Mother called us Myrl and Myrth. The four older children attended school on the east fork of the Verde River. It was known as the Rimrock School. We twins attended two terms of summer school there, later, and then went to the schools in Star Valley and Payson.

My father ran a pack train of burros, in the winter to Phoenix or Fort McDowell and in the summer to Flagstaff. This was to bring supplies to the Payson store. My older brother, Lewis, helped, and they rode mules and packed twelve to twenty-four burros. When Myrl and I were born, Father turned the packing over to Lewis. Guy Barkdoll helped for a few years. Later when Father retired, he turned over his cattle to Lewis and Floyd. Floyd had the ranch on Ellison Creek, so they ran the cattle from there.

Nellie married Fletcher Beard, who became the first Forest Ranger in Payson. They had three daughters and one son: Laura, Elvin, Calda May, and Catherine. Nellie died in September 1970.

Lewis worked for the Forest Service for many years. After retiring, he married Nathalie Smith. Lewis died in February 1974.

I never knew sister Myrtle; she died in December 1898 before Myrl and I were born.

Floyd married Verda Childers. He had a small ranch on Ellison Creek in Star Valley. He was a guide for lion hunters for a few years. Floyd and Verda had four children: Myrtle, Eugene, F. Malcolm, and Louise. Louise died in January 1947. Floyd died May 1961.

Myrl married Claud Evans; he was a cattleman. After selling the ranch he served as Secretary of the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board. They had two children, June and Elwood.

I married Claude "Bud" Jones, a cowboy who later became a cattleman. We had three children: Lee, Stuart, and Peggy. Bud and I are retired now; we sold our ranch to our son Lee. Lee and his wife Dixie live on one side of the creek and we on the other. My twin sister Myrl now also lives on the ranch. Our brand was the SA.

ANNIE HOLLIMON TRAYNOR

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO
(Arizona Line)

Annie Violet Hollimon was born in Kerrville, Texas, one of four children born to George Tuck Hollimon and Ella May Day Hollimon. Her father was from Kerrville, but met and married Ella May in Alma, N. Mex. in October 1899. They engaged in homesteading, cattle ranching, and farming, driving their herd of cattle to Silver City to market in the fall.

Annie was the great granddaughter of Joseph and Sarah Elizabeth McGrady Roberts, who had traveled by oxen and mule team from Kansas City, Missouri to Camp Verde, Arizona in 1875. Her grandparents, Ezekiel and Eliza June Roberts Day, were married at Camp Verde in 1877. They moved by oxen team to Alma and Cooney, New Mexico in 1879. Their livelihood was derived from farming, hunting, and mining. Like their ancestors, hard times and Indian fighting were a way of life for them.

Annie met and married Avery Michael "Curley" Traynor in Alma in October 1917. Curley was born in Nutriosa in 1896, the "middle child" of Patrick and Sarah Hudson Traynor. The Traynor name originally was O'Traynor, but the O was dropped when Patrick migrated to the U.S. from Ireland at the age of eighteen. After settling in Arizona, Patrick was in the cattle and sheep raising business, branding T on the jaw. His grazing camp, out from Nutriosa, was known as Pats Knoll. His livestock enterprise proved to be unpopular with the surrounding ranchers, as they contended it infringed on their grazing rights. Eventually Traynor was

accused and brought to court for cattle rustling. When the hide was produced for evidence, it was found to have the T brand on the jaw!

Curley attended school in Eagle Creek, Arizona. He left home at the age of nine and stayed with his eldest sister, Pearl, in Clifton and finished his grade school education, working at odd jobs to pay the expenses. Lack of finances necessitated his leaving high school before completion. Having the desire for higher learning, he became an avid reader and could have been considered a self-educated man.

From Clifton he went to a job with the Chiricahua Cattle Company at San Carlos. At fifteen he became their horse wrangler and bronc buster. He eventually became a foreman of the ranch. On one occasion he was sent in search of some horses missing from the ranch and found them at Cactus Flat, approximately twenty-one miles south of Alma. He drove the horses back to the Chiricahuas and continued working. But he never forgot the friends he had made at Alma--Frank, Fred, and Rob Balke; Bill and Joe Morgan; Hugh McKeen; Ellsworth Tipton; and Clarence Ford. He liked that country so he returned to Alma in 1916 to work for the HU Bar Cattle Company, owned by Hugh McKeen. Eventually he purchased a small acreage with a few head of cattle at Deep Creek, a few miles north of Alma.

In 1918 Curley had quit his job at the HU Bar and was waiting for his call to service (World War I) when peace was declared. So he returned to work for Hugh McKeen until July 1919. At that time Curley went to Blue Creek, about fifty miles from Alma, to work as bronc buster on the H Bar Y of Sam Huling and Boug Means. In August of that year he sent for Annie and their eleven-month-old daughter, Ella, to join him

at the ranch. It was while they were moving to join Curley at the ranch that all their possessions, including many lovely wedding gifts, were lost when a flood hit S Dugway Canyon and their mover had to abandon the truck to save his own life.

During their early stay on the H — Y Curley had soon been promoted to foreman and Annie cooked the noon meal for up to as many as forty cowboys. Once after the men being pressed for time had consistently neglected filling the woodbox, they found the usual place settings but instead of the customary hot biscuits, steak, gravy, potatoes, and pie they were accustomed to, much to their surprise and chagrin, there was only an axe in the center of the table, because Annie was a bit pressed for time herself! The woodbox was never empty again.

While living at Blue Creek, their second baby girl, Ida, was born. Still employed by the H — Y, from Blue Creek they moved to their homestead at San Lemon located six miles, more or less, northwest from Steeplerock, Arizona. Annie was at this isolated location through a six-month period during which she didn't see or talk to another woman. Curley continued as H — Y foreman, working seven days a week, saving and investing in his own cattle. He hired an adobe maker to build a three-room house, and after what he felt was ample time, he went by the site to check up. The house was complete, with the builder living in it. He ousted the would-be claim jumper and moved in his own family.

The Traynors immediately began putting in improvements: a hand-dug well, a barn, corrals. Installing improvements was a custom the Traynors followed all of their ranch life. While at the homestead their son, A. H. "Mike," was born.

