ARIZONA NATIONAL PIONEER RANCH HISTORIES

Volume VI

Arizona National

Ranch Histories

of

Living

Pioneer Stockman

Volume VI

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

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ARIZONA NATIONAL

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MEMBER

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Arizona Ranch Histories, Vol. VI

Too often those of us with deep roots in Arizona tend to leave the remembering and recording to someone else. Recently, at a Thanksgiving gathering of my family, the reminising and forgotten names and places intensified my admiration for all those involved with the production of Arizona Ranch Histories. As with most works of art and "fruits of the soul" I am sure the greatest value of these books will be realized by our children, grandchildren and their peers.

The opportunity to introduce the latest volume in this series is a privilege of the President of the Arizona National Livestock Show that is a welcome surprise to me. Expressing the depth of my feelings for this part of the Arizona National however is beyond my verbal ability... the result is procrastination, the bane of all those who would attempt to recall a history in their own life-time. The deadline is here as I finish this writing.

Two factors have been necessary to overcome this hurdle; first is the continued enthusiasm and energy of Betty Accomazzo and her able associates. Traits that are contageous. Their voluntary efforts are of primary importance. Hopefully, in time their gift to us will be adequately recognized.

Second is the team effort of the Living Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona - a very vital organization, each member which leaves us with

a valuable legacy. As a group it gives us not only many hours of enjoyable reading and reflecting - but lessons on survival and the quality of life.

The Arizona National is proud to be a partner in this endeavor and another successful volume.

Dr. Frank C. Armer, Jr., President
Arizona National Livestock Show
January, 1984

PREFACE

With Volume VI off the presses, we now have 151 *Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories* recorded.

I have enjoyed getting acquainted and corresponding with the many pioneers you will meet in this volume. There are many more histories which were not received before the deadline, but hopefully, another year will enable them to be recorded so that a little more of the history of Arizona and her pioneers will be preserved.

We have learned to appreciate the many pioneers who are still active and interested in the outcome of the Cattle Industry. Some well in their eighties still do physical work that would make many a young man cry.

There are both men and women who still have a quiet, almost reverent appreciation of the beauties of nature as found in the desert and the mountains, in a calf or a colt or a kitten, in a star-studded midnight sky, or an Easter lily that opens up on Easter morning.

There are still some who sigh with relief when the last animal is loaded on the truck after roundup and his mate calls the last cowhand to her dinner table for grub. It's her way of thanking the neighbors for a job well done until the next roundup, and there *will be* another roundup, you can rest assured.

We wish to thank the Arizona Cowbelles who sponsor our Pioneer Day each year at the Arizona National. Also, for their help in supplying us with names of eligible pioneers, along with helping us gather

their histories.

A special thanks to the Arizona National for making possible the printing of the volumes each year.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Cattlemen
and Cattlewomen

FOREWORD

by

Joe Pearce

The wide-open cattle ranges during the early settlement of Arizona were ruled by smoking rifles, but in this case the range was domineered by a seagrass rope in the hands of a cowboy.

The Twenty-Four Cattle Company, an English owned spread by the names of Smith and Tee, with headquarter's ranch twelve miles north of Springerville and their summer range in the White Mountains from near McNary to Sheep Springs saw Hank Sharp of Nutrioso as range foreman.

There was a big grizzly bear roaming around their summer range that would kill cattle wantonly. The cattle were so numerous that he didn't try to eat them. He was identified by having lost two toes on the front foot by being caught once in a steel trap, but he had pulled himself loose.

Packs of wolves, coyotes, lion, and bear would follow his bloody trail and never went hungry. Many animals ate the poisoned bait and stepped into the trap that had been set for the killer bear. He would hang around water holes and springs where the cattle watered, down in the more level country where he could pounce down upon his prey. After his kill he would lumber off into the deep canyon of Whiteriver and hole up in caves and secluded places.

A reward of $200 was offered by the big company, whose ten thousand cows wore the 24 brand. The local stockmen or livestock association

placed a like reward for the killer, which attracted many hunters and trappers to the summer range. True, the trappers killed a number of bear and wolves, but the killer outsmarted them and always made his getaway.

Hank Sharp, the range foreman, often said to his men that he would lay his line on anything that roamed the White Mountains.

The Twenty-Four owned a dun-colored cutting horse that was brought in on the big trail herds from Texas and was used for no other purpose. Hank would ride him on short trips where roping was involved. The roundup was at Haystack Cienega about four miles east of where the big lumber camp of McNary is now. Hank was piloting the chuck wagon into the Cienega when he and the cook spied a bear nipping at the heels of a steer.

Here is the story in Hank's own words: "I built me a rather small loop, patted my horse and said, 'Come on, Alamo. Let's go get them.' I dropped right in behind the bear, going at high speed, and down through the willows we went.

"Alamo was fast and seemingly had no fear of the bear. As the bear was so engaged in the chase he had no time to look around, and as he passed a small glade, right on level ground, I gave a couple of hard swings and let out some 40 feet of rope which was tied hard and fast to the saddle horn. The loop went right around the bear's wooly head.

"Alamo set his hind feet in the ground and gave old bruin a helluva jerk, flopping him on his side.

"As soon as the bear got up, I made a side run on him and jerked him mighty hard, but we just couldn't move him as there was too much

port on my line. I then tried to snake him, but old Alamo was not strong enough. The old bruin was trying to pull the rope off his neck so I kept the rope taut. I could see that he was not enjoying the show.

"At this juncture the cook saw the boys coming in with the round-up, and waved his hat at the boys in the lead to come at once, pointing at my trouble with the bear.

"They came at high speed in time to see the bear make a quick run and jump with his front feet right up on Alamo's hips. With mouth wide open he bit at me, but missed a little and bit the cantle of the saddle, taking out a mouthful of wool and rawhide. I could see his big white teeth as he snapped at me and tore the seat of my saddle. Mr. Smith, the owner, arrived in time to see that.

"I now wanted to get loose but had no time to finger around in my pocket for a pocket knife to cut the rope. I sure did keep the rope taut and jerked him to keep his mind off me till help came.

"The first boy tried to heel the bear as he ran by but his horse shied off and missed. The next boy threw his rope string to catch the bear around the neck but my rope threw his loop away.

"Next came Henry Beeler who had his .45 out. I told Beeler to shoot fast and damn straight when he started, as the bear would sure make for me as soon as he was wounded. Beeler emptied his .45 out and made every damn shot tell, hitting the bear wherever it happened to be. The old cattle-killer bear slowly spread himself out on the ground."

Mr. Smith aided in skinning the bear and had the head cut off to remain on the hide. Hank gave the hide to Mr. Smith, who had it tanned and mounted. When he returned to England he presented the skin to the

Queen of England, where the skin was seen by all who might be interested at the Buckingham Palace in London.

The skin was as large as the biggest cowhide in the White Mountains.

Mr. Smith, after the cattle ranches were sold, gave Hank old Alamo. Alamo was kept and given his freedom at the Hank Sharp ranch in Nutrioso, Arizona. The faithful old horse was fed and groomed by Hank, and during his last days refused to eat his grain unless it was given to him by Hank. The old horse was given a right decent burial, which brought tears to the eyes of those who participated in the final rites.

This is a true and well-known story by many pioneer cowmen and citizens of Apache County. While seated around the chuck wagon at dinner that day Hank had little to say, but he did say, "Boys, I have said that I would lay my line on anything that roamed the White Mountains, but I have now changed my mind."

Ed. Note: From the Apache County Historical Society Quarterly.

CONTENTS

FRED AND BEULAH KAUFMAN

LIBERTY, ARIZONA

Fred Kaufman was born in Prairie City, Missouri, October 26, 1889. When he was five years old his family moved to Oklahoma in a covered wagon. They lived on a farm near Guthrie, Oklahoma for approximately three years. But Fred's mother was afraid of the Indians and snakes, so they returned to Prairie City where his father continued farming.

At the early age of sixteen, Fred lift home wearing a new suit of clothes, with two or three dollars in his pocket and all his possessions in a flour sack. His first job was working for his uncle, Charles Stoll, in Strong City, Kansas.

His eventful frontier life took him to many states including Kansas, North Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, Washington, and even into Canada. His colorful working career included farming, ranching, breaking wild horses, clerking in a store, operating a livery stable, and following the great wheat harvest. While Fred was working in the livery stable, the local undertaker would often have him drive a team and wagon hauling the deceased in pine boxes to their final resting places in the local graveyard.

In 1915 Fred filed on a homestead near Winett, Montana. He broke horses and worked on large cattle and sheep ranches to make a living while he was proving on his homestead. His toil was all in vain, however, because his crops were destroyed by hail.

Beulah Georgens Kaufman was born in a two-story log house five miles outside Clinton, Missouri, February 28, 1891. When she was a year

old, her family moved into a four-room house with a large summer kitchen. The house was on Fifth and Lincoln streets in Clinton, Missouri, and the rent was five dollars per month.

When Beulah was ten years old her family moved to a small, ten-acre farm outside the city limits of Clinton. Her father, Louis Georgens, a pharmacist, became a Raleigh's Medicine Man and traveled the rural areas of Missouri by horse and buggy. Mr. Georgens was transferred to St. Clair County and so they moved to Osceola, Missouri where they lived on a small four-acre farm.

After graduation from high school, Beulah obtained a teacher's certificate and began her career as a school teacher for twenty-eight dollars per month. She later attended Springfield Normal School in Springfield, Missouri, and received her degree in August 1917. She continued her teaching career in Missouri until her marriage in 1919.

Fred and Beulah met on a wagon while they were going to a pie social near Taberville, Missouri during the fall of 1916. Fred had returned from Montana to visit his parents. He bought three pies in an effort to buy Beulah's pie, but was unsuccessful. He then tried to buy her pie from the fortunate bidder, who refused to sell Beulah's pie for any price. Their friendship soon turned to courtship, love, and marriage. But they were engaged for two years, as Fred had to return to Montana to complete his claim for his homestead.

Fred and Beulah were married April 2, 1919, at high noon by Reverend Howard in her parent's home in Osceola. They left Missouri by train and arrived in Phoenix, Arizona, April 6, 1919.

The young couple was met at the Phoenix depot by Mr. and Mrs. O. A.

Roberts. Ruth Roberts, an older sister, came to Liberty, Arizona in 1912. Another sister and brother-in-law, Mabel and Elmer Knight, had come to Liberty in 1906. Prior to Fred and Beulah's marriage, Beulah's sisters had told them about the warm climate and irrigated farming, which was their deciding factor in leaving the cold climates of Missouri and Montana and beginning a new life in Arizona.

Just a few days after their arrival, Fred was hired as a farmhand by Pete Van Leer for $3.50 per day. Mr. Van Leer built a small two-room house for them to live in on the northeast corner of Liberty School Road and the Buckeye Irrigation Canal. The little house is still standing. All of Mr. Van Leer's farmhands were Mexican, and he soon nicknamed Fred "The Other Mexican."

To pursue their dream of owning their own farm, Fred and Beulah rented the Porter Place in September 1919. This was a sixty-acre farm on Jackrabbit Road which joined the south boundary of Henry and Carrie Duke's farm. Fred plowed the sixty acres with a span of white mules and planted wheat and barley. They harvested an excellent crop and received a good price for their grain. Fred hauled the grain with a team and wagon to the Liberty Depot, loaded it in a boxcar, and rode the caboose to Phoenix where he sold the grain to a local dealer.

During this time the couple began raising chickens and bought their first Jersey cow. Fred bought three horses and sold the span of white mules to a farmer near Gila Bend. A few days later they looked out the window early one morning, and the two mules were standing at the front gate! They had traveled approximately forty miles to return home. Six months before their two-year lease expired, Jack Sheppard contacted

them and asked Fred to rent his 120-acre farm for a year so he could spend the year in California. Fred farmed both places for six months.

They joined and attended the Liberty Methodist Church. Beulah was the church janitor for approximately one year and was paid fifty cents a week. They later joined the Free Methodist Church which was adjacent to the old Liberty Cemetery. The church building was later moved to Buckeye and is still used for services.

Beulah began teaching as a substitute at Liberty School in the fall of 1919, and received five dollars a day. She applied for and was granted her teacher's certificate in 1921. The principal was impressed with Beulah as a teacher, and told her if she would teach full time she could choose any grade that she desired. She chose the third and fourth grades and taught two full years. In July 1923 her lung collapsed, and due to her ill health, Dr. Rubel advised her to resign. Beulah recalls teaching children from the following prominent families: Roberts, Knight, Shepherd, Van Leer, Beloat, Ratliff, Williams, Harrow, Nichols, and Duke.

The country was caught up in the grip of a severe depression in 1922. Banks closed, farm prices plunged, and many people lost their farms. Like most other farmers, the Kaufmans borrowed money to buy seed and pay their farm expenses. They had some money in the Central Bank of Phoenix from the sale of their crops, but they had also borrowed money to purchase seed. Fred was concerned about the debt, and on March 19, 1922, he told Beulah he felt he should go to Phoenix the following day and withdraw their money. He drove to Phoenix on March 20, 1922, went to the Central Bank of Phoenix, and withdrew all their savings except

five cents. He then paid for the seed, bought some other items, and returned home. The next day, March 21, 1922, the Central Bank of Phoenix closed its doors and never reopened.

In the fall of 1922 they bought a forty-acre farm located at what is now the southwest corner of U.S. Highway 80 and Southern. They purchased it from Mr. G. B. Richmond, who repossessed it during the 1922 depression. Fred leveled the land with a team and fresno. They had a deep well drilled in 1925, and built their new house in 1926.

A daughter was born on July 3, 1928 and a son (the author of this biography) was born on August 16, 1930. Both babies were delivered at home by Dr. George C. Rubel.

Fred was not familiar with growing cotton, so he raised alfalfa, wheat, barley, and milo maize. Alfalfa seed was a good cash crop, and he would get two cuttings during the summer months of July and September. The Great Depression of the thirties ruined the market for alfalfa seed as well as other crops, and Fred was forced to store the seed for three years, eventually selling it for only six cents a pound. In later years Cleo Woody did custom threshing for him with an old red wooden threshing machine originally owned by Mr. Flick. Cleo also purchased hay and threshings for his own cattle.

Fred never applied for or owned a brand since he only had a few dairy cows. He separated the milk and sold cream to the Challenge Creamery. Junius Brewster picked up the cream at the farm and delivered it to the creamery. The route was later taken over by Cleo Woody.

Fred preferred to remain a small farm operator and did not purchase any additional farm land. He continued farming with horses until

1944, when he purchased his first and only tractor. His love for horses prevented him from selling his favorite team, Brownie and Dexter, until he retired.

Poor health and failing eyesight forced Fred to retire. So he and Beulah sold their farm in January 1947 to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Poole, and moved to Phoenix, Arizona.

On April 2, 1983, Fred and Beulah celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary. They are presently residing at the Palms Christian Manor, 1112 West Hatcher Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

Wilbur E. Kaufman
Phoenix, Arizona
1983

ANNIE MAE BROWN TRAYNOR

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

John Odis Brown was born in Palo Pinto County in Texas on December 29, 1877. When he was sixteen years old he left the home of his parents, his two brothers, and his two sisters. He went north to New Mexico and on from there to Nebraska and the Dakotas. He worked on ranches there for a few years.

During this time of traveling, John's parents and the rest of his family moved to New Mexico, never knowing where he had gone. Later they moved back to Texas. About that same time, John came back to Magdalena, New Mexico, and then moved on to Blue River where he continued working on ranches.

Around that same time the Swafford family moved to Blue River from Texas. Elizabeth Swafford had three daughters and one son. It was there on the Blue that John met and married Myrtle Neoma Swafford. They were married on the Blue River in 1898.

A short time later the couple moved back to Magdalena where I, their oldest daughter, Annie Mae, was born on November 5, 1901. When I was three years old we left there and moved to the Lower Blue River, near the mouth of the Blue and San Francisco rivers. At that time they had another daughter, Pearl Jean.

Soon after Pearl was born we all moved up to a little town called Paradise in the Chiricahua Mountains, where my father and another man became partners in a slaughter house. They bought and butchered beef cattle for awhile.

By this time my mother's family, the Swaffords, had moved to Eagle Creek, Arizona, a place west of Blue River. There they homesteaded an old place and settled down. In 1905 there was a death in Mother's family and they wanted my mother and her family near. So, in the year 1906 my dad moved us to Eagle Creek. He had a small bunch of cattle that he and my mother drove from Blue River to Eagle Creek. Eagle Creek is located north of Clifton. There Dad homesteaded an old abandoned ranch, where he built a house and fenced their small farm.

My father then went to work for the Double Circle Cattle Company. He worked there for several years. While he was away from home, Mother tended the cattle and farm. In the spring my dad would plant our farm and then go back to his job on the Double Circle Ranch.

In 1915 my little sister, Johnny Faye, was born. In 1918 Dad sold our Lazy Y Ranch on Eagle Creek to Robert O. Barnes and then bought the Walker Ranch () on Sardine Creek, north of Clifton, Arizona. My sister Pearl and I helped Dad quite a lot with the cattle and ranch work, but when it came time for school we had to move to Clifton to go to school.

On December 18, 1919 our mother passed away, leaving us with our little sister who was only three years old at the time. After that, we stayed at the ranch year round. We always took care of Johnny Faye; we always had her with us.

In 1923 Dad sold that ranch and went to work for the Forest Service for awhile. We later moved to Metcalf, Arizona, where he worked for the mines some and then went to work as a deputy sheriff.

It was about this time that my sister Pearl moved to Globe, taking

our little sister, Johnny Faye, with her. Pearl later was married in Globe. In the meantime, I'd married Thomas Owen Traynor and was living in Morenci.

My dad then went to the XXX Fred Fritz Ranch and worked for some time back on the Blue River. He later worked for the Forest Service near Alpine, Arizona. He was appointed Cattle Inspector later, and also worked as a Fireguard. He then moved to the Upper Blue River and lived near the Slim Joy Store and Post Office for a time. Then he began working for the Iona Marks Ranch, where he stayed for several years until the high altitude caused his health to fail.

He came to Clifton, then, to the lower altitude. At that time my husband, Owen Traynor, and I with our family lived in Clifton, so he moved in with us for about three years. Then on May 17, 1955, he passed away.

Annie Brown Traynor
1531 West Wabash
Tucson, Arizona 85705

A Tribute to J. O. Brown

by Freddie Fritz

I first met "Johnny," some called him J.O., when he ranched on Eagle Creek and had the Lazy Y brand (Y). He had a small bunch of cattle and worked for the Double Circle Cattle Company (◎) to help support his family.

Johnny was at the Gatlin (BOK) Ranch at the mouth of the Blue River in 1924--the year Kathleen and I married. The following year I needed extra help at our XXX Ranch, so I put Kathleen on a horse and

told her to get Johnny. It was a twelve mile trip down the river; she still tells me about *that chore and ride*. He'd come and help ship the cattle. In later years he worked for us about three years. He was a good cowboy and cowman and a dear friend.

His daughter Annie married Owen Traynor, brother of A. N. "Curley" and at one time they were pardners in the $\underline{\nabla}$ Ranch.

NEVA MARSHALL LONG, SR.

BUCKEYE, ARIZONA

Neva Miller Long, Sr. was born in Arlington, Nebraska on October 29, 1897. She came to Arizona on August 8, 1913, traveling by train with her mother Emma, her father Austin, her sisters Mildred and Aldene, and her brothers Harold and Lowell. They lived in Phoenix for one month, until September 8, 1913, when they settled on land previously purchased by her grandfather and uncle, in the desert north of Buckeye.

In 1915, Neva became an operator for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company office in Buckeye. She drove her horse and buggy (sometimes using a two-seater) on the twenty-five minute ride into town.

Neva met Marshall Long at the two-story brick schoolhouse in Buckeye, where the first through tenth grades were taught in four rooms. During their five-year courtship, Marshall drove Neva in horse and buggy to picnics on the desert and dances held upstairs in Joslin Hall in downtown Buckeye (now a hotel). Music was provided by piano, played by Neva's Aunt Eva Miller, and drums. Every Friday night the young people (fifteen and sixteen year olds) met at each other's homes for parties.

On January 6, 1920, accompanied by Marshall's mother, Nellie, and sister, Nell, and chauffeured by one of Marshall's friends driving the elder Mr. Long's Buick, the young couple had an exciting trip into Phoenix where the party spent the night at the home of Marshall's Aunt Margaret. The next day, January the seventh, with Marshall's brother and a cousin in attendance, Neva and Marshall were married at St. Marys.

The party returned to Aunt Margaret's home on south Central for a

wedding dinner, and the young couple then went dancing at the Peacock Dance Pavilion. Later, they spent the night in Mesa. The next evening Marshall's cousin and date joined Neva and Marshall for a dinner at the Commercial Hotel, now known as the Adams Hotel. The next morning, the nineth of January, Marshall bought a new Ford Touring car and the young couple drove home to Buckeye, first having to be pulled across the Agua Fria River due to high water.

Their first home was a small, gray, frame house the senior Marshall Long had built for workers around 1909. The house sat facing west on First Street, across from the Long Hotel and ranch. Marshall added to it, and this is where their only child, a son, Marshall, Jr., was born.

The elder Mr. Long had settled in Buckeye in 1900, and had built the ranch with hogs, chickens, geese, and peacocks. In 1912 the elder Longs built a wooden hotel next to their home. Here, such notables as Barney Oldfield stayed on their way into Phoenix.

In 1928, Marshall and his brother Bob went into the sheep and cotton business, and bought milk cows. In 1929 they expanded by adding feeder cattle. In 1930, the Long brothers and their father added over a hundred cows and began the Long Dairy. In 1932 they bought out all the other dairies around Buckeye and had over two hundred cows. The Long Dairy provided cottage cheese, butter and buttermilk, pasteurized milk, chocolate milk, and whipping cream and made orange juice; all were delivered by milk truck to homes and stores in and around Buckeye. In that same year, a hog ranch was established south of the ranch, with over four thousand hogs in residence. In March of 1937, a Surge machine

was purchased and business boomed. In 1952, a walk-in barn was built and the dairy had expanded to 250 cows, with three men milking twice daily.

During these years, as Neva raised her son and looked after the children on the ranch, she found time to enjoy activities outside the home. She was president of the Altar Society around 1929, when St. Henry's Catholic Church was an adobe edifice in South Buckeye. She became president of the Buckeye Women's Club in 1926 and again in 1928. The ladies met at the City Hall, which housed the law-breakers in the jail at the rear of the building. In those days, some of the ladies brought their small children to the meetings, and the children played quietly during the afternoon.

Neva was president of the American Legion Auxiliary in 1931, and they, too, met in the City Hall. Marshall escorted Neva to these meetings as they were held at night, and "there was nearly always a man residing in jail!"

In 1935 Marshall and Neva built a stucco home on the corner of Clinton Avenue and First Street, just north of their original homesite. They resided here during World War II, when Junior Long went off to join the Army Air Force and Neva gave shelter to boys passing through town or on leave from nearby bases.

In 1957, they built a lovely brick home on the ranch property. In 1959, son Marshall, Jr. married Shirley Strankman, and they lived in the stucco home on Clinton until they built a brick home next door to his parents. They had three children, John, Mary, and Margaret. Marshall, Jr. went into partnership with his father on the ranch until he became

ill. He passed away in 1973.

In 1970 Neva and Marshall celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with an open house. Marshall was still active on the ranch. He passed away very suddenly in May 1976.

Neva lived alone for two years, then, Bette Smith was engaged as a companion. Neva was chosen Grand Marshal of the Buckeye Pioneer Days Parade in 1980. In October of 1982, Neva's grandchildren came to live with her and are attending schools in Phoenix.

Neva recently celebrated her eighty-fifty birthday. She is very active in bridge and the Ladies Sodality of her church, and the Women's Club of Buckeye.

PETER G. PFLUGER

LIBERTY, ARIZONA

Peter G. Pfluger was born November 21, 1901 near the small town of Pflugerville, Texas. He was the youngest of Peter and Ida (Kruger) Pfluger's twelve children--there were three daughters and nine sons in the family. The Pfluger's ran cattle and sheep and also raised cotton on the homesteaded ranch.

Pete stayed with the family, ranching, until late in 1927 when he laid down the shovel, hoe, and cotton bag and came west to grow up with the country. One of his older brothers, Grover, was already in Arizona and was associated with the T. J. Hudspeth Sheep Company. They wintered in Liberty, Arizona, grazing the bands of sheep on alfalfa, cotton stalks, and any kind of feed they could buy until spring came. Then the desert would provide Indian wheat, filaree, and other desert goodies for the sheep as they grazed northward with the sun as far as Congress Junction. It was a beautiful nomadic life.

In the early days the sheep continued on the government marked sheep trail from Congress Junction to the summer headquarters at Peach Springs, Fort Rock, and Crozier, enjoying the summer until time to start on the trail back to the valley in time for lambing season.

The outfit finally obtained the Big Lake permit for summer grazing on the forest, and by then the railroad had come into the picture for transporting the twelve thousand sheep to their mountain grazing. The sheep were loaded at Congress Junction and the engine pulled the whole trainload of sheep to Holbrook where they were unloaded and put in the

stockyards till daylight. Then they were headed out in bands of two thousand towards Snowflake and on the sheep trail to the forest near Greer, where they were counted onto the forest. It usually took about three weeks to make the trek from Holbrook to Big Lake.

By late August they were ready to start the long trail back to Holbrook where they were loaded and shipped, via train, to Litchfield Park's siding to be unloaded and driven to some rancher's juicy alfalfa field to graze. The sheep noticed the heat a lot when they first arrived back in the valley, as the mountain country had been a delightful location filled with lots of wildlife and beautiful flowers. Snow could usually be found as late as the Fourth of July, and Jack Frost could come by mid August. Pete was associated with Hudspeth, and followed this life for sixteen years using his own brand.

Pete met and soon married Miss Dorothy Waite, a "Yankee" bookkeeper, in Buckeye. After about two years, Pete and Dorothy decided they would purchase their present ranch in the Liberty area and endeavor to start and run their own dairy under the brand D — P. During the next twelve years they went from corral milking to a complete Grade A setup. That sure was steady employment! Pete never got very far from home but he did have time to serve on the Board of Directors for the Buckeye Irrigation District for many years.

Ranching has come a long, long ways the past forty-three years, from crooked dirt ditches to the laser-leveled ditches of today, and the leveled fields as well. It makes a drastic change in the labor efficiency and the beauty.

In 1956 it became necessary for Pete and Dorothy to sell their

dairy since it had reached the point of either getting bigger or calling it quits. Because labor was then hard to come by, Pete elected to sell the dairy and lend a capable hand to the holdings in Yankeeland in the State of Iowa during the summers for the next twenty years. Nine months of each of these years Pete was employed by the Liberty School District, first as the bus driver and later as yard and patio maintenance man.

CLAIRE VANCE AND CELIA ELIZABETH BURKE PEERY

BLUE, ARIZONA

Claire Vance Peery was born in Gainsville, Texas on November 4, 1866. Unlike many families of the South that migrated to Texas *after* the Civil War, the Peery family had already made the migration and were well established. The first known Peerys were in Tazewell County, Virginia in the 1700s. It is believed that they were Scotch-Irish. Some of the original buildings belonging to the family are still standing and are owned by descendants of the first Peerys. From Virginia they went to Kentucky, then to Missouri, and on to Texas.

Claire had only one full brother, Ernest, who was the older of the two. Their mother died in 1874, leaving them in the care of an aunt and a Negro mammy. It was a very traumatic experience for Claire and Ernest when a lion killed their mammy right in the yard of the ranch house in Texas.

Later Claire's father married Wootie Lattimer; her father was one of the signers of the Texas Constitution. They had five more children. All of those children are now dead, but the widower of Mary, the youngest child, is still living in Dallas. His name is Rex Blair.

When Claire was a young man he joined the Oklahoma Land Rush and claimed 160 acres of land for himself. The year was, most likely, 1889. He was twenty-three years old and not interested in settling down to farming or even ranching yet, so he gave his claim to someone else. The fun was in the excitement of the race. He was that kind of man; he liked action. Bert Colter said that one time he and Claire got a little

soused and tried to drive Claire's Model T Ford up a tree! For some unknown reason, it didn't work!

