# ARIZONA NATIONAL PIONEER RANCH HISTORIES

Volume VIII

# Arizona National

# Ranch Histories

# of

# Living

# Pioneer Stockman

# Volume VIII

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

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Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories, Vol. VIII

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the Arizona National Living Pioneers Stockman Hall of Fame. The Arizona National is once again pleased that through your efforts, the Pioneer Stockman, we are privileged to publish this 8th Volume. The ranch histories contributed by each pioneer is invaluable to the history of our great State. Especially, we want to thank Mary W. Whetzel of the Santa Cruz Cowbelles organization for her tireless effort in collecting so many new stories for this 8th Volume. Betty Accomazzo has made another outstanding contribution in the compiling and editing department. The Pioneer Stockman organization continues to rely heavily on volunteers such as these mentioned, and we appreciate the support given each year to recording these histories for future generations.

Frank C. Armer, Jr., D.V.M.
President
Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.
January, 1986

PREFACE

Our Arizona pioneers are found from the desert land to the mountains. Many settled in parts of Arizona because of families that came earlier, yet many settled in the area as they were traveling; they ran out of supplies and funds. They either got jobs or filed on a homestead. They all heard the call, "Go out west, young men and women."

Many of the young women came to Arizona to teach school or to be a nurse. They married ranchers in the area and continued to teach. One of these women was Kathleen Fritz who married Freddie Fritz. Kathleen and Freddie celebrated 61 years of marriage when Freddie passed away on April 24, 1985. Freddie was loved by every livestock owner in the State of Arizona that knew him. As Past President of the Arizona Living Pioneer Association, he made it a point to see that every ranch owner that he knew, had his or her history in the Arizona Living Pioneer volumes of the Ranch Histories. Along with the interest in the Ranch Histories, he gave funds to see that each volume was printed.

Freddie also served in the Arizona Legislature from 1936 to 1951. His 14-year stretch as an Arizona legislator began in Greenlee County. He helped found the Greenlee County Cattle Growers and was President of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association in 1945.

When Freddie sold his ranch to Sewell Goodwin, it had been in the family for 95 years. He was truly a father of the cattle industry in the State of Arizona and a great pioneer of the State of Arizona.

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GABRIEL OCHOA ANGULO

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Gabriel Elias Angulo and Tulla Ochoa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ochoa, the latter a Tucson and Florence, Arizona, merchant, were married in 1896. Mrs. Angulo died in 1903 at the age of 24 years, leaving a son, Gabe, age 7, daughters, Mercedes, age 5, and Sara, age 1 month, who died soon thereafter. Mr. Angulo remarried subsequently and had two more children, Antonio and Graciela.

When Gabe was 8 years of age, he and his sister, Mercedes, moved to Oakland, California to reside with Mrs. Edna O. Thomas -- nearby was Mary O. Palhamus, sisters of Tulla. Young Gabe attended a military boarding school institute in Oakland until the age of 10. Both brother and sister returned to Tucson to live.

At the age of 14, Gabe became a partner with his father in the ranching and cattle business. The business venture became known as the Santa Lucia Ranch, named as such because it was on this Saint's Day that their homestead property papers were received.

The 2S brand was then registered to Gabriel O. Angulo, who gradually upgraded the cattle herd with "reputation Herefords". The Santa Lucia Ranch headquarters, under the management of father and son, became a business center for livestock marketing channels, both in native and Mexican

cattle, which as partners motivated interests in the State of Sonora, where the 2S brand was also registered.

Young Gabe served on committees pertinent to the progress in the Amado-Arivaca districts. He was instrumental in the construction of the Arivaca County highway and served as Clerk of the original Sopori school board, of which he was Chairman. He also motivated the location (a school section) and construction of the school, which three of his four children attended.

In 1924, Gabe married Anita Cubillas of Santa Ana, Sonora, Mexico, a member of a prominent and well-known cattle-ranching family. They were married in Nogales, Arizona. Best man and Maid of Honor were Ramon and Virginia Ahumada, the former livestock superintendent and part owner of the Arivaca Land and Cattle Company. Ramon was later named to the Cowboy Hall of Fame. Making their home at the Santa Lucia Ranch, Gabe and Anita raised four children, John Gabriel (Agnes Valenzuela); Norma (James Padrez); Caroline (John Smith); and Sylvia (Larry Leinenbach).

The Angulo family became very active in 4-H Club work through the Sopori School, under the direction of Mrs. Eva Urquides and Miss Geneve Romo. John, with his beef calves, placed eighth and fifth in the State Livestock Show in Tucson in 1936 and 1937, respectively.

In 1937, after the death of his father, the Santa Lucia Ranch was sold to Carl Ely of Boston, Massachusetts. At this

time, Gabe was appointed by the Trust Department, Southern Arizona Bank, to manage the Sopori and Rillito ranches after the accidental death of its owner, Arthur Lee. Gabe managed the ranch until about 1942 when, at which time, he turned the management over to Horton Noon of Arivaca, Arizona.

Following a family tradition (Gabriel V. and Gabriel E. owned and operated a family meat-packing firm in the late 1800's) Gabe and Marlin T. Price established a partnership, Price Meat Company. During World War II, both partners were able to supply at least 70 percent of the beef supply in Tucson through the cooperation and efforts of supporting livestock producers. The firm established success in that Gabe was recognized by the Office of War Food Administration for his advisory capacities.

In 1946, the Price Meat Company was sold to a group of Chinese members of the Chamber of Commerce. Soon thereafter, Gabe joined the staff of the Baboquivari Cattle Corporation, of which Carlos E. Ronstadt was President and General Manager. Gabe served in the accounting functions of the firm for several years, until he jointed the staff of C.T.R. Bates, CPA, specializing in ranch accounting. Gabe was a ranch accounting specialist. In later years, Mr. Bates and son, Robert, turned over the clientele to Regier, Unrau, Monroe, Wallace, CPA firm of Wichita Falls, Kansas. Gabe continued his services with that firm until his death.

Gabe was a pioneer member of the Arizona Historical Society, a Charter member of the Mountain Oyster Club and a long-time member of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association.

Knowing that Gabe was a man of countenance, dedication and integrity, livestock producers sought his services and consultations of accounting services pertaining to livestock and ranching activities.

Gabe passed away four days before his 83rd birthday, with his sister, Mercedes Laos following. His widow, children and families all reside in Tucson, as do his sister, Graciela, and brother, Antonio.

RUTH TENNEY LAMOREAUX

GILBERT, ARIZONA

Ruth Tenney Lamoreaux, daughter of the late Samuel Benjamin Tenney and Lora Isabelle Brown, and wife of the late David Crockett Lamoreaux, celebrated her 90th birthday the 4th of May, 1985, in the home of her youngest daughter, Vida L. Hatch, wife of Orland Reed Hatch, in Gilbert, Arizona.

While visiting with her on this special day, she was asked the question of what she remembers about her family having livestock, namely, cattle, horses or goats, in those early years. She just smiled and said, "We've always had livestock around." She then reflected back to the early days of when her older Tenney brothers had goat ranches up and around the Prescott area. She then shared with us of times back during the depression days of how she would save the cream and make from 40 to 50 pounds of butter each week and sell it in order to buy the necessities for her growing family.

When the Mormon pioneers were driven out of Illinois, which is a history all of its own, it was a vital necessity for them to take their livestock -- horses, cattle and goats with them.

The David Burlock Lamoreaux family came with a wagon train into Salt Lake City, Utah, from Canada. The family settled in and around Salt Lake City where their oldest son,

Archibald Orrel was born in 1850. The Lamoreaux family raised six boys and five girls in Utah. As the family began to grow, the oldest son, Archibald Orrel Lamoreaux married Lydia Laverna Crockett. As their family began to grow, they were called to settle in the Preston, Idaho area in February of 1883. The Lamoreaux family tried farming and raising cattle in this area. At that time the wild game was so prevalent it would eat the grazing up before the cattle could get to it. Some of the farmers decided to equal the balance by shooting some of the wildlife and thus accomplish a double purpose -- saving feed for their livestock and having meat all year-round to feed their families.

Dad Archibald Orrel was out on this mission when a snow-storm overtook him. By the time he was able to get back home, his feet and hands were frozen so severaly he had to have his toes and half of each foot amputated, leaving him with just his heels to peg along on, which he learned to do beautifully. In fact, as Mr. Lamoreaux would go out to catch his stalwart team of horses, he would crawl out, on all fours, and hold up his hand. The horses would come over and he would put on the bridle, pull himself up and crawl upon the back of the horse, then put a rope around another and the rest of his horses would follow back to the corral.

The comical side of life that Archibald Lamoreaux enjoyed sharing with his friends and family was, a neighbor came over and needed to borrow a team to finish a job he had. He asked Archie if he could borrow his horses for about two

hours. Archie told him where the halters were. So, after a lengthy time had passed, the man returned, completely exhausted and said, "Archie, how in the h--- do you catch those d--- horses? I have ran completely around that pasture 50 times and can't even get near them. Now, how in the world do you, a crippled man, catch those blamed horses?"

Archie smiled and so apologetically said, "Oh, I am sorry, I forgot to tell you. When you get out into the middle of the field, lay the halter down by your side and drop to your knees. The horses will come right up to you." The man did, the horses did, and he was able to do his job.

The Lamoreaux family decided they needed to move to a warmer climate, so, with five sons and two daughters, they moved to Arizona in the fall of 1894. The Archibald Orrel Lamoreaux family settled in a little place called Thatcher in the Gila Valley. The oldest son was named after his father, Archibald Orel, and was referred to as Orel, who was later to become the father of Glendon Lamoreaux. Dave C. Lamoreaux was just three years of age and he was later to become the father of Tenney and Alvin. The trek to Arizona was another challenging story. The family was able to keep their livestock pretty much together in making this move. The oldest son, Orel, always thought it was unique that he was the one that brought the first guernsey milk cow into the Safford Valley. Two more daughters and one son was born to this family after their arrival in Thatcher, Graham County,

Arizona.

The oldest son, Orel, married Moleta Dodge. The third son, David Crockett Lamoreaux married Ruth Tenney. As their little families began to brow, both families moved to the Salt River Valley and settled on farms in the northeast prt of the Chandler area.

The age-old discussion is still prevalent today that there is a difference between the milk cow and the beef cattle. When most people are talking about cattle they are referring to beef cattle, but, back during those hard, depression days, when money was something just dreamed about and very seldom seen, our parents were happy to have a milk cow or two that produced milk, cream, butter and could raise a calf every year that they could butcher and use for their meat. However you say it, cattle are cattle and have been a salvation to man since those early pioneer days.

Orel's son, Glendon, loved livestock from the day he was born. He was always the one that his father knew he could rely on to take care of the cattle and the horses properly. Glendon was a big boy for his age and a little slow of speech, but he had a deep love and appreciation for livestock. He was a natural at keeping a herd calm and quiet as he would walk through them to cut a head out, while on foot. When he moved with his family to the Salt River Valley area, he met and married Viola Perkins, a Mesa girl. He was always the butt end of jokes and families and friends always wondered how he ever got up enough nerve to

ask Viola for a date, let alone muster up the courage to ask her to marry him. Glendon was able to buy the Ben Lang farm on McQueen Road northeast of Chandler, lying on the west end of his Uncle Dave Lamoreaux's property.

Anyone who went to the livestock auctions between 1925 and 1971 knew big, easygoing Glendon Lamoreaux. Doc Pardee, a renowned cattle auctioneer in the Phoenix area, had a great love and respect for Glendon. It was always fascinating how the auctioneer and the buyer could let each other know what was going on without saying one word. To the innocent bystander, you would never know it was Glendon that had bid on the animal as the auctioneer quickly said, "Sold!" and called out the number that was Glendon's buying number. It took two hours of sitting and watching every move Glendon made before this writer could finally detect what it was Glendon was doing to let the auctioneer know he wanted the steer.

Glendon and Viola worked together as good as any team of horses pulling in the harness, and together they gradually built up their cattle herd. Glendon knew and loved cattle. He knew where every rancher and cattleman lived in the State of Arizona. Through keeping his eyes and ears open, he was able to buy the grazing permit and put his cattle on pasture down in the Veco, Arizona area. Cattle was Glendon's number one interest, and it became necessary for him to rent out his farmland to his two cousins, Tenney and Alvin Lamoreaux.

The three Lamoreaux men had a beautiful working relationship.

Glendon helped both Tenney and Alvin get into the cattle business. He was able to help them build their herd to a little better quality of cattle. When Glendon died in 1972, his wife, Viola kept things going on the farm, but found it necessary to sell most of the cattle. When Viola died in 1981, the family had to sell the farm in order to settle the estate. Glendon and Viola's family consisted of Gale, Marvin and Donna, who married Glen Barney and lives in Tucson, and John Lamoreaux. John, the youngest son, became quite a calf roper when he was a boy at home. He tried steer riding for a while, but finally decided to use the wisdom his Dad had offered him, that he was a foolish boy to mangle his body up when he didn't need to. John has always tried to keep a good horse and a few head of cattle on hand wherever he locates.

Dave and Ruth Lamoreaux's two sons, Tenney and Alvin, both moved onto farms when they married. Tenney married Ruth Ison from the little town of Woodruff, Arizona, in 1938. They moved to the old Brass place just south of Gilbert. With the help of his father, Tenney began buying the 60 acres. Together, Tenney and Ruth began to accumulate a few head of cattle, plus chickens, pigs, and at least one good horse. Tenney was the one that had a good eye for a good-looking horse. He would go all over the State to look at a beautiful horse. Of course, it had to be a quarter horse. That was the horse with the natural instinct for cattle. With the Driftwood line that Buck Nichols

brought into the Valley, and the bloodline of Bulldog and Goldbrick, Tenney knew which way he wanted to go with the horse business. With the help of LeRoy Sirrine in Lehi, Tenney was able to start producing some outstanding horses.

Alvin married Melba Riggs, daughter of Ben and Myrtle Riggs of Chandler, in 1944. While they were on their honeymoon in Phoenix, Dave had a chance to buy 80 acres of land from Roy Dobson, Sr. on Cooper Road which lay just south of the home place. He suggested that Tenney move into the house on this property, transfer the equity he had in the 60 acres into the 80 acres and let Alvin and Melba have the opportunity of moving onto the 60 acres and buying it. Yes, thanks to a beautiful father, both sons were able to work at and acquire their property.

Going into debt with money borrowed from the Federal Land Bank was an awesome experience for both Alvin and Melba, as they both had been raised not to ever go into debt. The young couple realized their indebtedness to Dad Lamoreaux, for he helped to teach them some facts of life about financing and about working to gain success in life. They both learned that the only place success comes before work is found in the dictionary.

Tenney and Alvin, with the help of their father, purchased a thousand head of sheep during the first year Alvin was married. What a challenge it became when it was time to move those gentle critters from one pasture to another. Talk

about the blind leading the blind -- those sheep were naturals at playing follow the leader. We, who helped move those sheep, tried very hard to be sure the leader was where he was supposed to be at all times. The two men took their train-load of sheep back to Kansas City in the fall of that year. Both men had more love for cattle than they did for sheep, so when they sold their flock of sheep and returned home they were able to start buying their herd of cattle. It must be noted here that Tenney knew which of the herd was his and Alvin knew which of the herd belonged to him, and they ran their cattle together from 1945 until Tenney's death in 1973.

Each of Tenny and Alvin's sons and daughters learned to ride horses and helped move the cattle from one field to another. For the benefit of the range cowman, it should be explained that Tenney and Alvin were farmers. They were farming about 1,000 acres of land. When the alfalfa had the last bale of hay hauled out, the cattle would be moved into the field to finish cleaning it up before it was watered, or, when the last boll was picked, the cattle were moved into the cotton stalks to clean that field up. The cattle did the ground picking for the men. May it be noted, the cattle did extremely well on the cotton stock pasture. The Lamoreaux boys and girls learned how to handle their horses as they would block the neighbor's gates. They also learned that the horse's head was always turned in to the cattle, when they were blocking an entrance, thus enabling the horse to use his horse sense in

helping to drive those steers. As long as the "open-range" law was in existence, it was possible to move the cattle down the roads, but, progress cannot be stopped. As the cities began to move further out into the country it became necessary to have an officer of the law be at the strategic spots. It began to become too much of a hassle, so, to the corrals the men went with their cattle. This all took place around the time Tenney left this earth life.

In the latter part of May of 1973, about 9:00 p.m., Tenney went out of his home to check on the cattle in the corrals. He had just had several bales of hay roadsided in. As he was rechecking the stack, two or three bales fell and hit Tenney, knocking him into a post jutting out from one end of the manger. It pushed his forehead almost to the back of his head. He was rushed by ambulance to the Phoenix Memorial Hospital where he was kept alive on life-sustaining machines. When his wife Ruth told the doctors to let him go, the machines were disconnected and he was gone. Within less than a year's time, Glendon and Tenney were both gone. With their passing, two great men, that helped to keep the cattle industry alive in this part of the State, were taken.

Tenney and Alvin had helped Viola disperse with Glendon's livestock. Now the lot fell to Alvin and Tenney's three sons, Robert, Jay and Max, to disperse with Tenney's stock. Tenney's oldest son, Robert, had gone into the banking business with Valley National Bank. Through the knowledge

he gained with his farm loans in the business, Robert was qualified to be called to take over the huge cattle farms in Florida, just outside of Orlando. He is working for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The farm was heavily in debt when Robert took over the management. At this writing (1985) it is out of the red and is making great strides. He is running right at 30,000 head of mother cows and some outstanding bloodline bulls.

Robert and his loyal wife, Pamela Myers, are doing an outstanding job on this farm and ranch. The next son Jay, lives in Utah and has become one of the head cattle buyers for the Church. He travels throughout the Americas in looking, buying and selling cattle for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Jay married Jo Marie Fuller of Gilbert. She keeps the home fires burning while Jay is busy with his travels. The youngest son, Max, married Joanne Nevitt of Queen Creek. Joanne was raised among livestock so that she is able to be a good, supportive wife to Max. They are living on the home place in Chandler. Max works as a farm and loan officer for the Chandler Valley National Bank. He keeps a few head of roping steers at the place along with his quarter horse rope horses. Tenney and Ruth also had four daughters: Isabel, married to Milford Cluff, Adeline married to Mel Palmer, Lavera married to Ed Kennedy and Martha married to Tony Boreggo.

Alvin's wife, Melba Riggs, came from a family of cattle

loving people. Most of the old-timers in the Valley will remember Ben and Myrtle Riggs, not only for their expertise in the cattle and the farming industry, but for their beautiful singing voices. Many hours were donated to friends and loved ones by this couple.

## HISTORY OF CATTLE IN THE RIGGS'S FAMILY

William Thomas Riggs, son of John Lile Riggs and Nancy Bufort Morris, lost his daddy when he was two years of age. When he was nine years of age he made the long trek with the Mormon wagon train from Quincy, Adams, Illinois, into Salt Lake City, Utah in the spring of 1858. His mother and two sisters traveled with Captain Warren Tenney's wagon train. He drove the family's milk cow along with helping to drive the herd of cattle the Saints had. He did some in-depth studying of the cattle and of the horses while making this seven-month trek. The dream was planted then, of owning his own herd of cattle and of always having a good team of horses on hand. He owned a few head of cattle, and he died in the foothills of St. David, Arizona, behind his team of good horses in 1901.

In 1871, William Thomas Riggs married Clarissa Ann Millett in Glenwood, Utah. William ran a freight wagon for a time, and when the Milletts were called to help settle the Salt River Valley in 1883, William and Clarissa moved with the family. By now they had three sons and four daughters. The Milletts had a big herd of cattle and because of

William's love for the livestock they put him in charge of driving the herd, with their wagon train, to Arizona. Some of the Riggs people had migrated out of Texas and settled in and around Wilcox and Douglas area, having cattle ranches. They did so well they established a Riggs Bank in Willcox. Moving that big herd of cattle from Utah to Arizona was a challenge and it is a story all of its own, but reach Mesa they did, and some of the group went on down to Mexico.

By the turn of the century, William and Clarissa had six sons and three daughters. The oldest son, William Alma, known to all the Valley as "Uncle Billy" became owner of the Lightning and Transfer Company in Mesa and needed several good, strong horses to have enough teams for his wagons. William Thomas helped his son, Billy, in getting those teams of horses. The second son, Hyrum Boles, married Effie Johnson and went to work for the big Johnson Dairy in Mesa. Next son, John Lyle Riggs, became a noted blacksmith in the Mesa area. Someone needed to keep those horses going and Uncle John, as everyone in Mesa called him, became a perfectionist with this job.

Henry married Bessie Johnes and he went in to farming in the Chandler area. Frank married Lucille Peterson and under the teachings of his brother John, became a blacksmith. The girls, Clarissa May married Ben Lang, who ran the hostelry in Pinetop, Arizona, until he moved and bought a farm in the Chandler area. Elsie married William Lafe Plumb, who ran the

hostelry in Bisbee, Arizona until he went to work for the Chandler Improvement Company. Emily, the youngest daughter, married William Austin Burton and he worked with his father in the Burton Mortuary in Mesa.

When the younger son, Benjamin Lang Riggs was old enough, he married Myrtle Noble of Lehi, June 10, 1914. She was the daughter of Benjamin Noble and Rachel Lee. At the time of their marriage, Ben drove a good-looking team of horses for the LeSueur Store. Soon after marriage the couple went to work for Jed Peterson on his farm and dairy south of Gilbert. Ben L. Riggs took over the Peterson enterprise and ran it as if it were his very own, working the clock around to make sure everything was done. Ben Riggs had some of the finest work horses in the Valley, and his love of cattle became a personal love in knowing what to expect from each critter. When the Armed Services started building Williams Field Air Base, Mr. Riggs always smiled and commented that he used to run cattle right where those airstrips are today.

Desert pastureland really helped to put meat on the cattle. Very seldom did Ben Riggs have to use help in bringing those cattle in off of the desert. He would drive the Model T truck out to the edge of the desert, get out of his vehicle, then he would call, "Come on, Bessie. Come on, Nellie", and as they would hear his voice they would stop their munching and follow that Model T back to the ranch. Ben Riggs was one of the most kind and considerate men of

livestock that I was ever around. He would not tolerate any of the hired help mistreating his animals.

Where Ben was the 12th child of William and Clarissa Riggs, he had nephews that were his age and a little younger. It is well-known history in the Riggs' family, as to how Ben would take his nephews and put them to work on that dairy to help them overcome some of their personal problems. As one nephew said, "That was the best thing Uncle Ben ever did for me, because those ungodly hours of a dairyman soon taught me that I was going to earn my living at something else." This nephew later became a very successful builder and also the Mayor of Maywood, California.

By now Ben and Myrtle Riggs had two sons and two daughters. Things were really going well. The farm and ranch were paying off and making good money, not only for the Petersons, but for the Riggs family. Ben worked out a deal with Jed Peterson to buy some hogs and raise them. He invested his savings into 300 head of weiner pigs. Things were looking very good for this family. The hogs were really fattening up and the market looked good. Ben had planned on those last few weeks of really putting the finish onto those hogs. He bought some new feeder troughs. He and the hired man filled the troughs for them to "hog out" on the night before they were to be sold. Imagine what a blow it was to the family when Ben went out early the next morning to get the milling started and saw all 300 head of his pigs dead! It seemed the new troughs had caused a zinc oxide

poisoning.

With this loss, along with the great depression era, the family was in bad trouble. Mr. Riggs went to every one of his creditors and explained to them what had happened, and while his friends tried to encourage him to take out bankruptcy, Mr. Riggs said, "No!", he would eventually pay everyone back, and he did, over a period of 20 years. When he gave the last big check to Delbert Stapley, who was by then an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Delbert put his arms around Ben and said, "Oh, Bennie, the O.S. Stapley Store cleared your account 18 years ago. You don't owe them a penny."

Bennie looked Delbert Stapley straight in the eye and said, "Please take it. Use it wherever it is needed. I don't ever want a man to say that Ben Riggs was a dishonest man!"

The family moved from the Peterson ranch, taking with them a good team of horses and a good holstein milk cow. They moved a mile straight west of the Peterson ranch. At the present time (1985) the Willis feed lot is where the Riggs family had their farm. Ben and Myrtle eked out an existence for two years, barely keeping body and soul together, when Ben got a job working for the Roosevelt Water Conservation District, as a zanjero. The family moved to a house at the head of Lateral 14. The Riggs family now consisted of three sons and two daughters when the family made this move in 1927. They took their old holstein milk cow with them. With the

help of their good team of horses they were able to move the entire chicken house without disturbing Myrtle's favorite setting hen. Yes, she hatched out 21 baby chicks. She was a priceless hen.

In 1929 a baby girl, Colleen, came to join the family which consisted of Elaine 14, Lyle 13, Noble 10, Melba 9 and Reid Edwin was 4. By now the holstein cow, whose name was "Old Lady," had raised two calves that helped to tide the family over. As the depression years began to slacken, the company transferred Ben and his family to the lower division, where he took care of two divisions. Interesting to note, when Ben retired from the R.W.C.D., the District had to hire two zanjeros to handle the job.

Living down on Lateral 17 at the crossroads of Gilbert and Chandler Heights Road, Ben was able to use the mesquite thicket, just south of the place to build a few corrals on. This is where he began to fulfill his dream of having his herd of white-face herfords. The mesquite thicket was the ideal place to begin his herd. As Mr. Riggs's sons grew older, he was able to buy a few acres of land.

The boys all began to help out with the farming and the ranching. All six of the Riggs children learned how to measure water, turn a head of water in to the farmer, and phone the orders in to the main office while their dad was a zanjero. Every one of them preferred doing the farm work and working with the cattle over being a zanjero. (So did daddy.)

Lyle "B" Riggs, the oldest son, had taken a correspondent course and mastered the art of welding. After he married Willetta Nelson he went to work for Allison Steel in Chandler. World War II came along and took the second son, Noble. Noble had enlisted in the National Guard back in 1936. When they were mobilized in 1940, he completed his graduation from A.S.C. in Tempe and joined the mobilization in Camp Barkley, Texas.

Reid, the youngest, was still in high school and was able to help on the farm and ranch. After completing one semester at B.Y.U. he was off to the Air Force learning to become a fighter pilot. He was loving every minute of his training when the war ended. He came back to the farm to be a partner with his dad, making the Ben L. Riggs and Son farming and cattle operation.

Lyle had quit Allison and came back to the ranch where he ran the welding shop on the farm. He and Willetta, with the help of their father, Ben, were able to purchase 360 acres of land west of the home place. Noble tried working on the farm for a while, but the popping of the John Deere tractor kept causing flashback of the fighting on the front line in Europe. He re-enlisted in the service and went on to become one of the original members of the Green Berets. He died a full Colonel in 1965. Lyle always kept his hands in welding, along with the farming, and is the best fix-it man in the Valley. Reid kept his fingers in flying until his death in

1976. So, Ben Riggs had a good team working for him.

Ben L. Riggs loved good horses and the holstein, for milking, but no one could rob him of his love for the white-faced herford cattle. He was able to see his dreams fulfilled. When he retired from the R.W.C.D. he built his herd up to match his dreams. He tried to keep from 2,000 to 3,000 head of feeder cattle in his pens the year around. He became well acquainted with Boyd Parish, the auctioneer in Chandler, who helped him move at the right time with his cattle. Boyd's parents, Pheland and Ruth, became good friends with Ben and Myrtle.

With all of the boys gone to different jobs, during 1943, Melba, the second daughter, became the one to help her Dad with the chores. She would get up each morning and while her Dad was out making a change of water, she would get the milking started. Many a morning she would have all eight head milked and have the separator started before Ben would get back. The truth of the matter, Melba really did enjoy working out with the livestock in preference to cleaning the house or cooking. She became her Dad's right-hand man.

Lyle and Willetta worked hard, long hours to get their own land and finally were able to move onto their own 350 acres of land. Lyle always had calves and horses around for his family of three girls and two boys. Loretta married James Crosby from Greer, who was born and raised a cattleman; Charlene married a pilot from Williams Air Force Base, Lt. Gene

Powell; Benny Lyle married Anona Despain from Joseph City; Roddy married Teri Ellsworth of Chandler and Sherrill married Dan Sumrall.

As the boys grew old enough, they joined the 4-H Club and then on to the F.F.A. organization. Each year they had show calves at the National Livestock Show. Sherrill, the youngest, not to be outdone, followed in her brothers' footsteps and showed her own show calves. At this writing, Sherrill and Dan are working strong with the youth in the 4-H Club. Most of the Ben L. Riggs grandsons and a few granddaughters took their turn at showing their show calves at the National Livestock Shows in Phoenix. At this writing, Sherrill is a keynote figure with the State 4-H organization and Roddy, who lives in St. Johns, is on the Arizona National Livestock Board.

In January of 1944, Melba Riggs married Alvin "C" Lamoreaux. They moved to a farm on Ray Road. For their wedding reception, Alvin's brother Tenney gave the couple four hens, one pig and one calf. Alvin had bought a milk cow, so this young couple started from scratch, with the age-old dream of some day owning their own cattle ranch.