After proving up on the homestead, the Traynors sold to the Means brothers and moved to Pine Cienega nine miles southwest of San Lemon, where Traynor was employed by rancher Bill Cauthern. In the meantime Curley had the opportunity and so he bought the Smith ranch in Pine Cienega, living in a log and adobe cabin with dirt floors. Working to better himself, he sold the Pine Cienega ranch and bought the Dripping Springs ranch from Arthur Cloudt, about twelve miles north. In time Curley was in a position, and had the chance, to buy the Triangles Ranch on Mule Creek from Dave Williams. After several years he bought the adjacent Harden Cienega ranch from Arthur Cloudt. Opportunity soon knocked again and he bought the adjoining ranch to the south of the Triangles from J. V. Parks.


The Harden Cienega ranch is where Curley lived until failing health forced him to leave the ranch and move to Silver City. Never actually retiring, Curley and Annie dreamed of returning to that ranch over that well-known strip of road soon to be dedicated as the A. M. "Curley Traynor Memorial Highway. That was the culmination of twenty-one years of his work to get New Mexico-Arizona 78 between US 180 and US 666 paved. Silver City occupied a beautiful setting in the Pinos Altos foothills of Grant County, from which US 180 coursed northward. Veering close to the Arizona line, it crossed just west of Luna, in Catron County, and passed through Alpine, Arizona and north to Nutriosa, where Curley had been born.




Traynor had spent his entire lifetime, as a cowboy in his youth and later as a substantial cowman, in that 135-mile strip of fascinating country. His knowledge of that area, especially west of the highway,

was probably unsurpassed. The pioneer cattlemen and their ranches, the rugged terrain, the water courses, the growth and decline of several famous mining camps, the mountain cow trails, the interesting local politics, the local ropings and rodeos--they were all part and parcel of Curley Traynor's life, the life he and Annie shared.

Curley served as County Commissioner from 1957 to 1961. Their ranch was bordered by many old-timers: Mosby Wilkerson's Big Lue, Charles Cranmire, Charlie Stockton, Creed Larremore, Bill Coalson, Fred Hollimon, Ervin Goats, Abe Martinez, Kenneth Hollimon, Jim and John Henry, C. C. Harkey, and Lee Watkins. Most of their range was on the forest, with 1,100 acres of patented land, and 85 acres on the San Francisco River, bordered on three sides by Mule Creek, Cold Creek, and the San Francisco. They paid taxes in two states and three counties.

Curley and Annie made many improvements on their ranch over the years. They put in over ninety dirt tanks and many miles of fencing and trails. He personally financed all of his improvements except one dirt tank. The Forest Service built that one because the Traynors had no way of getting tanking equipment into the location. Curley's lifetime interest in improving their ranch extended to their cattle, too. He was a consistent buyer of good Hereford bulls at various sales in the southwest. He was a long-time member of both the Arizona and New Mexico Cattle Growers Associations, as well as of the American National.


The Traynor brand was the  which was recorded in the early '20s. Their son Mike has the brand now. Mike inherited the ranch and runs it in conjunction with his own place, continuing the tradition of range improvement and keeping up the high quality of his cattle. For


the years prior to originating the , Curley used the  which Annie's father, Tuck Hollimon, had recorded for her. The Traynors also had the  brand acquired when they bought the Triangles ranch.



Since Curley's death in 1974, Annie has continued to live in Silver City, as does their daughter Ella (Mrs. Ella Ward). Their daughter Ida (Mrs. Ida Richins) lives in Gracle.

Notes on the Traynor Family

by Freddie Fritz

Jim Traynor, the oldest of the Patrick and Sarah Hudson Traynor family, worked for my father about 1909 or '10. He married Florence Wright, niece of Pat Sutherlin, an early ranch family here, now all deceased. Florence and Jim ranched in the Saradine country along with Pat Sutherlin who ran the T-K-H brand. Brother Pete ranched on the Sheep Wash country of Eagle Creek and branded the Lazy S T, . Pete later sold out and went to California. Their sister Pearl married a fellow by the name of Childress.

Hugh Traynor worked for my father between 1911 and 1912. He married Gertrude Hicks of Alma, widow of Irwin Hicks and an aunt of Adayln who still ranches on Eagle Creek and brands . Hugh and Gertrude ranched on upper Eagle next to the Four Drag (4\) ranch. Hugh branded \6/.

Owen Traynor married Annie Brown. She now lives in Tucson, and her father had also ranched in the Saradine country; he branded . Owen and Avery (Curley) were partners for awhile in the  Ranch on Mule Creek, New Mexico.

Margaret (Maggie) married Tommie Roneer, a Double Circle (©) cowboy. No children reported. She then married Joe Filleman (here is a history I would like to put together; once, eight in the family, now all deceased), who homesteaded on the Eagle and branded 4 . He also was an early foreman of the Double Circle Cattle Company. Joe and Maggie had a ranch on Upper Eagle just before the forks of West Prong and East Eagle. Their brand was TUX.

Myrtle, the youngest, married Johnny Martin, who was from an old Duncan family. Myrtle was a half sister; her name was Edwards. She and Johnny separated, and later she married a fellow by the name of Hucklebee. He and Johnny are now both dead. Myrtle lives in Safford.

Jack Traynor was the fifth Traynor child and was one of the few I never worked with, although we were together in the old 89th Division (World War I) at Camp Tucson. But after a short time, I had been transferred to the 40th Division at Camp Keomey, California. Jack worked for years as a stockman at the Fort Apache Indian Reservation. He retired to Tempe and passed away there.

All of the Traynor family are now gone except Myrtle.

THOMAS RANDOLPH WALKER

PEORIA, ARIZONA

Thomas Randolph Walker was born in 1908 in Rock Springs, Texas. In 1912 Tommy and his family, Ira, Sudie, and Allyne, moved to Arizona in a covered wagon drawn by four mules. Tommy was four-and-a-half years old during the forty-five day trek. He anxiously awaited the family's arrival in Arizona, and often recalled his excitement had been fostered by his grandmother's tales of the wild "Money Trees" growing on the Arizona ranges. The small trees, of course, bore only the small change; the money got bigger with the size of the trees.

Tommy's folks stayed briefly in Globe, Arizona, then journeyed up into Yavapai County settling near the community of Waggoner, Arizona. The mules were promptly traded for Angora goats, and the Walkers were back in the mohair business as they had been in Texas.

The Walker's range encompassed some forty sections of state and public domain. The north boundary was the forest service on the south end of Prescott National Forest. The range extended down the Hassayampa River some seven or eight miles to Buzzard Roost Canyon on the southern end. On the tail end of the Bradshaw Mountains, the Walker's goat herd at one time reached ten thousand head. Tommy's dad also got into the cow business, branding the Quarter Circle Five on the herd of Hereford cattle he bought from Bud Stevens, owner of the Long Meadow Ranch northwest of Prescott. The Walkers also kept about fifty head of mares and raised cowhorses.

