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**Ranch Histories  
of  
Living  
Pioneer Stockman**

**Volume IX**

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#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

On behalf of the Arizona National Livestock Show, I'd like to thank all who contributed to the completion of Volume Nine of the Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman.

Also appreciated is the work of Betty Accomazzo, Chairman of the Arizona National Pioneer Stockman organization. Betty has spent many hours editing stories submitted by the pioneers and their family and friends such as the Arizona State Cowbells.

The dedication demonstrated in this project is outstanding and truly exemplifies the pioneer stockman spirit.

Rick Johns  
President  
Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.  
January, 1987

## PREFACE

The ranch histories of our Arizona Pioneers is a great contribution to the National Livestock industry.

We are greatly indebted to our many friends throughout the state who each year help to complete these ranch histories.

We endeavor to produce these histories through personal contact on each of the Pioneers.

We try to include in each history the ranch names, their cattle branded, patented and leased lands, windmills and water facilities.

It is never possible to give due credit to all that have helped to interview, write, type, and condense the histories.

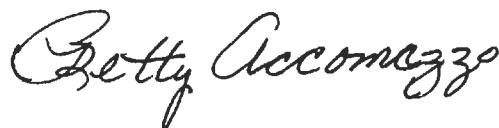
I do want to include the dedicated women from Santa Cruz County: Joyce Wetten, Marka Moss, Hattie Wilson, Peggy Monzingo, Keri Jelks, Marge Anderson, Dorothy Fisher, and Mary Wetzel - and to Virginia Hudson from the Willcox area.

Patricia (Parrish) Harris has volunteered this past year to be the editorial typist in memory and honor to her family, the late Boyd, Phelan and Ruth Parrish. She has also helped to gather histories in the Chandler, Glendale, and Gilbert areas.

We will continue to write the Pioneer histories for future volumes and rely on volunteers such as those aforementioned.

We are also indebted to the Arizona National Livestock Show and contributions toward the book fund so that future volumes will be printed.

Gratefully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Betty Accomazzo". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large initial 'B' and a long, sweeping tail on the 'z'.

Betty Accomazzo  
Chairman of the Arizona  
Living Pioneer Livestock  
Association

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>PIONEERS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
ELLA ADAMS BRADEN .....	1
NEPPIE CLARK .....	5
ALBERT AND GENEVA DOWNARD .....	23
JOSEPH ESCALADA .....	31
ELIZABETH (GIGIE) PURCELL GATLIN .....	37
MARGARET HABY .....	45
MATT AND AGNES HAMLIN .....	47
TRINIDAD (TRINI) AND FLORENCIO (LENCHO) HURTADO .....	49
CLARENCE E. (HY) KENNEDY .....	51
EDWIN NATHAN LAMB .....	63
EUNICE PARKER LINDSEY .....	67
DOUGLAS ROBERT LUGER .....	69
EDWIN E. (MAC) MC MILLAN .....	79
CLARENCE AND EDNA MILLS .....	85
GEORGE EDWARD MONZINGO .....	87
TOM RIGDEN .....	99
LAWRENCE SHATTUCK ROBBINS .....	103
BILL RUSSEY .....	111
WAGNER (WAG) J. G. SCHORR .....	115
FRANCES CHAFFEE SERVEN .....	125
HELEN G. (KRUSE) STONE .....	133
JOHN A. THOMPSON .....	137
WALTON WETTEN .....	145
J. CHARLES WETZLER .....	151
OSCAR BRICE WILLIS .....	161
ALPHABETIC LISTING OF PIONEERS .....	165

ELLA ADAMS BRADEN

(Mrs. James Arthur Braden)

Tucson, Arizona

I was born in Dickens County, Texas, on May 21, 1903, the fifth of six children of Walter Hodges and Mary Adams. We all walked three miles to and from school. If you know west-Texas, you know that it was not always pleasant, and, in fact, the way the wind blows in Texas it was rather grueling. My parents were farmers and as a young girl I could pick one hundred pounds of cotton a day, and have always been proud of that fact.

By the time I was nine years of age my parents loaded all six children and all our worldly possessions into three covered wagons, and headed for Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. I do not remember the number of days it took, but we all had fun. I rather doubt that our parents thought it a great joy, but six lively kids did consider it quite an adventure. Once we arrived in New Mexico, my father bought a small farm and our school days continued. I was very active on the high school basketball team, and was very proud that I became Captain of the team at Ft. Sumner High. It was a great honor and the team traveled to all nearby towns to challenge the other high schools. I don't recall whether or not we won or lost, but it remains one of my fondest memories. Because of my father's health my family moved to Phoenix, and this time we really traveled in style, in a Model T Ford!!! I attended business school in Phoenix and somewhere along the way I endured a short and unhappy marriage which had taken me to Los Angeles, California, and left me with two very small daughters. I did secretarial work and whatever else was available to give us a home.

In the summer of 1927, along with my two daughters we rode a bus to Tucson to visit my parents who were living on a ranch about twelve miles from Sonoita. The ranch they were living on was owned by my brother, Roy Adams, who became

World Champion Calf Roper the very next year at the Calgary Stampede in Canada.