Alvin did custom work for his Dad, Dave Lamoreaux, the first few years in order to keep body and soul going. Together he and Melba began their family. Glendon Lamoreaux was always so good to come by and check to see how the few head of livestock were coming along. He would advise and counsel Alvin

when there was a chance to accumulate another steer. During the winter of 1944-45, dairymen were giving away their bull calves. Alvin would find where one was and go and pick it up. When Alvin came in from work after dark, he and Melba would feed those baby calves with a bottle. That is a winter that would be better forgotten. The young couple lost 21 baby calves to the scours. The ones that lived, the couple were able to raise, and this is where their cattle herd got its start; calf by calf, through all kinds of weather and through all kinds of plight.

Anyone who has ever taught a baby calf how to drink milk from a bucket knows that it oftentimes takes a few choice words for the calf to get the picture. While Alvin and Melba were courting, he was out to the Riggs' home one Sunday afternoon. Melba excused herself and left Alvin to visit with her parents. She went out to do her chores: milk the eight head of cows; separate the milk and feed seven head of baby calves. She had completed the chores and had the calves to feed. She had two very stubborn calves. She had just given the one a special blessing, as she rammed his nose into the bucket of milk, when she heard, "Tssch!, Tssch!, Tssch!, and looked up to see Alvin standing outside the corral.

That night, as he was leaving, he promised her that she would never have to milk a cow or feed a baby calf after they were married if she would promise to quit cussing. He never wanted swear words used in his home. Melba agreed to the deal.

In the fall of the first year they were married, Alvin and Tenney took their trainload of sheep back to Kansas City and Melba was left to milk the cow, feed the calves and the pig. So, don't be a bit surprised, if, when you are around Melba and she is under pressure, you hear a few choice words.

Thanks to the Federal Land Bank, Alvin and Melba were able to buy the 60 acres they were living on. Thanks to the baby calves that were raised during the years the couple were able to get the bank paid back in 1950 and be the proud owners of about 50 head of cattle. Then the opportunity came to buy the rest of the land within the quarter of section. So, back to the Federal Land Bank the couple went, and with 171 acres of land they kept their nose to the grindstone for the next 25 years.

Glendon, Tenney and Alvin were well-known at all of the Livestock Auctions in the Valley. It was agreed that Glendon had an eye for cattle. He really knew good livestock and he knew the price it should bring. Tenney developed a sharp eye for horses. He began breeding a super-quality quarter horse, with a blood line that was well-known throughout the Registry of the National Quarter Horse Association. Alvin would glean and study both Glendon and Tenney's tactics and tried hard to learn all that he could to help with his own family, farm and ranch.

It was like adding icing to the cake the year Alvin

rode his registered quarter horse, Johnny, and Melba rode her registered quarter horse, Carbonette, in the annual Gilbert Day Parade and received the trophy for outstanding matched riding couple. Carbonette was a half sister to Johnny, and they were so identical in looks, color and disposition, that anyone riding those two would have received the award.

Tenney and Alvin combined their cattle operation, with each keeping their personal record as to which steer belonged to them. As they each would buy their steers at the sale or from an individual, Tenney would put his "Double Stirrup" brand on his and Alvin would put his "Lazy AY" brand on his. Although they were brothers and loved one another most deeply, they could always separate their business from their family ties. To the outsider, it looked as if they didn't trust one another, but to the two men who loved one another most dearly, they knew where they stood, and there never was any bickering between the two.

It really was a fun time whenever the cattle had to be moved from one field to another. There would be around 200 head of cattle and all of the family riders would saddle up their horses and get into their positions. If any were riding an unbroke colt, they would ride in behind the cattle to teach the young horse to follow and to neck rein. The first few years in moving the cattle down the roads in this Valley area was rather a simple endeavor. As the traffic began to increase,

it would become more difficult to get the driver's attention to have him slow down and realize that he was working with cattle.

In the early 1970's the men were running about 400 head of cattle. With pastureland getting more scarce, the brothers would oftentimes go to the corrals and pen feed the cattle. They had discussed the issue back and forth, that it was becoming more difficult to deal with the traffic. However, they still liked to move the herd in behind the hay fields for a few days. At about this time, Alvin had been called to be Bishop for the Gilbert First Ward. He left for a Bishop's meeting just after the herd had been moved into the hay field 3/4 miles south of the home place. Alvin had been gone about 30 minutes when a neighbor phoned to say the cattle had broken the gate and were scattered all up and down Ray Road.

Melba, at home with one teenage son, one teenage daughter and a little first-grade daughter, quickly got into the pickup with the three kids and put the blinker lights on to help warn approaching traffic of the danger. With the help of the neighbor and his tractor, to park and protect traffic at the crossroad to the south, a patrolman, with his car parked to the west, and the pickup to the east, the family had finally gotten the cattle started moving back into the northwest corner gate.

A car came flying through and the poor cattle, being

blinded by his lights, scatted in every which way to get out of his way. Melba and the neighbor were able to get the two out of the ditch while the kids rounded up the strays and had just finished getting the last head into the field when the driver came back. Melba was helping the patrolman fill out his report when the young man, a Lieutenant from the Base came walking up with this comment, "My God, Lady, I've driven this road hundreds of times and why did you decide to move cattle at this time of the night? The reason I came back is, I think the steers I hit might have damaged the fender on my new car."

Melba, who was wound tight by her experience of getting the cattle back in, with just the help of the three kids and the neighbor, just took hold of the front of his shirt, and as quietly and as calmly as she could, she replied, "My dear boy, you just want to pray that the cattle you hit tonight won't die, because you will pay for them. If you had an ounce of intelligence you would know that God blessed man with the intelligence to think; to have sense enough to slow down when he sees cattle in distress!"

About this time the patrolman quickly stepped up and took down the young man's name and address and explained to the "fly-boy" that this was open-range territory and that he would be held accountable for the cattle. He quickly left without saying another word. This experience convinced Tenney and Alvin that they would not move cattle down the busy roads again.

From here on out they each kept from 150 to 200 head of cattle in their own feed yards.

Melba was always grateful for her Ben Riggs family in helping her to have horse sense and in having enough gumption to know how to help out with the livestock, for the livestock operation has always played a very important role in both the family lines of Alvin and Melba. All four of their sons showed calves at the National Livestock Shows, and have the ribbons to show how well they each did. Their oldest son, Alvin Riggs Lamoreaux, married Linda Sanborn of Mesa, and while he entered the service, he still kept his fingers in the cattle industry. He left this mortal life in 1970, leaving three sons and one daughter.

Daughter Nivla married Norece Hatch who owns Spartan Electric Company and keeps a horse around for his kids to learn to ride on. Son Rex "G" is making a name for himself in the local rodeos with his team-tying. Third son, Edwin "C" lives in Gladewater, Texas, and while he is in the building industry, he runs from 20 to 30 head of cattle on his forest acreage, along with five or six horses. He has his horses taught to pull the family buggy in their local parades, like his Daddy used to do in the Gilbert Day Parades.

Dave, the youngest son, at this time (1985) is partners with his Dad on the Lamoreaux farm and they try to keep about 100 head in the pens, along with their quarter

horses. Since the livestock market took such a nose dive a few years ago, the cattle market is really a very dismal challenge to the small cattle operator. It becomes more expensive to feed the young steer and put a finishing touch on him than what he will bring at the sale. However, it has been such a way of life with the family that it is really hard to break loose. Daughter Metzie is married to Reed Phelps and Shelli is home.

Ruth Tenney Lamoreaux, the mother and grandmother, who celebrated her 90th birthday this year, has a daughter Edna who is married to Bennie Cotter and lives in Gilbert; her son, Alvin, and daughter, Vida, who is married to Orland Hatch and lives in Gilbert.

The family is indebted to Ruth Parrish for pushing and prodding to get this history written. There are so many little human interest stories that can be told, but all in all, we can still say that sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven.

CATTLE HISTORY THAT PULLED ON THE HEARTSTRINGS

One little story that the Alvin Lamoreaux kids thoroughly enjoy reflecting back on took place in the fall of 1952. Melba was pregnant with her fifth child. The family had eight head of beautiful steers, all fattened and ready to take to the livestock auction in Phoenix.

Bear in mind times were tough and the national economy was recuperating from World War II. This couple was pinching and saving every nickel and dime to make the payments to the Federal Land Bank for the new land they had purchased. Christmas

was just around the corner, and with three sons and one daughter voicing their wishes and desires for Christmas, Melba was trying hard to balance the budget.

The day came that Alvin was ready to have the Inspector come out and inspect those eight head so he could haul them to the sale. As Melba was helping him load the cattle, he said, "Oh, Mamma, pray hard that they will bring a good price. We need the money so badly." So, all day, while Melba was working around the house, she would think of those steers and real quickly say a prayer that they would bring a good price.

As the day grew to an end, Alvin wasn't home at his usual time, and Melba was just a wee bit worried, but didn't really feel that anything was wrong with Alvin physically. As it grew later, she fed the children. Just as she was finishing up the dishes, in pulled Alvin, honking the horn.

Melba's heart jumped into her throat as she thought, "Oh, he is honking because he is so excited to let us know that the cattle did real good!" So, out to the corral they all ran. As Melba got to the pick-up, Alvin jumped out and grabbed her and started dancing around the yard, saying, "Oh, Mamma, the cattle did even better than what we had anticipated!"

Well, Melba was just beginning to get her hopes high, when, in the next breath Alvin said, "They did so good that I was able to buy 32 head of little white-face herfords,

and still have enough money to get the little Ford tractor we need."

Melba stopped cold in her tracks, and very quietly said, "But what about Christmas, Alvin?"

And he said, "Oh, we will manage, somehow." Melba learned a vital lesson that day on prayers: Be specific in what you talk over with the Lord.

With no money to spend on Christmas it was going to be a challenge. The little boys had asked for guns. Melba drew a design on some wood and Alvin cut them out, glued the clothes-pin onto the handle, then cut up an old inner tube so they could shoot the inner tube from their guns.

Melba cut up some old denim pants to make their chaps and vests, then made a western skirt for her little daughter. She made pillowcases and put the kids' name on each individual case. She saved her vegetable and fruit cans and made each child a pair of walking cans by running baling wire down through the cans. Then Alvin began to catch the spirit and he made the boys each a pair of stilts. Alvin also built a buggy for the mare to pull, unbeknownst to the kids.

Christmas Eve rolled around and the kids helped Melba pull taffy, dip candied apples, strung popcorn to put on the tree, which was a tamarisk, made fudge and divinity, and then it was time for the children to be in bed.

Melba was still very busy in the kitchen and Alvin took the kids in to bed and listened to each of their little prayers.

When Alvin walked back into the kitchen, Melba took one look at him and decided he was sick, and asked, "What's the matter?" and he said, "What store is open? I just listened to each one of their prayers. Oh, Mamma, I'll take part of the tractor money we got from the steers and get them what they prayed for."

Melba just told him that it was too late, nothing was open, then tossed him the string to tie to the note for the kids, and then lead it on out to where the buggy was standing.

Christmas morning came and each little eager child was anticipating with all the excitement that an 8-year old, a 7-year old, a 5-year old and a 2-year old can muster up as they came into their parents' bedroom for Dad to lead the way into the living room to see what Santa had left them. Melba's spirits were in the bottom of her shoes as she watched her children race to their filled stockings and then begin to look around at what Santa had left them.

Immediately Alvin started saying, in his hearty ho-ho voice, "Well, look what old Santa brought you!" and the kids caught the spirit and were thrilled with all of their homemade toys, clothes and pillowcases. And then they saw the string and chased it outside to discover old Peggy, the quarter-horse mare, hooked up to the brand-new buggy, all ready for the family to load up in it and go down to Grandpa and Grandma Dave Lamoreaux's for Christmas

breakfast and the traditional story of the Apple of Love.

Those eight head of steers will long be remembered in the Alvin Lamoreaux Family and sometimes the realization is greater than the anticipation.

Written by Melba Riggs Lamoreaux

HELEN AND WALTER KOLBE

Rail X Ranch

TUCSON, ARIZONA

I was born in Chicago, Illinois and grew up in the city. My husband, Walter, was born near Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. His father died when he was three years old and his mother, with her five children, lived at Mazeppa and then Red Wing, where he attended high school. He spent his summers working on his uncle's farms so was not completely foreign to a rural way of life.

We met as students at Northwestern University where Walter graduated in 1928 and I in 1930. A year later we were married in Wilmette, and lived there and in Winnetka until 1947.

In 1941 we started taking a winter vacation in Arizona because Walter had a bad sinus condition and we needed to get to a warm, dry climate. When our oldest son started having the same trouble, we decided it would be best if we sold our interest in a family candy-manufacturing business and lived in Arizona.

We spent a month in the spring of 1947 looking at ranches all over the state but were much impressed with the Sonoita-Patagonia area because of its higher rainfall, good water supply and wonderful grasslands, as well as a nearly ideal year-round climate.

The only ranch in the area that was for sale at that time was the Rail X, owned by Mr. R. C. Jeffcott. His son had bought the ranch in the 30's and Mr. Jeffcott later built a very fine home on the place and took over the ranch when his son moved to Mexico. The ranch was more expensive than we had expected to buy, but we were so anxious to have it because of the plentiful water supply that we decided if we used the big house for paying guests, we could swing it.

Monkey Springs, well-known in that part of the state, ran a large stream year-round -- wet years and dry years -- and was the source of much study by the University. A large reservoir had already been built to hold the water which was used for irrigation and there were about 150 acres then under cultivation -- all in feed crops.

Since Walter's background had been in farming, he was particularly interested in the ability to raise feed crops with the flat valley land and the water, and so to carry more cattle than would otherwise be possible. There were about 5,000 acres of patented land and the remainder of the roughly 22,000 acres were U.S. Forest-leased land.

Although we did take guests from November 1st to May 1st, our principal business was cattle and the feed crops to take care of them. It was a cow and calf operation and we did feed out our steers and sold them ready for finishing.

We had three sons and a daughter, and when our own daughter (our youngest child was 14), we took the daughter of

a friend who died, to raise. She was about the same age as our own daughter and she made her home with us until she finished college and went away to teach.

Our children all worked on the ranch in the summer and school holidays. All were active in 4-H and raised pigeons, lambs and steers at different times, doing very well with them. After graduating from Iowa State University, our eldest son returned to the ranch and worked with us up until the time we sold it.

It was a great place to bring up our family, and all the children look back on their ranch days with great nostalgia. We branded Rail X  , Rail Y  , and K Bar K  .

In 1965 Walter had a severe heart attack and realized that he could no longer do the work he had been doing. The difficulty of dividing the property among our four children made us decide to sell it, which we did, at the end of 1965 and moved to Tucson in May, 1966.

We kept 2,200 acres of the patented land that was hilly, and a friend developed some of this in 36 to 40-acre homesites with underground utilities. The last 500 acres we gave undivided to our children.

We wold the ranch to Mr. Raymond Rich of New York and he later sold it to Count Von Galen of Germany. But, of course, since he was not a citizen, Mr. Rich, who also has a ranch at Elgin, kept the Forest lease.

## LAURA SORRELLS BERGIER

## PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Laura Sorrells Bergier is not only the senior pioneer of Santa Cruz County, but she may well be the dean of Arizona's pioneers.

She was born on September 18, 1889 which makes her 96 years old when the 1985 volume of the history of the pioneers is published.

Her parents were Ahira Butler Sorrells and Martha Melvina Parker Sorrells; her birthplace was the Sorrells Ranch near Harshaw. The ranch was homesteaded by her parents prior to her birth.

She was a member of the third generation of her family to live in Santa Cruz County, as her maternal grandparents, William and Mary Jane Parker settled in Parker Canyon, as did all of their children.

Laura Bergier was the youngest of eight children. She attended school in Harshaw, which at that time was a thriving mining community.

Military troops were stationed in Harshaw at intervals to protect the townspeople and county ranchers and miners from the Apaches. Indeed, at one point, the Sorrells family sought shelter in Harshaw when an alarm was sounded that Geronimo and a band of marauders were sighted.

Ahira Sorrells told his wife that they must pack as

hurriedly as possible and go immediately to Harshaw. Melvina, his wife, was in the process of washing clothes. She placed the washtub of wet clothes in the wagon, gathered her children and all the available food, and they scurried to shelter.

A day or so later, the Apaches came to the Sorrells ranch, ransacked the house, tore down the cloth ceilings, which were then commonly used, removed a porcelain-faced doll which was hanging on the wall, and took the doll's natural hair wig. They also took Ahire's white shirts and his top horses.

Later, the horses came home shod in buckskin. It was believed the only reason they did not burn the house was that the soldiers would have seen the smoke and pursued the Apaches who were en route to Mexico.

Laura Bergier married Joseph "Pete" Bergier. He came to Arizona with his parents when he was a boy. Born in Oregon in 1884, he lived in Idaho and attended schools in Idaho and Harshaw, Arizona. He homesteaded his ranch in 1916. It immediately joined the Sorrells ranch. They were married in Tucson, Arizona in 1916.

Approximately 100 head of cattle were run on the Bergier ranch, but they leased pastureland in San Rafael Valley and ran approximately 50 additional head. The water supply came from wells, windmills and pumps. Their brand was LB.

Laura Bergier lived on the ranch until the death of her husband in 1959. The following year she sold the ranch to Floyd and Ann Stradling and moved to Patagonia.

In addition to the usual trials and tribulations of low prices, droughts and the unusual one of the 1929-1935 depression, the Bergiers lost their home by fire, without any insurance. On another occasion, a flash flood came down Red Rock Canyon and deposited three feet of water, mud and rocks throughout the house, barn and chicken house, so they virtually had to start over a second time.

In spite of these misfortunes, I never knew my aunt to face any adversity with anything but courage and determination and to get on with the business of living.

She is extremely family oriented and is very loyal to family, friends and community. She is an avid reader, keeping up with national and international affairs.

Her garden is a delight. Passers-by frequently stop to admire it. She still does her own gardening.

A great curiosity about the world and its people has found her traveling extensively to Europe, the Pacific Isles, New Zealand and Australia. Her one regret travelwise is that she has not seen China.

She is the matriarch of her family, and we are all inordinately proud of her.

Written by Virginia Cayre Farley

SOPHIE F. BURDEN

WICKENBURG, ARIZONA

I was born and raised in Providence, Rhode Island, and am 78 years old and I have lived in Wickenburg, Arizona since 1925. At that time our family moved to Arizona because of my brother's health. Of course, he was cured.

We came to Phoenix and there inquired at the Chamber of Commerce about "the dude ranches we had heard of." It seemed we had heard of the northern summer ranches, but there were two young men at the Chamber that day and they said they had a ranch we could come to if we wished. We did, and they set up the ranch on credit and everything was ready for us two days later when we arrived by Santa Fe.

I was the lucky one and fell in love with one of the young men, and within a month was engaged to Jack Burden. During that winter of 1926, my sister and I, staying on the ranch as guests, delighted in riding with the cowboys who were rounding up all the cattle in the country because of a disastrous drought. As we were tenderfeet, of course, we rode drag and probably were not much help, but we really did learn a lot!

The following September, Jack and I were married, and from then on I had plenty of responsibilities. Our ranch was Remuda and I know it is a famous ranch in the guest-ranch world. For 17 years Jack Burden, my husband, and I

ran the ranch strictly for guests and we still hear from some of the guests who were there in 1925 and 1926.

Jack died in 1943, and I was left with three children to run the ranch. Of course, I always had fine managers, but the responsibility was mine. My brother, with a partner, bought a huge tract of land adjoining Remuda, and my father also had pastureland adjoining the ranch. I suggested that we should run cattle on that large amount of land so we bought a bunch of cattle.

I had thought our working cowboys would be glad to work the cattle -- they weren't. I also thought the guests would enjoy riding after them -- they didn't. The first time we sent them all out to bring in a bunch, we spent the afternoon driving out to find them and bring them home from wherever they had gotten lost. I sort of believe that some of my neighbors lived high on my cattle for several years, as the cows disappeared one by one.

One time in the summer when I was without any wranglers, one of our fine steers dropped dead. I frantically called on all of the cowmen I knew around there to see if we could find out why he died. I had many gloomy suggestions, but the scariest one was blackleg. If it were that, the whole area could be infected. My housekeeper and I burned the steer, and my children brought in all the others and the horses, and I borrowed the only needle available right then in town to vaccinate them with. Our druggist begged me not to break it!

The horses were easy enough to shoot with the vaccine.

The range cattle amazed me. When I'd reach through the chutes to get a pinch of neck, they'd act like I had burned them, but they never flinched when I stuck them. But the milk cows were something else. They tried to lie down and they moaned and rolled their eyes as if they had been mortally wounded.

I think we sold the cattle in 1955.

Something that might interest you is the fact that when Remuda opened in 1925 and continued to do good business from then on, other ranches opened in and around Wickenburg until we had eight within riding distance of each other. Great for get-togethers.

And I believe that this was the saving of Wickenburg. The mines had petered out, the cattle were gone, tourism had not progressed this far, and I just think that without the ranches, Wickenburg really would have died away, but it didn't -- it is flourishing.

I sold Remuda to a guest in 1969. Poor man -- he soon found out that managing a guest ranch is not "just playing cowboy and raking in money," as he had thought. So he sold it to a man who let it stand empty for several years. He sold it and the present owners are turning it into a club. I know it was a good ranch because former guests and their grandchildren show up in Wickenburg constantly just to see us.

I have nine grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. I've always been lucky.

# CLAIRE CHAMPIE CORDES

## GLENDALE, ARIZONA

Claire Cordes, an Arizona ranchwoman and artist, was born at Carpenter Gulch, a tributary of Humberg Creek in the Bradshaw Mountains. Her parents were Charles and Elizabeth Champie, well-known pioneers.

Claire's father, Charles Champie, was born in 1852, at Ft. McKavett, Texas, which was about 50 miles southeast of San Angelo. He was brought up around Bernardville, where his family had some cattle, along with a pecan orchard.

Charles Champie attended school in San Angelo, and his education included a thorough grounding in literature. His daughter, Mrs. Fred Cordes, Glendale, recalls that in her youth, when accompanying her father to some mine in the Castle Hot Spring country, or to some water hole or corrals on their ranch, he would often recite classic English poetry. Claire was a linguist, too, and was fluent in French, Spanish and German.

In 1883, Charles Champie married Elizabeth Lee at Mason, Texas. Her father had settled in Texas after the Mexican War. He had originally come from Illinois. He at one time raised racehorses. Champie taught school in San Angelo for several years, and in 1885 he and his wife and two small children joined a party going to Ysleta, south of El Paso, Texas, on a farming venture.

In 1886, the Champies came to Arizona via railroad as far as Ashfork and via stage to Prescott, where they stayed several months. An uncle of Mrs. Champie had urged them to come out to Arizona to make a fortune in mining. The uncle was John Lee, but he went by his pen name of Pat Farley, which he used as a correspondent for an Illinois newspaper.

The Champies settled at Tip Top of a dozen lively mining communities in the Bradshaws south of Prescott. Tip Top had 17 saloons. Subsequently, the Champies worked mine at various other sites such as long since gone, Columbia, French Creek where they placer mined; Hoffman, Copperopolis, and finally at Wagoner where they owned the Golden Aster and which they owned for many years.

Mr. Champie's cattle operations began with three white Durham calves they bought from famed "Old Billy Cook" of New River. C E was the Champie brand. From the three calves they built up a herd that never reached anything but modest proportions, but which served them and their 12 children well, over an active and useful lifetime. The sons all became cowmen and the daughters all married cattlemen.

The Champie cattle ranged in Carpenter Gulch out of Columbia. Many of the C E cattle in the earlier years were marketed as fresh beef to the various mine camps and towns. The Champies also built up a good-sized herd of Angora goats. When the cattle were sold on the hoof, it meant a drive out of the mountains via New River. Frog Tanks was a regular

stop. Now it is Lake Pleasant.

All of his life in Arizona, Mr. Champie retained his interest in education. He built the first schoolhouse on French Creek and served many years on the local School Board. He was also elected Justice of the Peace in the early Tip Top days, winning his first election over a candidate of rough element, and he subsequently served many years in this capacity. He remained a scholar, too, and had a fine library.

Mr. Champie died in 1932, and his wife, Elizabeth, died at 93 years of age. Twelve children were born to Elizabeth and Charles, all without benefit of a doctor, except the youngest daughter who was born when her mother was 45 years of age.

Their third child and first son, Charley, was born not long after they came to a mining camp. There were no other women in the country, so he came into the world with only his father and mother to receive him. In later years, as other women came, Elizabeth was called to deliver a baby, including a set of twins. Often in the night she rode to some isolated spot, not only to deliver a baby, but to nurse a sick person.

Raising this family of 12 was not easy. Supplies were brought from Phoenix 60 miles away, several times a year only. The freight was very high compared with the price of food; flour was $1.25 for 100 pounds; ham, lard and bacon 10 cents a pound; dried fruit only a few cents a pound and bran for the cows 50 cents a sack.

There was always a milk cow. Elizabeth could churn two pounds of butter from a churning that would yield only one pound for anyone else. She did this for many years.

Elizabeth remembered good and hard years of their life. The panic of 1897 prevented a mine sale for $50,000. They were offered $10,000 for a strike once. They almost took this offer so as to buy Castle Hot Springs which was for sale for $7,000, but like all true miners, they decided to keep the mine and make a million.....they did, and they didn't!

Another time dreams of riches were short-lived. They were panning a sack of placer dirt to sample it. No gold showed at first, when suddenly every pan produced several big nuggets. Excitement ran high until Charles began to notice that some of the nuggets looked familiar, and it turned out they were. When their little girl Bess saw they were not getting any gold, she took the bottle of nuggets from the house, and when her father and mother were not looking, she had dropped in a few.

Another time Elizabeth remembered when they moved back to Columbia three miles down the Humbug and began working the Mountain Chief, which they milled ore from for years, using Mesquite wood for fuel. Not trusting the stagecoach which was robbed several times a month, Charles would set out in the night on horseback to take the bullion to Phoenix, and Elizabeth would worry until he returned.

When the children were small, Elizabeth spent much of her time helping Charles sort ore at the mine. The children rode in pack boxes on burros back and forth to the mine. Charles did not like to leave the children alone as there was much plundering and killing by Indians and Mexicans, and the Apache Kid was on the warpath. Charles was old enough to remember when his grandfather and uncle were scalped in Texas.

The Indians who came around us were always friendly, but one never knew when they might not be. They gathered cacti fruit which they ate, and from which they made a potent brew. This brew made them dance and yell around their camp fire at night.

Once father bargained with some Indians a can of corn or a can of tomatoes for each cat they would take and destroy. When they went away with cats, father said they would probably stew them up with the tomatoes and corn. The next afternoon the children rescued the five cats, plus six kittens, from a mine shaft and brought them home.

As the children grew to school age, a teacher was engaged to live with a family and teach them. Later, other people moved to the country with children of school age. When there were eight children, they established a school district.

Sunday was supposed to be a day of rest and the children were made to respect it (except for washing thousands of dishes), but Elizabeth, with the help from Charles, spent most of every Sunday preparing a big dinner, to which the old prospectors

about the country were invited to eat. This was the act of charity, father claims. Everyone sat at a long table, resplendent with a white cover and wild flowers. Father always complimented mother and served her the choice piece of chicken as he carved, but, of course, with all the children, father ended up with the neck.

Claire, like her mother Elizabeth, gave much to her family and community. Along with her desire to help others, her talents are many. The parlor of Claire Cordes's home exhibits her paintings in oil and watercolors and acrylics.

And it is hard to imagine that Cordes, now 85, never got around to painting until she was 65. She said, "All my life I wanted and had the desire to paint. I always got an A-plus in art at school."

Finally, long after she left the Cordes ranch near Bumblebee and moved to Glendale, she traveled to Wickenburg with friends for art lessons. Her talent and interest in art led her later to take lessons from artist Hals John Benson. It is probably due to her ranch background in Arizona and its pioneering culture that many of her paintings feature state scenes.

Her painting of the Grand Canyon, accented with delicate purple shadows, is framed in lavender. Her other paintings are desert scenes galore, Indians, a ghost town house and native flora. Some of her latest work is a painting of Arizona smoke trees. And still awaiting

finishing touches is a painting of palo verde in brilliant yellow bloom. The Arizona ranchwoman's richly varied background also abets her artistic work.

The family went to Phoenix when Cordes was six years old so her older sister could attend high school. Later, the family moved to a home on French Creek, four miles from Castle Hot Springs.

She met Fred Cordes when visiting in a home in Turkey Creek where the Cordes family (also Arizona pioneers), had an adjoining ranch. Fred Cordes later saved his money from his $31-monthly pay as a soldier in World War I, to buy a diamond ring for Claire. They were married in 1920.

She helped herd and brand cattle on the Cordes ranch, a spread of about 45 sections in the Bradshaws, for many years. For a time the Cordeses operated a manganese mine near Castle Hot Springs. Claire Cordes also served as a horse trainer, beekeeper, trapper and taxidermist. "I was a jack-of-all-trades," she said. The family moved to the Glendale Ranch in 1947.