In the rugged Bradshaw foothills, Tommy received his livestock

education and his formal education. Port Parker, retired Chief Inspector of the Livestock Sanitary Board, lived with the Walkers. After hearing tales of the practical jokes played on goat herders, attempts to brew chokecherry wine that poisoned Allyne's pet pig, and countless other antics, it's tough to figure out when there was any serious schooling. One thing for certain, the rigorous ranch work with goat, cattle, and horses in the broken chaparral country served both men as well as adults.

In 1926 Tommy's dad sold his Quarter Circle Five range to Amelia Bixby, owner of the adjacent Diamond Two Ranch, lock, stock, and barrel for nine thousand dollars. The Walkers then put together another outfit on the west side of the Hualapai Mountains near Kingman.

When the depression hit, Tommy recalled mohair dropped to only five cents a pound and goats sold for twenty-five cents a head. On top of that, his dad still owed the bank around \$3,500. The bank took over the outfit and Tommy's folks moved to Ray, Arizona, and worked for a mining company. In 1943 Tommy's dad died at Ray. His spirit had never been the same after losing his ranch and preferred way of life. Sudie, Tommy's mother, died in 1977 at ninety-three years of age.

During 1928 and 1929 Tommy rounded out his schooling by attending a business college in Prescott. In 1929 Tommy married Gertrude Champie of Castle Hot Springs. Gertie's family had been in the mining and ranching business, and started the first "Dude Ranch" at Castle Hot Springs.

Tommy and Gertie first settled at Castle Hot Springs, where Gertie continued to guide and give riding lessons at the hotel while Tommy went about his ranch duties. In 1933 Tommy and Gertie bought a little ranch east of Kingman, along Knight Creek, where they branded the Rail H Bar

for Gertie and their two daughters and the A Bar L for the ranch.

In 1939 their oldest girl, Betty Sue, was of school age, so they sold the ranch to neighbor Larry Mellou, owner of the Fort Rock Ranch.

From 1939 to 1941 Tommy worked for his brother-in-law, Fred Cordes, on the Double F Ranch at Bumble Bee. At this point Tommy really wasn't too far from where he first started in the cowboy trade, just a different side of the Bradshaw Mountains. Many things change in a man's life, but today wild cattle are still a part of the Double F. Tommy remarked about a year before his death, while traveling past the edge of the rugged outfit, that things were still pretty much the same on the mountain. When a bunch of wild ones are jumped in upper Castle Creek and they turn south at the forest boundary fence, you'll catch some cattle, maybe even get some penned at the Castle Creek Camp corrals. If they turn north, well, it made for a longer, less successful day. And so it is today.

Tommy made lots of catches, team roping throughout the years. But the stories never had quite the excitement as the ones he related of catching wild cattle beneath Rhinoceros Peak, Battle Flat, or the many other landmarks scattered across the rugged mountain range of the Double F.

After the Cordes job ended, Tommy worked for the Forest Service for about a year, out of the Crown King Ranger Station, packing, building fence, and stamping out an occasional small fire.

In 1941 Tommy bought a small farm in Peoria. He once amusingly remarked his intentions at that time were to buy another outfit when he had the money, but the gap between pocket and another ranch got a little

bigger than his intentions. Instead, in 1949 Tommy bought out the feedlot started by Dave and Kenneth Wingfield in Peoria. From then until 1972, Tommy did custom feeding and growth-gain feeding for other cattle owners as well as for himself. He also got into real estate on the side, selling ranches, farms, and acreage.

In 1972 Tommy developed some heart trouble and sold the feedlot. It was ironic in a way, he'd later remark, because about 1972 was about the last relatively good year for cattle feeders.

Tommy kept some acreage surrounding his home and they began raising quarter horses. Their first brood mare, Miss Sambo, which he and Gertie bought from a sale at Turf Paradise, has now flourished to some twenty-three head of quarter horses that have run in Arizona, New Mexico, and California. This small-scale horse project has resulted in some excellent accomplishments, producing Miss Tudor, ImA Cupid, Fleet Cupid, Miss Tudor Rebel, and Mr. Tudor Rebel, plus others that have made a significant mark in the show ring and at racetracks. Recently a filly, I Juana Tudor, that Tommy never lived to see run, set a track record at Turf Paradise for the 350-yard distance.

Throughout his life Tommy enjoyed competing in team roping. He was a founder of the Arizona Rodeo Association as well as president in 1957-58.

Sculptor Lawrence Tenny Stevens was working on his Rodeo Series, bronzes depicting the various rodeo events, some few decades past. His fourth in the series was to be the Team-Tying event. He observed many "jackpots," and made various sketches, and his excitement during his research began to build. Bursting with enthusiasm about the project, he

cornered his friend and respected team roper, Tommy, one day and eagerly asked him when was that split second of greatest excitement, ecstasy, and euphoria when making a good run. Tommy was momentarily silent and poker-faced. Then, scratching his head he replied, "Wal', Steve, my greatest moment is when I walk up to the pay window."

Tommy and Gertie had two daughters, Betty Sue (Mrs. Walter Bartol) of Peoria and Barbara (Mrs. Ben Anderson) of Mesa, and six grandchildren.

Tommy passed away January 9, 1982 after returning home from a day at the Arizona National Livestock Show; what more fitting time than during an activity of an industry he loved.

An old friend eulogized Tommy as "Mr. Cowman, a man's man, a gentle gentleman." Not a single attribute of his could money buy; he made it to the pay window again.

CARRIE ADELL RYAN DUKE

BUCKEYE, ARIZONA

The Arizona Living Pioneer Stockmen's oldest living member, Carrie Ryan Duke, was born February 16, 1882. Carrie Ryan received her early education in Baldwyn, Mississippi, where she later met and married Henry Duke. The couple was married on December 21, 1900. Four of their children were born while they still lived in Mississippi: Alta and Alton, the twins, and Adele and Marie. Adele was delivered by former governor and doctor, B. B. Moeur.

The Dukes then made plans to move to Arizona in 1907 because of Carrie's health--or so claimed Henry. Carrie says that she was always sure the reason Henry wanted to move to Arizona was because he had two brothers and two uncles already living there. So they loaded their four children on a train for the move to Arizona.

The young couple from Mississippi first moved to a place on Alma School Road and University Drive, where Henry bought and farmed sixty acres. Carrie was amazed by all the cactus. She had never seen any cactus at all before living out west, but she thought they were beautiful. They were all 'round her first home, which was an adobe building. The Salt River was just across the road. It was a pretty big river, and filled with water lilies, cattail, and trees, too.

