ARIZONA NATIONAL PIONEER RANCH HISTORIES

Volume VII

Arizona National

Ranch Histories

of

Living

Pioneer Stockman

Volume VII

COMPILED AND EDITED
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ARIZONA NATIONAL

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MEMBER

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Arizona Ranch Histories, Vol. VII

January, 1985 will be the beginning of the tenth year of the Arizona Pioneer Cattlemen & Cattlewomen and marks the completion of the Seventh Volume in this series recording the life and chronology of the "good ole days" of the livestock industry in our state. History is recalled with mixed emotions but is always a foundation upon which we can build. With this volume these pioneer stockmen add to the understanding of our heritage and give us landmarks to guide our future.

The Arizona National is proud to be a part of this venture and thanks all of those men and women who have taken their time to recall and compile these stories of their life and time. We especially thank Betty Accomazzo and her hard working friends whose organization and energy make the final product possible.

Dr. Frank C. Armer, Jr., President
Arizona National Livestock Show
January, 1985

PREFACE

It is my pleasure to present the 7th Volume of Ranch Histories. We now have a total of 176 histories. I especially want to thank Doris Siebold of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles for donating her time to the rounding up of many of the histories in her County.

I am going to miss my volunteer proofreader, Hazel Hancock, a retired teacher at Laveen, Arizona. Hazel passed away this past year and was a native of Arizona. She will be greatly missed by her family and friends of Laveen.

It was 100 years ago this year that Fred Fritz, father of our Pioneer President, Freddie Fritz, Jr. landed on the Blue and filed for rights to the XXX Ranch that has been family since 1884.

We have no conception of the difficulties that confronted such courageous pioneers as Fred Fritz who brought his family to Arizona from Texas. His father earlier came to Texas from Germany.

Most histories are the fabric of fiction today, but these real stories of the pioneers of yesterday who came, not to paradise where ease waited them, but to the most demanding of areas where land was cleared and where long dry periods made it necessary for many to dam the rivers with brush dams to divert water onto their lands and crops.

Not all of them were tenacious enough to stick it out. Many gave up and left their ranches forever. Those that stayed tamed the wild cattle, built fences, built homes and schools and we all have benefited from a civilization that blossomed.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FRITZ FAMILY'S 100TH YEAR ON THE BLUE

1884 - 1984

TRIPLE X RANCH

(Katy Fritz)
As told to Kathlyn M. Lathrop

Fred Fritz and his partner, Nat Widdom, drifted into the Blue Range country and settled on a homestead on the Blue River "squatter's right" in 1884, and started into the cattle business, establishing the Triple X Brand; they started with just a few mavericks, gathered here and there.

They were not wealthy young men, as far as finances go, but they had the wealth of stickability and courage inherited from their German ancestry, who had helped settle the town of Fredricksburg, Texas, stored up in their strong, young, bodies. "The will to do or die."

Those two were the first white men to settle on Lower Blue River, and the day they decided to settle there was a day never to be forgotten, by at least one of them, Katy Fritz, widow of Fred, remembers that day as Fred told her about it.

"They were riding along enjoying the scenery when Nat stopped his horse, and after one long gasping breath, exclaimed to Fred.

'This must be the Garden of Eden that the Bible tells us about.'

'No,' said Fred, 'It is the Land O'Milk and Honey. Can't you see those wild cattle, and -- unless I am mistaken -- that is a bee tree right over there, and there are wagon-loads of wild grapes right up this canyon.'"

The cattle were there, the bees were there, also the grapes, but all were plenty wild and plenty hard to obtain: The cattle were the sharp-horned, rusty-black Mexican, wild critters, that even the wildest Apache found much trouble in getting near enough to kill one for beef; the bees were want to sting one's eyes out when one attempted to rob their honey-store; and one had to climb a two-thousand foot cliff and hang by one hind leg to get the grapes. And the forest teemed with savage Apaches.

But nothing daunted these two young adventurers: They had learned about wild cattle on the ranges in Texas, also wild bees, wild fruit, and savage Indians -- and "wild" everything else, from the Texas frontier.

They "squatted" that very day, and began building their log cabin, and strong corrals; they fashioned their own branding irons and went to work. The wild cattle and horses that roamed this rugged wilderness may belong to anyone who had the strength and courage to master them, and there was no "law" to contend with.

Born to the saddle, these two, had tried working in the mines in Clifton, for a while, and decided it was one "hard job"; then they took up the idea of establishing a cattle ranch for themselves, realizing there was little local market for beef and that the Eastern markets were flooded, prices down to practically nothing.

"But," they reasoned, "by the time we have anything to sell, perhaps the market will up a little." And that set the wheel of the cattle industry in motion along Blue River.

That same year, two more outfits established ranches (squatters) within the sixty-odd miles between the Fritz-Widdom ranch and the town of

Clifton: Slaughter brothers, near Table Mountain, on the Frisco River, and Pippin's Triangle T. outfit, also on the Frisco.

Other ranchers had followed George Stevens (first white settler in that district) to the Eagle Creek district, and established their homes near enough to be neighborly, and as a matter of protection in case of an Indian outbreak, for the entire Blue Range country was claimed by two Apache reservations for their personal hunting ground and was considered "hostile territory" for white settlers.

The three later settlers away off across the mountain ridge from the others offered easy prey for raiding Indians and they did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity; driving off cattle and horses and burning barns, corrals, and haystacks, and often burning the houses, and killing range riders.

The first two wild horses that Fritz & Widdom managed to rope and break to the saddle were stolen right in front of their very eyes, so to speak -- just taken in broad daylight. Since there were about fifty or more, of the Indians and only two white men -- with little ammunition -- they just kept quiet and let them take the horses.

Along in October (1884) Fritz & Widdom had a corral full of mavericks ready for the branding iron the next morning, when just at dusk, while they were eating supper, a band of perhaps one hundred or more Indians rode up to the corral, opened the gate and stampeded the cattle.

All the Indians carried rifles, which was something new to Fritz & Widdom. All the fire arms they had seen among the Indians, so far,

were bows and arrows, and the tomahawk; they wondered where the rifles came from and who could have been teaching the Indians to use them. They knew from experience in Texas, that some renegade white man was probably responsible.

That night, as on many other occasions, these two, slept with their boots on, one eye open, and one finger on the trigger of their rifle. Nat remarked that "since neither of these bands of cattle and horse thieves had worn war paint, they were probably just hunting parties and not out after white scalps".

To which Fred added his opinion. "When an Indian gets smart enough to tote a rifle he is maybe smart enough to leave off the war paint also. It fairly makes my scalp tingle to even see one of 'em."

In 1885, a man by the name of McKeen came to "squat" near Bear Springs a few miles to the West from Fritz & Widdom, and later that fall came Toles Cosper and his wife -- the first white woman on Blue River -- to "squat" a few miles to the south of Fritz & Widdom, which now totaled a number of five white settlers within a 60-odd mile limit.

Along early the next spring (1886) the "Humpy" Johnson outfit drifted into the upper Blue River range, some twenty-odd miles above the Triple X Ranch, and established what he called the Rattlesnake Ranch. The Johnson family contained a young girl who was the first unmarried white girl on Blue River.

Ranchers in these isolated districts seldom made a trip to town more than twice a year for supplies, purchasing enough each time to last until the next time -- if they were not cleaned out by Indians meantime, as they often were.

In the fall of 1886, McKeen and Johnson had already layed in their winter supply of food and ammunition, but Fritz & Widdom had been too busy with fall branding to make the trip to town until it began to look as if they were in for the first snowstorm of the season.

Fritz prepared to make the trip and urged Widdom to go with him, but Widdom argued that since they had their corrals full of newly branded cattle and more to brand that one of them should stay there and look after things.

As Fritz drove away that morning leaving his partner alone he had an uneasy feeling somehow. They had not seen a single Indian for weeks now, and Fritz felt that they were just about due a visit. As he passed Cosper's ranch he noticed that there didn't seem to be anyone about, and assumed that the Cospers had gone into town also for belated fall shopping. He passed the Pippin ranch on the Frisco River, ate dinner and drove on.

Next morning as he was loading his wagon at the company store in Clifton, and was about ready to start home, a wild-eyed cowboy from the Eagle Creek district popped into the store with the news that Geronimo had gone on the warpath and was sweeping across the Blue range country with a thousand warriors, all armed with Springfield repeating rifles.

Fritz thought of Widdom out there along and almost out of ammunition, McKeen alone on his ranch, no one at home at Cospers,

and Johnson a full twenty miles away, and too, he thought the cowboy had "stretched the blanket" a little as he didn't think Geronimo could possibly have such a band of warriors as one thousand -- unless, of course, (as was the case) other tribes had been urged to join him.

Friends in Clifton begged Fred not to attempt the trip and said that he'd be scalped before he got halfway there, but Fred Fritz was not a man to leave his partner in such danger and not attempt to go to aid. He'd go or die in the attempt.

He stopped at Pippins and told them about the uprising and they tried to get him to return to the safety of Clifton with them, but he declared that he must be getting to the aid of Not Widdom. The Pippins began at once to prepare to go to town and Fred drove on.

When possibly five or six miles from Pippin's ranch he sighted a band of what appeared to be mostly old men, women and children, and a few warriors. He could not tell from the distance whether or not they were in war paint, but there wasn't a single feathered headdress in the bunch that he could see.

Most of them were on foot, headed south, and seemed to be in too much of a hurry to even see him. He stopped his wagon behind a grove of river willows and watched until they were well out of sight; then whipped his horses into a run and got out of there as fast as he could.

He came to Cosper's ranch and found a blazing pile of ruin. He hurried on, fearful of what he might find at home, but when he came in sight of his house he felt a bit easier; the house was there, so were the corrals and barn. Then on closer inspection he saw the corrals were

empty and an ominous silence seemed to hang like a pall over his home.

It was getting dark by that time and there was no light in the cabin. He drove up to the back door and called to Widdom; there was no answer. He went in and found Nat Widdom in a pool of blood on the floor near the fireplace; Not had been in the act of making biscuits and still had fresh dough on his hands and his body was still warm.

After failing to revive Widdom, he lit a lantern and tried to make an investigation, reasoning that the killer, or killers, had not been gone more than a half an hour at the longest, and wondered why, if they were Indians, he had not encountered them on the way. He found signs at the front gate that told him the killer had stood there and shot Widdom in the back with a rifle.

Fritz had not unhooked his team from the wagon. He got in and drove over to McKeen's where he found McKeen sitting comfortably by his fire smoking his pipe. McKeen seemed terribly surprised to learn of an Indian outbreak -- a bit too surprised, Fred thought -- and acted like it was hard for him to believe that Widdom could have been killed by Indians so near him and him not even know about it.

Fritz thought from the very start that it did not look like the work of any Indian, and his suspicions were more confirmed when he and McKeen went back to his ranch and now found the house, barn, and log corrals going up in smoke, and seen the place fairly swarming with

painted warriors who were obviously in the act of leaving.

Fritz and McKeen watched from behind large boulders until the last of the howling band had disappeared, and as soon as it was safe to speak, McKeen remarked, "They must have followed you back, Fred."

"Perhaps these did," Fred agreed and than added meaningly, "but whoever killed Nat was certainly here before I got here and made their get-a-way just in time."

"My God! Fred. You don't think I --" McKeen gasped out.

"I don't think, McKeen, there isn't time for that now, the Johnson family may be needing help."

They pulled Widdom's charred body from the flames and discovered that it had been scalped -- it hadn't been scalped when Fred found it. "I never heard of an Indian scalping a man that they did not kill," McKeen blurted out as if he meant to infer that Fred had probably killed Widdom. "And you ain't hearin' of it this time McKeen unless you know who done it," Fred flared back.

They loaded Widdom's body into the wagon and drove over to Johnson's, a silent tension of suspicion in the mind of each of them. They found the Johnsons were aware of the outbreak, but the Indians had missed them so far, a fact which gave Fred an idea about the possible source of the Springfield rifles and made him wonder anew about the death of his partner. It was a well-known fact that Johnson was, or had been, on fairly friendly terms with Geronimo, but as far as Fred know, there had been no ill-feeling between Widdom and Johnson. It was hard for him to even think that either McKeen or Johnson would shoot a man in the back -- especially Widdom.

Toles Cosper returned to Blue River the next day, cutting his visit with relatives in the Duncan Valley short as soon as he heard about the outbreak -- returned to find his home destroyed and most of his herds missing. He brought his neighbors the news of the attack at Pippin's ranch, which had occurred less than one hour after Fred had passed there and gave them warning. Mrs. Pippin had been slain and Pippin left for dead.

Nat Widdom was buried on a mound overlooking his "Garden of Eden," and Fred went ahead with their plans to establish a cattle ranch in his "Land O' Milk and Honey." He was never sure in his mind about the murder of Widdom.

Up until 1890, Fritz shipped and sold around three or four hundred head of beef stock at eight to twelve dollars per head, and the prices were still going down. Fritz decided it best to try to build up his herd to better beef stock and hold them for better prices.

Cosper had brought in thoroughbred Herefords and Fritz proceeded to buy ten Hereford bulls from Cosper, paying $100 each for them; then he set to really raising cattle. He had the same trouble the other ranches were having; his herds were stolen and his barns and corrals destroyed time after time.

His brand 3-X was easily altered to 8-X and the first of this trickery he noticed was 1891 during the spring roundup when he saw a calf branded 8 Bar X following one of his own range cors. He knew there was no such outfit as "8 Bar X" on Blue River and he had never heard of the brand elsewhere on the Blue Range.

He drove the cow and calf into his corral and promptly went "hunting," taking two of his six cowboys with him. Circling Bear Springs and McKeen's place, climbing to the mountain ridge, they turned south, and from this height, with the aid of a pair of field glasses, they could see the canyons and gorges.

It is difficult for anyone who has never been in the Blue Range country to remotely imagine the ruggedness, the height of its peaks, the depth of its canyons, or the denseness of its forests, or to imagine how large herds, or camps of men and horses could be so easily hidden from view.

Fritz and his men were out two days and nights before they saw a single thing to justify their "hunting trip". It was early on the morning of the third day that they discovered a small herd of newly branded cattle drinking at a water hole, and discovered every one of them wearing the "8 Bar X" brand, and every brand was unmistakably worked over.

Fred recognized his own brand 3-X changed to 8-X, and Pat Slaughter's P brand changed to P-X, also Toles Coxper's Y-Y brand changed to 8X. Toles' cattle were more easily recognized because of the breed, all Herefords and longhorns. "And," Fred reasoned, "Anyone with an ounce of horse sense would know that cattle with all the range and water they needed on their own range would never be found accidently ranging that far away."

After they had inspected the herd they set out to find the rustlers' camp and followed both fresh and cold trails for almost a

week before they had any success. The rustlers' "roost" was located square atop of Pipestem Mountain and afforded the rustlers miles and miles of view over the vast range country, and had they been as smart as they should have been, Fred and his men would never have lived to report the location.

Riding along the rim of the canyon, they saw two men busy with branding irons, down in the sandy floor of the canyon, nearby was a crude corral -- a brush fence piled across the box-like canyon -- and the corral was full of bawling, milling cattle: the cattle were making so much noise that it was easy for Fritz and his men to get near enough to get a good look with the field glasses without being "spotted". The two men were total strangers.

On the opposite side of the canyon they saw a man sitting on a rock with a rifle across his knee, evidently enjoying watching the branding. At the head of the box they espied another armed lookout, and a third a little way down the canyon. Then they began looking for a fourth, and found him sitting quietly -- half asleep -- not over four hundred yards below them.

Three men to six, and they did not know how many more might be within calling distance of the rustlers. They eased away from there and lit out home to get the other ranches together. Taking a roundabout way and climbing up Pipestem Mountain to the top, they almost rode right into the rustlers' camp before they saw it, tucked back in a thicket of quakenasp.

A corral full of saddle horses, another full of pack burros, a large tent with a campfire before it and cooking utensils scattered

about, comprised the camp. There was no one in sight, but they could hear voices inside the tent that sounded like a dozen men or more. They eased past the camp and continued to ease on down the other side of the mountain.

By the time they got the other ranchers gathered up and went back to get the rustlers, the "whole pack and caboodle" of them had cleared out, taking cattle and horses along. Fritz summized there must have been around 500 rustled cattle, besides almost as many good saddle horses, in that herd.

What little trail the rustlers had happened to leave behind for the ranchers to follow was several days old and there had been heavy rains to aid them in covering their trail. The ranchers learned several weeks later that a shipment of 8 Bar X cattle had been loaded at Silver City, N. M. and shipped toward California by a man who said his name was Jenkins -- signed "Paul Jenkins".

This "Jenkins" person claimed to have a ranch in the Mogollon Mountains, but there never was any such ranch in that country that Fred Fritz could find, and the 8 Bar X brand was never registered in either New Mexico or Arizona Territories.

That wholesale rustling got the "dander up" among the ranchers on Blue River and they began to mistrust their neighbors to the west of the mountain ridge, knowing full well that whoever rustled that herd must have known the country pretty well or they never could have made their getaway so easy -- and too, all the rustled cattle in that herd seemed to have belonged to the ranchers to the south and on Blue River.

Every newcomer to Blue River after that was viewed with suspicion and watched like hawks, but every precaution the ranchers took seemed to fail until most every one of them were about "cleaned" out of cattle and horses. They grew so hostile toward newcomers that it just wasn't safe for a stranger to make the least false move.

Into these conditions along Blue River, Fred Fritz brought his bride, Miss Katy Knapp, from Fredricksburg, Texas in 1894. The Indians had been quelled by that time, but there were still the rustlers and killers of every caliber to contend with throughout this section of Arizona territory.

Fred refused to expose his bride to such dangers so he built her a house in Clifton where she spent two long, lonely years. Fred must attend to his ranch and could not be with her very often, and it seemed hard for her to get acquainted with the women in the mining camp somehow.

Then, in 1896, at her persistence, she took her place among the cattlemen's wives on the Blue River. Here, for the first time since she had left Texas, she found the hospitality to which she had been brought up -- the genuine hospitality of the Old West.

Despite the dangers of ranch life in a wilderness such as this, the ranchers managed to enjoy life to a certain extent. Social activities consisted of "log rollings, quilting bees, apron parties, picnics and barbeques, and sometimes a dumb supper".

The log rollings: When someone wished to build a new house, barn or corral, the neighbor men would gather in to help, while the womenfolks came along to prepare a feast. Then after the work was finished, fiddles

were tuned, banjos and guitars strung, and the dust knocked out of harmonicas, and the dance began. Quadrilles, square dances, polka, schottish, rye waltz, and Spanish muzzuka were the most popular dances of the time.

Apron parties were a lot of fun: All the ladies would make an apron -- leaving the hem unfinished -- and fashion a necktie like each apron; the ties were drawn from a box by the men, blindfolded, and the tie matching the apron determined the ladies' escort for the evening; the men must hem the apron by hand.

The dumb suppers were also a lot of fun for the unmarried folks, at least. The unmarried ladies would prepare a dinner in complete silence -- anyone speaking just one word was "out" -- and when the table was all laid, the lights were put out and each lady took her place behind a chair; then the unmarried men would come in and select a seat in the dark, thereby supposedly selecting his future bride.

When all the unmarried men had seated themselves, the lights were brought in -- many of them would often be seated in vacant seats, that is, no lady would be standing behind him, and he would be termed "Batchler" until the next supper; then the dinner proceeded and everyone enjoyed themselves -- old and young alike.

From 1896 to about 1909 the price of beef stock advanced slowly to around $16.00 per head. The Blue River ranchers shipped a few each season -- usually twice a year -- each man selling whatever he might have ready for market and "pooling" the herd, shipping all together.

About 1890, ranchers on Blue River began paying lease on grazing land, called school sections which were not opened to homesteaders, but gradually new homestead sections were opened and some began raising grain and food stuff which made fencing necessary.

Then came drouth in 1909 which made range and water a serious problem for Blue River ranchers; they began charging so much per head per month for range and water, often taking their pay in stock. Markets slipped back down the scale and many suffering animals were shot on the range.

With the coming of "Law and Order" when the territory became a statehood, rustlers and undesirables were gradually eased from the Blue River district and a measure of peace and more sociability came to the settlers.

1909, settlers on Blue River were granted a patent to their homesteads, 160 acres each, with the priviledge of leasing what grazing land they needed at moderate prices, 50¢ to $1.00 per year per acre, in most instances.

Then came 1916, when war clouds hanging over Europe spread to the United States of America, and reaching into the Blue River district began to take the young men from the ranges and sending them "over there" to fight against Germany.

Fred and Katy Fritz, both of German birth, watched their eldest son, Fred Jr., join the ranks of the army against the fatherland, but they were Americans now, with true Americanism in their hearts -- they were born in America and only their ancestors were German --

but the German language was still being spoken in their parents' homes.

The cattle country now stippped of the range riders, the women-folks must take up the work. Katy Fritz, now in her middle forties, donned the garb of the range rider and mounted her saddle with strength and courage that matched those early frontier kinswomen of hers back there in Texas.

The wartime demand of beef stock sent the market rocketing skyward to $40 per head and up. Fred and Katy Fritz took advantage of the opportunity to "clean up" a neat nest egg with what stock they had to sell.

Shipping during the duration of the meteoric market a total of more than fifteen thousand head, which left them with less than two hundred breed stock on their range to start another herd with.

With the demise of Fred Fritz, Sr. the Triple X Ranch became the property of Katy Fritz, June 6, 1921, and for seven long years she managed the ranch with equally as much success as Fred had done, riding, roping, branding, selling, shipping, and doing everything else on the ranch that any man could do. Katy was as expert with shooting irons as she was with rope or branding iron.

1928, worry with the burden of managing the ranch, and realizing that the Blue Range country was in for another drouth, Katy felt that she would like to retire to a more peaceful life, so she sold the Triple X Ranch to her son Fred Jr. and moved back to her home in Clifton

to rest in her declining years.

Fred Fritz, Jr., born of that dauntless courage, of the Fritz-Knapp generations, managed to weather that long drouth, which was the worst ever witnessed in the Blue River country, and retain his foothold that was set by his father and Nat Widdom that day back in 1884, in the "Land of Milk and Honey" and the "Garden of Eden." But he admits that during that three years of drouth there was little to remind one of such country as his father and Nat saw there.

Fred came out of that drouth with a small, but fine little herd to build up from. "Busted" ranchers selling out, or just plain walking out, left plenty of range room for those who managed to weather that storm.

Although the Triple X retains only the 160 acres of patented land originally alloted, it now has a range of around 2,500 acres under lease. Fred retains only a small herd which have been bred up to thoroughbred Herefords -- between three to five hundred in number -- shipping about twice a year anywhere from three hundred up.

Fred, unlike some of the oldtimers in the cattle business, does not resent being dictated to by the Government; he does not resent the fences either. In fact, he can see the advantage the modern cattleman has over the oldtimers who had to fight every step of the way to the top -- a top some of them never lived to reach.

And with the dawn of the new era in the cattle industry, the Triple X Ranch has a head start over its less fortunate and less courageous owners and neighbors along Blue River.

CONTENTS

SANTA CRUZ

An Arizona History

by

C. Gatlin

The devil was given permission one day
To select himself land for his own special sway.
So he hunted around for a month or more
And fussed and fumed and terribly swore.
But at last was delighted, a country to view
Where the prickly pear and mesquite grew.
With a survey brief, without further excuse
He took his stand on the Santa Cruz.

He swore there was some improvement to make
For he felt his own reputation at stake.
An idea struck him and he swore by his horns
To make a complete vegetation of thorns.
He studded the land with prickly pear
And scattered the cactus everywhere.
The Spanish dagger, sharp-pointed and tall
And last, the cholla, the worst of them all.

He imported Apaches, direct from Hell.
For the ranks of his sweet-scented train to swell,
A legion of skunks whose loud, loud smell
Perfumed the country he loved so well.
And then, for his life, he could not see why
The river should carry more water supply.
And he swore that if he gave it another drop
You could use his head and horns for a mop.

He filled the river with sand till it was 'most dry
And poisoned the land with alkali.
And promised himself, on its slimy brink,
The control of all who from it should drink.
He saw there was one more improvement to make,
He imported the scorpion, tarantula, and rattlesnake.
That all who might come to this country to dwell
Would be sure to think it almost Hell.

He fixed the heat at one hundred and seven
And banished forever the moisture from heaven.
But remembered, as he heard his furnace roar,
That the heat might reach five hundred or more.
And after he'd fixed things so thorny and well
He said, "I'll be d----d if this doesn't beat Hell!"
Then he flopped his wings and away he flew
And vanished from earth in a blaze of blue.

And now, no doubt, in some corner of Hell
He gloats over the work he has done so well.
And vows Arizona cannot be beat
For scorpions, tarantulas, snakes and heat.
For with his own realm it compares so well
That he feels assured it surpasses all Hell.