Claire and his father, Will Peery, drove cattle to Arizona and New Mexico in the year 1890. After that Claire stayed to work on ranches in Arizona and New Mexico. He worked for Bud Jones near the Salt Lake in New Mexico (considered sacred by the Zuni Indians). He worked for Hank Sharp, whom he had known in Texas, when Sharp ran cattle on the Little Colorado River, and for Charlie Thomas on the Blue.

Claire Peery was a man who believed in justice according to Peery! One time a man named Mel Joel was being tried in court for something that someone else had done. Claire knew that the man was innocent, and so did those who were trying him, but in the Old West the guilty weren't always the ones who were tried *and* convicted. Claire walked into the school where court was being held, and with a pistol in either hand he told the young man to leave the room. There was a horse waiting for the frightened defendant. Claire told him to ride out of town and not to come back. As Mel left, Claire handed him a pistol and took the hat off his head and gave that to Mel as well. The only time that any of the Peerys ever heard of Mel Joel, or saw him, after that eventful day was many years later when he called Celia, Claire's widow, when she lived in Phoenix.

Celia Elizabeth Burke was born in Farmington, Utah on April 7, 1879. When she was a year old the family moved to Springerville, Arizona by wagon train. They came by way of Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. When she was six years old the family decided to visit relatives in Idaho. They stayed a whole year. Her father felt that a trip which

takes three months to make should not be treated lightly, and they probably would never go that way again. After the year was up they visited in Utah for a year. It was a dangerous time to travel. Indians frequently killed members of wagon trains, and the road on the Arizona side of Lee's Ferry was so narrow that the outside wheels were often just hanging out in space.

People in pioneer Arizona didn't have much money. Celia remembers that for Christmas she and her brothers and sisters usually got an apple and a few nuts, or a pair of hand-knit stockings or gloves. One Christmas they got an orange apiece. She was so happy about it that she wanted to save it, and by so doing, the orange spoiled!

On the Fourth of July Celia's father beat a loud gong to let the people know when to start the celebrations. Fourth of July is still a big thing in Springerville.

Celia worked in the Saffell Hotel from the time she was about fourteen years old. She cooked, served meals, washed dishes and cleaned the kitchen, cleaned rooms, and did laundry. It was a hard job and she worked long hours. It was there that she met Claire Peery. The cowmen stayed at the Saffell Hotel when in Springerville.

In spite of the long hours and hard work, Celia took time out for a good time. She loved to dance, and once when she had the mumps and should have been in bed, she crawled out the window and went to the dance and danced all night, exposing everyone to the mumps!

Claire and Celia were married in Springerville on March 4, 1902. He had gone to St. Johns, the county seat, to obtain the license and didn't return until hours after the appointed wedding time. Celia was

certain that she had been stood up, and most of the guests went home. When Claire came in, as calm as you please, the wedding ceremony was performed. Celia was so nervous that she had picked up an old dust rag and was twisting it in her hands the whole time that the ceremony was proceeding. She nearly fainted when she discovered what she had in her hands.

Their first child, Claire Lockey Peery, a daughter, was born on October 31, 1903. (In order to avoid confusion, Claire the father will be referred to as Claire V., for Vance, and Claire the daughter will be known as Claire L. for her middle name of Lockey.) Their second child, Hettie Ruby Peery, was born May 12, 1906. Both girls were born in Springerville. Lockey and Hettie are both Peery family names.

The young couple's first stay on the Blue was when Claire V. worked for Charlie Thomas and Celia was pregnant with their first child. Celia was in great discomfort, far from home, and things were not as clean as they should have been. She thought she had come to the end of the world, in her words, "the jumping off place." However, Claire V. went looking for a place to homestead. After a few days he came back and said that he had found just the place he was looking for. A place where they could raise their children, their grandchildren, and so on, forever.

In 1907 they moved to the section of land that is legally described as Sections 30-31 T4½N, R31E, 82.47 acres. They also had eighty acres of forest land. At first they lived in an old ranger station house until they could build a house of their own. Their house was made of logs and had three rooms. In 1928 Dee Hale of the Blue added another

bedroom, a new kitchen and a dining room, and put a new porch on the front of the house. The house had a fireplace in the living room. On the chimney had been placed a tiny set of deer horns. As far as I know, the horns are there still. I hope they are. The family has always called it "The Ranch" or "The Lower Ranch."

The Peerys also had a place on the Campbell Blue on the mountain. They owned eighty acres there and had another eighty acres of forest land. For a good many years there was no house. They camped out in tents. That wasn't the most pleasant way to live. Bedding got wet, cooking had to be done over a camp fire, there was no place to store food well, etc., etc. Everyone was happy when they built a two-room log cabin.

The cattle were driven up Buckaloo, then over to Castle Creek, and finally to the Campbell Blue. The women and children rode horses up the same trail, or they went through Luna, or up the Turkey Creek by wagon in the early days and in the '20s and '30s by car. The Buckaloo trail has a very steep canyon on one side and a steep hill on the other side. I have ridden in front of Banny (Celia) or Mother (Claire L.) many times. Sometimes there were three children to share two horses with Banny and Mother. The two other children were my sisters, Dorothy and Shirlie, who were younger than I.

From here on Celia will be referred to as Banny, a nickname which came about as an attempt to say "Granny." Many people called her Banny. Granny Martin called her Miz Peery (a very long "e" sound) even though Banny was many years younger than Granny Martin. Pearl Balke Martin Hale always called her "Purry," sans the Mrs.

On the lower ranch there were barns and outbuildings that are still there. There was a smokehouse just back of the house that was made into a bunkhouse for kids who paid to come there when Jack Brooks owned the ranch. Jack also built a pond on the far side, across from the field. At the foot of the bluff where the old corral stood, the Luces now have a much-needed clinic, and the river has drastically changed its course. The bluff was a marvelous place for children to play. Every time that I see a sandstone outcropping in the mountains I am homesick.

There was no running water, no electricity, no gas, and only a Forest Service telephone that required the talker to yell so loud it's surprising that the other party couldn't hear without the aid of the phone. There was no built-in plumbing, only outhouses, and they were so far from the house that the urge almost left a body before reaching his or her destination. If one had to make the trip at night, there was always a skunk or two to scare the wits out of you. In the wee hours of the night a "slop jar" was used. It took away all one's privacy, but in an emergency, it couldn't be helped.

The only two rooms with heat were the living room and the kitchen. In the winter flatirons were heated on the big kitchen range, then wrapped in old towels or newspapers. The only warm spot in the bed was where the heated iron was. Children always slept two or three in a bed, so we all tried to put our feet in the same spot. Sometimes children or even the adults would sleep in pallets on the floor, if there was an abundance of company. No one seemed to mind. We were always glad to see people.

Claire V. was a good cattleman. He was kind to animals and he knew the cattle business well. Some of the men who worked at the Peery place were Bobbie Balke, Donald Thompson, Jack Brooks, Pat McQuerry, Adolph Brown, DeWitt Cosper, and others.

He was pretty soft on kids. The only time they remember him doing anything was when his daughters were arguing over a pan of clabber and he shook them.

They had one big Percheron and one big range horse that pulled the plows, drags, or any other farm machinery of the day. There was a wagon for the spring, summer, and fall, but there was a sled pulled by horses for winter. There can be a lot of snow at the Peery Place, which is around 7,000 foot altitude. Those two horses were King and Ranger.

The land and the people yielded most of the food, but some of the items that had to be bought were flour, sugar, salt, soda, baking powder, corn meal and corn starch (both the eating and laundry kinds), bluing for laundry, and dried fruits such as apricots, prunes, currants, raisins, apples, and peaches. They also bought tea and coffee. Many vegetables were grown and those that were good for storing were stored, those that could be canned were canned, and those that were good for drying were dried. Corn was one of those that was dried, both sweet corn and popcorn. Sweet corn was cut off the cob, then put in the oven to dry up the milk, and put outside to finish the process. Popcorn was dried on the cob, then two cobs were rubbed together to remove the kernals. Pinto and red beans were dried and put into hundred pound sacks for keeping. Dried vegetables and fruits were good for cowboys on the go. They would go out many days at a time without returning to the

house. They slept on bedrolls on the ground, using a saddle for a pillow and nothing for a mattress but the hard ground. They had boxes called kyacks on pack horses or mules. Into those were put supplies to last for as long as they needed. They also carried salt that would be put out for the animals at various salt licks, and equipment for mending fences and doctoring cows. So dried feed came in handy.

Back at the ranch were root cellars which were not far from the kitchen door and which held root vegetables such as carrots and turnips. In the garden a long trench about three-feet deep was dug beside the cabbage rows. When the cabbage was ripe it was put into the trench with a little straw thrown on top, then on top of that about six inches of soil. Each week another six inches of soil was added until the trench was full. Too much soil too early would cause the cabbages to spoil, and too little too late would cause them to freeze.

Every year Claire V. bought about five or six hundred pounds of huge Roman Beauty apples and put them in the hay in the barn for storage. Any time anyone wanted an apple you just reached into the hay until your hand struck the juicy treasure. There were also some apple trees on the ranch along with hog plums and currants. They made good jellies and preserves.

Peaches, pears, and plums were gotten from the Thompson Place and from the Cospers at the Y-Y Ranch. They were put up in great quantities, both for plain eating or for jellies, jams, and preserves. Other fruits such as gooseberries, elderberries, and raspberries grew wild and were also made into jellies and jams. At various times the Peerys grew strawberries, but they were eaten before they could be put up!

Other products that came from the land were black walnuts and piñon nuts. When piñons were in abundance, the Peerys took tarps and spread them underneath the trees, then shook the trees until the tarps were full of nuts. The nuts were then placed in hundred pound flour or sugar sacks to be used during the long, cold winters.

Claire V. used a unique technique to attract bees. He put sugar in a pan and set it on fire. The bees would be drawn to it, then when they returned to their hives he would follow them. Then he put on a wide-brimmed hat with a veil and took some of the honey from the hives.

Butchering time! What a delight! One of the favorites was scrambled eggs and brains, but fresh liver, heart, tongue, sweetbreads, and steak with the flour pounded into it were equally tasty. And always great frying pans full of gravy. One of the truly great mysteries was that no one was ever fat. At *every* meal, bread was served--more than a loaf at a time--with lots of homemade butter, and whole milk or buttermilk, jelly, jam, preserves, or honey, or sorghum, and more milk and thick cream. There were always more kinds of food on the table for one meal than we would use in two days in this year of 1983! Meats of all kinds, both wild and domesticated, at least three vegetables besides potatoes--always potatoes--, plus dessert. Marvelous desserts of cake with jelly between the layers and whipped cream on top, chocolate cake, coconut cake, plum cobblers, peach cobblers, apple pies, peach, rhubarb, coconut, lemon, strawberry, mince, pumpkin pies, and on and on, and yet people stayed thin. No wonder it is now so hard to adjust to the puny diets to keep away blood pressure and obesity. At night the children were given milk and bread before going to bed. The bread was always

homemade, never store-bought. What a time we would have keeping all that from piling into great gobs of fat now. It really would be interesting to know the difference in the results of food then and now. Children are still active--that is second nature for a child--and yet there are many fat children now.

Speaking of diets, it was nothing to see someone pick up a half handful of salt and eat it. Fat was the favorite part of the meat for many people. Personally, neither salt nor fat were favorites of mine, but there are many people paying the price at last.

There was no refrigeration, so beef or venison was kept by making it into jerky by dipping it into brine and hanging it on the clothesline to cure. They cured their own ham and bacon; they made headcheese and sausage. Banny made cottage cheese and put generous portions of thick cream on it. Eggs were kept in wooden boxes and put in the smokehouse. Milk was kept fresh in a milk cooler, which was a cupboard outside. Cotton cloth was on three or four sides of it, and the cloth was kept wet by a drip system. When milk or cream soured, the milk turned to clabber and was used to make cottage cheese; the cream was used for churning butter.

Homemade breads of all kinds were eaten. Yeast bread was a staple and was made at least twice a week. Sometimes a starter was used for leavening in the bread if one ran out of yeast. If one ran out of starter, a neighbor not more than ten miles distant would have some that could be borrowed. Biscuits, corn bread, whole wheat or graham muffins, puffy hot cakes covered with butter and syrup, honey, or sorghum, or even with jelly, jam, or preserves were in abundance.

The Peerys rendered lard from their hogs. They saved grease from bacon drippings, and they used butter with which to cook as well. Banny put up literally hundreds of pounds of butter each year. Some of it was for other people on the Blue River. It was stored in barrels of brine to keep it fresh for when the cows were not giving milk. All this was done on the upper ranch. When the butter was ready to be used, the salt was washed out by working water through it with a butter paddle.

If the beef ran low and they were in need of meat, a deer or a wild turkey was killed. They raised many chickens, and sometimes turkeys or ducks, but a wild turkey always came in handy. Between the two of them (Banny and Claire V.) she was the more avid hunter and fisherman. She hiked all over the hills above the ranch to hunt. One time she killed a bob cat. She fished almost daily during trout season. Another time there were some turkeys in the grain field across from the house. She got her shotgun and took aim. She only meant to frighten them out of the field, but she shot ten of them right in the neck. It nearly scared her to death; she didn't have any idea what to do with ten turkeys! She finally got rid of them all up and down the creek, except for the ones she wanted to keep.

Rendered lard was also used in the making of lye soap. Most of the laundry was done with strong lye soap. A huge black pot was put over an open flame, outside, and all the white clothes were boiled in the hot water sudsy with lye soap. The clothes were poked down with a cut-off broom handle. They were then wrung out by two people and put into a cold-water bath, then in a blueing bath, and finally another clear, cold-water tub. Some things were washed on a scrub board with a

gentler soap. All pillow cases, shirts, blouses, and dresses were starched as stiff as a board. Sheets and pillow cases were white, in those days, with embroidery work on the cases. They all were ironed with flatirons that were heated on the cook stove.

Wash water was saved to scrub floors or to pour on plants to get rid of insects, or just for watering plants. Water was a precious commodity even though the river ran right in front of the house. All of it had to be hauled by human hands, many times daily. Baths were taken in a galvanized tub, in the kitchen, in front of the wood-burning stove. Sometimes a tub of water was used by more than one person. Rainwater was caught and used for washing hair, which was rinsed with a vinegar solution or, if available, lemon juice in water.

Claire V. was a very proud man. He had no use for anyone with a lazy bone in his body. Claire L. said that if she had seen either of her parents lying down, or even sitting down, during the day it would have been a sure sign of a fatal illness. He was industrious, creative, and very kind unless someone did something that he had no use for, then he could show his vengeance. One time Mr. Susenburg, who lived close-by the upper ranch, was beating a horse when Claire V. came along. Claire V. was so angry that he told Mr. Susenburg that if Susenburg didn't stop beating that horse, Claire'd "put a bullet between your damned eyes!" And he would have! His daughters were his pride and joy. If a young man called on one of them and Claire V. didn't think he was good enough, Claire'd order him off the place and let him know in no uncertain terms that he was never to set foot on it again. He was very protective of his wife and children. He cautioned them constantly on the dangers of

going too far from the house or standing near a tree during a lightning storm. Banny threw caution to the wind and wandered all over the mountains by herself, but she always took along a gun. Claire V. had a few close calls from lightning. Once, just as he moved from one tree to stand by another one, the first one was struck by lightning and split from top to bottom.

Some neighbors who were excellent, kind people were the Bill Ramsel family and Mr. Muzzie. Mr. Muzzie came there for his health; he had no family with him. He finally died of TB. The Ramsels lived in Alpine during the school term and moved to the mountains during the summer. They were always good friends.

Then, as now, cattlemen had to mend broken fences, put out salt, vaccinate for diseases, look for strays, doctor sores, and do a jillion and one jobs that no one ever thinks of who hasn't been there. It is a good life, though. Perhaps it would have been even better if the young people, especially, could have associated with more of their friends more often. Now, with cars, that is possible.

About 1911 when cars first came to the mountains, Banny and her two daughters were on horseback and had stopped at the spring at the Notch. Banny could hear a car coming, so she told the girls to hold the horses since they had never seen or heard a car before. What happened next was that the *horses* paid scant attention but the *girls* ran like scared sheep up the hill to get away from the monster!

Around 1912 Claire V. bought a Model T Ford. What a wonderful old car. When going up a hill, either the driver had to turn around and go up backwards in order for the gas to flow into the carburetor, or else

everyone had to get out and push. If there were enough passengers the latter method was used, but if not, the former was the only alternative. The gas feed was located on the side of the steering wheel, and when the family started out it was anyone's guess who used the gas feed. Banny wanted Claire V. to slow down, so she pushed up on the gas feed. He thought she was trying to make the car go faster, so he shot it back down and the car leaped ahead like the Dukes of Hazzard's General Lee. That all happened as they were going downhill and it provided many hysterical moments for Claire L. and Hettie. By the time grandchildren came along that Ford was ready to serve as a fun place to play. The chickens liked it, too. It was one of their favorite roosting places!

At first they went by way of Turkey Crrek, but later the Luna Hill Road was used. When they went by way of Luna they usually spent the night at Toga Wheatley's Hotel. Toga was the daughter of Granny Martin. Granny's house is now torn down but Toga's still stands; it has a white clapboard addition.

The trip to town was a real trip. It wasn't made often; twice a year was probably the usual. More often than that meant someone needed a doctor or it was to go to a wedding or a funeral. From 1907 when the Peerys first moved to the Blue until around 1912, the best way to go to town was by wagon, although sometimes they went horseback. The trip consisted of two stops on the way to Springerville. Alpine was the first stop on their list and they spent the night with Banny's Uncle Hube and Aunt Laura. Uncle Hube had been a polygamist. He was married to Lois and Laura at the same time, but Lois died with the birth of her eleventh child, and so did the baby. Both wives had ten children each.

The Peerys knew only Aunt Laura. After leaving Alpine they went to Nutrioso and spent the night with the Hank Sharp family.

One time at the Sharps Hank made them all get up when they had just gone to bed. He thought it was time to get up because his neighbor, Henry Bennett, had already gotten out of bed. He never did want Henry Bennett to put over anything on him. Then they looked at the clock and discovered that Bennett hadn't even gone to bed yet! They all went willingly but sheepishly back to bed.

Sometimes they would make a bed in the bottom of the wagon and spend a night out in the open. The wagon was pulled by old King and Ranger. They were strong animals but when going downhill, in order to keep the wagon from running over the horses, a log (a very heavy one!) was chained to the back of the wagon to act as a brake.

Hettie and Claire L. went to elementary school on the Blue. They had some excellent teachers. Mrs. Patterson, née Bertha Anderson and sister to Kathleen Fritz, was one of them. Mr. Zimmerman, whose English grammar and spelling were impeccable and whose handwriting was beautiful, kept in touch with the family until about five years ago. For high school they went to Round Valley part of the time and spent a year at St. Vincent's Academy in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Hettie also went to Clifton High School one year. One year Claire L. with her two daughters and Hettie lived in Phoenix so Hettie could attend Lamsen's Business College.

Jes Burke, the next youngest brother of Banny (Vol. I), lived many years with the Peerys on the ranch. There were ten children in Banny's family. Only eight of them lived to adulthood. Jes and his

wife Flora owned Beaverhead Lodge, and after that, lived on the Blue again. They are both buried in the cemetery, as are Banny and Flora's brother, Adolph Brown, who was also Banny's son-in-law.

Sometimes they found baby fawns whose mothers had been killed, so the family raised them. As soon as a fawn was weaned from the bottle it was allowed to fend for itself so it wouldn't be helpless in the forest. Billy was a most intelligent deer. Billy played hide-and-seek with Jes, Hettie, and Claire L. He always took his turn at being "it" or hiding, and he always won. He loved to go in the house, so they had to keep the doors closed. Once he got inside, he would lie on a bed as stiff as a board with his eyes closed, making it impossible for anyone to move him. Billy also ate any pies that were left on the windowsill to cool.

They always kept a bell tied around the necks of the tame deer because they were free to roam as far as they wanted. One day Jes was hunting, and just as he pulled the trigger he knew that he had killed Billy. The bell had fallen from Billy's neck, thus delaying recognition too long. Jes lay on the ground and cried like a baby. (Jes always spelled his name with one s, but most other people spelled it with two.)

Another deer that we had was a female named Tiny. The family had Tiny taken to the zoo in Albuquerque because she got in people's grain fields. Ed Cole from the Blue took her in a truck and she broke her leg on the way. It mended, however, but she limped from then on. We went to visit her a couple of times, and she always recognized us and licked our hands.

Christmas was a great time on the Blue. We cut our own tree in our own backyard. We strung popcorn and cranberries for decorations.

We also used big clip-on candy birds. We put candles on the tree, too. That was pretty dangerous, and no child was ever allowed to do it without adult supervision. Once Hettie was burned badly from Christmas tree candles.

All of their grandchildren knew Banny, but only the two oldest knew Claire V. He was a fine grandfather. I remember riding on the wagon and on the sled, going up above the house to cut Christmas trees, watching him get out his silver metal box of business papers, watching him read the newspapers that piled up because of only once-a-week mail delivery, and a variety of other activities that are dear to me. The only other grandchild who remembers Claire V. is my sister, Dorothy. Her most vivid memory is of Grandpa cooking new potatoes in coals right in the garden. They were only half done when we ate them, but we liked them. Shirlie was born only two months before he died. And just last August, we lost Shirlie in an automobile accident.

In September of 1928, Claire V. went to Alma, New Mexico to look at some cattle for sale. Bill Martin and Ed Cole went with him. While there he died of a chronic bladder problem. Banny wanted to bury him on the Blue, but arrangements had already been made, so he was buried in the Slaughter's private plot in Springerville. It was a stunning blow for the family to lose such a good husband, father, and grandfather. To add coals to the fire, Banny also lost her home. It was the only place she ever thought of as "home." They had given their lives' blood to build that ranch. They loved it; most of their children and grandchildren loved it, too. There are no words that I or anyone else can say that would convey the total devastation felt by Banny when she lost all

that she had given her life for.

Claire L. was the oldest of the two daughters. She married DeWitt Cosper, who was also a rancher on the Blue (Vol. IV). They had three daughters: Cleo Barbara Cosper Coor, Dorothy Mae Cosper Rogers, and Shirlie Lois Cosper Branden. Cleo lives in Goodyear and Dorothy lives in Nutrioso.

We were still living on the Blue when Hettie married Adolph Brown. They were in Springerville when their first child, a son, was born. His name is Bobbie Vance Brown. So Dorothy and Cleo packed their clothes and were going to walk from the Blue to Springerville to see Aunt Hettie's new baby. However, they were brought back before they got through the gate. Hettie and Adolph had four more children: Billie (William) Douglas Brown, Katherine Elizabeth Brown Whitlock, Raymond Adolph Brown, and Loretta Ann Brown Slade. Most of Hettie's children live in or near Springerville, as does Hettie. Katherine is in Montana.

Claire L. had another daughter by another husband, Jo Ann Tedder Chastain who lives in California. DeWitt married Katharine Richardson many years later, and they had a daughter, Rose Cosper Coleman. Rose's two children drive out of the Blue to go to high school at Round Valley. It used to take all day to get to Springerville, but now it is possible to live on the Blue and send your kids to school in Springerville. (See Clell and Katharine Lee in Vol. V.)

Banny was allowed to live on the ranch for two years after Claire V. died. She then moved to Springerville and lived in the Owens' house, which was located where the present Springerville Inn is. At the time Banny was asked to leave the ranch, her cousin, Grace Merrill Slaughter,

daughter-in-law of Mrs. Owens and owner of the house, sold the house to Julius Becker with the stipulation that Banny would be allowed to live in it rent-free for as long as she wanted to.

When Banny moved to Springerville in June of 1930, she did the only thing she knew how to do--turned to cooking for others. She ran a boarding house. The meals were served home style and cost fifty cents each. She rented rooms, too. Sometimes we had doctors' and dentists' offices in the house. Many babies were born there. When the rooms were being rented the family had to live in the dining room, kitchen, and sleeping porch. That was a tight squeeze. When Banny finally gave that up, she began keeping high school children from the Blue so they could go to school. For five or six years after she quit serving meals, people who had been there before or had been told about her meals would come by and ask if they could just eat with the family. She never would serve them because we needed our privacy. Banny was one of the best cooks I have ever known. Her children and grandchildren have that gift, too. Included in this account is a recipe that is unique to this family. That is mincemeat pie. Banny's mincemeat pie is the best anywhere. Many of her offspring make that same pie and always have people coming back for more.

Some of the kids from the Blue who lived with Banny were: Virgie Martin, the Joy children, Polly and Sis Johnson (Polly is now Polly Getzweiller, senator in the State Legislature), and Babe Richardson. If there were others whose names I've left out, it is because I was away at college at that time. My apologies.

Banny had a special rapport with milk cows. When we left the Blue

we were able to bring along one milk cow by the name of Blossom. She was the meanest cow that ever lived, especially to kids, and it took a real illness to tame her. She bloated, once, and Mr. Gustave Becker "stuck her." During her convalescence kids were around her a lot, and she finally got used to them. Another cow that we had was old Fawn. Fawn wouldn't let anyone but Banny milk her. Then, one time Banny got sick and everyone in town had the idea they could milk that cow. One boy (I hesitate to mention his name since he is now a grown man) even put on Banny's clothes and tried *his* hand, but that cow would have nothing to do with him. Sick as she was, Banny finally had to get up out of bed and milk her.

In 1948 Banny moved to Phoenix and lived there until about a year before her death. But at long last she moved back to the area of her youth, and while it wasn't her beloved ranch on the Blue, it was close. She was living with her granddaughter, Katherine Brown Hinton, at the time of her death. Banny liked living there because Katherine did many of the things that she also had done while living on the Blue. They raised chickens and did home canning and a lot of country things. Banny and Katherine got along real well.

Banny had problems with arteriosclerosis and had to have a leg amputated. Surprisingly, she got along very well during the operation. Many of her grandchildren and children were at the hospital waiting for her to come out of the anesthesia. She joked with us, and also talked about some serious things with some of us. But a week later she died of a blood clot. We sorely miss her. At the time of her death, on September 25, 1970, she had great grandchildren and several great-great

grandchildren. Now, she is at last back on the Blue to stay, and is among her relatives and friends.

The ranch has changed hands several times, but to all of us, the descendants of Claire V. and Celia Peery, it will always be the Peery Place or the Lower Ranch. Even though we may live elsewhere, our hearts are there. Hettie's children spent a lot of time there when Jack and Lula Mae Brooks lived there. Lula Mae is sister to Flora, Jes's wife, and to Adolph Brown, Hettie's husband. So you see, they were Family.

To all those who may live there in the future, please take care of it and enjoy it, for it is a special place built by special people. Please think of them once in a while.

The parents of Celia Elizabeth Burke Peery were Allen Spencer Burke and Elizabeth Ann (Annie) Miles Burke. Her brothers and sisters were Mae, Edgar Rozel, Spencer Allen, Alvin, Ada, Jes, and Bazel, Ida, and Dallas.

Now we must all go our own special ways, for life is best when looking forward. It is nice to think of the past and the best of times we had then, but each of us must make his/her own life; we must search for our own special place, living in the present, looking forward to the future, and having no regrets for the past, only fond memories.

MINCEMEAT PIE RECIPE

Boil 2 pounds of neck meat from a beef (venison's better).

Cool and grind the meat in a food chopper.

Grind at least 2 dozen tart apples and 1 pound of suet.

Mix all these together with

2 pounds of raisins	2 pounds of dried currants
½ cup vinegar	1 cup apple juice
2 cups sugar	2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons cloves	2 teaspoons allspice
2 quarts water	

I must confess that these might need a little addition, especially the sugar, spices, and vinegar. Banny always said to make it *sloppy*, not stiff. The only way to tell if it is right is to find one of us and ask us to taste it. Unless you have already tasted one of our pies, then experiment. Taste a little, add a little. That's the kind of cook Banny was and so are most of us.

Now boil it until it comes to a full boil (about 5 minutes). Don't let it stick or burn. Then bake the pie as for any bottom and top crusted fruit pie.

If you get stuck, go up to Springerville and see Aunt Hettie or one of her daughters, or go to Nutri and see Dorothy, or come to Goodyear and see Cleo. If you need a taster, ask Claire in Casa Grande, but give her only a little or she will eat it all! It is also good with a good cup of peach brandy or rum added to the total batch. GOOD LUCK!