In time, Cordes served as president of the Arizona Farm Bureau Women for two years and was chosen "Woman of the Year" of the group in 1958. Cordes has two daughters, Clairann Allen and Martha Peterson, three grandchildren and eight grandchildren. Her husband died in 1979 after 59 years of marriage, but Claire Cordes's indomitable pioneering continues. At 81 she went for a ride in a hot air balloon. "I always

wanted to," she said. The same year she earned a certificate for running the rapids, with others, in a pontoon boat on the Colorado River.

"They said I was the oldest one they had ever taken down the river in a pontoon," Cordes said. "It was a great adventure, a great trip for the old, but gracious lady."

Fishing trips with relatives to Hite, Utah and Lakeside are big events for Cordes, too. Besides housework at her ranch home, there are many sheep with babies that need care, and a fence to mend. And then there is her reputation as a good cook. "My favorite activity is cooking," Cordes said. She says she cooks on occaions for family and friends.

"They are crazy about my yeast rolls and Mexican wedding cakes." She also stays busy by watering many of her plants and does other ranch chores.

She said her artistic work is inspired by the trips she has taken, capturing the moment by sketching at the scene or taking snapshots for incentive later. Once, when she traveled to Guaymas, Sonora, Cordes said, the boats and sea opened new painting, vistas. She paints when she gets the urge, the feeling to do so.

"The main thing is to keep active," she said. "Always think of something to do. Do the things you always wanted to do." Claire is now 85 and is writing her story of her activities as a cowgirl during her ranch activities.

Parts of this story is from Thelma Heatwole, writer of Glendale residents for the Arizona Republic

# SALENA ELIZABETH BROWN

## PAYSON, ARIZONA

Salena Elizabeth, nee Miller Brown was born in a covered wagon on the banks of the Gila River in Arizona Territory near Duncan, Arizona, in 1902. Her father and mother, Lee and Sally Miller were in transit from eastern New Mexico, their objective being the Tonto Basin. They had two other small children who were born in different localities on this journey.

They had successfully forded the turbulent Gila River, and Sally informed Lee that the little stranger they were expecting was about to make its appearance. Lee saddled a horse and went into Duncan to find some help.

The friendly people of Duncan directed him to a midwife who had helped usher a large percentage of their families into the world, Grandma Lightfoot. She helped with the baby and then gave the two young people a little advise. Since the baby was slightly premature and very small, she advised them to find an abode and allow the baby to grow a little, which they did, and they did not reach the Tonto Basin until Salena was nearing three years old.

Lee went to work in the Basin for Fred Bixby and O. B. Fuller from Long Beach, California, who owned the old 1-1 (3 Bar) outfit, which is now a game preserve bordering the Roosevelt Lake.

Lee and Sally lived in the Basin and worked for Bixby for three years, but Lee was still looking at the sunset, so

they started traveling west again, out of the Basin north, via Flagstaff, because that was the only road out of the Basin in that direction.

It took two years to make this trip to the Verde Valley, but it was truly a mecca -- beautiful green fields along the Verde River surrounding the old Army fort, Camp Verde. Here, Lee decided to stop wandering and put down roots. The family was settled in the Post, and there Salena went through grade school and high school. Lee established a cattle ranch by filing on a homestead on the Mogollon Mountains for summer range, and establishing a winter home for the family and winter range for the cattle.

When Salena graduated from high school she was employed as a bookkeeper, at which she was competent, but it was slow, uninteresting work for a young girl, so she took a beautician course and started working at the trade.

She was employed in Phoenix when she met J. Harry Brown, who was born in Payson under the Tonto Rim. He attended the Payson Grade School and graduated from Globe High School.

He worked in the Old Dominion as a hard-rock miner; also numerous other mines in Arizona and California. He decided he needed to follow another line of endeavor. He was adept at running mine machinery and decided to try selling machinery, instead of working it; that was his line of work.

When he and Salena met, he was employed by a Los Angeles firm but was home visiting his parents. The office contacted him and informed him that they had been contacted by a mining company in Mexico concerning machinery. They wanted Harry to meet with them because he spoke Spanish fluently.

Harry and Salena decided she should go with him and they be married on the way. They drove to El Paso, Texas, and were married and resumed the trip into Mexico.

Latin people are a very romantic race. When they learned that the kids were newly married, they proceeded to really entertain them, so it turned into a lovely wedding trip, and Harry obtained a very substantial order.

Harry and Salena returned to Los Angeles, resumed the machinery-selling operation, did very well, and eventually sold wholesale groceries, also. Harry covered a large district in three states.

Then our economy began to feel a pinch; we were no longer forging ahead. The mines were the first to feel it. Copper began to lose momentum. This was the start of what everyone thought would be a recession, but it developed into a nationwide depression.

Harry and Salena returned to Arizona with a reasonable bank account, a new car and a little boy to consider, Jim R. Brown. This was the beginning of the depression so there was soon no work. The mines were forced to cease operation.

At this time there was some ground designated and

opened to homesteading in Pinal County. They would be desert homesteads, each a section of ground. Harry and Salena filed on one.

Desert homestead meant no water; definitely no surface water. It was not an easy undertaking, but they were young enough to have a lot of confidence in themselves. It so happened that Salena had the ability to divine water. They were able, by trial and error, and a lot of hard labor, to develop enough water for their needs to establish a small ranch and grow a nice head of cattle.

They moved to Pinal County in 1933. In 1939 they were able to buy one of the old ranches in Tonto Basin, the  (Three V) Ranch, which bordered Harry's mother's place, Polly H. Brown. They moved their cattle to the new range and later sold the place in Pinal County. They retained their brand which is  (Cross Lazy H). This is the brand Salena uses today.

Harry bought some trucks and started a cattle-trading business. Their son, Jim R. Brown, enrolled in the Payson High School. Salena settled on the ranch to keep the pot boiling while the men attended to killing their rats.

Time moved on; the economy was definitely better; people forgot there had been a depression. Great changes came about in the past 50 years. Our small towns have become cities; we fought wars, accomplished fantastic things in aeronautics, science, medicine, et cetera.

JOHN PORTER SANDS

GLENDALE, ARIZONA

John Sands was born September 27, 1910, to Louis and Frances Sands in Glendale, Arizona. John, along with his brother, Louis, Jr. and their sister, Flora (Mrs. Robert Williams), attended grade and high school in Glendale. John attended college at the University of Arizona in Tucson. John then married Marie on September 17, 1938, in Covina, California. Maria was born in San Fernando, California. She attended school in Glendale California and went to Scripps College.

John Sands' father, Louie Sands, was born in Manistee, Michigan in 1875, where he acquired a background in lumbering and agriculture, which were to serve him well in his highly successful career in Arizona. The terrain and climate here were a radical change from the level pine forest country in Michigan. But Louis Sands was one of those turn-of-the-century mid-westerners who realized Arizona potential after they got here.

Sands came to Flagstaff in 1902 and, with the Mershon brothers, contracted to build and enlarge the sawmills there for the Saginaw-Manistee Lumber Company. Several years later he acquired grazing rights on cut-over timberland at the head of Sycamore Canyon near Bellmont. He acquired some patented land up there, and a tank he built near White Horse Lake still bears his name.

In 1906 Sands bought the Hamilton Farm at Glendale. He married Frances Porter of Rockford, Illinois the same year, and the newlyweds moved to the Glendale place which they called the Manistee Ranch. Louis Sands got into extensive farming operation there, which he continued all of his life. He also got into cattle feeding, both in corrals and on pasture. It wasn't too long before the Manistee Ranch was selling 1,100-pound "grass fats".

The Sand feedlots were at Northern Avenue and Lateral 17. The ranch brand is the LS Branding the Cow on the Left Hip and Branding the Horse on the Left Thigh. They leased State and Bureau of Land Management land. The permit was for 600 cattle and they kept 500 to 800 of them in feed pens.

The desert areas north and northeast of Glendale were open country at that time, so Mr. Sands installed a well on some land he owned north of the Arizona Canal. Then he would buy various bunches of cattle and let them run on the desert. The 1920 brand book lists seven irons he had at Glendale. The LS which the family used, is used now by his son, John Sands.

Prior to 1914, Louis Sands had joined the ACGA (association records before 1914 are not completed) and he remained a member all of his life. He was also an American National Cattle Association member for many years.

Back as far as 1920, the records show he was on the

ACGA executive committee, and at a meeting that year he committed $100 in dues. The Association's bank balance was in bad shape. Other $100 pledgers, all friends of Sands, included Ed Horrell, Globe; C. B. Laird, Phoenix; James Wingfield, Camp Verde; W. C. Colcord, Roosevelt; Fen Hildreth, Phoenix; R. C. Brady, Tucson; H. L. Johnson, Willcox. Other ACGA members at the meeting subscribed various sums.

In 1919, Louis Sands bought the Mattie Canyon Ranch near Elgin. His partner was Leonard Brooks, a brother of his Manistee farm manager

They had the Bar XL brand. In 1920, Sands bought out Brooks' share and traded part of the Mattie Canyon place to his friend, William Banning Vail in exchange for Mescal Spring, on the south slopes of the Whetstone Mountain.

This water-controlled grazing covered quite an area. Subsequently, to round out and enlarge his holdings, Sands bought the adjacent Solano Ranch, the Watts Hammond Rand, the WI brand, and he also acquired the small holdings of W. A. Neil at Elgin and his T Triangle Drag iron.

In the Solano deal, Sands acquired several Stelldust mares that had been bred by Colin Cameron who had the San Rafael Ranch at L Noria. He than purchased several Remount stallions from the government. Cecil Miller, Sr., who knew Louis Sands,, as well as a friend and neighbor, says Sands was a great horseman. "He loved them and raised not only great Percherons, but first-class trotters and running horses."

One of the Sands' first foremen on the Elgin ranges was Sid Simpson. He had worked for Jack Kinney's La Osa outfit on the line west of Nogales, and Simpson had also been a deputy lawman, too. During the course of his duties he was said to have killed 18 persons.

Cattle and farming were not Louis Sands' sole ventures. Along with his son, Louis, Jr. and John, in 1935, he started the Sands Chevrolet agency in Glendale, still flourishing today as Sands Motors. Years before when John Hughes started up the Arizona Packing Company, the Sands were partners.

The firm marketed meat products under the Cactus label, and the firm subsequently became the Tovrea Packing Company, later Cudahy's Phoenix plant. Sands also partnered up with other pioneer stockmen. He was in a sheep deal with his friend "Hank" Lockett in Paradise Valley. He was also a close friend of such other well-known old-timers as Billy Cook, Banning Vail and Dwight Heard.

Heard organized the Bartlett-Heard Land and Cattle Company. He owned the Arizona Republican at one time and was influential in developing the Roosevelt Dam Irrigation Project. He was President of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association in 1907-08, and President of the American National Cattleman's Association in 1916.

John's father, Louis Sands died in 1941. His wife died in 1964. John Sands was foreman of the Sands Ranch at Fairbank from 1935 through 1941. In 1946 he became manager

of all the Sands properties after he had returned from the U.S. Army in 1945. John went into the Service in January of 1942. John was also a founding director and Vice President of Deer Valley Utilities from 1958 to 1969. At that time, John Jacobs was President.

He was a Director and Vice President of Sands Motor Company in Glendale from 1946 to 1976, a Chevrolet dealership. He was one of the Founding directors of the Thunderbird Bank and held that position from 1964 to 1982. He is a partner of Valley West Mall on 59th Avenue and Northern -- from 1968 to the present. He is a Founding director of Phoenix Petroleum Corporation and has held the position of treasurer from 1948 to date.

John has been successful in his businesses and still spends much of his time in civic duties, such as serving as Director and Chairman from 1954 to 1961 on the Arizona State Hospital Board under three Governors. He has also been Secretary-Treasurer of the Northwest Industrial Development Corporation of Glendale, serving from January of 1967 to July of 1969.

He holds memberships in the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, American National Cattlemen's Association, Arizona National Livestock Show, which he is now a member, of the National Living Hall of Fame Pioneers. He is a member of the American Quarter Horse Association and the American Legion, which he has been a member from 1946 to 1985. In 1986 he will be a 40-year member.

HOMER AND FLORENCE SMITH

YARNELL, ARIZONA

Let me preface my story by stating that the real cattlemen, such as: Pete Letterete, at confluence of the east fork and the Verde River; Manford Cartwright at 7 Springs on Cave Creek; and Lewis and Prenty on the creek that bears their name -- the highway road sign misspells the name being "Penny" -- but we, being quite young in those days, knew them all personally.

What we pioneered was crossbreeding. In the depth of the depression, 1932, I towed a stock trailer to Hungerford, Texas, near Houston, where a livestock show was being held. I came back with two top weaned Brahman bull calves, produced on the Hudgins Ranch. In 1939, on the Sykes & Waddell Ranch, west of Hermosillo, Mexico, I sorted 50 head of breeding age Brahman heifers, out of a 600-head round up, and shipped them by rail and truck, to what we called Cave Creek Ranch.

Also, we introduced: rotation grazing, supplement feeding, predator control, elimination of pests -- prairie dogs, ear ticks, lice, and last but not least, the screw work fly.

I was born near Chrisman, Illinois (150 miles south of Chicago and 60 miles west of Indianapolis, Indiana), October 25, 1896. I am now 89 years old. I graduated

from high school there in 1916. My Dad's letterhead read: I. D. Smith, Architect & Builder.

My mother's family were all farmers. My wife, Florence, was born in Ridge Farm, seven miles north of Chrisman, on April 25, 1898 and graduated from high school in 1916. Her grandfather, father and brother, for three generations, owned and operated the Tuttle Hardware Store, selling everything from horse collars to kitchen ranges.

We were married July 7, 1921, and after living in Kentucky (where a daughter was born), Florida and Texas, wherever my inherited business took me -- arriving in Arizona in February, 1927. I joined an architectural and engineering firm, whose offices were across the street from the General Land Office.

Everything was booming, and especially so was the stock market -- doomed to collapse in 1929, bringing on the great depression. Almost overnight all construction stopped. A firm partner and the chief draftsman opened a gasoline service station.

We moved to our new homestead on Skunk Creek and put up a tent house. I became a woodcutter! I would cut a cord of wood and leave at their service station to sell or to barter -- as few had any money.

And to add to our misery, the "dust bowl" blew into Arizona. All the reservoirs went dry. The government was buying drought-stricken cattle at $16 a head -- able to stand

on four legs -- and shooting them on the spot, the money going to the bank, if they were mortgaged.

The range was open -- everybody used it and no one cared for it. The cattle were white-face Herefords, a breed developed in England. They were rustlers, and did well in the high country, but on the desert the sun's glare caused "pink eye" and blinded them. Their legs were too short to travel far from water, and even when grass was plentiful, gave barely enough milk for a calf.

My neighbors didn't like the looks of my Brahman bulls -- so to placate them, I offered to buy any of their calves showing Braham blood. I never had to buy but one.

To better control the time of calving, we built a bull pasture on the Tonto Forest boundary and established a line camp where the bulls all had to come down a long, steep hill to water.

As is cow-critter nature, in the off seasons, bulls form friendships and come to water together. One pair -- a Brahman and Hereford, would fill up on water, then the Brahman would push him up the hill -- like an elephant pushes a circus wagon bogged in mud -- then reach high up and pull a Palo Verde limb down and break it off so his pal could help eat it.

The Hereford bull was owned by a neighboring ranch, and the owner just happened to be visiting us one day and saw "with his own eyes" what I have just described

above. Thus, little by little, did the change to cross-breeding become an acceptable policy.

I had filed a grazing homestead -- 640 acres -- in a dozen different tracts, the largest being on Skunk Creek, and we called it the Ironwood Ranch. I bought the 160 acres of private land adjoining, with a good well, windmill and watering troughs.

In the end, I would control all but one of the foothill springs, and open water, between Skunk Creek and Cave Creek, a distance of eight miles. I had 40 acres that straddled Cave Creek, right at the Tonto Forest boundary fence. I had 40 acres where the Linville Irrigation Ditch came out, and I had bought the 320 acres Linville Ranch homesteaded in 1896. I drilled a 12-inch bore well, put in a turbine pump, and doubled the acreage of irrigated land. Jake Linville, one of the Linville children, was for many years, Maricopa County Recorder.

Then when FDR became President, and the Taylor Grazing Act passed by Congress, I got a lease on all the remaining federal land. I built a four-wire fence on the east side of Cave Creek Road, from Union Hills to the toe of Black Mountain, about 15 miles, which effectively kept out pasture cattle from the east and kept mine at home.

I had about 23,000 acres that lay south of the Tonto boundary fence. To the south of me was roughly two townships -- awarded to the sheep men under Section 15, Taylor

Grazing Act. They used it in winter for lambing, and pulled out up the stock driveway in April to the high country for summer. This was open -- no fence separated my range and theirs -- therefore, I used it from April until November.

The only stock water was in tanks, which the summer rains would replenish. Therefore, I was able to run twice as many cattle, but this didn't last forever. They started fencing me off, so I sold to a man from Michigan by the name of Johnson, in 1949 -- including 500 head of cattle. He soon sold some of the upper land for residential (and speculative) development.

Today, all the old ranch is subdivided, and one searches in vain for even a cow track.

In 1946 I bought the Bull Basin Ranch, including the Moritz Lake allotment in the South Kaibab Forest in Northern Arizona. The ranch is southwest of Kendrick Mountain Peak, elevation 10,400 feet, and the peak is at the southeast corner of the allotment.

It got its name from the fact that the Saginaw Lumber Company of Flagstaff pastured their oxen in the meadows during summer -- elevation 8,000 to 8,500. They had built a narrow gage railroad, out to the foot of the basin, and oxen were used to "cross-haul" logs to the cars.

The Quick Feed & Seed Company owned the Bull Basin Ranch. They had tried running sheep (the permit was for

2,600 head) on it for two years, then finally gave up on account of predators -- mostly bear, poison weed, larkspur in spring, milkweed in the fall, and loco all year long. I was negotiating its purchase.

I ran onto the supervisor in Porters Store in Phoenix, where we eventually struck a deal. He was to give me a summer permit for cattle -- 600 head May 15 to October 20. And I agreed to run a six-mile water pipeline down off the mesa (from the lake in Bull Basin) and put in a 30,000-gallon storage, with troughs at the end, build 6-1/2 miles of fence, gather the wild horses running on it, the last being no little job.

I soon realized I had a problem and I tried several operational schemes: For winter use I got a five-year lease (at $6,500 a year -- the first and last year in advance) on a 180-section ranch in the Sacramento Valley west of Kingman, which had a holding pasture, railroad stockyards with water, shipping rents, et cetera.

I shipped the cattle by rail -- back and forth -- from Maine, which was a day's drive from my corrals at Moritz Lake, all of which incurred a lot of expense and labor. What we finally wound up doing, was selling the cattle and take cattle for pasture during the summer, on a split-gain basis at a fixed price per pound, weighing them in and out.

Even with low beef prices in those days, Florence and I could afford to relax and travel without a worry in the

world, with plenty of money to spend.

I had been terribly in debt, but when a two-year drought in New Mexico and the Four Corners country -- and a wet cycle at Kingman, most of the time I had over 3,000 mother cows on pasture at $4.50 a month. By the time my lease expired, I owed not a dime and Bull Basin was clear of debt.

The next year, 1954, I bought 600 head yearlings from the Grey Partnership -- on the Organ Pipe National Monument on the Mexico border, and trucked them to Bull Basin.

In July, an ex-dairyman from San Diego -- that the city had grown around, named Doug McClain, came along and bought me out -- cattle and all. Neither of us has been astride a horse since.

I neglected to mention that our two daughters, Glodyne and Charlotte, and Si, whom we adopted, were all top cowhands -- either could trail a cow in a gallop, and were helpful in our ranching operation.

After the collapse in 1929, the Clark family, with a smelter at Clarksdale, and a copper mine at Jerome, thinking the depression would be only temporary, decided it would be a good time to catch up on their projected building program. They hired me on a salary basis to act as their architect, and I hired a stranded couple with a farming background, bought a team of mules, a wagon and a Fresno scraper and put them to work on various

improvements on my ranch.

Weekends and holidays I spent on the homestead inspecting and instructing their progress.

It was on the 16th of June, 1930 upon my return that Glodyne rushed out to meet me, with the exciting news that her mom was in the Jerome Hospital and she had a baby sister born the day before. We named her Charlotte Anne.

We did build a clubhouse and 40 houses, at which time the Clarks threw in the towel. They kept on the payroll several months, researching theaters on the West Coast -- one of their proposed buildings. The smelter and mine were closed, never to re-open.

We now have four granddaughters and eight great grandchildren -- two in high school. Our only grandson died in the Swedish Hospital in Seattle, after a four-year stint in the Navy. His ship based at Bremerton Navy Yard.

If our luck holds out we will celebrate our 64th anniversary July 7th.

BRANDS: Left hip - Brahman cow  We called Lazy Pot Hook.

On left shoulder  of horses.

 on stocker cattle -- usually bought in Mexico in February, if the desert feed was good -- and to the mountain country in June -- and to a feed lot in October.

Brand  which we called the "Spears" was the first one I recorded. One-half of the World War I bonus, $1,600,

was paid in 1930, which I put up as collateral at the bank and bought 100 head of common-run range cows. We drove them from near Glendale to the Ironwood Ranch where we branded them.

GLADYS A. NASHALD SWYERS

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

I came to Arizona in 1924 as a young schoolteacher from Rockford, Illinois. Upon arriving in Phoenix, I met a teacher at the State School Superintendent's office. She had received two teaching contracts. She kept the one she wanted and gave me the contract for Alto, Arizona.

I left Phoenix and traveled to Nogales. I met Grace Farrel, the Santa Cruz County School Superintendent. Mrs. Farrel went to Frank Carroon and borrowed his Model A Ford and a driver to take us to Alto.

We left Nogales for Alto. The last 15 miles or so, we had to stop and fill the many holes in the road, sometimes throwing large rocks from the road. Finally we arrived at the Bob Bergier ranch, where I was to board while teaching that year.

Remembering how remote everything was, I could hardly make myself get out of that Model A Ford. However, there was a young Raymond Bergier smiling and saying, "Get down, get down teacher, we are going to have apple pie."

While teaching at Alto I met William Harold Swyers, known as "Sy." We were married later that year in Nogales. We moved to Sonoita and started in the ranching business. We also ran a butcher shop in Patagonia.

In 1926, Sy and I bought Pete Perry's relinquishment on a homestead located in Squaw Gulch, in the Santa Rita Mountains,

five miles west of Patagonia. It is there that Sy and I raised a family, Jeannette and Harold.

While ranching, I taught school in Patagonia, Washington Camp, San Rafel Valley and Tubac. Sy earned extra money by working part-time at the Circle Z Guest Ranch.

Some of the surprises I had my first year at Alto are well remembered. One day I washed one of my few blouses and hung it out to dry. When I went to get my blouse, much to my surprise, there stood a burro with just the sleeve hanging out of its mouth. What a shock for a young woman from the East.

There were many hard times. One was the year we shipped some cattle to Los Angeles stockyards through Nate Parks. Nate was a cattle buyer and a dear friend. However, the cattle did not sell for enough money to pay the rail freight.

Another time we were moving cattle, because of the lack of water, when we were hit by a cloudburst. It rained like mad and washed out our one and only dam. One hour later we were still out of water.

During this time we ran the A-R and the RP7 brands. In later years we bought Albert Gatlin's cattle and the IJ brand.

Sy passed away in 1946. I continued to teach school and ranched.

I am now retired after 46 years of teaching, and 50 years of ranching.

I live part-time in Yucca Valley, California and in my new home, built on a portion of the old homestead. My new home was built by my grandson Sy.

DELIA TURNER

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

I was born in Dudley, Texas, on December 25, 1891, and named -- in honor of being born on Christmas Day -- Noel Adelia MacFarland. I was the first child in the family but was soon followed by a sister. In 1898 we moved to Bisbee, Arizona, where my father worked in the mines. I went to school there.

After one year in Bisbee, my mother took my sister and me and returned to Texas, leaving my father in Arizona. There I was sent to the state's oldest boarding school for girls -- Baylor Female College -- where I received most of my education. I married before I was 17.

During the time this was happening to me in Texas, my father had remarried in Arizona and homesteaded this place up the Harshaw Canyon from Patagonia. I had begun my family. By the time my father's second wife died, I had been left with 11 children to feed and raise. I was trying to get by with selling butter and milk, but my children needed that food so much that I wasn't doing well.

We were asked to leave the farm where we had been trying to raise a crop on shares. My father wrote, asking me to come take care of him and run the ranch. We had no money or way to get to Arizona, but my eldest son had gotten a job with the power company. He offered to hire a man, who had an old Ford truck, to bring us to Arizona.

After a lot of packing of kids, clothing and bedding, we got into that old Ford. We were a sight to see. There was a driver in his place. The eight children, who were coming with me, and I, were packed into every inch of that truck, sitting on and around our belongings. Everything would not fit in, so the driver made a second trip, bringing, among other things, two milk cows and a crate of chickens.

My son, with a job, gave me $20 for food and said he would send that much each month. For several years we gathered and picked anything we could find. We had milk and eggs and that $20 a month. We all -- including my father -- were able to eat, and we had a roof of our own over our heads.

We had arrived in 1933, right in the middle of the depression. Even so, I could see a future here, so we began to settle in. My daughter, Edith, says it was like the Garden of Eden here after the really bad times we had been having in Texas.

Because of the depression, no one was supposed to just go out and look for work on his own, but were required to register in Nogales. Those of us who could, did register, and my son, Jack, was able to pick up a day's work every now and then. One job he kept for some time, was working to build the trail up to the Baldy. He had planned to stay one year then return to Texas. He is still here in 1985.

The children needed to go to school but there was no transportation. Cleo learned to drive my father's Model T

Ford. Each day, all the kids piled into that and went to school in Patagonia. Before leaving for school, they had to milk cows, gather eggs, and do other chores while I cooked breakfast. That first year they were almost always late getting home.

Finally, I found that it was a community joke about Cleo and that car. Each day, as she loaded everyone up to start for home, the "big kids" of the school lifted up the rear of the Model T so that the wheels spun in the air.

The harder Cleo tried to get going, the more they laughed and held on. Finally, the joke would get a little thin, and down would come the car, and home came the kids. The next year the Patagonia schools decided there were enough Turners to justify a school bus to come out our canyon.

We settled into a way of life that was hard, but involved all the family. My children fondly tell stories of those times. Everyone worked hard, but there were the good times, also. I thought the chickens would be a big help to us. Soon my flock grew to about 200. I gathered eggs, washed, candled, and sold most of them.

One day I went out and stepped off five rows for a garden, come spring. I cleaned out all the corrals and chicken houses and dug that into the garden space. My, you never saw the likes of the tomatoes and vegetables we had that spring. And so we were started -- and not

starving -- with chickens, a garden and a few cows. Gradually our herd grew in numbers, the chickens produced lots of eggs, and our garden and fruit trees began to produce.

We worked hard to develop this land, putting in watering tanks, wells and fencing. There was a natural pond up the canyon from the house. We cleaned this out and developed an irrigation system, bringing water to our fields down the canyon. We still use that same system.

By now we were selling some cattle, chickens, eggs, beans, black-eyed peas, fruit and other garden stuff. We could not get a forest permit as we had only 40 acres. Next to us lived a family who had built a house and made their home on land not their own. One day a terrible gun battle broke out and ended only when two family members were dead. The others left the home.

My father was able to get together enough money to buy that land. Now we could get our Forest Grazing Permit and increase the number of cattle we ran. Soon after that my father died and again I was on my own, with hungry children to feed. Things were better than when we came, and I knew we would make it. I never did have a job but was busy all the time doing whatever my hands found to do.

On a little trip to Arkansas in 1951 I was impressed with what-all people were doing with peanuts as a cash crop. I brought some seeds back with me. They really took off here, and I have good crops each year. Some people call me the

peanut farmer from Patagonia.

I donate bags of them to my club -- the Patagonia Woman's Club -- for their annual Christmas sale. I sell lots of them and always keep part of that money for my church. Homegrown peanuts and apples make wonderful snacks for my hungry kids.

Our cattle were increasing in number. I branded  . When it was cold, we sometimes butchered a young milk-fed calf. That, the milk, chickens, eggs, fruit, vegetables and peanuts fed my growing family.

Cleo did a lot of work around the house. Jack did lots of outside work and the other children helped wherever they could. In summer we canned, made jams and jellies, and dried beans. Winters had become more comfortable with a house, wood to heat and cook with, and food to eat.

An always present problem was keeping clean. We had no electricity or running water. My church -- the Seventh Day Adventist -- keeps Saturday as the Sabbath. So every Sunday for years I got together all the kids, with dirty clothes, bars of soap, washboards and a tub. We all went down to the creek and worked until everything was clean. This went on for years until I bought an old gasoline-powered Maytag.

Jack was very angry as we needed money for so many things, but that old machine sure was a big help to me. The kids, at first, stood around to watch it work and

were sure it could not get clothes clean.