Carrie always enjoyed telling the story about when a band of Indians went riding by her adobe home on Alma School Road. They rode by at a gentle lope, going towards the south from the Salt River Indian Reservation. Three days later they returned in the same fashion, but each brave


had eight or ten rabbits tied around his horse's neck. Later she learned that they had been to Sacaton, south of Chandler, to participate in a rabbit drive. But the sight of forty or fifty grown Indian braves wearing only breech clouts had been somewhat unnerving to young newcomer Carrie in 1907.

The Dukes raised all their own vegetables on their farm in Mesa. They had a cow for milk for their family. Four more children were born to Carrie and Henry while they lived in Mesa: Coy, Lucin, Eva, and Edgar.

Carrie and her young family attended many square dances in Mesa. She remembers not getting to dance very much because Henry, her husband, was the fiddler. But everybody always had a lot of fun at the dances. Carrie and her family also attended church together; she was the organ player. All the young children would sing while she was playing the organ at the church, and when her family was home they all gathered 'round the organ and sang as a pastime.

One of the stories Carrie would tell her children about the early days in Arizona was when she had an Indian girl to help her with the household chores. Once they had a slight disagreement, and the young girl left in a huff. Carrie immediately gathered up all her children into the house, and bolted all the doors and windows. She was afraid all the Indians would come back and cause trouble!

In 1919 the family moved to the Roosevelt Irrigation District, where Henry reclaimed two hundred acres from the desert. Later on they moved once again, this time to Liberty, eight miles east of Buckeye, and the family raised holstein milk cows, farmed, and raised beef animals.

They branded on the left hip. The family brand was the  (the D was backwards, with a connected E).

Carrie has known and lived through World War I, the Great Depression, and World War II, but she remembers more of the joyous times and no misgivings. She still remembers the earlier days when they only had a horse and buggy to run around in.

On February 16, 1982, Carrie celebrated her 100th birthday at the home of her grandson, Luther Hazelton. Over a hundred members of her family traveled here for the occasion, coming from Mississippi, Texas, and remote parts of Arizona.

She attributes her longevity to always keeping busy. "Never stop working," she says, and she survived five of her eight children. Henry passed away in 1961, after sixty years of marriage.

Carrie is the matriarch of five generations, including her daughter, Alta Spencer, now seventy-one and an artist living in Sedona, her grandson Luther Hazelton, age fifty-four, a great granddaughter, Coye Blaze-wic, age thirty-one of Mesa, and the youngest, great great granddaughter Carrie, who was then fourteen months old. Great granddaughter Coye commented, "I have moved around a lot, but one place I always knew I'd come back to was Grandma's. It was a special place, and I knew she'd always be there."

Carrie now lives at the South Mountain Manor on East Southern in Phoenix, Arizona.

The Arizona National was pleased to help Carrie celebrate her 100th birthday with a bouquet of flowers. We all wish her many more happy years.

ALBERT PETER MICHELBACH

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Albert Peter Michelbach was born June 7, 1905 in Flagstaff, Arizona, son of Peter and Veronica. Most of Albert's school days were spent in Flagstaff. He also met his wife, Ann, in Flagstaff, and that's where they were married on September 5, 1933. Ann had spent her school days in Monroe, Louisiana.

Albert's father, Peter, was a native of Germany who came to this country after having served in the Imperial German Army of the late nineteenth century as a member of Kaiser Wilhelm II's personal guard. After arriving in the United States, Peter Michelbach homesteaded a ranch adjoining the ranch of his brother-in-law, G. H. Lohe. Peter's brother-in-law had homesteaded his own ranch on the mountain during territorial days. Those two holdings have since been combined and are now owned by Albert and Ann.



Albert, known to all his neighbors and friends as Pete, says his parents raised potatoes, oats, and hay on their place, known as the Hart Prairie Ranch, and had eleven children to boot.

As Reggie Tucker tells it in a May 20, 1981 "Meet Your Neighbor" story in the *News* in Flagstaff, Pete was eleven years old when he first saw Sedona. Flagstaff had had a terrific snowstorm, "sixty inches in twenty-four hours," and Pete had been helping a neighbor take his horses down to the lower elevations to find some grazing. "When I saw Sedona," Michelbach told Tucker last year, "I made up my mind that someday I'd have a cow outfit down there." And thirty-eight years later he saw his

dream come true.

In 1981 he had eighty cows, four bulls, sixteen yearlings, and an undetermined number of new calves. A kindly and generous man with many tales to tell, Pete has at times donated one of his animals to be used in benefit barbecues on behalf of community causes.

During the time Pete ranched, he and Ann had three children, Albert, Dorothy, and Marilyn. The children helped with the ranch chores. Along with helping their father tend to the cattle, they would see that the cattle had springs to drink from, and later they helped when shallow wells were dug and man-made dams were put in.

Their original brand was the Lazy PM () having been named for Pete's father, Peter Michelbach. It was among one of the first brands ever registered in Arizona, and was used from territorial days on through the '20s. Today, Pete's brand is the . The ranches are now known as the Michelbach Winter-Ranch and Taunta's Sedona Ranch. The old ranch has been in the family almost a hundred years, and standing on the San Francisco Peaks, is still known as the Hart Prairie area.

Nowadays, Pete still runs cattle on the rim ranch in summer and brings them to the Sedona area in winter. They sometimes roam the open ranges there, and in the process have been responsible for some amusing and amazing incidents in the past.

There was the time when two of his bulls were seen sparring in the middle of Highway 89A in West Sedona when it was still a two-laner. And later, when the highway had been widened and the State Highway Department had seeded the shoulders and covered the plantings with a protective hay mulch, the Michelbach cattle apparently thought the hay had been laid

down just for their special benefit. So they happily munched away at it for a considerable time.

A longtime member of the Coconino County Racing Commission, Pete also served as the county's undersheriff during the tenure of former sheriff, J. Peery Francis.

Pete and Ann's son Albert is now a doctor and lives in Goddard, Kansas. Dorothy is now Mrs. Weinber and lives in Bellevue, Washington. And Marilyn is Mrs. Marilyn Coy and lives in Phoenix, Arizona.

Pete's mother, the late Mrs. Veronica Michelbach, was for many years one of the most popular members of the congregation of Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary Roman Catholic Church in Flagstaff.

In 1981 Pete was honored at the Arizona National Livestock Show and is now an Arizona Living Stockman Hall of Fame member.