Cleo Cosper Coor, granddaughter
of Celia Elizabeth and
Claire Vance Peery

WILLIAM N. AND ESTELLA TALLEY

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

William N. Talley was born in February of 1901, in Franklin, Tennessee. His elementary and high school days were spent in Franklin.

Bill wanted to be a working cowboy ever since he was seventeen years old, and he still tells the story of going around the world before getting to Arizona. Bill answered the call to arms for World War I and the Mexican border encounters. He served twenty-seven and a half years in the Merchant Marines and in the Navy during World War II. He made the decision to come to Arizona when he finished his last assignment aboard ship.

While in the Navy, Bill courted and married Estella. Estella was born March 27, 1907 in Livingston, California. They were married on June 9, 1930 in San Francisco. She was a secretary at the time.

The Talleys arrived in Arizona in 1955. Before he could be a cowboy, Bill had to buy a ranch and some livestock. They bought their first ranch in Maricopa County outside of the town of Aguila. It was a 27.5 section spread--a big ranch. During their stay on this ranch at Aguila, Bill and Estella went through the drought and those low cattle Prices. Later the demand for ranch land picked up, and the couple sold their ranch. They had initially acquired it for $85,000 and were able to sell it for $165,000.

Bill still had the desire to keep on ranching, so at this time they just sort of shifted to Mohave County where they operated two large ranches. On the Fielding ranch they had 300 head of cattle, 162 of

which were mother cows. On the Talley Hereford ranch in Valentine they had sixty mother cows, all registered. This ranch was purchased from James F. and Maude Richards. The Talley's chose the T ⊐ brand since it was the closest they could get to a brand with a T. They used this same brand on both ranches. Other brands acquired during their ranching days were the Lazy Slash () and the Shepherd's Crook (). When they had decided to sell the larger ranch was when they bought the Walt Green ranch at Valentine, Arizona.

In later years, due to poor health, Bill and Estella had to sell their ranches and retire. All during their many ranching years, Estella was a member of the Mohave Cowbelles where she spent many hours working with Beef Promotion. One of the Mohave County Cowbelle sponsored projects to which Estella devoted many hours was giving beef demonstrations for the classes of many of the schools in Kingman.

In 1975 the Talleys towed a 28-foot "cutter" to Minneapolis, Minnesota. They launched it on the Mississippi River and headed for New Orleans. But at St. Louis the missus (Estella) threatened mutiny, according to Bill. It was the hot, stickey weather that got to her and which she couldn't endure, so they came home. She says they still have the cutter and launch it on Lake Mohave every May.

Bill and Estella attended the last Pioneer Stockman Reunion when many of the ranchers and their wives were sitting around tables telling stories of their early ranch lives. Many told about how they upgraded their cattle, taking years of special breeding and care. Others discussed the wide range of prices for the cattle they purchased. For example, the going price in 1897 was $6.30 a head. In the early twenties

they went to fifteen dollars a head. And during the depression and the droughts, they couldn't give them away! Today's generation of stockmen are well aware of their roots in the multibillion dollar industry, still, the story of how it all began is an inspiration to all of us today.

Today the Talleys are taking things a bit more slowly. Bill has had his second knee replacement and still gets around pretty good. They haven't settled down to their rocking chairs yet! Both of them hope to attend the next reunion; Estella has her fingers crossed. They are members of both the Mohave County and the Arizona State Cattle Growers.

There have been two very special occasions in the lives of Bill and Estelle Talley: celebrating fifty years of marriage and Bill's eightieth birthday. And you sure can't beat that.

SARAH LOCKWOOD

PAYSON, ARIZONA

Sarah Lockwood, known to her family and friends as "Babe," was born on the Doll Baby Ranch near Payson on February 10, 1898, the daughter of Mart and Bee (Gladden) McDonald.

Mrs. Lockwood tells her family history:

"My mother, Oberia Ann (Bee) Gladden was born in Austin, Texas, in 1877. She moved with her mother, Susan Gladden, and her two uncles, John and Charlie McFarland, to Pleasant Valley in 1887. This was during the Pleasant Valley War, and they had to stay there for several months before they could leave. It was just too dangerous to try to travel.

"Finally they moved to Holbrook with the Blevins family," said Mrs. Lockwood. "They lived there a short time, then moved to Heber for a few months. It was in Heber that my mother's sister, Grace, was born. In 1888 the family moved to Payson. They homesteaded a ranch where the Payson golf course is now.

"My father, Mart McDonald, was born in Pasadena, California, in 1869, to John and Sarah Jane (See) McDonald. He lived there until he was eight years old, then moved with his family to Utah for eight years. The family moved to Pine in 1885. My father had a twin brother, Ben, two sisters, Nora and Nellie, and a younger brother, Jim.

"My grandfather, John McDonald, had the only sawmill there ever was in Pine," said Mrs. Lockwood. "My mother and father met and married in Payson. The wedding took place in my Grandmother Gladden's house on December 31, 1894. They made their first home in Pine, where their

first child, Jonnie, was born. Then they moved to the Doll Baby Ranch on the East Verde.

"It was there that I and my sisters, Caroline and Cora, were born. Three more children were born in Payson: Mart (Cowboy), Rose, who later married Howard Childers, and Gracie.

"Dad sold the Doll Baby Ranch to a Mr. Smith, and then bought a store in Payson from Bill and Carrie Colcord. It was called McDonald's Mercantile.

"My dad sold that store and bought another one, the Rock Store, near where Dallas Wilbanks presently lives. After selling the Rock Store, he bought a ranch from Turkey Thompson.

"In 1918 he sold the ranch to Charlie Chilson, Sr., who later sold it to the Wade family. Part of the old ranch is presently owned by Fritz and Cleo Taylor, the rest of it is now a subdivision.

"My folks then moved to Tonto Basin," said Mrs. Lockwood, "where they owned the Tonto Basin Store for two years. My dad decided to retire, so they moved back home to Payson and lived there until their deaths.

"My father died in 1933, and my mother died in 1944. They are both buried in the Payson Pioneer Cemetery."

Mrs. Lockwood received all of her schooling in Payson. On April 23, 1916 she married Roy A. Lockwood, whom she had grown up with, in Payson. They had four sons, three of whom attended school in Payson. Their first son died shortly after he was born.

The Lockwoods moved to Globe in 1939, where Mr. Lockwood went to work for the State Highway Department. He passed away in 1967 and is

buried in the Payson Pioneer Cemetery.

Mrs. Lockwood continues to live in Globe, but comes to Payson often for visits. "Payson just isn't the same anymore," she said. "There are not many old-timers left, but Payson is still home.

"My kids are scattered all over the country. My son Delbert lives in Minnesota, Richard lives in Mississippi, and Joe lives in Morenci, Arizona.

"I now have eight grandchildren, twenty-five great grandchildren, and five great-great grandchildren."

The McDonald family will always be remembered in Payson because a fort that the community built in 1880 for protection from the Indians still bears their name, Fort McDonald.

"My grandfather, John McDonald, and his family lived just north of the fort, so they called it Fort McDonald," said Mrs. Lockwood.

Ed. Note: Thanks to Jayne Peace, Payson. Reprinted with permission from the *Payson Roundup*.

HENRY SIXTON MEDINA

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

Henry was born March 28, 1895 at Wards Canyon just out of Clifton. His parents, Perincio and Henerrita Ward Medina, had come to Arizona from Texas in 1872 along with the Ward family, and they all settled down south of Clifton. The Ward family included five daughters and one son, Johnnie Ward. In addition to Henry, the Medinas had six other sons: Jake, Rafael (Ralph), Jonn, Prentivo, Orino, and Ignacio (Nacho).

In the early days, the two families in partnership had run many cattle and horses, grazing them in the southern and eastern areas of Clifton. They branded their animals with three brands: the HM Bar (H M —), the M Slash A (M / A), and the P Bar M (P — M). Their place was known as the Ward Medina ranch.

All the education the families received was from the nearby schools. Baseball was Henry's special game.

In 1922, after three full years of drought, all the banks in Greenlee County folded except for the Valley Bank. And it was at that time that the bank foreclosed on the Medina and Ward families. After running cattle around Clifton for fifty years, the partnership ceased to exist.

At one time the Medina family owned the Corando Ranch on the Gila River. They had purchased the ranch from Henry Parks in 1913. Johnny Hardtime Parks, he was called. His brother, Charles Parks, also ranched in the area.

Henry married Laura Short. She had been raised in Guthrie,

Arizona, thirty miles below Duncan on the Gila River. They had one son who is now living in California.

Comments by Freddie Fritz

Henry said that he worked with many of the old ranch families of the Clifton and Duncan areas. In later years he worked for and with the following men: Frank Willis, father of Frank, Jr.; Tuck Edwards; Frank Davis; W. T. "Skeet" Witt, an early sheriff, supervisor, and state representative from Greenlee County; Judd Webster, whose family is related to the Senator DeConcini clan; Clyde Barber; Bob Golospy; Eugene Stockton; Frank and Richard Graves; and Curley Winders.

He also worked for Tom "Red" Miller when he was running the 6 K 6 Bar, and the AD Bar, now owned by Sewell Goodwin who bought me out, west of us. I knew all of these fine men and most all of them have crossed the Great Divide.

Henry's brothers, Jake, Ralph, and Nacho, were all good cowboys. I worked along with them, and they all later worked on my ranch, the XXX. They were loyal, faithful, and good fellows. Nacho was with us a number of years. He and Jennie Olivas, who was raised here in Clifton, lived on our old Bill Ranch for a year or so after they were married and before their first son was born.

Henry worked in the Globe mines after leaving their ranch; then, it was on to California where he worked for an industrial firm. He was badly crippled and used a brace, and had used crutches when he worked for us, but he could do as much, or more, than many fellows with too good legs.

Henry has a wonderful sense of humor, and though he has been a cripple for years, he was independent and took good care of himself until just a few years ago when he broke his good leg. Today he is confined to a wheelchair. He lives in a trailer, by himself, in Wards Canyon where he was born.

Physically, Henry Medina may be a handicapped person; mentally, he is a very alert eighty-eight year old. He is an example of determination and fortitude.

I visit with Henry quite frequently, and recently had a long visit with him. He is remarkable for his physical condition. He and I rebuilt part of Greenlee County. He is the only one left of his family.

If you think you're beaten, you are.
If you want to win but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you *won't*.
But life's battles don't always go
To the strongest man.
Sooner or later, the one who wins
Is the one who *thinks he can*.

Freddie Fritz
XXX Ranch

WILLIAM HOWARD "BUSTER" NEAL

PINE, ARIZONA

On May 29, 1983, at the Pioneer Picnic at Rumsey Park, Buster Neal was recognized as being the oldest man present who was born in Gila County. He is the progeny of three generations of pioneer families in Gila County. On his father's side of the family were the Neals, and on his mother's side there was the Hardt family. Buster was born in Gisela, Arizona on April 15, 1904, son of Curtis J. Neal and Charlotte "Lottie" Hardt Neal.

He recalls his family history: "My father, Curtis Neal, was born in Llano County, Texas in 1884. He traveled by wagon with his parents, William and Ellen (Jackson) Neal, from Texas to Globe, Arizona in 1889. Then, in the spring of 1891 my grandfather, Will Neal, moved the family, again by wagon, to Gisela and bought a homestead from Mart Sanders, an early Mormon settler there.

"My Granddad Neal had been a cattle rancher in Texas, and he was also a Texas Ranger," said Buster. In Gisela he raised a few head of cattle, branding the Tree, a brand he brought with him from Texas, but he mainly raised Angora goats.

"Neal Mountain, the highest mountain in Gisela, was named after Granddad Neal because that was the range for his goats, and he had goat pens at the foot of it.

"In 1905, Granddad Neal drowned during a storm while trying to cross Tonto Creek on horseback to care for his goats. So then my father and his brothers, Arthur and Riley Neal, had to run the Neal ranch.

"My grandfather, Henrick Frederick Christian Hardt, was born in Germany in 1842," Neal recalls. "He came to America when he was a young man and became a U.S. citizen. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War. After he came to the Arizona Territory, he met and married my grandmother, Annie Harer. They lived at Fort McDowell till about 1880. Then, about 1880 they homesteaded a ranch near the present site of Jake's Corner. My mother was born there, on the Hardt ranch, in 1888.

"In December of 1898 my Granfather Hardt died of pneumonia," Neal continued, "so Grandmother Hardt moved her family to Gisela, where it was closer for my mother and her sisters and brother to attend school. My mother and father both attended school in Gisela, and that is also where they were married. The marriage only lasted a couple of years," Neal said, "then they were divorced. My father later married Belle Morgan, a schoolteacher, but he never had any more kids.

"My mother later married Bert Belluzzi and they had six more kids: Alma, Raymond, Bert, Sadie, Annie, and June ('Tootsie'). After my mother and Bert were married, we moved to the Belluzzi ranch. It was located where Beaver Valley is today. The cattle were branded T U Bar.

"I went to school at Weber Creek, Payson, and one year at Gisela, said Neal. I first married Ruby Hilligas Devore, daughter of Billy Hilligas. She had a daughter, Geraldine Devore, whom I raised as my own. Geraldine (now Mrs. Ivan Cabeceira) presently lives in Payson. My wife and I had another daughter, Patricia Neal, who married Ronnie Randall of Pine."

Buster's wife, Ruby, passed away in 1958. Then, in 1960, he and

Louise Haney were married. Buster spent many years as a rancher and cattleman. In the 1920s he bought the Bray Creek Ranch, under the Mogollon Rim, where he ran a small herd of cattle, branding the V N Bar. Then he bought the T U Bar cattle permit, the old Belluzzi Ranch cattle permit. In July of 1938 Buster bought a ranch at Houston Mesa from Eugene Holder, called it the T U Bar Ranch, and ran his cattle there.

In 1942 Neal sold the T U Bar to his daughter Geraldine and became ranch operator of the Doll Baby Ranch for A. D. Cobbs. He also owned half interest in the N B Ranch and a working interest in the L F Ranch.

Besides ranching, Neal worked for many years on road construction. He bought into United Construction, and he and his son-in-law, Ronnie Randall, owned Randall and Neal Construction for several years.

Buster Neal is presently retired and enjoying life in Pine with his wife Louise.

Ed. Note: Thanks to Jayne Peace of Payson. Portions reprinted with the permission of the *Payson Roundup*.

LUTHER H. "SLIM" KITE

CHINO VALLEY, ARIZONA

Luther "Slim" Kite was born in Hollis, Oklahoma on June 21, 1906 and lived there until he was five years old. The whole family moved to New Mexico in a covered wagon in 1911 and located on Creaso Creek, which was twenty-one miles west of Clayton. Slim attended school at Snooks Corner. That was twenty-five miles west of Clayton at the headwaters of Perco Creek.

Slim punched cows in New Mexico for a good number of years. One of the bigger ranches was the Circle Dot (⊙). Tom Talle, Sr. owned it and had about 12,000 head. In Oklahoma Slim worked for Bob Ikerd's Running W Ranch; he ran 8,000 head. In 1927-1928, Slim had gone from New Mexico to Garden City, Kansas with 1,200 steers for Ralph Morlege. It was during a New Mexico to Kansas cattle drive that he bought a fiddle for ten dollars. At night he'd sit by a campfire and "just saw around, this way and that," until he got the thing to sound musical.

Slim came to Arizona February 23, 1934. He got a job as a trail guide and packer at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. "You didn't have to play an instrument to get the job," he recalls, "but it helped, because if you could play an instrument, you'd have work in the winter."

As Slim recalls, the proprietor of Bright Angel Lodge at the time thought that to entertain the dudes "western style," he ought to have a cowboy band. His "band" consisted of two guitarists, a banjo player, and two fiddlers. That included Slim. "We all worked with the pack animals and what not, so sometimes a fiddle would be missing, or a

guitar. Depended on what you were doing and where you were," he said.

Slim worked at the Grand Canyon until 1939. After that, he went to work for the 3 V ranches at Seligman. They had 25,000 head at that time and a lot of country to ride. He also worked at the C O Bar Ranch north of Flagstaff. That was owned by the Babbitt brothers. They still own it.

He married Kathleen McManamy from New York in 1943. They had one son, Thomas, born May 4, 1944. Kathleen passed away in July of 1944.

Slim tells of the time he was just poking along on his horse, looking after some cows. He was seventeen miles northeast of Chino, but not far from the Verde River.

"I saw this one cow a-standin' there lookin' straight ahead, so I got to lookin' straight ahead, too. Over in the distance where she was a-lookin' there was kind of a red rock. I kept on a-lookin'. It wasn't a rock," Slim said. "It was a calf that had been killed by a mountain lion."

He continued, "So I set a trap, and the first night the lion came back and throwed the trap. I didn't much like the way it'd been set, so I set it better the next time, and I caught that lion." That lion was a hair under seven feet long.

"Then I called a fella who was a lion hunter. He had dogs, so in case the lion got out, he could track 'em with his dogs. He shot that lion in the trap and put his tag on him!"

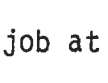
Slim's anger and frustration mounted. "*I* couldn't take him! The game warden said I could shoot it but I couldn't take him out of here. They stole my lion!"

Harold Wenthe, District Ranger for the Arizona Game and Fish Department at that time, explained that the law allows a rancher to kill or trap a stock-killing lion, but he is prohibited from removing the carcass. Slim had wanted to kill the lion he had trapped and make a rug out of it for the living room floor.

Slim met his second wife, Ella L. (Gates) Vaughn in Williams, Arizona. She was from Newton, Kansas. Born in Kansas in 1926 and attended school there. As he always tells people, "She rode a cyclone out here from Kansas, and when the dust settled she was in my pasture."

Actually, they met at a rodeo. "She asked if she could ride my horse," Slim chuckled, "and afterwards I told her I'd killed a turkey, and invited her out to the ranch to eat."

Slim and Ella were married March 19, 1946, and have one son, Cole L. Kite, born May 5, 1948. They now have one grandson and three granddaughters.

After he married, Slim got a foreman job at the Bar Heart () Ranch, south of Williams, and at Paulden, Arizona. When it was sold, he managed the ranch at Valley, Arizona for the same outfit, Bar Heart.

"I Had punched cows for about thirty years, got married, and had a couple of kids," Slim said. "Cowpunchin' didn't pay much, and when the boys had to start school I decided I'd have to find something else to make a living at. So we started building fence in the early fifties. We were known as the Kite Fence Company. We built fence all over Arizona, for ranches, for the Forest Service, and for the Arizona Highway Department."

The Kite Fence Company consisted of Slim and Ella. "She did the

bookkeeping and I dug the post holes," he said, smiling at his wife of thirty-six years. "Actually, she dug some of the post holes, too! Then later on, I had some heart problems, so in 1970 our son Cole took over the running of the fence jobs and I bid them.

"In 1970 we bought a ranch, known as the White Sage Ranch, which was located on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, near Fredonia. Bought it from Ed Hatch. Also the lake at Jacobs Lake, Arizona. Mr. Hatch branded the Lorraine Cross brand () and we got the brand with the ranch. We just put our name on them. We also had the Kite () brand.

"This ranch was watered with a 400-foot well, surface tanks, and Jacobs Lake. There were 1,760 acres deeded, 1,280 acres school land, 10,890 acres BLM, and 19.4 acres in Jacobs Lake. All this land, and you could only run 110 head. We sold it in July, 1971. Just too dry up there and too much country in which to find 110 head of cattle.

"Then, in late 1978, Cole decided to move to Colorado. We had one job to complete which would take three or four days. My son Tom and I completed it on New Years Day, 1979, about two in the afternoon. I throwed my pliers in the pickup and allowed that if anyone wanted more fence built, they could do it themselves!"

Through the years Slim broke horses and rode the rough string everywhere he had worked, got to be a fair windmill hand, a pretty good cook, and even played the fiddle a little. He had spent some years at the Grand Canyon wrangling dudes, packing supplies into the Canyon, and playing the fiddle at Bright Angel Lodge.

Slim has not given up rodeo competition. Ignoring his age and the heart attack he suffered a few years ago, he still goes roping three

evenings a week, going to some of the big ropings around the state. He says he practices Tuesdays and Thursdays, and ropes for money on Sundays. His team roping partner, Everett Brisendine, is seventy-six.

"A long time ago," Slim added in conclusion, "I knew a man named Martin Bugland who had a ranch at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. Frank Banks and I were punchin' cows at the South Rim at that time, and we came upon Martin. He had a fire going and was getting ready to do some brandin'. But he was all by hisself, no rope or nothin'.

"So, when he looked up and saw us a-comin' by, he scratched his head and said, 'Well, I always knew it's better to be lucky than it is to be rich.' I think there's something to that."

Slim Kite received his certificate from the National Livestock Show's Living Pioneers Association and is looking forward to attending Pioneer Day.

Ed. Note: Our thanks to Sam Negri, *Arizona Republic*, for portions of Slim Kite's history.

CLARA EADES

DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

Clara Eades was born on the Barfoot Ranch thirty-five miles east of Willcox on December 4, 1890. Her parents, Malcolm Redding Barfoot and Julia Lemmon Barfoot, had been married in Tombstone in 1883. Their ceremony had taken place at the old Tombstone courthouse, a building which is now a tourist attraction.

During the homesteading period, Clara's father also worked for the Chiricahua Land and Cattle Company (CCC) in the Willcox area. The Chiricahua was one of the early day's cattle ranches which was started in the 1870s with cattle driven into Arizona from Texas. This large ranch was once owned by Leonard White, who later took in a partner, J. V. Vickers. Vickers soon bought out White, and then took in C. W. Gates as his partner. The two of them operated the ranch until 1908.

The Chiricahua headquarters was on the east side of the vast Sulphur Springs Valley, which is about twenty miles wide and around a hundred miles long. Later much of the ranch was split up into homesteads, but at one time it was a great ranch. The Chiricahua branded with the CCC brand. In 1880, a picture of all of the cowboys at the ranch was taken. Malcolm Redding Barfoot was one of those cowboys. His granddaughter, Freida Madamba, still has the picture.

Clara's father later ranged his Barfoot cattle up into the Chiricahuas in the late spring and early summer at Barfoot Park, which adjoined Rustlers Park. In the late 1890s, her father sold out to the grand patriarch of the Riggs, Branach Riggs. He, in turn, sold to Bill

Hudson and the ranch is still in the Hudson family. Jim Hudson lived there until he bought the Dos Cabezas Ranch from the Hollands, and Jim's daughter, Carol Tidwell, along with her husband Tom still operate the ranch.

In 1895 when Clara was five years old, the family returned home after a short absence to find their house had been robbed by Indians. For some unknown reason, the Indians left in such a hurry that groceries were left in a blanket on the front yard. "I can still see them," Clara laughed, "just like it was yesterday. In those days the government would repay you if you could prove what was taken." But it wasn't until 1913, eighteen years later, that her father received five hundred dollars compensation for the robbery.

Clara recalls when she was a child, her mother arranged pallets for them to sleep on in the corner of the room, "Because if the Indians shot through here, they were not going to hit you like they would if you were in bed." She said the Indians always lived in the high country in those days.

At the age of eleven, Clara fell off her colt and broke her hip. The doctors were not able to help her, so her father took her to Hot Springs, which is now known as Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. After twenty-one baths, she felt well and had no more trouble with her hip.

Clara attended school in Las Cruces, New Mexico, graduating in 1908. Soon after, on May 24, 1908, she married J. Chesley Miller. He was ranching in Apache and had established the AZ Ranch.

Like other ranchers in those days, the Millers were kept busy looking after their cattle. They had to be headed, stretched out, and

dehorned. Also, when it was necessary, they branded their AZ on their animals at the same time. They watched and hoped the rains would fill the water tanks so they wouldn't have to haul water.

Whenever Clara wanted to go into town from Apache, she would flag down the train called the "Drummer's Special" to ride into Douglas. Clara bore five children out there at Apache without the benefit of a doctor. She had no conveniences, and even drove the school bus. Then in 1926 they moved in to Douglas and lived at the corner of A Avenue and 20th Street for years.

They sold the ranch to a nephew, William Chesley Miller, in 1928 and he is still operating the ranch. The Leslie Canyon ranch in the Swisshelms is still ranch property, and it branded the Slash Lazy E (/ㅂ), but Clara didn't happen to know the name of the present owner.

All of Clara's children went to Douglas High School on 12th Street. She had to do a lot of sewing while they were in school, ready-to-wear clothing wasn't readily available for them, "And our children didn't wear Levis then," she laughed. Clara also did some sewing for other people. She was, and still is, always busy. Later on she clerked for Penny's, Douglas Drug, and Dodge Mercantile stores.

Clara's daughter Imogene Miller Wilson lives in Bisbee, and her daughter Ruth Stark is at Hayden Lake. Clara lives with her daughter Freida Madamba in Douglas. Freida's daughter Libby is also still in Douglas, working for Rainbow's End Charolais ranch. She trains quarter horses for show at halter (and wins!), has owned three world champion Appaloosas, majors in Animal Science, and she is a Cowbelle. Her son Buzz lives in Alaska and is a pilot for a passenger airline, Great

Northern, but makes it home every two or three months for a few days. He is really into family ranches and histories.

Clara, Mattie Cowan, and Irene Sproul are the only living charter members of "The" Douglas Cowbelles. She is also a charter member of the Silver Creek Homemakers and both state and national Cowbelles, as well as local.

She holds membership in the First Baptist Church, Arizona Cattle Growers, Cochise Graham County Cattle Growers, Pioneer Cowboys, American Legion Auxiliary, and Douglas Women's Club. Chesley Miller was a charter member of the Pioneer Cowboys; they meet every September in the Cochise Stronghold.

Clara spends her time these days reading and helping Freida. "I've had a wonderful life. God has been so good to me," she said. Clara will be ninety-three years old in December of 1983. She really was pleased and happy when she received a certificate from the Arizona National Living Pioneers Association.

OCIE V. ANDERSON

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

I was born in Manitou, Colorado, June 14, 1903, and attended grade school and high school in Eagle, Colorado. My husband Clinton was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado and received his education in Edwards, Colorado.

In 1926 we moved from Colorado to make our home in Tolleson, Arizona. We lived in the Tolleson area for five years raising cattle and growing lettuce and cantaloups. Now Tolleson has lost most of its farm land around the town, and is under many roofs instead. The Phoenix area is nearly like Tolleson, it has many houses where beautiful crops were at one time.

From Tolleson we moved to the Mesa area, out in what was called a desert area. We put in many citrus trees and raised cotton and peas which were brought into Phoenix to pay for the water that we used.

After awhile we moved on to Winkelman, to the ranch known as the P Z, or Push Zallanger ranch. It was at the bus stop called Fallon, which was on the map at that time. This place was half way between Phoenix and Tucson by stage years ago. The house had been built so the stages could be loaded and unloaded out of sight of the Indians. There were rooms on each side to accommodate the passengers and keep them safe from the Indians.

We raised cattle and ran them on the range, but had to hire riders to protect them from disappearing. We had also bought cattle for a dairy and shipped the milk to Phoenix by train. Took the milk to Hayden

for shipment. We also had hogs, and raised cotton, grain, and hay. Then we sold the Zallanger ranch to a Mr. Patterson, who was at that time part owner of the National Cash Register business.

We moved to the home place at 23rd Avenue and west Southern in May of 1937, and I have now been on this farm and ranch for forty-six years. When we moved here, we were considered to be living 'way out in the country. Central Avenue was a two-lane road and it only went to the foot of the South Mountains. When we lived in Tolleson it was our Sunday outing to drive on Central Avenue to the mountain and around a monument which was at the foot of the mountain and back again.

Old-timers told us that the Indians used to drive across our place on their way to Phoenix. After working the ground through the years, we now have a collection of Indian stones which we picked up around the place.

We had cattle and hogs here and also milked a few dairy animals, sending the milk to the Central Avenue Creamery. It was located on south Central Avenue. From here we farmed all over the valley, renting from different land owners. We raised lettuce and canteloups under the name of Anderson and Palmisano for many years.

We also purchased a ranch at Maricopa, which our son still has at this time. We fed cattle at the place; he now raises cotton, grain, and hay and pastures sheep during the winter. This place is known as the Anderson Palmisons Farm.