Nowadays, I don't do as much as I once did. I will be 94 on Christmas Day. I still sell Avon products, as I have for 26 years, never missing a campaign. Also, I work for my club and church. I still do some garden work and sell fruit, vegatables and peanuts.

The chickens are gone. It got to be a big problem as the foxes like them too much. I just got tired of fighting the varmints. Maurine lives with me; Jack does the work. He has added more land and cattle but still uses my old brand  .

This old house which Dad built in 1912, mostly from materials from an old hotel being torn down, is still in good shape, except the floors are rotting out. Our project for this year is to put new floors in.

My life has been interesting and I am happy here on this ranch I worked so hard to develop. I have 10 living children and a lot of grandchildren -- I think it is 45. Also, I have great grandchildren and a few great-great grandchildren.

People say I am lucky Cleo, married to a doctor, so I have medical care. I was so used to taking care of things for myself and family that I don't need Dr. Smock much. I did black out once and he was right there. After that, I got a pacemaker. That old pacer makes me sleepy, and nowadays I sleep a lot.

But I am happy here with my family around my ranch I

worked so hard for and my friends and church. I am contented to sit here and look out at this beautiful place. How thankful I am that we came here.

NADIA RIGGS BANTA

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

I was born Nadja Riggs in Chelsea, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), August 20, 1889. Being part Cherokee, my father, mother, five brothers and I lived where we had an Indian Allotment. Many of our relatives lived there, also.

My mother had been orphaned at two years of age and was raised by an aunt whose Allotment was 15 miles away. It took us all afternoon to ride there, but we thought of a visit to her as a real treat.

My Indian relatives and my Irish relatives in Missouri really made a pet of my mother and saw that she had everything a girl could want. They continued this as long as we lived there.

As each of us became old enough to go to school, we went to Chelsea Academy. Then I went 75 miles to Tahlequah, where I attended the Cherokee National Female Seminary. I will always remember a special holiday we had each year -- Chief's Day. All the various Cherokee chiefs came in all their finery to the capitol.

There was no school that day and we were taken to see the chiefs. All our relatives came from across the reservation, so it was a real big celebration and get-together.

Before I finished school, my father decided to move us all to Arizona for my mother's health. As all my life had been among the Cherokees, I wondered how it would be to get away

from all that I had ever known. We started, but when we got to New Mexico my father decided to settle there.

We found it very different from Chelsea and Tahlequah. I went 75 miles to Roswell where I finished high school. Then I took the exams for a music school, Kid Key, in Sherman, Texas. I went for a year before returning to New Mexico.

I met Vaughn Banta after I returned to my father's ranch near Mayhill. We were married February 14, 1913. We ranched near my family. I had some land which was what I got from my Indian Allotment when I turned 21. Vaughn had land, also. Soon Ruth was born. Then we had two boys, Vaughn, Jr. and Grey.

One day Vaughn came home, driving 100 sheep. He said he had always wondered why it was that sheep men were rich and had lots of money to spend. We had a real shock the next morning -- not a single anumal was anywhere. Then the Forest Ranger notified us to come get the sheep from the government corrals.

He had rounded them up and corralled them, as sheep were not allowed on the open range. We never did get rich off that idea, but we did learn to eat lamb. I still think there is nothing as good as roast leg of lamb.

One of my brothers had gone to Bisbee, Arizona, to work in the mines. We all decided that sounded good, so we packed up and headed for Arizona. Before long, we decided to move on to the Patagonia area. This time we

drove our cattle with us.

When we got to Patagonia, my husband, the children and I settled down at a place called Three Mile. My father and family went up the Harshaw Canyon, where he ran cattle, using the Rocking Chair brand he had brought from Oklahoma. Later, we moved into Patagonia so my husband could work at the Chiricahua Cattle Company at Rail X Ranch.

Sometime along here in my life, I read and heard of the things that Stalin and his wife, Nadja were doing in Russia. I was so angry that I changed my name from Nadja to Nadia. That was just my own little protest against some of the evil of the world.

Things were bad, along then, with cattle people because of the drought, which made for a shortage of cattle feed. Vaughn and Hi Sorrells had heard there was plenty of feed at Oracle.

In partnership, they took 150 head, some of their own and some from various local ranchers, and set out to try to save the cattle. Things were even worse in Oracle. This turned out badly for everybody as -- on return -- there were only 17 animals still alive.

My husband continued ranching. I was giving piano lessons to earn a little money. The children were growing. I felt it was my responsibility to do what I could to further their education. Times were very hard. I was elected to the school board and became its president. I tried to be fair

and responsible on this job. Sometimes that was unpleasant.

One day I had to fire a teacher who, after two years, was still having all kinds of trouble. She would not listen to anyone who tried to help her. Finally, I just told her we could not keep her any longer. She became very angry. I said to her that we were in the business of educating children and not training teachers.

Santa Cruz County had no money. Once a month I would go to Nogales and pick up what money could be spared for Patagonia. I would buy a few pencils and paper, then give each teacher a percentage of what was owed her. Most tried to be understanding and cooperative with us. Our children got a pretty good education and were able, after high school, to go on to college.

In 1934, I organized the Patagonia Woman's Club and was chosen to serve as the first president. These responsibilities, my children and husband, cooking, giving piano lessons and keeping up a home kept me busy. One of my biggest jobs was washing the clothes.

My son, Grey, remembers that on wash days he had a job he hated -- hauling water to fill the big pot in the yard, under which he then built a fire. Then he had tubs on the porch to fill. Then he had to get the soap and washboards.

The whole family had to help, even if they didn't like it. One day my husband was busy scrubbing clothes

on the washboard when some cowboys rode up. They really made fun of him. Finally he said, "I don't mind it a bit in the world -- I just don't take any interest in it."

We bought the Morning Glory mine and ranch in the Patagonia Mountains and were able to get a forest grazing permit. We started branding VII with the V on the shoulder and the 11 on the hip. The place was known as the old Bender place, after an old man of that name, who was murdered and dropped into the mine shaft.

Money was tight as it was, for everyone then. Vaughn was appointed Deputy Sheriff. He never carried any weapon, but a billy club. He was always proud that he could do his job without using a gun. I worked now and then at the hospital in Nogales. Also, I started the Patagonia Library. Years later, the town of Patagonia began paying me $35 a month to run the library.

With what I was earning, I bought some lots in the town of Patagonia, paying $25 a month for them. When my son, Grey, finished college, he and his wife lived here for two years, building a house on that land. My husband, Vaughn, died in 1963. After that I could not live at the Morning Glory by myself.

I moved into the little house Grey had built. Later I sold that house and the land to Grey. For 20 years I lived here in Patagonia, spending time with each of my children and their families. Then I went to make my home with my daughter,

Ruth, in Tucson.

Grey and his wife, Martha, recently retired and moved back here to the house he had built years before. There was enough space for an apartment for me, along one side. He has fixed that up for me, and I am happy to be back where I lived for so long and had so many friends. My other son, Vaughn, lives in Flagstaff. With today's cars, that is not so far away.

I have 12 grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. I still attend the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Patagonia, and am still interested in the Woman's Club, although I don't attend meetings any more. After all, I can't do anything now, as I had my 96th birthday just last week.

# MARGUERITE WISE MAC DONALD

## GREEN VALLEY, ARIZONA

Marguerite Wise came into the world at the beginning of a new century -- January 29, 1900. Her maternal grandmother, Mary Eliza Knight Sykes, insisted that her daughter, Lucia Josephine, have "civilized" city medical care. Thus, Marguerite did not see Calabasas until six weeks after her birth in Los Angeles, California. Eventually she was the oldest of four. Born later were Charles Sykes and Mary Katherine, the twins, and Joseph Knight, all of who, incidentally, were born on the ranch.

Marguerite's maternal grandfather, Colonel Charles Patterson Sykes, an entrepreneur and promotor from New York, had lost his fortune. His wife had been an assistant to the well-known journalist, Horace Greeley, and repeated his famous cry to her husband, "Go West, young man, go West." (Another quotation often used by Marguerite's father, in referring to Calabasas, was "Tucson, Tubac, Tumacacori, to Hell.")

The Colonel arrived in the Santa Cruz Valley in 1877, and with the backing of a group of wealthy men from Boston, he acquired what is now called the Baca Float #3, which ran from two miles north of Nogales to Tubac. It did not include Tumacacori, but in later years his son-in-law, Joe, was to shelter his cattle during round-up, in the walled-in cemetery when the Mission had been abandoned.

Amidst Indian attacks and gun-slinging bandits, not to

mention the isolation, he dreamed of creating a resort for the wealthy, and soon a most imposing and formidable hotel was under construction. On paper, streets were laid out and plots set aside for schools, churches, banks, etc.

He spent a number of years traveling in Europe, buying furniture, art, china and silver. He also brought artisans, bricklayers, glaziers, etc., from the East Coast. Sykes would return to Calabasas every six months to a year, laden with trunks of silks, brocades, jewels and furs for his wife and daughter, who had been left behind. A surprising and lovely sight for new arrivals, was Lucia wearing the latest fashionable riding habit, riding a pinto pony. Following her would be a dog, cat and a lamb.

The Santa Rita, as it was named, had a grand opening attended by dignitaries from far and wide. Dancing girls and an orchestra were also brought on the train, and the day ended with a 12-course dinner.

Unfortunately, Nogales (Isaacson) was to be the thriving community due to the railroad connection, from Benson, with the Southern Pacifico de Mexico. The hotel was open for only a few years, but the family continued to live in it, and the dining room rarely served less than 20 people.

The guests ranged from needful "down-and-outers" to generals and corporate executives. Marguerite's mother and grandmother were gourmets and, more often than not,

delicacies would be served that had arrived by train, encased in ice, that very day.

People were drawn to their home because Mary Eliza was not only a very attractive woman, but educated, well-read, and known for miles around as a witty and brilliant conversationalist. But, she was also a very strict and severe Victorian where her family was concerned. There were seven grandchildren; Lucia's four and also Eugene, Lucia and Mary, who were her son Eugene's, who had died quite young.

The seven had to knock at her door every morning and recite the Golden Rule, without entering. At night they must knock and, upon permission, enter, kneel at her feet and say their prayers. This was all done, one at a time, and woe be unto any who "balked"....Marguerite was a stubborn child!

Marguerite does have lovely and lively memories of ranch life: her little garden which had to be watered secretely during droughts; riding horseback to visit friends; going to the Foreman Pio's house to spend the night with his daughter, who was her best friend; gathering around the piano in the evenings for a songfest; playing cards for hours on end; making Christmas decorations, which had to be started in October, and the holiday cooking in November.

Before winter was over, what fun it was to ride with the cowboys up into the high Santa Ritas for wagon loads of ice to preserve the food and chill the wines through the hot summer months; taking all day to drive by carriage to Tucson with

her mother and grandmother while Pio rode "shotgun" up the east side of the river to Tubac, and a change of horses at the Half Way Station, arriving in town in time to change, have dinner and attend the theatre.

Once they saw the world renowed Sarah Bernhardt! As they grew into their teens, they thought nothing of riding horseback the ten miles into Nogales to a dance, or their Nogales friends would ride to the ranch for dinner and dancing.

Her father, Joseph Enos, was the youngest son of a Congressman from Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. He was a handsome man with twinkling blue eyes, who today would be known as a "workaholic." His father also had lost everything, and had come West to try and recoup his fortune. Joseph had a fixation very early in life of having to "go over the hill to the poorhouse," which included taking his family, when he became an adult and father.

He worked the land and cattle from before dawn till past dark. Needless to say, he had little time for his children, though he did offer to take care of his baby "Tudie", as he called her, so his wife could make his favorite pie. After half an hour, Lucia looked out the window, to see her two-year old under a horse, attempting to "shoe" it with a rusty tin can! Joe was nowhere to be seen, and that was the last baby-sitting chore he ever did.

Marguerite attended the Calabasas School for a few

years, and then she and her cousin, Mary, were sent to Westlake School for Girls, which was a fashionable school in Los Angeles. After a year's homesickness, home they came! Lucia engaged a tutor-governess, Miss Helen Meserve of Massachusetts, whom they grew to love, and she was an inspiration for the seven youngsters to gain as much knowledge as possible.

She made learning fun, teaching out-of-doors whenever possible, making a picnic into a classroom, also using the barn and corrals to teach about farming, animal husbandry, birds, wild animals and insects. There was a lesson or two in astonomy when sleeping out under the stars.

As a 16-year-old, Marguerite became infatuated with a young lieutenant from the "Deep South," who said that every young lady should attend a "finishing" school. Soon she had persuaded her mother and father that she be enrolled at Ward Belmont in Nashville, Tennessee.

She was later to admit that it was one of the most miserable years she had ever spent, although she did enjoy a beautiful spring school trip, first to Mammoth Caves in Kentucky, then on to New York City.

The girls boarded a steamer and sailed to Virginia, landing at Fort Monroe where they stayed at the Chamberlain Hotel, which was world famous. After more sightseeing, they went to Washington, D.C. and attended the inauguration of President Wilson's second term.

For a young girl from out of the West, it was most

awesome, but she also discovered that the so-called sophisticated and well-educated girls from the eastern and southern cities were not so smart after all. They asked some rather silly and ignorant questions about the scalp-hunting Indians, hunting for meat, and living by candelight.

The Baca Float #3, as it was later called, was named in earlier days The Calabasas, Tumacacori, Guevavi Grant. It consisted of a narrow strip of land, running from what is now the Maricopa Shopping Center outside of Nogales, north to Tubac. The brand was the Cross O  , but some of the family used the SY.

Marguerite's father, Joe, spent many years in the courts, attempting to clear and gain title for himself and a group of homesteaders. The story that has come down through the family, and told by Joe and his sons, is that it was held up in the courts by a powerful group in the East, whose lawyer was a former United States Senator who still wielded a great deal of power.

They were able to have the grant become a part of the Baca Float grant which was headquartered in New Mexico. Surprisingly, Joe won the first case, but it was appealed and ended up in the higher court in San Francisco.

When the judges entered the court and saw the opposing lawyer, each and every one stepped down from the bench and gave him the big Mexican embrazo! It seems that the lawyer, while a member of the Senate, had helped each

one of them to obtain their life appointment.

Joe, naturally saw the "handwriting on the wall," turned to his lawyer, Mr. Franklin, and said, "Salem, let's go home," and they walked out before the trial began.

Joe was given as compensation, 600 acres near the town of Buckeye, which was barren and rocky, without water, and truly godforsaken. He continued to pay taxes on this property, and though he did not make any money out of it, nor attempt to, his children realized something from it in the 1960's.

During these years, he and a nephew-in-law had purchased a part of the historical Rancho Arizona, 25 miles southwest of Nogales, Arizona, in Mexico. Then he acquired the entire ranch as payment of a debt. Knight, Marguerite's younger brother, became the manager. The brand on the Arizona was the Running JW.

Joe moved his family into Nogales and built a large and spacious 18-room home, high on a hill. It apparently was such a struggle to construct that he called it his "insane asylum!"

Marguerite married a young lieutenant, Marshal Walker from Cooper, Texas, who was stationed at Camp Stephen D. Little in Nogales. A daughter, Barbara Ann, was born, but unfortunately, the marriage was over in a few years, and "Toots," as she was then called, returned to Nogales.

She was later to marry another lieutenant, George F. Macdonald, who remained in the service. One of the many posts

they saw service at was Fort William McKinley in the Philippine Islands. It is interesting to note that even at that time, 1929-1931, the military was preparing for war against the Japanese, and maneuvered on Bataan and other ground that would later be fought on in World War II.

This marriage, too, eventually came to an end and she again returned to Nogales with her daughter and assisted her father in managing his commercial properties.

Marguerite later managed the county Selective Service Office from 1940 to 1965, except the few years the office was closed. She was employed by the State Department in South America and at Boulder Dam during that short interim.

Marguerite never worked manually on the family ranches, but she was just as knowledgeable about the business end of ranching as others. Later in her adult life she was consulted, along with her brothers, before her father made any major decisions. He valued and respected her opinions and deductions, whether it was ranch business, real estate affairs, or purely personal family matters.

Marguerite retired in 1965, but has continued to remain active and interested in local, national and world affairs. She is no longer a partner in the Rancho Arizona, but continues to show a lively interest in that and the Santa Cruz Cowbelles, which she is no longer physically able to attend.

In 1983 she moved to Green Valley, Arizona, where her daughter and son-in-law, Colonel (Retired) and Mrs. Charles P. Venable, are now residing.

# LUCY REAGAN STEVENS

## PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Lucy Reagan Stevens was born in Del Rio, Texas on January 8th, 1896, the third daughter of James Henry and Mary Billings Reagan. Two years later, 1898, a fourth daughter was born into the family, also in Del Rio. In later years, 1907, a son was born, and in 1911 another daughter, making a total of six children in the family.

In 1890 the family first came to Arizona, however, they did not stay. They returned to Del Rio where they sold two homes and a farm to get money to go to Mexico to pioneer in the Yaqui River Valley, from where much of the winter produce comes today.

The following year, when Lucy was five, the family returned to Arizona on their way to Mexico. There were several other families with them, including another Reagan family, a Dr. Davis, and families from Nogales.

They took the train to Guaymas where the railroad terminated. From there, they took a ship to Potam, at the mouth of the Yaqui River in Sonora. When they arrived, the river was flooding and the families had to be taken off the ship in little boats. The water was so deep that only the tops of the mesquite trees were showing above the flood-water. The country was covered with big mesquite trees and the families were taken back among the trees to dry land.

Jim Reagan managed to acquire four horses and two wagons to take them to San Antonio Farm, near Cocorit, Sonora. One of the horses was named Roanie. He was balky and would sit down when trying to drive him in water. Another was Old Paint. He was a big horse, known to the Mexicans in the area. They said he saved a Mexican captain's life by outrunning the Yaqui's horses. The other two were Brownie and Bay. There was much wildlife, and the men walked beside the wagons and hunted as they went along. Of course, there were only wagon roads and no railroads.

There was an army fort at Bacum, and an officer of the Mexican Army came and told them not to camp there, as the Yaqui Indians were near and were on the warpath to try to reclaim land taken from them by the Mexican Government and given or sold to Americans to try to get them to settle in the country. They did camp there one night, but Jim and Lee Reagan guarded all night.

When they got to San Antonio Farm, they all lived temporarily by a canal in a big adobe house with a breezeway through the center, one room to each family. One room, that was used for a storeroom, had portholes all around to use for shooting.

While living there, they had to cross the canal on a foot log to buy goat's milk for the youngsters to drink. Mama Reagan knew enough about sanitation that she would let it come to a boil on the stove before letting them drink it.

One night, Yaquis halloed and gave them a scare. They got ready for them by putting the women and children in the porthole room and the men got their guns. The Yaquis didn't bother them, but the next morning they tracked them and they had circled the house. The Mexicans told Jim Reagan that they didn't bothere these people because of too many little children.

In Cocorit, Jim Reagan went to Conant, who was the storekeeper, and paid the bill for four peons, whom he owned from then until he gave them their freedom when they left Mexico. However, one of them ran away, but was not pursued.

Of the peons left, there was a small child in the family named Covita. The children delighted in hearing her father say, "Omni wheti, Covita," which meant "Run fast, Covita," in Yaqui.

One of the families lost a baby in death, and as soon as the breath left the baby's body, they shot off two sky rockets, part of their ritual. They danced the Pascola all night, with the men doing most of the dancing. The body was wrapped in a sheet, then tied on a slab made by lacing poles together with cowhide, since there were no boards available. It was then carried to the cemetery on the shoulders of two men, who went in a fast lope, with the body swinging between them.

Jim Reagan bought a house and a big lot in Cocorit.

The lot was as large as five of our regular-sized lots. The house was two adobe rooms with a partly walled-up lean-to, with three holes built in the wall for cooking. They also had a well, but it was not walled up, just even with the ground.

Then, as in most of her life, Lucy loved flowers and had her own little garden. Tot showed her a new way to pull water out of the well to water her plants; in this case, purple running beans. Instead of reaching hand over hand, she showed her how to grab the rope with both hands at once. She was doing this and missed the rope and stepped off into the well. It was 75 feet deep and had six feet of water in it.

Mama Reagan had seen her fall and ran to the well where she heard Lucy drowning. She looked at the well rope, which was a reata, and all strands were broken except one. Without even thinking, she started down, but the rope broke with her and she fell most of the 75 feet.

A bank in the well was caved off and Mama Reagan pulled Lucy up on the bank, shook the water out of her, looked her over and discovered her leg broken. She was wearing high-button shoes, so when her mother discovered the compound fracture of her left leg, she buttoned the shoe back over the break for support.

Grace and Tot, the two older girls, went for help to get them out of the well. A Mr. Clay, one of their group, had trouble getting enough rope to get them out, and it finally

took over two hours to accomplish. Mama Reagan's fingers turned black from holding onto the rocks, to keep them out of the water.

There was no doctor in the community, so a male nurse or interne set Lucy's leg in splints with a weight on it. She was put on a hard homemade bed in a room without windows. She would cry awhile and sing awhile, to pass the time. When her foot started to itch and hurt, Lucy sat up, took the weights off, scratched the blisters and broke them. Her mother then removed the dressing and washed the would to prevent blood poisoning. Lucy had a bad scar on the inside of her left leg for the rest of her live, but she did not limp.

While the family lived in Cocorit, Jim Reagan stayed on the farm where he was clearing land to farm cotton and wheat. The two older girls attended school in Cocorit, but the two younger ones were not old enough.

Ludy was very blonde while the other girls were dark. When she went to the Post Office, the lady at the window always wanted a kiss from "la huerita" and in towns, the children followed the wagons, saying "Mira la huerita." (Look at the little blonde.)

From Cocorit, the family moved to Bacum where Jim built a shed for them to live under. It had four forked posts, one on each corner, brush on the top, and dirt on top of that, for a roof. Under this they had their beds,

sewing machine, and other household necessities.

As you can see, they were living very primitively. Lucy did not know how long they lived there under these conditions, but by her time clock, it was long enough to raise chickens. While living here, the most pleasure that the children had, was burning rats' nests.

During the time that they lived at Bacum, Mama Reagan had a miscarriage so she went into Bacum to stay with a Mexican family. The girls stayed on the farm, under the shed, with Jim, who was plowing. One day the girls found an egg, and Tot made bread and put the egg in it. When they reflected on the situation, they decided it might have been a snake or lizard egg and were afraid to eat the bread.

One morning, Mama Reagan said, "Jim, you can stay here if you want to, but I'm leaving <u>today</u>." They packed everything they could get into the wagons, fixed a big lunch with a lot of fried chicken, and left the rest of them walking around in the yard, left the sewing maching under the shed, released the peons, and started for Guaymas.

They went about three miles, found the canal flooding, and the wagons got stuck. They crawled out on the bank and waited for the flood to recede the next day. When they started to eat the lunch, the fried chicken was green. What a disappointment!

The Yaquis were on the warpath, but while Jim had a gun, he had only one cartridge that would fit it. At one

time they heard one lone shot over a little hill. Nights they camped along the way. Each night the men cut the tall grass that was so plentiful for hay for the horses. The children carried the hay back to the wagons, but they were scared, thinking there was a Yaqui under every bush.

In some places the cholla was so thick they had to chop it out in order to pass, when they met another wagon. Along the way they saw a dead mule and horse killed in one of the battles, a dead man, and the mail had been robbed, torn and scattered over the countryside. Three Indians were hanging from a tree and three Yaquis' heads were on posts, as warning to other Yaquis.

In Guaymas, the family sold what they could; the horses, wagons, anything else to get cash, and took the train back to Del Rio. Lucy was now seven years old, as they had been in Mexico for two years. The family returned, very lacking in funds, and the enterprise was deemed unsuccessful.

Back in Texas, Jim Reagan went to work as a Section Foreman on the railroad for a dollar day, and the family lived in a section house at Pumpville. His friend, Mr. Ellison, who was Superintendent of the railroad, gave him the job, where he had eight to ten men working for him. When the family decided to come to Arizona, Mr. Ellison made it possible for them to acquire free passes to travel by rail to the Territory of Arizona.

Jim's brother, Frank, was operating a saloon and

red-light district in the thriving mining camp of Mowry, Territory of Arizona, in 1906. He sent for Jim, who came with his family, to tend bar for him. The family, like many in the camp, lived in a comfortable tent house with a floor.

When they had been in Mowry only eight days, Gladys, the youngest girl, died without really being sick, and the family not knowing the cause. Frank Reagan took the child's body to Nogales where she was buried.

Before too long, Mama Reagan refused to live near the red-light district any more so the family moved to Nogales. In Nogales, Jim became a line rider, working for a Mr. Fowler. He worked at this job and saved his money. When he acquired enough, he bought property in Patagonia and moved his family there, where he built and operated his own saloon. During the time of this operation and while she was still living at home, Lucy was often sent to Nogales on the train, carrying gold to the bank for her father.

In February of 1913, Lucy married Lou Stevens, a Deputy County Ranger in the Patagonia area. She was only 17 and had given birth to two children before she was 20; Mignon, in November of 1913, and Louise in September, 1915. With her husband, they bought a homestead from a man who was giving it up. The property was only three miles from Patagonia. They moved to the ranch in 1913, where Mignon was born.

There was a fairly comfortable house on the ranch where this new family lived. However, after surveying, it was

discovered that the house was not on the land purchased. The house was then moved approximately 200 yards onto their property.

In 1920, this house burned to the ground, leaving the family practically destitute. The only things that were saved from the fire was a tub of clothes sprinkled for ironing and a few pillows. Sparks fell on these, singed them, rendering them almost beyond use because of the odor.

Lucy and Lew did the assessment work on some mining claims in order to take possession of them, tore down an old house there, and used the lumber to help rebuild a barn at the ranch into living quarters. The family lived in this establishment, off and on for many years, with only minor repairs. They alternated living at the ranch and in Patagonia where Lew worked as U.S. Customs Officer. The house was very primitive.

During the time the family lived in the first house, Lucy was often very frightened, as there were many outlaws, cutthroats, horse and cow thieves in the country. After they moved into the barn, she said she was never afraid. The back of the house formed one side of a small corral, where they kept a horse at night. If she felt afraid, she would look out the window; if the horse was asleep, she quit worrying and went back to bed.

In 1929, Lucy and her husband were divorced, but the property was never divided. He continued to work for the

U.S. Customs Service and she managed the ranch, with the help of a Mexican cowboy from time to time. Summers were the hardest, with a shortage of feed for the cattle, keeping an abundant supply of water, doctoring wormy calves, helping young heifers have their first calves, and sometimes having to pull the calf to save the cow and the calf.

In the fall, after the stock was shipped and all expenses were paid, Lucy divided the profits 50-50 with her ex-husband. It was a hard, trying life, but one which I think she enjoyed and took great pride in doing.

During the time that Lucy took care of the ranch, she used many horses in her work; Pathfinder, Blue Jay, Bubbles, Muggins, and many more, but the one to which she was always loyal and loved the most was Mutt. He was a big bay, with a white star on his forehead, part thoroughbred, 15 hands high, was very nervous and skittish, and would shy at most anything.

It was almost impossible for men to ride him, as some time some man had mistreated him. Mutt and Lucy seemed to have a secret bond, because most of these disagreeable habits seemed to disappear when she would ride him, and she said she never tired while riding Mutt.

While Lucy was managing the ranch, she took time to socialize a great deal. She played lots of cards, visited her many friends, was a Charter Member and active in the Patagonia Woman's Club and the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles. She was also a Charter Member of the Arizona Living Stockman

Hall of Fame.

She loved to dance, and nearly every Saturday night, while they still held them, there was a country dance somewhere in the eastern end of Santa Cruz County; Patagonia, Sonoita, Elgin, or in the little schoolhouse up in San Rafael Valley. Lucy would usually fill her car with the girls in Patagonia, her own, and a younger sister included, and off they would go to the dance, very often until sunup.

She took various trips to California, Oregon, Washington, New Mexico and to Mexico. She did a great deal of needlework, mainly crochet.

At some time in Lucy's life, she worked at the Post Office in Patagonia, still taking care of the ranch, drove the stage to Nogales in the early days, and helped her husband in the Customs Service. They had a big sign that read, "Stop! U.S. Officers," and her job was to raise the sign when they heard a car approaching in which they suspected contraband.

With the U.S. Forest Rangers, she and Lew put packs on horses and planted wild turkeys in the Santa Rita Mountains. The turkeys didn't last long, though, as the coyotes caught them. She was away from the ranch for a time, and worked in an airplane factory in San Diego during the Second World War. In this time she made 13 trips back to Patagonia to check on things.

Lucy and Lew had one of the first two cars in

Patagonia, a Model T. It was not uncommon to start on a trip and have the car stall. It meant that she had to become a pretty good mechanic to keep it running, and in many cases, all the occupants had to push the car to get it going.

Jim Reagon, Lucy's father, was Fire Guard on top of Mt. Weightson (Old Baldy) for several years. Each day he phoned to let them know that all was well with him and to request anything that he might need. At one time they had not heard from him for several days. It was a great worry as he was quite elderly. He might have fallen, and any number of things could happen to a man alone on a mountain top.