Ann and Pete now are enjoying visits from their eight grandchildren.

ANTHONY DE CONCINI

TUCSON, ARIZONA

I was born in Tucson, Arizona, on December 26, 1912.

My father, Anthony De Concini, was born in Italy and came to Arizona in 1921 and went to the Indian Reservation in 1921.

My mother, Olla Damron, was born in Utah and came to Arizona in 1921 and went to the Indian Reservation in 1921.

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Memories of my family go back a long way. Both my father and mother came in 1882 as children with their families from Mormon settlements in Utah. My mother rode her horse bareback alongside her family's wagons to Pima, Arizona. My father came to homestead and to clear the desert growth from the land west of Thatcher in Central, Arizona. My parents arrived in Arizona within three days of each other, but it was ten years before they would meet and marry.

My mother, Olla Damron, with her parents and eight brothers and four sisters left Kanosh, Utah in 1882 with three covered wagons, a milk cow, and a few extra animals. When they approached the Colorado River they had to fasten a log behind each wagon to hold it in check in its steep descent to the river. To cross the river, the wagons were placed on

barges made of logs. The horses swam the river.

When my mother's family finally arrived in Pima, they lived in tents for six months. My mother attended school in Utah and in Pima, but after the sixth grade she had to quit, as did most pioneer children, to work. In her case, it was to help manage my grandfather's store and the post office in Thatcher. Grandfather had built the store, and the building on Highway 70 is still standing today. I remember her telling me how she watched full stagecoaches and the Wells Farge Express--which carried large bags of money to pay the miners in Globe--pull up to their store to do business.

The early settlers organized schools as soon as they could and my grandfather, William Damron, started work as a schoolteacher. Later he became a storekeeper, the Postmaster, Superintendent of Schools, County Treasurer, and Probate Judge.

My mother was very diminutive, had black hair, twinkling brown eyes and a good sense of humor which she needed when she remembered her honeymoon. The day after her marriage to my father, he left her for sixteen days while he operated his freighting business. He would haul freight and ore from Globe to Bowie, as well as supplies into the mining towns. She always maintained her sense of adventure long after those first days in Arizona astride a bareback horse. I remember once, in the 1920s when flying was very daring, she found a way for the two of us to fly in a small plane over Los Angeles.

There were tragic times, however, and the life of my mother was hard and rugged. There were no doctors in the Gila Valley until the arrival of Dr. William Platt. During that time she lost half of her

eight children in childbirth. As the last child, I was the lucky one because I was the first to be delivered by him. (Of Dr. Platt's eleven children, two daughters are still in Mesa--Clara Goodman and Lola Johns.) In those days, the sight of a doctor was welcome indeed, and many of us had much to be thankful for in the person of Dr. Platt.

My mother loved to travel in automobiles and probably found its inconvenience small compared to wagon trains. She lived to be eighty-seven without ever being in the hospital.

My father, Oscar Webster, and his three brothers worked land near Thatcher which later was known as Webster Farms. His two older brothers, Judd and Reece, moved to Clifton where they had cattle ranches. In the mid 1920s they built the Coronado Trail, the first road between Clifton and Alpine, a great step in connecting those areas of the state.

On a road called Webster Lane, my father and his brother, Frank, each built a brick farmhouse about two hundred yards apart, and in those homes they brought up their families. Our two families were always close. All the cousins were constant playmates, and we still keep in touch to this day.

During his freighting days, my father never carried a gun or any liquor in his wagons. He was kind and generous to all who knew him, and perhaps his even disposition and smiling face kept him out of trouble's way when dangerous incidents occurred.

Later my father began to buy ranch land and stock it with angora goats and cattle. At one time he had the largest individually owned herd in the world, more than 18,000 head which was reported in the *National Woolgrower's Magazine*. His land was southwest of Highway 70 and about

twenty-five miles from Old San Carlos and the Coolidge Dam. It was called the Hawk Canyon Ranch, and branded the \overline{W} for my grandfather, Thomas Webster, hence the \overline{W} , and the $\frac{Z}{M}$ which was for my sister Zola and her husband, Marc Claridge, hence the $\frac{Z}{M}$. Since I was very young at the time, I don't remember much about the cattle, my brother-in-law handled them. During the summer I worked on the ranch, but it was mostly for fun. Later on, in 1938, it was sold to Toad Haggard.

The water sources for the Hawk Canyon Ranch were its wells, springs and ponds, but often the roads were impassible after rains, and Father worked with others constantly to keep them usable. It was on one of these narrow, dangerous mountain roads that he died when he swerved his truck to miss a neighbor's truck and plunged into the canyon below. My sister, Zola, was with him and was thrown clear, but my father fell to the bottom, his leg crushed beyond recognition. Zola pulled him out. He refused to have his leg amputated by Dr. Platt, and he died from resulting blood poisoning. The remains of the truck can still be seen lying in the bottom of that canyon.

My father had survived many adversities--a fire which destroyed his flour mill in Thatcher in 1911 and seriously burned him, another fire years later that destroyed his feed, fuel, and supply store in Globe, and brush fires which several times destroyed his wheat crops. All three, plus his fatal accident, occurred about the same time in the month of June.

My eldest sister, Zola, was the political member of the family. From the time she was very young, she put a high store on being a good citizen and having a voice in government. She thought of voting as her

right and privilege and she always voted. I remember her talking about one particular election and all that she had to go through to vote. First she rode nineteen miles on horseback to the polls at Klondyke in the Aravaipa Canyon. There she found out that she couldn't vote because of a paperwork mix-up. She was so unhappy that she persuaded Jake Weathersby to drive her fifty miles to Safford in his old car so she could vote at the Courthouse. When she got back to Klondyke, she got back on her horse and rode home, traveling a total of 138 miles to vote.

Zola and Marc were Republicans, which were then in short supply in Graham County. Zola got some of them together to organize at Guy Anderson's law office. When Guy didn't get there on time, Zola held the meeting on the sidewalk in front--with six people. They elected her County Republican Chairman and she served for many years. She always liked to organize the women especially well because, "If you want good political workers, get the women."

From her political activities, she met Senator Barry Goldwater, who once visited Safford to find Zola in bed with the flu. He went to see her, sat down on the side of the bed, and they had a good visit. She was always very fond of him. In 1952 she attended the National Republican Convention in Chicago, and in 1964 was a member of the Electoral College.

With so many children around--our family and cousins as well as whoever happened to drop by hungry--many of our main dishes were foods that stretched fast and kept long enough for everyone coming in from the fields or town to be well fed. My mother Olla's recipes, as well as those of many friends (most of whom once lived in Graham County where I grew up), have survived through the families of my own children because

we all still live such busy lives.