Our brand has been in the family over a hundred years, and is still registered under our son's name. Our plans are to keep it in the family. The brand is called the Lazy J Over an Open A (), and was

my husband's father's brand. This brand was brought with us from Colorado when we moved and registered here in Arizona. We also used that brand in Texas. And we had a brand called the Bar H, with a bar on top of the H ($\overline{H}$), which we left in Colorado.

I lost my husband in 1963 but still have my three children. My daughter Thelma J. Gooding lives near Boston. She teaches college classes, classes in Wild Eatables (which I call w e e d s).

My son, Olive Anderson, has the ranch at Maricopa. He has three boys and one girl. One grandson is a rancher with his dad.

My other daughter, Joan Lee, lives in Tempe. She and her husband have one son and one daughter. Joan is still a farmer at heart, she has a garden and grows vegetables.

JEFFERSON RUKIN JELKS

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Quarter horse racing owes a lot to J. R. Jelks. All his life he has loved animals, from his first pony as a schoolboy in McCrory, Arkansas to the silky-haired black Labrador that adorns his Tucson condominimum. In between were dozens of fine quarter horses like Piggin String and Queenie, and thoroughbreds like Old Pueblo and Miss Todd.

Rukin was born on the twentieth of December in 1899, the only child of William E. and Lillian (Simmons) Jelks. He comes from a long line of Southern gentlemen farmers beginning with Richard Jelks, an early settler in Colonial Virginia. After a hundred years, about the time of the American Revolution, the fourth generation (Lemuel Jelks) settled in Edgecombe County, North Carolina. A later generation of Rukin's ancestors settled in Jackson, Tennessee. It was his grandfather, Jarrett Rukin Jelks, who bought the farm in Woodruff County, Arkansas that J. R. Jelks grew up on.

Rukin's father, William, didn't just *grow* cotton; he loved plants with a passion. He would walk by just to *look* at the plants. It was such a passion that his son was to develop for animals.

Rukin's love of horses began early. When he was a "little bitty kid" he rode a Tennessee Walking horse the five or six miles to school. They were called Plantation horses then. The horse was an old mare, and Rukin's father would lecture him, "Don't you run her! Don't you gallop her; you just walk her." Later, his father bought him another horse, one he rode all the time through high school. "And," he said, "I don't

remember ever going out in the morning to saddle that mare without taking her an apple or something."

Perhaps, if fate hadn't stepped in, Rukin would have been known for his great winners of the Kentucky Derby. Instead, because of this turn of events, Rukin Jelks was to settle in Tucson, Arizona, and was to one day have a major impact on horse racing.

As a teenager, Rukin had some trouble with tuberculosis. At the outbreak of World War I, he enlisted in the Army--he was seventeen at the time. The flu epidemic during that war killed thousands of soldiers and it may have been a contributing factor in his contracting tuberculosis. Since the weather in Arizona was famous for relieving the sumptoms, Rukin's parents sent him to college in Tucson.

Soon after obtaining his degree in Animal Husbandry in 1922, he returned to his father's farm in Arkansas. He planned to take up cotton farming like many generations of Jelks before him.

On the tenth day of January, 1923, Rukin married his boyhood sweetheart, Della Leona Jeffries. Della was the daughter of Thomas A. and Della (McCrory) Jeffries. Her mother was descended from one of the pioneer families who settled the town that Rukin grew up near. The day of their marriage, Rukin returned to Arizona with Della.

One of the first jobs Rukin had in Arizona was selling cars for MacArthur Motors, a Phoenix-based operation. He recalls with affection one of his first experiences selling cars and trucks. An old, prosperous Indian rancher by the name of Sanders owned a ranch on the reservation southeast of Tucson. He was inspecting a 1½ ton stake-bed truck. None of the other young lackadaisical salesmen was paying any attention,

so Rukin asked if Sanders was interested in the truck. The old man's answer was simply, "No crank!" Rukin pointed out that it had an electric ignition as well as a fold-up crank that slipped under the radiator. A few days later the old gentleman returned, and after greeting Rukin, said, "I buy." The price was $1,200, and Sanders took out a pouch and set out the money in piles of fifties, twenties, and tens, all in gold pieces. He had a small amount of change due. When Rukin handed it to him, the old man said, "No paper!" After being questioned about his refusal to accept the legal tender of the country, the old gentleman replied curtly, "Rats eat it."

Nineteen twenty-seven was a year of big change in Rukin Jelks' life. Della became pregnant after four years of marriage. The pregnancy was difficult, yet Jeffries Rukin Jelks arrived safely on the twenty-first of October. However, two weeks later Della succumbed to complications, leaving Rukin alone and in grief.

He threw himself into his work, and in 1929, bought the X-9 Ranch. He bought the ranch from Fred Knipe, a Bostonian who had preceded Rukin to the Tucson area about 1914 or 1915. When Knipe came (also because of TB), most of the land in the area was already homesteaded; it was public domain. All the Tanque Verde and Rincon areas, all the ranches in the area were Mexican homesteads. Knipe had trouble finding anyone who would sell but, finally, was able to buy one of the Mexican homesteads which became the X-9. In 1929 the X-9 consisted of seven or eight hundred acres of deeded land, about nine sections of leases from the state of Arizona, and two forest permits.

About that time, Rukin married his partner Melville Haskell's

sister, Mary. While they were living on the X-9, Mary and Rukin adopted a young daughter named Barbara. When their son, Rukin, Jr., was eleven years old, Mary and Rukin, Sr. were divorced. About that time, Mary met Don Hunter at a dude ranch east of Phoenix. He was the manager of the ranch. They married and, shortly after, bought a ranch in Greenough, Montana. Barbara and Rukin, Jr. were raised on the ranch in Montana.

Meanwhile, Rukin, Sr. picked up another 5,000 acre parcel during the Great Depression. It was in '32. Top calves were selling at five cents a pound. Rukin had fenced the parcel of federal land for pasture and, as he puts it, "I never dreamed that anyone would want to go thirty miles and through twenty-two Texas gates out through Davis Monthan to get to my property." However, one evening as he was returning to his ranch, he found a government surveyor in his pasture. Next morning, he was sitting in the offices of John H. Page and Company, the famous land lawyers, discussing what could be done. It turned out that Page and Co. held some Santa Fe script which they exchanged for a note signed by Jelks. Rukin then exchanged the script for the title to the 5,000 acres. At the time, he thought he was ruined, since he had to pay three dollars per acre for the land!

It was just after the stock market crash of '29 that Rukin got involved in the events that gave birth to quarter horse racing in Arizona. This was long before the term quarter horse was widely known. Early Tucsonians such as Clancy Wollard, Bob Locke, Jake Meyer, Joe Flieger, Melville Haskell, and of course, J. Rukin Jelks were there in those first days. Up to and including this period of time, the cavalry remount stations such as Fort Huachuca were the only breeders of horses on

a large scale. Most ranches of any size had a remuda of brood mares and raised their own cow ponies, which were generally known by the names of the leading sires of good working horses such as Steel Dust in the western states and Billy Boys in Texas and the southeastern states. Their surplus was sold to livery stables and other purchasers.

It was the intent of Jelks and Haskell to improve their own quality of cow horses, so they went to Cleveland, Ohio and purchased a whole carload of pony brood mares. Then Rukin bought the best thoroughbred he could find, Master Bunting, from a retired calvary officer, Colonel Woodruff. During this same period, Haskell bought Bayard 11, imported from Ireland by a Colonel Bradley. The polo ponies provided both placid and intelligent temperaments with the quickness and speed that made them great all-around cattle horses. Master Bunting, Bayard, and others like them provided a lineage that resulted in a new generation of great quarter horses and thoroughbreds.

The X-9 cow horses were displayed at the county fairs, and ribbons were given for appearance and temperament. As Jelks tells it, "At first the judges at the show would put all the ribbons on the biggest, heaviest, most massive horse, regardless of whether he was straight-shouldered or his conformation was any good--just so he was big and heavy." It was Joe Flieger who said, "After this show, why don't we have some little races to see how these blue-ribbon winners do?" And the speed trials were begun.

Quarter horse racing had gone on in the South since the Civil War, but this was the beginning of the registration of quarter horses, and thus began the American Quarter Racing Association.

About 1938, Rukin met and married Francis Josephine Barry, the daughter of James Dixon Barry, an Irish immigrant who had become a lawyer. Barry's practice was located in Nogales and Tucson. Although Francis had not been familiar with horses, she soon was a proficient judge of horses and actively supported Rukin in his work. Frances has been a loyal and devoted wife for nearly forty-five years.

Jelks' interest in racing evolved during the thirties and, when World War II started, he became even more tied to racing. Bob Locke, however, felt that the war would ruin racing, so he sold the race track, Moltacqua. Soon after, Rukin bought another piece of land near his horse stables on River Road, and the races were moved to Rillito Race Track.

The acquisition of that property is interesting, Rukin lived on River Road at the time, and he got a call from an old friend he had known in McCrory. The friend, who worked for the assessor's office, said that there were twenty acres below Rukin's house site that he could have for back taxes. Rukin wasn't particularly interested, but later was persuaded to pick up the "worthless" land for $250. He used that land to build Rillito Race Track.

For over ten years, the best quarter horses in the country ran in Tucson. The land is so valuable now that the city is trying to condemn it, so that it can be developed. Jelks, however, had sold the track in 1953 and moved to California where he was very successful in breeding and racing thoroughbreds.

Another pioneering effort Rukin Jelks was involved in was the launching of the well-known Mountain Oyster Club (MO Club) in Tucson.

It was in the spring of 1948 and Rukin's friends, Bob Locke and Jack Goodman, were attending the Rancheros Visitadore's ride in Santa Barbara. Because of the great associations that had been made there, the two of them decided to form a club to spread that enjoyment throughout the whole year. The idea was passed along to Jelks and a few others, and four of them spent most of a day coming up with a list of about seventy-five cattlemen and horsemen, as well as a few doctors and lawyers associated with the livestock business. For over thirty years the MO Club has entertained club members and a host of well-known politicians, entertainers, and other notables. The photos that cover the heavily wooded walls of the club provide an inkling of the rich history of the cattle industry in the Southwest.

Rukin Jelks is now retired and lives in a condominium with Frances and their black Labrador.

JOEL MCKEE SLAUGHTER

History of T-Link Ranch

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

Joel McKee Slaughter was a member of the Slaughter family which first brought cattle to the White Mountains of Arizona. His father, Pete Slaughter, had come from Palo Pinto County, Texas on an exploratory trip to the White Mountains in 1880. After determining that water and forage were abundant, he returned to Texas and gathered cattle to stock the range. After making several trips between the White Mountains and Texas, in 1886 he loaded his young family into a wagon and with yet another herd of cattle, moved to Arizona. At that time, Joel was six months old.

The headquarters of the Slaughter spread was the P lazy S (P $\sim$) Ranch near Alpine. Pete Slaughter homesteaded the P $\sim$ headquarters and leased land, which included the Paradise Ranch and the Reservation Ranch, from the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the U.S. Forest Service. His range extended to the south where it joined the famous Double Circle range.

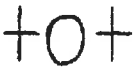
As his family grew, Pete, in the tradition of the family, gave each of his children his or her own brand. Joel was given the T link (T $\circ$) brand. Later, Joel was able to buy the KT slash (K T/) brand from his brother Arthur, and this brand was for Mary Slaughter, his wife.

Pete and Mollie, his wife, had eight children, seven boys and one girl. Two of the boys died as infants. One son, John, was killed in

France during World War I, just one month before the Armistice.

Pete Slaughter died in 1911. Under Joel's leadership, the Slaughter family continued to operate the ranches until 1927, at which time they were sold. However, in 1929 the Slaughters had to take back the ranches, and found that their buyers had lost the winter range. As a consequence, the operation could no longer support the large number of cattle needed to make it a profitable operation for the remaining members of the family.

The first brand, the P ∽ owned by Pete Slaughter, was the main brand for the entire Slaughter operation, and after Pete's death it was maintained by the family. Besides this brand, each member of the family had his or her own brand and herd. Among these other brands were the following:

Mollie, wife		T Cross
		Cross O Cross
Arthur, son (Joel later bought this brand for his wife Mary)		K T Slash
Pascal, son		Z Link
Joel, son		T Link
Callie, daughter		T O Y
John, son		O Dart

Joel spent his early years attending school in Springerville and working on the ranch during the summers. When his father sent him and

his brother, Pascal, to the University of Arizona, they remained until early spring. At that time they returned to the White Mountains on horseback. Their father was on a cattle drive in Texas and there was no one at the ranch, so the boys had a fine time branding mavericks with their own brands.

Joel married Mary McGinnis, the daughter of Bernard and Emma (Rudd) McGinnis, in 1913. Joel and Mary lived in Springerville. Two daughters were born to them. Mollie was born in Phoenix in 1915, and Kathern was born in Springerville in 1916. Mary died in 1921.

After the P ∽ Ranch was sold in 1927, Joel moved to Phoenix where he built a home. While in Phoenix, he began to look for a ranch of his own. He had always liked the area north of Clifton which his brother, Arthur, had owned at one time. In 1931 Joel found that the W. J. Ranch could be bought. This ranch included Juan Miller, the Mouth of the Blue, and the Dry Farm. Later, he was able to buy the Chitty Place from Bill Edwards. These four constituted the T Link Ranch, also known as the Slaughter Ranch. After Joel acquired this patented land, he was able to lease substantial forest lands on which to run his cattle.

During his first years on this ranch, Joel threw his herd in with those of his neighbors along the upper and lower Blue River, and drove cattle down the San Francisco River to the stockyards south of Clifton. Later, when a road was built into the ranch, he was able to truck his cattle to the stockyards. Freddie Fritz remembers those old cattle drives, "We always drove our cattle together down the Blue-Frisco River to Clifton in the days before we could truck them. Joel was an exceptionally good neighbor," Freddie added.

Always interested in conservation and in the maintenance of his grazing land, Joel held advanced ideas on land management and was widely read on the subject. He worked hard to improve the quality of his Herefords and was known for the excellence of his herd and of his horses. He was a long-time member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

Joel worked the T Link Ranch, thirty-five miles north of Clifton, until his death.

EDWARD ALOIS "TED" WEILER

LAVEEN, ARIZONA

Edward Alois Weiler was born in Phoenix, Arizona on June 28, 1907. He was the sixth of his family's seven children. Anna was the eldest, then came Joseph, called Joe, followed by Margaret, Dorothy, Paul, Edward, known as Ted, and lastly, Henry, affectionately called "Hinie."

Ted's father, Alois "Luie" Weiler, was born in 1863 in Baden Baden, Germany. He came to the United States about 1887. After working in various places around the country, he arrived in Phoenix about 1890 and soon had a butcher shop on Washington between Second and Third streets. In 1926, Luie died in Phoenix from internal injuries sustained when kicked by a bull.

Ted's mother, Augusta Vosskuhler, was born July 28, 1867 in Esson, Germany. She came to the United States in 1884 and lived in Dayton, Ohio until 1890. That year there was a train excursion with fares of only nine dollars to help develop the West. In September of 1940, she died on the Weiler ranch.

Luie and Augusta met in Phoenix and were married at St. Mary's in September 1895. They acquired ten acres of land with a large, red brick house on Henshaw, a location which is now known as Buckeye Road and 20th Street. This is where their first six children were born. The ten acres were used to pasture stock and for a slaughter house for the butcher shop which the Weilers ran until it was sold in 1905.

Ted's parents filed on a 160 acre homestead at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Southern in 1904. It was on the far side of the

ever-flowing and often flooding Salt River from Phoenix. In those days before 1912 when the Central Avenue bridge was completed, they had to enter the river at Seventh Street and come out at 15th Avenue and Broadway.

Their homestead was raw desert, with mesquite and other desert growth to be grubbed out and desert washes to fill in using brute force and horses and scrapers. Some of the washes were so deep a horse and buggy were hidden from sight when driven in them. After much hard work, they finally got the first forty acres in cultivation, so they built a four-room house. Ted's father and the hired man had been living in a one-room adobe cabin on the ranch till then. The family moved across the river in February 1908. They named their ranch the Old Homestead, and this is where Hinie was to be born.

The year that Henry was born, 1911, was the same year that Paul was sent to school although he was still too young. There had to be at least eight students attending before the district would hire a teacher. Peggy Roeser was their first teacher and the little one-room schoolhouse was known as the Broadway School. It was located at 15th Avenue and Roeser Road. The older children had attended St. Mary's before the family moved to the ranch. In a few years they went back there again, this time driving a horse and buggy to school.

It is a wonder how they got any irrigation water. Before Roosevelt dam was finished in 1912, four neighbors, Leo Hoghe, Jim Ray, John Wirer, and Luie Weiler, combined to buy a half share in the Tempe Canal System for four thousand dollars. This share of water had become available when the Miller Ranch in Tempe was destroyed by a Salt River flood.

The water was diverted from a small brush dam east of Tempe. Most of the ditch they had to use was later built into the Western Canal. The four combined shareholders received a run of 1,000 miners inches of water for twelve hours every eighth day. It had to be picked up by the farmers themselves, and was then split four ways since they had combined shares. Part of the time they picked it up at 16th and Baseline, and other times at 40th Street and Baseline. When there was not enough water in the river, they pumped from a well at 56th Street and Southern. It was a long way to bring water, and a lot of ditch to maintain. Sometimes it washed out from a gopher hole, and sometimes a homesteader would just help himself.

Gradually, the land was all cleared, leveled, and put into cultivation with the help of all the boys. After their father died, they helped their mother with the ranch. Paul was the first son to leave the ranch, he left for a life of plumbing when he turned twenty-one. Then Joe soon moved to town and left Ted and Hinie to take care of things. The two of them did a lot of custom tillage work in addition to taking care of the ranch and dairy.

In 1937, to qualify for a loan, Ted's mother divided the ranch, giving Ted the northwest quarter, Hinie the southwest quarter, and keeping the east 80 which she willed to Margaret.

After Hinie left, Ted continued to manage the ranch and dairy, and leased more land. His farming operation was known as Weiler Farms. When his sons, Carl and Wayne, grew up they were eventually taken in as partners.

In 1959, after living on the same ranch for fifty years, Ted

traded his 40 acres for a ranch of 355 acres near Buckeye. This he farmed individually; the partnership leased land in both Rainbow Valley and Harquahala Valley, while still farming in the Phoenix area. Continuously, there always has been and there still is at least part of the Old Homestead being farmed by Weilers--first Ted's father, then Ted, and since then, one or both of Ted's sons.

Ted sold his Buckeye ranch in 1969 and moved to Laveen, where he now resides on a 1.25 acre ranchette. Along about then the partnership was dissolved and Carl and Wayne went on farming, each on his own. Ted is still very interested in farming--it is his life--and he keeps busy running errands and helping Carl. He also likes to travel.

Ted was very much concerned with the dairy for many years. In the beginning, on the ten acres Ted's parents had south of Phoenix, they kept a couple of cows for the family's use. However, they actually started milking the cows and selling or trading the milk for groceries in 1906 when they bought six cows from a Mr. Agner. The M Quarter Circle () brand came with those cows. This brand was given to Wayne in 1970, as Ted had no further use for it at that time.

When the family moved from the ten acres to the Old Homestead in 1908, of course the cows came, too. The older children took turns staying out of school and herding the cows on the desert. On the Homestead, they made cheese for sale and hauled it once a week by wagon to a grocery store in Tempe. Later, they sold whole milk. Throughout all of Ted's grade school years, he and the other children had to milk forty to sixty cows by hand before and after school, and then haul the milk to town on their way to school at St. Mary's. They finally bought a

milking machine in 1924.

About 1912, a Mr. Hughes, who was a farmer living west of Laveen, had a small herd of cows. He asked Ted's father to keep the herd for him temporarily and later sold the animals to the Weilers for a very reasonable price. It really was a big help to the family. Thus, the dairy grew through the years. Eventually, Ted's mother gave him a half interest and willed the other half interest to Margaret. Then in 1950 Ted bought Margaret's interest and operated the dairy until selling it in 1962 after his son Eddie died. Eddie had been the only one of Ted's children who was interested in cattle of any kind.

Ted graduated from St. Mary's in 1922. He attended Phoenix Union night school for several years learning the skills he could use in his business of farming and dairying.

On November 28, 1931, Ted married Alice G. Horton, a city gal. Alice was born May 2, 1912 in Philip, South Dakota, and came to Arizona in December of 1927. She graduated from Phoenix Union High School in 1930. Ted and Alice were the parents of five children: Carl, Wayne, Evelyn, Marjorie, and Eddie.

Carl Edward was born August 15, 1932. He married Emily Knight in February, 1958. They had one daughter, Cynthia, and adopted a second daughter, Vicki Jo. Emily died in 1965. In 1966 Carl married Patricia Duncan; she had three boys and two girls by a previous marriage.

Carl has always farmed or helped with farming except while he was attending the University of Arizona and during the two years he was in the Air Force. At present he farms five thousand acres with his three stepsons. His operation is known as Agricultural Enterprises, Inc.,

with an office in Laveen and another near Cashion.

Carl has been the president of the Arizona Cotton Growers Association and is now the Chairman of the Board of the association. He is also the chairman of the Producers Steering Committee, National Cotton Council, and has been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture to the National Cotton Board. In 1972 he was elected to serve on the Salt River Project Council, succeeding his Uncle Joe, and is still serving as Chairman of the Board.

Wayne Alois was born December 9, 1934. He married Mary Jo Stromfall in February 1952. They had two girls, Maxine and Luane. Luane died in 1960 at the age of two. Wayne was a race driver and still owns a midget racer. He farms six hundred acres and kept the name of Weiler Farms, which is now incorporated.

Evelyn Marie was born May 15, 1938 and married Ralph Edward Weber on February 13, 1957. Their children are David and Carla Mae.

Marjorie Ann was born November 23, 1940. She married John DeAngelo February 23, 1961, and their three children are Linda Theresa, Jill Marlene, and Justin Paul.

Edwin David, Eddie, was born June 29, 1942 and died in February, 1961.

Ted had interests other than farming and dairying. He was the president of St. Catherine's Men's Club. He was active in 4H when his boys were young, and served as director of the United Dairymen for fourteen years. He was president of the Roosevelt Local of the Arizona Farm Bureau, and also was director of the Buckeye Soil Conservation District for ten years. He served on the Salt River Water Users Council for ten

years, 1949-1959. The Water Users Council is now known as the Salt River Project. Joe, Ted's brother, had been elected to that position in 1964 and served until Carl succeeded him in 1972.

Ted's brothers and sisters all led interesting lives, too. Anna, 1897-1945, became a nurse. She married James Kemper Jagoe in 1928, but she had no children.

Joe, 1899-1978, married Victoria Pinching in 1931. He worked at the post office and farmed small acreages on the side. They had one son, Joseph Herbert, who married Marjorie Zepp. Joseph and Marjorie had one son, Philip, and adopted Christopher.

Margaret Helen, 1901-1962, never married. She lived on the Old Homestead throughout her life.

Dorothy, born in 1903, lives in Blythe, California. She married George Van Horn in 1930; he worked for RID. They moved to Casa Grande where they farmed and raised Charolais cattle. Later they moved to the Colorado River area near Blythe, again farming and raising Charolais. Dorothy and George had six children: George, Dorothea, Mary, Gloria, William Edward, and Laurentz; and their family histories are as follows:

- George married Pat and they had four children.
- Dorothea married Raymond Hoover and they had six children.
- Mary was married to Bill Wayne but they had no children. After Bill died, she married Frank Brown and they had one daughter named Kelly. They now have a horse ranch.
- Gloria married Charles Jemes and they are the parents of four girls. The Jemes are cattle feeders.
- William, "Bill," married Norma Wilcox and they have three sons.

- Laurentz was married twice but has no children.

Ted's older brother Paul, 1905-1960, married Marion Tedlock and they had one son, Randy, who married twice and had one daughter and one adopted daughter.

Hinie, born in 1911, lives in Tempe. He married Dorothy Esser in 1937 and they had two sons. Robert married Barbara Falkoski and they had three children. Kurt married Geertje, who was from Holland, and they have no children. Kurt is the Program Director for the National Science Foundation.

Alice, the gal from the city, has had a variety of interests throughout the years. She was a telephone operator before she was married to Ted and for the first few years of her married life. She is a past county chairman of the Women's Farm Bureau and Past Prefect of St. Henry's Sodality in Buckeye. Beginning in 1964, she worked for the next sixteen years for the Department of Agriculture as a Farm Enumerator. She is a past president and current vice president of the Roosevelt Neighborhood Women's Club, and was of great help with the Camp Fire Girls when her own daughters were little. Alice is also past president of the Phoenix Phun Phinder Chapter of the Good Sam Recreational Vehicle Club.

PORT PARKER

SEDONA, ARIZONA

When is a man a man?

For starters, to be a Pioneer Stockman, a man's got to be seventy-five years old and have his lifelong sins recorded in Arizona's *Pioneer Ranch Histories*. Yet, no history of the Old West would be complete without a look at the character of the man behind the stockman.

Approached for his biography for *Ranch Histories*, Port Parker told this writer (a member of his family) when she requested a few comments on this frazzled end of his misspent life, "Dang it! It ain't till a man's three quarters of a century old, rode hard, and put up wet that they dig up a pile of virtues to pin on him. What took you so long?" She replied it wasn't till now Port was ripe enough to harvest, and assured him he had much to contribute to the documenting of Arizona livestock history.

And interviewing Port Parker was much like rustlers working a brand over; you slap a wet gunny sack over the old brand and burn the new one on top of that, and it'll hair up as if it's been there all its life. But if you ever peel the hide off that cow, the original "iron" will read loud and clear.

Writing about Port's life--from wooly cowboy of the Bradshaw brush to Chief Inspector of the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board--was kind of like skinning that cow to get to Port Parker, past and present: rodeo relay racer, roper, dude wrangler, rancher, father, grandfather, retiree, and shirt-tail kin to the great chief Quannah Parker of the Texas plains.

But seeing as how 1984 is the year the American Folklife Center of the Library of Congress is touring an exhibit on "The American Cowboy" through several U.S. cities, let's talk cowboy. The historians behind the exhibit claim that the world has long held in its heart a fascination for the American Cowboy, from back in the cattle boom of the 1870s, "when he was viewed as a criminal on the edge of society, through the industrial age to the present, when he remains an enduring romantic hero."

As a young cowboy, Port worked for the Diamond Two Ranch in Wagoner, Arizona. And from his earliest days burning that Diamond Two brand into the hides of the wild cows of the Bradshaw Mountains, a place a man won't want to get caught barefoot, Port would one day become the Chief Inspector of Arizona livestock and would accumulate a lifetime of wisdom about brands and those who fool with them. It's been said of Port there ain't a cow, horse, rancher, or veterinarian in the state that he can't call by first name and no square mile of rangeland he doesn't know better than his own face.

Loyalty to the iron being the hallmark of the true cowhand, in his own puncher-boy days there seemed to be no mountain too high or canyon too deep where Port and his pardners haven't gone to gather wild cows, to doctor for pinkeye or screwworm, pack salt, or develop water. And this, according to the Library of Congress, defines the authentic cowboy: a man whose main concern is caring for cattle.

The novel which best illustrates this is a favorite of Port's--Harold Bell Wright's *When a Man's a Man* is set in the Arizona Territory and was published in 1914. It calls Arizona "a strong man's country."

Wright opens his tale of manhood with a description of the powerfully beautiful ranch country horizons. "There is a land where a man, to live, must be a man. . . . It is a land of oaks and cedars and pines --and a man's mental grace must be as the grace of the untamed trees." It sings of the unfenced range.

But since the time Port Parker choused cattle in that same Yavapai County, he has seen Arizona ranching change. He has seen the cowmen forced off the open range and into grass grazing and feedlots, seen fenced pastures and the planting of feed crops.

Back before the fences cut off the cow trails and Mr. Automobile wasn't yet king of the road, Port Parker trailed cows on a few old-time type drives from the wild and piney mountain ranges of Northern Arizona down through the ball-cholla cactus of the desert valleys around Phoenix. With some of the top cowhands in the American West, Port made camp and "sang to the night-herd" on these drives, much as his dad before him had done in Texas in the 1880s.