Finally, when Lucy could not face another night of worry, she and Lew left the ranch at 8:30 at night, headed for Old Baldy. On the way, the wolves howled at them and Lew said there was one old lobo, almost extinct now, with them.

They reached the cabin where Jim stayed, at about 12:30 at night. All was well with him and he said he had been expecting them and was awake, listening for horses' hoof beats.

The reason they had not heard from him was that the forest telephone line was down. As evidenced by your many accomplishments, Lucy was afraid of nothing and could do almost anything. The fact that she carried a loaded pistol most of the time and slept with it under her pillow, gave her courage.

In 1944, Lew Stevens died without leaving a will. Since

the ranch had never been divided and he had married again, a long court battle ensued. It continued for nine years and finally went to the Arizona State Supreme Court before it was settled. The result was that Lucy received an undivided half interest in the ranch, and the other half was divided three ways, to Mignon, Louise and the second wife.

Lucy continued to use her half of the ranch and the forest permit and her two daughters' parts, as long as she was able to take care of it. The forest permit and the permitted cattle were then sold, but the patented land was maintained.

Basically, Lucy's health was good, but she often said she was like an old Model T Ford that had to be repaired from time to time. She had one leg broken three times, and the other leg once at the knee. She had her left arm broken twice and her right one once. She had major surgery too many times to tell, the first one in 1922 for gall bladder infection.

With her excellent sense of humor, she finally told the doctor that if she had any more surgery, it would have to be on her back. Before too long, she had spinal surgery to remove a disk. As a result of the broken bones, she was badly crippled with arthritis in her last years and used a walker or wheelchair, which she hated with a passion.

In 1965, Lucy's daughter, Louise, and her husband built a small comfortable home for her on land that she

deeded to them. She had the use of the house for her entire life. She was very proud of this little house and made it into a delightful home.

Because Lucy was losing her eyesight, and help was so hard to keep, she had to move out of her home into the home of her daughter and son-in-law. This was a terrible jolt to one who had been so independent through her entire life, and she was never really her happy, jolly self as before.

She lived with them for five years before she died and was totally blind during this time, to the extent that she could not tell daylight from night. The sand in her hour-glass of time was quickly flowing through and she died on December 6, 1984, at the age of 88. Had she lived a month and two days longer, she would have been 89. Another maverick in the roundup of the old southwest has disappeared with Lucy's passing.

KLIEN KIMBALL SKOUSEN

CHANDLER, ARIZONA

Klien Kimball Skousen, known to all his family and friends as K.K., was born August 27, 1909 at Colonia, Juarez, Mexico to James Niels Skousen, Jr. and Emma Mortensen Skousen. K.K.'s father's parents were James Niels Skousen, Sr. and Sidsel Marie Pedersen.

James Niels Skousen, Jr. was born August 21, 1872 at Draper, Salt Lake County, Utah. K.K.'s grandfather was a wiry Dane who emigrated to this country in 1862 at the age of 32. He was medium height, 5 feet 8 inches and weighed 185 pounds, which gave him a good, strong build.

His strong will was predominant both in his ability to follow through on any call he might receive in the Church, and also in his unwillingness to change his mind once it was made up. His strong will was mellowed by a very jolly nature, for he liked to play and was easily delighted by a good joke. This may be why K.K. enjoys people and enjoys telling them jokes. K.K.'s grandfather was the first pioneer to settle the high plateau country of eastern Arizona, but paid for the experience with hardship and modest means.

James Sr. was born September 30, 1828 at Herslew, Vejle, Denmark. He took his mother's name, probably

because he was raised by his mother's brother, Uncle James Skousen, until he was 18. James married K.K.'s grandmother, Sidsel Marie Pedersen. James was 20 at the time and Sidsel was 22. A baby girl was born June 6, 1849 whom they named Petria, but she died two months later, leaving the young couple in great sorrow.

James began to learn the trade of engineer for boilers and rapidly became a good one, even in his twenties. He was called to assist the minister on occasion, being well versed in scriptures. Their second child was not born until seven years after Petria had died. On September 6, 1856, a young son was born whom they named Peter Niels Skousen. Five months before, James and Sidsel had formalized their marriage by being married in the church, called Dum Church of Aarhus.

The couple later was acquainted with a neighbor who became a Morman. They were invited to a meeting and learned of the Mormon religion. When they were fully convinced, they then decided to be baptized. After joining the Church, the study and discussion of the Gospel became the most interesting things in James's life. It was just a short time later that he and his wife started putting away money so that they might emigrate to America.

During the five years from 1857 to 1862, James, his wife Sidsel and their little son Peter lived in Randers, Denmark. In May, 1858, Sidsel became pregnant, and on February 15, 1859, a little boy was born. They named him Parley Pratt

Skousen, after the great apostle who had been killed the same month that they had joined the Church. They were greatly saddened when the tiny baby died within two days. However, just one year later, February 5, 1860, another son was born whom they named Willard Richard Skousen.

By that time the Utah war had long since subsided, but the Civil War was breaking out in the United States. News from America was very important to James because the day was soon approaching when they would have the means to go to the promised land. As the winter of 1861 approached, plans were finally being completed for the great voyage. Two ships were being chartered for a large migration in April, 1862. The trip would take practically every penney they had, but they could hardly wait for the day.

Even little Peter, just turning five, would tell the American missionaries that he was going to be one of Brigham's soldiers. One could tell he had listened carefully to the heroic tales of the defense Brigham Young had made against Johnston's army.

On April 6, 1862, they boarded the local steamer, the "Ablion". They sailed southward, and along the way picked up other emigrating Saints that too were going to America. Their last stop was Hamburg, Germany. In Hamburg they all were to load the ship that would take them across the Atlantic to America.

Little did they know the hardships they would face

when they became pioneers in the great deserts of Western America. From New York Harbor they traveled by railroad and steamships to Florence, Nebraska, where they arrived the 1st of June, 1862.

There were several thousand people gathered to make the journey over 1,000 miles to Salt Lake. The Skousens were assigned to the second church train which consisted of 700 people and 65 wagons, transporting all of their belongings. It took around 21 days for all of the members of the train to gather supplies and get their business in order.

The long train left Florence, Nebraska on July 24, 1862. Along the way, many of the men walked with a child on their shoulders. As they were nearing the Platt River, Sidsel gave birth to a baby girl. One month and three days later the wagon trains arrived in Salt Lake, with 14 lives lost and two births along the way. For James and Sidsel it was five months and 19 days since they left their homeland in Denmark.

James then obtained a small room for his little family and he began cutting stone for the Temple. This job proved too hard for his hands, so he then spent the rest of his life as a farmer. Sidsel had several more children, and the last boy born was named James Niels, Jr., after his father.

Plural marriage was beginning to receive strong legal and political attention, but earlier, James took his second wife, Anne. In this marriage James, Sr. fathered two sons and six daughters. When he passed away in October of 1912, his

descendants numbered over 2,000.

James Niels Skousen, Jr., K.K.'s father, was five years old when his father, James Sr., was called to assist in the settling of Arizona. They first settled on the Little Colorado called Allens Camp. They lived there eight years, and James Jr.'s job was to help herd the cattle and haul wood for fuel.

In 1886 the family was forced to leave Arizona and move to Mexico. They again loaded their wagons with food, hay for the cattle, and household goods. It was James Jr.'s responsibility to drive several cows along with the wagons. The family then settled in Colonia, Juarez, Mexico.

When James Jr. was 15 years old, he helped his brothers build a one-room adobe house with an attic. This was their home for many years. For the next five years, James Jr. freighted between Georgetown, Silver City and Deming, New Nexico.

Then when James Jr. was 24, he married his first wife, Ida. He moved his bride into a three-room house that he had built. He reserved one room for his mother. Just when he was beginning to get a good start with different businesses, and just a month before their first baby was born, he was called to go to Norway on a mission.

James Jr.'s family was having hardships and trials while he was on his mission in Norway. He was released from his mission early and returned home. Times were

getting better and Jim was then able to buy a ranch in Casas Grandes in Colonia, Juarez, Mexico. In 1901 he married his second wife, Emma. Both families were doing fine until 1910 when the Mexican Revolution started and things would never be the same again. The victorious army gathered all the horses in the area they could find, including Jim's horses. Over a period of years they were driven out of their home but always came back.

When Pancho Villa's men came in and destroyed the little city and the Skousens's home, they left Mexico and made the move to Mesa, Arizona. When the family moved to Mesa, Ida had nine children and Emma had eight boys, and their last son, Murry Skousen, was born in Mesa.

Jim's older brother Willard was very well established in Mesa. He helped Jim, Jr. get started again. Jim ran a dairy of 40 cows and eventually bought a farm in Chandler. His children went to Chandler schools. They were leaders in athletics and were admired by their friends.

After moving to Mesa, K.K. attended a small two-room school on the corner of what is now Guadalupe and Dobson. Mrs. Johnson was his teacher. Some of his brothers went to school here, as did Arvol and Florence Knox. He attended grade school in Mesa then went to the Gilbert School for three years.

It was while he was there he acquired his first animals; a goat and a horse. The goat he raised from a small kid, but it caused him so many problems that he later had to get rid of it. For instance, someone came over to visit them in a fancy

new car with a soft-cloth top. The goat jumped up on the hood, then onto the top of the car which tore under his weight. Then once he jumped upon some barrels, then up to a three-quarter-inch pipe that ran from the water tank to the house, walked across this and jumped on top of the house. His mother then made him get rid of the goat.

In 1919, when the family moved to Chandler on what is now Pecos and Cooper, there were about 20 acres in cultivation of the 160. They worked hard at getting the rest of the land into crops. His father had some beautiful work horses. When Klien was in high school he entered a pair of horses in the pulling contest at the fair, and out of six teams, he won second place. His horses' names were Kate and Bell. Henry Kartchner took first place. Shorty England, a long-time Arizona resident, also entered a pair in the contest.

Klien attended Chandler schools and was active in sports. In his junior year he played end, and in his senior year he played quarterback on the football team. He also played on the basketball team, even though he was small, 130 pounds and 5 feet 7 inches. He was also active in the Drama Club.

After graduationg from high school he went on a mission to Denmark where he was able to visit many of the Skousen relatives who had not come to the United States. After returning home he worked and attended college. He went into

the dairy business and bought his first 80 acres in 1936 from the late Mrs. Huston's estate.

Brands used on the Skousens's many cattle were the Lazy P.J., the K Lazy K and the Dean Griffith brand. 

Quoting K.K., "We have neber been very big in the dairy business, but I have always had cows around as long as I can remember." The grim look on his face reflected deep memories of both his early life and the vivid knowledge of his pioneer Mormon heritage, because Jim Jr. worked hard like the other Mormon pioneers, and developed a prosperous farming operation, including Klien Kimball, known as K.K.

K.K.'s father bought 120 acres at Cooper and Pecos Roads and established a dairy, shipping cream to the Pacific Creamery in Tempe, which was later purchased by the Borden Company. K.K. helped his father with the dairy and also drove a Pacific Creamery farm pick-up route in the Chandler area for a Mr. DeWitt during his senior year at Chandler High (the years of 1927-28). With his milk route money he bought his first dairy calf and owned cattle ever since.

After high school he went to Denmark for three and a half years on a mission for the Mormon Church. Things were tight in 1933 when he returned to the States so he worked for the Skousen Road Construction Company at the Grand Canyon.

K.K. enrolled in Brigham Young University in 1935 but had to give it up and come home to his two cows and $50. However, he soon bought eight more cows from the Valley National

Bank and continued to work with his father.

In 1937 he married Elizabeth Griffith, whose mother's parents, the Gordon Hunsakers, had homesteaded in the Chandler area. The young Skousens were beginning to get established, when, in 1939, their hay burned and several cows bloated. The next year they moved the remaining cows and family to Blythe, California where cream was produced and delivered to Borden's of Tempe twice a week. K.K. recalls that Arizona cream sold for 50 cents a pound while California cream only brought 35 cents a pound.

When they moved back from Blythe, they built a small milk barn at the home place on Cooper Road. In 1948 additional dairy facilities were rented from John Allen on Gilbert Road north of Pecos Road where they milked about 35 cows for two years.

Then in 1950 a three-level parlor and corrals were built on Pecos Road just east of Cooper Road, where the herd gradually built to 300 cows. This facility was used continuously until 1981. During the 1960's they also leased the Hegi Dairy in Buckeye where they milked 100 cows.

In 1975 a double-six herringbone parlor and facilities were built just northwest of Maricopa which K.K. and son Kenneth operated. Presently this facility and about 150 cows are being leased to Steve Bobka, while Kenneth is concentrating on farming about 350 acres of cotton and grain.

A second son, Paul, is the only Skouse presently milking cows in Arizona. He purchased the former Van Leeuwen dairy facility on Beloat Road east of Buckeye, where he is milking about 100 cows. Paul married Janet Buttell in 1959 and they have eight children.

K.K. is still a familiar figure at dairy auctions where he buys and sells cattle and generally keeps informed concerning trends and happenings in agriculture. His land holdings have increased over the years, with two sections in the Maricopa area, owned jointly with his brother, Clarence, and about 2,000 acres in the Agua Caliente area, where sons Mark and Dan are farming about 1,000 acres of cotton and alfalfa. He also has 36 sections of BLM and State-leased land in this area.

K.K.'s eyes really twinkled when he talked about having had an interest in a 350-acre Guatemalan rubber plantation for five years. However, his conversation soon came back to dairy cows.

"I enjoy helping others get started when I can, K.K. stated simply. "People like Spruit, Woods, Tarwater Lamb, Whetten, Hegi and Anderson over in Safford, all leased cows from me at one time or another. And you know," he continued, "when each of our 11 kids graduated from high school we gave them the income from five cows and sent them off to college."

"And all but two graduated," Elizabeth added, with a modest smile.

This is a remarkable achievement, as most any parent would agree. A brief review of where and what the Skousen kids are doing is in order:

Kliena Jean (Montgomery) is a nurse in Chico, California, and her husband Joe is an accountant.

Karen (Snehley) lives in Las Cruces, New Mexico, where her husband Paul works at the White Sands Proving Grounds.

Paul, as mentioned earlier, dairies near Buckeye and is married to Janet (Burrell).

Sue (Paz-Soldan) lives in Chandler, and her husband Miquel is a chemist and works at Motorola.

Katherine (Cambell) lives in Yucca Valley, California, where her husband Jim is an oral surgeon.

Judy Skousen, a lawyer, lives in Paradise, California, and is married to Herb Lancer. They are presently in Germany.

Dan farms in the Agua Caliente area and is married to Teresa (Cowger).

Kenneth farms in the Maricopa area and his wife is Pattie (Craghead).

Ann is an insurance auditor, living in Tempe.

Emma Jo (Anderson) lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where her husband Scott is employed in city planning.

Mark farms in the Agua Caliente area and is married

to Trixie (Smith).

In addition to raising their own children, Elizabeth and K.K. have been "parents," friends and confidants to countless others over the years.

The Skousen heritage has been a positive and productive one, as has Elizabeth's family, the Hunsakers. Besides producing a lot of milk over the years, the K.K. Skousens have produced many consumers.

They have presently 54 grandchildren and four great grandchildren. The old dairy site is now a lovely subdivision known as Chandler Ranches. K.K. and his wife still live on Cooper where they lived as newlyweds.

As the family grew, the old house was remodeled to fit their needs. Now, quite often, the house is full of grandchildren, especially at Christmastime. This is the time for the big Penata, and most of the families come home for Christmas. They also get together for a summer reunion every two years.

I, (the editor) can well imagine K.K. telling this story many times to his children and grandchildren.

"The Day Pancho Villa Came To Their Home"

"The Revolution had started in 1910, but it was not until 1912 that they really got hostile towards the white people. It was then that Junious Rommey, leader of the Mormons in Mexico, advised them to go back to the United States. Klien was just a small boy, about four years old, but he remembers how they hurriedly grabbed a few clothes and necessities and left.

"They had been eating dinner when the word came, and they didn't even take time to clear the table. They went by train to El Paso. They stayed there about six months when they were allowed to return to their homes. They found that nothing had been touched and the dirty dishes were still on the table.

"Things went better for about two years, then Pancho Villa went on the rampage, burning and plundering as he went. One day his father decided to go over to Pancho Villa's camp. When he got there Pancho was not there so he had to stay overnight. He did not like to be away from his family because of the bands of Viestas that roamed the country.

"He had cause to worry because the next afternoon about 2:00 o'clock, five Viestas came riding up and said to mother, 'We want supper here for about 250 men. Get

ready, for they will be in here about 6:00 o'clock or later.' Aunt Ida, who lived just next door said, 'I don't want any Mexican in my house,' but mother said she was going to get the hired man, who was a Mexican, to come and stay with her and help her.

"Mother put on a big tub of beans and started mixing and making bread, and so forth. All of us kids and the Mexican were just working our heads off, keeping the fire burning under the beans, and doing other chores. Sure enough, about sundown (6:00 o'clock) here they came riding in.

"They grabbed Grant, my older brother, who was about 16, and put him out in the barn to feed the horses. Mother had a big table full of sandwiches, and she would heap a big plate full, and the Mexican would carry them out to the back door where all the Viestas were waiting in line to get their supper.

"They began to get a little roudy, and Grant jumped down out of the barn and started to the house, and one of them pulled a gun and told Grant to get to feeding the horses or he would shoot him. The officers had gone over to Aunt Ida's after they had eaten. She would run to the front door and the back door to keep them locked so they wouldn't come into the house. She had a broken leg, so she gathered up the children and went out the front door and came over to our house.

"She said the Viestas were getting rough and she was leaving and thought we had better come, too. So mother grabbed

us kids up out of bed. She didn't even take time to dress us, at least not me, as I remember running outdoors in my underwear. We ran through the yard and down a mesquite thicket.

"Then Joe, another older brother said, 'Do not be afraid, Mother, I have this big gun here.' Then she threw it away in the bushes. 'They will surely shoot us if they know we have a gun.' They went on until they came to a ditch of water. We had to go over to the other side on a log, and I nearly fell in.

"We walked about a mile to our neighbor's house, Mr. Desmond's home. They had a big adobe wall around their house with a big wooden gate. We pounded on the gate and pretty soon Mr. Desmond came and asked us what we wanted. Mother told him the Viestas were over to our place and could we spend the night with them. He let us all in and found places for us to sleep.

"We got up very early the next morning, and Mr. Desmond put a watchman up on the windmill tower, and soon the watchman yelled down that someone was coming. Three soldiers came, demanding to know if that white woman was there. Mr. Desmond told mother and Aunt Ida to just sit there with sombreros down over their faces, or shawls, and we kids were just to keep playing. The soldiers looked all through the house, and not finding the white woman, they left.

"The next morning Mr. Desmond hitched up his wagon and took us to Dublin. From there they went to Juarez where they stayed a short time as K.K.'s mother was to have a baby. It was just early in the spring of 1916 that Klien, then just a small boy of 6 1/2 years, came to Mesa, Arizona.

"After things had calmed down a little, his father and older brother had gone back to their home and found it completely destroyed. They did find 13 head of cattle which they rounded up and put on a train to Arizona."

# JOSEPHINE COTTER BAILEY

## TUBAC, ARIZONA

Josephine Cotter Bailey came in 1925 to Tucson, Arizona. There were four girls and two boys in her family. Her father was a farmer. Josephine went to a private Catholic girls' high school in Indiana. She attended college at Indiana University at Bloomington, Indiana. Her mother thought she would receive a broader education there. She was brought up in a very strict home atmosphere and was taught never to ask anyone's age. "It's a very personal thing and never to be asked," she said.

In 1925 Josephine came to Tubac to teach grades one through three. At that time Mr. Beattie was Principal. It was his policy that if a child was absent from school, the teacher should find out why. Josephine had free time and much energy and she followed his orders exactly. In making the necessary home visits, Josephine met many of the parents in the Tubac area who soon became her good friends.

When Josephine began her teaching, many children did not speak English, so Josephine learned Spanish. She told the children, "If I can learn Spanish, then you can learn English." She explained to the children that if they planned to live in the United States, it would be to their advantage if they learned English.

Josephine married Weldon Bailey in February, 1927. Mr. Bailey, who had come from Texas, had been a practicing

lawyer in Washington, D.C. with his father, Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey. They moved into the ranch home that Mr. Bailey designed and had built with local labor. It had thick adobe walls and high, high ceilings. There are many doors and windows that give excellent cross-ventilation.

Josephine and Weldon had two children, Joseph Weldon and Sarah Ann, known as Sally. They were teenagers when their father died and were away at school at the time. Weldon often said, as they grew up on the ranch, "For children to live in the country and be able to walk around and breathe our clean air is a great asset."

Son Joseph fought and was wounded in the Korean War. For many years he has been a surveyor, working for the State of Arizona.

Daughter Sally is an attorney. She is head of the Attorney General's Office in Pima County, Arizona. She has two children, Ann Josephine Earley and Thomas Weldon Earley.

Josephine was active in supporting the restoration of St. Ann's Church. She said that when she first came to Tubac, the Priest came from Nogales once a month for Sunday Mass, unless there was a wedding or funeral. She feels that there are many changes in the Catholic faith since she was a child growing up. She remembers that when she was a child, young people helped to clean the church and older women took care of the sanctuary and altar. "That's the way it was," she said.

Josephine has led a very active life in the Santa Cruz County area. She was on the Committee for the State Parks Board from the time that Castro was Governor, and she helped establish the Park System in Tubac. For many years she was Chairman of the Tubac-Amado Election Board and a participating member on the School Board.

As a long-standing member on the Soil Conservation Committee, she has received two awards for outstanding accomplishments. She currently is on the Planning and Zoning Committee for Santa Cruz County. She is still an active member in the Cowbelles, an organization of ranch women, that she helped to organize in Santa Cruz County.

Josephine is one of the best known, loved and respected senior citizens by both Mexicans and Anglos, not only in Santa Cruz County, but statewide. This tiny, powerful little lady, with such a marvelous sense of humor, through her involvement in many worthwhile civic groups, has bettered the lives of all of us.

Josephine Bailey, we thank you and love you!

Written by Lil Garrett

# INEZ CUMMING

## NOGALES, ARIZONA

Sometimes the course of lives can be changed by a small, or even whimsical event.

On a summer evening, in 1915, three trustees, two men and a woman entered a small, one-room schoolhouse, called Palo Parado. It lay along the banks of the Santa Cruz River about four miles south of Tumacacori Mission.

Mrs. Will Walker, the Board president, called the meeting to order, then stated that the business on hand was to evaluate letters from teachers applying for the school's vacant teaching position. No applications had been received from local teachers and it would be necessary to select a new teacher solely on the basis of the letters of application.

Each letter was opened and discussed. Finally, Mrs. Walker, the Board president, who was a highly competent woman and had been a teacher, stated, that in her opinion, one of the male applicants obviously had the best qualifications.

Of the two other trustees, one was a 25-year-old cowboy named John Cumming. He had an eighth-grade education and a wide grin. The other trustee, in his 30's, was a part-time farmer and a part-time prospector named Frank Arvizu.

Among the letters was one from a Miss Inez Hancock of Marlin, Texas. Along with her letter she had enclosed a photograph of herself. John studied this photograph with a great

deal of interest, and when Mrs. Walker made her announcement, he nudged Frank Arvizu in the ribs and said in Spanish, "Ayudame con esta asunto compadre." ("Back me up on this, buddy.")

He then stated that, in his opinion, Miss Hancock was by far the best qualified applicant. A vote was taken and Mrs. Walker's face flushed almost purple when Miss Inez Hancock won by a margin of two to one. About a year later she and John were married.

Inez, although born in San Angelo, Texas, grew up near the town of Marlin, Texas. Her father acquired a farm there. He also owned some adjacent pastureland and a small cotton gin. At the age of 17 she obtained a teaching certificate and taught in Texas until leaving for Arizona. She learned of the school vacancy in Arizona through her uncle Jim Garret, who lived in Tubac.

At the time of their marriage, John was trying to build a cattle herd by mavericking in the Peck Canyon area. By means of his ability to throw a long loop and his wife's ability to provide funds by teaching, they acquired, in a six-year period, perhaps 200 head of cattle, a forest permit and a small ranch home.

Actually, John and Inez did well until the great drought of the early 20's. During this drought the bank foreclosed on them and they were practically wiped out. All the livestock they had left were four horses that John

had hidden out in a remote canyon called Pine Gulch, and 20 yearling heifers which carried the unmortgaged Rocking H brand of Inez.

John went to work on a road crew at $4.00 a day and Inez continued teaching.

Life may have been hard for Inez during these times, but was never dull. She loved to ride and loved taking her children swimming in the pools of Peck Canyon. She was a fairly accomplished musician and had a beautiful voice. Frequently in the evening, she could be found seated at her piano, playing and singing with three or four cowboys accompanying her.

She also had an old Victrola and a collection of records. A few of these records had been purchased solely for the entertainment of John and his cowboy friends. One such record was labeled "The Big Rock Candy Mountain". The Rock Candy Mountain was where little drops of whiskey came trickling out of the rocks and nobody ever had to wash their socks.

Her piano had a rough life. Each September it would be loaded in a wagon and hauled from the ranch home to whatever house she had rented to live in while she was teaching. At the end of the school year it would again be loaded in a wagon and hauled back over the rocky road that led to the ranch.

Loading the old upright piano was no small job. The ranch home was built on a summit of a low hill and stone

steps led from the living room to where the wagon was parked. At least four men were required to lift it.

A week or so in advance, word would be passed out that on a particular day Inez would need a loading crew for the piano. She was an attractive young woman, slender, with light brown hair and hazel eyes. Always enough cowboys would arrive to handle the job.

She would serve them coffee and cake and play one last song before the loading began. When the first effort to lift the piano was made, however, the complaints would start.

"My Gawd, I think I just busted my back!" one would shout.

"I ain't never gonna be able to straighten up again," another would moan.

"This work orter be done with blocks and tackles and ramps. Cowpokes just ain't built for this kind of lifting," someone else would complain.

One morning, as the piano was being wrestled into the wagon, one of the men suddenly shouted, "Hey, a mouse just jumped out of this danged piano and ran up my arm."

Inez, red faced, shouted back, "That is a fib. There has never been a mouse in my piano!"

"I ain't never fibbed in my life, never told a lie either, and I shore know a mouse when I see it," the cowboy answered.

Suddenly another cowboy shouted, "Wups, a mouse just

jumped on me." Then all of the loaders began seeing mice jumping out of the piano.

It amused the cowboys to see how flustered Inez became when they pretended that her piano was full of mice. As the wagon was bouncing out of hearing distance, there was a barely audible shout of "Another mouse just jumped out."

Another problem for Inez, much larger than mice in her piano, was John's habit of occasionally going out with the "boys" and "whooping it up."

On one such occasion he headed home about 3:00 A.M., and in order to avoid waking his wife, he stopped his car several hundred feet from the house and shut off the motor, then carefully made his way to the barbed-wire yard fence. He climbed through it, and very silently, on all fours, continued across the yard to the bedroom window.

Enough tequila can make a lot of things seem possible. He figured, that by being quiet enough, he could make his way through the window and get into bed without awakening his wife.

What he didn't know was that she had remained awake throughout the night awaiting his return. She had heard the car stop out among the mesquite trees and she heard the squeaking sound of the fence as John made his way through it. She arose immediately, looked across the moonlit yard and saw a man crawling across it. Her instant thought was that it was perhaps someone intending robbery, or possibly even murder.

John finally reached the window and pulled himself up

to a kneeling position to peek inside. What he peeked into was the wobbling muzzle of his own six-shooter.

"My Gawd, Inez, put that gun down," he pleaded, "It's only me!"

"Only you, huh? Now I really ought to pull the trigger!" she answered.

As previously mentioned, one of the largest problems that Inez faced during the early years of her marriage was the distance of her ranch home from the schools she taught in.

At first she made use of the Tubac teacherage and lived there five days a week during the school term, but when her oldest son reached school age, the problems became even larger. A partial solution, however, seemed to be at hand in 1924. A teaching vacancy occurred at the Tumacacori school, which was closer to the ranch. Also, a house was for rent near the school. She was accepted at Tumacacori and also rented the nearby home.

The house was an old Hispanic building dating from territorial days. It was fairly roomy and was surrounded by fruit trees. Between it and the river was a large cottonwood grove. The site later became a guest ranch known as the Rancho Santa Cruz.

The family was reasonably comfortable in this building until winter set in. In December, however, a winter storm arrived and a slow, but constant, rain commenced. As

mentioned, this was an old Hispanic building. It had an earthen roof and over the years rot and termites had taken their toll on the material supporting the roof.

During the first day of the storm all went well. On the second day dripping leaks began. On the third day not enough pots, pans and tin cans could be found to go under the leaks. On the fourth day a section of the roof collapsed. Inez and John quickly crammed their two children, soggy bedding and clothing into their car and drove to her Uncle Jim Garret's home in Tubac to await the storm's end.