One of the things I do remember, our family was never hungry. We did not always have a garden on the farm because everyone was often too busy with the crops. But my mother's brother, Uncle Vern Damron, always kept a large garden, so we used to exchange meat (of which we always had an abundance) with him for fresh vegetables. I remember he raised many of the fall and spring vegetables. We also had an abundance of fruit, both from our own land and because of my brother-in-law Slim Jenkins. Slim was an expert at growing and selecting good cantaloupes and melons and kept us well supplied from his garden at the back of his house in Central.

Bread was important to every meal when I was a child. The smell of bread baking was a constant part of our lives, and we always anticipated how good it would be. We often ate it with homemade jams and jellies made from currants and the fruits grown on our farm. Zola was our family's breadmaker. She was known as much for her bread, which she enjoyed giving to friends, as for her politics. There may have been people who made bread as good as Zola's but she could never tell anyone the exact measurements because there weren't any.

Zola always liked to tell the story about one morning when she was baking bread and she saw two neighbors rushing up to the house with a little boy. Every now and then they would slap him on the shoulders. They excitedly told Zola that he had poked an acorn up his nose and they were all frightened to death. Zola thought fast, grabbed some cayenne pepper off the shelf, sprinkled it on her stove top, hot from bread making, and pushed the child's face close to it. He immediately caught

his breath. Zola pushed him out the door, and he let out a sneeze that propelled the acorn across the yard!

Another good family cook was my cousin Irene, Mrs. Marvin Owens, of Safford. Marvin's mother, Mary Larson Owens, is credited with many good family recipes. Mary was born in Pima in the Gila Valley, and when she was nineteen she got a job as a waitress in J. T. Owens' hotel. All the people who stayed at the hotel loved the hot bread rolls and homemade biscuits which were served every day and which were due to Mary's baking. Guests were fed royally. While working there, Mary met J. T.'s son Oance and they fell in love. J. T. Owens was one of the great pioneers of Safford. He had a thriving mercantile store where he also sold buggies. He was also a member of the Board of Directors of the Valley National Bank when it was first started in Solomonville. Aunt Mary learned a lot about cooking in the hotel, and one of the things we always loved was her recipe for Corn Fritters with Lemon Sauce.

When my children were babies, Amelia Rubal came to live with us. She was from Klondyke which is west of Pima, north of Fort Grant, and on the Aravaipa Canyon. I had happy memories of this part of the state because as a young girl I spent my summers at the Hawk Canyon Ranch and had to ride seven miles on horseback into Aravaipa for the mail. Amelia and I shared many memories of this part of Arizona, and she taught me to make a relish which our family still uses today on lots of different foods, even sandwiches. We used to buy the chiles from Marianne Amado's family south of Tucson.

On the farm we always had plenty of milk, butter, chickens, eggs, and we had meat from the ranch. Most of the time my brother or a cousin

who lived with us milked the cow. Nobody liked this job much, and when it came down to either me or my mother, I always did it. I especially hated to do the milking when I was about fourteen because the high school boys would walk past and laugh at me. I got to where I hid behind the barn to milk the cow so nobody would see me. My mother knew how awful it made me feel, so she would try to make me feel better, often with a special breakfast of sliced oranges sprinkled with powdered sugar, raisins, and coconut.

We especially remember Aunt Della Webster for her famous Apple Butter. It tasted delicious on fresh baked bread. Aunt Della was the mother of many of my cousins: Nettie Hamblin of Safford, Ruth Jarvis of Pima, Gwen Lyon of San Diego, George Webster of Clifton, Muriel Layton of Thatcher, Art Webster of Mesa, and the late Von Webster of Clifton. The Webster brothers (Oscar, my father, and my Uncle Frank) had farms and farmhouses side by side, so we all grew up together.

My Applesauce Cake has a family history. When my husband, Evo, was on the Arizona Supreme Court, we lived in Phoenix and our son, Dennis, was in junior high school. He was going to St. Gregory's and they were having a bake sale for which I had promised to bake a cake. I started the cake when my son, Dino, who had just learned to drive, backed my new car out of the garage without closing the door and took the door off the car. As is often the case with a mother of four who has too much to do on Saturdays, I got very upset. Dennis came in and said, "Mother, you go lie down, and I will make the cake for the Church." He didn't know much about cooking, but ended up doing a fine job, and when he saw all the good things that went into it, he took it to the Church, checked it

in, bought it back and brought it home again.

Birthdays were always very special in our family. For many years our standard birthday cake was the Nameless Cake. The children never wanted a fancy cake from the bakery. Later, when they were older, they preferred my Black Bottom Pie.

I found the recipe for Nameless Cake in a magazine sometime during the 1940s. There was a contest for naming the cake, and although I never learned what it finally was named nor who won the \$25,000, I'm sure that I've made 25,000 Nameless Cakes in my lifetime for all our children. I always had to double the recipe and make three layers. Besides, I needed some cupcakes for samples or else some sly little one might have cut himself a slice of the cake before birthday time.

Through the years, our grandchildren have liked the cake also, so it has been used in the DeConcini family for many years of birthdays for the next generation. Our family of four children has grown to include their spouses and twelve wonderful grandchildren from the age of five to twenty-two: son Dino, his wife Mary, and their children, Nina, Dean, and Viva; son Dennis, his wife Susie, and children, Denise, Christine, and Patrick; son David, his wife Nancy, and their children, Jeffrey, Jeremy, Jason, and Joel; and our daughter Danielle, her husband Steven, and their children, Christopher and Eric.

There were many days, I am sure, when my parents struggled to make a life for me and my sisters and brother, but wherever we lived, they always encouraged us to be happy and to get a good education. We all were left with fond memories of a close, loving family life. My sister

Zola very aptly described their lives when she said, "They always lived respectably. " We all have tried to do the same.

DEDICATED TO THE ARIZONA PIONEERS

by

Honolu Ellington

The whisper of the aspen trees,

On an early autumn day.

The trumpet of a bugle elk,

As the geese fly on their way.

A coyote howls, an eagle calls,

A lonely chorus forms.

It stirs the restless soul of man,

And pioneers are born.

From all around the world they came,

O'er mountain, plains and sand.

To file homestead and mineral claims,

On Arizona land.

Hardship was their destiny,

Too vast to comprehend.

Standing tall, they dared it all,

And courage was their friend.

Floods and drought and dust storms,

And hardships every day.