JAMES ALLEN AND CLARA ELIZABETH GREVE

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

From Missouri they came. Jim was born in 1900 in Springfield and came to Phoenix in 1912 by train. Clara was born in 1906 in Steele, Missouri, and came by train to Phoenix in 1915.

In 1923 when Clara was seventeen and Jimmy was twenty-three, they met on a blind date arranged by Clara's brother, Harley. It was Halloween. Harley wanted to date a friend of Clara's, so he offered to arrange a date for her the same night.

It was a dreary night for some, cloudy and sprinkling, but to Clara and Jimmy the night was bright and sparkling. Even though there were two other couples in the car with them as they drove around that evening, as with all young lovers, they were the only ones in the world.

They saw each other the next two nights, and Jimmy proposed the second night. Clara accepted. He told her he knew he loved her the first time he looked into her eyes, and if she had not accepted he would have gone to California to work. He had not ever been in love before, even though his family and friends had tried to get him together with several girls.

Clara's mother wasn't pleased about the relationship and grounded her after a few weekends of dating. Actually, Clara was grounded three times during their courtship. And when her mother found out about the planned marriage and forbade Clara to see Jimmy again, Clara and her mother had such a disagreement that she was grounded for the next three weeks.

The young couple had planned on waiting until spring to get married. That's when Jimmy's new 1923 Chevy that cost $600 would be paid off. The three week's grounding, however, helped them decide to get married right away, for as with all of us who are truly in love, we won't be kept apart by family, friends, or anything else if we can help it.

So they decided to run off and laid their plans. Another couple, Ira and Evelyn, were planning to elope also. Harley would drive the car and come after dark with the lights off. Since Clara wasn't even allowed outside after dark, she had to feign a stomachache and the need to visit the little house outside with the half-moon cutout. Her bag had been secretly packed, and as the car arrived with Harley blinking the car lights on and off as a signal, Clara jumped on the running board and Jimmy held on to her as they drove off.

They stayed at Jimmy's mother's that night, catnapping in the living room, and the next morning, December 17, 1923, they drove to Florence, Arizona to be married by a Justice of the Peace. Jimmy and Clara were married first, with Jimmy's mother and Ira and Evelyn as witnesses. When Clara was asked how old she was she said, "Over eighteen." She was only seventeen and a half, but she had written "18" on a piece of paper and put it in her shoe, so in fact, she really was "over eighteen." Ira and Evelyn were then married with Clara and Jimmy as witnesses. This was nine weeks after they met on a blind date on Halloween.

The newlyweds came back to Phoenix after the wedding and stayed with Jimmy's mother a few weeks until a house was available on the citrus ranch where he worked for ninety dollars a month. Clara was soon

working there, too, packing fruit. This was to set a pattern for their lives; both Jimmy and Clara working, side by side.

In their first home their household goods consisted of a bed, an old trunk, and a washstand. They had orange crates for seats. Charlie Lane, Jimmy's brother-in-law, gave them ten dollars for a wedding gift. With that they bought kitchen utensils, plates, and a stove. This was their home for about two years.

In the spring of 1925 they left the citrus ranch and started farming on their own. They raised cotton on 24 acres at Central and Camelback, on the northwest corner, while they lived at Custer's, the people Jimmy had lived with as a young man. Velma Louise, their first-born, was born December 29, 1925, and three months later she passed away from crib death.

In 1927 they moved to East Indian School Road into a little shack with dirt floors and walls papered with magazines. This is where Ruth was born October 17, 1927. While living there they raised corn, tomatoes, and peppers which they took to the market at the old courthouse.

Jimmy built a little house at 32nd Street and East Southern in 1929. They farmed melons, corn, tomatoes, peppers, and first started experimenting with yams there. Jane was born September 27, 1929.

They lived several other places after that, always farming. June was born August 3, 1932 while the family was living on South 7th Street. Then in 1939 while living on Highland Road, now called Sunland, Carol was born on the twenty-eighth of November.

In 1942 Jimmy and Clara built their present home on Alta Vista. They were still farming, raising corn, peppers, cotton, and melons. In

1949 their farming was narrowed down to yams, cotton, and alfalfa. The yams were packed in lug boxes in the backyard. Jimmy built a packing shed at the home place in 1955, registered his brand, "Best Dug," and started escalating his yam production. When he retired in 1969, he was shipping yams all over the western states and also sold his Best Dug to Gerber Baby Foods.

Jimmy and Clara have been blessed with thirteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Many long years ago it was said their marriage would never last. Thank the Lord it has for sixty years. They have been loving, patient, and caring parents. Thank you, Jimmy and Clara, for all you have been and done.

Carol Greve
12/17/83

DIXIE COLLIE WALKER

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Dixie Collie was born in Kentucky June 25, 1894, the youngest of thirteen children. After moving from Kentucky when Dixie was eight, the family spent some years in Texas. For her mother's health it was decided to move to Arizona. They ended up in Elgin, where they homesteaded. The year was 1909, and her father, Ruben Collie, was the first postmaster and kept a small store.

After passing the teacher's certification test in Nogales, Dixie was hired by the Mowry School District in 1912. That same year she attended Flagstaff Normal for a summer teachers' session. Her next teaching position was at Greaterville and she boarded at Rosemont with Forest Ranger Schofield and his family. After another summer session at Flagstaff in 1914, she taught a year at Maricopa.

In the spring Dixie visited her sister Elsie in California. While there they traveled to San Francisco in a Model T to attend the opening of the Panama Pacific International Exposition. Then it was back to books and children--her job at Protero, which was about six miles out of Nogales on the Santa Cruz River. She stayed for the 1914-1916 terms at Protero.

The next year Dixie taught at the newly created Rain Valley School, newly created because of all the new homesteaders. The following September she bought a Maxwell car to travel from Elgin to Sonoita to teach but the flu epidemic closed the school. Many lives were lost and many families moved away, and the school was closed.

At this time the superintendent of Cochise County advised Dixie of a vacancy at Russellville, near Dragoon. She applied and was hired. Her train was met by cowboys from the C Bar Ranch where she would be boarding, and one of the cowboys caught her eye. That was Almond Walker. Before long they were engaged. Almond had been born in Texas Canyon in 1889 and had served on active duty in World War I.

Dixie and Almond were wed in a double ceremony with her brother, Stone Collie, and his fiancee, Fern Bartlett, on August 28, 1919 in Elgin. In September, Dixie returned to Russellville to teach while Almond worked at the Johnson mine.

In the fall of 1921 Almond fell ill and the Johnson mine was closing down, so they decided to move to Tucson. The family now included two baby boys. Almond was admitted to the Veterans Hospital in Tucson and soon recovered.

After his discharge, Almond went to work for the Fern's Chicken Ranch on First Avenue. At this time the Walkers were leasing 25 acres on River Road by Campbell Avenue. They had dug a well and lived in a tent until they could make enough adobes for a house. A daughter was welcomed into the family.

The young couple had been raising about a thousand chickens of their own, but finding the chicken business too risky, they turned to stabling of horses for dudes to ride.

For about seven years the Walkers had the Walker Stables on River Road, and in the summers took some of the horses to Mt. Lemmon and rented them out for riding. That was when traffic up or down Mt. Lemmon was controlled to a couple of hours each way.

After that venture, Almond and Dixie spent a year at the Lone Mountain Ranch on the Mexico border when it was owned by a descendent of Robert E. Lee. Moving back to Tucson, they lived at the Wild Horse Ranch Resort on Ina Road, where Almond wrangled horses for the dudes and they raised turkeys as extra income.

While at the Wild Horse Ranch, they heard about some acreage on Thornydale and Cortero Farms Road. They bought it and lived there off and on for twenty-six years. Their daughter Mary contracted polio while she was living in Mexico where her husband, Pete B. Bidegair, worked on the U.S. Government's Hoof and Mouth Eradification program. After Mary's death from polio, Dixie and Almond spent some years around Casa Grande caring for their granddaughter.

Some years later the Walkers leased the Espinosa Ranch near Sasabe for a time. Along with the cattle, they raised pigs to help out. At this time Almond's brother, Bert, ran the neighboring Palo Alto ranch for Roland Curry.

Almond died in 1960. He was survived by two sons, Phillip and Robert, who both had long careers in the Border Patrol. Phillip eventually retired from Customs. Robert, being a pilot for many years, flew deported aliens to Europe.

Dixie sold her Thornydale property in 1970. She recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday in great health with family and friends. She now lives in the Cascades Retirement Home in Tucson.

GROVER BRUCE LESUEUR, SR.

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Bruce was born on February 17, 1895 in Springerville, Arizona, the son of William F. LeSueur and Anner Marie Bingham. He attended grade school in Springerville and high school at the St. John's Academy. He also attended Brigham Young University for two years.

As a youth, Bruce worked for his father on their ranch and farm, and he also worked in the mercantile store that his father managed. He was eight years old when he drove his first four horses and two wagons, following his older brother William to Magdalena, New Mexico to haul freight. That was a distance of 130 miles, one way.

Bruce married Ila Pearson in 1917 and they continued working in the family operation. Ila was also of pioneer family stock.

A few years later Bruce homesteaded a ranch next to his father's Horseshoe Springs ranch. It was also close to his brother's place. About this same time, he acquired a mountain farm and ranch south of Eager, Arizona. In later years he acquired his father's place and continued to ranch, running the Staple A, the Horseshoe, and the BL Bar brands.

Bruce and Ila had six sons: J. Calvin, Grover Bruce, Jr., Harold B., Virgil V., James M., and Paul Douglas. James M. and Paul Douglas passed away early in life. In 1962, Bruce retired and sold his outfit to his son, Grover Bruce, Jr. J. Calvin passed away in 1982 after a lifetime of cattle ranching in Arizona and New Mexico.

Grover, Harold B., and Virgil V. are all still in the ranching

business in the Round Valley area. Grover runs the home ranch and the Staple A brand. Harold runs the U-C brand, and Virgil runs the Horseshoe brand that he got from his dad.

Ila Pearson LeSueur passed away October 15, 1983, nine days after she and Bruce observed their 66th wedding anniversary.

LEONA MCDONALD TAYLOR

DOUBLE ADOBE, ARIZONA

Leona McDonald Taylor was born August 7, 1904 at Lee Station, Arizona, which is located about twelve miles northeast of Douglas along the Southern Pacific Railroad in Cochise County. She was the youngest daughter of William (Bill) McDonald, who had come to Duncan, Arizona from Texas in 1889. Bill had married Rhoda Garcia, also from Texas. There were two other McDonald children, Lawrence and Florence. Florence married Marion A. Fairchild. Lawrence still lives in Douglas, and Florence and Leona live near Douglas at Double Adobe.

While the McDonald family was living at Lee Station, Bill McDonald gathered wood from the nearby mountains and sold it in Douglas. He invested the money he made selling the wood and any other income in cattle. In 1907 he moved his family and cattle to Cottonwood Canyon, establishing a headquarters on the best and most enduring water in the area. He and his family prospered, and his ranch holdings grew until he controlled about one hundred sections of prime Arizona ranch land.

Leona grew up on the ranch, where she and her brother and sister attended a school which was maintained at the ranch by her family. When the three children were in high school, they went in to Douglas.

In 1928 Leona married Thomas Irvin Taylor. He was a Texan who had been associated with her father on the ranch. Irvin was a dedicated cowboy and outdoorsman. He was a lion hunter, baying several of these predators with his dogs on the ranch.

In the mid-thirties, Bill McDonald divided his ranch and cattle

equally between his three children and their familites. Leona and Irvin acquired the original headquarters and the middle portion of the ranch. Irvin had taken a homestead, which added to their holdings.

Then in the 1960s, Leona and Irvin divided their ranch between their two children, Alton and Lucille. In 1975, Alton died. After his death the Taylor portion of the McDonald ranch was reconsolidated under the ownership of Lucille and her husband, Clifford, and Leona who had remained at the ranch after Irvin's death in 1966.

Leona branded her cattle with the Anchor L (⚓ L). The Line V 7 (V7) was used by Clifford and Lucille. The K Cross Bar is another brand used by the family and which was recorded by Bill McDonald (K+).

At seventy-nine, Mrs. Taylor is quite active and a good source of information concerning the early ranching operations and practices of the San Bernardino Valley. When Leona isn't with her sister Florence at the Double Adobe, she enjoys visiting Clifford and Lucille near the original headquarters at the home she and Irvin built in 1940.

JAMES THOMAS "JIM" GARRETT, JR.

TUBAC, ARIZONA

The son of James Thomas Garrett and Harriett Jeanette Beard Garrett, Jim was born February 18, 1908 in Knickerbocker, Texas. In 1912 when Jim was four years old, Papa Garrett sold his livery stable and ranch in Texas, rented a boxcar, and loaded it with household items, ranch and farm equipment, horses, cattle, and the family dog, Mac, and headed west.

Mother, Papa, Beatrice, Zelma, Pauline, Jessie, Marcella, and Jim all arrived in Douglas, Arizona in October 1912. Mac had run off in El Paso when Papa took him for a walk. The children cried for hours but the train had to leave without him. Arizona had just become a state in February of that year, 1912. The family settled in and the girls began attending school.

Papa, who was interested in mining, came to Santa Cruz County to look over the situation. He found a house and property in Tubac. Mother wrote in her journal:

> "Tubac consisted of one street, used as a highway from Nogales, Mexico to Tucson, a Schoolhouse, Church, Post Office, Sinohui's Store, and many small homes of adobe scattered near and far from the road. They were all Mexican and Indian people. Around 50 children in school, including four Garretts. Mrs. Sarah Black was the only white woman in Tubac. Mr. Lowe--Post Master, German-Spanish extraction. Mrs. Lowe, a wonderful woman, also of mixed blood, with many children. Mr. Sinohui, Indian

> and Mexican mixture, spoke good English; he was the Catholic Church warden. A priest came from Tucson monthly. On special occasions a priest came from Sonora, Mexico. The Mexicans and Indians paid their church dues with corn and beans, and the few pennies they could gather up. The Garretts bought a long, flat house with a storeroom at one end, used for merchandise for ranchers and miners. Pauline, who was about thirteen, thought it was a barn when we arrived. Ranch land extended from Tubac to mountains in the west."

The family came to Tubac in February 1913. At this time there were no fences in the area. Papa built the first fence for the horse pasture. It's the same fence as the one on our ranch today, repaired many times. In Papa's days, everyone's cattle ran loose. In the spring and fall at roundup time, the Sopori, Arivaca, Otero, Gastelum, Salcido, Trujillo, Alegria, Megariz, Casanega, Canoa, Calabasas, and the Garrett cowboys worked together and cut out their cattle. If the roundup was a long way from ranch headquarters, there was a chuck wagon and the cowboys slept on the ground, just like in the movies. Every cowboy had two or three horses and all took turns wrangling in the morning. Sometimes roundup lasted for six weeks. In the fall, cattle were trailed to the railroad at Amado for shipment. Usually, a cowboy rode with the train to feed and water the stock and collect the money.

All Jim's friends were Mexican, so he learned Spanish well. But Mother would make sure everyone spoke only in English at the table. Jim still knows the names of lots of things in Spanish instead of English. He says he dreams in Spanish!

During the flood of 1914, which happened right before Christmas, Papa rode a horse across the swollen Santa Cruz River to pick up the mail and some gifts that had been ordered for Christmas. Jessie said they had ordered some sailor suits for Jim; however, all his new friends wore levis, so naturally the sailor suits were never worn.

The river is usually dry a little north and a little south of Tubac where it goes underground. It's the same today. The three youngest Garrett children learned to swim in the Santa Cruz River, in some of its deep pools. There were giant cottonwood trees on the banks, and there was always water at Tubac.

From Mother Garrett's notes, she wrote:

> "Fort Little at Nogales with many white and black soldiers, also a large body of soldiers south of Nogales, Sonora. The Yaqui Indians, South of Nogales, Sonora, uprising was in 1913 and 1914. All villages on the Arizona side were guarded. A battle in August 1914 with many people killed started the Mexican Revolution."

One day Mother was shopping in Nogales, Arizona when fighting broke out on the border. She spent the night under fire.

Jim went to school at the old Tubac school. His teacher for the first four grades was Miss Vanette Barrett. Mr. Samuel Beattie taught fourth through eighth grades, and was also the principal. Mr. Beattie tutored Jessie for high school. He rode his bicycle to Nogales to pick up her work and keep her current with the class.

When Jim was seven, his brother Stan was born. While still an infant, Stan contracted infantile paralysis. At that time it was almost always fatal. Due to the excellent care he received from his loving

family, he recovered with only a slight paralysis.

Papa built their house in Tubac, the only two-story structure between Nogales and Tucson for many years. The family moved there around 1917. About this time, Senator Bailey had the 100,000 acre Baca Float, a Spanish land grant, fenced. Everyone who lived in the many homes and on the farms and ranches comprising that acreage was moved off. That included the Garrett store. There were guards who rode fence and it was a bitter time.

Papa built a general store beside the two-story house. Mother and Jessie were his clerks. The store was later used by the Border Patrol. It was the checkpoint for immigration. Since prohibition was in effect in this country, no liquor could be transported from Mexico. For a short time when he was a young man, Jim worked for customs.

In Mother's diary she said:

> "Our small store and our home was always open to everybody, cowboys, travelers, Tucson, Nogales folks always made it to the Garrett home. We learned to love the carefree life. Summers spent on the Josephine and at Montosa Canyon, Bird Yoas cattle ranch, the Old Mowry mine and Sheehe mine east of Tubac 15 miles."

Mother Garrett never knew how many there would be for any meal, the table was always ready. Every morning she baked biscuits, cooked meat, gravy, hot cereal, hot cakes, eggs, and coffee. Breakfast was at sunup. When the cowboys came back in the afternoon, around three o'clock they ate another huge meal. The evening meal was usually light. There were always cakes, cookies, and pies. Many evenings were spent playing "500" with Mr. Barringer and Mr. Beattie, and if a fourth was needed, the kids

were allowed to play.

While Marcella was in high school and Jessie was in business college, Mother, Jessie, Marcella, Jim, and Stan moved to Tucson. They came to Tubac when ever they could, which wasn't nearly often enough for Jim. He loved the ranch and his horses and roping. Jessie said that before Jim could lift a saddle, she used to saddle his horse so he could ride.

From the time Jim was a teenager, he and his friends rode up the river to the mountains and gathered wild horses and drove them to Tubac. Each boy would catch and train some of them. There were also lots of wild cattle in the valley. The boys used the high banks along the river as corrals to trap the animals.

When John Nonie Barnard sold the Arivaca Ranch to the Boice brothers, there were over seven thousand head of cattle with the J N B brand (JNB). Jim was rounding up his cattle, which usually took about four days to gather and drive home over the mountain. Charlie Boice, one of the new owners, asked Jim if he would stay and help him count the herd. They bobbed each animal's tail as it was counted. It took six weeks before the job was finished and Jim could return home.

In 1929 Papa had a bad fall with a horse and was ill for two years. He died in 1931 and Jim took over the ranch. They had lots of cattle and horses. Stan was only sixteen.

Jim and his mother both homesteaded some land. They drilled a well and built a cabin for Mother and Stan at the base of the mountain. In her journal Mother wrote:

"While living at the cabin during the years, the home in

Tubac was used for a small military school. I was frightened one night when I heard distress calls. At first I thought it might be hunters, as it was deer hunting season. After lighting my large gasoline lamp, opening doors and windows I noticed the calls were closer. A light mist was falling, but I stood in the door and called. In a short time a tall blanket-wrapped figure came in sight. I was so frightened that I ran towards him, asked him who he was and what he wanted. He spoke part Spanish and Yaqui Indian. Told me he was hungry and thirsty. In my very poor Spanish I assured him that I didn't want him to come closer. That I was alone and afraid. Then he assured me that he would not do me any harm (No molesto), so he came to the kitchen door and I gave him a chair, pulled the table between us, and showed him my gun. I gave him a pitcher of water and cooked bacon, eggs, biscuits and coffee. He ate and talked. He said he knew the trail from the Border to Tucson following the mountains, but he missed the spring and then got lost. He pleaded with me not to tell the officers in Tubac that he had been there. As I didn't see any of them for awhile, I knew the Yaqui had had time to get to Tucson and make the trip back before then. Probably smuggling either men or ammunition into Mexico. He told me while sitting there that his father worked the mines, near my house, and that he was a child with his father there. As the mine workings were there, I suppose he was right."

Stan went to the military school, riding his horse, Buttons, from the homestead to school. Jim visited his mother often.

Jim had homesteaded the adjoining section south of his mother's, just west of the horse pasture. He drilled the well and built a cabin on his land. When he and Dorothy were married they lived in that cabin. Dorothy Kelly had come from Los Angeles to teach school at Amado. Gene England and Clarence Balcom, neighbors and bachelor rancher friends of theirs, joined them at the cabin on their honeymoon.

During the first year the cabin burned to the ground. They joined Mother and Stan at her homestead while they built an adobe house near their old cabin site. The new house had a pretty ocotillo ceiling; no electricity, but a bathroom with running water. The windmill pumped the water to a high storage tower which supplied the house. Some of the pipes went through the wooden cook stove and furnished the hot water.

Mother sold a portion of her ranch, including the land she had homesteaded, and four hundred mother cows. She kept the two-story house and some acreage around it. She sold to Miss Addison Pelletier, who also purchased the adjoining Otero Ranch. In the contract, Jim agreed to manage the ranch for Miss Pelletier for three years. Her main headquarters were based in the same location as the present Tubac Valley Country Club. She used the Old Well House as her wine cellar. Jim kept his renowned stud horse, Guinea Pig, in the stall that is now in the barroom of the club.

After Jim's three-year contract was fulfilled he went to Mexico to buy cattle. Jim's Spanish made it possible for him to communicate and trade with the Mexicans. Jim learned the back roads to the ranches and knew all the ranchers. There were only wagon roads and trails to the ranches in Mexico at that time. Things weren't much better in southern

Arizona. When the second World War came and Jim was ready to go in the service, the draft board said he could do the country more good in Mexico buying beef.

Jim continued to buy cattle in Mexico until the foot-and-mouth disease closed the border. Marcella's husband, A. T. Spence, was buying cattle in Texas at that time, and Jim went to work in Texas with him.

The U.S. government helped the Mexican government build a large meat processing plant in Magdalena. The state of Sonora didn't have the foot-and-mouth disease, so Jim was able to go back to Mexico and buy Sonoran cattle for the plant, which processed between nine hundred and one thousand head a day.

When the border was reopened, Jim had American cattlemen customers who fattened Mexican steers. He also leased ranches in Mexico including the Arizona Ranch, the Alamo, and the Robert Caranza ranch in Hermosillo. While there they imported many good bulls from the United States. The cow herds in Sonora, Mexico have been greatly improved. Corrientes, the native Mexican cattle, are hard to find in the state of Sonora. They are prized for being prime roping stock.

In the 1950s, the U.S. government required all ranchers to dip cattle in a medicated solution in order to control ticks and diseases. This dip resulted in the deaths of many animals. Jim alone lost over fifty head. The ensuing publicity from this slaughter resulted in Washington's changing the solution of the dip. Cattle must still be dipped before entering the U.S., but the dip is much safer for them now.

Jim and Dorothy had two sons: James Thomas, born in 1935, and John, born in 1936. When the boys were nine and ten years old, their

home caught fire in the middle of the night. Dorothy and the two boys walked to the Garrett two-story house in their night clothes and bare feet. Jim was in Casa Grande on a cattle selling mission. He returned to Tubac immediately. The children and Dorothy were safe, but the house and its contents were completely destroyed. When they rebuilt their house, they made it as completely fireproof as possible.

Some of Jim's roping partners were Santiago Gastelum, Bud Parker, Richard Merchant, Mike Megariz, Mike Knagge, and Mac McCutcheon, to name just a few. Most belonged to the Turtle Association, which later became the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA). Jim and his partners attended and won some of the Tucson, Prescott, and Payson rodeos. In the old days when Jim and his friends first roped, the horse trailers were homemade and open. So they put goggles on the horses to protect the animals' eyes. A trip to Prescott or Payson was quite an expedition. Matched races were run in Tubac on holidays.

Jim and Otho Kinsley held rodeos at Kinsley's Arena in Amado for several years. Jim brought in steers, bulls, calves, and horses from Mexico. They tried them out at Kinsley's. The better ones ended up in the big rodeo strings.

Jim inherited the XJ () brand from his father. When Jim's boys were in 4H, Jim went to Phoenix and registered brands for each son: James Thomas had the 5G (), and John the G5 (). He also registered an extra brand for himself, the U slash bar ().