And to tell the truth, the role of the true range cowboy has remained basically the same since the nineteenth century. A cowboy still has to do a long day's work, and he still has to "learn cow." And sure has to savvy horseflesh, for a cowboy, above all, is a man on horseback. By the time Port became Chief Inspector for the Livestock Sanitary Board, he bridged the gap between the pre-industrial cowpoke of the Arizona frontier and the new synthetic breed taking team-roping lessons at some Scottsdale "clinic for cowboys" or straddling a Toro bucking machine in a tavern for two dollars.

The only "clinic" Port Parker ever knew was the remote crags and

cedar reaches of the Bradshaw Mountains around Prescott when that town was still a place with the hair on, "a bad place to have your gun stick."

Western Horseman magazine has called the Bradshaw Mountain range probably the toughest cattle country in the United States. Straight up or straight down, take 'em any way you like 'em, the Bradshaws quickly decide when a man's a man. Their tangled manzanita, salt cedar jungles, shaley bluffs, and thorny chapparal were full of wild cattle that bushed up by day on Port and his pardners. Back in the 1930s, when one snorty critter showed her snout and gave Port a little "clinic," he roped her and tied her to a black-jack oak, and his horse flipped over on him. "The lights plumb went out," he says. "I don't recall how conscious I was, but George Champie got me into my saddle and down the mountain. I was laid up in bed a month. A chiropractor found I had broke something in my neck. He fixed it."

In *When a Man's a Man*, the tenderfooted dude who will later call himself "Honorable Patches" decides to become an Arizona cowboy, that nothing else will make him a complete man, to be a rider in "a land of riders."

In a land of riders, automobiles ought to be few. Not one to whine about how much "better" the old days were, nevertheless, when pressed, Port will admit, "Speaking for myself, *I* liked the old days better." But, of course, Port's the old breed; when a man was a man, he was a cowboy. And some have called a cowboy a man "with guts and a hoss."

"I had a little bay horse once," Port remembers, "and he was

cold-blooded. He didn't have an ounce of hot blood in him. Blood-red bay. A beautiful color. And he was what a cowboy'd call 'coon-footed.' He dropped down on his ankles, and his head was ugly as a hammer. He was the easiest horse to ride and had more cow sense than any horse I've ever seen. He only weighed a thousand pounds, and he was always ready to go, never got tired. And when the country got too rough and steep, and you'd be afraid he might fall, you could jump off him, and he'd follow you just like a dog right up the side of the mountain.

"His name was 'Sammy.' But one day little Sammy come in off the range there near Walnut Grove where I was working at the Diamond Two at Kirkland. And Sammy run off with a bunch of these wild horses that used to be all over that part of Arizona. And I think somebody shot him, like they were doing then. Sammy. He wasn't a pretty horse at all. But I believe he was the best."

While cowboying in the rough and salty Bradshaws, and after a wreck or three horseback, Port recognized that, "The horses I was riding and the country I was working maybe called for a few revisions in my saddle. Those old-style saddle trees with the big swallow fork and high cantle were kind of hard to get your leg up over in real brushy country. And also, the sort of horses I rode seemed to require a saddle more for their particular build. So I went to Fred Porter there at Porter's Saddlery in Phoenix and told him what I needed: a lower cantle and swells not so big and make the tree lighter in weight. He built 'er."

Porter's patented this as "The Port Parker Saddle" in 1933, and it came into use all over Arizona. A classic, it somewhat revolutionized range saddles at that time. In the opinion of retired veterinarian Jack

Fletcher of Prescott, "Any cowboy who owned a Port Parker saddle liked it."

Port Parker's father, Daniel Webster Parker, was born in Weatherford, Texas--Parker County. He married Arminda Jane Solomon, and they owned a ranch in Rock Springs, Texas--Edwards County. Five children were born to them there before they came on to the Arizona Territory and settled at the Bouquet Ranch in Gila County (Tonto Basin) in 1904. Dan Parker branded his cattle DWP connected. And he soon began hiring out his mule teams for the building of nearby Roosevelt Dam.

At the "Roosevelt settlement" dam site, two more children were born to Dan and Arminda Parker. Port Parker was born there June 6, 1906 and named Porter William Parker. In 1912, in order that the older girls enter high school, Dan Parker sold the Bouquet Ranch "on Tonto" and moved his family to Tempe, where Port entered the first grade.

A few years later Port and D. W. Parker went to Waggoner, Arizona to work on the ranch of Ira Walker, whom Dan Parker had known in Rock Springs, Texas. Port lived with the Walkers for several years. And in 1925, when he turned nineteen, he went to work for the Diamond Two Cattle Company owned by Bixbys at Walnut Grove.

"I worked at the Diamond Two on and off for four or five years," he remembers, "and then went over to Castle Hot Springs," for he had become acquainted with Lawton Champie and his family there. With Lawton's nephew, Charlie Morgan, Port wrangled dudes at the posh Castle Hot Springs resort.

During that time, Port cowboyed one summer for the J L Bar ranch belonging to Billy Stroup. He wrangled dudes at Castle Hot Springs

again the following winter. About 1925 or so, he worked for Lawton Champie's ranch in the summer and returned to the Diamond Two at Walnut Grove come winter; this time as foreman. The Diamond Two then sold to John Osborn.

Reminiscing with old friends, Port is apt to recall John Osborn's bowlegs and that the old cowman told folks his legs got bowed on account of he "kept them wet." Also, once a feller asked Osborn if "them boys" weren't a little "young to be riding such wild broncs," and Osborn replied, "They'll age fast!"

During the 1920s, Port also punched cows for J. O. Carter, who owned the Necktie Ranch at Walnut Grove, and worked for Fred Cordes at Cordes, Arizona. "Meanwhile, I went to rodeoing, like all the boys. First rodeo I ever worked was Wickenburg, 1928, while wrangling dudes at Castle Hot Springs." Why did Port take up rodeo? "Just for the sport in it. Also, rodeoing was a natural extension of a cowboy's life then. We were working on these ranches and got a kick out of going to a rodeo."

While rodeoing and wrangling dudes at Castle Hot Springs resort in 1931, Port homesteaded 640 acres there in Yavapai County (and proved up on the land in 1936). "I built me a little one-room frame shack, unpainted, no inside plumbing. It sat up on a little point. Called the place 'Port Parker's Poverty Point.'" During his homesteading years at Poverty Point, whose water source was a spring, Port bought the remnants of Billy Stroup's cattle and the JL brand. He used it until he sold it, along with the homestead and grazing rights, to Wes Barnett.

By that time, though, Poverty Point had some fame. Between rodeos and dude wrangling, the cowboys used to say, "Let's go out and stay with

Port!" And they would pitch their bedrolls there until the next rodeo came along.

In 1981, *Western Horseman* magazine's "Old Timer's Album" ran a photograph of Port Parker. Back in 1924 and also 1934, early-day rodeo promoter Tex Austin took the sport to England. Port was one of the contestants selected for the 1934 trip. With rodeo stock supplied by Elliott and McCarty, Port traveled aboard the ship Nurania, whose home port was Liverpool. The other rodeo hands photographed aboard the Nurania with Port were Joe Welch, John Jordan, and Eddie Woods. Of these, Port is the only one still living. The rodeo team chosen to show the British how we do it in the wild frontier included Arizona's Everett Bowman, one day to be World Champion Cowboy.

Port recalls sailing out of New York and enjoying several days of nice weather on the Atlantic. The landlubber cowboys were getting their sea legs and had whipped up a little poker game one night in the hull of the Nurania. Suddenly, up came a little ocean squall, and the ship went to pitching like a bronc. Soon, bronc rider Eddie Woods rose from the poker table and went up on deck to get fresh air. Port says, "Directly, here came old Eddie back. 'Eddie,' we said, 'has the moon come up yet?' And he said, 'Well, if I swallered her, she damned sure come up.'"

By the time the Nurania and its poker game docked at Liverpool and Port and his compadres knocked around London a week (had their pictures taken with the Buckingham Palace guards), Port's old pockets had "sprung a leak." By the time the rodeo rolled around, he was "hungrier than a woodpecker with the headache."

Port entered the wild-horse race. In that event, you were allowed

to fan the bronc with your hat, and this Port certainly did. He was bucked off, however, and he recalls how hungry and broke he felt picking up his hat from that English dirt. "I was sorta despondent." To his amazement, it was then announced that a fifty dollar prize was going to the cowboy who made the *wildest* ride in that event. That cowboy was Port Parker. He ate in England after all.

In those rodeos of the late 1920s and 1930s, Port traveled all over Arizona and California and the rest of the West and Midwest. The Rodeo Historical Society of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City published a book, *Who's Who in Rodeo* (1983), and its editor asked Port for his help.

Fifty years ago Port's closest rodeo companions were Charlie Morgan (once of Castle Hot Springs, now of Glendale, Arizona), Lawton Champie (Castle Hot Springs), Homer Ward (Carlsbad, New Mexico), Sid Vail (California), and James, "Jimmy," Minotto. Minotto was an Italian count from Chicago who had married into the Swift meat-packing family and also owned a ranch at Walnut Grove, Arizona.

Port told the Rodeo Historical Society that Jack McClure was the best calf roper he knew. And that Arizona's Roy Adams was "the most spectacular bulldogger." Roy was big and stout, "always real well-dressed, a tie and kind of business suit. And when he jumped off on top of that steer, he never touched the dirt!"

The best all-around cowboy in the 1930s, in Port's opinion, was the late Breezy Cox of Duncan, Arizona. "Was nothing in the rodeo world Breezy couldn't do: bulldog, calf rope, team rope, steer-tie, ride broncs, wild horse race . . . ," Port recalls. Breezy first started out

punching cows on a big ranch, called the Circles, near Globe; it has since been taken over as part of the Apache Indian Reservation but was once run by John Osborn. "Breezy Cox was a natural at everything, ranching or rodeoing. As a person, too, he was rough and ready. He'd drink with you, fight with you, rodeo with you. I've seen Breezy party all night and wake up next morning to go walk off with the day money at the big rodeo show."

Rodeoing in those days, "We didn't travel like they do today in private rigs and airplanes. We had pickup trucks with stock racks, a few horse trailers but not the fancy rigs you see today, just beat-up outfits you'd be ashamed to put a horse in nowadays. Mostly, though, we traveled by train and car long distances. And sometimes you'd have a horse you'd borrow when you got to the rodeo if you had to rope or something." Or maybe a roper would ship his horse by rail in the baggage car. "But that was expensive. Lawton Champie did it once to a special rodeo in California."

In the old-time rodeo, "Goat-roping was big, but not the kind the girls do today. Then, a man just roped the goat as you might a calf, and you tied him down. Goats were good to rope, but it required a different sort of horse from a calf-roping horse. A goat couldn't run as fast as a calf, and a goat was always a-dodgin'. If you used a calf horse, you'd get him to checking too fast. So you had your goat horse."

The truly popular event in old rodeos was "that [team] relay racing. Carl Arnold of Buckeye was considered one of the world's best relay riders. He taught me the game, and we contested together." This begame Port's specialty. Using the rubber-cinch relay saddle. That

cinch stretched to fasten in the metal rings for the rapid changing of horses in the race. In 1933, the year before Port sailed to England, he had used the rubber-cinch relay saddle in a rodeo at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Port rode the saddle in many rodeos; in particular, Prescott, where the relay race was a favorite event. Though Port also competed in the wild-horse race. "What a lot of folks don't know is that there's no better saddle also for the wild-horse race than the rubber-cinch one. If the horse sets in to bucking, the rubber tightens the cinch."

Talk of rodeo brings memories of the horses of the 1930s. Port recalls Arthur Beloat of Buckeye owned "a big, white-streak-faced horse called Big Bill, later sold to Carl Arnold. Everything in the world of rodeo you could do on a horse, they did on Big Bill."

A bulldogging horse in particular stands out in Port's mind, "a little bay horse with a very ugly head called Hog-Eye." He was first owned by Roy Adams and sold to Bob Crosby (of Roswell, New Mexico) in 1933. Later, Hog-Eye was again sold and traveled all over to rodeos in the U.S. and Australia.

Crosby had purchased Hog-Eye when Port and his pardners were rodeoing at the World's Fair in Chicago. "Afterwards," Port said, "we shipped these horses by rail in a boxcar. Two baggage cars full, back to Arizona. And I was in charge of 'em. Now, Bob Crosby's ranch was in Roswell, New Mexico, so Crosby told me to be sure and situate this Hog-Eye horse near the door of the boxcar, so when the train stopped near Roswell, I could unload him quick-like. 'That train'll stop for five minutes only,' Crosby told me, 'so you've got that much time to unload

this horse.' I asked him would there be an unloading platform. 'No, there won't!' Crosby said. 'Just jump that horse down from the boxcar.' It was a four or five foot drop. I said, 'What if I cripple him?' And he said, 'If that'll cripple him, I don't want to own him.'"

When the Roswell stop came up, Port threw open the boxcar door and pitched the end of the rope over the side. "Old Hog-Eye come over and peered down. It was just about getting daylight. Though he had every chance of slipping, he didn't hesitate. His main problem was getting himself a footing at the edge of the baggage car so he could jump." And jump he did. In those days horses weren't so bred-up and high-strung, And the best rodeo horse, even, had to be rough and ready like the cowboys who used them.

In recalling the rough stock of older rodeo strings, he says, "The *showiest* bronc I ever knew was Firebird Fitz, owned by Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo. Dun horse. When Firebird Fitz cut loose in the arena, he'd rear up like he was planning to flip over backwards. Naturally, his rider would bail off." Port doesn't recall if it was Sears and Roebuck or the Montgomery-Ward catalogue, but the cover of one of 'em featured Firebird Fitz. And right in the middle of the old booger's hurricane deck was Lawton Champie, "his spurs hooked 'way up in the bronc's shoulders."

After rodeo, Port worked for the federal government, counting horses on the Navajo Indian reservation in 1935. "But the job got too lonesome, so I quit and came on back to Castle Hot Springs to cowboy for Lawton Champie."

In 1940, Justin Dart then bought the old Bell Ranch at Rimrock in

Arizona's Verde Valley. He hired Port to run it. Cattle and farming. The ranch was sold one day to Ken Watters of Santa Barbara, California. The Dart Ranch (Watter's ranch) at Rimrock has since been subdivided as a country club called Lake Montezuma.

While at the Dart Ranch, Port met Ella Martelonno at Coyote Basin, a ranch belonging to the Soda Springs dude ranch. This period late in the 1930s was the heyday of the Verde Valley winter resort ranches. The three main ones--Beaver Creek, Rimrock, and Soda Springs--all lay within a few mines of one another and several cattle ranches.

On New Year's Eve of 1941, Port and Ella were married at the Dart Ranch. Port and Ella's two sons were both born in the Jerome Hospital: James Port Parker (named for Jimmy Minotto) in 1943 and Kenneth William Parker in 1945.

One day at the Dart Ranch, Port put a hay hook in a bale of hay and twisted "something." An accumulation of old bronc injuries and rodeo jarrings and this slipped disc now would mean a painful back operation for spinal fusion in 1949 and a long convalescence. Port was told he would never walk again.

He walked.

In 1950, "I took charge of a big farm near Blythe, California belonging to John Hennessey, a cowman and sheepman who had owned the Horseshoe Ranch at Bloody Basin. I had once managed the Horseshoe," Port said. "Lewis Wingfield owns it today."

Then in 1951, the Port Parkers moved to Phoenix. Nice little acreage on 27th Avenue and Orangewood where the boys had 4-H sheep, and Port went to work for the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board.

Port's oldest son, James, married Linda LaMar of Florence, Arizona. Today Jim ranches and farms cotton in Buckeye, using the Swinging S brand passed on to him by his dad. Jim and Linda have four children: Port James, Cristan, LaMar, and Mindy.

After twenty-three years of service, Port Parker retired from the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board in 1975 and was given an El Camino at his retirement party, widely attended. He and Ella then moved into a house at Litchfield Park which had been built for them by their son, Ken. Later, Ken built a home for his parents in Paradise Valley where they lived a year before it was sold. Then they moved to Sedona in 1980 and live in a beautiful Mediterranean-style "villa" on the side of Sky Mountain. Port and Ella overlook the red rock range that was formerly the ranch country where they courted, now gone to luxury homes.

In Oak Creek Village there, Ken Parker is building Northern Arizona's premier luxury resort--complete with condominiums, spa, and golf course--called "The Ridge." Port's daydream is to run a string of dude horses at The Ridge, showing riders some of the same country he cowboyed in his youth.

A rider once "in a land of riders," Port Parker today can still fork a horse. But most of all, as far as any ranching history is concerned, Port "learned cow" and rescued a few out of the wild cedar reaches of the tough and beautiful Arizona landscape, where the sun hunkers down every night "*and the frost lies thick on a cowboy's tarp*."

by Cynthia Buchanan

HOWARD AND BESSIE FILLEMAN

SAFFORD, ARIZONA

Howard's father, John Joseph Filleman, was born May 2, 1861 on a farm near D'Hanis, Texas. He left home at the age of twelve and made his way into west Texas. In 1873, west Texas was one of the roughest, toughest regions in the United States--headquarters for cattle and horse thieves, bandits and outlaws of all kinds. The young boy made out all right, however, spending several years in that area on cattle ranches or on drives with trail herds.

With the passing of time, John felt west Texas was becoming "too damned settled" and decided to move on to Arizona. However, he returned to Texas and married Annie Chisholm of Uvalde, Texas in the spring of 1886. Annie was a daughter of John Chisholm, the blazer of the famous Chisholm Trail. A few years later, John returned to Arizona with his family.

The Fillemans settled in Solomonville, Arizona and John worked on the Rail N ranch, owned by I. E. Solomon. Solomon was one of the founders of the old Gila Valley Bank, established November 4, 1899, which was the forerunner of the Valley National Bank.

Within a couple of years they moved to Fort Thomas, where John managed the J. N. Porter outfit until 1892. It was during that same year that he acquired his own ranch and a few head of cattle, and thus was able to re-establish the Four Bar brand which he had at one time used in Texas. Since his own small outfit required only part of his time, John worked off and on for the CCC outfit and as cattle inspector

on the San Carlos Apache reservation. By 1907, he had become manager of the Double Circle outfit on Eagle Creek above Clifton.

In 1912 John bought a ranch on Eagle Creek, turning his Fort Thomas ranch over to his two sons, Joe and Howard. John and Annie lived on Eagle Creek until her death in 1931. From then until his own death on July 10, 1942, John lived with his daughter in Clifton and in Tempe.

A quiet and unassuming man, John Filleman was highly respected in his community, as are his decendants today. He lived during an adventurous period in the history of Texas and Arizona, and many incidents occurred during his lifetime that would make very interesting reading. Howard Filleman recorded many of his memories of the events and happenings that occurred to John Filleman and the men he worked with. Howard wrote them to the best of his memory and with malice toward none. The following are some of those memories.

"How well I remember," Howard began. "As a young man, my father worked for several outfits in Duncan, Ash Peak, and San Simon country. I can remember when he told us kids about him going back to Uvalde in Texas, and marrying our mother, Annie. There were nine of us children. I was born in 1895 in Solomonville. So was all the rest of the family, except for my oldest sister, Clara, who was born in Texas in 1889.

"When my dad worked awhile as a jailer, he used to tell about how hard it was to keep an old fellow, called Climax Jim, locked up. Dad said he would lock him up. But if he went off and left 'em for awhile, when he come back Climax would be sittin' in his office with his feet up on the desk, smoking a cigar. Dad didn't stay with that job long.

"He then decided to record him a brand and go into the cattle

business. I think he worked out a few cattle from I. E. Solomon. Solomon branded I E on the left side. My father recorded the 4 brand on the left hip. His earmark was over-half-crop and figure seven under it, both ears  . This was in the territorial days. They burned the brand in a leather tag. I guess that they sent it in and that was all the red tape they had to go through. I don't know if they had a Sanitary Board then, but presume they had somewhere to keep them recorded.

"He went from Solomonville to Geronimo. At that time Geronimo was about two miles east of where it is now. Where the town used to be, close to the reservation line, is all river bottom now. He moved his little bunch of cattle down the Goodwin Wash and Black Rock country. He worked for J. N. Porter who branded the Box X (). I believe he sold to Vickers, who owned the Chiricahua CCC outfit. Dad went to work for them.

"He then went to work for the Government at San Carlos. He worked there for several years as a line rider, and worked their horses and cattle. At that time the Indians had very few cattle, but they had lots of broomtails, wild mares. He would make a horse work every year and castrate the studs. The Indians at that time went by numbers instead of names. When they put the Indian brand on they would put a box with the letters US on the right hip ().

"Father had a brother, Jake, who had come out from Texas. He and a fellow by the name of Fred Haas had a little outfit together. They used to tell a story about Uncle Jake and Fred. They were after a maverick bull and Fred was ahead of Uncle Jake, trying to get his rope on the bull. He would rope at the bull and miss him. Jake couldn't get a

throw so he just fore-footed Fred's horse. It liked to have killed poor old Fred.

"When he left there, he went back to work for J. N. Porter again. He moved his family back to Geronimo and built an adobe house north of the Gila River from Geronimo. I think this belongs to Alf Claridge now.

"Geronimo was at the end of the railroad and, at that time, a wild town. For a long time the CCC and the 4-4 outfits shipped from there, until they moved to where Bylas is now. There were a lot of tough fellows passed through Geronimo. Lots of them ended up in the graves there.

"Mr. Porter sent Dad to Eagle Creek to run the Box X (branded on the right side), also, the D M and NO – ⌒+ . The 4-4 was the main brand at that time.

"I can't remember if Potter bought the Battendoff or Smith's. They used to call the place I once had my cabin on the Battendoff cabin. He gathered all the cattle out but a remnant and moved them to Calva on the Gila. They kept them there awhile, then they moved another bunch in from Sulphur Springs Valley. They were branded P M and were brought in by Bill Wootan, father of Frank Wootan at Klondyke, Arizona. They moved them from there to Dripping Springs, close to Globe. They started the – F – brand. They also put – F – on the cattle they had at Eagle.

"After he moved the 4-4 to Calva, he went to work for the CCC. It had changed hands by then to Boice, Gates, and Johnson. That's when Dad decided to gather his cattle off Ash Flat. The CCC had kept his calves branded for him all that time, so he decided Joe and I were getting big enough to help look after them and could gather and bring them back to

the Gila. The CCC furnished him horses to work with, to gather them back to the Gila.

"There was another fellow working for his brother named Bill Brookings and his brother Buck. They owned the $\frac{B}{W}$. These cattle were also moved off of Eagle Creek. Their headquarters were where the Old Hagan place was.

"Jack Filleman now owns this place. Dad gathered 125 head of grown cattle, fifty of them were big steers. Along about 1905 the Gila River went on a rampage. It liked to have wiped Geronimo off the map. There were just a few houses left. One of them belonged to Bert Rupkey. He ran a store in Geronimo, then moved to San Carlos and ran a store there. A fellow by the name of McKay bought the home from Rupkey. My dad traded his place across the river to him for this place so we kids could go to school. They moved the school up in Goodwin Wash, close to the old Dr. Wightman place. We rode burros or walked to school.

"Then Dad went back to the CCC to run a crew of men to build a division fence between the CCC and the ◎ outfits. They had two crews of men on this job. My father's crew cut the right-of-way and set the posts. A man named Ken Talley had the crew to put up the wire. They had about twenty men each, mostly Indians. This fence ran from the head of Soldier Hole Canyon along the Nantez Rim, west to the Summit about ten miles, then they put a fence north about ten miles to Black River. The other fence went on west to Rocky and the Chiricahua Butte.

"John and I were out there with Dad in the summer, and I remember one evening when we all started to eat supper. We were all lined up with our plates, and there was a big Indian ahead of Dad. The bucks

those days all wore long hair. This buck decided to relieve his stomach of gas. When he did, Dad got him by the hair and kicked him in the rear about the same time. Dad swung him around and let him go, and that Indian hit flat on his back. Then that buck jumped up and came towards my dad with his hand sticking out, saying, 'That's all. Me your friend, John.' That Indian was always friendly after that.

"We were camped at Rocky when a cowboy came with a letter from the ◎ wanting him for their range boss. So he quit the fence job and went home. He moved, then, to Fort Thomas where my mother ran a hotel. After Dad went back he got a permit from the Forest Service. The Forest Service had not been in business long then. So we gathered what cattle we had left after one of those droughts and moved them to Eagle in 1909. Joe and I and my older sister, Clara, stayed up there the first summer after moving them up there. The next summer Joe and I would go back after school was out and brand the calves.

"So, in 1911 Father took up a homestead on Middle Prong, now called the Trainor Place. He didn't keep this place long. He relinquished his right there and bought out Frank Hodges. I used to live on this place. Then the big job of moving--by this time there were nine children. He hired a string of burros from Jim Montomery to pack up all of the stuff. It took about five days to make the trip. Uncle Jake helped us move.

"All we had to live in was a little old log cabin about twenty-feet square and a couple of tents. Claude Nichols, who later married Clara, had started a sawmill over on Pine Flat. Father gave him his first sawing job. They hauled the lumber with horses to Eagle, which

was quite a chore. My sister Effie had married a boy by the name of Lump Wyatt. He was a pretty fair carpenter, and he came up and built a five-room house.

"In the meantime, Dad kept on working for the ◎. Joe and I would work for them a lot to help out some. Everything had to be packed in from Metcalf or Clifton on burros. It cost one dollar a hundred pounds for packing it. There were several families made their living that way. Some of the families were large--Mr. Tom Cook had thirteen children. They had their home just above the Box, in Eagle, about a mile below Bill Moore's place. The kids rode burros and horses about four or five miles to school. There were a few that rode from up on Middle Prong: John and Walter Lanphier; the two Johnny Brown girls, Annie and Pearl; Coralea, Mary, Carl and Walter, my brothers and sisters. Joe and I never did go to school at Eagle Creek.

"There were but few fences on Eagle at that time, there were just small patches. The ◎ had the largest farm, Montomery's was the next largest, and then the —>4\ farm belonging to Albert Warren. Baylor Shannon and George Olney bought it just before we moved to the Eagle. People began to come in and went to taking up homesteads. Wade Harris had filed on what is now the 7+A place. He bought a few cows and went into the cattle business. After that, all these fellows went to going in the cattle business. At that time the ◎ had all the Eagle Creek range from Honeymoon down to Deerhead where Arthur Wright's place is. His father, Oren Wright, had located there. They finally bought the old place known as Tule Springs.

"The ◎ gave up their forest permit along about 1916. They had

put a boundary fence along the San Carlos reservation line, about sixty miles of fence. They gathered all their cattle and put them on the reservation side. All of these places have changed hands several times since those days, but the old Four Bar is still in the Filleman family.

"My father quit the ◎ outfit in 1913. After he quit the Double Circle, the last work he did for wages was helping Tom Cummings at the NO— to build the first wild cow trap to be built in the Eagle Creek country. Tom had been working with the Colbys on the Blue; there they had built one where the Stacy brothers were. Those traps gathered a lot of wild cattle out of this country, but they are practically all gone now. The Indian outfits still use lots of them.

"Papa worked so long for wages that he was lost when he quit. He didn't realize how many cattle he had. Joe and I worked them all the time he was off working for wages. After he helped us gather the steers and brand the calves, he settled down to work for himself till he passed away.

"The first ponies Joe and I had were given to us by J. N. Porter when we last worked there with our father."

Comments by Freddie Fritz

Howard and Bessie Filleman had the RN H, the old Hollis ranch, on the Upper Blue. They were married in early 1917. They both lived in Safford.

After 1924, they ranched on Eagle Creek, making their home on the John Filleman homestead. After the death of his mother and father, Howard had his father's old Four Bar brand and cattle.

Howard and Bessie were lifelong friends of mine, and of Kathleen's, too, after we were married in 1924.

Howard was past president of the Greenlee Cattle Growers Association, always active in the State Association, and a true and loyal friend. He and Bessie spent their last years in Safford.

IDA B. "SIS" MARTIN

PAYSON, ARIZONA

Ida Bell "Sis" Martin is one of the few people living in Payson who arrived in this area in a covered wagon. And that was in 1897. At the age of ninety-one, she has a keen memory and her eyes just sparkle when she talks of days past.

Sis was born September 22, 1891 in Dallas, Texas, to Henry Haught and Sarah Bell, more commonly known as "Pappy" and "Mammy" Haught.

"Pappy and Mammy grew up and married in Dallas," said Sis. "My grandfather, Adam Haught, was the second sheriff there.