Many graves, both long and short,

Were left along the way.

Outlaws and renegades,
In wild and dangerous bands.
And a bureaucratic government
Held out a greedy hand.

There were range wars and rustlers,
Barbwire, goats, and sheep,
And long, dusty cattle drives
With very little sleep.

But inbetween the hard times,
Tucked in here and there,
Were roundups and ropings
And friendships to share.

Barbecues and swimming,
And the Fourth of July,
And dancing with a neighbor
Till the sun woke up the sky.

There was fishing and hunting,
And horseshoes for fun,
And talk around the campfire
When a hard day's work was done.

And a feeling of contentment,
Of a purpose richly filled,

As they realized accomplishments,
Through fortitude and will.

They had superhuman courage,
They had pride and faith of steel.
No one could compare with them,
And no one ever will.

What a rich, fulfilling life they had,
And how grateful we should be.
They started Arizona,
They made its history.

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INA, Mesa, AZ
ELLISON, GLEN R. "Slim", Globe, AZ
ELLISON, BUSTER, "Travis", Globe, AZ
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HAZEL, Phoenix, AZ
FRITZ, FRED

KATHLEEN, Clifton, AZ
FULCHER, MAGGIE, Duncan, AZ
FULLER, LESTER, Sr., Phoenix, AZ
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GARDNER, GAIL

DELIA GIST, Prescott, AZ
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GIBSON, FRANK

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GILPIN, FLORENCE, Safford, AZ
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GOSWICK, MERL ALLEN, Mayer, AZ
GRANTHAM, GEORGIA BELLE BAKER, Young, AZ
GRANTHAM, R.M., Globe, AZ
GYBERG, R. LOUISE, Cornville, AZ
HABY, MERLE, Willcox, AZ
HALE, DOLLIE NEAL, Payson, AZ
HAMLIN, AGNES G., Phoenix, AZ
HAMPTON, LENA CHILSON, Payson, AZ

HANCOCK, AVY EARL "Jack", Cornville, AZ
HANSEN, DELBERT, Joseph City, AZ
HARRISON, FRANK, Tucson, AZ
HATLEY, VIRGINIA, Willcox, AZ
HAUGHT, MAE HOLDER, Payson, AZ
HAYNES, ETHEL, Apache Jct., AZ
HEALEY, ILA HARRISON, Hereford, AZ
HENNESS, Kelvin K.

LOUISE HODGES, Casa Grande, AZ
HINTON, BERT, Ft. Thomas, AZ
HITTON, 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
Humphrey, JACK

MRS., Copper Basin, AZ
HUNT, JOHN IVAN, Pine, AZ
HUTCHINSON, SAM

ELIZABETH IVEY, Phoenix, AZ
IRVING, ANNA, Prescott, AZ
IRVING, VIOLET, Mesa, 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, SOPHIA BELLE, Tombstone, 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, Rodeo, NM
KEITH, ABBIE, Chino Valley, AZ
KELLEY JOSIE L., Globe, AZ
KELLIS, MAMIE, Badgad, AZ
KENDALL, GALDYS, Tombstone, AZ
KENNEDY, HY, Phoenix, AZ
KENNEDY, VERNON H.

FRANCIS, Duncan, AZ
KIMBLE, F.C., Douglas, AZ
KINBLE, GUS, Douglas, AZ
KLEEK, J.H. "Jess:", Phoenix, AZ
KUYKENDALL, KATE, Elfrida, AZ
LARSON, MORONI, Safford, AZ
LAWHON, JOSEPHINE, Bowie, AZ

LAZAR, JOE, Florence, AZ
 LAZAR, WILLBANKS, Payson, AZ
 LAZEAR, OLA, Payson, AZ
 LEE, KATHARINE, Blue, 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", Phoenix, 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
 McCOMB, ESTHER, Willcox, AZ
 McCONALD, LAWRENCE, Douglas, AZ
 McDUGAL, K. EARL, Yuma, AZ
 McGEE, CHARLIE, Chino Valley, AZ
 MCINTYRE, JOHN R., Patagonia, AZ
 McKEE, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ
 McKEEN, HUGH BRONSON, Vista, CA
 McKELVEY, WILMER, Dincan, AZ
 McLAIN, LLOYD, Globe, AZ
 McMILLAN, E.E., Elgin, AZ
 MEDD, EDA, Yarnell, AZ
 MEISTERHANS, EMEL, St. David, AZ
 MENDIVAL, PETE, Benson, AZ
 MENDIVIL, CLAUDE, BENSON, AZ
 MERCER, JOYCE, Mammoth, AZ
 MICHELBACH, ALBERT PETER, Flagstaff, 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
 MILLS, MRS. MARION, Willcox, AZ
 MITCHELL, GRACE, Prescott, AZ
 MOODY, EDWIN, Thatcher, AZ
 MORGAN, BURT, San Manuel, AZ
 MOTLEY, INEZ, Cottonwood, AZ
 MUDERSBACH, JOHN L., Cottonwood, AZ
 MULLENO, HARVEY, Kingman, AZ
 MURDOCK, Mr., Camp Verde, AZ
 MURPHY, LEE P.
 MRS., Prescott, AZ
 MYERS, CLAIRE PEERY, Casa Grande, AZ
 NARRAMORE, S. L., Palo Verde, AZ
 NEAL, JACOB, St. Johns, AZ
 NEIL, RILEY, Prescott, AZ
 NELSON, MATTIE COOPER, Phoenix, AZ
 NIX, 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 L., Patagonia, AZ
 PARRISH, PHELON
 RUTH, Gilbert, AZ
 PATTON, Mrs. FRED, Prescott, AZ
 PAVEY, JUANITA IRENE, Kingman, AZ
 PEHL, LUKE, Prescott, AZ
 PEMBERTON, HENRY
 PERAL, Prescott, AZ
 PENDLETON, JALMES B., Nogales, AZ
 PERCY, R.V., Sr.
 PEARL FULLER, Wickenburg, AZ
 PFLUGER, PETER G., Buckeye, AZ
 PHILLIPS, EULA SUMWALT, Duncan, AZ
 PIEPER, ELMER, Winslow, AZ
 PIEPER, LAURA, Globe, AZ
 PLACE, WYNNE CROEW, Tucson, AZ
 POGUE, BEULAH, Tolleson, AZ
 PORTER, MRS. LESLIE, Heber, AZ
 POTTER, KITTIE COSPER, Clifton, AZ
 PROCHNOW, RAYMAND J.
 MARIE HART, Sun City, AZ
 PYEATT, ROLAND M., Elgin, AZ
 RANDALL, LENA STRATTON, Mesa, AZ
 RAY, TAPPIE, Las Vegas, Nevada
 REED, LEVI
 RUTH, Phoenix, AZ
 RIX, MARCELLUS
 LEONA, Pearce, AZ
 ROBBINS, DICK, Payson, AZ
 ROBERDS, BIRT, Douglas, AZ
 ROBERTS, ROACH, WICKENBURG, AZ
 ROBERTS, EDITH, Buckeye, AZ
 SAINZ, JESUS, Solomon, AZ
 SANDRES, ARMON
 MYRTLE, Safford, AZ
 SASSER, FLOYD, Prescott, AZ
 SASSER, SELDON "Bob", Phoenix, AZ
 SAUNDERS, JOHN MARION, Globe, AZ
 SCHIVERS, VINNIE, Cottonwood, AZ
 SHARP, DORA DAVIS, Prescott, AZ
 SHARP, REGINALD L. "Weg", Springerville, AZ
 SHEPPARD, MILDRED H., Buckeye, AZ
 SHILLING, IRENE WIENM Pearce, AZ
 SLY, MRS. L.A., Buckeye, AZ
 SMITH, BERT J.,
 MRS., Chino Valley, AZ