In 1957 Jim had a near-fatal automobile accident which resulted in a broken collar bone, broken arm, and broken leg. Doctors said he might never walk or ride again. Jose Guaydacan, his trusted Mexican helper

and friend, installed pulleys and ropes on the front porch of the ranch house so Jim could exercise until he was able to walk again. Soon he was back on a horse. He had had to quit roping in competition, so he had taken a leave from PRCA.

Mother Garrett lived to be ninety-one years old. She passed away on June 6, 1966, and then Beatrice died in 1967. Dorothy died on November 21, 1971. She had been a member of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles for many years.

In 1972 Jim started to rope again. He continued to raise some cows at the home ranch, and to buy and sell Mexican steers. In 1977 he and Barnes Parker crossed over forty thousand head.

Jim and I, Lillian Reese, were married in 1978. I am a member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles, was representative for The Tubac-Amado Group in 1982-83, and am currently First Vice President.

We still raise a few cows, and in the summer we join the National Old-Timer Rodeo Circuit (NOTRA), visiting our many friends in Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah as well as here in Arizona as we tour. In the winter these friends bring their motorhomes and set up a trailer park at the Garrett Ranch in Tubac. In February there is always a large party for Jim's birthday including a roping and open house for everyone.

In 1979 Stan Sanford, from Casper, Wyoming, and Jim won the NOTRA team roping at Hyannis, Nebraska, and in 1980 they won in Lander, Wyoming. In 1982 Dave Prather, from Meeker, Colorado, and Jim won the NOTRA team roping at Cody, Wyoming. In 1983 Jim got the plaque for being the Oldest Roper in the Century Roping at the Santa Cruz County

Fair.

Jim's sisters Zelma and Pauline live in California. Jim's son James Thomas has a daughter Stephanie, and his son John has two children, Johnny and Scott. Grandson Johnny is the father of great-grandchildren Scott, Mark, and Karen; and great-granddaughter Amy Lynn is the daughter of grandson Scott. They also all live in California. Sister Jessie and Jack Pafford, sister Marcella Spence, and brother Stan and Neva live in Tucson.

Jim was seventy-six in February 1984. He is now a gold card holder in the PRCA. We planned a week of festivities for his birthday, with ropings every day. Jim has two registered quarter horses that he personally trained, and he made plans to rope every day of that birthday week.

JOHN AND INEZ JONES

PARKER CANYON, ARIZONA

John Jones and his twin brother Dave were born in Rock Springs, Texas to James Isaac (Jim Ike) and Mary Ann Weaver Jones on July 1, 1894. They had three older sisters. When the boys were five years old, the family moved to Rincon, New Mexico, and then on to Arizona, homesteading in Parker Canyon in 1907.

Inez Zander was born in Buckeye, Arizona on June 18, 1903, the fourth of Almer and Rosa Mezera Zander's ten children. In 1907 when Inez was four, the Zander family moved to Bellingham, Washington where Almer purchased a farm. That is where Inez and her sisters and brothers grew up and attended local schools. A sister and brother still live on the old home place.

Inez and two of her sisters had become teachers, and they learned of some teaching positions in Arizona through their uncle, C. M. Zander, who was the secretary of the Board of Directors of State Institutions under Governor Hunt. So, in 1923, via train from Bellingham to Nogales, Arizona, Inez returned to her home state, Arizona. She took a teaching job at Lochiel and her sister Florence took the job at the San Rafael Valley school. Sister Rosealie came to Arizona a few years later, and she taught in Parker Canyon.

In these days before television, dances were held quite regularly at the Schoolhouses. Naturally, a single schoolmarm was a good drawing card. Inez met John at one of these dances. They were married on June 20, 1924 in Nogales.

John and Inez lived in Patagonia while John worked on the road between Nogales and Patagonia. They also carried the U.S. mail from Patagonia out to the San Rafael Valley. In addition to these jobs, they would go out to the ranch at Parker Canyon whenever their help was needed.

On April 20, 1925, John and Inez's first son, John, was born in Ft. Huachuca. They called him Jack. The next year (1926) John's mother Mary died, so John, Inez, and Jack moved out to Parker Canyon. After much arguing and hard work, Inez was able to convince her husband and father-in-law that she needed a new house. A new house was built, but it was without running water and electricity, and she still used a wood cook stove to prepare the great meals that she had become known for.

In later years the house was remodeled into a comfortable modern home. The greatest additions were the installation of indoor plumbing and the purchase of a Kohler plant. Now the laundry could be done in a matter of a few hours instead of taking all day. The gas stove made biscuits that were almost as good as those produced by the wood stove, and it sure was a lot easier!

Jim Ike, John's father, died in 1931, leaving the homestead and its accompanying forest permit to John and his twin brother Dave. Since the ranch was not big enough to support two families, John bought the Blain Lewis ranch in the Sunnyside area and then traded it to Dave for his share of the home place. In 1935 John bought the neighboring Roger's ranch which was located up Parker Canyon from the home place. He purchased half of James Parker's ranch in 1944 and the remaining half in 1947. The Parker ranch was downstream from the home place. With

these purchases John and Inez ended up with a four-hundred head forest permit, five homesteads, and the John Jones () brand.

Inez worked with John to develop these holdings into a profitable business. They built dirt tanks, cross-fenced, and developed the springs. She rode with John and helped gather and brand the calves, and checked for screwworms and any other problems that could hit an Arizona ranch. Inez always said they had such a gentle herd because the cattle were always driven by the women in the family. Before the use of semi-trucks and trailers, they had to drive the calves and cows that were to be sold twenty-five miles to Patagonia where they were put on the train.

Even though the couple was busy on the ranch, they did find time for community service, such as John serving on the Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors. Other activities included a movie at Ft. Huachuca fifty miles away, the Fourth of July rodeo at the Circle Z Guest Ranch in Patagonia, a picnic with neighbors, or a matched horse race involving one of the horses they had raised, to name a few. In 1947, Inez and thirty other Santa Cruze County women formed the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles. She remained active in the group until illness in 1984 forced her to stop.

Their oldest son, Jack, went to school in Parker Canyon, and continued in high school at Patagonia High School. He boarded out with friends and relatives in Patagonia. After serving in Europe during WW II, Jack married Arlene Hickey, who was from Union, Nebraska, and attended Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff. After his graduation they moved to El Paso, Texas but were needed to help at the ranch. So Jack and Arlene and their daughter Judy, who was born in Flagstaff in

1947, moved back to Parker Canyon. They lived in the old James Parker house, a house that had thirteen rooms with two doors and a chimney in each room. Their second daughter, Jackie, was born in Nogales in 1953.

John and Inez's son, Lawrence David, was born on June 22, 1934 at Ft. Huachuca. He, too, attended schools in Parker Canyon and Patagonia, also living there with friends and relatives. After two years in the service, Lawrence graduated from the University of Arizona in Tucson. He married Mary Qutierrez, who was from Mexico. They have two children, Kathryn who was born in 1964, and Steven, born in 1966.

Jack and Lawrence purchased a ranch in Arivaca. Lawrence and his family lived there, and Jack stayed at the Parker Canyon place to work with John and Inez.

In May 1970, John died leaving the ranch to Inez, Jack, and Lawrence. Lawrence traded his share of the Parker Canyon ranch for Jack's share of the Arivaca ranch. In December 1971, Inez sold the ranch to Mrs. Joan Friedman and purchased a home in Patagonia, where she still lives.

Jack and Arlene moved to Pima, Arizona where he started a grain business since he felt he was too young to retire! Lawrence and Mary continued to operate their ranch in Arivaca until 1984. Then they sold the ranch and purchased a home in Amado.

ENRIQUE C. AGUIRRE

RED ROCK, ARIZONA

Enrique C. Aguirre, "Henry," is the president of his family corporation, the Aguirre Cattle Company, which is located in Red Rock, Pinal County, Arizona. Besides the desert range cattle and feeders on the ranch, crops of cotton, barley, and wheat are grown. These crops are irrigated from private wells. One half section of the land has been in the family for over a hundred years. The early members of the family bought, fed, and sold large numbers of cattle which ranged from Mexico to Arizona. Since 1892 the family has maintained a home in the Red Rock area. During the years the children were in school, the Aguirres lived in a winter home in Tucson.

E.C., as he is most often referred to, was born on May 12, 1911, in Tucson. He is the son of Higinio and Anita Munguia Aguirre. Higinio had been born in Sonora, Mexico, as was the custom in those days, and was brought to Tucson a few days after his birth. Anita Munguia had been born in Tucson. She and Higinio were married at San Xavier Mission near Tucson in 1905.

E.C. is a direct descendent of Don Jose de Aguirre, who came to Mexico in 1713. Don Jose was born in 1689 in the province of Narvarre, which is located in the northeast corner of Spain. Within two years of his arrival in what was to become the Mexican state of Sonora, Don Jose had become an Alcalde Mayor, a position which carried much prestige and power--a sort of judge's and mayor's job combined.

Don Jose's descendents remained a force in northern Mexico until

1852. That was the year Don Pedro Aguirre, E.C.'s great-grandfather, moved his extensive holdings, the Hacienda de Chorrerras, from Chihuahua to La Mesilla. Two years later, the lands south of the Gila River became a part of the United States through the Gadsden Purchase. This area was to form parts of the states of Arizona and New Mexico.

Don Yginio, E.C.'s grandfather, was a lifelong rancher. He also operated large supply trains and did extensive freighting for the U.S. Army. It was in this capacity that he brought Arizona's first territorial governor, Governor Goodwin, into Prescott. The freighting lines established their routes over the well-known Santa Fe Trail, and extended their routes from northern Mexico as far as Westport, Missouri as well as to the Willcox and Sasabe areas. It was in Westport that Don Epifanio, great-uncle to E.C., met and married Mary Bernard, who was to become the first head of the University of Arizona Spanish Department. She was recently named to Arizona's Women's Hall of Fame.

Don Higinio, E.C.'s father, was a rancher all of his life. He also ran a slaughter house and meat market in the Tucson area. Don Higinio and his brother, Don Epifanio, had extensive land holdings between Red Rock and the Canada del Oro near Oracle. They ran as many as seven thousand head of cattle and four hundred head of horses and mules in that area in the early 1900s. In 1922 that partnership ended. Don Higinio continued to buy and sell other ranches in the Marana-Red Rock area.

Enrique Aguirre and Rosa Moreno were married on November 8, 1937. Rosa and her parents, Nolberto and Amalia Soto Moreno, all had been born in Tucson. Now a total of five generations of this family are native

Tucsonians. Nolberto and Amalia were married in Tucson on August 4, 1917. For awhile, he was a bookkeeper for the Consolidated Bank, now known as the Valley National Bank. Then he created Moreno's Restaurant in Long Beach, California, and operated it for forty years.

In 1947 Don Higinio established a partnership with his son E.C. and they purchased a family ranch. Currently, E.C. oversees this operation along with his son Rick, his daughter Mary, and two of his grandchildren, Ricardo and Monique. His grandchildren are active on the ranch and are very proud to be showing their grandfather's choice Brangus cattle at the Arizona National and county fairs. They were also most pleased to be a part of bringing in the first registered Hereford bulls prior to having the Brangus herd in this area.

E.C. and Rosa have three children: Cecilia, Mary, and Henry, known as "Rick." Cecilia married a native Tucsonian, Mike Harrold, and they are living in Tucson. They have two daughters, Lisa who is now married and Kristi, who is attending the University of Arizona.

Mary lives on and helps with the family ranch. Her daughter Monique recently graduated from Marana High School and was awarded both a National Brangus scholarship and the Cowbelle scholarship which she will be using to further her education at Northern Arizona University. Monique has been accepted in the NAU preveterinary program. Mary's son, Ricardo, will be attending high school and he continues to be a great help to his grandfather and uncle on the family ranch.

Rick married Cynthia Koerner of Scottsdale. They have one child, Breeanna, who at only eighteen months loves to go with her grandfather to the range to see the brangus cows and calves.

The Aguirres are members of St. Christopher's Catholic Church in Marana, Arizona. Rosa has served twice as president of St. Christopher's Altar Society. She is also active in the Tucson, the Arizona, and the National Cowbelles, as well as having served as secretary of the Arizona Cowbelles. E.C. is a member of the Farm Bureau, the National Cattlemens Association, the Arizona Cattlegrowers Association, and the Cotton Growers Association. E.C. and Rosa Aguirre are a vital part of both their family business and the community of Red Rock, Arizona.

LOTTIE LEONA MOORE HONNAS

TUCSON, ARIZONA

I was born Lottie Leona Moore, the only child of Ed Moore and Nancy Ella Littlefield Moore, in Elizabeth, Oklahoma, on August 12, 1907. Two weeks later we moved to Dierks, Arkansas, where my father died of pneumonia when I was only four months of age. When I was ten (1917) my mother, who had been blinded in one eye and partially blinded in the other from a gunpowder-spark accident, and I moved to Chandler, Arizona. I had an aunt and uncle living there. We traveled by train along with another uncle and his family who were moving at that same time. In Chandler I attended the fifth and sixth grades, while Mother and I lived in a tent and picked and chopped cotton for a living.

In 1919 an opportunity came up in Marana. A project called Postvale was opening up raw land for farmers to own their own farms, and my mother purchased twenty acres with two thousand dollars she had saved. This was farmed with the aid of relatives. I attended the seventh grade at the Postvale school, which was three or four miles west of Marana. I traveled to school with two cousins via donkey and buggy and a sharp stick to prod the donkey along!

The next year, 1920-21, I was a graduate of the first eighth grade class of Postvale. In 1921-22 a high school was built in Marana and I was in the freshman class. My sophomore year, 1922-23, we moved to the Flowing Wells area west of Tucson. That's where I herded our one milk cow along the ditch bank when I wasn't in school. I attended Roskruge High School, which was five or six miles away, and my cousin and I

either walked or bummed rides, when we could. In 1923 the water supply increased enough so that we could again farm at Marana. So we moved back, and in 1925 I graduated with the first high school graduating class at Marana.

When I was in high school, six couples got together and we called ourselves "The Darling Dozen." The boys felt it necessary to initiate the girls into this group. They took us over to what is now Avra Valley to get us to commit what we thought was the most terrible deed at that time--to smoke a cigarette, which they did and we did. This is one of my memories.

Later on we did other mischievious things such as going into one of the girl's parents' watermelon patch. A girlfriend and I were horrified and unable, we thought, to take part in stealing watermelons. So we refused. However, she and I stayed on the outside of the patch while the others stole the watermelons and rolled them under the fence. We then picked them up and carried them to the car. We thought that way we did not have a part in stealing the watermelons because they had already been stolen. However, we did enjoy the watermelons with our friends.

We had very limited things we could do for fun. One of the things we did do when we were in our teens probably was unique. Our farms were on the edge of the desert. The jackrabbits invaded our farms and would eat the young cotton plants. This was quite a loss to the farmers, so the government would pay twenty-five cents for a pair of rabbit ears. We would go out in cars when it got dark, and with the car lights we chased the rabbits down. The lights would blind them and the boys would shoot them with a twelve-gauge shotgun. This was quite a sport, plus we

were paid for it. I would stick my fingers in my ears as I couldn't stand to hear the rabbit's cry, which was like a baby's cry, if they only wounded it. And then it was clubbed to death.

The only swim hole we had was the ditch that carried water to our cotton crops. There were headgates to direct water to whatever field was being irrigated. Those headgates, which were on the main ditches, had deep holes below them. Whenever water was released, we took advantage of these swimming holes and this is where we learned to swim.

After four years working at Marana Mercantile as a clerk and peddling homegrown watermelons in Yaqui Town (Tucson), I attended Tempe Normal Teachers School and was a member of the last graduating class for the two-year normal school, graduating in 1929. My teaching skills were used all through my life in raising my family, teaching Sunday school, vacation bible school, the Ladies Bible Class, and counseling.

While I was in college, my mother and other farmers traded their farms for land near Tucson. This was in 1928-29. We traded for land on the old Casa Grande highway immediately across the road from the railroad section house at Jaynes station. The section house was torn down many years ago. I never lived on this land, since I was teaching my first school about this time. When Mother died in 1947 I inherited this property, being her only child. It was subsequently divided in two parcels when Interstate 10 cut through the property. I always thought this was a good investment, and we bought more acreage adjoining the property. The City of Tucson recently annexed the property, and I plan to sell it in the near future. It is zoned for business. We sold the parcel which was a truck stop east of I-10 to our oldest son Raymond

in 1981.

To return to my teaching career history, I taught all eight grades that school year of 1929-30 at the Empire School District north of Sonoita in Pima County. In 1930-31 I taught first and second grades at Rillito School.

While teaching at Empire School (incidentally, that was for $150 per month), I had car trouble and drove my car into Sonoita to have it fixed. The mechanic fixed my car, but I didn't have any money to pay for the repair until I got my next paycheck. Later when I went back to pay for it, the mechanic said I didn't owe him anything! I sure took a good look at him. That mechanic, Cecil Honnas, and I were married on December 21, 1930 in Tucson. I was still teaching at Rillito.

Cecil was born in a mining camp in the Swisshelm Mountains near Douglas, Arizona, June 2, 1907. As a young boy he had moved to Bisbee for a few years and then to Land Station near St. David. In 1917 his family and he drove their small herd of cattle from Land Station to Sonoita to a grazing homestead they had acquired.

Upon our marriage, I finished my school year at Rillito and we moved back to Sonoita where we purchased our first homestead. By 1935 we had a hundred dollars, ten head of cattle, and two sons, Raymond (1931) and Donald (1934).

In these early years Cecil had operated the Sonoita Garage, drilled wells, and worked for the highway department while we acquired more homesteads and cattle. Once when he had left to drill wells in Mexico and Donald was ten months old, in the middle of the night I heard a great noise in the chicken house. I knew instantly that there was a

skunk in the henhouse. I knew I had to do something quickly or we would have no chickens left. I had no flashlight, no light of any kind, and not being used to ranch life, I never thought of a torch, no gun, so I decided to take a box of matches, a gallon tin can, and a shovel to rescue the flock.

I opened the henhouse door, struck a match, and dropped it in the can where it flared for a few seconds while I tried to see if I could locate the skunk. I kept repeating this until I saw him coming toward me, near the door. I threw another match into flare, and as he approached, I hit him behind the head with the point of the shovel and killed him.

To my surprise, the whole operation was completely odorless!

I rode and helped take care of the cattle, corraling the sick and wormy ones by day and helping Cecil doctor them by night, working as a team in both the cattle and the well-drilling operations. It was very necessary that we manage our little finances very frugally. I was the gofer (go "fer" this and go "fer" that) and helped where I was needed both on the ranch and drilling wells.

There is one particular holiday I'll never forget. We had invited the family up for Thanksgiving dinner. The day before the big event, Cecil's sister came up and announced, to my horror, that she had come to help me kill the turkey. I immediately informed her if I had known that, there would be no dinner. To sooth my ruffled feathers, she instructed me how we could do it without me seeing the actual process. These instructions were for me to hold both of the turkey's feet while straddling it facing backwards. She would put the bird's head on the

block and she would chop it off. Of course, after its head was removed, that turkey started floundering around with me screaming and holding on for dear life. My sister-in-law hollered at me, "Let go, let go!" So, I let go and started running about in the pasture, still screaming in shock. Never was this procedure repeated by me!

In the early days of my marriage we had two crank telephones. One was for us and one was for Cecil's mother's house, which was about a quarter of a mile from our house. This enabled us to communicate whenever necessary.

One morning, I was heating water for the washing machine outside in a tub with a wood fire. I had returned inside to do housework when I smelled smoke inside the house. I looked everyplace to see where it was coming from. We had a wood cook stove and box heater to warm the house. I couldn't locate anything, so I went out to put another load in the washer and again returned to the house. Now the smell of smoke was even stronger. Once again I examined everything, and once again found nothing. On my third return trip, smoke definitely was visible, so I determined to find where it was coming from. I was going to sit down on the couch till I located it. I looked at the ceiling, and by the box wood heater I saw the smoke.

Rushing to the crank phone I called Cecil's mother and sister, telling them the house was on fire and hanging up. I immediately went outside where we had a ladder, climbed the ladder to the attic door, and went in to see where the fire was. Fortunately, it was still just smoldering and had not yet ignited. Meanwhile, Cecil's mother and sister arrived, terrified that I was on fire or had fainted. I yelled and told

them I was all right and to bring me some water, which they did. The firefighting ranch women had accomplished one more job on their long list of jobs on the ranch.

I never had any doubt in my mind, all of my life, that I couldn't accomplish what I set out to do. But I might say, looking back, there was one time I should not have started this procedure.

One of our hens fell into a twenty-foot silo. I announced to Cecil's mother that I would go down on a rope and bring the hen out. Since Cecil was at work, I had no opposition. The idea of using the rope occurred to me since Cecil and I had gone into an onyx cave about fifteen miles from Sonoita using a rope. That was before we were married. Now I thought I could repeat the action, not remembering that the boys had tied knots in our rope to hold us from slipping in the cave. I put on my gloves, anchored the rope at the top of the silo, and dropped over the edge with rope in hand. Immediately I lost one glove and, because of the missing knots, hit bottom fast, landing on an old tire which probably saved my life.

Cecil's mother and sister were terrified up at the top of the silo and I was screaming from the bottom, "I'm all right! I'll just stay here till Cecil comes home," which would be in about six hours. I had badly burned my right hand on the rope. They threw down some medicine for my burn and immediately proceeded to make a ladder for me to ascend. When it was finished they lowered it into the silo and I ascended with delight, carrying the old hen and one egg. Mission accomplished!

During World War II, I bid on the mail route from Sonoita to Greaterville and my bid was accepted. I hauled the mail for several

years. Greaterville had a post office and general store at that time. Sometimes the postmaster, who was also the storekeeper, was a little tipsy which slowed him down, and on occasion I had to wait several hours for him to stamp letters, sell merchandise inbetween, and put up the mail for my return to Sonoita.

By the late 1940s Cecil and I had acquired 2,400 acres of deeded land all paid for, 150 head of cattle, and a small forest permit. His working out in the 1930s when we were first married had made our living and was the only time in my history that cattle actually made the payments for the land we bought. The only item we ever bought on time was land, and until the 1960s we never paid over ten dollars per acre. Our first brand was Y-A on the left rib. We later acquired the  brand from Cecil's mother and the  (open A bar) from one of the places we bought, all recorded for Santa Cruz County.

Water was precious in the early days. We hauled our water a half mile and practiced recycling before anyone knew what recycling was. I bathed the kids for Sunday school, then used the water to wash diapers, after which I used it to mop the floor. If there was any left it went on the fruit trees. After acquiring a well rig, Cecil drilled wells around, and ample water for domestic use and the livestock was found at depths of 160 to 250 feet deep.

In 1950 we were building a new home. We worked in the morning, along with a cabinetmaker, a short distance from where we were living. One morning about eleven o'clock I returned to our house to fix our lunch and also make a peach cobbler for dinner when the kids had returned home from school. After feeding my husband and the cabinetmaker,

we returned to work on the house. Around four I again went home to finish fixing dinner.

We served dinner around five, and afterwards I asked if anyone wanted peach cobbler. Needless to say, everyone did. I had put it out to cool at noon. To my surprise, there now was a spoon in the cobbler and it was about half gone! Naturally, I accused the boys of eating it but they assured me they had not. So, I offered them canned peaches, which I would have had to have gotten out of the cellar. Fortunately, they had lost all interest in peaches, which might have saved my life.

We discovered Cecil's boots just outside of the kitchen door. So, we immediately investigated for other missing items, knowing that wetbacks were frequently in the area. We discovered our pistol and some ammunition were gone. We looked further and found Donald's levis and leather jacket were missing. Some silver change was still on the sink--wetbacks didn't realize the coins were worth anything.

The next day I had to go down into the cellar for some food, and there I found bullets for our pistol and also some jams and jellies had been opened and eaten. After some more investigating, we found a large tea towel with groceries tied up in it.

Meanwhile, our combination postmaster and store owner came up to get us to identify some things that the Border Patrol had found on a wetback they had picked up. The Border Patrol had stopped for gas and the storekeeper had informed them of our robbery. When they checked a bag the wetback was carrying they found a loaded pistol and most of our other items, which we identified as ours. The wetback was in jail that night, and he asked Santa Cruz County Sheriff J. Lowe to get the peach

cobbler recipe. The Moral of the Story: Make good peach cobbler to catch a thief.

In 1951 we moved into our new home, which was just a few hundred yards from our old home and had our first telephone. We had gotten electricity a few years before from the R.E.A. That home is still there immediately to the west of the Sonoita Bible Church and the post office-bank-shopping center, all of which are on the first piece of land we bought.

In 1960 we sold approximately 2,300 acres of deeded land to a developer, keeping enough land to run about forty head of cattle at Sonoita. We were building a new home.