"My oldest brother, Sam (later known as Green Valley Sam), was born in Dallas in 1889, and I was born there in 1891," Sis said.

"Pappy farmed and raised corn and other crops, then he heard about the Oklahoma Land Rush. He loaded up our wagon and off we went to Oklahoma. My grandmother, Mary Ann Haught, went with us. Grandpa Adam Haught had died.

"We stayed in Oklahoma three or four years. My sister, Mary Margaret (Babe), was born there in 1893, and my brother, Columbus (Boy), was born there in 1895.

"Then Pappy heard that Uncle Fred Haught and Uncle Sam Haught had settled in Arizona under the Mogollon Rim and that it was really good cow country," said Sis. "So he loaded all of us up in two wagons, hitched up the mules and we headed for Arizona.

"Two other wagons traveled with us. Mr. and Mrs. Cook and family had a wagon. So we had a four-wagon train. Mr. Cook's sons, Rube and

Rass rode horses and helped drive the cattle and goats and horses. So did my brother, Sam, and my cousin, Henry Haught, and they were just young boys.

"Two single men, Mac McNeal and John Cameron, were in the train. McNeal drove one of Pappy's wagons and Mammy drove the other one. Pappy rode a horse and drove the livestock. The cattle, goats, and horses were kept in separate herds, and therefore required a lot of care and manpower.

"On the trail, we built fires and cooked big meals every morning and evening. Us kids gathered the firewood. When we couldn't find wood, we gathered dried cow chips--they burned real good.

"We always tried to camp overnight near a windmill or a stream so we could fill our water containers and the livestock could water. All four wagons had ten gallons of water tied to each side.

"Pappy built pens for our chickens and they rode under the chuck box in the wagon. In the evenings when we stopped we let the chickens out to eat greens, then we put them back in their pens to roost. We had fresh eggs most of the way.

"We milked cows the whole trip, too," said Sis, "so we had plenty of fresh milk and cream. Several times Mammy churned the cream into butter.

"We went through White Oaks, New Mexico, and Uncle Pete and Aunt Alice stayed there for a year. The rest of us came on to Arizona.

"Mammy and Pappy had four kids when we left Oklahoma, but Sis Million was born when we reached the White Mountains in Arizona, on August 10, 1897. The wagons stopped one day for Million to be born,

then we came on with Mammy bedded down in the wagon.

"On August the twentieth in 1897, we arrived at Uncle Fred Haught's place under the Mogollon Rim. The first thing I remember is Uncle Fred and the other men went out to the big orchards and picked baskets of fruit for us to eat. This was the first fruit us kids had ever seen, and I can still remember how delicious it was.

"The Ellison family had lived there before Uncle Fred, and they had planted the orchard and built a big house with two fireplaces," Sis said. "All of us lived there with Uncle Fred.

"We lived there for several years and us kids attended the Myrtle School. Pappy was the first postmaster at Myrtle.

"Later, Pappy bought a place on Tonto Creek from Dick Williams (now the Baptist Camp). We farmed and raised cattle there. Pappy branded with the dollar mark ($) and the H Handle.

"Mammy and us kids stayed on the ranch while Pappy went to work as a blacksmith on the Fossil Creek Pipeline. Henry Garrels, who later became my husband, drove an eight-mule team and freighted redwood for piping in Fossil Creek. He was one of the many freighters and it was Pappy's job to keep all the mules shod.

"A few years later, we moved to Little Green Valley. Pappy traded a hundred heifer yearlings for it. While we lived there he raised cattle and ran a sawmill.

"Pappy loved to play the fiddle. He rode his horse to dances all over the country, and played and sang all night."

Sis remembers they came into Payson by wagon three or four times a year. "We always came in for the August doin's, the community Christmas

tree, and the New Year's dance," she added.

Sis married Henry Garrels on October 4, 1913, in Payson. "We had a big wedding at Tammy Hall (the present location of the Ox Bow Inn)," remembers Sis, "Judge George A. Randall, Julia's dad, married us.

"I had a white lace wedding dress. My sister Babe was the maid of honor, and my brother Sam was the best man.

"All of our kinfolks and friends came for our wedding. We got a whole wagonload of presents and food. Pappy played the fiddle, Pearl Hilligas played the piano, and Tom Ezell played the mandolin. We danced all night and had such a good time."

Sis and Henry had five sons: Billy, Sammie, Ralph, Ernest, and Francis. They lived a few years at the ranch on Tonto Creek, and Billy, Sammie, and Ralph attended the Myrtle school.

In 1924, Henry Garrels died of typhoid fever.

Later, Sis married David Martin and two more children were born: a son, Archie, and a daughter, Nellie Gene, now Mrs. Nellie Gene Connolly. Archie and Nellie were raised in Payson.

David Martin passed away in 1967. Sis still lives in the house built by Dave and her sons in 1936.

A picture of the five generations of Sis Martin appeared in the *Payson Roundup* in 1983. She now spends many hours enjoying her children, her fourteen grandchildren, twenty-eight great grandchildren, and her new great-great-grandchild.

Ida Bell Martin is a very kind and gentle woman, and is loved by the many who call her "Aunt Sis." Her vivid memories of the past make

it possible for younger generations to know and appreciate the many trials and the perseverances of their forefathers and mothers.

Ed. Note: Thanks to Jayne Peace of Payson. Portions reprinted with the permission of the *Payson Roundup*.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN EDWARDS

COCHISE, ARIZONA

Benjamin Franklin Edwards was born on January 30, 1898 near San Angelo, Texas. Edwards County, Texas was named after his grandfather.

When Ben was three years old, he and his parents, his brother Thomas Jackson, and his sisters all traveled in a covered wagon from San Angelo to the Riggs' settlement area in the Chiracahua foothills of Arizona.

Ten years later the family returned to Texas, again by covered wagon. But since Ben was now thirteen, he and his brother Tom rode horseback and drove their remuda, following after the wagon.

A year later they all returned to the vicinity they had so recently left, but they no longer owned their own place or had any cattle. Ben's father, Newton Jasper, had sold out before they had made the journey back to Texas. So, they settled on the old Orchard place in Leslie Canyon and started acquiring land by homesteading as each child became old enough to patent a homestead.

The place had six sections of deeded land, and was an especially good grass area. Ben walked three miles to school in Leslie Canyon, most of the time he was barefooted.

After he finished grade school, Ben cowboyed for Ira Glenn, Jim Hunsacker, and Lem Shattuck, owners of the Barfoot ranch, and other ranchers. He batched it for three years on the Bar M ranch ($\overline{M}$), working for John Cull at that time.

Ben's father passed away in 1919.

These years were hard years to persevere against droughts and water shortages and the prevailing low prices for cattle, like seven dollars for one bull after shipping it all the way to Los Angeles, and having horses falling in holes or otherwise throwing the rider.

Tom and Ben sold the family ranch they all had built to Spencer Shattuck in 1936. Shattuck had holdings in both Yuma and Cochise counties. Then, along with their mother Nettie Edwards, the three of them bought a ranch from Mr. Lehman and moved there. It was located east of the Cochise Stronghold.

Ben married Marie Harder in November of 1937.

In later years Ben and Tom put together the Cochise Stronghold area ranch and stocked it with good Hereford cattle, eventually having a quality herd of registered Hereford cattle. They sold bull calves as weaners to 4-H youngsters. They sold registered bull calves to numerous ranchers. One of the 4-H steers won Champion Steer at the Arizona National in January of 1952. Another was Grand Champion of all breeds, F.F.A. Division, at the Great Western Livestock Show in 1953.

The brand used on the ranch was called the Look Out Rail, or the Railroad Crossing (). The ranch ran around a hundred mother cows. They had no lease permits, as it was all deeded land as stated before.

The ranch, except for ten acres where the home is, was sold in November of 1961 to Horizon Land for a subdivision. Ben Edwards passed away June 21, 1982. Marie still lives on the remainder of the ranch in Cochise County.

CLAUDE KIDD AND ELLA GATLIN

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

I was born January 19, 1903 in Rincon, New Mexico, and came to Arizona in 1905. My families had ranches in Greenlee, Yavapai, and Graham counties. Some of the ranch names were Blue Lopez Place, Silver Creek, Wine Glass, and the Y.L. Ranch on Black Rock. The main brands were the K, the I9, the $\overline{C}$, and the C— , which were the Bar C and the C Bar.

The Earl family left Harrisburg in Washington County, Utah in late 1883 and arrived in Luna, New Mexico in 1884. Wilbur George Earl and Martha Evaline had five children at that time. Sara Harriet Earl was the firstborn, March 15, 1871; Gladys Minever was born March 28, 1874; Amanda was born January 6, 1877; John Cay, March 2, 1879; and Wilbur George, December 5, 1880. Later, in New Mexico, three children were born: Sidney Earl on August 30, 1887, Richard on March 20, 1892, and Edna Elnora on April 11, 1896. Amanda Irene was the only one of the children to be baptized. She was baptized on September 1, 1887 by Preacher Willis Copland.

John Earl was a blacksmith. They say he was a very good smithy. Most of the blacksmith's work was setting wagon rims and sharpening plough shears. He also made tools of all kinds. John Earl was a good rider and an easy man to get along with.

Part of John Earl's old blacksmith shop and the old cellar in which he stored potatoes and turnips is still standing there in Luna. I drew a picture of the shop, and I intended to paint it one day. It

stands at the left of the highway just before you cross the bridge going into Luna across the Frisco River.

I guess they must have had quite a struggle trying to live those first years. They had to build a big barn to keep their stock in at night because the bears, wolves, and lions were so bad. I've heard Grandma and Granpa tell about one time when Grandma and Uncle John, their boy, were going in a wagon to load wood. They said the wolves got after them, and the horses ran away and turned the wagon over on them. Grandma was caught under the wagon, so Uncle John crawled under it, too. The wolves kept on running after the horses. The horses ran into George Earl and he corralled 'em, and then they found Grandma and Uncle John, still under the wagon. The accident hurt Grandma awful bad. She had a bad concussion and never did get completely over it. At times she would just go wandering off and they would have to go hunt her up and bring her back home.

I've heard them tell about having to go to their neighbors and borrow coal to start their fires when they ran out of matches. They later started a co-op store and then went to Round Valley in Springerville to trade.

I remember my mother telling how scared she was when they crossed the Colorado River on a ferryboat at Lee's Ferry on their journey to Luna. Somewhere between leaving Harrisburg and arriving at Lee's Ferry, the boys had been playing around an old mining claim and had found an old box of blasting caps. One of the boys, Uncle John, laid one of the caps on a rock and hit it with another rock. It exploded and nearly put out his eyes. His face was also injured.

I can remember my Uncle Will telling about going on a mission for the church down in Missouri. I guess the missionary boys had a tough time trying to convert people in those days. I'll never forget one story he told me about going into a place with a picket fence around it. He said he walked up to this house and knocked on the door. A man came to the door and Uncle Will told him he was a Mormon missionary. Well, the man got mad and sicked his bulldog after Uncle Will. Uncle Will jumped that picket fence, but before he got over it the bulldog had grabbed him by the seat of the pants and tore the whole seat out! Uncle Will lost his hat but didn't bother to go back and pick it up.

I do remember Granpa telling of the Tole Cosper family living there at Luna. Tole Cosper married Ella Flanagan. I remember this one incident happening. Some man had a fight with the Flanagans. Later, he got drunk and rode up to their house and took out an old pistol. He was sitting there, twirling this old pistol and pointing it at the house, hollering for the man he'd had the fight with to come out, he was going to kill the S.O.B.! Well, Toles Cosper picked up a rifle, walked out, and killed the man himself. I never can remember the man's name.

The old store is still there in Luna, along with the post office. The school stood for many years, too. Willie Lavey finally acquired it. I don't remember if they had a saloon in Luna or not.

The story of the Gatlin's began in Tennessee with the Kidd family before they migrated west. Our great-great-grandfather was Ibrey J. Kidd, his birth day is not known. The Kidd family left Tennessee and came to Texas in the year of 1832, the very beginning of the state of Texas. He was in the Confederate Army and served with Sam Houston

before the battle of San Jacinto. He also fought against Santa Anna in the war for the independence of Texas. His brother Jesse was killed and massacred by the Indians while with an immigrant train. Great-Great-Grandpa was also a Texas Ranger and a surveyor, and did a lot of surveying in Travis County, Texas.

Before leaving Tennessee, Great-Great-Grandpa had a plantation called Aratebellum where Great-Grandma Betty Kidd was born when Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. Great-Great-Grandpa Kidd sold the plantation before moving to Houston.

I've heard Great-Grandma Kidd tell about the Indians attacking Grandpa Kidd and his surveying crew, how they escaped from the Indians and kept from getting killed. The Indians would take their transits and surveying equipment and throw them on the ground, destroying them. Indians were very superstitious and afraid of the compass and other equipment. This kind of adventure encouraged him to join the Texas Rangers!

Great-Grandmother Betty Kidd's mother's maiden name was Sarah Hanks, sister of Nancy Hanks who was Abraham Lincoln's mother. Sarah Hanks married William Gatlin and they were our great-great-grandparents. According to history, not too much was known about Nancy Hanks. William Gatlin was my great-grandfather Thomas Hanks Gatlin's first cousin. Making him my third cousin. Richard Stanfifer was born December 30, 1838 in Bastrop County, Texas. He married Sarah Texas Gatlin at the old Mary Burlson place, a mile north of Elgin, Arizona.

Our grandparents were James Smith Gatlin and Betty Kidd. Their daughter, Martha India Gatlin, was born August 29, 1858 in Bastrop,

Texas. She married Richard Henry Gibbs October 14, 1877 in Bell County, Texas. Thomas Hank Gatlin was born in Bastrop County, November 28, 1862 and he married Martha Lane Fhornlonvea in Belton, Texas, on September 4, 1881. John Christian Gatlin was born July 12, 1851, also in Bastrop. He married Stella Aronet November 17, 1885 in Rowlins, Texas. Charles Wesley Gatlin was born March 17, 1896 at the McGrath home on Tulorosa Creek at the Mule Shoe Ranch.

My Grandfather James Smith Gatlin worked on his father's plantation in Tennessee before he moved to Bastrop, Texas. When he was eighteen he joined the Confederate Army. His daddy, Thomas Gatlin, was opposed to slavery and would never buy one of them. Later, he also joined the Confederate Army and died with pneumonia. Grandfather joined the Texas Rangers when he was discharged from the army.

After my grandparents, James Gatlin and Betty Kidd, were married they moved to San Saba County and started ranching and raising cattle. They also raised many children, moving to Reserve, New Mexico in 1880.

Grandfather had told us many stories of his early cattle drives. He was an old trail driver who herded cattle from Texas and Oklahoma to Dodge City, Kansas. I've heard him say that he had a lot of trouble along the Brazos River, losing cattle in the bogs and mesquites. They called the jungly growth boskys. He told lots of stories about gathering wild cattle out of the boskys, there on the Brazos, going out at night and catching them as they came out of the jungle to graze.

Other stories were about crossing the Red River when it was up, when they were on the trail to Dodge. My father was quite young when he went on the cattle drives to Dodge. He and another cousin, John Gatlin,

were riding burros beside the river and thought there was a limb floating down the river. So Father roped that limb, only it turned out that limb was still hooked onto a tree, and in he went, right into the river along with the burro he was riding. That was the last time he roped a limb floating down the river!

On Grandfather's last trip down the river, he bought two bulls and fifty head of young roan cattle and drove them to Oklahoma, settling there until 1888. Then he left there with his cattle, horses, and wagon. He had a brother in Magdalena. Later he settled in Reserve, homesteading a place and naming it Gatlin Lake. He branded his cattle the O brand. It went plumb around their rear. He said he could always tell his cattle, it didn't make any difference which way they were going.

Grandpa and Grandma lived there many years, and they were always scared of the Indians. It was also 'round the same time that Billy the Kid was traveling and robbing banks. One night in June of 1881, Billy came by my grandparents' ranch and took two fresh horses, leaving the worn-out ones there. Then about a month later, he brought the horses back and he either gave Grandpa an old Stradivarius violin or just left it there. Billy was a very good violinist. I've heard my grandmother say he'd come by once in awhile and play "Billy in the Low Ground," and "Hell among the Yearlings."

Grandma always told this story about Billy. She said she and my Aunt Texy were there by themselves when Grandpa and the boys were out on the roundup. One night someone knocked on the door. She was afraid of Indians and wouldn't go to the door, she said, when she heard Billy holler, "Let me in, Miss Betty." So she opened the door and there stood

Billy and another guy. The other guy was shot through the left side and was really bloody. Anyway, they wanted something to eat and she fixed them some jerky gravy. They wanted two horses and saddles. She told them she didn't have but two old wore-out horses and an old side-saddle and another old wore-out saddle. They said, "We'll take 'em." She knew they'd take them anyway, so she said, "Well, okay." They had robbed the stage over close to Socorro (New Mexico) and their horse had given out on them. They said they would either bring them some money or some horses. So, in about two months they sent Grandma thirty-five dollars apiece for the saddles and old horses.

Grandpa and Grandma had four boys and one girl that were born in San Saba County, Texas. When they first moved to Gatlin Lake, two children were born there: Woody and Ibrey. Harvey, James, Jesse, Albert, and Texie were born in Texas.

My Uncle Dan Gatlin worked on a ranch near Reserve, New Mexico for Montegue Stevens. He was quite a hunter and hunted grizzly bears. He had only one arm and claimed a bear had bitten the other one off. My Uncle Dan said he had fallen and the gun blew it off.

Later my Grandfather James Gatlin and my Uncle Dan got a chance to buy two bunches of cattle from two Englishmen. The year was 1895. My grandfather and Uncle Dan split the herds and Uncle Dan took his to the Dakotas where his brother, Lew Gatlin, was ranching.

Grandfather moved his roan Durham cattle and the W.F. cattle he bought from the Englishmen to what was called Luna Lake. They named it Gatlin Lake at that time, but then it was changed back to Luna Lake. He ran his cattle down on the head of the Blue. He still kept the old O

brand and he stayed there at Luna Lake several years. My dad, Harvey Gatlin, was running the old Mule Shoe cattle ranch there on the Frisco River. He was just eighteen years old at the time.

The Forest Service had begun telling people what to do, and Grandfather didn't like that so he decided to move again. So he and all the boys moved the cattle. They were going to move them to the Tonto Basin over next to the Verde River. On the way there, my dad nearly drowned.

As Grandpa told it, they came to a place out close to a little canyon by Long Valley called Kinicke Kinicke Lake. He said there was a big stream of water coming out of the ground and flowing into a large pond. My father decided to cross the pond with his horse. He dropped right out of sight; he also couldn't swim. When he and the horse finally surfaced, they had to throw him a rope to pull him out. And Grandpa had just bought him a new saddle! They decided to see how deep this hole really was, so they tied a little anvil on a rope and dropped it in but it never did touch the bottom.

They finally got to Tonto Basin and located a place, but then a war broke out between two ranchers and their families, so Grandpa had to take sides with either one or the other of 'em. He didn't want no part of that, so he moved on to Patagonia, Arizona in 1903, where he lived until his death.

My father Harvey moved back to Reserve and went to work on the Mule Shoe Ranch. He often went to Luna for dances. The school was finally built, and a post office and store.

I remember my mother telling this story of the one day she and her girlfriend were standing in front of the post office there in Luna, and

she said Harvey Gatlin, Johnny McDaniel, and Johnny Whealey came riding down what they called the street. It was just a dirt road. Minnie, my mother, said, "There goes the man I'm going to marry!" Her girlfriend said she was going to marry Johnny McDaniel.

The three men came to the dance that Saturday in Luna. And that's where my father and mother met. My father Harvey kept coming to the dances and he brought along the old violin that had been left by Billy the Kid. Father learned to play real well and he played at some of the dances.

Clay Cooper and his daughter played for most of the dances. She played guitar, organ, and piano. She accompanied my father on his violin. The Coopers lived on Apache Creek and father visited them and learned to really play the violin.

At one of the dances, father and mother decided to get married. They asked Johnny McDaniel and Todd Browning to go to Socorro with them for the ceremony. Grandpa Johnny Earl rode clear to Reserve to try and stop them, but Minnie Earl was going to marry Harvey Gatlin, for sure. Minnie was twenty-one and Harvey was twenty at the time. They were married on August 27, 1897. They settled in Reserve and their first two children were born. Mid Charles was born March 6, 1900, and Florence Ella was born August 21, 1901.

Then in 1902, Harvey and Minnie moved to Rincon to run a sheep outfit for Vic Cubbertson. I was born in Rincon January 19, 1903. When I was just three months old, I got sick and nearly died. The old doctor had given me up for dead. Mama said that an old Yaqui Indian went down to the Rio Grande and got some herbs. She made me a poltice and mixed

some kind of tea and gave it to me to drink. That saved me. Then in 1904 we all moved back to Reserve, where three more children were born: Elmer Bradley was born June 23, 1904; Lee Glen, January 8, 1907; and Velma Nora, November 22, 1907.

Papa went into partnership with Johnny Allred there in Reserve. We lived for five years at what is called the Ligett. A neighbor, Montegue Stevens, had a sawmill there at Ligett. We lived in a walled-up tent, and us kids were always going over to the Stevens' place. He told us bear stories.

My father and Johnny Allred always went to Magdalena in the spring and fall to freight our supply of groceries in wagons. They brought in a barrel of sorghum molasses and sacks of sugar. Reginald Allred and I were always getting in trouble. We always got caught for stealing sugar out of the sacks and would get a whipping.

One year Reggie and I got stick horses for Christmas. Well, after they dressed us up that Christmas with knee pants and patent leather shoes, we went out to play. First thing Reggie did was to stick his broom end of the stick horse into a bee hive and both of us got stung. We were two sick boys that Christmas!

Our biggest thrill in those years was going into Luna from Reserve to the Saturday dances. We would go up the Frisco River, and then the mud would freeze on the wagon rims and Father would have to knock off the ice. Father and Uncle Sid and Annie McFate played for the dances. Uncle Sid played the accordion and Father played our old Stradivarius violin. In later years when I no longer could play the old fiddle, we put the brands of everyone that lived on the Blue on the front of it.

Many old families lived on the old Blue River. Toles Cosper had a large family. They branded their cattle with the X-X brand. Their children were Effie, Lula, Etta, Dewitt, Jimmy, Johnny, and Wayne. Some other families on the Blue were the Bells, the Balkes, the Hales, the Snyders, and the Perrys.

My mother, Amanda "Minnie" Earl, had a lot of brothers and sisters. She always remembered their wedding dates. Two of her sisters were married the same day, May 3, 1891. Sara Hattie Earl married W. M. Copeland and Gladys Minerva Earl married M. N. Brown. John Coy Earl married Fannie Howell December 15, 1909. Sidney Oliver Earl married Viola S. Butler May 3, 1913. Richard Carl Earl married in 1908, and Edna Elanora Earl married Ellis Laine Gilisfil in 1916. Most all of Mother's family moved from Luna except my mother.

My parents moved to the Baca Float Grant ranch area at Alto, Arizona in 1909. At that time and for many years Mexico and Arizona were debating who the Grant belonged to. All of us children went to school in Alto, a deserted mining town with mostly Yaqui Indians.

There were a lot of mavericks and sleeper cattle there in the Santa Rita Mountains. My father branded the  and my Uncle Albert the C O T. They both had them recorded. They began to gather the cattle and built a pasture. By 1912 they had around three hundred head of cattle.

During our school days we rode burros to school. Uncle Albert had given me a Jenny, and I and my sister Florence climbed on her to ride to school one morning when Aunt Leata's dog came from the corral and grabbed the burro by the tail. The burro began to buck and knocked me

and Florence off. Florence's foot got caught in the stirrup and the burro dragged her till nearly all her clothes were off. The fall had broken my arm and the bone was sticking out. My arm was numb and I was sick to my stomach. I ran to Aunt Leata and she just fainted on the spot. It was fourteen miles to Patagonia, so my father and uncle borrowed a little spring wagon and started out to Patagonia with Mama and me.

On our way we had to go through a little box canyon. Two wolves had a two-year-old heifer down. They had cut off both of her ham strings, she was crawling on her front legs and draggin' her hind parts. Uncle Albert and Father jumped out of the wagon and shot at the wolves. They had to kill the heifer. The team nearly ran away but Uncle Albert stopped them. They took me on into Patagonia and an old horse doctor had to set my arm. He gave me chloroform and did a good job of setting my arm.

My Grandfather Gatlin lived in Harshaw, and they left me with him for a month so he could take me into the doctor. I can remember him singing as we'd go down the road. He'd sing this old Sally Goodson song: "I went down the road and I'd see Sally coming, and I'd kick up the dust just to see Sally running." He was the best old granddad anyone had.

Us kids would have to take turns taking the horses a half mile to a pasture and milking the old range cow. Grandpa had given us one of the old roan cows that he brought from Kansas. She always raised the biggest calves. Mid and I were supposed to milk this old roan heifer one Christmas Day. Anyway, I had a rope around the big calf and Mid was

milking the heifer. The calf wanted to go to his mother, so he just drug me over to her. Mid got mad and started hitting me with the rope. I got mad and started hitting Mid with my fist. I hit him in the Adam's apple and he started gasping for breath. I thought I had killed him, so I ran in to tell my father. When we got back to Mid he was still gasping for breath. My father took the rope off the calf and gave me a whipping with it.

The spring of 1912 we were getting ready to ship the Z cattle to Clifton, Arizona. Uncle Albert, Uncle Jesse, and Bob Bogear drove the Z cattle to Patagonia and shipped them from there by train. Father sent for us after school was out.

We stayed in Clifton for two weeks. Then we moved up the river below Dell Potter's and stayed there. Father and Mid would ride out to the head of Ward Canyon. There was a well there where we would camp and ride after the cattle.

We finally moved up to the Chitty place on Turkey Creek. It belonged to Arthur Slaughter. Then, in the fall just before the school started, my father sold the Z cattle to Judd Webster. He lived over at what was known as Yellowjacket Springs. Judd built a slaughter house and butchered a lot of cattle, some of which wasn't his. The Sanitary Board finally caught him and closed his slaughter house. He had to go back to ranching.

In the fall of 1912 we moved just above the post office at the mouth of Bush Creek on the Blue River. A new schoolhouse had just been built across the river.

My father bought Charley Thomas's little herd of cattle, so he

started gathering them in the early spring. The brands were C.T. and T.T.

That winter of 1912-13, Papa and George Balke had gone in partnership and bought the old ranch at the mouth of the Blue. So in May 1913, the Gatlins moved to the mouth of the Blue.

The Balke family lived in the old ranch house and the Gatlins lived in the old store-post office-saloon that was there. A man by the name of Carpenter and his wife ran the store-post office-saloon for a long time. They said that Mrs. Carpenter fell in love with some guy and ran off and went to Clifton with him. Then Mr. Carpenter followed them and killed Mrs. Carpenter, then killed himself. He had sold the ranch at the mouth of the Blue to the Boiles brothers, Abe and Dick.

Abe and Dick started raising horses and cattle. Their brands were Ⓑ, HIH, and ZZZ. They bought some steel-dust mares and two quarter-bred Percheron stallions. The colts made the best cow horses. Well, a few of them would sure buck. They said that one horse they called Old Smokey could really buck. He'd throw Abe off, and Abe would take his old six-shooter and try to kill Old Smokey. He did hit the old horse a time or two; Old Smokey had the bullet scars to show for it.

Well the Boiles sold the ranch and part of the horses to a man by the name of Bill Hogan and gathered the mares and the horses that Bill didn't want, and sold them. My dad and George Balke then bought the ranch from Bill Hogan, and his cattle and horses. This Old Smokey horse was one that they bought.

One time that summer, Old Smokey threw my dad off in a ditch. Dad had a big, old, railroader's watch in his pocket. He lost that watch and

didn't find it for a year. The old thing still ran after laying in a ditch for a year! That was the only time I knew of my dad getting bucked off a horse. We heard a lot of men say they never saw Harvey Gatlin pull leather.

That year, 1913, George Balke sold his half interest in the ranch and cattle to my father. His brand was the BOK. That same year, 1913, my dad bought a bunch of cattle and a permit from a man by the name of Colby. His brands were Lue-Kae (L— K). He had a lot of wild cattle, and the first year my dad gathered enough wild cattle off of the L U E and K A E to pay for both outfits.