SMITH, LOIS, M., Phoenix, AZ
SMITH, TED, Hereford, AZ
SOWELL, BEN L., Safford, AZ
SPROUL, IRENE V., Douglas, AZ
SPRUNG, DOROTHY, Tucson, AZ
STEVENS, EARL, Tonto Basin, AZ
STEVENS, GEORGE H., San Carlos, AZ
STEVENS, LUCY REAGAN, Patagonia, AZ
STEWART, MARGARET L. REIDHEAD, PHX, AZ
STRATTON, RAYMOND
MRS., Snowflake, AZ
STRINGFIELD, GARNET, PRESCOTT, AZ
STUART, MIKE, Kirkland, AZ
STUART, W.R., Phoenix, AZ
SUTER, M. LANE, Chandler, AZ
SWEIKART, MRS., Buckeye, AZ
TALLEY, WILLIAM N., Kingman, AZ
TAYLOR, RICHARD
VALDA MAY, Payson, AZ
THOMAS, ESTELLE WEBB, Pinedale, AZ
THOMAS, GEORGE M. "Skeet", Bowie, AZ
THOMAS, HERMAN, L., Pinedale, AZ
THOMPSON, JOHN
GRACE L., Valentine, AZ
TRAYNOR, ANNIE HOLLIMAN, Silver City, NM
TURBEVILLE, LOY, Scottsdale, AZ
TURLEY, CHARLES
MRS., Woodruff, AZ
TURLEY, WILMA, Mesa, AZ
TURNER, DELIA, Patagonia, AZ
TYSON, LELA, Phoenix, AZ

UDALL, ORMA PHELPS, Springerville, AZ
VANDEREN, EARL L.

JENNIE LEE, Sedona, AZ
VANELL, LOY, Show Low, AZ
VOIGT, HELEN WALLS, Eagar, AZ
WADDELL, PEARL, Duncan, AZ
WALK, JAMES H., Prescott, AZ
WALKER, ALLEN T., Cottonwood, AZ
WALKER, BESSIE C., Camp Verde, AZ
WALKER, FRANCES FIKE, Bisbee, AZ
WARING, J.D., Flagstaff, AZ
WEAR, BESSIE, Willcox, AZ
WEBB, VIRGINIA FINNIE, Rim Rock, AZ
WEEKES, CHARLES, F.

VIOLET M., Bagdad, AZ
WEST, EARL R., Vernon, AZ
WEST, LAVERN, Show Low, AZ
WHELAN, WILLFORD P., Patagonia, AZ
WHITE, L.C. "Bob",

EDITH E., Wickenburg, AZ
WHITEHEAD, CHARLES A., Texas
WHITEHEAD, ELIZABETH, ELFRIDA, AZ
WHITEHEAD, RICHARD H. "Dick", Kirkland, AZ
WHITING, ERNEST, Holbrook, AZ
WILBANKS, DALLAS, Payson, AZ
WILKY, MARIE, Prescott, AZ
WILLIAMS, EFFIE, Benson, AZ
WILLIS, FRANK, Duncan, AZ
WILLIS, PEARL, Snowflake, AZ
WOOD, MYRTLE, Elgin, AZ
WOODY, CLEO A., Buckeye, AZ
WRIGHT, ARTHUR LEE, Duncan, AZ
YARBROUGH, MYRTLE FANCHER, Kingman, AZ

This listing is as reported to ANLS by December 15, 1982.

C O V E R

FRONT - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

VM RANCH HEADQUARTERS - Blue, AZ

CURLEY & ANNIE TRAYNOR - Silver City, NM

50th Wedding Anniversary - 1967

CLEO A. WOODY - Buckeye, AZ

79th Birthday - 1981

CLELL & KATRERINE LEE - Blue, AZ

Riding the VM Ranch

FLOYD JONES GOMEZ - Casa Grande, AZ

Casa Grande Rodeo Parade - 1982

SAMUEL RAY CLARIDGE - Safford, AZ

PHELON & RUTH PARRISH - Gilbert, AZ

KELVIN & LOUISE HENNESS - Casa Grande, AZ

JOSIE L. KELLEY - Globe, AZ

CARRIE DUKE - Phoenix, AZ

Celebrating her 100th Birthday - 1982

JEAN M. NUTTALL & CURTIS NUTTALL - Tombstone, AZ

The late Curtis Nuttall and his laughing Mule

BACK - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

ORA WEBSTER DE CONCINI - Tucson, AZ

CHARLES & VIOLET WEEKES - Bagdad, AZ

BRAINARD C. PAGE - Tombstone, AZ

Chairman, Cochise Community College Board - Douglas, 1964

RICHARD TAYLOR - Payson, AZ

GEORGE M. "Skeet" THOMAS - Bowie, AZ

Grand Marshall - 1980

ALBERT PETER MICHELBACH - Flagstaff, AZ

THOMAS R. & GERTRUDE WALKER - Peoria, AZ

JOHN E. "Slim" JOY - Blue, AZ

ELSIE ALMEDA GRAHAM DUNN - Phoenix, AZ

MYRTH JONES - Payson, AZ

JOHN HENRY EICKS - McNeal, AZ

LEVI & RUTH REED - Phoenix, AZ

GEORGE P. HAZELTON, Sr. - Tonopah, AZ