That same year we bought the Fresnal ranch from Homer and Dotty Osborne. It ran from Arivaca to the Mexican border in Santa Cruz and Pima counties. The transaction was noted in the newspaper as "one of the largest ranch sales in recent years" in the Arivaca community at a "reported price of $45,000." The ranch was "a large cattle spread, comprising 1,200 acres of deeded land, 4,200 acres under state lease, one and a quarter sections of Taylor grazing lease, and 20 sections of national forest land under lease." This was approximately a 700-head cow ranch. We drilled many wells, some dry holes but many with ample water which helped the cattle to better utilize the range. We cross-fenced the ranch a little at a time. Raymond and Donald operated the ranch

In 1963 we sold the headquarters and the 325-head forest permit of the Arivaca place to Jack and Lawrence Jones from Parker Canyon. At that time, Raymond bought the AY Ranch at Bumblebee. In 1971 we sold

the rest of the Arivaca holdings to Donald.

Cecil and I were active in Christian work all of our married life. Our home was always a stopping place for missionaries. We were instrumental in donating land and building the Sonoita Bible Church which is still active in the Sonoita area. Feeding and lodging missionaries was never a burden but a blessing to us. On a drop-in visit by an American Sunday School Union missionary, I invited him to share dinner with us. He was a little hesitant so I blurted out, "Come on and eat with us. I was going to feed it to the dogs, anyway." He never let me live this down, and has told the story at missionary conferences and gatherings all over the country.

We butchered our own beef, milked our own cow, raised a garden, and I canned our own fruits and vegetables (sometimes five hundred jars), churned my own butter, and made cheese. Before we got electricity and butane gas we had a burlap-covered cooler for milk and vegetables. A large pan of water was set on top of the cooler with wicks situated in such a fashion that there was a constant flow of water over the sides, keeping the burlap wet, which in turn kept the inside cool. We hung our beef outside at night and wrapped it in a sheet, blankets, and a tarp and put it under the bed during the day. I cooked on a wood range and ironed with sadirons which I heated on the stove. Constantly seeking improvement, we bought a Coleman gas iron. We graduated from an outdoor privy to flush toilets complete with a bathtub and lavoratory. Eventually we bought a 1500-watt Kohler plant and got a Servel butane refrigerator.

In 1957 we had the privilege of going to the Dominican Republic

for three months helping the West Indies Mission. I taught missionary children in school and Cecil helped in construction and building maintenance.

In 1961 we finished our new home at what is left of the Sonoita ranch and moved in. We enjoyed spending one month per year fishing at San Carlos, Mexico for several years, and took several tours--our highlight--to the Holy Land.

Another of the highlights of my life was sewing for our granddaughters, and having all the grandchildren home for Christmas which I looked forward to each year. Also, there was the delight of having each of the grandchildren for two weeks each summer.

From 1963 on, we were in semi-retirement on the 510 acres of deeded land and 18-head forest permit at Sonoita. We celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary in Tucson with family and friends from near and far. Then in 1982, Cecil had a massive heart attack while riding horseback on the ranch, and went to be with his Lord several weeks later.

Last year it was a surprise and delight to see my old Marana homesite which is now a cottonfield, and to discover the road in front of our place has been named for my mother: Moore Road.

Due to ill health, I was unable to continue living on the ranch and am now in Cascade's retirement center for older people in Tucson. I have a reliable man and his family living on and maintaining the ranch.

Our oldest son, Raymond, is a consultant and manager of a large jojoba farming operation in the Casa Grande-Stanfield area, and resides in Tucson. He graduated from the University of Arizona with a degree in Range Management, and later continued his education in Business,

receiving his Master's degree. His eldest daughter, Peggy, is an accountant and his daughter Adeline has a degree in computation. Both girls are presently employed. Cecil is in high school and Stacy in elementary; both, of course, are planning to continue their educations.

Donald retained the headquarters and a small ranch at Arivaca, and resides there. He graduated from the University of Arizona in 1955 with a degree in Range Management. His oldest daughter, Debra, is an R.N. and resides in St. George, Utah. Clifford is a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine and is continuing his education at Texas A&M at College Station, Texas. Jacqueline is a schoolteacher and resides in Costa Mesa, California.

The things that I appreciate and which have come about in my lifetime on the ranch are: eradication of the screwworm, the calfpuller, electricity, the telephone, three bathrooms, the refrigerator followed by the deep freeze, Rototillers, being able to buy eggs, milk and butter at the store, dishwashers, dryers, the electric washing machine, a microwave oven, fully carpeted houses, electric stove, solar water heater, and electric heat with thermostats in every room.

LEROY MILLER

YOUNGSTOWN, ARIZONA

I was born December 30, 1903 in Skull Valley, Arizona. Then in 1910 my father bought a ranch on Date Creek ten miles below where the Santa Fe Railroad crosses the creek. We moved everything to our new home by wagon and team. Dad and Mother drove the lead wagon pulled by four horses; Uncle Fred drove the buckboard with us kids (Archie, Nora, and me) in it. It took us three days to make the trip.

The next year they sent me to Prescott to stay with Grandmother Miller, and I spent two winters going to school there. By that time Archie and Nora were ready for school, too, so we all spent our winters in Congress until we finished the eighth grade. That's when I decided I had enough education.

I stayed at the Date Creek ranch for awhile after my school days were over but soon started working for neighboring cow outfits. I worked one winter for Bud Ming on the OX Ranch for my board--money was something you heard about but seldom saw.

A little later I went to work for Wayne Ritter on the ⊥ Ranch at Hillside. Was there about a year and then went back to help Dad. Then in 1925 I went to work for the Stewart's  in Williamson Valley.

There were lots of wild cattle at that time, and no fences except for the horse traps. In the wintertime we range-branded calves and led in all the old steers we could find. Some of the boys I worked with were Sterling Ellis, Diago Monreal, Whistle Mills, Ed Koontz, George Marlow, and Travis Heckle. I was at Stewart's about a year and then

went back to the desert.

Dad had cattle scattered from the divide west of Wickenburg to the Alamo Crossing, which is all under water now. At that time there were several small ranches along the river where we could camp during the roundup. He also bought the  Ranch in the Harcuvar Mountains from Jim Rowe. This was in between the Hassampa and Bill Williams rivers. The drought from 1925 to 1934 just about wiped out all the cattle in that area, including the Miller's. Nothing but wild horses and burros left nowadays.

In 1931 Hotance Honea and I were married. The spring of 1935 was a good spring, and so we bought 250 Mexican cows from Cecil Miller. We loaded them on the railroad west of Douglas, Arizona and unloaded them at Congress Junction. Didn't get much sleep after that. I like to rode several horses down trying to keep those cows from going all the way back to Mexico. No fences to stop 'em and some did get by me. I guess they're still going.

During this time I bought a section of land from Tom Richards, who was a brand inspector at that time. The land had a house and windmill on it, and was a mile below the railroad station on Date Creek. Later on, sold it to Everett Bowman.

About this time, John Hamilton bought a cow outfit in New Mexico, twenty miles west of Silver City, New Mexico. It was the old Vick Culverson  Ranch. There were fifty sections on forest and fifty sections off, all under fence. The western boundry was Red Rock, New Mexico, running from there to six miles east of the Continental Divide, east of Tyrone. We moved to New Mexico in July of 1936, and stayed on

until July, 1937. Hamilton was a good man to work for, but I got the California Fever so we wound up in Siskiyou County, California.

We bought a small irrigated ranch with some livestock on it. In that area, everybody feeds hay for four months out of the year, so I got to ride my first tractor. The winters were cold but seldom below zero. However, the snow melt in the mountains furnished plenty of water for our meadows during the summertime.

There were several larger outfits around me who also had summer range in the mountains. Always having some good horses, I was in demand on these trail drives in the spring and fall. Times were still pretty hard, so I shod horses, broke broncs, cut studs, worked in auction yards, and rodeoed close by.

Then I went to work for Glen Perry on the Connick ranch just two miles from my home. They had a thousand acres of irrigated meadow and grew lots of hay, but my duty was to take care of the cattle. Then when Glen Perry died of a heart attack, I filled in as manager. I still lived at my own home but ran that place for seven years, and retired at the age of sixty-five.

We continued to live in the same place after I retired. Thirty years in one place, that was a long time for me! My wife inherited a small farm north of Peoria, Arizona, so in 1977 we sold out in California and came back to Arizona. She sold that land in 1981 and we bought a home in Youngstown where we are still living.

JUAN YOURGULES

HARSHAW, ARIZONA

I was born between Washington Camp and Harshaw near Mowry, Arizona on November 28, 1907. My wife, Elvira Martinez, was born a few years later at the Procter Ranch, now the Diamond Y, about five miles west of Nogales.

My father, Nicolas Yourgules, was born in Greece and first came to Chicago when he was in his early twenties. Later he settled in Canaea, Mexico. He and my mother, Josefa Martinez, were married in Nogales, Arizona. When they moved to Harshaw, there were about fifteen families living there.

I remember going with my father to Nogales to get vegetables. We would leave in a wagon early in the morning and spend a night near the Santa Cruz River. My father had friends in Nogales who spoke Greek and we would spend some time in the park, then we would shop and return to the rock house near the Santa Cruz to spend the night. The next day we would hitch up the horses and return to Harshaw. This three-day trip takes less than forty-five minutes today. Sometimes we would see horse races along a straight part of the road near where the airport is today. Women would be under the nearby mesquite trees making tortillas and placing bets.

Our house in Harshaw was always full, as I had five younger brothers and six younger sisters. My parents later lived in San Rafael Valley where I worked and attended grammar school. The valley was different in those days. There were lots of homes, gardens, and enough

children for a school. I do not remember a time when I did not have a horse. I have always had a horse. After the third grade, I started working with the ranchers, which was much better than working in the fields of beans and corn. The crops and the school are now gone from the valley.

My parents moved back to Harshaw. When I was about sixteen years old and helping to support the family, ranch work paid between fifty cents and a dollar a day. And mine work paid about four dollars a day. Then I discovered I could make a hundred dollars a night bringing in whiskey from across the border. During prohibition I bought gallon bottles of it in Nogales, Sonora and carried them at night, on a black horse, to Lochiel where I crossed the line, then back to Harshaw where my mom sold it. I even wore a black outfit, hat and all. I was never actually caught with the whiskey but they came to our house in Harshaw, found the bottles, and I was taken to jail in Nogales. I stayed there for three days, then I was bailed out. My trial was in Tucson and a lawyer got me off. After that, I helped my family by working on a ranch near the Santa Cruz.

Elvira, my future wife, was attending the Little Red Schoolhouse located near the place I was working. We met during a time when I was working with her brothers, and four years later we were married. The ceremony was performed in Nogales by Judge Farley on January 6, 1934. After we were married, we lived on my mother-in-law's ranch until our first child was born.

In the years that followed, I worked for many people and lived in many places. We considered Harshaw our home. I worked for the WPA for

about a year, then worked for Carl Peterson at the Yerba Buena ranch for several months. We moved to Harshaw and lived in a barn at Dick Farrell's ranch. Later I worked again for Carl Peterson at Duquesne on forest range.

From there, I worked at the Trench Mine, then later at the Ruby Mine. Some mines were very bad. While working at the 3-R Mine, I remember the donkey pulling the ore cart would create a cloud of dust with each step. We would breath this dust, and later when we smoked cigarettes the taste would be sweet and our mouths and faces would turn green.

I definitely preferred ranch work but took whatever work was available. Mine work paid about four times as much as ranch work, but the mines played out near Harshaw and the miners moved elsewhere. Now everyone else that stayed with mine work, both older and younger than me, is dead. I worked next for Harry Stein at Mowry; he had about two hundred head.

During this time our family was growing. We had children born in 1935, 1936, 1938, and 1940. Our daughter born in 1938 died shortly after she was born. Our two daughters, Dolores and Bea, and our son Nick went to school in Harshaw. Dolores also attended school at the Little Red Schoolhouse when she lived with my mother-in-law. Our children all later attended high school in Patagonia and Nogales.

I guess I spent about fifteen years, total, working in the mines. We first had carbide lanterns, and later battery lights on our hats. I worked at the Flux and the World's Fair mines. One day "Marble" Jones set a fuse and charge that was not right, and it almost put the whole

mountain on top of us. Two-by-eights were cracking like matchsticks, and we ran out one step ahead of the rocks.

I'm lucky that most of my life my work has been on ranches. There were so many different jobs it is hard to remember. I worked for Henry Lee at the Lone Mountain Ranch near Montezuma Pass. I think he had about six hundred head. I do remember getting a dollar a day and board and room. I worked at the Agua Caliente Ranch for Wingfield, and the Baca Float Ranch for Roy Adams. I worked for Floyd Huchins in Calabasas. In Calabasas in the 1940s, I used to unload cattle from the train. There were big silos and a feeding operation, and at 2:00 to 3:00 o'clock in the morning I would unload five or six boxcars of two to three hundred head from Mexico. This feedlot operation stopped when there was a hoof-and-mouth epidemic.

I worked for the Vaca Ranch in San Rafael Valley for about fifteen years. At first we lived in Harshaw and I did "day work." Then I worked full time for three different owners: Clyde McPherson, the Janns Corporation, and Henry Timken. We lived in the Dunham place. The Vaca ran about nine hundred head of Whiteface, changed to five hundred Brahma, and later went back to Herefords. I was told they had 22,000 acres.

Maybe my shovel work in the mines was over, but ranch workers know well what a shovel is. Repairing and building fences and corrals, cleaning stables, and working on roads are all part of a ranch-hand's job. As far back as I can remember I have helped with at least three roundups a year, and that's not counting the roundup on the ranches I worked. I have worked for the Rocking Chair near Patagonia for the Conleys for about a year and a half. I was a cowboy for Floyd Stradling's ranch for

three years. I worked for John Sands on the West Ranch in Rain Valley near Huachuca City for a year.

A few years ago the Forest Service claimed our place in Harshaw. They asked us to leave and take our improvements with us. The well and the adobe walls did not move. We had a new tin roof and a new kitchen but we left, moved out, and now live in Patagonia. For the past nineteen years I have been working near Patagonia at the Seibold Ranch. I love the outdoors and feel I owe my long life to good, clean ranch work.

OSCEA OPAL ENZENBERG

SONOITA, ARIZONA

Oscea O. Enzenberg now lives alone at the Enzenberg Ranch which she and her husband, Orion Enzenberg, started in 1926. Located five miles north of Sonoita, the Enzenberg Ranch is famous throughout Santa Cruz County and Tucson for the quantity and quality of fruit grown in their large orchards. Their ranch property was enhanced by the irrigation developments worked out by Orion and Oscea over the years. Their orchards contained many different kinds of apples, pears, peaches, and other fruits which found ready markets in the Sonoita and Tucson areas. Their farming included large hay fields of alfalfa for their cattle. Much of their farm produce was shown each year at the annual Santa Cruz County fairs and brought them many blue ribbons. Many of their trees came from the famous Stark Brothers Nurseries and were under patent.

Oscea was born Oscea Opal Greenlee on April 20, 1893 in Blakeman, Kansas, and her family moved to Colorado when she was only two years of age. For some years her father tried mining, operating grain elevators, and running mercantile businesses. He then moved the family to Texas and purchased land in Reagan County, where he resumed farming.

Oscea's memories of her childhood are closely tied to the land and farming. She lived with her family in Texas until her mother died, and with her father until he died in Arkansas. Her sisters, Cora and Dora, already had married and were away from home.

With her younger sister, Marie, Oscea then moved to Arizona where they joined their sister Cora Everhart on the Everhart homestead south

of Elgin, Arizona. Marie had been crippled by polio when she was only a few months old, and she would be living with the Enzenbergs for many years. The Everharts were farming here in Arizona, and this is where Oscea first met Orion--he was helping farm.

She became very interested in this young man whom she was to later marry. First, however, came service in the Army and the young couple decided to wait until he returned from the war. Thus, they were married in the Christian Church in Tucson on February 10, 1919. They spent the following years in Tucson, mostly in running a dairy, until they moved to the Sonoita ranch in 1926.

Oscea remembers when they moved to the ranch, "We made 'shelter' as quick and cheap as possible. With shiplap sides and corrugated iron roofing. No ceiling. We had a small sheet iron stove, sometimes it got red hot in places. Soon after we got there we had a snowstorm. Snow came in under the eaves. We piled our beds high with blankets, and had layers of magazines under the mattress, too. Storing pumpkins under the bed helped!

"In the worst drought that cattlemen from this part of Arizona ever saw, cows were dying like flies. My husband and I woke up each morning dreading going into the pasture. We hoped the cows we had tailed up the day before would not be down again, and still more to be tailed up. (A cow weakened beyond endurance by calving could only get up on her front feet when urged, so we'd pull on her tail quickly to help her onto her hind legs.)

"We had two holstein milk cows down after calving, so we bought baled, green, leafy hay for them. Fed it to them by hand after they

became too weak to eat. The green feed killed them.

"The government, to help the cattlemen, offered to shoot all the down cattle still alive and pay the owner. We waited at first, and then picked a very few. Afterwards we set about skinning immediately as a few dollars were to be had for the hides. Orion objected at first but I insisted. As we skinned it began to rain. He said, 'There's no seed to make grass.' But I never saw before or since the way that grass grew--like hair on a dog and before our very eyes.

"A jersey cow weakened by calving got down and refused to get up. Orion tailed her up daily. The calf would come running when she saw Orion; it learned he would get milk for it. At last he said he could do it no longer, he must get to work to earn dinero to pay the interest on our land. We had an old Maxwell car. So he made a hole through the roof, put a length of galvanized pipe through it, and hitched up a block and tackle to it. Then each day I could drive to where that cow had moved to. Two weeks later when Orion came to see us, she was still being tailed up. He got some mesquite switches and switched her. The calf was there, ready, and finally she got up. We never had to get her up again! She lived to feed a number of bucket calves besides her own. Eventually, a bright spot.

"My husband's brother came to visit us. Orion kept on going to work, said his brother could help. A cow was down and I went to help her. After her calf was out, alive, I was ready to tail her up. His brother objected, saying, 'She must rest!' But I knew better, and eventually he helped me.

"One day I went to the well. It had a cement casing open at the

top with the windmill over it. A cow had found a bit of feed inside the windmill and well opening. In getting it she got her horns stuck inside the ladder on the windmill. I pulled, pulled, and twisted. No soap! I had to pound and pull until I bent the metal ladder and finally turned her head enough to get it out.

"Then there was the time I was told a certain cow was soon to calve and trouble was expected. One day she had gone to a small hill. I heard her bawl and knew she needed help. I tried to go to her but she moved, so I crawled over on the other side to get to her. She couldn't see me. I pulled on the calf's feet. No soap! So I hitched a wire stretcher to a mesquite bush and to the calf's feet. When that cow pushed I pulled, finally pulling her, but the calf came. The cow rested a bit and then stood up (well-fed cow), and I was really incensed when she got up and started to chase *me*!"

Orion Enzenberg passed away on January 31, 1984, just one day after his birthday. He was still planning a new orchard and planting young trees until the very last.

Oscea's brother Perry P. Greenlee and her sister Marie Greenlee still live in Tucson, Arizona.

Oscea still runs cattle on the ranch bearing the Running M E brand which they used since they first owned cattle. Many of their cattle are direct descendents of their original holstein herd that formed their dairy herd while they still lived in Tucson prior to moving to Sonoita.

GRACE AND DICK CONLEY

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Rocking Chair Ranch is located in the mountain area southeast of Patagonia; that's good cattle country. Originally, the ranch was homesteaded by Angel Serrano on May 20, 1882. Later, in 1940, it was sold to Margaret Buchenburg, then transferred to Bob and Sally Grennan in 1947. The Hunziker Construction Company of Tucson acquired possession of it in 1957, and we bought the ranch from Hunzikers in 1959.

When Dick completed his tour of duty as a naval aviator in the South Pacific, we came east, stopping in Tucson for several days. While there, we talked about moving from our home in Connecticut to Arizona. Dick had an aviation business in Connecticut. After our four daughters completed their educations, Dick sold his business and we bought the ranch.

The existing house was extensively renovated and the corrals enlarged to accommodate thirty horses. We run white-face range cattle as well as raise quarter horses and thoroughbreds--all racing stock. We also keep three cow horses for ranch work.

Dick and I are in our eighties now. Three of our four daughters are married, and we have eight grandchildren. Four of our grandchildren are now residing in Ireland.

In January 1985 we will be celebrating our 59th wedding anniversary.

FLORENCE ELLA GATLIN GILPIN

BLUE, ARIZONA

My father, Harvey Kidd Gatlin, was the eldest son of Jim and Bettie (Kidd) Gatlin. He was born June 23, 1874 in San Saba County, Texas, and he died on a ranch out of Silver City, New Mexico on February 14, 1949.

My mother, Amanda "Minnie" Orean Earl, was born January 6, 1877 in Harrisberg, Iron County, Utah. Her father was John Earl and her mother was Martha B. (Daley) Earl. She died in Safford, Arizona on February 2, 1956.

Mother came from Utah with her family and a group of Latter Day Saints when she was four years old. She told us many times of this trip which she barely remembered. She said she crawled in some bedding in the wagon and covered her head when they crossed the Colorado River. They crossed on a ferry boat at what is now Lee's Ferry. This group of Mormons first settled at Bush Valley, now Alpine, Arizona. Later, part of them went over the mountain and settled in Luna Valley in New Mexico. This was all territory at the time. Mama grew up there, the middle child of nine children.

Papa came to New Mexico with his Uncle Charlie Gatlin. Later he went back to Texas, and then his father, mother, brothers, and sister all came. Eight of them came in covered wagons and settled at Gatlin Lake near Springerville, then finally moved to Frisco, a few miles below Reserve, New Mexico. At the time there was a division made, and Socorro and Reserve are now in different counties.

Papa and his young friend, Johnny McDaniel, heard there were some pretty girls in the Mormon community at Luna, so they rode over to find out for themselves. Parents of Mormon girls frowned upon gentiles even attending their dances, but Papa and Johnny came anyway. It was at their second meeting that Papa persuaded Mama to elope. Mama's brother John missed her and was told they were eloping, so he ran to tell his dad, who immediately mounted a mule with a shotgun in his hands and tried to overtake the young couple, but was unable to do so. After thinking it over, Grandpa turned the mule around and went slowly home. Later he sent the newlyweds word to come for a visit, that all was forgiven.

Mama and Papa were married August 27, 1898 in Frisco in the same house in which Mid, their first son, was to be born a year later. Shortly after their marriage, Papa went to work for Montague Stevens and they lived at the SV ranch headquarters near Reserve, New Mexico. He also worked on the Datil ranch. Grandpa Gatlin started a brand for them and they were soon in the cattle business for themselves.

The children that were born in New Mexico were:

Mid Charles	March 6, 1900
Florence Ella	August 21, 1901
Claude Kidd	January 19, 1903
Elmer Bradley	June 23, 1904
Lee Glenn	January 8, 1907
Velma Nora	November 22, 1908

All of them except Claude were born in Reserve; he was born in Rincon.

After Velma was born, we all left for Patagonia, Arizona. Most of

the Gatlin family had already moved and settled there. Papa and Uncle Albert had bought a ranch on the Santa Cruz River between Nogales and Patagonia. Later the family moved to Alto, just under Baldy Peak in the Santa Rita Mountains. Lola was born February 11, 1911 at Alto, with Mrs. Bond officiating at the birth.

Soon after Lola was born, my dad and Mid left the area, hunting a new location. Uncle Albert and Aunt Leota had gone to Clifton before this. After they looked things over and decided they liked range conditions, they wrote Papa to start trying to sell the ranch and come on up. Papa and Mid rounded up the cattle and horses and drove them to the nearest shipping pens and shipped them to Guthrie near Clifton. They herded them near Guthrie that summer and then sold them that fall.

In April, Mama and the rest of the family started out on the train. We moved into the house Papa had rented from Mr. Potter; it was located near Clifton. We suffered from the heat there, and Arthur Slaughter asked Papa to move us to the Chittie ranch for the summer.

The Chittie ranch was on Chittie Creek, named after the Chittie family that had settled there previously. The house was two log rooms connected by a breezeway where we had our meals when it was hot. Wild mint was everywhere, also wandering Jew, and rose bushes that Mrs. Chittie had planted around the house. Mama had a garden and canned fruit from the orchard. The Slaughters were on the WJ Ranch, six miles away. The family was there for the summer, so we visited them some.

Papa went to the Upper Blue River to look for a place to buy. He went to work for McBest in the fall of 1912 on the Upper Blue. The following spring Papa bought cattle from Mr. McBest. His brands were Min,

the CT, and the TT; then he and George Balke bought the Mouth of the Blue River Ranch from Mr. Hagan and had the BOK brand.