They never returned to the Hispanic home. John learned that the long vacant priest's quarters at the Tumacacori Mission were available for use. Although now a national monument, the mission had not as yet received a custodian and the Park Service was looking for a reliable couple to live on the premises to help prevent vandalism. The Cumming family moved in on a rent-free basis.

The priest's quarters, a long narrow building of three rooms, had recently received a roof of corrugated iron, but, inside, the earthen floor had been left untouched. Inez had to learn from her Mexican friends how to care for such a floor. Actually, such care was almost a fine art.

Each morning, the housewife, carrying a pan of water and using her fingers to sprinkle the water, would carefully dampen it. The amount of water used was crucial. Enough had to be sprinkled to keep the floor damp and dust free

throughout the day, but never enough to leave the slightest trace of mud.

After the floor had been dampened, it was very carefully swept. This sweeping was also done in a manner to keep the floor smooth and perfectly level. It took Inez a few days to become proficient in the art, but once she did, she found that earthen floors were almost as good as concrete and considerably warmer.

During this period, in the mid-1920's, a local rancher named Piskorski died, and his estate was settled by having his cattle, most of which ranged in the Peck Canyon area, rounded up and sold. The round-up crew gathered several hundred head of cattle and then declared the operation complete.

The Atascosa Mountains, however, where Peck Canyon originated, were a rugged range full of wild cattle. John knew that a lot of cattle carrying Piskorski's brand had been missed in the roundup. He managed to borrow enough money to buy this cattle remnant from the estate. He also acquired Piskorski's Circle 5 brand. The year was 1927.

He hired four of the best mountain hands he knew -- Raymond Wimberly, Paul Summers, Iganacio Gomez and Marion Stevenson. Together, they went to work roping and leading wild Circle 5 cattle out of the mountains. When the crew was finally disbanded, about 11 months later, they had roped, and led out, over 250 head of grown cattle, and

there were still some wild Circle 5 cattle left in the mountains. John and Inez were back in the cattle business!

Over the years, the isolation of the ranch home was a growing problem. Now, with two children in school and Inez still teaching, it was becoming intolerable. Consequently, in 1929, when a 160-acre parcel of land, about seven miles north of Nogales, came on the market, she and John purchased it and immediately commenced building a home.

When it was finished, Inez, for the first time in her life, had a house with indoor plumbing. It also had gas lighting and a gas stove. She also discarded her scrub board and bought a gasoline-powered washing machine. John, of course, didn't benefit much. He simply had a bigger problem of driving back and forth between this home and the cattle ranch.

The ensuing five years were probably the best the family had ever known. In 1935, however, catastrophe struck. John had taken a party of deer hunters into the Atascosa Mountains. During the course of the day, they rode to the edge of a line of cliffs that were below them. They all dismounted and the hunters took up shooting positions along the top of the cliffs.

Then John began rolling rocks off the edge to flush out the deer. Somehow he stumbled and fell from the cliff's edge to a ledge about 40 feet below. He suffered a severe head injury and several broken bones.

He spent the night tied to a juniper tree on the ledge. One of the hunters remained with him and the others went for

help. It was the following morning when a rescue party finally arrived. He came about as close to dying as a man could and yet survive. He spent eight months in bed and remained severely crippled for the rest of his life.

Hospital and doctor bills forced the sale of most of the breeding herd on the ranch. The only income became Inez's teaching salary. Management of the ranch fell on her shoulders. Somehow, with the aid of her 17-year-old son, Douglas, who quit school to help, she handled the situation.

In 1939 the acreage and home the family had near Nogales were sold and the proceeds used to build a new home on the cattle ranch and acquire additional adjacent deeded acreage. The primary reason for the sale was that a school had been built in Peck Canyon and new bus routes opened.

World War II commenced and her two sons entered the service. Her son Kendall, a paratrooper, was wounded at Bastogne. Her other son served in the Navy in the Pacific Theater. When the boys returned from the service they noticed that their mother seemed to have aged ten years while they were away. Worrying about her boys was to blame.

During these same war years, her daughter Ruth attended the University of Arizona and met her future husband, Midge Hendrickson, there. Inez continued to teach in various county schools until age forced her to quit.

John died in December, 1967. On the day of his funeral,

the biggest flood in memory was overflowing in Peck Canyon. The road and even the corrals were under water. It was still raining and a cold wind was blowing. Inez, now 74 years old, mounted a horse, and together with her son Douglas and his wife Peggy, rode about four miles to a highway where other family members awaited them.

After John's death, Inez wished to continue living in her own home, even though she was by herself. Loneliness contested with her desire for independence, and both must have loomed large in her last years. Often, in the evenings, she would sit at her piano, playing it with arthritic hands and singing in a voice that quavered with age.

One of the delights in her life at that time was when her granddaughter Sharon would drive to the ranch from Tucson and spend the evening singing with her. Two boisterous grandsons, Tom and Jimmy Cumming, also helped to enliven her last years. They lived nearby and were in and out of her house several times a day. She scolded and threatened them, but also read them stories and fed them enorous amounts of ice cream. They were the sons of Douglas and Peggy Cumming.

She also had her own car and insisted on driving it. Late one afternoon, Douglas, as was his custom, drove over to visit with her. She and her car, however, were missing. His first thought was that she might have gone to the grocery store, or was visiting a friend.

As darkness set in, though, worry commenced, and Peggy,

his wife, began making telephone calls, trying to locate her, but to no avail. Real concern now prevailed. The Sheriff's office was contacted and a search began.

On the day she disappeared, a joint meeting of permittees and Forest Service personnel was held at Ted Wilson's Mariposa Ranch. Inez, who was a permittee, knew of this meeting and had made a last minute decision to attend it, but failed to tell anyone she was going, and she did not arrive at the meeting.

It had been several years since she had visited the Mariposa Ranch, but she was able to locate the road leading to it and started driving up it. Soon, however, she came to a fork and probably, because of her poor eyesight, was unable to determine which was the main road. She took the wrong fork and, after traveling a mile or so, realized that the road was becoming impassable for a passenger car. She tried to turn her car around and it became stuck in sand.

Standing by the car, she could hear the distant sound of diesel trucks, and it seemed to her that the simplest thing to do would be to walk to the highway and try to get a ride to Nogales. What she failed to realize, however, was just how far away diesel trucks can be heard. As darkness set in, she was still far from the highway and was trying to make her way down a floodplain that was overgrown with sacaton grass.

As all ranchers know, on these sacaton flats, the

large grass plants form clumps that are hard even to ride a horse across. She began tripping over them and realized that the only thing she could do was to stop and spend the night where she was.

The chill of an autumn night began to creep into the canyon and she had only a light jacket and a scarf for protection. After sitting huddled in the grass for about an hour, she heard an animal approaching. Alone, and in the darkness, she must have been terrified. Finally, it approached close enough for her to realize that it was only a newborn calf. It came up, nuzzled her, then lay down by her side. Throughout the long night, the pressure of the little creature was immensely comforting.

At down, private planes began searching, and within a half hour her car was spotted, and a few minutes later a pilot saw her standing in the grass and waving her scarf. She was rushed to a hospital, but suffered no ill effects, even though the temperature during the night had dropped to 42 degrees.

Inez continued living in her ranch home until near the end of her life. She crossed life's horizon at the age of 85, in the year of 1978.

She had contributed to the education of hundreds of children and raised a family of her own. She was instrumental in creating and holding together a cattle ranch that still exists and is now operated by her son Douglas. She also served a term as President of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles.

Ranch wives usually carry their full share of work and responsibilities, but above all, they add an infinite dimension of love.

Inez Cumming was such a woman.

Written by Douglas Cumming, son

# GRACE KANE CHAPMAN

## PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

I was born in Patagonia, Arizona, March 18, 1905. This little town is exactly where my grandfather, Tom Gardner, had one of his early ranches. He had settled in what is now Arizona, in 1859. He was at that time returning from the California 49'er Gold Rush and liked what he saw here. My parents were James and Mary (Gardner) Kane.

My parents ran a boarding house and restaurant in Patagonia. They had a Chinese cook named Frank, and a maid who helped with the cooking. My mother went blind when I was two years old, but she still took care of everything and ran the restaurant, even baking all the bread served.

We had lots of mining men coming in on the train to go up to the mines -- that is, the Mowry Mine, the World's Fair and the Duquesne mines. There was only one other place around here where people could get rooms and we were always busy. My father also ran a livery stable for people needing horses or rigs for getting up the canyon to the mines.

I attended grade school in Patagonia. Then I went on a train to Silver City, New Mexico to spend a year living with my sister, Ida Epperson. I also attended school there. Then it was time for high school. I moved to Tucson to live with another sister, Louise Archer. As I was the youngest of the ten Kane children, I did have a choice of brothers and sisters where I could stay.

When I was growing up in Patagonia, there were lots of fun things to do. When I was about 11 or 12, I used to get on the train and ride down the Sonoita to spend the weekend with my sister and brother-in-law. My Dad was farming there, raising hay. I used to drive his mules around and around the pump to bring up water in buckets for irrigating.

Later on, the tracks were taken out from Benson to Patagonia, Nogales and Calabasas. On the Sonoita Creek, there used to be a lot of drawbridges across the river. With all of this gone, there was no more transportation along the Sonoita except by car or using horses. Thus ended an era when people around here did their shopping and visiting, using train transportation.

I met Howard Chapman, whom I married, November 4, 1921. I was 17 years old. We lived on his ranch on River Road. It was called the Marsteller Ranch. Our brand was Lazy HI. Two sons, Clifford and Howard, were born in Patagonia, and two daughters, Betty Jo and Marjorie Ann, were born in Tucson. Eventually we sold this ranch and moved back to Patagonia.

While we lived in Patagonia, this time, I was truant officer at Patagonia Grammar School for three years. I also belonged to the Patagonia Woman's Club. With my four children, these kept me busy. My husband's family owned the Yerba Buena Ranch and he helped there. They sold to Jim Finley, who sold to Stuart Granger. This was on River

Road out of Nogales. Now it has been sold again and is called Kino Springs.

Soon we left Patagonia again. This time Howard went to work for Wirt Bowman at the Vaca Ranch in San Rafael Valley out of Patagonia. Mr. Bowman was a pioneer businessman in Nogales and owned the Bowman Hotel and two ranches. Eventually, he sold the Vaca to the Jann's brothers from California. Again, we moved back to our home in Patagonia.

My folks's home in Patagonia burned to the ground. My father decided to drive his team to Silver City, New Mexico to visit my sister, Ida Epperson. While there he suffered a stroke and died. We brought him home on the train to bury him in the Patagonia Cemetery where so many of our family are. My mother died in 1927 at my sister's in Tucson. She also is buried at the Patagonia Cemetery.

We moved to Amado where Howard went to work as foreman for the Sopori Ranch, owned by Mrs. Ann Warner of Warner Brothers. He worked there for several years. We moved again -- this time to Tucson. There my husband, Howard, had a heart attack and died in 1963.

After my husband's death, I stayed in Tucson with my daughter, Marjorie Curtis, for some time. Then I came to live with my eldest daughter, Betty Wisdom. She has two sons; one, Ray, lives in Fresno, California, and the other, Gary, lives in Nogales.

My son Howard lives at Lake Isabella in Kernville,

California. He has a son and daughter. My oldest son, Clifford, and his wife lived in Amado, Arizona. They had four children. He was State Cattle Inspector for Santa Cruz and Pima Counties for 27 years. He died January 28, 1979 and is buried at the Patagonia Cemetery.

My daughter in Tucson, Marjorie, has four children. When it is all added up, the grand total is four children, 11 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

We were always active in ranching. My brothers, Joe, Bob, Jim and Henry Kane all had their own ranches. In 1960 I was elected President of Cowbelles. Carrie Frazier of Elgin was my secretary. She was a lot of help to me.

I have had a good life. I was married for 40 years until my husband died in 1963. Now I am living quietly in Nogales with my daughter, Betty Jo Wisdom. I have heard my mother's stories about her early life. She was also full of stories about my grandfather who came here in 1859.

He was born April 13, 1820 in Buffalo, New York and joined the Gold Rush to California in '49. Apparently he did not find gold, but made a friend there who would long influence his life. This was one of the Mowry brothers who owned the old Corral Viego Mine -- an ancient mine up the Harshaw Canyon which had been worked by Indians for generations. The brothers changed the mine name to The Mowry. Grandfather first settled in Lochiel where, in 1858 he began buying cattle from Mexico and selling them

as beef to The Mowry mine. Thus he established his first ranch.

His next buy was a ranch where Patagonia is now. Then he bought along the Sonoita River. At one time he owned a ranch in Apache Springs in the Santa Rita Mountains where he also had a sawmill and mine. Later he ranched in Gardner Canyon. His life story, as told by my mother, Mary Gardner Kane, and further researched by R. W. Tetzlaff, Editor of Wrangler (San Diego Corral of Westerners) is fascinating reading. Indian fights, runaway horses and horse racing filled his life until his death in 1906.

Editor's Note: "Tom Gardner's descendents are still ranching in southern Arizona. Mary Gardner Kane left 10 children. Others of the Gardners' ten children also left sizable numbers of children. Stories as that of old Tom calling the Apache Chief, Cochise, 'an old devil' and refusing to shake his hand after peace was established, are legendary in this family."

# FLOYD L. ORR

## PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Floyd L. Orr was born to William R. and Pearl Childers Orr in Silver City, New Mexico on April 9, 1904. William Orr went broke in the cow business during the drought that lasted from 1898 to 1902. He then worked as a butcher in Murrey and Downs butcher shop in Silver City from 1902 until 1906 when he moved the family to McCabe*, Arizona, a few miles east of Prescott. Floyd has lived the rest of his life in this area except for some time in the U.S. Navy.

In 1912 they moved to the Blue Bell Siding south of Mayer where William was a tram foreman for $3.50 a day, and in 1914 they moved on to Middleton*, three miles west of Cleator, where he was a tram foreman of the De Sota Mine.

William Orr -- a native of Nebraska -- was a miner, cattleman and freighter. He hauled the material used in building the Childs Power Plant on Fossil Creek near where it flows into the Verde River. Sometimes he used a double team of 32 head to pull two wagons in tandem, using a jerk line to guide and manage them. He also hauled silver and gold ore from McCabe to Huron* from the Gladstone Mine. He later died at the Arizona Pioneer Home in Prescott.

Floyd's maternal grandfather, Tom Childers, was one of the early-day Supervisors of Yavapai County, about 1910. He was quite a politician and miner. He rode around Prescott and Yavapai County a lot in a one-horse buggy.

* These three old mining towns are no longer -- they are dead and gone.

His main job was superintendent of the Hidden Treasure Mine near Bumble Bee. Childers first came from Kansas to Silver City, New Mexico and then on to Prescott.

Floyd went to school to the third grade in Mayer and then finished the 7th grade at Middleton. That was the end of his formal school education, but he has been learning all his life.

As a boy he carried the mail daily, five days a week, from Cleator to Middleton for $4.00 a month, a distance of three miles each way. This job lasted for three months.

Floyd started cowboying when he was ten years old, working for Angus Douglas in Horse Thief Basin for room and board and $15.00 a month. Board was "hard tack," jerky and coffee. "You had to soak the hard tack in water -- I didn't work for him long," said Orr. (Angus was Ernie Douglas's father. Later, Ernie was the editor of the popular Arizona Farmer magazine for 40 years.) Floyd worked for several other ranchers in the area and also some at the Blue Bell Mine.

He fibbed about his age and joined the Navy in 1919, at the age of 15. Twenty-two months later, in 1921 he was discharged when the Peace Treaty was signed.

In Floyd's father's family there were four boys and two girls. They are listed here in order of age:

Thelma - married to Frenchy Nichols, an engineer on the Santa Fe Railroad out of Prescott and Phoenix.

Bob - ranched all his life near Mayer. First owned the

N Triangle on Milk Creek near Wagoner, on to a forest allotment on Horse Mountain and then the AY Ranch south of Mayer that joined the Horse Mountain ranch. Berge Ford owns the AY Ranch now.

Ernest - ranched some and farmed in the Verde Valley and worked in the mines at Jerome.

Floyd - ranched all his life near Mayer and Battle Flat.

Ruth - was married to Eddie Williams, a former Arizona State Treasurer.

Jack - born in 1910, grew up at Middleton. Ranched some and worked for the U.S. Forest Service and in construction.

Floyd left Middleton in 1925 and went to work for the Stewart brothers, Ben and Mert, who owned the T Anchor  . While there he bought the LX Bar  outfit in Bloody Basin and worked at the Horseshoe outfit under three different foremen, as a subforeman, while working his own place at the same time. He later took over the Horseshoe Ranch and the 6 Bars  to gather out the remnants of the Horseshoe cattle.

The Ryan brothers, Will and Neil, took over the Horseshoe Ranch in Yavapai and Maricopa counties in the fall of 1926. That was the year that Floyd had bought the LX Bar. He sold it to the Ryans in the spring of 1928. He continued on the Horseshoe until that fall, 1928, when he went back to

the nearby Stewart brothers' ranch, the T Anchor.

He left the Stewart ranch in 1929 and bought the Triangle M  Ranch west of Mayer -- one of the oldest outfits in the state -- the old Luke Fleming Ranch in the Bradshaws. After buying the ranch Floyd said, "I had a little bitty outfit and a great big mortgage, but I had a good banker behind me -- Moses Hazeltine of the Bank of Arizona. He was behind me 100 percent."

It was a tough go in droughts and with low cattle prices, but Hazeltine helped him over some rough places -- like in 1933 when he bought 40 head of heifers and most of them were wiped out the next year in the 1934 drought.

Orr told of another time when things got so tough he couldn't meet the mortgage payments and went into the bank to turn everything over to Hazeltine. Orr said, "He looked me in the eye and said, 'Are you a quitter?'" Well, of course, Floyd wasn't a quitter. Floyd said, "Hell no, I'm not a quitter." And Hazeltine encouraged him to keep going, which he did. "When I lost him I lost a friend," Orr said, "He was one of a kind."

The first brand that Floyd Orr owned was the B Bar X  at Middleton in 1917 at the age of 13; he owned it with his father. His second brand was the N Cross  , also at Middleton. His third was LX Bar  in Bloody Basin in 1926. In 1943 he acquired the HAY  with open A, south of Mayer, and brought the Triangle M brand down

to the new ranch, and later this new ranch became known as the Triangle M Cattle Company. It is just south of Mayer and is where Floyd and Bea raised their five children. They sold out in 1958 and Berge Ford owns it today.

Floyd's Triangle M and his brother Bob's AY joined each other for seven or eight miles and each had Forest allotments. The Triangle M was dry and water was very scarce, especially during droughts. The main waters were springs. Later Floyd built three stock tanks and drilled three wells and equipped them with windmills. Most of the ranch was on the Prescott National Forest, but he did have a few sections of state, BLM and deeded land.

In 1927 Floyd married Wilda Gardner. Three sons were born to this union -- James L., Edwin M. and Gary W.

In 1943 he bought the John Surret's outfit and combined it with the Triangle M.

Floyd's first wife, Wilda, died in March, 1945 when Gary was only three weeks old. This created a tremendous problem for Floyd. Here he was with three small boys and a $30,000 mortgage. What to do? Fortunately, he knew a good lady not far away -- Nora Beatrice Chamberlain Biggs. They hit it off just fine and got married that summer on August 20, 1945. She had two children but they fitted in very well with Floyd's three boys.

Nora Beatrice was born in Sharon, Oklahoma. Her parents were Don W. and Annie McDonald Chamberlain. Don

was a farmer. Annie was born in Tarrant County, Texas in 1888. Her parents made the "run" into Oklahoma Territory in 1893.

When Floyd and Bea got married in 1945 they had five little children between them. They are listed here:

| Year Born | Age in 1945 | What They Are Doing Now |
|---|---|---|
| 1930 | 15 | Floyd's Jim, a government coyote trapper in Arizona. |
| 1935 | 10 | Bea's Anita Marie Swift, works in a Title Company in Cottonwood. |
| 1936 | 9 | Floyd's Edwin "Pat", ranched some and rodeoed a lot all over Arizona and nearby states. In 1984 he won the World's Champion team roping at Amarillo, Texas in the 40-50 year-old age group. He has a beautiful saddle and belt buckle to prove it. He lives in Camp Verde. |
| 1938 | 7 | Bea's Robert E. Biggs, manager of TG & Y store at Lake Havasu City. |
| 1945 | 0 | Floyd's Gary, construction foreman in Alaska and California. |

Floyd and Bea look back over their trials and tribulations in raising their five children and feel proud of what they have accomplished. Floyd said, "I think we did a pretty good job -- none of them are in jail." Indeed, they have done a good job. In thinking back over the years, Floyd says of

Bea, "She has been a wonderful wife and mother these past 40 years." And Bea chimes back, "And he has been a good husband and father."

As a kid Floyd watched ropers using 60-foot scores. Later this went to 30 feet which it was when Floyd was roping.

Floyd has always loved to rodeo, but when he was a young man he was too busy ranching and raising a family to do much, except he'd always manage to get to the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo, WORLD'S OLDEST RODEO, every Fourth of July. The last time he roped in the Prescott Rodeo was in the 1930's. He figures all the time he roped that he came out ahead -- that is, he won more money than he paid in entry fees.

Floyd's first wife, Wilda Gardner, had six brothers -- all dead now. They were all ranchers; one in Nevada, the other five in southern Arizona. The five in Arizona have all been money winners in roping at Prescott. They are: Asa, Jim, Alton, Melvin and Claude Gardner. In 1926 Jim Gardner won the breakaway steer roping and was All-Around Cowboy, too.

In 1925 Floyd and his brother, Bob, placed seventh at Prescott in team roping. Then in 1929 he and Claude Gardner averaged 19 seconds on four steers and still were 17 teams out of the money. Ropers were good then, too. There were 150 teams that year and Arthur Beloat of Buckeye was Arena Director.

Quite often in years past, Floyd and his son, Pat, have won at various father-and-son ropings throught Arizona.

Besides calf and team roping, wild-cow milking and wild-horse racing were Floyd's favorites. The wild horses came direct from ranches like the Horseshoe, Quarter Circle V Bar, Yolo and others. They were wild and rank. The racers had to go all around the half-mile race track to win. Calves used for roping in the 1920's and 1930's were big -- maybe yearlings. It took a lot of grunt and shove to throw one.

One time at Perry Henderson's arena at Dewey, he entered the wild-cow milking. Everything went fine and he carried the bottle of milk back to the judge on his horse and was disqualified by the timer, Jim Minotto. But he still won because rules then did not say that one could not ride back; they later were changed.

Every year the Prescott Frontier Days organization invites Old Timers as their guests for one performance. Old Timers are those who competed in Prescott in the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's. They must be living in Yavapai County or nearby Wickenburg. Last year, 1985, Floyd Orr was recognized and honored as an "Old Timer" for having been a contestant for 60 years since 1925. The crowd really applauded and it made Floyd grin from ear to ear.

Floyd had a lot of respect and admiration for Wid Fuller, a long-time friend from Strawberry and Camp Verde. Wid won the calf roping in Prescott in 1928 and 1943. Several years

ago Floyd and Wid were in the cattle business together, in a small way. He loved to work with Wid. He especially liked to watch him rope calves at the rodeo and on the range because he used such a big loop. Sometimes the calf would just run right through the loop before Wid could gather it up.

Floyd remembers one day on the Horseshoe outfit, "We were working, trying to gather wild cattle out of Cottonwood Creek, east of the Verde River. We had our hold up on Wet Bottom Mesa. Wid and I were shortstops, trying to turn this bunch of cattle into the hold up. They came right over the top of us. I roped a maverick cow seconds later. Wid roped three steers in one loop. I heard him yelling for help. I looked over and saw him and began to laugh -- it looked so funny. By the time I got my cow tied down, one of his had gotten loose. We tied the other two. Wid was a very scared cowboy with three steers at the end of his tied-fast rope. It could have been a nasty wreck."

Over the years, Floyd was a member of the Yavapai Cattle Growers and the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. In addition, he served 16 years on the Prescott National Forest Advisory Board and another 16 years as a District Supervisor of the Upper Agua Fria Basin Soil Conservation District.

He is a past president of the Yavapai County Farm Bureau, served as chairman of the state Farm Bureau budget

committee, past vice-president of the Mayer's Lions Club, served one year as captain of the Verde Valley Rangers, helped to organize the Lonesome Valley Sheriff's Posse, and served as captain for three years.

When Floyd and Bea sold out, he retired and they moved just south of Mayer on Big Bug Creek. He continued to be active in community affairs and in helping neighboring ranchers until a couple of years ago.

Floyd Orr is in pretty good health at age 81 and really likes to reminisce about the "good old days" in ranching and rodeoing. He is one of the last of the "Old Time Cowboys" in the area. He is a born cowboy and will die one.

An interesting article by Claudette Simpson appeared in the Westward Section, Prescott Courier for March 20, 1981, entitled, "Cowboy Nearly 77 Years Old, Floyd Orr Has Not Put His Horse Out To Pasture, Nor Hung Up His Saddle." A few quotes and excerpts from that article follow:

> "Some people call him cowboy'. And of all the old-time cowboys around the Cleator area, Floyd Orr is the only one left. He will be 77 years old soon.
>
> "'My horse is nearly as old as I am', Orr said. 'He will be 20 now pretty quick. My old saddle is about fallin' apart too.'
>
> "The thing is, Orr has not put his horse out to pasture, nor hung up his saddle. He's still using his cowboy skills - especially with the Lonesome Valley

Posse, a group he helped start. He is frequently called upon to help in a search because of his knowledge of the country. The last search was near Crown King when a seven-year-old boy went off into Hell's Hole.

"For about four years in his life he raised roosters to enter in the cockfights in Phoenix. 'I was a bad hombre,' he grinned.

"He had a good friend from California who used to come out here for deer hunting. His friend liked cockfights and used to talk about them to Orr. When his friend died, Orr went to his funeral in California. There were all those roosters and nobody knew how to take care of them so Orr said he would take them back with him. 'I didn't know a thing about them,' he said. But he learned. There were no cockfights in this area, so he took them to Phoenix.

"When asked how he trained the roosters, he said, 'You don't train them - it's bred into them.'

"Floyd continued, 'I had a hen named Blondie. I was offered a hundred dollars for her chicks. I had eight roosters out of that hen and fought them several times for a total of 40 times.'

"His cockfighting endeavors sort of came to a halt when his wife unknowlingly cooked his old $50

hen in a stew pot."

The lead article in the September 4, 1985 Mayer Tribune was, "Cowboy Recollects What Life Was Like," written by Shawn Cameron who, with her husband, Dean, is a partner on the Horseshoe Ranch with her parents, Louis and Billie Wingfield. Excerpts from that article follow:

> "When the Orr family lived at Bluebell Sliding, south of Mayer, from 1912 to 1914, Floyd watched cowboys, who had gathered cattle from the rugged mountain ranges, push their herds to the Mayer stockyards for shipment each spring and fall.
>
> "The stock pens and railroad were located where the community center now stands.
>
> "Cowboys, cattle and railroad trains attracted much of the town's attention as bawling cattle were prodded up a chute into railroad cars that left the station twice a day for two weeks during roundup season. 'There were usually eight cars to the train,' Orr recalled.
>
> "In 1912, Floyd with his brothers, Ernest and Bob, would mount their burros and ride to help the incoming herds of cattle reach their destination. His memories are vivid of those hilltop meetings southwest of town where they would wait for six or seven hundred head of cattle coming from Charley Hooker's Horseshoe Ranch, then one of the largest outfits in the area.

"It was often difficult to push the cattle through the busy streets into the corrals.

"'The saloons were on one side and houses on the other and we had a heck of a time getting cattle to the pens,' he said.

"In 1921 after a 22-month stint in the Navy, Floyd once again sought ranch work. He found a position at the Triangle M west of Mayer, but tempers flared and he was gone six months later.

"'I got mad. I was breaking a horse there - a good horse. I got home one night and Frank Mankitrick had traded my horse to Charley Dandrea for a sorry old thing,' Orr said. 'I unsaddled, sat down and told "old man Kit" that a fellow who would trade a good horse for an old two-bit fleabag didn't need a cowpuncher,' he stated, gesturing with his left hand, which has portions of two fingers missing.

"Orr, who likes to rope, said a roping accident took the tip off his little finger, but the middle one was lost in a corn husker and shredder on John Surret's ranch.

"'Surret dry-farmed 25 to 30 acres of corn to feed his animals,' he said. 'It used to rain here and a person could grow a lot of things. I remember when Grover Lessard grew watermelons on the present

Bill Gates' ranch.'

"After the accident, he returned to Middleton and gained a position with Jim Cleator at the Cleator store.

"'I got a kick out of that. The store sold everything - horseshoes, groceries - I'd talk to all the miners and Indians that came in, but I was a rancher and didn't stay long.'

"The roving cowpuncher worked on various local ranches, but the biggest roundup he ever rode was the one that began in the spring of '25 and lasted five years. That was at the Horseshoe Ranch, previously owned by the Coburn brothers, which ran from east of the Bradshaw Mountains to the Mazatzal Mountains east of the Verde River at the time. Cowboys gathered 19,000 head of cattle there between 1925 and 1930.