Fred Stacy had bought the old L U E ranch, and he and Papa ran their cattle on this same range. It ran pretty near to Alma. We had to work with the Alma cattlemen, the H U, the McCain, and the Hollimons. Every year the Fritz's that branded the XXX and the Slaughters ran their cattle together. There were no fences, everything was open range, so the ranchers would pool their outfits together and have a fall and spring roundup. It would take a month for each roundup.

Most of the cattle were gathered on the Blue and the White mountains. A Mr. George Graham from Alma had gathered his + H cattle to move them to Safford. It usually took forty men to gather all of the cattle. My mother and Etta Balke cooked for this crew of men. Us kids had to wash the dishes and keep the cooks in wood and water.

In 1914, Joe Jepson came by and stayed all night at the mouth of the Blue. He had two large wagons loaded down with lumber. It took four horses to pull the wagon, and one of his horses was crippled. So, he asked my dad one evening if he had a horse that he could buy. My

dad said he had a big roan horse with a bad eye, but that he was a good work horse. We had just bedded down the stock, and my dad and Joe and I walked out to the corral to see the horse. Joe asked if the horse was gentle. I said he sure was, us kids could grab the old horse by the tail, and jump on his hocks and climb right on his back. Well, the old horse was eating and didn't see me as I grabbed his tail and jumped up on his hocks. *He* jumped, and kicked me and threw me out in the corral. Mr. Jepson laughed and said, "I thought you said the horse was gentle!" My dad said, "Claude, you go to the house." Mr. Jepson bought the horse but he said I'd have to show he was gentle.

My father had hired two brothers off the plains. Their names were Walt and Jess Thorn. They had never shoed any horses, they had always just trimmed their hooves. My dad told Walt, one day, to go shoe the horses--Walt had watched my dad shoe a horse just the day before. So, he went and caught one of the horses, and before long he came back to the house and said, "Gatlin, what did I do wrong?" he said. "The nails didn't come out like yours did yesterday." Sure enough, they hadn't come out. It just happened that that horse's hooves were so thick the nails didn't go into the quick.

The year of 1916 my dad and Uncle Will Stevenson bought the old W.J. ranch from George Montgomery up on Pigeon Creek. They gave seventy-five dollars a head for cows and calves and sixty-five dollars for dry cows. The brands were W.J., and K.W., and 999 (three nines). The old Chitty place branded with the three nines.

The year of 1918 Walt was still working for us. He was staying at the mouth of the Blue. He had been to the W.J. getting ready to

start the fall works. Uncle Will Earl and Will S. Coy Brown had just come down the river selling a bunch of little Indian ponies, some of them were broncs, some were part broke. They had gathered them off of the Apache Indian reservation. The government was making the Indians cut down on their horse herds. Uncle John, Uncle Sid, and Uncle Will took a contract gathering these horses. They kept the gentlest horses, and then the broncs and the spoiled ones they decided to sell.

Well, they sent Uncle Will and Will Brown with fifty head of these horses down the Blue to sell. The Cospers bought a few. Freddie Fritz and his father bought a few of the best ones. By the time they got to the Gatlins, the best ones were sold. Papa bought thirteen head and Fred Stacy bought three or four.

Papa had to take these horses to the W.J., so he hired Will McBride to help Mid and me finish breaking these Indian ponies. Will stayed a few days and decided the horses were too tough for him. So he went down to the mouth of the Blue to get his money. Then Papa told Walt Thorn to come to the W.J. and ride these horses. Walt didn't start from the mouth of the Blue until quite late. It began to get dark and he got lost. He didn't know where he was so he just tied up his horse and spent the night there where he had stopped.

The next morning I went to wrangle horses--we didn't have any pasture. I got up on this mountain where the horses were and I could hear someone hollering. He'd shoot two shots and then wait awhile. I thought someone was hurt or something. So I began to try to locate whoever it was. He kept hollering and I finally located him. It was Walt Thorn. He said he was lost. That evening I was catching one of these

horses for a wrangling horse. Walt said he'd catch one of the horses and help wrangle in the morning.

There was a big brown horse in the bunch that was pretty well broke. He was branded with a big Indian hatchet (), so we called him Hatchet. So the next morning Walt caught old Hatchet, we saddled these horses, and started out. We had to go off in a canyon called Whan Miller. We got about halfway out on the hillside next to Whan Miller when my horse got spooked and started bucking. It scared old Hatchet. He started bucking and turned right off this hill into the canyon. Just as he got to the bottom of the canyon he threw Walt. There was a little ash tree there and he threw Walt right up in this tree about ten feet. Walt just locked his spurs on each side of this tree. The spurs just broke the bark of this tree in a strip about two inches wide. He had an old, big pair of what we called crossls, with a rowell that had about sixteen points. It cut just like a knife and finally traded Walt out of the spurs. It nearly broke Walt's ankles; he was crippled for quite awhile that fall.

We were camped down on Pigeon Flat on the roundup. We killed a beef one evening up at the corral. We called the corral two rail. It was about a half mile from camp. An old loafer wolf came there for about three or four nights and howled. It made the most pitiful sound we ever heard. Walt Thorn and Bill Edwards, who was also working for my dad, and Papa were there. It was Mid's and my turn to wrangle cattle, and that morning it was just getting-up time when that old wolf began to howl. We could see him right over the hill. Bill Edwards grabbed his little 25-35 Winchester, Mid grabbed his 30-30, and Walt grabbed an

old 45 automatic of Mid's and they all began shooting at this wolf. I looked at Walt and he was so excited. He was standing there looking over towards the old wolf. He was just pulling the trigger on this old pistol and he was shooting right down between his feet! I hollered, "Walt! Look out! You're going to shoot your boot!" He looked down and said, "By goshin's, I thought I was shooting at the wolf." Mid and I got our horses and went to see if they had hit the wolf. There wasn't any blood or any sign that they had hit the old wolf, so we went on the flats, as we called them. I looked out on the flat and saw this old wolf just as he was going off in a little canyon.

I said to Mid, "Let's see if we can rope that wolf," so we took after him. I got pretty close to him, threw my rope, and missed him. This old roan horse I was riding had the habit of getting mad if you roped at anything and missed it. He'd just take the bit and run up and bite what you were roping at. Well, when I missed the old wolf, he just took after that old wolf trying to bite it. There were big bunches of oak brush there in this canyon, and they had a lot of grapevines on 'em. This old wolf went right into this grapevine with the horse right after it. The vines were so thick that the horse couldn't possibly go through them. He got tangled up in these vines, reared up and knocked me off, and my foot went through the stirrups. There I was, with this horse scrambling around trying to get out of this mess. Mid run in and cut my stirrup strap and pulled me out from under the horse. We moved from there back to the Blue.

That old wolf came down the Blue, too. He howled every night up on a little mesa. So, just before Christmas I decided I'd try to trap

this wolf. There was a graveyard on this flat, the trail went right by it. I set my trap right by this grave.

The grave held the remains of a man by the name of John Traylor. A fellow by the name of Joe Gurtey was about sixteen years old. They say he and Mr. Traylor got in a quarrel there in front of the post office and saloon, and the boy shot and killed Traylor. That was when the Carpenters were still there, before Mr. Carpenter sold the place and killed his wife. People would tell about seeing Mr. Traylor's ghost there on this flat.

On Christmas Eve day Papa told me to put a couple of blocks of salt on an old white mule and take it up above where the Stacys lived. He said, "Don't go down to the Stacy's, come right back home." I said alright but I didn't mind my dad. I came back by the Stacy's and I stayed quite late. They gave me a pair of white pigeons for a Christmas present. I took the pack saddle off the mule and put my saddle on her, and I put the pack saddle on the durn old horse. He was lazy and the mule was a good traveler. I put my pigeons up in front of me in a cardboard box. It was quite late so I was hurrying, trying to get home before it got too dark. I was worrying about what Papa was going to do and say when I got home. I was coming along kinda thinking about the ghost and I'd forgotten about setting this trap there by the grave. When I got to where this graveyard was, it was dark. I was wanting to get home. Just as I was about to go by this grave there was the darnedest racket I ever heard. My mule, she nearly threw me off, the durn old horse jerked the rope out of my hand, I lost my bridle reins, lost my pigeons, lost my hat, and the old mule broke to a run down through these

mesquites. She ran up into the yard at the house before I could get the reins again. I got off. My face was bleeding, I was scratched all over. I ran in the house and told Mom I had caught this wolf. So the schoolteacher and all of the kids wanted to get an old lantern and go see the wolf. But it was so cold that Mama wouldn't let us go. Papa was mad. He made us wait until Christmas morning before we could go to see the wolf.

The next day I took an old 45 pistol that belonged to Rush Gilpin. He had gotten a disability discharge from the army in 1917, I believe. Well, we got up to the trap and there sat a big old bobcat, up in the fork of the tree that I had tied the trap to. I walked up as close as I had nerve to, and I emptied the old gun at that cat. And never touched it! So I had to go back to the house and get my little 22 to kill it with.

It was the year before that Joe Jepson hired a bunch of Spaniards and Mexicans to clean the river so he could float stulls down the river to Clifton for the Morenci mines. Stulls is what they used to call the logs that were props inside the mines. The next spring was so dry the river didn't have enough water to float the stulls.

My dad took Mid and me and Walt Thorn back up in the White Mountains to gather some more of those BOK and Charley Thomas cattle. We stayed at the Cospers that first night, and there were two teenaged girls there--Uncle John's girls, Bessie and Mildred. Walt was kinda crazy about Bessie. Mr. Cosper had an old black horse there, old Jack Johnson, and he asked Walt if he'd take and ride him through the works. The next morning we got ready to go and Walt decided to ride old Jack

Johnson, so he got on him and started off. Walt looked back and waved at Bessie. When he did, the horse broke and threw Walt off!

The Perrys were living there on the Blue, had been there a long time when Grandpa Gatlin ran his cattle down on the head of the Blue. Mr. Perry showed us an old roan Durham cow he said Grandpa had given to him when it was a little dogie. He had raised her.

Most all of the Cosper boys, and all of the boys that were old enough, were in the armed services. We stayed with the Perrys about a week and then went to Cliff Mortens and worked. We held the cattle in Cliff's and Billy Mortens' pasture. Then later we went to Hannigan Meadows and worked a few days.

Walt Thorn was lost most of the time in them mountains, he didn't have any sense of direction. Papa told him, one time, where we would be and he didn't show up till dark. He came a-driving in an old cow and calf, and we could hear him coming and singing "My Darlin' Clementine." We finished working there, then started back to the mouth of the Blue.

We stayed the night at Bob Bell's, at what we called the Bell Place. It was getting dark when we penned the cattle and went over to the house and asked the Bells if we could stay. They said yes and Mrs. Bell fixed us some supper. We didn't see but one child that night, one little girl who came and peeked around the corner and asked did we have any sugar. They were real poor people. The next morning we left before anyone got up. We had our camp outfit. That was the year of 1918 in June.

The year of 1919, most of the boys had come home from the service. Mr. Cosper gave a big blowout in the fall. I think they danced for

seven days and nights. Papa was supposed to help play for the dances. He and I were riding up the river, I was carrying a guitar and Papa was carrying his fiddle. We were on horseback. We met an old man coming down the river, walking. He had a long beard and mustache. We stopped. He went to talking to Papa and he asked Papa how my Grandmaw, Mrs. Betty, was and how Mr. Jim was. They talked about several things at Reserve and at Gatlin Lake--that was where Grandpa and Grandmaw lived, at the lake named after them. He asked Papa to let him play the old violin, so Papa handed it to him and I accompanied him on the guitar. He could really play good. He played "Billy in the Low Ground" and "Hell among the Yearlings." "Well, another time or two," he would say, "I best be a-going."

We started on up the river. My dad say, "Did you know who that was?" I said, "No, but he sure knew Grandpa and Grandmaw." Papa said, "That was Billy the Kid." I couldn't hardly believe it was Billy the Kid until several years passed and I went to Duncan to the fair. I started across the street and a car nearly ran over some fellow. I ran over and helped him across the street. He looked at me and said, "Say, aren't you the boy that was with Harvey Gatlin on the way up the river to play at Cosper's dance?" I said yes it was me and then he sat down and told me just what my dad told me, that he was Billy the Kid.

Billy the Kid told me he had a daughter in Kansas and was going to give himself up. He also told me that Pat Garrett killed a Mexican there at Silver City, thinking it was him. He said when they buried the Mexican that they wouldn't open the casket for anyone to see into it. He said he knew because he had been with this Mexican girl just before

Pat killed the Mexican. He said he was hiding out, and that he wanted to kill Pat but his girl talked him out of it.

I remember this same year in January of 1919 a group of Mormons with their big logging teams and wagons stopped at the mouth of the Blue and stayed all night. They were going to Safford. There was a big fellow by the name of Sam Brown, he seemed to be the boss of this wagon crew. George Reynolds, his wife Della, and their little boy were with the group. It began raining during the night, and some time that night Sam Brown went out and threw a lot of hay down to the horses, and the next morning it was all trampled in the mud. I can still hear my dad cussin' and saying, "Them darn Mormons! Wasted all that good hay!"

George Reynolds and his family started to Clifton, and for some reason came back to Luna. They stayed with us, as they came to our place. The Reynolds slept in the bunkhouse with us boys. I could hear Della Reynolds beg him to stay with us until it stopped raining, and my parents begged them to stay till the rain quit, too. He just *had* to go on. They got as far as the Baseline Ranger Station and wanted to stay there, the river was so high. This Forest Ranger Harris wouldn't let them stay, so they left the wagon and got on these work horses and started on up the river.

The Reynolds got about five miles from the X-Y Ranch at Cospers, and the water was so deep the old horse stumbled as he was trying to get up a bank. The water washed Della and the little boy right off that horse. George couldn't, or he was so scared that he couldn't, get to them. He went on up to the X-Y, and he was so shook up he couldn't tell the Cospers just what had happened. The Cospers got on their horses and

rode down there as quick as they could. They found the horse and then went on down the river to a place they called Stinking Springs. The river split there and they found Della there where the river split on a sand bar. The little boy wasn't found until the spring after the river went down. He was hanging up in a tree in some driftwood. A man by the name of Bunch found the boy when he was taking care of the pumps there at the pump station that furnished water for Clifton. I don't remember where they buried Della, but I think it was at the X-Y.

I know a few years later all of the Cospers stopped at the mouth of the Blue and stayed all night. Howard Filleman and Bessie Cosper were going to Clifton to get married there. They came by on the way back and moved up above the Cosper's to the mouth of Staple Canyon to the Rnh Ranch. Then in the 1920s, Dewitt and Clara Perry got married. Dewitt owned a new Studabaker car. Anyway, he drove this new car up the river to the X-Y with the help of several men. Freddie Fritz was there. When Dewitt'd get to a bank and couldn't make it up, the boys would tie on to the car with their saddle ropes and pull it up the bank. The same thing would happen when he got stuck in the sand.

Toles Cosper always said he was the first one to drive a wagon down the river from Luna. I guess he was. I can remember the old road coming into the Blue from Luna. It was known as Blue Hill at this one place, and what a hill it was! They had to put what they called brake locks on the wagons. They were made out of iron and fitted right over the wagon rims. They would lock the wheels and keep them from turning so the wagon wouldn't run over the horses. If they didn't have brake locks, they would cut down trees and tie them behind the wagons.

I can remember in December of 1914 we all got in a little spring wagon and went to Springerville for Christmas to see Grandpa and Grandmaw Earl. We had quite a time, we stayed with the Adair family both coming and going. Charley and Lola Adair were twins. I think they were fourteen years old at that time. I remember that B. Y. or Vet Adair, Uncle Sid, and Uncle Will Stevenson went with us. The road was so muddy and bad it would freeze on our wagon rims and it would lock the wheels. The men would have to take an axe and break off the mud and ice. I remember staying at Orsen Lud's family at Alpine coming and going. It was sure cold!

In 1912, as I remember, everyone was talking about the British steamship, the Titanic, when it sank. The Titanic was sailing at high speed about 1,600 miles northeast of New York City on her first trip from South Hampton when the accident happened. In all, 1,517 passengers and crew members lost their lives. At that time it was one of the greatest tragedies in the history of the sea.

That following Christmas Day my dad was to ride Uncle John's horse in a horse race set up by the Colters and Uncle John. The race was to run right down the street in front of Becker's store. Well, that horse of Uncle John's got about halfway the distance he was to run when he started bucking, slipped on the frozen ground, and fell on top of my dad. It hurt him pretty bad. We stayed there through New Year's while Dad got over the fall. I remember poor Grandma. We had to sleep in the old saddle house, out a ways from the main house. It still stands there, yet. Grandma would get up all during the night and come out to see if us kids were covered up. It must have been twelve below.

That spring we went back to the Blue, Wayne Cosper and Dollie Bray got married, and Dewitt and Clara moved to Hannigan Meadows. Wayne and Dollie moved to the HU place, and they wanted to build a house with a hipped roof. Wayne couldn't figure how to build it till one night he had a dream of how to cut the rafters. He got out of bed and went down and cut rafters for a pattern before he could forget the dream. Dollie said he finished the house the next year, in 1922.

Dollie and Dewitt had a dance at their new home and I promised to keep all the children while Mother and all the neighbors went. They had a shooting at the dance, and they didn't know we had a shooting, too, before they got home.

The next morning before the folks came home, I cleaned up the house and decided I'd show the kids how fast I could draw a pistol and shoot. I set up a target out a little ways from the house and made all the kids get behind me. I got all set and then grabbed my old pistol, I had it stuck down in my pants. I cocked the gun as I made my draw and I somehow let the hammer down as I drew. Well, I shot my belt nearly in two. My sister Lola was standing right behind me when the gun went off. She thought she'd scare me and so she just fell down, right against my legs, back of me. Well, it sure enough scared me. I thought I'd accidentally shot her! I dropped the gun and grabbed her, and I was trying to get her up when she began to laugh. But I was trembling all morning. When the folks got home they were telling us about Joe shooting up the dance and we were telling them about my "fast draw." Everyone was laughing but me. I was still shaking. I never did show off my fast draw again.

That same year we moved up to Bullard Peak to start working with the Alma boys and Fred Fritz. The first day we made a drive around the head of Maple Canyon. Bill Wilkerson was working for Fred Fritz, and at that time my dad was bossing the drive. He told Bill and me to go around the head of Maple and said we were all to meet down at the forks of the Maple. I was riding an awful good old cow horse. Bill jumped a bunch of old wild cattle and drove them around this mountain and down the hillside. My old horse just run off and I lost Bill. The cattle went under an old pine tree and there was an old, dead limb sticking out from the tree. I had on a Levi jacket and a pair of bib overalls. This old snag from the tree went 'round down my back, inside of my suspenders and down the Levi jacket. It just swept me right out of the saddle and left me hanging there in the air. I couldn't get the old snag out of my clothes, and I got scared that no one would find me. I got to hollering and crying but no one came for a long time. Bill had gone to where we were all to meet--he didn't know what had happened to me. So, my dad told him to go to where he'd seen me last. My horse had run a little ways and stopped to graze. I kept hollering and finally I heard Bill coming up the canyon. He'd caught my horse and was trailing him. He always sang that old song "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, the ones that were the head of the army." I was never so glad to see anyone in my life!

There were two boys in the camp that didn't have a bed; one of them was Jack Johnson. He had the whooping cough and I didn't want him sleeping with me, but he did.

We moved back to the mouth of the Blue. Papa sent me back up the

river to help Freddie and Bill finish gathering the XXX steers and branding the calves. Freddie always rode a little bay horse that would buck. Freddie was always going to sleep on the horse which would then throw Freddie off. Freddie did a lot of typing at night. He'd type letters sometimes until 'way in the morning.

We were riding over in what they called sandrock. I began to cough quite a bit. Freddie sent me over and down a ridge next to Clear Creek. I could see him riding along, and I knew he had fallen asleep. Pretty quick this horse bucked Freddie off. I watched for awhile and Freddie didn't get up, so I loped over and Freddie was pretty well shook up. He was just laying there. He finally got up and we went back to the ranch, he was so sick. Well, I was coughing pretty bad by then and Freddie said I'd better go home, he didn't think he would ride for a few days. Well, when I got home Mama said, "You got the whooping cough." Sure enough, Freddie and everyone on the river took the whooping cough.

When shipping time came, all of the Cospers, the Fritzes, just about all on the Blue pooled their cattle and drove them to Clifton for shipping. This was about the time of the Hoover Administration. Just about all the ranchers and farmers had borrowed money from the Federal Reserve Bank. The prices of cattle dropped down to where cows and calves that had been selling for seventy-five dollars were now selling for twenty-three dollars. A pair of yearlings dropped to thirteen dollars and you couldn't hardly give a cow away. When Hoover stopped the federal spending all of the banks and the businesses went broke. People couldn't pay their taxes, and if they'd happen to sell something the tax collectors would attach their checks. The federal banks were taking

everyone's cattle and farms. The spring of 1923 we all shipped our steers. We put the money in the bank and the next day the National Bank closed its doors. It was quite a shock to everyone.

I went with a big bunch of cattle the bank had taken over--about 2,200 head--this side of Demming, New Mexico. All the ranchers on Eagle Creek and Mule Creek threw their cattle together out between Duncan and Clifton, and we drove them to the destination and turned them over to the Federal Reserve Bank. Some of these ranchers didn't even get a slip of paper or anything to show how many head they turned over to the bank, or what price they were supposed to get, or anything to show for their cattle.

Freddie Fritz, Jimmy Cosper, and Fred Stacy were about the only ones that didn't have cattle in the drive. Well, the Gatlins didn't, either. Mr. Toles Cosper had mortgaged his cattle to Pink and Muss Cosper. He had given them a first mortgage and Bill Hogan a second mortgage. Then in 1925 they started gathering the Y-Y cattle.

Uncle Toles sent Wayne and Dollie Cosper to Clifton to get some groceries and horse shoes; they had to borrow money to get their supplies. At that time I was working for Bonnie S. Mangus. Mangus was working in Los Angeles to help with the money needed for their ranch; Bonnie was taking care of her cattle, the  brand. Ted Banks had taken Mangus's  cattle and Uncle Dud's cattle. When Wayne and Dollie came back by the R.U.S. they stayed all night with Bonnie and the kids and me. Wayne told Bonnie that the Cospers didn't have any money to pay help to gather their cattle, so Bonnie sent me and Doll, Bonnie's sister, to help the Cospers gather the first bunch of cattle. This was in

August. All the help he had was Johnny and Tommy Wayne, and Howard Filleman, Doll, and me. We worked until September. All that time I kept having this terrible toothache. When we got the cattle to the Cosper's place to turn them over to Pink and Muss Cosper, he had a gallon of whiskey. I usually don't drink but that day I did, I thought it would help my toothache.

After we were rested up we decided we needed to have a little riding contest. They had a big bay horse that was running there on the river. He was mean to buck and nobody around there could ride him. A boy by the name of Ivey Witz started to break the horse. The horse got to bucking and they couldn't get him to quit. Ivey was a good rider, the old horse was just so hard to ride. Ivey said, "I just couldn't ride old VT," as they called him. He did have that horse pretty well broke after he had been bucked off many times.

One day VT came into the ranch for salt. Bobby Barnes was working with us and he said, "Im going to ride old VT." Well, VT would throw him everytime Bobby got back on. So Tommy Cosper said, "Claude, why don't you ride VT?" I said, "You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to ride that horse and go get that roan steer." Wayne Cosper said, "I'm going with you."

It wasn't very far to where the steer had run. So, we went up there and jumped that old roan in a little basin. I cut him off from a brush thicket, he turned off in a canyon that was pretty open. Well, old VT outran the old steer, and I roped that steer around one horn and his neck. Just as I caught the steer, I looked up and there was a pine log laying across this canyon, which was kinda narrow. I was going

pretty fast when the steer went under the log, but that log was so low that the horse didn't quite make it, my saddle stuck up too high. Well, when we hit this tree, the horse threw me right up over it and jerked the old steer right over backwards in this wash. The steer jumped up, and when he saw the horse he ran up to it and tried to hook it. The horse whirled and kicked at the steer and kicked his hind foot over the rope. Of course he went to bucking and running, the steer right after him. They forked a pine tree. They were going so fast it jerked them both down, neither one could get up. So I got my necking rope and tied the old steer to this tree, or necked him to the tree, he was laying right against it. I got old VT up, got on him, and went to look for Wayne. He was trailing an old cow. I said, "Wayne, where is your hat?" He had a brand new one. He said, "Hell! I lost it up there." I said, "Well, let's go get it." He was mad because he had lost the old cow, "Hell, let them damn squirrels have the darn thing!" He was so comical.

We started home and this old horse, Hell Bent, that's what we called him, I think, tripped and fell with Wayne. Wayne hit him up the side of the head with his rope. He hit the horse in the eye, the eye was watering, and Wayne said, "Well, damn you, you won't have to close but one eye tonight to sleep." He was the comicalist guy and the best guy I ever worked with. All of them boys could sure catch a wild cow.

That evening after we got to the ranch and turned our horses loose, I started to the house. I met Bessie and Mildred Cosper, Uncle John's two girls, coming with their milk buckets. They usually had to milk the cows, they had about ten old cows. I took the buckets and said I'd milk the cows that night, so they went back to the house. They had

a little dogie there in the corral and an old roan cow that Clar Perry had given Clara S. Dewitt for a wedding present. She had the biggest tits! You couldn't hardly milk her. She was a descendant of Grandpa Gatlin's roan cattle that he drove from Kansas City. Grandpa had given Clar Perry a little dogie heifer when he moved his cattle from the head of the Blue. That's what Mr. Perry told me. And this roan cow was out of a cow that this dogie had had after she had gotten old enough to calve.

Anyway, getting back to the milking. Uncle John Cosper came walking into the corral, he was drunk, and the dogie was trying to suck this big-titted cow. Uncle John saw the calf. He just walked up and kicked the little calf in the belly and said, "Get out of here, young'un! Just as well begin sucking one of them alfalfa roots out there." He opened the gate and started to let the calf out in the field. The cow ran out, too, so Uncle John was trying to get the cow back to the corral. I was milking a cow and wasn't paying much attention to Uncle John, he was out there in the field. I looked up and saw this old roan wild cow charging towards Uncle John. He had his back to her and his hat was in his hand. I hollered to John, "Look out, Uncle John!" Just as I hollered he threw that hat straight up in the air and hollered just as loud as he could. Just about that time the old cow hit him right in the seat of the pants. Knocked him down on his face, right in a pile of fresh cow manure! I ran out and the cow took out after me, I ran back inside of the corral and she ran right into the corral still following me. Johnny Cosper and Bessie were sitting on the porch and had seen what happened. They came running out where we were, they thought maybe Uncle John was hurt. When

they saw he wasn't hurt but was in such a mess, we just all liked to have died laughing.

My tooth kept bothering me, so I took some creosote we'd been using to doctor for worms and put it on a piece of cotton and stuck it in this old tooth. It blistered my mouth inside! I told Uncle Toles I'd better go in town and get my tooth pulled. He said he didn't have any money to give me but he would give me this old horse, VT, for part payment of my wages. He said I could have him for sixty dollars, that I was the only one that could ride him and he wanted to "get rid of him before he kills somebody!"

I had a bunch of bucking horses in the Clear Creek pasture at home. I kept these horses for the rodeos, so I took the horse. I rode him down the river and he began to get sore-footed, so when I got down to where this pasture was I decided I'd change and get another horse. There was a corral there on Clear Creek. The creek had nearly washed part of it away. There was a bank about ten or twelve feet high, and a big old sycamore tree that was just kinda leaning and had a big limb that was sticking out over this bank. I corralled this bunch of bucking horses and caught a big brown horse I called Steamboat. I put my saddle on him but I didn't open the gate and let the other horses out. I got on Steamboat and he started bucking. He bucked right up the high bank and turned back. He was close to the bank when it caved off and he just went right over backwards, and I grabbed ahold of that big limb and held onto it. The horse went backwards and hit right on top of my saddle and broke it. It kinda hurt him. I jumped down and grabbed him before he got up. I took him back to the corral and got on him again. He didn't

buck! I rode him on over to the L U E Ranch and stayed all night. My mother and the kids were there. The kids were going to school there, and Fay Stacy was their teacher. I finally went in the next day to get my tooth pulled.