Papa came for us in two wagons. We moved our belongings, and when we reached the Mouth of the Blue we moved into the old store and post office building, and the Balkes moved into a two-room house.

We loved the Mouth of the Blue, there was a new orchard and garden space. Later, the Balkes moved away and we moved into the house. There was a cellar behind the house. It had many shelves that were filled with canned fruit, canned tomatoes, preserves, chili sauce, and Mama's catsup. A storeroom held coffee, flour, shortening, and other staples.

Lawrence was born April 10, 1914. The Stacy family had moved into the little house to send son Jesse to school. There wasn't a doctor, so Lawrence was delivered by Mr. Stacy.

The Zumwalt family got together with my family and asked for a school. Permission was granted by the county, and five of us Gatlins went: Mid, Claude, Elmer, Lee, and myself. Tony Zimmerman had taught on the Upper Blue and agreed to teach at the new school. He was a firm teacher but a very good one, and well liked.

I have many wonderful memories of our life at the Mouth of the Blue. Among my memories are the Cosper dances held at the Cosper ranch on the Upper Blue, owned by Toles Cosper. Their dances usually lasted three nights. Mrs. Cosper baked and cooked for the dances. The highlight of all the Cosper dances for me was that I had my first date with Rush Gilpin, whom I later married in 1918. But that is another story.

Floyd A. Gatlin was born December 23, 1917, and Doris Evelyn, on January 29, 1916. Both were born on the ranch at the Mouth of the Blue.

Orean was born in Clifton on September 23, 1919. Dan, the youngest, was born on the ranch April 6, 1922, and was delivered by me, Florence Gatlin Gilpin.

The Mouth of the Blue was sold in 1931, and the family broke up and went their different ways. My mama, Minnie Gatlin, my unmarried brothers, and sister Orean moved to the Safford area.

Out of a family of twelve children, eight are living at this writing. Mid died at an early age, April 16, 1929. Lawrence contracted diptherea at the early age of twenty-four. He died January 16, 1938. Lee was murdered in Silver City, New Mexico on February 26, 1957. He was loved by many people, and many, many came to pay their last respects. Elmer died April 17, 1976 after a long illness of cancer. He also was loved by many and is remembered for his kind and gentle heart.

The brands of the Gatlin family were:

KW, U Diamond, FEG, MIN, TT, CT, BOK

This is a brief story of part of the Gatlin family. If it all were put in writing, it would make a large volume.

My husband, Rush, passed away June 30, 1979 at the age of ninety-two years. At this writing I, Florence Gilpin, am living in Safford at the age of eighty-two years.

James Smith Gatlin
1849-1937

by Richard G. Schaus

James S. Gatlin was born in Texas in 1849. Not much is known of his youth because the southwestern part of the country was in transient

turmoil following the end of the Civil War. As a young man he served as an Indian Scout for the U.S. Army and later he put in a hitch in the Texas Rangers.

He married Betty C. Kidd, also from Texas, and after their eventual family of six boys and two girls started coming along, the family moved about quite a bit, in long wagon treks, most often trailing some cattle along with them. These moves to various states seem incredible now, pioneer epics. The Gatlins were apparently a closely knit family and embarked on new ventures with their family, livestock and wagons, and if there were any doubts about any of them, or where they were heading, there's no record of it.

J. S. Gatlin had the Ring brand--from hip to hip and over and under the tail. That brand was easy to spot when he was chasing cattle in some of the rough and open range country he had operated in before he came to Arizona, in 1903. The Gatlin family came here from Reserve, New Mexico.

Their first move out of Texas years before had been to Oklahoma. Subsequently they went to New Mexico, then back to Texas, and returning to Oklahoma where they lived in a dugout. In the late 1880s the Gatlins settled north of Reserve, in the Gallo Mountains. Gatlin Lake there is, of course, named after the family.

Toward the close of the century two English outfits had the Flying W near the head of Blue River. They went broke, so James Gatlin and his brother, Dan, bought the remnants and divided them--Dan going with his cattle to the Magdalena area and James to the Frisco River.

About that time the Forest Service took over and began shaping up

allotments and permits. James Gatlin decided he wanted no part of such a deal involving forest personnel of those days. In 1903 the Gatlins leased the XU Bar Ranch, 20 miles north of Douglas, and drove their mountain cattle down there, and a year later, in 1904, moved to the San Rafael Valley. They lived there and in nearby Patagonia for the rest of their long and useful lives. Several of the Gatlin boys homesteaded where the Vaca Ranch is today and their father would run his cattle in with theirs. He got to know Clyde MacPherson, manager of the Greene Cattle Company, and in one deal Mr. Gatlin received two hundred OR heifers for services he rendered the company. The San Rafael Valley was a thriving place then as the Mowrey, Harshaw, Hardshell, Duquaine, Lochiel and Washington Camp mines were all operating. Mr. Gatlin took an interest in local civic affairs. He served several terms on the Board of Supervisors, in the pre-World War I era.

James Gatlin died in Patagonia in 1937 and his wife passed on the following year. All their children have since deceased with the exception of "Woody" Gatlin who was in the mercantile business in Nogales and Patagonia, and served as postmaster for many years at the latter town, where he is now retired.

Note: Reprinted with permission (*Arizona Cattlelog*, 1973).

Bettie C. Kidd Gatlin
1854-1938

by Margaret Buchenberg Gatlin

When Bettie C. Kidd was born, Indian attacks in that section of Texas were a thing of the past. Her father owned a store near Austin

(in Travis County which he had helped survey), a plantation, and about eighteen slaves. Though the store was only twenty-odd miles from Austin, it was an important trading center, for two days of traveling with an ox team was required to bring supplies to it from town. It was a great day when the wagons arrived.

"When I heard old Simon's black snake whip a'cracking, I knew there'd be apples and candy and maybe some canned fruit," Bettie Kidd Gatlin recalled. "There weren't many kinds of canned goods in those days, but sometimes we'd get jars of jam and jelly."

There were few luxuries of any kind then. The floors and furniture were of unpainted wood and had to be kept scoured white. The cooking was done on a crane in the fireplace. Candles had to be molded. Jars for preserving fruit were made from whiskey bottles. A kerosene-soaked cord was tied around the whiskey bottle just below the shoulder, the cord was set afire, and the bottle plunged into cold water. The shoulder and neck of the bottle snapped off cleanly, leaving a wide-mouthed jar. Cloth was woven and made into clothing, and even shoes were made at home. They were good shoes, made of deerhide and not at all bad looking, according to Bettie Gatlin.

In spite of these many chores, Bettie and her brothers and sister had much time for play. She followed her brothers everywhere, learning to braid rawhide quirts and to shoot the boys' guns. It was about this time that a young Englishman visited the plantation. He had a light rifle of a new type and one day when he and the boys were shooting marks with it, Bettie asked for a turn and made a better score than any of them. The Englishman was so impressed by her marksmanship that when he

left he insisted upon giving Bettie the rifle.

The end of the Civil War, in Bettie's ninth year, changed conditions greatly for the Kidd family. Mr. Kidd had lent a friend $30,000 which was repaid in Confederate money, now totally without value. Added to this was the loss of the slave labor by which the plantation had been worked. The extensive and highly diversified work of the plantation, once occupying the time of more than a dozen slaves, now became the responsibility of the family members.

One evening Bettie and her brothers, Webb and Albert, were finishing a hard day of scouring the woodwork. All the unpainted furniture was in the yard, rubbed to a dazzling whiteness. To the gate came a peddler--a "footpad," Bettie called him--who sympathized with the children on the difficulty of keeping woodwork scoured. In return for a night's lodging, he said he would show them how to free themselves forever from this particular work. The children watched him as he opened a packet of powder, mixed it with water, and stained a piece of wood. Bettie hesitated only a moment, then clinched the bargain, and together she and the peddler stained all the gleaming white chairs and tables. Then she and her brothers carried them back into the house and awaited with some anxiety the reaction of their parents. The matter was never mentioned; the stain was accepted without comment, favorable or otherwise. But evidently Mr. and Mrs. Kidd recognized the need for labor-saving devices, for shortly afterward the wooden floors were also stained.

It was during these hard years that Bettie's mother began a saying which influenced all Bettie's life: No matter how badly off you are,

you can always manage to hold out six months longer than you think possible. It was with this gallant and humorous spirit that Bettie faced the hardships of the rest of her adventurous life.

At the age of eighteen, in 1872, Bettie married James Smith Gatlin, then twenty-three years old and a Texas Ranger. James' family was also of pioneer stock, his mother had come to Texas in 1835 and his father was a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln. The senior James Gatlin had also owned a large plantation prior to the Civil War, but was opposed to slavery and had refused to employ slave labor. Nevertheless, he was loyal to his secessionist state; he served as a captain in the Confederate army and died of pneumonia contracted during the war. Continuing the westward drift of both of their families, the young couple settled in San Saba County, Texas, and there built up a cattle ranch.

Those were the days of the open range when cattlemen spent much of their time far from the headquarters ranch, with the chuck wagon as their only home. Jim was often away from the ranch, leaving its management to Bettie.

At one time just after he had gone to a great deal of trouble to corral a small bunch of wild cows, Jim was called away. Unwilling to release them, he told his wife to hold them as long as she was able to care for them, but if they became too difficult to handle, just to open the gate and let them drift. When he returned some weeks later, he found to his surprise that every cow was still in the corral, and that Bettie had gentled them so she could walk among them without alarming them in the least. But with anyone else they were as wild as ever.

It was at this ranch that Bettie Gatlin's first five children were

born: Norah in 1877, Harvey in 1879, James in 1881, Jesse in 1883, and Albert in 1885.

The ranch prospered and the Gatlin brand was carried by a fair-sized herd of cattle when a feud broke out between two nearby ranchers and grew into a war which involved the whole county. Notwithstanding his years of duty with the Texas Rangers, Jim Gatlin was a peace-loving man who would avoid even trouble which directly concerned him, if it were possible. Thus he refused to take part in the private war now engaging most of San Saba County. But there was no place for neutrals in this battle--a man was either the friend of one side or the enemy of both. Jim steadfastly refused to join either faction and as his position between the millstones soon became untenable, he decided to leave the country altogether and relocate in New Mexico, where an uncle of his already owned a ranch. Besides, he said, Texas was becoming too thickly populated and the range was getting crowded!

So, in 1888 the household goods were loaded into three wagons, the cattle strung out, and the long drive west began. A neighbor presented them with a pair of opera glasses (which are still treasured by the Gatlin family) to assist them in watching the cattle and surveying the country around them.

It must have seemed to the travelers that their long journey had only brought them to the same conditions from which they had withdrawn, for just fifty miles short of their intended destination they found a cattle and sheep war in full sway. Moreover, their road of travel was serving as a no-man's-land, with the cattlemen along one side of it and the sheepmen on the other. The cattlemen withdrew when they saw the

wagons (their leader turned out to be Jim's uncle) and the hostilities were suspended until the Gatlin outfit was safely past.

There being plenty of open, unclaimed land in Socorro County, the Gatlins chose a location among a group of lakes which still bears their name. The range was free and the grass was good, but now troubles with the Mexicans and sheepmen became their difficulties. Both Bettie and Jim shared the Texan dislike of Mexicans and found it distasteful to meet them on the more equal terms enjoyed by the natives of New Mexico.

Bettie's skill with firearms stood her in good stead here. She never needed to actually use her gun but was careful to foster a "shooting reputation" among the Mexicans, which was sufficient protection in itself. One night a Mexican came to daughter Norah's home in search of medicine for his wife. Norah was married and living at a little distance from the home ranch at this time. She did not have the medicine and advised the man to go to her mother for it. The Mexican protested that he was afraid to go there, that Mrs. Gatlin would surely shoot him. Norah assured the man that Mrs. Gatlin most certainly would if he went slinking around the house, but if he approached openly and called out to announce his errand he would be in no danger at all. The Mexican took her advice and began shouting when he was still half a mile from the Gatlin house, and departed doubtless as grateful for his whole skin as for the medicine he was given.

In 1890 another daughter, called Texie for the state which the family still claimed as their own, was born; Woodruff followed in 1893 and Ibrey in 1897.

Toward the end of the century the National Forest took over the

unclaimed land around the Gatlin ranch, selling grazing permits to the ranchers. This increased the cost of running cattle enormously and greatly decreased the carrying capacity of the country. In disgust, Jim and Bettie left New Mexico and traveled west once more, this time to settle in Santa Cruz County in Arizona, which then was still a territory. Here again they found open lands free to whomever might wish to use them, and again their herd was built up. Their sons Jim, Jesse, and Albert joined them and, likewise, took up land until Gatlin holdings were scattered all across the northern half of Santa Cruz County.

But when Arizona became a state, the National Forest took over the unclaimed land here, and again the Gatlin cattle had no place to graze. The Gatlins could not reconcile themselves to running cattle under fence and subject to the regulations of the Forest Service. They decided it was time for them to cease working and enjoy the profits of their early years. They sold all but five hundred of their best stock, which Albert was to handle for them, and moved into Patagonia. Jim and Jessee also sold their homesteads and moved away, Jim to settle again further west at Gila Bend.

And so Bettie Kidd was to peacefully conclude her pioneering days in the comfortable little house on the hill in Patagonia. She and Jim, as gentle and soft spoken as ever, were visited by some of their sons and daughters-in-law nearly every day. Thus ended a lifetime which spanned many changes, from slave-worked plantation life and covered wagons to cattle ranching on the open range and the vanishing of the last frontier.

Ed. Note: Originally written for a University of Arizona English class assignment in 1931. Exerpts reproduced with permission.

LEOTA SIPE GATLIN

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

I was born on January 21, 1889 in Alma, New Mexico. I met Albert Gatlin at one of the dances there. We were married on December 25, 1907, and so I came to Patagonia from New Mexico as a bride. Our honeymoon was spent on the Cot ranch in the San Rafael Valley; Albert owned the ranch at this time.

The spring that year was a dry one. We and the McPhersons, who owned a ranch adjoining ours, helped each other out. One of the main chores that spring was pulling cows out of the bog holes. The cows would get too far into the dirt tanks trying to get a drink of water, and then they couldn't get out. We would have to pull them out with horses and ropes. It was a tough year and many cattle died.

I raised seven dogies (they are calves that have lost their mothers). I fed those calves on raw oatmeal mixed with water. Albert sold those seven calves the next fall for forty-five dollars and he used the money to buy me my first stride saddle, which I still have. I wish I had a dollar for every mile I covered in that saddle and in a sidesaddle I rode.

The other day when I was talking about material for this program, Mrs. Seibold told me not to forget to mention the days when I rode down Red Rock Canyon by her house from the Cot ranch. I was riding in a sidesaddle, holding Ruth, my daughter, on my lap and usually carrying a brisket meat roast tied on the side of the saddle. This roast was for Albert's mother who lived in Patagonia. She loved those roasts, and I

thought nothing in those days of riding horseback some twelve miles to take her one.

We sold the Cot ranch to Elly Brown, Blain Lewis's cousin, and moved to the Turkey Track Ranch below the present Circle Z. The Turkey Track Ranch was owned by Harry and Lou Stevens at the time we bought it. We were on the ranch less than a year when the Baca Float Corporation claimed it as part of their property. We had to move. So then Albert and Charlie Chapman located on a ranch at Alto, which Willie Chapman Bergier still owns.

Now, I would like to tell you a little about what we did for entertainment while we lived at Alto. Really, our only form of entertainment was dances in Patagonia at the famous Cady's Hall, now better known as the Patagonia Women's Club. We thought nothing of riding fifteen miles, dancing until sunup, and riding back to Alto. There were usually several of us in the group, Willie Bergier, her mother, and others. Albert played the guitar in those days, and was generally a part of the orchestra whenever there was a dance.

We sold our part in the Alto ranch to Charlie Chapman and went to Clifton, Arizona, and on up the Blue River to work for Arthur Slaughter, where we stayed for a year. You people of the present day would never believe the ranches were so hard to get to, and so far away from everyone as that place on the Blue River was. As I look back on my trip into that ranch and my stay there, I have many a good laugh, but in those days it was all a part of everyday living.

Our household goods went to Clifton by train, and from Clifton to the ranch by horse pack train. Albert was first in line leading a

packhorse on which were our 2 X 4-foot cookstove, a cot, and on top of that was Albert's guitar, where Albert had tied it, thinking that the top of the load would be the safest place. I was next in line. Behind me was another packhorse with a trunk full of dishes, our clothes, and on top of that load was our bedding. I had my daughter on my lap. Everything was going along nicely when I heard an awful racket on the trail. As I rounded a bend in the trail, I saw that the packhorse which Albert was leading had gone under a limb and the guitar was smashed into splinters. That ended Albert's guitar playing! It was an all-day trip into the Slaughter's, and a hard day's trip, too.

In the year that we were there, no woman ever came to the place. Cowboys and trappers were there often, and one old man by the name of John Phillip stayed with us for three months and trapped. He was a Southerner and told many a tale of the Civil War. In his eyes, the Yankees were skunks. We didn't have much in the way of entertainment that winter, but we sure got a lot of American history, Southern style.

When that year was up, we came back to Patagonia and took Mr. Sanford's ranch and cattle on shares. Today the ranch is known as the Circle Z. It was nice to be back where I could see people and go places again. The train between Nogales and Benson went right by our corral, so when I wanted to spend a day shopping in Nogales, I would flag down the train. I returned on the evening train.

Speaking of trains from Nogales to Benson reminds me of the big Fourth of July celebrations we used to have. Trainloads of people from Nogales came and spent the day at the Patagonia Fourth of July celebration. Those were the days when everyone got out their flags and really

decorated. Even the horses had small flags flying from their bridles. There were horse races on the main street in the morning. At noon everyone drove to Northcraft's grove (Blue Heaven) on the Sonoita for a picnic barbeque. The men would rope goats and take part in other rodeo events, the children would play in the water of the Sonoita River, and in the evening everyone returned to Patagonia. Everyone then cleaned up for the night's entertainment and had their evening meal at Cady's Cafe. Then we danced all night at Cady's Hall.

In 1912 Albert homesteaded our present ranch and our roving days were over. Except that during his days with the border patrol from 1925 to 1941 I moved thirteen times in order to be with him on the job. But we did have a home base from 1912 on.

I must tell you about some of the rains we have had. In fact, the last time I went out with Albert to take a load of salt on the range, we got caught in a big rain. That was the last time I rode my forty-five dollar saddle. On the way home a big storm came up and lightning was flashing. Albert spurred his horse for some big trees and yelled for me to follow. When he reached the trees, I was still standing where he had left me, and I was soaking wet. Albert yelled to come, and I called back that I was afraid lightning would strike the trees. His answer was that the trees had been there for fifty years. Come to think of it, that was the last time I was on a horse, and since it hasn't rained like that for two or three years, that must have been when I last rode horseback.

But the biggest rain I ever remember happened some years ago. Albert was out riding the range and Ruth and I were at the ranch alone.

I didn't realize that we were in a real storm until I looked out the window and saw the woodpile floating toward the house, with hens floating alongside it. I grabbed Ruth in my arms and ran out the back door toward the hills. The water was almost knee-deep. Albert had to swim his horse five times across Temporal Canyon to get home. When he arrived, he found Ruth and me still on the hill, and I admit I was crying.

We went back to the house, and not a drop of water had gotten into the house but you should have seen our handpump on the well. Our well was curbed with railroad ties. As the well filled with water, the ties raised to the top. When we looked out the next morning, there was our handpump, thirty feet in the air! But when the water receded the ties went back in place and everything was as good as new.

One more little tale about ranch life and I am finished. Once during the Yaqui revolution several years ago, I returned from grocery shopping in Nogales to find fifteen Yaqui camping by the barn. I saw Albert talking to them, and I thought that his time was up and that my minutes were numbered. I sneaked into the house and watched from the window. They had guns stacked by the barn that looked like a carload lot to me. Well, they had plenty of shells, too. They were smuggling the stuff into Mexico. Albert was badly frightened by the Yaquis, too. He butchered a beef for them and gave them sugar and flour, too. In the middle of the night, they left. Every one of them carefully stepped into the chief's tracks to make a single track--and they took all the food we had given them. The chief told Albert it would take one moon--meaning one month--to make the trip to Yaqui Valley in Mexico.

And that winds up my story. There were many moves in my life since I came to Arizona as a bride. But since 1912 I have always had a home and during the last several years I stayed put, and with the same man I started out with.

Albert A. Gatlin
1885-1957

by Leota Gatlin

Albert Asbury Gatlin was born Aug. 4, 1885, in San Saba County, Texas, where his parents, James and Betty Gatlin, had a cattle ranch.

A couple of years later a feud broke out between two nearby ranchers and grew into a war which involved the whole couty. Albert's father was a peace-loving man who would avoid trouble if at all possible and so refused to take sides; but there was no place in this battle for neutrals,--a man was either the friend of one side or the enemy of both. Mr. Gatlin steadfastly refused to join either faction and as his position between the two soon became untenable, he decided to leave the country altogether and relocate in New Mexico where his brother already owned a ranch. "Besides," he said, "Texas was becoming too thickly populated and the range was getting crowded."

So in 1888 when Albert was only three years old, the household goods were loaded into three wagons, the cattle strung out, and the long drive west begun. It took the family four months to make the trip.

It must have seemed to the travelers that their long journey had brought them only to the same conditions from which they had withdrawn, for just 50 miles short of their intended destination they found a cattle and sheep???? war in full sway. More, their road was serving as a

No Man's Land, with the cattlemen along one side of it and the sheepmen on the other. The cattlemen, of whom Jim's brother turned out to be the leader, withdrew when they saw the wagons and hostilities were suspended until the Gatlin outfit was safely past.

In Socorro County, N.M., they chose a location among a group of lakes which still bears the family name. The range was free and the grass was good, but now troubles with sheepmen became their difficulties. About 1893 or '94 they moved to Frisco, N.M. (later renamed Reserve).

In July 1896 Albert's father decided to try ranching in Oklahoma. He and sons Jimmie, Jesse, and Albert drove the cattle and horses through,--although since Albert was the youngest, his main job was wrangling horses and so he stayed with the cook and wagon most of the time. His mother and the smaller children were coming later by train.

While on their way to Oklahoma, Albert wrote his mother several letters. In one he said, "Dear Mama, our cook killed a rabbit with a rock and cooked it. It tasted real good." In another, "All the water we have found tasted mucky. Papa bought Jessee a new saddle and slicker, but my old ones are good enough for me."

They arrived in Oklahoma about Christmas time and settled near Rathborne. It was a dry time and after feeding and "tailing" up cows for a year, sold their cattle, and headed back to New Mexico with Jesse, Jimmie, Albert, and their brother-in-law, Reed Dean, driving the horses back.

They settled at their old place near Frisco. Albert rode a horse or burro, or when they weren't available, walked to the nearest school, some four or five miles away. The teacher was a Mr. Swanwick who took

quite a liking to Albert, but I have heard Albert say that sometimes Mr. Swanwick would grab him by the hair, shake hard, and say, "What is in your head--sawdust?" This teacher wanted to take Albert with him to educate him. Mr. Swanwick was a brilliant man, but he was also known as quite a drinking man,--so Albert's parents would not consent to the arrangement.

About 1902 the family made another move, this time to Rincon, N.M. (near Columbus). For about a year, they ranched and farmed but because of the shortage of water returned to Frisco. While riding on the ranch at Rincon one day, Albert's horse stepped in a gopher hole, fell on him, breaking his leg. Albert lay out on the range all night. The next morning when his saddled horse appeared at the ranch of Ike Jones (father of Dave and John Jones of Parker Canyon) a search was started. Albert was found and brought to the hospital. The leg was healing nicely and Albert was getting around on crutches when he caught one crutch in a hole in the floor, fell and broke the same leg again. Altogether he spent four months in the hospital, but the time was not entirely wasted as he learned to play the harmonica and Jew's Harp while there.

In 1904 Albert and his brothers Jesse and Jimmie drove their father's cattle to Sulphur Springs Valley, near Douglas, to a ranch their dad had bought. The other boys went back to Frisco, leaving Albert to take care of the cattle. About this time Albert met and formed a strong friendship with Ed Howard, a wonderful man who took Albert under his wing and looked after him like a father.

Albert stayed in Sulphur Spring Valley taking care of the cattle

until 1906 when his father bought, from Roy Sorrells, a ranch five miles east of Patagonia. Ed Howard, Will Stevenson (Albert's brother-in-law), and Albert gathered the cattle and drove them to this new ranch. Then for about a year Albert worked as a forest ranger stationed at Red Rock near the San Rafael Valley. In 1907 he resigned and went back to Frisco.