"A loan company forced the Coburn brothers, who had run into financial difficulty, to liquidate the herd. Bill and Neil Ryan were taking ownership in the fall of 1926. The ranch was divided into two parts for the roundup.

"During the massive undertaking, several men worked as foreman, including Beve Burleson, who was killed in a truck accident near Dewey in the summer of 1925, then came Harry Kennedy, next Jim Gardner, then Pecos Edwards, then Bruce Barnes and last, they sent for Arthur Heath of Camp Verde, 'Who was considered one of the best wild

cowmen in the area,' Orr said.

"Wild cattle had accumulated in the roughest parts of the ranch because the cost of their removal was more than their market price. No roads existed into Bloody Basin then, and the terrain was rough.

"'I was six weeks with six men gathering over 400 head of wild cattle off of our part,' Orr said, 'which we drove horseback to Cordes Siding.' He continued, 'Of that 400 head there were 98 big steers from 2 to 6 years old.'

"Floyd and his wife of 40 years, Nora Beatrice (Bea), now live south of Mayer next to Big Bug Creek. Roundup memories are still alive for the miner's son who lived the full life of the cowboy."

Based on an interview by the writer, Danny Freeman, with Floyd L. Orr on October 9, 1985

MARY IRENE GLENN

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Mary Irene came to Arizona by train along with her father, Calvin, her mother, Bessie, and her brother, Ross. They arrived in Pearce, Arizona in 1906. At that time her father was a manager for the CCC Cattle Company on the West Well Ranch. He had been in Arizona as early as 1888 and had previously been a ranch foreman for the Chiricahua Land and Cattle Company. At the time of their arrival, he had purchased the Noon Ranch which was located six miles west of Pearce near the Cochise Stronghold.

They stayed at the West Well Ranch pending the construction of a fine ranch house on a hill overlooking the Noonan spread. Bessie personally supervised the installation of a hardwood floor (a real luxury in those days), and the curing of that floor with hot linseed oil which brought out a high shine. Subsequently, she was frequently chagrined at various social functions when exuberant guests felt moved to actually "dance" on her masterpiece.

Mary Irene tells that the original owner of the ranch, Mr. Noonan, had been tarred and feathered by the Indians for some transgression, either real or imagined. Her father bought the ranch from one of his survivors in 1909. Mr. Noonan was buried out on the open range, and her father felt it was only fitting to enclose the grave site with a sturdy

fence to keep the cattle off.

While they were living on the ranch, they attended the one-room schoolhouse located at the base of the Stronghold. The teacher, Helen Benidict, held forth over some 30 students and taught all subjects. The schoolhouse was a social center for all the people in the area and the scene of elaborately decorated box suppers, dances, etc. Mary Irene says many romances blossomed there.

Helen Benidict later became the county school superintendent. Helen's father was a circuit preacher and often filled the little schoolhouse to capacity with local worshippers.

Mary Irene remembers that the ranch was rich with water and pasture by Sulphur Springs Valley standards. Down the hill from where the house was situated there was a large tank that served the children well as a swimming pool, thank you! On the other side were the troughs and corrals for the livestock. It was at this tank that the aforementioned Reverend Benidict plied his overly zealous baptismal routine, often leaving the newly saved to fear for his or her longevity.

She later attended school in Willcox, Flagstaff, and the San Jose Teachers College.

L. EVELYN GLENN

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Evelyn was born in Pearce and is the younger sister of Mary Irene mentioned below. By the time she came along, the family had a house in Pearce as well as the ranch house. The house in town had been known as the "gray" place and she remembers sturdy adobe walls, large cool porches, and several wonderful fireplaces. Out behind the kitchen was a sort of pantry which was thick adobe but also had walls that were insulated with a sawdust compound, causing it to be quite cool even on hot summer days.

She remembers fondly their hone on the Noonan Ranch. There was a stream nearby that ran often and the plentiful water from the well. She tells of a traveling repairman who went from ranch to ranch repairing windmills. He was known as Ike Dedman, and had originally come to Arizona with her father to work for the Chiricahua Land and Cattle Company. She says she can still taste that pure cool water from the "ollas" hanging on the porch.

Evelyn would accompany her brother, Ross, and sister, Mary Irene the three miles to the one-room schoolhouse in the buggy. She was too young for school but was lonesome when they were gone so was allowed to tag along.

While the Noonan was fortunate to have ample pasture, one year the neighboring ranches were hard hit by drought.

Since her father also had a ranch in New Mexico, the Glenn Land and Cattle Company north of Silver City, he drove his herd of 800 to 1,000 head up there. This way he was able to let his neighbors run their cattle on his range in order to survive. A cattle drive of this magnitude was no small occurrence, and as a result, people came from miles around to see them off, and were treated to an afternoon of barbecue and comradery.

The Arizona Place-names mentions Calvin Glenn as the namesake for the highest peak in the Dragoons, "Elevation 7512," Mount Glenn after Calvin Glenn. It is believed that General Miles Stronghold Heliograph Station was on this peak.

Evelyn attended school in Pearce, Willcox, and the San Jose Business College.

BURT MORGAN

COOLIDGE, ARIZONA

Burt was born August 11, 1897 at the Mule Shoe Ranch, Hooker Hot Springs north of Willcox, Arizona. He was one of four children of Wiley and Amanda Morgan. Wiley owned and operated the Mule Shoe Ranch, which he later sold, and bought a ranch at Klondyke, Arizona. He branded the  . (Y6)

Burt grew up in the ranching business and filed a homestead in Copper Creek at the big spring in 1916, running the brands of I Cross I (  ) and F Slash J (  ). The land was all open range and he worked roundup from Winkleman to Benson.

On June 30, 1920, Burt married Mollie Young, also of Copper Creek and the daughter of George and Mattie Young. George Young was a miner and worked for Phelps Dodge in Bisbee, Arizona where Mollie was born on December 17, 1902.

Burt and Mollie ranched at Copper Creek until 1928. They started raising their family which consisted of two sons, George and Howard. George was born June 30, 1921 in Willcox, Arizona and Howard was born February 7, 1924 in Winkleman, Arizona. They lived in Prescott and Tucson respectively. They also raised a nephew, Melvin McClintock.

In 1928 Burt bought the Wood Canyon Ranch in the north end of the Chiricahua Mountains around Cochises Head. He bought the ranch from Rich Bendell which consisted of deeded

land and a Forest Permit. He also bought the lease on 30 sections of State lease land in the San Simon Valley that joined the ranch. When Burt moved from Copper Creek to the Chiricahuas, it took 14 days and eight or nine cowboys to move the cattle and horses. They traveled over the Galiuro Mountains to Klondyke, then to Willcox, Bowie, and on to the Wood Canyon Ranch, around 140 miles.

I have a story to pass on that Burt told me. He and Lupe Salazer were working for Giff Allaire at Klondyke, branding mavericks. They were staying at the ranch and Mrs. Allaire was cooking for them. She made them a pie every day, until they had gone three days and not caught a maverick. She told them the next morning, "No maverick, no pie." Burt and Lupe had been gone but two or three hours when they jumped a maverick and Lupe was about to rope her, and he started hollering, "Pie today Burt, pie today Burt."

In 1933, during the depression, money was hard to come by so Burt and another rancher at San Simon, by the name of Charley Gardner, decided they would put on a rodeo. They gathered up old timbers and all the heavy gates they had at the ranches and made temporary chutes and a holding corral near San Simon. Burt and Charley, with all their hands, ran wild horses for about a week and caught enough horses and colts to use for bareback riding, and they roped the colts in the team roping instead of steers.

They had no arena so the cars lined around, making the arena. It was pretty wild but turned out to be a huge success. Their wives, Mollie and Eudora, cooked and served barbecue, cold slaw and beans which were enjoyed by all.

Burt ranched at Wood Canyon until 1941, selling out to the Stansberry Brothers from San Angelo, Texas. After selling the ranch, he and the family moved to Tucson and lived until 1944, at which time they moved to Elgin where Burt got a job running the Houston Ranch for the next two years.

In 1946, Burt and Mollie moved to Nogales where he worked as a foreman on the Mexican border, patrolling the line from Sasabe to Montezuma Pass for the hoof-and-mouth disease.

In 1952, Burt went to work for Wayne Taylor, a long-time friend, running the 15 and the 96 Ranches out of Florence, Arizona. After working for Taylor several years, he bought a small farm south of Collidge at Randolph, Arizona, and went to work for the Livestock Sanitary Board as a cattle inspector. Burt married Alta Sorg in 1967 while living at Randolph. When he reached the age of 70, the Board had a mandatory retirement and was forced to retire as cattle inspector. He wasn't ready to retire so he went to work for West Coast Feed lot for several years at Casa Grande.

Burt decided he would venture into politics, so he ran for Constable of Coolidge and was elected. He served two terms and was elected for a third term but was forced to

retire due to his health.

Burt was a member of the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboy Association since 1960 and belonged to the Cattle Growers Association for many years.

He passed away April 10, 1985 in Casa Grande, Arizona. He is survived by his two sons, four grandchildren, seven great grandchildren, four nieces and one nephew.

# MOLLIE L. MORGAN

## (DECEASED WIFE OF BURT MORGAN)

Mollie was born December 17, 1902 at Bisbee, Arizona. She was the oldest of two daughters born to George G. and Marrie E. Young. At that time her father was working for the Phelps Dodge mines in Bisbee. He was engaged in mining activities in Southern Arizona for many years.

In 1906 they moved by wagon to Mammoth, Arizona and then on to Copper Creek, which is about eight miles east of Mammoth. There he started the Blue Bird Mine and had a general store. Most of Mollie's schooling was at Copper Creek, except for one year, when she stayed with her Aunt Ella Brown in Phoenix and attended school there.

On June 30, 1920, Mollie married Burt Morgan at Winkleman, Arizona. He was ranching in Copper Creek at that time. He was born August 11, 1897 at the Mule Shoe Ranch, Hooker Hot Springs north of Willcox, Arizona. Burt was one of four children of Wiley and Amanda Morgan, also ranching people. Burt and Mollie had two sons, George Wiley and Burt Howard. George was born June 30, 1921 at Willcox, Arizona, and Howard was born February 7, 1924 at Winkleman, Arizona.

Burt would have to spend many days away from home, taking care of the cattle. Mollie would get tired of staying home, so she would saddle her horse and she and the boys would ride to Sombrero Butte to spend the night with Joyce

Mercer, her neighbor, then return home the next day.

In 1928, Burt and Mollie sold the Copper Creek Ranch and moved to the Wood Canyon Ranch on the north end of the Chiricahua Mountains with their two sons and a nephew, Melvin McClintock. Mollie rode quite a lot at the ranch and loved the outdoor life.

She still spent a lot of time in the kitchen. Mollie was a wonderful cook. She made all of her own bread, and you could always find some cake, cookies or pie in her kitchen. If anyone came by within a couple hours of meal-time, they didn't leave until they had eaten. Besides three boys, there were always other people visiting or staying at the ranch, going to school. One neighbor's boy stayed two school terms, and one of Burt's nieces stayed three school terms, so she had lots of people to cook for and she enjoyed every minute of it.

During the summertime when it was pretty hot, she would make Jello. They didn't have a refrigerator or ice, so she would put it in a pail and let it down in a dug well on a rope, setting it in the cold water until it jelled. When eggs were plentiful in the summer, it seemed as if she made an angel food cake every other day.

Mollie was a hard-working ranch woman, but found time for community activities. She served on the school board at San Simon for ten years, worked on the election boards and was active in church work.

In 1941, Burt and Mollie sold the Wood Canyon Ranch to the Stansberry Brothers from San Angelo, Texas. Then they moved to Tucson and lived until 1944. Mollie was an active member in the State Cowbelles during these years. In 1944, they moved to Elgin, Arizona, Burt running the Houston Ranch until 1946. They moved to Nogales and bought a small place on the north side of town.

Mollie was active in the Baptist Church and a member of the Eastern Star. She helped to organize the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles in 1947 and served as their first president. She also helped organize the Cochise County Cowbelles at Douglas. Mollie was president of the State Cowbelles in 1950 and attended the National Cowbelles Convention in San Francisco of that year.

Mollie moved to Mammoth, Arizona in 1954 and worked in a restaurant for about a year. In 1955 she opened the Copper Kettle Restaurant in Mammoth and operated it for nine years. She sold the restaurant and started selling Fashion-Two-Twenty cosmetics for about the next six years in Globe, Winkleman, Mammoth and Tucson.

She sold her home in Mammoth in 1969 and moved to Tucson.

Mollie passed away November 12, 1970 in Tucson. She is survived by her two sons, four grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. Her son, George, resides in Prescott, Arizona, and Howard lives in Tucson.

# HETTIE LEE GARDNER

## TUCSON, ARIZONA

Hettie Lee was born September 23, 1910 in Fancy Gap, Virginia. She was the third-born child of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dalton.

In 1911, her parents, older brother and sister came west. They traveled by train, first to Los Angeles, California and then back to Elgin, Arizona. There they stayed with some people by the name of Beebe until they got a piece of land where her dad farmed and pastured some cattle on shares. He proved up on 275 acres, built a house, bought a milk cow and two horses and he was in business. They homesteaded in 1916. This place is now the estate of Jewel Maloney. They moved from Beebe's to their new home by wagon. This was costly to her mother. She had all of her good dishes packed in a washtub which jarred off the wagon and broke all of them.

The kids went by horseback to school at Elgin until their mother got a contract to drive the kids to school in a buggy, pulled by two horses. Her dad squeezed out a living until 1926, and by then had a good-sized dairy herd. He peddled milk to Nogales every day for several years. As the settlers left, he bought their places until he had a section of land. They also had eight children by 1925.

Hettie met Reagen Gardner while he and his family were

living on their ranch southeast of Elgin. This is now used as a Research Ranch. They were married in Tucson, Arizona on June 8, 1927.

Reagen was born February 9, 1906 in Douglas, Arizona on the Mud Springs Ranch. He was one of seven children born to Jennie and Charlie A. Gardner, who were married in Tombstone in 1889. He attended grade school in Douglas and Vaughn, and high school in Tombstone.

After Hettie and Reagen were married, they moved to Bisbee where he worked for the Phelps Dodge mine.

In 1928, his parents sold their ranch southeast of Elgin to N. E. Clark and bought the Old English Ranch, now known as The Singing Valley Ranch, ten miles north of Sonoita. Some time later, Hettie and Reagen moved close by. By then they had two children, Edwin Reagen, born March 30, 1928, and Monta Carol, born June 9, 1929. He worked for wages and also for his father for several years and they accumulated 50 head of cattle. They branded  (Swastika Bar).

They eventually leased the Dalton homestead. Hettie took care of the cattle while Reagen worked out. She remembers one of the cows having a calf and it was nursing another cow. She went eight miles by horseback to get a neighbor who was a veterinarian, but he didn't know anymore than she did. Reagen came home the next day and straightened them out. Hettie fed the cattle supplement feed every day while he was

gone. A person gets to know the cattle after seeing them every day. Along with the cattle, Reagen also raised some good quarter horses.

Within a few years they sold their cattle and moved to Patagonia. Then they moved back to Sonoita into the Highway House where Reagen worked for the State Highway Department for several years. Hettie became the new Postmaster at Sonoita in 1952.

Ranching had not gone out of his system, and about 1954 he got a job managing the High Haven Ranch north of Sonoita. They had a good life on the ranch, helping neighbors with their roundups and neighbors doing the same in return. Also, they had lots of grass fires and the ranchers had to put them out themselves. Wherever the fires were, they all worked together. The wives always fed the man, day or night. People depended on each other then, more than they do now.

Reagen and Hettie were active in community affairs while they were living around the Elgin-Sonoita area. Hettie was one of the earlier members of the Elgin Ladies Club, at that time made up only of women, and a charter member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles. The women of the Elgin Club started out cooking and serving food at local functions, such as rodeos, fairs and horse races in order to raise money. Hettie was the ramrod of many of these work days in the kitchen. To this day this club is still doing this. Eventually this was changed to the Elgin Community Club and the

men joined along with the women. Hettie and Reagen each served a term as president.

Reagen was involved with the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association for 39 years, putting in many hours of volunteer work toward improving the Association. Although it was a lot of work, he got lots of pleasure from it. One of the halls on the fairgrounds is dedicated in his name.

Ill health forced them both to retire. Hettie retired from the Post Office after nearly 19 years of service, and Reagen retired in 1972. They moved to Tucson where they owned a home.

Reagen passed away April 3, 1977. Hettie sold her home and now lives at The Cascades Retirement Center in Tucson. Her children and their families also live in Tucson. There are seven grandchildren and ten great grandchildren.

# MARGARET AND BRYAN TATUM

## PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Margaret Tatum was born Margaret Bracken at Jackson Center, Pennsylvania, June 16, 1909. She attended school there, completing the first eight grades in six years. Around that time, Margaret's parents decided to move to Arizona. So, the Brackens -- parents, son and daughter, Margaret, packed up and moved to Cartwright, an area that is now part of Phoenix. The year was 1921.

The family liked it in Cartwright. People were friendly to them, doors were never locked and the family settled in to stay. Margaret attended Phoenix Union High School. After high school, she attended Tempe Normal School (now called Arizona State University). Margaret was able to stay at home, hold a job and attend school. She graduated in 1932, anxious to become a teacher.

Steven Bryan Tatum was born March 9, 1908 in Dyersburg, Tennessee. His parents brought their son -- who has always been called by his middle name, Bryan -- to Arizona a year later. They lived at Rittenhouse, later called Queen Creek. Bryan's father had been a lawyer and legislator in Tennessee but preferred to teach. He had a contract to teach at the grammar school. At this time, there was no high school in Glendale. His father taught Vocational Agriculture and, at the same time, experimented with and raised crops on his farm. The family grew to include

four younger brothers and a sister.

Bryan's earliest memories of Arizona include stories of ostriches. These birds were big business at that time, as the feathers of the adult birds were in great demand to trim ladies' hats. Huge incubators were used to hatch eggs and keep the supply of ostriches at top production.

Another local industry was bootlegging. Bryan remembers four times the Feds raided stills operating in the area. Through all this, the Tatum family continued to raise their sons and daughter, farm their farm, take part in community activities and the father continued teaching.

Bryan attended elementary school in Glendale and then went to Gilbert High School. From there he went to the University of Arizona, majoring in horticulture. During his last year, he also added a few livestock classes.

The Tatums were farming in an area called Queen Creek. In 1931, Mr. Tatum died. That same year Bryan graduated from the University of Arizona with a major in Agriculture. He felt it was his duty to return home and do what he could to keep the family going. Almost everything the Tatums had accumulated was lost. Bryan tried to farm and to hold any jobs he could get to help his family. He says he worked such long hours that it seemed he never slept. Sometimes when he couldn't last a few hours more, he would lie down by one of his irrigation ditches and catch a little nap.

Neighbors and friends did what they could to help. His

mother, brothers and sister also did everything they could. Eventually things stabilized and the family was on even keel. Bryan had managed to buy back most of what was lost. As he worked day and night to keep his father's family going, he often thought of his father saying that he wanted none of his boys to go into politics or be lawyers, as all he had known of either bunch had been crooks.

What happened next is a story that has been repeated many times in Arizona. A pretty young school teacher got a contract to teach in Queen Creek. One of the young men she met was Bryan, and so in 1936, Margaret Bracken became Mrs. Bryan Tatum. They continued to live and farm in that area. A son, Joseph, joined the family.

Cotton growing was becoming big business around that area. Yields and prices were up, and seed money easy to get. The Tatums also had a few cattle. One year with a very good cotton crop, they could not get their fields picked and had to pasture acre after acre. Bryan says there were many crops he could raise cheaper for pasture than cotton. And so the Tatums began to increase their herds and cut down on the farming.

In 1951, the Tatums decided they were tired of farming and wanted to go completely into ranching. They bought a ranch south of Globe. This place was known as The Bar Flag Ranch but had been previously known as The Dripping Springs Ranch. They used the Bar Flag brand with the Bar—— on

the shoulder and the Flag  on the back quarters.

The Bar Flag ranch was located in rough country. The Tatums had bought and planned to run crossbreds. These cattle did not do well in this rough country and they began replacing them with the white-faced Herefords who did much better. A problem that plagued them was the theft of their cattle by miners. A nonranching friend told Bryan that the miners were bragging that they were stealing them blind.

He talked to one miner who was running a skip loader for the mining company. The man said he had only finished fifth grade. He had to wait so long between loads that he took a paperback with him to read as he waited. He said he figured it was OK for the miners to steal and butcher cattle, as all miners worked so hard and the ranchers had little to do, as everyone knew all a cowman ever did was sit back and let his cattle grow.

During this time, Bryan had a serious accident -- one that affects him even today. He was trying out a partially broke horse he was considering purchasing. His son, Joe, had brought some friends to go on a javelina hunt. Bryan thought he would follow with the horse he wanted to try out. The others rode on and Bryan came to a rough spot. He tried to turn the horse, and was immediately bucked off. Then the horse turned on him, striking at him with shod feet. The mare then gave him a violent kick and took off.

Bryan was badly hurt. When he finally was able to get

up, he realized that he was standing on the bone of his leg and that his foot was lying off to one side, connected to the leg in only one place. Finally he managed to tie strips of his shirt around the foot and started to crawl home. Fortunately, a man had come to check on a well and found him. He put Bryan in the truck and got him home where Margaret rushed him to the hospital. He was there for six weeks, leaving Margaret and Joe to run the ranch.

The accident, the rough land and the constant theft of cattle had all been difficult. An opportunity to sell came, and they quickly accepted. The Tatums then purchased the Bear Valley Ranch north of Nogales. The Valley and ranch was so named because the valley was shaped exactly like a bear. Only one bear has ever been sighted there.

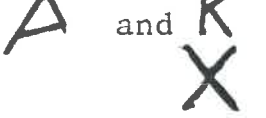
Things went well there. The older Mr. Tatum had raised his children to be conservative in using the land. Bryan had learned early to respect the land, care for it, and not overgraze. As they had a forest lease, they were in frequent contact with the Forest Service.

Again, a story with which many an Arizona person will sympathize, happened. The troubles of ranchers and Forest Service in our state have been so many and so varied that they do not need repeating. It seemed everything they did was wrong with the Forest Service. Margaret was once told that her yard and house must always be ready for inspection. If cattle bunched up -- as cattle will do when put in a new

pasture -- it was called "overgrazing". If a cow got near a forest camp campground, they were called.

Margaret and Bryan talked it over many times and came to the conclusion that the constant problems with the Forest Service were not worth it. Steve Gruella wanted to buy the ranch and they sold. They decided to return to Bryan's first love -- farming -- and bought a farm near Rodeo, New Mexico. The state line between New Mexico and Arizona runs through this area, and so their property was partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona.

Farming was not the pleasure to them that it had been years ago. There were wetbacks all the time. When the "mojados" started not just asking for food, but specifying that they wanted meat, bread, hot coffee and a sweet, Margaret decided to stop feeding them. A young couple bought the farm from the Tatums. Shortly after, the couple were murdered by wetbacks who fled in their pickup and have never been apprehended.

The Tatums retired, buying a home in Patagonia. Bryan walks a lot to keep his injured foot in shape. They both attend the Community Church and enjoy visits from Joe and his wife Judy and granddaughters, Janice and Jolyn. They have enough land that Bryan can do some work with the plants he loves. Both the Tatums enjoy their friends and neighbors and seem very happy to be retired after the active lives of ranching and farming. Their brands were  and  .

HELEN PARKER HARRIS

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Helen Parker was born May 18, 1909 at home in the San Rafael Valley in Santa Cruz County. Parents of the new little girl were Katherine Wood Parker and William Duke Parker. She had an older sister and later another joined the family. The three little girls were Joyce, Helen and Vera.

Helen Parker's great granddad had gone through the Huachuca Mountains with a group of young men on their way to get rich in the 1849 Gold Rush to California. He remembered the beautiful mountains. After returning home to his wife and two sons, he kept thinking how he liked the West. They met up with some others who also felt that way, and a wagon train was formed and the families went off to California. Helen's great grandfather was the wagon master of the train.

After a few years in California, the family left and came to Arizona to settle in the Huachucas. They settled in the canyon that bears their name -- Parker Canyon. Both boys married and had families. So as the three little girls were growing up on their father's ranch -- now called the KiHeka -- there were many relatives around them. One very special person was a cousin, Emily. There were always lots of children around the area. The youngsters in the families

seemed to have often spent time at each other's homes or gathered at their Parker grandparents.

Helen's very special pal was her cousin, Emily. Vera and Joyce were often around, but it seems Helen and Emily had a special knack for getting into mischief together. When the two little girls were five years old, the local school needed two more pupils in order to open for the fall and winter. It was decided that Emily and Helen would go, in order to increase the enrollment. There was a desk shortage, so these two shared a desk. It was hard for the teacher to know which one was doing what. The man teacher would pull the hair of whomever he thought was doing something wrong. Helen and Emily got their hair pulled, though often as not, he got the wrong girl. This kept them mad at the teacher.

The reader will enjoy some of Helen's escapades. Once she and Emily were at their grandmother's overnight with some other cousins. In the morning they were playing with a kitten. One cousin who was somewhat overweight, got out of bed and stepped on the kitten, killing her. Emily and Helen insisted the adults not be told, but that the two of them would give the kitten a real funeral, with singing and preaching. With the dead kitten in a box, they led the way to the Parker family cemetery and started to dig in the soft dirt over their grandfather's grave. Grandmother came to find out what all the noise was about. She grabbed the kitten and threw it away and ordered everyone to the house.

On another visit, Helen and Emily found an ear syringe. Not knowing what it was, they decided to give the kitten -- a different one this time -- an enema. After a few minutes of this treatment, the cat took off and was never seen again. This had been grandmother's favorite cat, and she called and hunted, but no one ever said a word about what they had done.

All the many Parkers were ranchers. Butchering was the job of the men, but whenever possible, Helen was in the midst of it all, getting into all sorts of little problems.

On a visit to their grandmother's, Emily, Helen and an older girl were asked to gather the eggs. They found an unusually high number of eggs that day. As they started to return to the house, they saw someone come up to the front of the house and knew there would be company when they got there. They thought it would be very embarrassing to go up with all the eggs, for, as Emily and Helen said, someone might think they had laid the eggs themselves. They quickly tucked all the eggs into the legs of their bloomers and started sedately to the house. One girl said she could not walk, but Helen and Emily "egged" her on. Suddenly, they all got excited to see who was there and started running. Of course, the inevitable happened, and the girls arrived, drenched from their waists down with broken and running raw eggs. This time even Helen's mother was angry.

Another time Emily and Helen went into an extra room where a lot of clothes had been stored. An older sister

was with them. They found an old corset and talked the sister into putting it on. Emily and Helen pulled and tugged at the laces, bracing themselves against the sister. Just as they finished tying all the laces, sister fainted dead away. Very scared this time, they raced for Helen's mother who cut the laces and tore the corset off. With a little help from her mother, the girl resumed breathing.

As Helen and Emily went back and forth between their homes and their grandmother's, they were together almost every day. One day, Helen's mother made taffy. The girls were mad about something and decided to run away. Putting the taffy in an old bucket, they set out. However, they came to the Santa Cruz River which was running high. It was dark, deep and cold, so they decided they had had enough of running away, at least for that day.

Helen says she had a real fun childhood and it was great growing up on the ranch. One last episode turned out not to be so much fun. The two were out in Helen's father's garden. He was watering it deeply and told the girls they were not to set foot in there. He finished, saddled his horse and left. Of course, immediately, Helen and Emily were in the water wading around. Helen felt a tickle on her legs and it was her father with the reins of the horse. He was furious and danced the reins lightly against their legs all the way to the house.

Many of the pranks of the two young girls happened at

their grandmother's house. Grandmothers in those days must have been very much like some today -- very tolerant of anything the grandchildren did. She lived in an old house where the elder Parkers had finished and moved to in 1881, on the day Helen's father was exactly one year old. They ran the A- brand. That old house is still doing well. Most recent occupant was Grover Kane.

When William Parker went to Nogales, the children always gathered round to await his return in hopes he brought some little goodies. One day they waited and waited, until finally, a big, black car came into view. Cars were very rare those days and all the family was wild with excitement. When they saw it was their dad, they could not contain themselves. He said he bought it at a car agency, but had no idea how to drive it, so the salesman headed it in the right direction and he had finally gotten home with it. So the Parkers had their first car.

Helen's mother learned to drive the car but was never happy with it. Her story is an old Arizona one -- where schoolteacher meets local rancher. In her case, she had come to teach a year at Elgin, and there Catherine Wood met William Parker. She taught no more until Helen was in the eighth grade and the black car had come to their home. No other teacher was available, so Mrs. Parker agreed to teach that year. Her husband thought she should drive the car. She never trusted it, especially when it came to cattle

guards. She never got over that fear, but drove the car all winter. Helen and Emily were her students. She kept them very much in line, and all the other students claimed the two girls only passed because of Mrs. Parker. Besides many Parkers in the school, the Lewis children attended there. Grete and Blaine were in her class.