I went back to the mouth of the Blue till my mouth got well, then I went back up the river and met the Cospers and helped them take a bunch of cattle to Clifton. Later I went to the 6K6 to help them gather cattle for the bank. This was a two-months' job.

The next few months I went to work for Bonnie Elrage. He had a lot of horses that he wanted broken. I was by myself and hadn't seen anyone for months. I took this one old roan horse out on the river, he was doing real good. There were two old cottonwood trees laying out in the river. They had been washed down the river many years ago. I always practiced roping as I rode along. Anyway, this time I roped one of the limbs on one of the cottonwood trees. The limb broke and hit the old horse I was riding in the flank. It got him started bucking and he just jumped over these old cottonwood trees. He got his foot caught in one of the limbs and it just threw him down, right across the trees, and when he fell I was right under him. A snag in the tree kept him from smashing me. I cut the cinches and one of my feet was still in the stirrup but he couldn't turn over. I hadn't seen a soul for two months and I was just sure I was going to die right there. I heard someone coming with some pack mules. They had to cross the river right close to me, so I just started hollering till they heard me. It was Jess Stacy, he finally heard me and came to help. He put his rope on this horse's front feet and turned him over and got him off me. Boy! I sure was

glad! I got up and I decided I'd go to town and get someone to come and stay with me.

I found an old Dutch boy that had been working with my brother-in-law Rush. He stayed with me until we finished breaking the horses. We took the horses to Clarence Philips and then the Dutch boy went back to Rushes. Rush branded the  . Rush wanted me to help him break some horses, so I stayed awhile at his place.

My mouth continued to bother me, so I went into town and met Eddie Wilkerson. We decided to get a couple of girls and go to the show. One of the girls was Ella Ellis. I got to taking Ella out quite a bit and liking her real good. I asked her to marry me, so we got married. Her parents lived up at Metcalf. We were supposed to give a big wedding dance. Noah York was supposed to play for the wedding, but he got so drunk that I had to play.

We were going to get shivareed, so I took our last ten dollars and bought an alarm clock. We got on our horses and went to the mouth of the Blue. The next morning Walt Thorn came by. He didn't know we were married, and he got so excited he got out and left the next morning before breakfast and went to town.

Jess Stacy came by the next day and asked us to go to the old Bell place. He had rented it from Freddie Fritz. So we did go. Freddie had bought it from old man Bell the year before. Ella gathered all our belongings and we started up to the Bell place. About two miles this side of the Bell place we saw Freddie Fritz coming. As usual, he was asleep on his horse, and his horse ran under an old tree and knocked Freddie off. We went over to see if he was alright but he just climbed on his

horse and went on home. We went on up to the Bell place. We stayed there until September of 1929.

Jim Cosper wanted me to come work for him. He didn't need much done at his place, so I would ride over and check it for him. He usually shipped his cattle in October.

When our son Wayne was about to be born, I took Ella into Clifton. Wayne was born December 23, 1930. We then moved back to the mouth of the Blue and I gathered cattle all that year.

We finally went to Safford and lived out at the gap for two or three years. Ella got so her sugar diabetes was so bad that we had to go to a higher climate. I had to sell all the cattle I had. I only got four cents a pound for the yearlings and twenty-three dollars a head for my cows.

We went to Flagstaff and I worked for the Forest Service all summer. I then worked for the CCC for three years. I had a chance to go to work for Bruce Brocket breaking horses that summer, then helped him gather his cattle and sell the steers. I then went to work for Ernest Walker that winter. He was the best cowman that was around anywhere.

From there I worked at the Ed Hubble Dude Ranch and the Wine Glass Ranch until our girl, Claudine, was born October 26, 1939. I finally bought a place there at the head of the dam, there on the Verde River.

After several years, we left and bought a farm in Duncan, Arizona. From Duncan we went to Hurley, New Mexico and I went to work for the Chiny Colt Company. When they had an eight-month strike I left there and went to work for Eddie Ellsworth and ran his outfit for two years. After Eddie sold out and moved to New Mexico, I went to work for Glen

Layton on the Y— ranch out in Black Rock Canyon for several years until I got my neck broken and had to quit working.

In May of 1979 we celebrated our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in New Mexico. We later bought a home in Silver City, New Mexico by our daughter. I have had several bad cancer operations.

I am proud I have spent my life as a cowman and pleased that I am a member of the Arizona National's Pioneer Stockmen. I'm eighty years old and proud that I can write my old story. I have been trying for nine years to get it written. I have had many more pages, but I guess they just got lost.

MARGARET LUCIS (KRUSE) BEAVER

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Margaret Lucia Kruse was born October 21, 1908 in a tent on the Leffingwell Ranch in Chino, California. She was the first child of Fred and Dorothy Kruse.

Margaret's parents were both born in Germany. Her father, Fred Kruse, came to the United States in 1904. His papers were processed through Ellis Island in New York. He then traveled to Emporia, Kansas where he went to work for Henry Kieselhorst, an uncle from Edewecht, Oldenburg, Germany. His Aunt Anna Elizabeth (Kruse) was his father's sister. Fred's father was Gerhard Kruse.

Dorothy Kruse, Margaret's mother, was born in Jever, Germany and was sent passage money by her Uncle Henry Kieselhorst. Uncle Henry was her father's brother. Dorothy and Fred did not meet until they both had moved to California from Kansas.

Fred Kruse worked on the Leffingwell Ranch until the family moved to Arizona to homestead a ranch there. Because of being a European, they were only able to file for squatter's rights. Dorothy and her two small girls stayed on the homestead while Fred left every Monday morning and walked to the Bonn Train Station near Maricopa. There he boarded a train to ride to Phoenix where he worked at the Rhodes Dairy. He returned each weekend to his homestead.

Their place had no water and Dorothy would have to hitch the horses to a wagon and drive in to Bonn for water. Times were hard, so the family decided to move to Paradise Valley where they filed on

another homestead.

Margaret was just a little over three years old and her sister Helen only two when Arizona became a state, February 14, 1912. George W. P. Hunt was the first governor. He walked the fifteen blocks from the Ford Hotel to the Capitol building where he was inaugurated.

In the fall of 1916, Margaret started attending Creighton School. Her teacher was William C. Machan and he later became their principal. Their closest family was the Thompsons; others in the area were the Youngs, Sweets, Bunches, Sapps, and the Boardmans. Margaret and the other children were friends with the Young family. Margaret Young Glenn, who now lives in the Rucker Canyon area, went to Creighton with the Kruse family.

Margaret received a special driving license at the age of fourteen and a half so she could drive all the younger children to school. Margaret attended Scottsdale High School and was on the basketball team.

After Margaret married Orbal Beaver, also a neighbor in the Creighton District, the Kruse family sold their farm on Four Mile Road and moved to El Monte, California. There they purchased a herd of dairy cows.

Only seven months later, the Kruses sold out in California and moved back to Arizona, settling on a farm and ranch on Lateral 18, now known as 59th Avenue between Van Buren and McDowell Road. The farm was purchased from a man by the name of Hansen, who had shot himself on the ranch. Hansen's daughter Ethel Hansen House, was a teacher at Fowler School. The Kruse children all graduated from Fowler.

Margaret and Orbal moved to Bay Port, Michigan and Orbal went to

work making Chevrolets for General Motors in Flint, Michigan. Margaret got a job in a bean elevator. Then in 1935, Margaret and Orbal moved back to Arizona and the farm on 59th Avenue.

Margaret busied herself working in the Fowler Parent-Teacher Association and was the seamstress for all the Kruse children. She made many of their school clothes for many years. It was Margaret who saw to it that all the family had new clothes for the family pictures.

In the years before World War II, Margaret's father, Fred Kruse, was a very active man. He became president of the Farmers Union, and in 1938 was at the dedication of the new Bartlett Dam. Besides raising cattle, Fred Kruse grew many vegetables. Each morning he would drive a truckload of vegetables in to the market, the Farmer's Market on East Madison in Phoenix. Orbal worked along with all the Kruse boys on the farm for many years. Their cattle brand was the  brand.

Each year the boys in the family planned deer hunting trips. They would always bring home several deer. The venison would be canned in jars and then put into pressure cookers.

On one of these hunting trips, the truck they had driven up with had a differential gear go out, so the boys were stranded for nearly three weeks in the Kaibab National Forest waiting for parts. They got very well acquainted with the Hopi Indians there and learned to eat green corn flakes. One Hopi Indian told Orbal the difference between Navajo weaving and Hopi weaving is when a Navajo rug is dropped, it plops to the ground, but when a Hopi blanket is dropped it *floats* to the ground.

Margaret had five brothers: Fred W., John, Albert, Harry, and

Rudy. Her five sisters were Helen Stone, who was married to Joe Stone, a dairyman, Dorothy, and Elizabeth, who married Leo Accomazzo and farmed in the Buckeye area. Then there was Ethel, who graduated from Tolleson High School and now lives in Mesa, and her youngest sister was Betty, who married Mark Accomazzo and lives in Laveen.

In January of 1941, Margaret lost her sister Dorothy, and then in June of that same year she lost her father. Her brother, Fred William Kruse, took over the Kruse estate. Her other brother, John, purchased the cows and then moved them south of Cashion. Albert, her younger brother, was serving in the Marines at that time. In the fall of 1941, Margaret and Orbal moved into a neighbor's house on the Zertana Ranch south of the Kruse farm.

Margaret and Orbal had one daughter, Thelma, who attended Fowler, Garfield, and Emerson grade schools, followed by four years at Phoenix Union High School. She graduated from Arizona State University with a teaching degree.

Orbal retired after twenty-five years of Civil Service work. Margaret worked for many Phoenix families and businesses in Phoenix. Her last job was at the Arizona State Children's Hospital on East Garfield. After that, she retired and stayed at home.

When Margaret lost her husband Orbal in 1976, she moved in with her daughter Thelma and her two granddaughters, Robin and Susan, in Phoenix. When Thelma's husband, Simon Kirvitsky, was transferred to Guam, Margaret also moved to Guam.

Margaret has since returned to Phoenix and is now a resident of the Highland Nursing Home on 14th Street and Highland.

A TRIBUTE TO MY SISTER

MARGARET BEAVER

When I compiled and edited the first Volume of the Arizona Living Pioneer Ranch Histories, I never in my wildest dreams thought I would include my own family.

My oldest sister, Margaret, in her lifetime has seen more progress in this century than most people have seen in any other century in history. She has been very fortunate.

Margaret was brought to the state of Arizona at the age of three. A year later Arizona became a state.

Like other Pioneers, she lived on a homestead, went to school in a horse and buggy, helped raise 10 children and drove them to school in one of the first automobiles. She lived from the time candles and lamps were used in the home to when she had an all electric kitchen. In an era where horse power was used, then watched on television the progress of nuclear power and a man land on the moon. She was a teenager during the 1918's and watched as the neighbor's boys left for World War I. She was a young lady during the "Roaring Twenties" and felt the heart break of the Great Depression. She watched family and friends leave to fight in World II. She did her part at home as a civilian.

For years she has watched the progress and building in the state of Arizona, and can now in the 80's be concerned about, and pray for world peace. For all the progress she and others have seen can be destroyed so easily. It's something to think about.

Betty Accomazzo
Pioneer Stockman Chairman

PEARL JUNE (FULLER) AND RAYMOND VIVIAN PERCY

PEORIA, ARIZONA

Pearl June Percy

I was born June 12, 1898 in Strawberry, Arizona. My mother, Katherine Isabel Byers Fuller, had me at home at the ranch with no doctor, only a midwife.

My father, Wyllys G. Fuller, was born in 1868 at Harrisburg, Utah. My mother, Katherine I. Byers, was born in 1875 at Salt Lake City, Utah. They were married in Utah in 1897 and came to Pine, Arizona in 1898.

My father died of typhoid fever when I was one year old in 1899, and my sister, Georgia Anna, was born a few months later.

My grandfather, Tom Byers, was from Scotland. He immigrated to Canada with the help of a Catholic priest when he was twelve years old. He was an apprentice carpenter for three years. When he was fifteen he moved to the United States and was a water boy in the Civil War. When the war was over he moved to San Francisco. He did fancy woodwork like carved door facings and mantels, and when he retired he made fancy inlays. He had a checkerboard that had 175 pieces of wood in it, and he also made jewelry boxes. He always made a secret compartment in them that could only be opened with a magnet, and he made carved pictures of wood. I remember the first time that I ever saw my grandfather. It was in the fall of 1903 when I was five years old. We traveled with some freighters who were taking a load of apples to Phoenix and Mesa. We stayed in Phoenix for several days, and I remember my aunt and my grandfather lived on West Jefferson, about the 900 block, and they lived in a

little house in a mesquite thicket.

My mother married Addison Everett Fuller, my father's first cousin, in 1906. He was born in 1872 at Harrisburg, Utah.

I went to school in a one-room schoolhouse in Pine until I was in the seventh grade.

The first poem I ever learned, when I was in the first grade, was called "Stop, Stop Pretty Water."

"Stop, stop pretty water,"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast,
I wish you would stay,
For my boat and my flowers
You carry away."

"But I will run after,
Mother says that I may,
For I want to find out
Why you're running away."

I also learned "Spotted Quail and Cottontail."

Said the little cottontail
To the little spotted quail,
"What's the weather going to be?"
"Mowet, mowet," said he.
"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Quail,"
Answered Mr. Cottontail.

I graduated from the eighth grade in Camp Verde in 1914. From 1915 to 1917 I went to Flagstaff Normal School. In 1917 I went to Phoenix and took a secretarial course at Lamson's Business School. In

1918 I went to work at the Goodyear Cotton Company setting up their income tax structure, until that time there had been no income taxes. After working there six weeks I obtained a job with a lawyer; then later I got a position at the Boston Store, which is now known as Diamonds. I worked in the office three or four months. I also worked at Korricks and the Phoenix Gazette.

In 1918 I went to Flagstaff and worked for the Forest Service for about six weeks while their regular secretary was on a leave of absence. Then I went back to Phoenix and started working for the Goodrich Tire Company. It was while I was working there that the Armistice was signed. I had gone to bed, and about 11:00 p.m. I heard whistles blowing. I got dressed and went downtown and stayed about an hour.

After my mother had remarried we lived in Long Valley, Arizona. The Long Valley ranch was homesteaded by my stepfather in 1907 and we would go back to Pine in the winter to go to school. When I was about twelve I rode to Pine for supplies. I had a little roan Indian pony, and I rode down the Catstair Trail because it was about ten miles shorter. I got the mail and what provisions I could carry on my horse, but I decided to go back on the road because Catstair Trail was so steep I was afraid that my horse wouldn't make it. I decided to take the road even though it was twenty-five miles by that route. I got as far as Clover, which is four miles from Long Valley, and my horse kept stopping. I knew he was tired so I got off and led him about three miles when it was beginning to get dark in the canyon. I was leading him along but he kept stopping. I finally decided he was sick, and I had a hard time keeping him on his feet because he wanted to lay down all the

time. I looked down the canyon and saw something move; an animal was following along behind me. It was a young lion! I finally got up out of the canyon and I picked up a big club and got on my horse thinking, "If that lion jumps me, I'll get at least one good whack in!" It was downhill the rest of the way home, but I didn't get there until ten o'clock that night.

When I was fifteen my dad got stuck while he was bringing a load of freight to Pine. He called from Mormon Lake to the ranger station in Long Valley and told them to tell me to take all the extra livestock down below Pine, and to put the horses in a pasture, and to be sure to put bells on the mares because there were lions and they won't attack a horse with a bell on. I got the ranger's nephew to go down with me. He didn't mind going with me because he was an old boyfriend of mine. We took the horses down and it rained on us, and then we rode back to Pine and spent the night with Aunt Martha Randell. The next morning we got the mail and some provisions and started back up Catstair Trail to Long Valley. It snowed and rained and we nearly froze getting in. Dad finally got in, and he still had to deliver his load of freight to Pine because we were going to Camp Verde that year for the winter. When he got back that evening we all packed up and were going to leave the next morning.

It was snowing the next morning so we decided to hold up another day. It snowed and snowed and snowed. The next day it cleared up, and we decided we had better get out of there because we had milk cows and horses to move. We loaded up and Dad started out ahead of Georganna and me, as we were driving the loose livestock. He had six head of horses

and two wagons, and we made four miles the first day. It was so cold the frost was falling in the air and snow froze on the wagon wheels. So much snow froze on the horses' feet they could hardly lift them. We camped out that night. Mama and the kids had beds in one wagon, and we got a fire built and heated hot rocks and put them up in the wagon. Besides Mama, there were my brothers and sisters, Isabelle, Louise, Bud, and Chet. Chet was just four months old. They never got out of the wagon. At night Georganna and I slept in the other wagon.

The next day we tied up the stock, as we had enough hay to feed them for a couple of days. We thought we could be down off the mountain by then. We got as far as Pivit the next night and we went down to the old sawmill where there were some old cabins. There was a fireplace in one of them and we stayed there that night. Dad made temporary corrals between the cabins with rope and boards. He put the cattle in the corral and tied up the horses. We had enough feed for that night. The next morning several of the horses had gotten loose and we had to go look for them. Dad said, "It looks like Pearly will have to go into Camp Verde and get us some provisions. We won't make it out of here for two more days." He had a horse he always said no woman would ever ride. He put me on that horse, "Ol' Dixie," and saddled up a packhorse with a packsaddle, and I was to lead the packhorse and find my way to Camp Verde with two feet of snow on the ground and no roads showing. I knew the general direction but I really didn't know where I was going part of the time. I finally watched for blazes on the trees. Between Pivit and Camp Verde I met the ranger and his nephew. They knew that we were in trouble. They had a light wagon with hay, grain, and some provisions.

His nephew and I went on in to Camp Verde and loaded up the packhorse, then we met them at Mud Tanks about thirty miles from Camp Verde the next day.

For the oldest of ten children, ranch life was not easy. An experience comes to mind. When my stepfather was thrown from a horse and broke his leg, my mother had to take him by wagon to Flagstaff eighty miles away. I was fourteen at the time. While they were gone a group of the Hash Knife Gang rode up the valley. They rode to the back gate and asked for the man of the house. I had the door slightly open and a rifle close at hand. I told them my father was gathering the cattle in the upper pasture. They asked if we had extra horses and I told them, "No." They stood around for a few minutes, then left, riding on up the valley. Later we discovered a number of our horses were missing.

I met Ray on a blind date in 1919 in Phoenix, Arizona. Thelma, a girlfriend of mine, and I used to go to Riverside Park on Sunday afternoons when they had dances. We had been swimming there and had gone over to the dance hall. A big guy came over and asked Thelma to dance. He asked her for a date the next night and wanted to bring a friend for me. That friend was Ray. We went out several times that same week.

Ray and I were married on March 20, 1921 at the church parsonage at Seventh Street and Southern in Phoenix. That afternoon after the ceremony we got on a train and went to Tucson where Ray was going to sell his hay. While we were there the banks went broke.

In August of 1921 we went to the Grand Canyon for our delayed honeymoon. It took us five days to get there, we plowed mud all the way. Near Ashfork on the way to the Canyon we got stuck in a creek and

a man pulled us out. Then he gave us his card and on it was written, "We wash everything but the baby." That was his laundry's slogan. On the way out of the Canyon I got a toothache. We bought a package of Kneebow cigarettes and I held smoke in my mouth to get rid of the pain.

We also went out to Long Valley and went down to Camp Verde for Labor Day. We drove there in a stripped-down Model T Ford. After the celebration we started back to Long Valley but it had rained a lot and we couldn't cross the wash, so we stayed the night in the Ford. We were traveling without blankets or covers. The next morning the water went down enough for us to cross. Ray scouted around until he found a rusty old tin can, got a fire built, got some muddy water and put it on the fire to heat. He found a package of macaroni in the back of the car and we cooked that for our breakfast.

Raymond Vivian Percy

I was born October 5, 1896 in Wheatland, North Dakota. My father, Will G. Percy, was born in 1873 at Brainard, Minnesota. My mother, Etta M. McPherson, was born in 1874 also in Brainard. They were married in Minnesota in 1895.

My father came to Phoenix, Arizona in 1898 for his health. He sent for my mother and me the following year. We took a train from Minnesota to Portland, then to Los Angeles, and from there to Maricopa, Arizona. At Maricopa we transferred to a stagecoach for the trip to Phoenix, where we crossed the Salt River on a ferry. We arrived on June 12, 1899, and it had taken us five days to make the trip.

My father was the pharmacist at the Bear Drug Store at 125 East

Washington in Phoenix until his death in 1908.

My mother started her teaching career in Arizona in the Washington School District in a one-room schoolhouse in 1899. She taught all eight grades, which at that time consisted of forty-two students.

In 1900 she taught at Creighton School, teaching the four top grades. Then from 1901 to 1911 she taught all eight grades at Alhambra School. From 1911 to 1918 she taught the four top grades at Isaac School.

In March of 1919, she and I bought forty acres at the corner of 19th Avenue and Southern. She then began teaching at Roosevelt School in 1920. During this time, Roosevelt was the only school on the south side of the Salt River. She taught in Arizona forty-six years, retiring in 1945.

I went to Alhambra School eight years and graduated in 1910. I rode my bicycle six miles everyday to get to Phoenix Union High School, and graduated in 1914.

In 1916 I went to Washington, D.C. to electricians' school, then I came back to Arizona and went to work at the Inspiration Mine. Everyone was being drafted into World War I, but you couldn't register until you were twenty-one. I got anxious to join, and went to Phoenix and enlisted in the Marine Corps.

I got my first toothbrush while I was in the army. The other guys in the outfit called me Arizona Red because of my red hair. I used to tell them how hot it got in Arizona in the summer and how their Eastern summers wouldn't bother me a bit. On the day we were to ship out it was about 90 degrees with 90 percent humidity. We were wearing wool

uniforms with full packs and had to march to the pier about six miles away. I nearly passed out from the heat and humidity, and I never lived it down.

I was the first marine back in Phoenix after the Armistice was signed. I came back to Phoenix on Christmas Day, on a 30-day furlough, after traveling from France on a ship with two thousand bedfast patients. There were five hundred American bridge builders and 250 crewmen. It was a banana boat, and it was so overloaded that it only sat about twenty feet out of the water. It took us fourteen days to make the crossing. There were only twenty-six of us left out of our regiment of 260 men. The highest ranking was a sergeant.

After my furlough was up I went back East and kept trying to get out of the Marine Corp. While I was here I acquired letters from Dwight B. Heard and Judge Phillips. They all said that my mother needed me, that she was a widow. I took these all back and gave them to my colonel. He asked if my mother was a widow before I went into the service, and I said she was. He asked, "How did she get along while you were gone?" I said she was a schoolteacher and taught school. He said, "Well, you can just go back and sit on your bunk, I'll tell you when you can go home." The more I agitated him, the more guard duty I did. The guys who sat around and said nothing got sent home right away, so I finally got smart and kept my mouth shut and got out early in April 1919.

Pearl and Raymond

Pearl and Ray lived on forty acres at the corner of 19th Avenue and Southern, the Tecolate Ranch in Phoenix, Arizona. They raised

cotton, alfalfa, a few milk cows, sheep, and hogs. They also raised four children, Cathryn Ann Percy, Raymond V. Percy, Jr., and twin daughters, Jean and Jane Percy.

Due to hard times in the thirties, Ray worked as a bookkeeper at the Laveen Gin, and also wired houses at night. During the thirties and forties Ray also raised sweet potatoes, cotton, and hogs at Queen Creek, Perryville, Hidden Valley, and Yava, Arizona.

During World War II Pearl worked in the Income Tax Division at the State Capitol in Phoenix.

In 1946 Ray helped to develop the "Fullerform" slip form type concrete irrigation ditch. He was turned down by the first cement company he approached, as the story goes, because they couldn't imagine any company using that much concrete in one day. But Arizona Sand and Rock was willing to take a chance and came to Litchfield to see the operation work. They were impressed with the amount of concrete used, and were convinced this was a coming business.

Ray said he had only two dollars in his pocket on the first job, and the farmer paid him on the spot so Ray could pay his crew. He continued in the ditching business until 1960.

In 1957, after living at 19th Avenue and Southern in Phoenix for forty years, Pearl and Ray sold out to Ralph Staggs and bought a 172-acre ranch in Skull Valley, Arizona. Here they raised fifty to sixty registered Hereford mother cows. They named their ranch "Rancho Caballo del Oro" (Ranch of the Golden Horse). They raised palomino quarter horses, sheep, rabbits, peacocks, ducks, and ten grandchildren.

In 1969 they sold the Skull Valley ranch and bought 120 acres six

miles southeast of Wickenburg. They moved a double-wide trailer to the top of a hill and started from scratch to nurture the desert into a garden spot, with fruit trees, a large garden, a greenhouse, and a hydroponic greenhouse to grow their own vegetables. They called their desert spot "Quieto Colinas" (Quiet Hills). They drilled a well and cleared twenty acres to raise pasture for a few head of cattle.

At the ages of eighty-five and eighty-seven, Pearl and Ray sold this ranch, retired, and moved to Peoria, Arizona in 1983.

A TIME TO STAY, A TIME TO GO

by

Baxter Black

Ya know, I got this ranch from my daddy
He come here in seventeen.
He carved this place outta muscle and blood;
His own and his ol' "Percheon" team.

I took over in fifty
And married my darlin' in May.
Together we weathered whatever came up,
She had what it took to stay.

Last winter we finally decided
We'd pack up and leave in the spring.
The kids are all grown and "city-folk," now;
We never raised 'em to cling.

Oh sure, I wished they'd have wanted
To ranch and carry it on.
But they did their part, I thank 'em fer that
And they chose. Now all of 'em's gone.

The last thirty-odd years we've collected
An amazing number of things!
Bonnets and bottles, clippings and letters
And Dad's ol' surcingle rings.

We've spent the winter months sorting.
Our hearts would ache or would jump
As we looked at our lives in trinkets we'd saved
Then boxed up or took to the dump.

We cried sometimes in the attic
I'm not ashamed of the truth.

I love this ol' ranch that we're leavin'
We gave it the strength of our youth.

I love this ol' woman beside me
She held me and stayed by my side.
When I told 'er I's thinkin' 'bout sellin'
She said, "Honey, I'm here for the ride."

These new fellers movin' in Monday
Are nice and I wish 'em good luck.
But I'd rather be gone, so Ma, git yer stuff
I've already gassed up the truck.

Lookin' back over my shoulder
At the mailbox I guess that I know
There's a time to be stayin', a time to be goin'
And I reckon it's time that we go.

About the Author

Baxter Black was raised in New Mexico and has spent his working life in the livestock industry. He has a genuine appreciation of the ranchers, farmers, and cowboys who live and work in agriculture. His poems and stories examine the joys and pitfalls of their way of live.

In addition to writing cowboy poetry he is a musician, songwriter, cattle feeder, sometime team roper, and honorary member of the American National Cowbelles. His column, "On the Edge of Common Sense," appears weekly in several market papers around the United States. Presently, he serves as a veterinary consultant to an international pharmaceutical company and lives in Denver.

In recent years, Baxter has become a popular after-dinner speaker at livestock, veterinary, and horse grower meetings. His tall tales and poetry cause listeners to look at themselves from a slightly different point of view. Baxter has become a friend to Arizona Livestock people. In recent years he has entertained and taken part in the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association and Arizona Cattle Growers Association meetings. In addition, his "common Sense" articles are being featured in ACGA's *Outlook* magazine.

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CELIA ELIZABETH BURKE PEERY
IDA B. "Sis" MARTIN - Payson, AZ
WILLIAM N. & ESTELLA TALLEY - Kingman, AZ
CLAUDE KIDD & ELLA IRENE GATLIN - Silver City, NM
50th Wedding Anniversary
WILLIAM HOWARD "Buster" NEAL - Pine, AZ
FRED M. & BEULAH KAUFMAN - Phoenix, AZ
Wedding April 6, 1919
HOWARD FILLEMAN
JEFFERSON RUKIN JELKS - Tucson, AZ
MARGARET LUCIA KRUSE BEAVER - Phoenix, AZ
PORT PARKER - Sedona, AZ

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PEARL JUNE FULLER & Raymond Vivian Percy - Wickenburg, AZ
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