When Albert was 12 years old, he had sold a burro and purchased a violin with the money. With this violin he now helped furnish music for the country dances around Reserve and Alma, N.M. At one of these dances Albert and I (Leota Sipe) met. Soon we fell in love and were married Dec. 24, 1908.

We moved to Patagonia and lived on the Cot Ranch on the San Rafael Valley for a year. Albert sold this ranch to Elzy Brown and bought the Turkey Track Ranch (below the present Circle Z Ranch) from Harry and Lou Stevens. We were on this ranch less than a year when the Baca Float Corporation claimed it as part of their old Spanish Grant.

In 1910 Albert and Charlie Chapman went in partnership on a ranch at Alto (15 miles from Patagonia). In 1911 we sold out to Charlie and moved to the Chettie Ranch near Clifton where Albert worked for Arthur Slaughter for a year.

When the year was up, we moved back to the Sanford Ranch (now the Circle Z) and Albert managed the ranch for Don Sanford until 1913 when we moved to our present ranch, the Z Bar, two miles west of Patagonia, which we had homesteaded.

During the time from 1914 to 1925 Albert ranched and at the same time served as officer in various capacities. For a while he was cattle inspector, then deputy sheriff under Harry Saxon. He was at one time an

Arizona Ranger and during Pancho Villa's rebellion, he and Fred Pyeatt were partners serving as County Rangers.

From 1925 to 1941 he served with the U.S. Immigration Border Patrol at different stations along the Arizona-Mexican border. He retired on disability in 1941, and we moved back to our Z Bar Ranch where we were living at the time of his death, Oct. 26, 1957.

Besides his wife Leota, he leaves a daughter, Mrs. Ruth Kimbro of Nogales, a son, Clate A. Gatlin of Spring Valley, California, and four grandchildren.

Note: Reprinted with permission (*Arizona Cattlelog*, 1959).

Typical Ranch Life
(Leota's Notes)

Rise at 7 A.M. cook breakfast of ham and eggs and toast. After breakfast is eaten, the dishes are piled up and placed on the sink. Then to the barn. First the chickens are fed and the door of the hen house is left open so they can go out among the weeds and scratch for worms. The purpose of shutting the door of the house where they sleep at night is on account of coyotes and bob-cats. They catch and eat all the chickens they can get a hold of.

Then the horse who slept in the stable is fed grain and hay. The cow is now fed bran and hay and the calf that was kept in a pen during the night is let into the cow and while she eats her food the calf also gets its milk and the rest is milked into a pail, and when that is done, the cow and horse are turned into the pasture to graze. If the horse isn't going to be ridden that day.

The milk is then taken to the house and strained through a fine

wire sieve or gauze to remove the dirt and trash that might have fallen into it while at the barn. Then it is set in a cool place until the cream has come on top the milk.

Then the dishes are washed and dried and put in the cupboard. The beds made, the floor swept. Then the cream that has been skimmed from previous milking is churned into butter.

To churn means placing the cream into a glass jar which has a dasher in the center of the jar and a crank on the top, when this crank is turned the dash makes the cream go around in the jar. After quite a few turns the cream and the milk separate and the butter has come. It is taken out and washed in clear water several times then salted and set aside until meal time.

The milk that comes from the cream is called butter-milk and it is used on the table at meal time and it is very good to drink.

It is now noon, lunch is served. After it is eaten and the dishes washed and put away, it is time to set yeast for rolls for suppper and make a pie.

Then some mending is done from last week's washing. That done and put in the chest, it is now 5 P.M. and time for the chores. First the chickens are fed and the eggs gathered. Then the cow is milked and the horse is fed. The eggs and milk are taken to the house and cared for. The eggs are put in a cool place to keep them fresh.

Then the wood for the fireplace and cookstove is brought to the house from the woodpile near-by. Then some kindling wood is cut from an old box, this and some newspapers are used to start the fires. Gas is used only for cooking in the summertime when the weather is warm.

Then supper is cooked and eaten, dishes washed and put away. Then the newspaper that a neighbor brought to us is read. Now it is 9 P.M. and bedtime.

Tuesday:

Rise again at 7 A.M. Breakfast consists of pancakes, syrup, and bacon. After it is eaten the dishes washed and put away, and the feeding and milking done. The milk is brought to the house and cared for as usual. The beds are made, the floors swept.

We get our car out and get ready to go to Nogales, Arizona, our County seat on the border of Sonora, Mexico. We travel 20 miles. We go to the courthouse of Santa Cruz County, Arizona and get our car license and pay our taxes.

Then we go to Safeway grocery store and buy some groceries. It is now noon, then to a restaurant and eat, then we are on our way home.

We stop in Patagonia, our home town and get our paper and maybe some letters from the Post Office. Then two miles to our ranch home, at 4:30 P.M. Bring the groceries from the car to the storeroom. This done put the car in the garage.

We then read the paper and letters. It is 5:30 P.M. Chores again and the wood brought in, supper cooked and eaten, listen to the radio and read a magazine. Now it is 9:30 P.M. and bedtime.

Wednesday:

Rise as on previous days at 7 A.M. Breakfast and the chores done, the dishes washed, beds made and the floors swept. Then we make ready to take stock salt out on the range.

First the horse that has been fed and kept in the stable for such purpose as this is saddled and ridden out in the pasture where the other horses graze. Two are brought in, one is caught and a packsaddle is placed on his back. He is called our pack horse. The other horses are called cow horses because they are used to gather cattle, corral and brand them.

The packsaddle is made of wood. It has four narrow strips of wood which forms a fork or cross. Now the salt is placed in a kyack that is made of leather. They are large bags that have long, leather straps which fit over the crosses on the packsaddle. Now two blocks of stock salt are placed in each kyack. They weigh 50 pounds each. Then they are hung on these forks on the packsaddle and they hang down on the horse's side and are balanced and won't fall out. It is now 10 A.M.

We take a couple of sandwiches and an apple wrapped in a paper bag and carry it in one of our packets. Now we mount and are on our way out on the range. We lead the pack horse with a rope around his neck. We go for five miles out on the range then we stop, dismount, unpack our salt and place it on a hard spot near where the cattle water, so when they lick the salt they won't get dirt in their mouths.

Now the time is 2:30 P.M. We lead our pack horse down where there is some shade trees and some water. We dismount, tie our horses to a tree, take our lunch out of our pockets and eat. Then we get a drink by lying on our stomachs and our noses against the water. Then we rest and smoke a cigaret, then we mount again and are on our way to the ranch.

It is 4:30 P.M. when home is reached. We dismount our saddles. The two horses are again let go into the pasture. One is kept up and

fed well every day so he will be strong for his work.

We rest and read the paper that a neighbor brought from the Post Office while we were packing salt out on the range.

Now the chores as usual and the supper of steak, biscuits and gravey is eaten. We listen to the radio, then it is 9 P.M. and bedtime for us away out here in the west on a cattle ranch.

Thursday:

Rise at 7 A.M. Breakfast over, the chores done, house straightened up, then the washing is done and out on the line to dry.

The lawn is mowed and the grass is carried to the barn and fed to the cow. The mower is put away in the storeroom. The hose is brought out and the grass is sprinkled. The sprinkler is moved about from place to place so that all the lawn is watered.

While the sprinkler is working, the clothes are brought from the line. Some are folded and put in chest, others are dampened and left rolled up until the next day and are ironed.

Then to the Post Office for the paper. No letters today.

Back home, we find our meat supply eaten up. So it is now 4:30 P.M. A heifer or steer yearling is driven into the corral and slaughtered. Then the meat is pulled high up in a tree by means of a rope and pulley.

The chores done and supper cooked and eaten. The paper is now read. The time is now 9 P.M. We go to bed.

Friday:

Rise at 5 A.M. Take the meat out of the tree, quarter it so we

can handle it easier. It is taken into the storeroom and wrapped in a large tarp or canvas and each night it is hung out. Cared for in this way, we have fresh meat for quite some time. In the summer the meat is cut up, wrapped in paper and stored in a deep freeze. A box similar to an ice box. It keeps well, too.

Now breakfast is cooked, after the meat is taken care of. Chores done, house cleaned and beds made. Now a pie is made and the churning done. The milk from the butter is set aside to sour to make cottage cheese out of, which when cooked slightly the whey separates from it. We use it on the table and it is very good.

Now it is 12 noon and lunch is served, dishes washed and put away in the cupboard and the ironing is begun. By 3 P.M. it is all done and put away except the mending and that is done and put away also.

A neighbor drops in and brings the mail. We visit for awhile, the neighbor departs.

It is now 5 P.M., the chores done up, the eggs gathered, wood carried in, supper cooked and eaten, dishes washed, the meat is now hung out in the tree for the night.

We read the paper and letters. Now the time is 9 P.M. It is bed time for we ranchers.

Saturday:

Rise early and take the meat in first, the fires are made, breakfast cooked and eaten. The chores done up, dishes washed.

Now it is house cleaning and baking day. First the bed sheets and pillow cases are changed. The soiled ones are put in the laundry hamper and left until next wash day. The throw rugs are now taken outside and

shaken so as to remove the dirt and trash, then they are brought in and the floor is swept and mopped and the dusting is done, then the rugs are put on the floor in their places.

Oh, yes, we have some neighbors drop in for lunch at 12 noon. They chat a while and are on their way. Then the bathroom and kitchen are swept and mopped. It is 2 P.M. A pie is made for supper and a cake and some buns for Sunday dinner.

Then to Post Office for the mail. The time 5 P.M. The chores done up, supper eaten, and again the meat is hung in the tree. Then the mail is read, perhaps a letter from our dear children, and maybe a chapter in the Bible, or crochet a doily. The time is 9 P.M. It is time to retire, the day is done.

Sunday:

Rise early, first our meat is cared for. Breakfast over, chores done as usual.

We had company for the night, they leave early for home, so the bed that they slept in is taken care of and the room tidied up.

Then to church. After the services are over, get the paper.

Back home we read the paper, then cook lunch, perhaps only soup and crackers, milk and cake.

Then we go visit some neighbors for the afternoon. Then we leave for home. Now it is 5 P.M. Time to do chores and supper is cooked and eaten, dishes washed. The meat is again hung in the tree. Then a magazine is read, or we listen to the radio. Then to bed early for a good rest to do Monday's work.

ROUNDUP:

The fall roundup is the big event on the cattle ranch. It usually begins the last week in October, and lasts for seven days.

The first two days we are up at 5 A.M. The cow-boys, as the men are called, eat breakfast. There are seven or eight of them.

They are out and gone by daylight. They ride hard all day long without food, only cigarettes to smoke.

The cattle are gathered up on the range and driven into a pasture where they are left that night.

The next day they, and others gathered on the way, are driven to the ranch and again put into a pasture.

The fourth day they are gathered into a corral and left overnight. The next morning an Inspector comes and looks them over to see if they are all Z Bars.

Then the man who is going to buy them comes and chooses what he wants to buy, which always are the very best. These are kept in the corral and the rest turned into the pasture.

The buyer has the cattle trucked to the railroad two miles in to Patagonia, where they are unloaded, weighed and driven into stockcars. The buyer gives us a check and the cattle are shipped to places unknown.

This is the life on the Z Bar Ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gatlin, Patagonia, Arizona. The week: January 8th to January 14th, 1954.

BESS BERCICH

PARKER CANYON, ARIZONA

Bess is the daughter of James and Louise (Williams) McCorkindale. James came to the United States from Scotland, and Louise came from England. It was after they both had come to the United States that they met and were married, in either Nebraska or Kansas. They were living in South Dakota when Bess was born. Eventually, there would be seven children born to the McCorkindale couple: Maud, Ethel, Bess, John, Jim, Ruth, and one younger boy who died at an early age.

In 1899, Mr. McCorkindale went to Nevada to look after some mining interest he had. The remainder of the family moved to Ontario, California, where some of Mrs. McCorkindale's kinfolks lived, to await his return. Evidently the mining venture was not too successful, and so Mr. McCorkindale soon came to Ontario to be with his family. In California he took care of 80 acres of orange groves, and the family settled down to raising oranges.

Maud, Bess's older sister, had studied to become a schoolteacher. She was in Arizona teaching at the Parker Canyon schoolhouse, when she met and then married Nick Bercich. The Bercich family owned a ranch near Parker Canyon. Before long, Bess came to visit her sister and was introduced to George Bercich. And, as Bess said, "They wouldn't have it any other way but what I married him!"

George and Bess were married on September 3, 1925, and went to San Diego for their honeymoon. Later, George would tell the story about there being a light hanging down in the middle of their room, but he

wasn't able to turn it off, so he hung his boot over it!

Returning to the ranch after the honeymoon, Bess and George were soon caught up in the business of ranching and all the ramifications that went with ranching in the twenties and thirties. Ranch wives stood by their husbands during droughts, low cattle prices, and other discouraging times.

But it was not all work and no play. There would be dances on Saturday nights, sometimes at the Parker Canyon school, sometimes in Lochiel or Elgin, which would last until three or four in the morning. Many times during the rainy season they would have to wait for hours until the wash went down before they could go home.

Besides getting out and helping with the ranch chores such as building fences and repairing water gaps, Bess became known as one of the more noted pie makers in the whole countryside. Nobody could pass by the ranch without stopping in for a cup of coffee and a piece of pie.

In the late thirties, it became necessary for one of George's legs to be amputated. Thus it fell to Bess to see that everything was running smoothly, the household work, the ranch work, taking care of their two small children, but also giving George the encouragement and love he so much needed at a time like that. It was probably due to Bess's encouragement that later George could make jokes about his wooden leg. One time when a Mexican cowboy asked him why he wore only one spur on his boots, George retorted, "Well, I figure if I can get one side of the horse going, the other side will get going, too."

Bess and George were the parents of two children: Evelyn Hawkins, now living with her husband Ben in Tucson, and Dale who takes care of

the ranch. Bess has been a member of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles for many years. She and George celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on September 3, 1975.

FRANK DAVIS

BLACK JACK CANYON, ARIZONA

Frank Davis was born near Georgetown, Texas. He left home when he was sixteen years old and rode horseback, alone, to Tyrone, New Mexico. Then he went to work for Steve Zent on the Cross Track Ranch.

Zent soon sold his holdings, so Frank next worked for the L. C. Cattle Company at Cliff, New Mexico. It was here he met another salty young man by the name of Grover Carroway, who was to be his partner in the ranching business.

Frank and Grover left the L. C. Cattle Co., along with their foreman, Betts Henderson, and went to work for the Stockton Ranch at Mule Creek, New Mexico. The Stocktons and the L. C. Cattle Co. were locked in a bitter range war, so the Stocktons gave Frank and Grover the land around Black Jack Canyon in Greenlee County, Arizona. It was to be theirs if they were strong enough to hold it from the L. C. Company. They were, and they did!

Grover Carroway was later killed by an associate. His interest reverted to Betts Henderson, who had married a Stockton girl. Frank and Betts were partners in the ranch until Frank was able to buy out the Henderson-Stockton interests.

Frank married Violet Sorrell (Jones), who had two children by a previous marriage. Their names were Linnie and Lloyd. Frank and Violet made their home at Black Jack Canyon, near the Black Jack Cave. There they had a son, Travis, and a daughter, Francis.

In 1910 the Davis family moved their ranch home to nearby K6

Springs. Over the years they were able to establish one of the largest ranches in the area, one which reached virtually all the way across Greenlee County, from the New Mexico border near Mule Creek to the top of the Black Hills Range. They branded the UK6.

Daughter Linnie married James Hoverrocker, daughter Francis married Frank Willis, son Lloyd married Olen Cosper, and son Travis married Margaret Foote, daughter of J. W. and Amanda Foote of the York Valley. Trav went into a partnership with his parents in the Davis ranch.

Frank Davis served as a Greenlee County Deputy Sheriff in the 1920s and was a first-hand witness to many of the exciting events of the area. He was serving with the Border Patrol at Sasabe, Arizona at the time of his death.

Trav and Margaret Davis established their home in the York Valley, where they raised eight children:

Joy--married to Ted Fink, lives in Thatcher. Mother of Ricky Nutt, Terry (Mrs. Tad Hatch), Becky (Mrs. Rusty Layton).

Buddy--married to Charlene Wood, lives in Sandy, Utah. Parents of Kenny, Danny, and Jennifer Davis.

Jim--married to Norma Rutherford, lives in York Valley. Parents of Frank "Poncho" Davis, Judi (Mrs. Frank Fowler), and Edward Davis.

Jerry--married to Patsy McCarty, lives in Duncan. Parents of Mike and Mickey Davis and Patti Thygerson.

Peggy--married to John Crawford, lives in Duncan. Parents of Thomas "Buff" Crawford, Joni Faye Fowler, and Kathy Jones.

Tom--married to Sherry Dennis, lives in Pima. Parents of Braden, Brandi, and Brett Davis.

Bob--married to Evelyn Lee, lives in York Valley. Parents of Kimmie and Kody Davis, and Mike and Steve Nuttall.

Sue--married to Dan Nielson, lives in Thatcher. Parents of Scott, Jeff, Kip, Misty, and Mandy Nieldon.

All of the Trav Davis children own an interest in portions of the old Davis ranch properties.

MANERD GAYLER

SONOITA, ARIZONA

Manerd was born on August 3, 1907 in Claremore, Oklahoma. He was raised on his father's ranch in Oklahoma and attended school there. When he was sixteen he drifted into Texas, where for several years he worked on various ranches including the "Y's," Five Wells, Foy Proctor's ranches, and the Circle Bar.

Manerd followed the professional rodeo circuit from 1935 to 1938, competing in team roping and calf roping. He came to Arizona in 1938. Some of the top ropers he had teamed with were Olin Sims, Bud Parker, and John Rhodes.

In 1940 Manerd married Alice Parker, daughter of Bud Parker. Alice was born on December 28, 1917 in Hachita, New Mexico, and was raised on the A 7 ranch in the Catalina Mountains east of Tucson. She attended school in Tucson, including two years of study at the University of Arizona. Alice and Manerd have two children: Frances Ann Figueroa and John Roland Gayler.

Manerd worked for Roland Curry in Casa Grande, but in 1941 he and Alice moved to Tucson to help his father-in-law, Bud Parker, with his ranches. In the years that followed they crossed big herds of Mexican steers from Mexico.

Manerd has owned various ranches in southern Arizona including the Ruby Star west of Sahuarita, the Paso Nuevo near Sasabe, the Frank Geer ranch at Elfrida, and at one time he bought the cattle and leased the Baca Float at Nogales from Tol Pendleton.

Manerd and Alice now live at the Oak Bar Ranch which they purchased in 1964 from Pete Lewis. The brand was the T4, so he gave that name to the ranch. They built a house on top of one of the beautiful hills so they could see where it was raining. Later Manerd and his son John bought part of the Hathaway Ranch that joins the T4, and together with the Rosemont Ranch north of Sonoita (where John and his wife, Page Bidegain, and their three children live) they formed a partnership. They run about 850 head of cows, mostly Brahman and Charolais cross.

Frances and her husband, Tony Figueroa, and their two sons live in St. David. The grandsons carry on the family roping tradition.

FERN BARTLETT AND CAPTAIN STONE COLLIE

ELGIN, ARIZONA

Captain Stone Collie was born in Paducah, Kentucky on February 20, 1892 and was named Captain because his parents had thirteen children and "just ran out of names." He was named for a friend of his parents who fought in the Civil War.

Stone's father, Reuben C. Collie, established the first post office in Elgin, Arizona, February 12, 1910. That was the year Stone came to Arizona from Dallas, Texas and homesteaded a small ranch in nearby Vaughan, Arizona. He sold it in 1926 when he moved to Tucson.

When Stone came to Arizona, the country was open and unfenced. He went on numerous wild horse roundups in the area of the Mustang Mountains (whence they derived their name). Stone was also on the last big cattle roundup in 1910. He estimated it was a herd of five thousand head, with wagons from the Empire, Boquillas, and Wagon Rod outfits. There were no fences, so cattle roamed from Nogales to Tucson to Douglas. Tom Turner was the wagon boss.

Stone helped build many of the fences in the area, cutting juniper posts, digging the holes, and stringing wire. During World War I, he served in the infantry.

Fern Bartlett came to Elgin in May of 1912. She and her parents homesteaded where daughter Marka Moss and family now live. Her father, Mark Bartlett, died in California that same year. The following summer (1913) Fern went to Flagstaff to teachers college (called Normal School) where she took courses necessary to qualify her to teach.

Fern's first school was the old Evans camp in Lyle Canyon. She and the pupils rode horses to school, where they had a corral to keep them in until the end of the school day. The next year she taught at the Canelo school. That building is still standing and there is a drive to make it an historic site being spearheaded by Buster and Mildred Pyeatt. Later, Fern taught at Elgin, Tombstone, and Palominas.

Fern Bartlett and Stone Collie were married August 28, 1919 in Elgin at her mother's home. That home later became the Collie's, but they lived at the homestead at Vaughan until 1926 when they moved to Tucson.

During their stay in Tucson, Stone was a carpenter and ran a riding stable. He attended the first Fiesta de los Vaqueros rodeo parade in Tucson, and was one of the founders of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association in Sonoita. He was on the Board of Directors for many years, and was honored in 1981 for having attended all of the fairs since 1915, the year the fair started.

From 1926 to 1938, the Collies had spent their summers in Elgin tending to their cattle operation. They moved back to Elgin in 1938 and established a "dude ranch" which they operated until they sold the guest portion of the ranch in 1956. Until Stone's death in 1982 they ran cattle on the remaining portion of the ranch.

Fern and Stone had three daughters: Marka Moss of Elgin, Jane Woods of Elgin, and Faye Miller of Yuma; twelve grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Fern and Stone were charter members of the Elgin Community Club, and were active in the club until their deaths. Fern was a charter

member of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles. She served as president and was an active member until her death in 1984. Ferm was an accomplished pianist and violinist. She taught many pupils over the years in this area.

Fern and Stone Collie began their married life in Elgin, and sixty-three years later were living on that same ranch (but in a different house. They branded $\frac{W}{6}$ on all of their livestock.

LAURA AND BLAIN LEWIS

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Blain Lewis was born in Artesia, New Mexico in 1905. In 1910 he, along with his mother, father, sister, and brother, moved in a covered wagon to Cloverdale, New Mexico. In 1912 they moved again, this time to Parker Canyon in Santa Cruz County, Arizona where Blain's dad ranched. Blain went to school in Parker Canyon through the eighth grade.

Laura Dunham was born in Bessemer, Alabama, the eldest of nine children. In her earliest memory, they lived in Mowry, Arizona where her father hauled ore. In 1913, however, he homesteaded in San Rafael Valley. Laura went to school in the San Rafael Valley through the eighth grade, then went to high school in Nogales, staying with the Reverend and Mrs. O. A. Smith. She cooked and did housework to earn her room and board.

Blain and Laura were married on August 14, 1926. Blain worked at the Circle Z Ranch through November, when they bought a ranch at Sunnyside from John Jones. At that time there was a post office at Sunnyside, and Laura was the mail carrier from there to Patagonia, making a circle back to Sunnyside. Laura learned to drive a car on that route.

In 1933 they sold the ranch to Dave Jones and drove the cattle to the desert west of Tucson, where they were considering buying a ranch. About half of the cattle died from eating burro weed. Blain shipped the rest of the cattle on the train to San Simon. They filed for a homestead west of San Simon but could not get water.

After all these problems, they moved back to Patagonia. Blain

worked on the county road in 1934 and 1935. Laura again started driving the mail to San Rafael, Sunnyside, Lochiel, and Washington Camp--a round trip of about 91 miles.

Laura had some narrow escapes with tie-rods and steering rods breaking on her car. She was very lucky in the fact that each time there was a problem, the car went into a bank; whereas, it would have gone off the steep cliff if she had gone to the other side of the road. She had to wait on many a creek to run down, and at least one time didn't get back into Patagonia until 9:00 p.m., making for a twelve-hour day. She always took the kids with her until they reached school age. There never was a day that the mail didn't get through in her forty-one years of driving.

In 1935, they bought a ranch at Patagonia from Henry Boice. Blain ran the Rail X Ranch for Henry until it was sold. Blain had the Double Staple brand used on his horses. He used the H Spear brand for his cattle, buying it from J. C. Holland in 1924. There was a well on the ranch but the pipes were hung up in it, so he had to drill another. He ended up with five wells, from 50 to 500 feet deep.

Besides running the ranch, Blain was deputy sheriff and town constable for ten years, Santa Cruz County Supervisor for three terms, and Arizona State Livestock Inspector for thirty-nine years. He raised some of the best quarter horses in the country, both show horses and race horses. He was written up in the *Quarter Horse Journal* as horseman of the month.