Helen's father lost the ranch soon after this. They moved to Nogales where Helen's mother had a teaching contract. Helen went to school in Nogales for two years, then her mother got a job in Scottsdale. Helen finished high school there. She went to Tempe Normal School, now Arizona State University, for two years, and left with her teacher's certificate. And so, at 19, she went to Protero, out of Nogales, to teach. The usual thing happened -- she met a young man, Levi Harris, who was working as Sheriff in Patagonia. They married January 28, 1933. Richard joined the family January 24, 1934, and a daughter, Jan, arrived March 3, 1936.

Helen says her children were good kids and never gave her a bit of trouble. Also, she found them to be very interesting youngsters. Helen stayed home to raise them. Soon the Harris family bought the HF ranch between Tucson and Sahuarita. Cattle and cotton were the crops here. Later the ranch was sold and the store at Sahuarita purchased.

The Harris family moved to Tucson, then back to Patagonia. When Richard started school, it was at the school outside of Nogales, long called Little Red Schoolhouse. His

teacher was his grandmother. The family moved back to Tucson, where Levi was a building contractor, and the children attended school.

After Richard and Jan were grown, Levi and Helen went to see Indian Hot Springs. Helen's mother, who taught near there, had attended the opening. They liked the old three-story hotel where people came to bathe in the hot spring water, so Levi took the job of managing it. The building was full of skunks. The children and their families came for Christmas there. A three-week-old granddaughter had a skunk run over her. About this time, they decided to return to Patagonia.

Levi worked at various building ventures around town. He remodeled the house where Helen lives now, and worked on the Big Steer Bar -- a building which is still in the family. Levi died in 1976. Helen lives in the same house where they had lived so long. Richard and family also live in Patagonia. Daughter Jan and family live in Tucson. The family has grown and now Helen has six grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Helen is a lively, alert person. Listening to her stories and watching her black eyes flash as she told her stories, I can well imagine that she was indeed full of mischief when young. I can just see her hanging onto the back of the horse, Old John, as she rode to school behind her sister. In fact, it would be no surprise to find out

she is plotting some new mischief.

This story could not end without telling that Emily grew up, became a teacher, married, and must have settled down. Emily Gray School in Tucson is named for her, to honor her years as principal there.

# OLLIE AND EDDIE HAMMOND

## SONOITA, ARIZONA

Ollie Hammond met Edna Quickel on a blind date during his college days and knew he had found the one girl for him. This is not an unusual story, but what makes it different is that they had lived in close proximity to each other all their lives. When their wedding guest lists were put together, they had both asked the same people, with the exception of their own relatives. But each says they had never heard of or seen the other before. This was the result of living two different lives.

Olander Hammond, Ollie's father, was an enterprising young man who sensed opportunity when he saw it. A rancher's poster, "Go West, Young Man," sent him to the Dakota Territory to homestead. He reached an agreement with the rancher, homesteaded, proved up on the land and sold it to the rancher at some profit to himself. He repeated the process. Then Olander and three cousins homesteaded adjoining lands, building a one-room house with a corner in each young man's land. After proving up, they again sold to the rancher.

At 26, homesteading and cowboying were old stuff, so Olander returned to the midwest "well heeled" and looking for another good opportunity. The first job that came his way was with a small paper company selling their products to stores around the state. His prettiest customer refused to

marry "a traveling salesman," so the Dakota money was invested in a paper company of his own. The wedding followed. Olander Lyman Hammond, Jr. was born March 7, 1905 in Taylorville, Illinois -- the youngest child and only boy in a family of four children.

Young Olander attended public schools, graduating from Taylorville Township High. Two things bothered him -- his name and his stature. After hearing all the many variations of his name, he finally declared he was to be called "Ollie," a name which still sticks to him. Before college, he decided to work in the paper mills for a year. During this year, Ollie grew six and one-half inches and gained 87 pounds. The paper business was fascinating. He worked incognito during that time.

Paper at that time was made of straw. It was easy to blow a hole in it. Also, the effluent from the mills would kill neighboring cows. Olander, Sr. had a great respect for the land -- probably as a result of his Dakota years -- so he paid for the cows and looked for a better way. He changed to Norwegian wood pulp that had to be brought in over the St. Lawrence Seaway. The new paper was superior and very strong. The E-Z Opener Bag Company patented the now well-known paper grocery sack with a square bottom. The sacks also were made for other products, as flour and sugar. Ollie worked at his father's various plants and in the different departments. Young Ollie was busy and happy, but felt the time had come

for college.

Ollie enrolled at the University of Illinois. No longer thwarted by his size, he signed up for football where he made the Freshman Varsity team and sometimes scrimmaged with Red Grange. Olander, Sr. died during this year. Ollie was left enough money to continue his education with no worries. He joined Chi Phi and an honorary fraternity, Keromas. College was the right choice for this young man. He enjoyed the studying, the social life, the fun and games. He was involved in all parts of college life. On graduation, he was given a Second Lieutenant Commission in the U.S. Cavalry -- the result of four years in R.O.T.C.

Meanwhile, Edna Elizabeth Quickel, born in Decatur, Illinois, October 2, 1905, was growing up in a different world. The family had five children, three boys, Edna and a sister. The girls led a very sheltered life. Edna attended all-girl schools. Her friends were carefully chosen for her. With her family, she traveled a lot and spent her summers at the family summer home on Lake Macatawa. Dancing lessons, both toe and ballet were considered necessary by her mother. Her mother insisted she perform at various clubs and social events. Like a good daughter, Edna did this, even though she hated it. At St. Mary's in the Woods, an all-girls boarding school, Edna was Queen of the May. After St. Mary's, she was sent to a finishing school, Penn Hall in Chambersberg, Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1927, Edna's family picked out a very nice, very rich young man to whom she became engaged. One weekend Ollie found himself in trouble, as he had made dates with several girls. A friend talked him into ditching them all and meeting a girl whom he thought very nice. And so Ollie, the carefree young man with the exciting life, met the charming little blonde, still on crutches from a bobsled accident. He was captivated as she shyly insisted he must meet her mother and father before she would be allowed to leave the house. Neither of them ever doubted that this was to be. On July 4th they became engaged, on August 23, 1927 they were married in Holland, Michigan and honeymooned in Canada.

Ollie still had one year of college to finish, so their first home was nearby. They say they were the most popular chaperons around. Who wouldn't like a fun-loving young couple instead of a settled older couple at a dance or college event?

Ollie had a habit of calling up that he was bringing someone home for dinner. Usually it turned out to be more than one. "Eddie," as she was now called, found a butcher who would choose cuts of meat for her and give detailed instructions for the dinner. She seems to have learned well. They were busy and happy.

When Ollie finished college, they went -- as had his father -- "out West." In Colorado, they stopped for Ollie to take a summer school course. The Hammonds arrived in Los

Angeles on October 7, 1928. Ollie, whose degree was in Ceramic Engineering, went to work for Eljer, a company manufacturing bathroom fixtures. The company was beset with unrest, and Ollie, ever challenged, worked on personnel problems. In six weeks he became superintendent. He asked for a raise, but got instead, a two-weeks' notice.

Coors Pottery, a very small ceramic company, next hired Ollie. The boss, Herman Coors, was called to Colorado to settle an uncle's estate. Mr. Coors called back to say he would be staying in Colorado to run his inheritance -- a brewery.

GMAC financing provided Ollie's next job. He went door to door to promote the refrigerators. The idea of a Frigidaire dealership appealed to Ollie, so he inquired about the possibility of a franchise. The boss replied, "Where would a young squirt like you get money for that?" Ollie replied that he would write the check that minute. The boss said the franchise was not for sale. However, when a salesman friend of the Hammonds inquired later in the day, he was able to purchase the business with money supplied by Ollie. Desmond/ Hammond Ltd. was an active business until sold at the start of World War II.

The restaurant business had always appealed to Ollie, so he backed a man in the business. That restaurant and two others became his property, and so were developed the famous Ollie Hammond Steakhouses of Los Angeles. Ollie did no

cooking, but his close attention to the details of fine food and his high standards for service, added to the restaurants' reputation. Once the headwaiter was asked what famous people had come to eat there, and he replied that he did not know any who had not. Hammonds were the "in" places to get steaks. As no reservations were accepted, even the rich and famous stood in line for one of his meals.

During this time, Eddie, a descendant of three Mayflower pilgrims, became known for her activities in Daughters of the American Revolution, Crippled Children's Association and other civic groups. Ollie was busy with Rotary and Masons. He holds many awards from both these groups. They were named to Los Angeles Blue Book. But fame has a price and Ollie had ulcers. After three major surgeries, the Hammonds headed for Arizona for some recovery time. Ollie was drawn to this state by remembered stories of his father's cowboying.

The Hammonds stayed at the Flying V Guest Ranch in Sabino Canyon, riding most days and liking Arizona more each day. One day, with hosts Patsy and Lyman Gillam, they set out for Tombstone, but were intrigued with the idea of cutting down from Highway 80 to Sonoita. At Thurbers, they went in but could find no one. Soon, a man in heavy work clothes, gruffly called out, to know what they were doing there. After some verbal give and take, the man said, "I'm Thurber -- into the house for a drink." Eddie and Patsy were left in the cold car. Carrie Thurber came out, really scolded the men, and

brought the women into the warm house. Thus began a friendship that is still strong today.

The carful of adventurers moved on to Ed LeGendre's store and asked where to find Sonoita. "This is it," explained LeGendre. The next stop was the Wagon Wheel Bar in Patagonia. Eddie -- she of the sheltered life and finishing schools -- had been taught a lady does not enter a bar. The roomful of Mexicans intimidated her, but everyone, especially High Shumake, the owner, were nice so she relaxed and enjoyed her drink with the others. They then had a hamburger and apple pie at Hilda Blabon's little cafe, and on to both towns of Nogales. Arriving back in Tucson, they decided to look for land to buy. They wanted the Douglas ranch but Lewis Douglas would not sell. However, another long-lasting friendship was formed.

They went from a stay at Flying V to a stay at Dorothea Meig's San Rafael Valley Ranch and on to Hedgecock's Los Encinos in Sonoita. They had not found the land they wanted. Harold Thurber suggested the Mimi Abbott place. An offer was made which was promptly rejected. Ollie replied that they would be at Los Encinos for a few more days. Soon Mimi appeared with Dr. Klene. After a little chitchat, Dr. Klene said suddenly, "We accept your offer." The deal was quickly finalized, and almost as quickly, the Abbott/Klene marriage took place, and the new family moved to Carmel, California. The Hammonds were now ranchers in Arizona, taking full title on April 6, 1946, with Harold Thurber, Jr. as foreman.

Owing property and businesses in both California and Arizona, meant the Hammonds were spread between both places. Their closes friends at the ranch were the Frazier, Douglas, Boice and Thurber families. When the President called Lewis Douglas, to ask him to be Ambassador to England, the only phone in the area was at Frazier's service station. After Mr. Douglas finished taking the call, word spread quickly about his job. He went to the Hammonds to invite them to visit him in London. Eddie eventually took him up on the offer. In London she went to a reception at the Embassy. When her name was announced, Lewis Douglas let out a yell, "Here is my neighbor from Sonoita, Arizona." She was honored by her treatment while there.

The Hammonds bought the Diamond S (  ) and ILT ranches which adjoined their own. Additionally, seven other ranches were leased. Their purebred cattle -- Herefords -- did well. When a steak eater in one of his restaurants asked Ollie if this was homegrown meat he was eating, a fellow Rotarian answered that it was not, as Mr. Hammond wanted no "beef" about serving his customers "a bum steer" from his Curly Horse Ranch.

Getting to the ranch from Tucson was difficult. Many of us well remember that winding, twisting, bumpy and rocky road, most famous because of the number of persons who got car sick while traveling up and down the mountains on the way to Sonoita. Finally, Ollie put in a small airstrip. After

flying to Tucson, Hudgin Air Service flew them to the Curly Horse. This was reversed at the time they went back to Los Angeles.

Eddie found life in Arizona primitive and different. They had a mail hang where they placed outgoing mail in a bag. A small plane flew low, picked up theirs with a hook, and dropped a bag of incoming mail. Eddie decided to raise some hogs, chickens and turkeys. The fat from the hogs was rendered and mixed with ashes for homemade soap. She sold eggs, until an inspector from Phoenix came with papers for her to complete, for a business license. She tore them up and said to the man that she had just that moment gotten out of the egg business. Thus ended Eddie's pioneering efforts.

In 1979, the Hammonds decided to leave Los Angeles and become full-time residents of their beloved Curly Horse Ranch. Seven months later, they were asked to return, to be in attendance at a restaurant awards banquet. Ollie was surprised to be named outstanding restaurateur for the last 50 years in Southern California. After being handed the Mike Roy Award, he went straight to his seat. The master of ceremonies said he had never thought he would live to see the day Ollie Hammond was speechless. For the first time since an early job of selling Fuller Brushes door-to-door, Ollie says, he was just too stunned to think of what he should say.

The Hammonds are living quietly, now, in what was once a guest house. Their large home is still not finished. Eddie, at present, is recovering from another operation on the knee, injured so long ago, before meeting Ollie. For his part, he spends much time taking care of Eddie's needs and doing some cooking, taking time to do things his way. They are "easy-time ranchers" now, with the pastures filled with beautiful purebred Herefords, there on a lease agreement with Norman Hale. The cattle share their pastures with the mixture of native grasses -- mostly Love and Gamma -- with herds of deer and antelope which roam the place. Eddie has a large tank of gold-fish. They keep quarters ready for relatives and friends who visit from time to time.

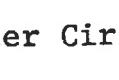
Eddie is improving, and is still the small blonde, bub-bling with charm, wit and intelligence. Ollie remains enchanted with his bride of 58 years. He also is witty and full of stories. His memory amazed me. He can remember the exact date he bought a certain car, a pair of boots, or whatever. He told this reporter that he is retired, but, like his father, if an opportunity comes along that interests him, I am sure he will jump right in. In fact, when I mentioned the well-built, but empty horse stables, he started out, "Now, what I think I will do there is . . . . "

The Curly Horse is an old ranch. Only three families have owned it -- the Blacks, Mimi Abbott and the Hammonds. The ranch is named for an early horse that had a curly mane and

tail. Although neither Hammond could verify it, apparently part of their land was part of an early Spanish land grant -- the Babacomori. The list of those who have cowboyed for the ranch reads like "Who's Who" of Santa Cruz cowboys.

Additional brands: Backward CHP (  )

Lazy E (  )

Quarter Circle (  )

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Conley, Richard, Grace L. Patagonia, AZ
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Eicks, Beulah, McNeal, AZ
Eicks, John, McNeal, AZ
Elkins, Mark, Ina Mesa, AZ
Ellison, Buster, Globe, AZ
Enzenberg, Oscea, Sonoita, AZ
Escalada, Jose, Nogales, AZ
Escapule, Joe, Tombstone, AZ
Eslick, Rhaeta, San Diego, CA
Evans, A.A., Ethel Tempe, AZ
Evans, Myrl Pyle, Payson, AZ
Fairchild, Florence, McNeal, AZ

Fitzpatrick, William, Higley, AZ
Flake, Gerda, Mesa, AZ
Fletcher, Pete, Wickenberg, AZ
Foote, Gerald, Safford, AZ
Foremaster, Lindau, St. George, UT
Foremaster, Phillip, St. George, UT
Frerichs, W. F., Hazel C. Phoenix, AZ
Fritz, Kathleen, 1896 Clifton, AZ
Fulcher, Maggie, Duncan, AZ
Fuller, Sr., Lester, Phoenix, AZ
Gardner, B.A., Willcox, AZ
Gardner, Eudora, Kingman, AZ
Gardner, Gail, Delia Prescott, AZ
Garrett, James, Tubac, AZ
Gatlin, Ella, Silver City, NM
Gayler, Manerd, Nogales, AZ
Gibson, Frank, 1898 Snowflake, AZ
Gillet, Carrie, Globe, AZ
Gilpin, Florence, Safford, AZ
Glenn, L., Phoenix, AZ
Glenn, Mary, Phoenix, AZ
Godard, Frank, Camp Verde, AZ
Gomez, Floyd, Casa Grande, AZ
Goswick, Merl, Mayer, AZ
Gray, John, Safford,, AZ
Greve, James, Clara E. Phoenix, AZ
Haby, Merle, Willcox, AZ
Hamlin, Agnes, Phoenix, AZ
Hammond, Jr., Olander, Edna Elizabeth Sonoita, AZ
Hampton, Lena, Payson, AZ
Hancock, Avy, Cornville, AZ
Hansen, Delbert, Joseph City, AZ
Hardy, , Prescott, AZ
Harris, Helen, Patagonia, AZ
Harrison, Frank, Tucson, AZ
Hatley, Virginia, Willcox, AZ
Haught, Mae, Payson, AZ
Haynes, Ethel, Apache Junction, AZ
Healey, Ila, Hereford, AZ
Henness, Kelvin, Louise Casa Grande, AZ
Herridge, Mittie, Kingman, AZ
Hillbusch, Cecil, Aurora, CO
Hinton, Bert, Ft. Thomas, AZ
Hittson, Virginia, Globe, AZ
Hodges, Lou-Ella, Rimrock, AZ
Holder, Babe, Payson, AZ
Holt, Raymond, Kingman, AZ
Honnas, Lottie, Tucson,, AZ
Hopper, Dale, Scottsdale, AZ
Houser, David, Melba Willcox, AZ
Hoverrocker, Linnie, Duncan, AZ
Howard, John, Lucy M. Lakeside, AZ
Hudson, Harry, St. Johns, AZ
Humphrey, Jack, Copper Basin, AZ
Hunt, John, Pine, AZ
Hutchison, Sam, Elizabeth Phoenix, AZ
Irving, Anna, Prescott, AZ
Irving, Violet, Mesa, AZ
Jeffers, J. C., Holbrook, AZ
Jeffers, W. B., Holbrook, AZ
Jelks, Jefferson, Tucson, AZ
Johnson, Ethel, Vail, AZ
Johnson, Sophia, Tombstone, AZ
Jones, Albert, Nevada City, CA
Jones, C. A., Myrth Payson, AZ
Jones, Ella, Kingman, AZ
Jones, Inez, Patagonia, AZ
Jones, Mildred, Phoenix, AZ
Josh, Norman, Tucson, AZ
Joy, J., Marjorie Blue, AZ
Joy, Mary, Kingman, AZ
Kambitch, William, Rodeo, NM
Kaufman, Fred, Beulah Phoenix, AZ
Kelley, Josie, Globe, AZ
Kendall, Gladys, Tombstone, AZ
Kennedy, Hy, Phoenix, AZ
Kennedy, Ruth, Phoenix, AZ
Kennedy, Vernon, Francis Duncan, AZ
Kimble, F. C., Douglas, AZ
Kite, Luther, Chino Valley, AZ
Kleek, Jess, Phoenix, AZ
Kolbe, Walter, Helen Tempe, AZ
Kuykendall, Kate, Elfrida, AZ
Lamoreaux, Ruth, Chandler, AZ
Lann, Sr., Burell, Chandler, AZ
Larson, Moroni, Safford, AZ
Lawhon, Josephine, Bowie, AZ
Lazar, Willbanks, Payson, AZ
Lazear, Joe, Florence, AZ
Lazear, Joe, Florence, AZ
Lazear, Ola, Payson, AZ
Lee, Katharine, Blue, AZ
LeSueur, Ila, 1900 Eagar, AZ
Leverton, John, Scottsdale, AZ
Lewis, Blaine, Laure Patagonia, AZ
Lindsey, Eunice, Tombstone, AZ
Lockwood, Sara, Globe, AZ
Logsdon, Bill, Fay Kingman, AZ
Long, Marshall, Buckeye, AZ
Lund, Jacob, St. Johns, AZ
Lund, Miles, Billie Mesa, AZ
Lund, W., Catherine Mesa, AZ
Lyons, Frank M., Blue, AZ
MacDonald, Marguerite, Green Valley, AZ
Marley, Kemper, Phoenix, AZ
Martin, Ida, Payson, AZ

Masse, Pete, Prescott, AZ
Matley, Albert, Prescott, AZ
Matley, Johnnie, Prescott, AZ
Mattice, Warner, Janet T. Pima, AZ
McComb, Esther, Willcox, AZ
McCombs, Jack, Willcox, AZ
McDougal, K., Yuma, AZ
McGee, Charlie, Chino Valley, AZ
McIntyre, John, Patagonia, AZ
McKee, , Buckeye, AZ
McKeen, Hugh, Vista, CA
McKelvey, Wilmer, Duncan, AZ
McLain, Lloyd, Globe, AZ
McMillan, E. E., Elgin, AZ
Medd, Jack, Yarnell, AZ
Meisterhans, Emel, St. David, AZ
Mendival, Pete, Benson, AZ
Mendivil, Claude, Benson, AZ
Mercer, Joyce, Mammoth, AZ
Michelbach, Albert, Flagstaff, AZ
Miller, Allen, Philena H. Snowflake, AZ
Miller, Archie, Tolleson, AZ
Miller, Clara, Prescott, AZ
Miller, Leroy, Youngtown, AZ
Miller Eads, Clara, Douglas, AZ
Miller, Sr., Cecil, Tolleson, AZ
Mills, Andy, Willcox, AZ
Mills, Elton, Prescott, AZ
Mills, Margoret, Phoenix, AZ
Mills, Marion, Willcox, AZ
Mitchell, Grace, Prescott, AZ
Moody, Edwin, Thatcher, AZ
Moore, Ellis, Faye Clifton, AZ
Morgan, Burt, San Manuel, AZ
Morgan, Burt, Coolidge, AZ
Motley, Inez, Cottonwood, AZ
Mudersbach, John, Cottonwood, AZ
Muldner, Clara, Glendale, AZ
Mulleno, Harvey, Kingman, AZ
Murdock, , Camp Verde, AZ
Murphy, Lee, Prescott, AZ
Myers, Claire, Casa Grande, AZ
Neal, William, Pine, AZ
Nelson, Mattie, Phoenix, AZ
Nix, Norma, Mesa, AZ
Norton, Bill, Phoenix, AZ
Norton, Sr., John, Scottsdale, AZ
Nuttall, Jean, Tombstone, AZ
O'Connell, E., Phoenix, AZ
Orr, Floyd, Cornville, AZ
Ownes, Almon, Show Low, AZ
Page, Brainard, Tombstone, AZ
Parker, Fay, Patagonia, AZ
Parker, Port, Sedona, AZ
Parnell, James, Geraldine Phoenix, AZ
Parrish, Ruth, 1906 Gilbert, AZ
Patton, Minnie, Skull Valley, AZ
Pavey, Jaunita, Kingman, AZ
Pehl, Luke, Chino Valley, AZ
Pemberton, Henry, Pearl Prescott, AZ
Percy, Raymond, Pearl Peoria, AZ
Pfluger, Peter, Buckeye, AZ
Phillips, Eula, Duncan, AZ
Pieper, Josephine , Winslow, AZ
Pieper, Laura, Globe, AZ
Porter, L., Heber, AZ
Potter, Kittie, Clifton, AZ
Prochnow, Raymond, Marie Sun City, AZ
Pyeatt, Roland, Elgin, AZ
Randall, Lena, Mesa, AZ
Reed, Levi, Ruth B. Phoenix, AZ
Reidhead, Margaret, Phoenix, AZ
Rix, Marcellus, Leona Pearce, AZ
Robb, May, Deming, NM
Roberds, Birt, Douglas, AZ
Roberts, Edith, Buckeye, AZ
Roberts, Roach, Wickenburg, AZ
Robinson, Dick , Geniva S. Sun City, AZ
Sainz, Jesus, Solomon, AZ
Sanders, Armon, Myrtle Safford, AZ
Sands, John, Glendale, AZ
Sasser, Bob, Phoenix, AZ
Sasser, Floyd, Prescott, AZ
Saunders, John, Globe, AZ
Schivers, Vinnie, Cottonwood, AZ
Sexton, Anna, Skull Valley, AZ
Shannon, Elizabeth, Clifton, AZ
Sharp, Dora, Prescott, AZ
Sharp, Reginald, Springerville, AZ
Sheppard, Mildred, Buckeye, AZ
Shilling, Irene, Pearce, AZ
Skousen, K.K., Chandler, AZ
Sly, L. A., Buckeye, AZ
Smith, Homer, Florence C. Yarnell, AZ
Smith, Lois, Phoenix, AZ
Smith, Rocky, Blanche Cochise, AZ
Smith, Ted, Hereford, AZ
Sproul, Irene, Douglas, AZ
Stevens, George, San Carlos, AZ
Stevens, Lucy, Patagonia, AZ
Stratton, Raymond, 1888 Snowflake, AZ
Stringfield, Garnet, Prescott, AZ
Stuart, W. R., Phoenix, AZ
Suter, M., Chandler, AZ
Sweikart, , Buckeye, AZ
Swyers, Gladys, Patagonia, AZ

Talley, William, Estella M. Kingman, AZ
Tatum, Steven, Margaret Patagonia, AZ
Taylor, Leona, McNeal, AZ
Taylor, Richard, Valda May Payson, AZ
Thomas, George, Bosie, AZ
Thomas, Herman, Pinedale, AZ
Thompson, John, Grace L. Valentine, AZ
Thurber, H. B., Sonoita, AZ
Townsend, Emma Mae, Arivaca, AZ
Traynor, Annie, Silver City, NM
Traynor, Annie, Tucson, AZ
Traynor, Bertha, Tempe, AZ
Turbeville, Loy, Phoenix, AZ
Turley, Charles, 1900 Woodruff, AZ
Turley, Wilma, Mesa, AZ
Turner, Noel, Patagonia, AZ
Tyson, Lela, Phoenix, AZ
Udall, Orma, Springerville, AZ
VanDeren, Earl, 1906 Sedona, AZ
Vanell, Loy, Show Low, AZ
Voigt, Helen, Eagar, AZ
Waddell, Pearl, Duncan, AZ
Walk, James, Prescott, AZ
Walker, Allen, Cottonwood, AZ
Walker, Dixie, Tucson, AZ
Walker, Frances, Bisbee, AZ
Waring, J. D., Mary V. Flagstaff, AZ
Wear, Bessie, Willcox, AZ
Webb, Virginia, Rim Rock, AZ
Weekes, Charles, Violet M. Bagdad, AZ
Weiler, Edward, Laveen, AZ
West, Lavern, Show Low, AZ
Whilan, Rosalia, Patagonia, AZ
White, L. C., Edith E. Wickenburg, AZ
Whitehead, Charles, Elfrida, AZ
Whitehead, Elizabeth, Elfrida, AZ
Whitehead, Richard, Kirkland, AZ
Whiting, Ernest, Holbrook, AZ
Wilbanks, Dallas, Payson, AZ
Wilky, Marie, Prescott, AZ
Williams, Effie, Benson, AZ
Willis, Pearl, Snowflake, AZ
Willis, Sr., O.B., Velma N. Clifton, AZ
Woody, Cleo, Buckeye, AZ
Wright, Arthur, Duncan, AZ
Yarbrough, Myrtle, Kingman, AZ
Yourgules, Juan, Patagonia, AZ
Zaleski, Bessie, Bisbee, AZ
Zorrilla, Jesus, Thresa Clifton, AZ

# C O V E R

FRONT - TOP to BOTTOM - LEFT to RIGHT

GABRIEL OCHOA ANGULO

HOMER & FLORENCE SMITH - Patagonia, AZ
LAURA Sorrells BERGIER, Patagonia, AZ
JOHN P. SANDS - Glendale, AZ

BURT MORGAN - Coolidge, AZ

MARGARET & BRYAN TATUM - Patagonia, AZ
MARY IRENE GLENN - Phoenix, AZ
SALENA E. BROWN - Payson, AZ

BACK - TOP to BOTTOM - LEFT to RIGHT

MARGARET Wise MacDONALD - Green Valley, AZ
OLLIE & EDDIE HAMMOND - Sonoita, AZ
MR. & MRS. KLIEN KIMBALL SKOUSEN - Chandler, AZ

L. EVELYN GLENN - Phoenix, AZ
FLOYD & BEA ORR - Cornville, AZ
CLAIRE Champie CORDES - Glendale, AZ

HELEN Parker Harris - Patagonia, AZ
HETTIE Lee & REAGAN GARDNER
WALTER W. & HELEN Reed KOLBE - Tempe, AZ

INSIDE BACK COVER - TOP to BOTTOM - LEFT to RIGHT

INEZ CUMMING
MOLLIE L. MORGAN
GRACE Kane CHAPMAN - Nogales, AZ

LUCY Regan STEVENS - 1927-1983 - Patagonia, AZ
LAMOREAUX - Ben & Myrtle Riggs Archibold Lamoreaux - DAVID C. & RUTH Tenney LAMOREAUX - Chandler, AZ

NADIA Riggs BANTA - Patagonia, AZ
GLADYS A. Nashald SWYERS - Patagonia, AZ
DELIA TURNER - Patagonia, AZ

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