Blain and Laura are still living on their ranch. They have four children, and all of them have homes on the ranch. All of their ten

grandchildren were raised on the ranch. They also have three great-grandchildren, all living in Patagonia. They are completely surrounded by that which they love: their ranch, cattle, horses, and family. They are still enjoying reasonable health and are still ranching.

by Donnie Lewis Martin

CHARLES CORSON DAY

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Charles Corson Day, "Chay," was born on November 24, 1905 at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia. His family moved to Germantown, Pennsylvania when he was very young and he was entered in the kindergarten of the Germantown Friends School. After thirteen years at G.F.S, Chay graduated in 1924 and entered the Moore School of Electrical Engineering at the University of Pennsylvania that fall. While at Penn he joined the fraternity of Delta Psi (St. Anthony) and lived at St. Anthony Hall for four years. Chay graduated from Penn in 1929 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering.

After graduation from Penn, Chay was given a most fabulous trip by his father. It took a total of eight months and included a train ride across Siberia from Moscow to Vladivostok, then to Japan, China, the Dutch East Indies, and back by the way of India, Palestine and Europe, making a big U turn and never crossing the Pacific.

Returning from his travels, Chay went to work for his father's firm, Day and Zimmerman, Inc., a Philadelphia engineering firm specializing in management and appraisal work of many utility companies and the construction of the Hog Island Navy Yard in Philadelphia and transmission lines for the Philadelphia Electric Company.

On October 3, 1930 Chay married Sally Stafford of Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. At that time he was working on an appraisal of the Philadelphia Gas Works. Evidently the gas, smoke, etc. from the coke ovens and other gas generating equipment caused a sinus condition and the

doctor suggested a year in the western part of the country.

In the meantime Sally Bunting Day had been born on February 27, 1932, so, according to doctor's orders, Sally, Chay, Bunny, a nurse, and their Scottish terrier Sandy packed up and moved to the Valley Ranch at Glorietta, New Mexico, close to Santa Fe. This was in July of 1932.

At the Valley Ranch Sally and Chay spent a couple of months learning to ride the "Western Way." They bought a black horse that was slated for fish food at the local fish hatchery. He had a big "S" for "State" branded on his jaw.

When the summer was approaching its end, they decided that Santa Fe would be too high and cold for the winter. A friend recommended the Tanque Verde Ranch east of Tucson, so the whole family, now with the addition of a horse, started moving again. Sally and Chay acquired a trailer, loaded their horse, Darkey, and headed south and a little further west. Bunny and the nurse went to Tucson by train. The trip to Tucson was quite an event since neither Sal nor Chay knew much about trailering a horse. But they finally made it and were greeted at Molina's service station at Speedway and Wilmot roads by Arnold Gillatt, who guided them out to the ranch where they met Jim and Bill Converse, with whom they immediately became fast friends.

On one of their numerous rides up the Rincon Mountains during their stay at the Tanque Verde, one of the ranch's cowboys told Sally and Chay that an outfit on the other side of the mountain was for sale. That afternoon Jim Converse took them over to Vail where they saw a ranch owned by Pete McDaniel. The ranch at one time had been part of the large Empire Ranch which was owned by the Vails and had been sold to the

Boices of the Chiricahua Cattle Company. Frank and Henry Boice sold the piece north and east of the railroad and U.S. Highway 80 to Pete McDaniel. It ran to the top of the Rincon Peak, a very steep and rocky place for cattle. Sally and Chay bought the place and renamed it La Posta Quemada.

Jim Converse was able to get George McClure as a manager of the ranch for them, and together they proceeded to grade up the Hereford cattle that were already there, to patent the land on which were located the various water holes, and to acquire the homesteads and other parcels of land that were not in the original deed.

This operation continued uninterruptedly for the next twenty-five years. Only the weather did not cooperate completely. It became quite dry and the weaner calves lighter in weight. The bulls would not climb the steep trails up the Rincon Peak. One day Chay's good friend and fraternity brother, Tom Griffin of the Yerba Buena Ranch in Nogales, suggested that he try Santa Gertrudis cattle.

It was now after the war, George McClure had died, and Charlie Minderman was the ranch foreman. Charlie thought this new plan was ridiculous, being a dyed-in-the-wool Hereford man. Chay went ahead with the deal anyway and bought several Santa Gertrudis bulls from Ted Pendelton of the Baca Float Ranch near Nogales. What a surprise! Charlie Minderman couldn't get over the way those bulls covered the ranch. They climbed the mountains. Would be at one end of the ranch one day and at the other end the next. They didn't sleep under the mesquites on hot days the way the Hereford bulls did. The very first year the weaning weights of the calves was increased over a hundred pounds. Needless to

say, they were all converts and proceeded to improve the Santa Gertrudis-Hereford crosses and introduced Santa Gertrudis cows.

This continued until about 1958, when some real estate broker approached Chay and wanted to buy the ranch for what was a tremendous price in those days. The water situation hadn't improved any, so the offer was just too good to turn down and the ranch was sold. Part of the money was used to buy the San Cayetano Ranch at Tumacacori, Arizona from John Chiappeta.

The decision was made to go into the purebred Santa Gertrudis cattle business, and so many trips were made to Texas to get good stock. Since Ted Pendleton and Joe Horrigan had ranches adjoining the San Cayetano Ranch and also had Santa Gertrudis cattle, Ted, Joe, and Chay named the road which crossed the Santa Cruz River just south of the Tumacacori Mission Santa Gertrudis Lane.

There were a few other Santa Gertrudis breeders in the state of Arizona, so the Arizona Santa Gertrudis Cattle Association was formed. Chay was named Secretary-Treasurer of the new organization. Soon it expanded and became the Far West Santa Gertrudis Association and included Hawaii. The Santa Gertrudis Breeders International at Kingsville, Texas recognized the new group and asked a representative be sent to sit on their board. Chay was selected and served for two years.

Those two years were delightful and a real experience. The Santa Gertrudis breeders in Texas couldn't have been more cordial. Sal and Chay made some very fine friends including the Armstrongs, the Seligsons, the John Martins, the Kleburgs, and many others.

It seems that water or the lack of it controlled Sally and Chay's

lives. At La Posta Quemada there was not enough of it and many dry wells were drilled trying to find it. Now at the San Cayetano there was too much of it. The Santa Cruz River was a real problem. There were two bad floods in the 1960s. Two foot bridges were washed away, and one year Christmas dinner was ferried across the river for Bunny and Wally Hanson. Daughter Bunny had married Walter Hanson and had produced three grandchildren. Wally was the ranch manager at the time.

The fact that the Santa Cruz River was becoming a real problem (there was no outlet via Rio Rico in those days), and also the fact that the ranch was not big enough to produce top-notch Santa Gertrudis bulls able to compete with our Texas friends' bulls (and whose "mineral supplement" was an oil well in their backyards!) influenced Sal and Chay to sell off portions of the San Cayetano ranch and more or less retire. The portion between the railroad track and the Baca Float Ranch (now Rio Rico) was sold to Wayne Krowe during 1971. The portion between the railroad track and the Santa Cruz River, which included the main house, was sold to Mrs. Florence McCormick for her son in 1972. Sally and Chay kept the portion between the river and the highway (U.S. 89). This piece had a house on it which had been the "Gate House" in the days of Harvey Mallory, who built the main house across the river back in the 1930s. Harvey was killed in the Pioneer Hotel fire. Also, this house was originally the Calabasas schoolhouse many years ago. Doug Cumming, who has had a ranch in the Tumacacori area for many years, went to school there.

Sal and Chay made some additions to the gate house, moved in, and still use it over the weekends. The twelve acres of irrigated land

around the house carry a few cattle and horses brought in on a rental basis. Sad to say, the Santa Gertrudis' days were over. They had purchased a house in Tucson which became their main residence.

This story of Sally and Chay would not be complete without mentioning that, during the years at La Posta Quemada at Vail, Arizona, Chay operated a ham (amateur) radio station with the call letters W7LVG. For twenty years, more or less, he and his brother Bill had regular contacts between Vail, Arizona and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Of course, in this day and age, with all the radio contacts between the earth and satellites out in space this does not sound like much. But it was quite a novelty at the time, and Chay has many recordings not only of his whole family living in Philadelphia but of cattle and sheep raisers in New Zealand, Africa, and Australia. It was this hobby that led to Chay's assignment to Censorship during World War II.

In the year 1939, Chay applied for a Commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve at the suggestion of his good friend, Tom Griffin, who has been mentioned before. The investigator into Chay's background for a Naval Commission was Don Hays, then Chief of Police in Tucson. He evidently knew of all Chay's ham radio equipment and made a recommendation Chay be assigned to Censorship. The Commission came through and Chay received the rank of Lieutenant J.G. (Junior Grade) to rank from the 31st of October 1940. Shortly after receiving his commission Chay requested training duty and was sent to a Censorship school in San Francisco.

When war broke out in Europe Chay requested active duty and was assigned to the Office of Naval Intelligence (O.N.I.). He was sent from San Diego to Tucson to open a branch office of Naval Intelligence in

that city. When the United States entered the war after Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese, Chay was assigned to the Office of Censorship headed by Byron Price and sent to San Antonio, Texas to censor telegrams between the U.S. and Mexico. At that time censorship of land wires was done by the Army. When this was consolidated into all electrical communications such as radio, the Navy took over and Chay was returned to Tucson as Cable Censor, Tucson (CTS) with jurisdiction over all cable and telephone circuits crossing the Mexican border from El Paso, Texas to Nogales, Arizona. If one had to be a landlocked sailor, this was about the most interesting job one could get. Chay continued as Cable Censor Tucson to the bitter end of the war, with his territory being enlarged until it took over the rest of the border to San Diego and Los Angeles and his rank increased to that of Captain, U.S.N.R., a rank he still holds as a retired naval officer in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

ROSALIA S. WHELAN

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Rosalia S. Whelan (Mrs. Willford P. Whelan) was born February 4, 1904 in the Aravaipa Canyon. Her parents, Epigmenio ("Paisano") and Crispena Salazar, settled in the Aravaipa in 1864. There were seven girls and one boy in Rosalia's family. Since they were in cattle and farming, all the girls learned to ride at a very early age and worked right alongside their pioneer father.

Willford P. Whelan was the son of another pioneer, William Whelan, who lived at the old Whelan ranch on the upper Aravaipa. Rosalia and Willford were married on July 31, 1923. Being a cowboy, Willford worked for some of the big outfits like the T-Rails, the Chiricahua, Hooker's Sierra Bonita Ranch, and the 76 Ranch at Bonita where Margaret, their first child, was born.

In 1925 Willford recorded the M U T brand. They used this brand in Graham and Santa Cruz counties until 1952 when they sold what cattle they had at that time. Meanwhile they had moved to Patagonia in 1942.

Typical of all ranch women, Rosalia lived on very isolated ranches where life was hard. They may not have had the conveniences we have now, but they didn't think they were deprived of anything, that was just the way life was lived.

For instance, before the birth of Margaret, Rosalia and Willford's first child, Rosalia had her mother come and stay with her at the 76 Ranch. In April, Willford and the cowboys left to start spring roundup on the other side of the Grahams. Rosalia and her mother were working

one morning, cleaning the yard, when her mother fell and suffered a stroke. Rosalia made her comfortable with some pillows, and since she had no car or team, she ran three miles to headquarters to seek help. W. T. Webb, the owner, sent one of the cowboys to go get Willford and another to gallop down to Rosalia's home to see what could be done. Rosalia didn't wait for anyone. She ran the three miles back home, and fortunately, her mother was still alive when she got there. It so happened that Bryan, Rosalia's brother-in-law, was riding by about this time. He worked for Andy Mills, a neighboring rancher. So Bryan rode to Fort Grant six miles away to see if he could get help. He went by the Martin's place, so someone brought Mrs. Martin, who was with Rosalia when her mother died a short while later. Bryan borrowed a relative's truck to take the body down to the home place in the Aravaipa. Willford met Rosalia at her folk's place, which was on the way, after he almost wore his horse out riding over thirty miles of rough terrain to get there. Margaret was born a month later.

Rosalia is of that breed of people we know to be typical of the pioneers of this area. They are honest, strong, stout-hearted, god-loving people, willing to face reality and certainly not afraid of hard work.

Willford and Rosalia raised a family of four children. Margaret Salge, Harvey Whelan, and Alice Kunde all live in Patagonia; daughter Barbara Velasquez lives in Amado. Willford and Rosalia were married for forty-nine years, she was widowed in 1980 when Willford passed away. Living in her home out of Patagonia, Rosalia is still active and able to take care of her own place.

MITTIE HERRIDGE

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

When Jim and I were married he was running Angora goats for W. J. Satathite. At that time he was at Peoples Valley.

When our first baby was one year old, Mr. Satathite bought a place in Mohave County about five or six miles west of Wikieup.

We ran goats there about eight years. In 1928 we bought a place on Copper Creek, 13 miles east of Yucca. We dissolved partnership with Mr. Satathite at that time and ran our own herd until World War II. When we couldn't get help, we sold the goats and bought cattle and ran them until 1959 when Jim retired. He was ill for several years and passed away in 1973. Since his death I have kept myself busy with volunteer work and several clubs. I'm slowing down now but keep active.

I joined Cowbelles when they were organized in 1942. I was President of the locals for two terms and am still active in things I can do.

RUSH THOMAS GILPIN
SAFFORD, ARIZONA

Rush Thomas Gilpin was born December 3, 1887, in Mt. Pleasant, Texas, the son of William and Mary Emma Gilpin. When he was nine months old, his family moved from east Texas to west Texas by covered wagon. They lived in a dugout after arriving there, until Rush's father built a house for the family to live in.

Rush's father, William, was the first judge of Motley County. He built a store, post office and jail, which the Gilpin family lived in at one time.

Later, Rush's father had a little store east of Matador, in a little town that was named Gilpin, Texas. He had a freight wagon that brought in supplies and they also had a post office there.

After about two years, they closed the store out and moved back to Matador where they lived until Rush got out of the fifth grade, which is as far as he went in school.

When Rush started to school he was still wearing dresses and he went home and told his mother she had to make him some pants, the children were laughing at him in school; so Rush got his first pair of pants.

Rush's mother said he had always wanted to be a cowboy, which none of the Gilpins had ever been. When he was fourteen he rode the milk pen calves, which was not allowed, and his father gave him a licking. After that he left home and lived with the Harkey family.

He chopped wood to earn his keep, but after a year, his family talked him into going back home where he stayed until he was almost eighteen.

Rush picked cotton to earn money to buy his first saddle and then he went to work at the Spur Ranch for one year and at the Matador Ranch until 1912. While working at the Matador Ranch, he got to be top roper and there was a man who also worked there that became jealous of him, so he took Rush's horse, which you do not do to a cowboy. They were eating and Rush had taken his knife out to make himself a toothpick. He told the man he couldn't take his horse. The other man said, "Watch me," and he grabbed up a hoe and was going to give Rush a beating. He said, "Gilpin, you're a coward". He was a big man and Rush knew he couldn't whip him, so he took his knife and cut him across the back and arm, quite badly. Rush was arrested and taken to town. Mr. Harkey, a very good friend, said, "Handcuff him to me and I'll be responsible for him". They had a trial, with a cowboy jury, and Rush was turned loose.

Rush worked for the Matadors for about three years, when his friend, Virgil Leonard, who had gone west, wrote back telling him what a wonderful place Arizona was. Rush arrived in Clifton, Arizona in 1913, got a horse at the livery stable and rode out to the Double Circle Ranch on Eagle Creek. They didn't have any work for him at the ranch so he and Gene Cook, another old friend, shelled corn until they had a job for him. He worked there for about a year and a half when he left to go to work at the AD with his friend Virgil.

While working at the AD he met Florence Gatlin, who he later married. Florence, who was fourteen at the time they met, lived at the mouth of the Blue River with her family of eleven sisters and brothers. Rush and Virgil had to pass the Gatlin Ranch and when they drove cattle to market they spent the night there. The year of the 1916 flood, they were taking their first herd of cattle by the ranch and the Gatlin children had been swimming in the Blue River with another family. A small girl, belonging to the other family, floated into a deep part of the water and was about to drown, and Florence managed to get her to a cliff until help came. They were still talking about it along the river and Virgil told Rush, "That little Gatlin girl will make a good ranch girl." That's when Rush first became interested in her even though Florence said it was her mother's cooking that kept bringing him back to the ranch.

Florence and Rush had their first date at the Cosper Ranch. When a boy asked a girl to go in to supper at midnight, it was considered a date. They were teased so much that Florence refused to go back the second night.

World War One came along and Rush decided to g back to Texas to visit his family before being drafted. While he was there Florence wrote him a letter of apology. When he returned to Clifton, he and his long-time friend, Freddy Fritz, were inducted into the Army. Before leaving, a number of dances were given for the boys entering the serivce, and Rush and Florence went to most of them together.

Rush was taking Florence back to the family ranch which was 22 miles by horseback and on the way he asked her to wait for him while he was gone to the service.

They corresponded after he left and Florence had a photograph made just for him, which he never received, because he was inoculated with T.B. germs by German spies and was immediately discharged from the service. Florence didn't know about this, so when one of the neighboring ranchers came from town with the mail and it didn't look like he was going to stop at the Gatlins, the boys called to him saying, "Don't we have any mail?" to which he replied, "Rush is bringing your mail." Florence ran into her bedroom and cried and refused to come out for a while.

Florence's parents didn't approve of her marrying someone who might have T.B., so Arthur Slaughter told Rush to go to his ranch and rest up for a while, and about the first of February, Rush went to Clifton for a checkup and the doctor could find no trace of T.B.

He returned to the Gatlin Ranch with the good news and they gave their consent for Florence and Rush to be married, which they did on February 24, 1918.

After the wedding they spent their honeymoon at the WJ Ranch where Rush took out a contract to build fence for Florence's father.

From there the Gilpins went to the AD's to work for George Montgomery who decided to get rich in oil and left Rush to manage the ranch.

He stayed at the AD's until 1920, when he quit, and he and Florence went to Spur, Texas to visit Rush's family. They stayed there about a year but Florence got very homesick and they returned to Clifton.

After returning to Clifton, Rush went to work as a watchman for the A. C. Copper Company where he rode his horse part of the time, and rode the stage up, and came down the incline below Metcalf, a very dangerous thing to do, then walked in to town.

On March 15, 1921, the Gilpin's first child, Ethel Lee, was born. When she was about a month old, Freddy Fritz offered Rush a job farming a place called the Bell Ranch, but by spring Freddy decided to turn the Bell place over to his brother, Eddie Fritz, so he got Rush a job with Steven and Sabade, on the U Diamond Ranch. After they were there for about two years, the war finance took the cattle. Mr. Vinton, who was store manager for the A. C. Company, asked Rush if he could buy half interest in the ranch. The company would buy the other half and build a slaughter house which Rush was to run. Many ranchers couldn't pay their grocery bills, since this was during the Depression, and it was decided the company would allow them more than market price and apply it on their bills. Times were very bad for ranchers, many of them going broke. The Gilpins hadn't been paid wages for some time and had $1,000.00 coming, which they had to go to court to get, but that was what they bought their part of the ranch with.

They got their KW cattle and FEG's and bought the U Diamond remnant, which the war finance sold them for almost nothing.

They didn't know much about running a slaughter house but had some help for a while. Much of the time Rush and Florence did it by themselves; Rush would skin out most of the beef and Florence would skin out the legs and the head.

One day they were working alone when some Gypsies came out in front of the place and were really having a field day with the offals. Rush shot a cow. She rolled but was only stunned. She got up and ran right through the Gypsies and they really scattered.

The Gilpins' second child, Gordon Lyle, was born on August 17, 1927. Florence returned to the ranch when Gordon was about 11 days old, but had to drive Ethel Lee to Clifton to school every day, which was 22 miles, so they rented a house and moved to town.

They were happy when they could move back to the ranch but they were not destined to stay there very long; goats, burros and mares moved in on them. Rush had to start carrying a gun in self-defense, so they decided to sell as Phelps Dodge really didn't need the ranch any longer.

The Gilpins lived in several places after that but didn't have much of their savings left so decided to buy a house in Clifton where their third child, Florence Emma was born on May 4, 1932. When she was three months old, Rush got a job with the Highway Department at KP Cinega. They lived in a walled-up tent and cooked on a small wood stove.

When school started, they returned to Clifton; it was awfully hot after the mountains. Florence had gathered wild gooseberries and

raspberries for jelly, but most of the raspberries went into cobblers.

They moved to New Mexico for a short while and Rush worked on various ranches. When they moved back to Clifton, he was employed by the Phelps Dodge Corporation as a pumpman.

Some time later he was given a homestead of undeveloped land in Yuma, which he leveled and planted in alfalfa, and they lived there until 1956.

They lived in Clifton for a while and then moved to Safford in 1966.

Rush was listed in Arizona's Cowboy Hall of Fame, was a member of the Clifton Historical Society, the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, the Arizona Cowbelles and the American Legigon.

Rush died at Safford on June 30, 1979 and Florence still lives in Safford.

Our brands are: (KW) (7EG) ().

By Florence Gallin Gilpin

BOB BIRDWELL

BLUE, ARIZONA

I was born in Hale County, Texas in a town called Hale Center, December 31, 1900. I left there and went to Gaines County, Seminole, Texas when I was three years old.

Grace, my wife, and I married in 1939. I don't have any children of my own. My stepchildren are Polly Getzwiller of Gila Bend and Virginia "Sis" Becker of Springerville, Arizona.

I started cowboying real young. I came to Holbrook when I was 20. I worked for Jim Donahoe when I first landed in Arizona. I also worked for George Hennessey as a young man. I worked for Loy Turbebill, Santa Jacques and O.G., owned by Babbits.

I worked around Holbrook for several years and then went to the Apache Indian Reservation around Cibicu and worked. I worked three years for the Double Circles ().

The first ranch I owned was on the Blue River, Blue, Arizona. I bought the old AD Ranch from John Gray. I sold it after close to 20 years. I sold it to Sewell Goodwin. He owns it now. The ranch joined Fred Fritz. I sold it about 10 or 12 years ago. I have been retired ever since.

I would like to get a job if I could hold it, or ride the rough string. Both my birthday and Loy Turbebill's is December 31st. I am 84 and he is 94.

JIM SMITH
CLIFTON, ARIZONA

Do you want to start from when I was just a child? When we moved to Arizona? My father was ranching in Nogal, New Mexico and then we moved from there to Clifton and then opened a Clifton hotel. My wife was raised at Benson and I was raised in Clifton.

Well, in 1900 they came to Clifton from Nogal, New Mexico and run the Clifton Hotel. And after a few years we moved down to York. That's halfway between Duncan and Clifton and my dad went into the horse business.

At one time he had a thousand head of horses and he broke and drove and traded horses all over the United States from, you might say, Clifton to Louisiana, buying and trading horses.

When I was about six years old he sold some of the horses and we moved to Clifton. And when he sold some horses to a man named Billie Tucker, he gave me a little mare that I was riding. I was only six years old but I'd been riding since I was about four, I guess. And that was the starter of my livestock.

Billie Tucker was a big cowman with a man by the name of Judd Webster. They owned the Rattlesnake Ranch about 10 or 15 miles east of Clifton and then later on I worked for Billie and we brought a bunch of cattle out of Mexico in 1916 and drove 'em over on the river along the Gila River, and then we finally pushed 'em out over in Morenci, and from there we went back into the cow business in 1904. About 19 and 6 or 7 we went in the cow business and had a ranch up on the Limestone Canyon. That's up the Frisco from Clifton

and east.

We ranched there and then we finally bought the old Medina Ranch, between the Rattlesnake Ranch and the Limestone Canyon and we had the two ranches then.

Then came along the war and they took my brother to the war and I left home. It kind of broke us up cause my brother and I was the ones that done all the cowboyin'.

My dad and my older brother, they stayed in town and they made a living for us till we built the cow business back up. And I've never really been away from the cow business cause that's been all my life -- cows, cows, cows, but I've had horses and dogs.

So I never was satisfied, and during the war I went to work on the railroad in 1917. I went to work for the Southern Pacific on July the 3rd of 1917 in Tucson. Then I stayed with them and after on, after that, let me see, how many years did we live in town? We finally bought a little ranch out north of Tucson and I raised the kids out there, and we had horses and cattle out there. That's forty-seven years ago.

I got rid of the railroad and I come back out here and got in the cow business. So we had a little ranch over in Tucson and we raised calves. Right now we have 68 calves right here but I got hurt three years ago. A cow got me under a stanchion over here and I layed under her for six hours. She almost cut my legs in two. I got scars across here and that's why I can hardly use my hands any more.

I had hung this stanchion -- had this 20-foot stanchion made of steel and all those steel bars that they stick their heads through, you

know, they were all made out of reinforced concrete steel and they're rough. And when she got me down, she knocked me right flat on my back; she reared up and fell backwards on me, and she was laying right here, and I hit flat on my back, broke my ribs on both sides, three over here and two on the other side, and she pinned me down for six hours. I don't know -- maybe six hours or five hours. But, anyway, I was down till she finally let me up.

And I finally crawled up and got on my tractor and drove it down here. I got off and crawled in the house and finally got on the phone. The phone was so high I couldn't get to it so I finally got a chair and pulled it up and got up on the chair and called my neighbor up here and she called Mr. Marble, my neighbor over here, but I didn't know his number. This woman just happened to -- left her number there.

And she's a nurse -- she's one of our friends. I told her to ask Mr. Marble to come down and feed our livestock. I had about oh, 75 head of cattle here at the time. So I guess from my voice she figured I was hurt.

I told her I'd had a little accident and couldn't feed my cattle so she called for an ambulance first. Then she called Mr. Marble and her and her husband got in the car and come out here and her husband brought her in the house and stayed with me while he went and got the ambulance to stop here -- showed 'em where to stop; how they was to get here.

I was in the hospital four days. My leg was about as big as my wrist from here down -- this one was worse. This was cut almost to

the bone but it didn't bleed. She rubbed me this way and kind of burned me and as she cut across there it would shut the blood off and I never bled a drop. Not a drop got on my clothes.

After four days why, they wasn't doing me any bood in the hospital and so I come home. Mr. Marble brought me home and I started in doctoring myself with heat and castor oil is all I used and this cactus -- aloe vera, and in about six days I had the swelling all down in my leg. My foot was oh, about that big and the doctor told me if I come home I'd die from a blood clot.

He said when that hits your heart, why you'll die. So I said I'm only going to die once and I'd just as soon die at home. I said, "I have got some good comfortable chairs at home and you don't have one here, and I've got my little dog and my wife at home so I wanta go home."

That was two years ago ... in these two fingers, and now I can't use this right hand hardly for anything. It hit me in these two fingers.

And to top it all off, a few days later a centipede crawled up my leg. It bit me right up here under my belt. And then two or three days ago, see, I've had this finger cut off and it is just tender flesh. The skin grew back -- and I started to take hold of the doorknob on the back door and a yellowjacket was on there and he bit me square, and I tell you, that thing swelled up about that big and it's still itchin.

That's why I quit and got rid of my cattle. Cattle and horses are my whole life.

In Tucson we lived out on the ranch and I had horses for my kids and I had sheep and I had everything that goes with a ranch because -- well, it's like I said, I was born on a ranch and I guess I'll die on one.

I was born May the 6th, 1898 in Nogal, New Mexico, right close to Lincoln County. The day I was born I was delivered by a midwife because the doctor couldn't get there. My dad went after the doctor and they had a big snowstorm over there and the doctor didn't get there until I was 24 hours old.

They had a midwife, and mama says they used to -- well, my mother was a good midwife, too -- she said they used to take the gauze strips like that and hold it over a coal oil lamp and disinfect it and use it for colds and sores.

I was the last -- second to the last of the children. I had a sister younger than me but they're all gone; I'm the only one left.

Well, I've lived a pretty clean life, I guess. Never did drink. I smoked and I guess that's why I got this emphysema, but we never did carouse around very much.

The cowboys were different then than they are now. You know, I see these supposedly cowboys going into these restaurants and wear their hats while they are eating and they didn't do that when I was cowboyin'. That's silly. They're not cowboys.

I was never a cowboy much but I rode broncs when I was ten and 12 years old. We was raised back there in the mountains over there towards Silver City and Clifton and up in the White Mountains and over on the Frisco. It's rough country, and you take cowboys today, they wouldn't last very long in a place like that. We were all good cowboys. They don't brag about their ability, either. They ride horses and they trade them but they don't make a big baloo about it.

One time I remember -- in Tucson, a fellow in Tucson told me

about being a rodeo cowboy and so one day he traded for an old dude horse that had been ridden by the dudes there in Tucson. He come over to my house one day and he said, "Mr. Smith, would you come over and top my horse for me?"

So I said, "Well, sure." My children could ride horses standing up -- they did everything in the world a person could do on a horse and they weren't afraid, either one of them, because they helped me break some horses as I had bought and traded horses and they helped me break them.

So my boy went over with him and this old horse -- the only reason the cowboy was afraid of it was because when he started to ride it -- somebody had made a fool out of his horse because he didn't break him right, and he'd raise his head and he was scared to ride him, so he would get up on the fence before he could ride it, and he thought he was an outlaw for that reason.

So we bridled him and saddled him and my boy said, "Let me top him, Dad." So I throwed a rope over him and I just handed him the reins and he started loping. He was as gentle as a saddle horse -- so this was the man that had been bragging about being a rodeo cowboy. And I was a man 50 years old and he wanted me to top his horse for him and he was a young fellow -- so that's the way I grew up to tell about rodeo cowboys.

There are real cowboys that are rodeoing. We've got some here that are ... cowboys. They've got ranches around here but they're not real cowboys. I took a couple of boys up in the country up there on the Blue to see a friend of mine that I was raised with called Freddie Fritz -- maybe you've heard of him. He is one of the most noted cowboys in the

West, I guess. I knew his dad.

Freddie was trying to sell his ranch and I heard about it. There was just two years' difference in our ages, and I used to carry mail all over that country up there because I knew every cow trail in the whole northern part of the country. When somebody would come to town or get a message or something -- I was going to school -- I would go into town in the winter to go to school -- they'd come get me to deliver the messages out in the country -- Mule Creek or Blue or over on the Double Circles or any place like that, they'd call on me.

So I knew Freddie personally and I took these two boys over there to try to buy his ranch. They wanted to buy it and he wouldn't even talk to them. He said he was raised over there in the Sulpher Springs Valley and you wouldn't last up in this rough country up here if you're not raised in the rocks you don't belong here. And I hadn't give it a thought because when you're raised up in the rocks yourself, you think everybody else is the same way but there's a lot of difference in being a mountain cowboy and a desert cowboy or a rodeo cowboy.

That's all out in the clear and open when you're rodeoing, but when you're out in the brush -- you have to be a roper to catch a calf in that kind of territory and you have to be a rider to ride a horse fast enough in those mountains to catch one of them.

You have to have a horse that is raised in that country, too. And to have horses like that you have to learn how to train them. In my day, my brother and myself, I guess, were the best horse trainers that I have ever known because when we broke a horse, we broke it to

use, and most cowmen -- they would hire a cowboy to come and break their horses and they'd ride them five saddles and then say the horse was broke because I've known where bronc riders -- or supposed to be bronc riders -- they'd ride a horse and never even get on the track, and if you don't get a horse beyond the track you don't learn ... and you haven't got any rope.

And when we would start our spring and the fall work over there after branding some of what you call broncs -- we'd have a rodeo every Saturday and you would see the cowboy get on that horse and you'd just see heads come up through the brush this way and the old horse jumping.

I'll never forget when we started to Mexico with Billie Tucker -- the man I was telling you about -- and we started at York, at his ranch. He lived there across from the old Day Ranch -- and he had gathered all these horses from all over the country that people would let him have -- he didn't have horses of his own at that time, so he gathered a bunch of horses -- and naturally everybody would give him a horse to use that ain't broke.

So we started and got on our horses to ride that afternoon and we left there about noon and come to Sheldon that night and the next morning we topped out our horses there at the corral before we left because we didn't know any of them or how they would ride.

It was rodeo that day before we ever left home. Oh boy, it was funny, You couldn't just be a rider for a general horse -- you had to be a bronc rider to be a cowboy. The guys would take horses to break and they would take a contract.

In those days as a cowboy they only made $30 a month and their board. They'd take horses and they would break them, ride five saddles for so

much money and they'd call them broke. You can't break a horse with five saddles or you can't break them in five weeks. You've got to ride him every day.

Then you've got to work on him in order to train him and grab him by the rope so that he won't kill himself or kick himself to death or so the rope won't get around his heels or stuff. And you take a slicker and you do what we call sacking them out and all that kind of stuff, and then you get off on one side and on the other side and back and forth because you never know when you are going to have to step up on the right side.

The left side is the proper way to get on a horse, but you never know when the rope will get tangled and you have to step over on that side, and you can't have a horse that ain't broke so that you get off on either side.

You don't train a horse in five saddles and that's what they used to break them for and they thought their horses was broke after five saddles. They are still wild after five saddles.

My father had been shot seven times -- he took one to his grave and he carried one in his right lung for 35 years and he never laid down in bed for 35 years. He'd take two pillows and sit up in bed to sleep and it finally worked out, and I was home when this happened.

They had come in from the ranch this night and I was in Clifton going to school, and naturally, when my dad was there, why I was always around him. You know, he always said I was his shadow when I was a kid, and you had this fleece-lined underwear, you know, that we used to wear in the wintertime, and he come in and took his bath in the

kitchen, put on his underwear, and then mama and me went back in the kitchen and started talking.

He said, "Mama, I've got a bad festered place there on my shoulder -- see what it is -- it feels like a boil." Then she just throwed this old undershirt up over his head and took a needle and she said, "Yes, Johnny, it's festered. I'll get a needle and open it."

She said, "It looks like a little piece of lead."

And he said, "Let's see it." And he said, "Okay. Just put a piece of gauze over it and a piece of tape and let it go."

So the next morning as soon as I woke up I wandered over where my dad was and mama said he went to El Paso. And I said, "What did he go to El Paso for?"

She said, "I don't know. He went down there to see a doctor."

He'd only been there a couple of days from the time he left home because the trains didn't make connection in Lordsburg. You know, in them days a train didn't come in every day so he stayed in El Paso and got another train out of there to Lordsburg.

Anyway, he went to El Paso and he used to go down there quite a bit and he knew a doctor down there. I guess he had more confidence there than he did any doctor he had in Clifton.

So he went down there and told the doctor what he had and the doctor looked at it and said, "All right, I will have to give you some chloroform."

But he said, "I ain't going to take nothing. Just cut it out."

The doctor said, "No, I can't do that."

And my dad said, "Well, I'll tell you what. I'll go down and get

my own ether," so he got a quart of whiskey. That's what they used to operate on when they were in the ranger service. If a guy was shot or hurt, they just took some whiskey and deaden the pain and go ahead and work on it. So that'a one thing he did say they did to one of the rangers. This guy was shot in the ribs and they gave him a quart of whiskey. They had to take them out because they were shot all to pieces.

So finally one day I was going home and I went by the saloon and he was in the saloon and some guys he had ... about that long ... it goes this way ... and they just stretched that thing out ... it was over an inch long, a big piece of lead and they showed us and I asked mama about it.

He wouldn't tell me nothing. He said, "Get out of here." They run me off. So I asked mama and she said he went to El Paso and had this guy come down and he walked around El Paso and the doctor told him, he said, "Just stay around here a couple of days, anyway," so he packed the hole with gauze and stuff, and he said he went downtown and he got his room and he couldn't sleep and he couldn't rest, and he just seemed so funny that he went back and told the doctor.

He said, "I've got a good nurse at home," he said, "Just give me some medicine and tell me what to do and I won't die on the way home and she'll take care of me."

So he gave him some medicine, some gauze and stuff and he come home and mama used to just stay there at the house.

My dad was around 90 years old and he was the oldest cowboy riding in the parade in Tucson when they came to Tucson.

My dad knew Billy the Kid and he kind of sympathized with Billy because Billy was forced into what he done -- most of it. Because it's just like when I was a kid growing up, if you ever whipped a kid, why, everybody in town -- you had to fight everybody in town -- even the bully of the town before anybody would let you go, and it was that way when I went to Duncan.

My sister married a guy in Duncan but they didn't want me down there unless -- I was an outsider -- I was from Clifton. Billy the Kid was forced to kill somebody and everybody wanted to try him out and see if they were as fast as he was and that's what made him an outlaw.

But my dad sympathized with him and he said he was a good guy and there weren't any better. Billy was probably in our house because my older brother said so. And my dad was sheriff in Lincoln County but he didn't try to bother Billy.

My father told me one story that I heard one time. We was on a wagon for a matador outfit in Texas and they were driving to Kansas or Chicago, and they got up on the Red River, and when they crossed the river there was a strip they called No Man's Land in Oklahoma. So he said two of these cowboys -- they were working short handed anyway, my dad said -- and two of these cowboys they got into a row some place down there in Texas, so they decided -- one of them said, "We'll finish this when we get back to No Man's Land."

So my dad, in order to keep them apart, he would take one bunch -- one bunch would be sleeping while the other bunch were herding the cattle and they'd get up to the chuck wagon by noontime.

Then this other gang would take over the cattle -- they already had

their meals eaten and everything and take over the cattle, and the other guys would take their rest, and that's the way they drove their cattle through the country because they had to keep moving, and so my dad got them separated and he was trying to keep them apart because he didn't want to lose either one of them and this way he saved both of them. He would have lost both of them if they got in a gun fight.

So my dad went over to the wagon that day and they were all laying down and they took their guns off and were resting and all laying around the wagon, and the cook had gotten the meals all ready and that, and this one guy, before the herd caught up with the wagon, he quit the herd and he just come on in to have this fight out.

They were under the wagon and all around in the shade and this guy just loped up there and got off his horse and started shooting at this guy and he didn't even get his gun.

He run around the wagon and the other guy come around behind him and the guy jumped over the neck yoke, and the cook had shoved his shovel in the ground -- he had a short-handled spade -- and he had stuck it in the ground where he had been fanning his coals. And he grabbed that shovel and he threw it right over his head like that and hit this guy right in the head and split his head open, and that guy was shooting at him -- just shooting right in the crowd and it's a wonder it hadn't shot some of the other cowboys, and that guy was saved just by throwing the shovel over his head. He didn't even look to see where he was throwing.

So it was just an act of God that he saved him with that shovel.

He saved his own life and probably somebody else's life, too.

Those are things you can talk about all day. It"s just kind of like today -- you hear these guys talk about the sheriffs being off duty. When I was a kid you were a deputy sheriff -- you were a deputy sheriff around the clock.

There was no such thing as off duty or on duty. You were on duty all of the time. Of course, you could go ahead and get your rest, but they didn't expect you to -- if you were a deputy sheriff you were on duty or off duty. Once you took that oath you were there just like the sheriff.

It is just like now -- when I first come out here and all up to the last few years, a cattle inspector was a cattle inspector and you could call any of them any day of the week and they'd come and inspect your stock today. They'll say, "Well, this is my day off. Go get somebody else."

When I would call the sheriff's office here they said, "Oh, don't bother me; call Bisbee, this is my day off." So I called around and found where the deputy sheriff was, then they would broadcast it and give them a chance to get far across the border anyway, and it only takes 60 or 55 minutes to get to the border, so what good is it? By the time you get them they have all the chance in the world -- it's kind of like ... they give everybody all the warning in the world to get away.

My dad had to be tough to live, and even in my day, if I wasn't tough I wouldn't be here now, because we had some pretty tough people on the Chase Creek where I was raised, and you had to fight to live.

I've had guys tackle me when they had knives and you have got to use

a chair or a club or something to offset that knife. You can't just let him cut you to pieces, and I've had a few fights like that myself.

Speaking of cattle rustling, the only time I've known of trouble with cattle rustlers was in Texas. People would ditch our cattle and we had to ride the country out, and if we found any fresh horse tracks and mule tracks, we would find out where they went to because they would butcher and pack them in there and sell some of the cattle, so you would look for a fresh hide or something. In a wholesale outfit -- no, we didn't have them like they do in Oklahoma and all back through there.

They still have them back there because I talked to the Indians back there when I was a kid there in the hospital, and those young Indians, they just almost were forced out of the cow business from the rustlers.

The cattle get fat and gentle -- and the rustlers will take a truck and back it up and run it through the little washes and shoot them out this way and that way and run the cattle in there -- it happened in Kansas City by daylight and all that kind of stuff. That's where the biggest rustling is going on now; in the South and the East.

They don't have so much here because we've got our brands and cattle inspectors and it's a little bit harder to get around the law here than like it is in Texas and Oklahoma and Kansas and through there.

I did have a calf -- my wife chased him right there in Tucson and they rolled it under the fence and loaded it up in the back of the car and run off with it right there in Tucson.

I've been in the cow business for over 40 years, you might say,

besides the time I put on the rails because I have always had horses and cattle. Even when I worked the rails I had a little ranch out north of Tucson. Everybody said they didn't know why I was on the rails -- they said I was just a damned cowboy.

My father's name was Rocky John. They called me Little Rocky because I was always my dad's shadow when I was a little kid growing up. Where ever my dad went, that's where I went. In fact, there was a canyon over there by our old homesite on the Gila River and they called it Rocky John Canyon.

I remember riding out one morning to get the horses and I walked -- they was going to bring a team that day to haul water and ... mule and horse so they just picked me up and set me up on this old mule. I was about six years old.

This canyon was named after my dad, Rocky John Canyon. It was pretty steep -- that old mule, my dad had traded for her over in New Mexico when he was coming back from Louisiana

That old mule was a pretty gentle old mule and she started trotting on down there and I had a hell of a time trying to stay on her as we were going down into the canyon. Then I just kicked on his leg.

We were coming to the river to get some salt and I was about 11 or 12 and this darned crazy horse -- you couldn't handle him very well -- this old mule would run off down the canyon a trail ahead of us and kept hanging back, hanging back, and I got a rope and started ... this old mule with a rope and he just stomped and kicked me right on that leg, right on the knee, and he kicked me right off the saddle.

I rode about 25 miles after that because I was afraid to get off for

fear I couldn't get back on because my knee was so bad. I went back to the ranch the next day and that old knee was pretty sore for a long time.

The oldest brand that I've run -- I've run three brands. This one brand I had it renewed and I let it go delinquent and didn't renew it again so then I had to go back and ask for it again so they changed it and made it Lazy J again stead of the standing J at first.

I started out with a standing J connected and I carried that for eight years. Your brand lasts only eight years unless you renew it. And this ... G -- that was a brand that I run in Tucson. I bought that brand. I didn't have it recorded.

I bought the brand out, see, and I ran three brands of my own and we had one, two, three, four brands for my family. We bought them out. We just buy them and go along with it. There's the tumbling U brand. We bought that. This man owned it, a fellow by the name of Jack Tipton, I believe is his name -- Jack or John. A horse throwed him in Carlisle and he lit right on his head and broke his neck and killed him. So we bought it from his widow and so we used that one.

We had this -- Cherokee -- Indian brand and this T O brand -- that was another Indian brand. We had that for our horses after we sold the -- S brand of horses. That was when we were in the horse business. We had the brands recorded when we first started -- I can't remember now how we come about that. I know the tumbling U's was bought from Tipton.

Somebody stole my spurs and chaps and I had a deer head in Tucson -- the most perfect six-point deer head you ever seen. I had it in Patagonia in the basement there in town and my boy's chaps and a pair

of boxing gloves -- the last gloves that I had when I was going to school and boxing. I made money boxing to go to school on. In those days we had to buy our own books.

My father was the greatest horse trainer I ever knew in my life. That's why he was in the horse business. My dad could train 15 or 20 horses at one time -- like those horse trainers in the circuses. He would take wild horses -- we would gather them -- I helped him when I was six years old.

He would bring them in the corral and keep them horses there and every time they would turn their head around -- that's the way a horse protects itself -- he would grab for that whip and would train them in two days from when he ran them in the corral, and they would all run around in the corral and he would let them stand there and put the halter on, and he would put water out where they could smell it but they couldn't get to it and he would put these halters on them and they would almost run over you to get to the water.

He knew as much about an animal as you needed to know. He was one of the best horse trainers I ever seen in my life, and he could do it so damn easy it would make your head swim. He wouldn't let us boys -- when we were kids he always liked to rope, and if he ever caught us roping one of his horses he would whip us with a double rope because he didn't want his horses -- to be gentle enough -- he didn't need to be roped. You can make a horse wild if you mistreat him.

A horse is just like anything else -- a dog -- if you don't treat a dog right they'll hate you. You take a mean dog and if you treat him right he'll lick your hand and he won't bite you, but if you mistreat

him he will remember and some day he will bite you.

My grandfather on my mother's side was a veterinarian and in the Civil War they used him as a doctor. He raised horses in Tennessee and that's where my mother was born, in Sparta, Tennessee, and that's how come my father to meet my mother because my grandfather brought some race horses from Tennessee to Texas.

My dad was a cowboy in Texas training horses, so my grandfather got my dad -- my grandfather hated Indians but yet he hired my father, knowing he was part Indian, to break his race horses, so when he come down to Tyler, Texas to bring these horses, he met my mother and they ran off and got married.

Then for about ten years my grandfather would have nothing to do with him and then finally before the folks passed away though, my grandfather came and lived with us. My dad was his favorite son-in-law.

In 1904, maybe three, four or five, grandpa came to the Gila River and they laid that land open in Oklahoma for the Indians. Anyone that had as much as a quarter or a half Indian could get some land in Oklahoma. So grandpa tried to get my dad to lay claim to the land because there were six of us kids and he wanted us to go back there and claim some land because he said some day that is going to be valuable.

My dad said, "No." He said, "I don't want to go back. When I leave a place I burn my bridges behind me." And he said, "I'm not Indian; I'm Black Dutch." He got mad at my grandad and run him off. He got ahold of my older brother who was 16 and he told him, he said, "You go back there and lay claim yourself." If Johnny won't go back there and lay claim, you go back there and lay claim, but my brother never did.

My older brother, the one older than Clyde -- I had one ten years older than me and a sister then my brother. That's the way they came -- a boy and a girl, and a boy and a girl, and a boy and a girl. That's the way us kids were born.

My dad was a wonderful man. He had more friends than any man I ever knew in my life. Wherever he would go he would make friends. We called him Gordon. When he was on the railroad he used this A.G. as the initials. Everybody he worked for on the railroad -- they called him Elmo because they don't know any other name. When he went to school he went by the name of Gordon.

We had four ranches over there, one in York and one at the old Limestone Canyon and the old Medina Ranch; then we had one at Carlisle and the Vanderbilt Mountains.

The old Medina Ranch -- they finally blasted a road out through Box Canyon and built a road around it and when we was there -- they had to pack everything in and out and the Limestone was the same way and I don't imagine they ever did have a road up to Limestone because it is rougher than the devil.

I understand now that the mining company run a cable line out there on the Limestone to bring that cable in there to the mill to help smelter their ore business. The surface rock wasn't any good. Most of that copper was way down. It was the richest copper mine in the world but it was all pretty deep.

When I was a kid we lived on the river and we sold that old mule -- the one I mentioned before -- we sold it and some more mules that we had, to the mining company in Morenci. They took them underground and used

them instead of electric motors so they could pull all of the carts with mules.

They had livery stables and once they took a mule underground he had to stay underground because when they brought him out he would go blind, So they kept them underground and when they finally inaugurated the electric cars, why then they brought the mules out and they all went blind.

My dad was a Texas Ranger for 14 years and a railroad cop for a Texas city and then he'd been a cowman -- you see, my dad was a way older than my mother and he run two different outfits in Mexico. He used to trail cattle from Kansas City to Texas and he can tell you stories that will curl your hair, believe me.

In fact, he and this old captain, Captain Roberts, came to our ranch and I was the only one there with my dad - mama had gone to town and took the rest of the kids to school -- and I had a contract herding until October or November and until my contract was up I could not go to school and go in town. So this old captain came out there and I was only 10 years old then.

My dad had a photographic memory so he could remember dates and places and draw you a picture of them. Captain Roberts wanted to kill two birds with one stone. He wanted to get my dad's picture from the Texas Rangers and then he wanted to get my dad to give him dates and different things like that.

He got there early that evening and they sat and talked all night and drank coffee. We didn't have no stove; we had a fireplace. We had a dirt floor -- and I was supposed to be asleep but I never slept

a wink. They told stories, you know, reminiscing. They weren't lying to each other; they were actual facts.

The next morning -- my dad always got me up by daylight so I could go out and get the horses -- so I got on this burro and started after his horses and there was a big ol' timber wolf the size of a big old German police dog -- and they are vicious things, too. They weren't afraid of a man.

The darned thing -- he walked out on a big rock and he was just standing there and it was just breaking daylight and I was going straight east and he was standing there just as brazen as he could be, and I am going right toward that big rock.

I got the horses and went in a circle and went on the other side, and I was so scared. It was all we talked about all night. I was only ten years old -- and it could have thrown me off my horse and I would be on foot then and I had no gun with me, or nothing to defend myself. I was scared but I could't let on when I got home because my dad wanted to know why I was gone so long getting the horses and I didn't tell him.

When you're a cowboy, you've got to throw caution away -- you gotta go with them or you're not a cowboy.

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