I vividly recall watching Paul Showalter milking a cow and seeing my daughters' mouthed amazement and he squirted milk directly in the mouth of one of them, and I don't think she has ever forgiven him. Until that moment my girls thought milk came from bottles, and that chocolate milk came from chocolate cows. After that summer, I returned to Los Angeles with both the girls. They were in grammar school and I continued to work.

Sometime in 1932, my parents convinced me that life might be a bit easier if we moved to Phoenix, which we did and lived in a little house my father had built. Life was not easy in 1932 for anyone, and if you have ever experienced a Phoenix summer without air conditioning, you know just how miserable it can be. Because my allergies were so bad, my father sent for us and we moved in with them at Sonoita, where he was State Cattle Inspector. Life continued as usual for us except for a wonderful thing that happened. I met and fell in love with James Arthur Braden, known to his friends as Art. Art was at that time a dude wrangler at the Hacienda Los Encinos. He was a true native son of Arizona, having been born in Silverbell on January 16, 1910. He attended grammar school at Sonoita and High School in Miami, Arizona. After rather lengthy courtship, we were married in 1934. We began our life together with two little girls, a Chow dog and a Model A Ford named "Hazel." (Our family eventually grew from two girls.) We had four grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Art's first job after our marriage was at the Three R Mine where he was property manager. The mine had been closed for some years. Our home was a most interesting one. It was built on a ledge where the main part of the house was almost on the ground, and the front of the house was on a ledge. More than once, Art had to crawl on his stomach with a lantern in his left hand and a gun in his right to track down an unwelcome intruder, known as a rattlesnake. One particularly stubborn



rattlesnake eluded him until his second hunt. The snake confronted Art and was immediately shot in the mouth. He always hated rattlers and would go out of his way to kill them. One summer, he killed forty-four. Our years at the Three R were probably some of the happiest in our lives. We drove to Nogales for shopping each week as well as for movies. It didn't take the girls very long to learn how to get to go to a movie. They would follow Art to the pump which was at least a half-mile walk, and never mention the movies. He, of course, knew why they took the walk. Nothing was ever said about a movie until they got home, and then he would say, "Oh, do you girls want to go to a movie tonight?" I think it took the girls a long time to figure out that Art knew their game all the time.

When the Three R sold, we moved back to Los Angeles in the summer of 1937. I was homemaker and Art went to work at the Los Angeles Stockyards. He did not especially like the work nor the city, but I liked it there and he felt the schools were good, so we stayed. In 1941, after both the girls had finished school, we came back to Sonoita where Yvonne was married. Art, Gerrie and I went back to Los Angeles, but it was not long until we returned to Art's beloved area. Sonoita-Patagonia was where he felt at home so he took a job as a carpenter at the Trench Mine and stayed there until he joined the Sea-Bees (Naval Construction Battalion) in 1943 and spent the better part of the next two years on the Marshall Islands in the South Pacific. During that time I managed a government trailer park near the Trench. It was a long, lonesome wait, but at last Art got out of the service in 1945. We moved to Sopori Ranch near Amado and stayed there until it sold. We then spent seven months working on the Guevavi Ranch where Art was manager. He had a wonderful reputation and received many job offers. In 1950, we went to Rancho Vistoso just north of Tucson, and after it sold in 1955 we went to the Jay Six Ranch in Benson. In 1956, we



decided to try something different and for two years we owned and operated the Corner Store in Patagonia. However, ranching remained Art's love and in 1958, we took the managerial job on a ranch just out of Sonoita. For fourteen years we stayed there, and though it was certainly not our most personally rewarding experience, at least we were in his beloved Sonoita hills.

Over the years, we gave many hours as volunteers to the Sonoita Fair, Rodeo and Horse Races, and to the Elgin Community Club. I belonged to the Santa Cruz County Cowbells and played bridge with two different groups of ladies.

In 1972, because of Art's failing health, we left the ranch in Sonoita. Little did any of us know just how much his health had deteriorated. He had always worked so hard and didn't complain, but in April, 1972, he had open heart surgery and was no longer able to ranch or do manual labor.

We bought our first real home in Patagonia in 1973 where we continued living until one night in November, 1978, when Art drove into his beloved hills near Sonoita, as he did each day, and that day he quietly left us, the way he wanted to go. We were all devastated by his passing. At the time of his death, Art was a consultant for Anamex. He was posthumously inducted into the Santa Cruz County Cowboy Hall of Fame, with the largest number of votes any one person ever received. I am sure he was both pleased and amused by the honor.

I sold my home and remained in Patagonia for five years. In 1984, I moved to The Cascades in Tucson, where I now reside.

## NEPPIE CLARK

Elgin, Arizona

Neppie and Newell Clark, during their lifetime, made an enviable record in the annals of cattle raising. They raised Herefords, continually working to improve their breeding program. They also were good neighbors, good citizens and good parents. This is Neppie's story, but it is not complete without including her husband and daughter as well as others in her family. Nor is it complete without recording some of the good and bad times encountered in her long lifetime.

Well, before the turn of the century, John Furney Hickman and his wife, Mary Frances (Riggs) Hickman and their five children moved to a small town in Sutton County, Texas. The 10,000 residents of this town - Sonora - had decided to build a memorable Courthouse and jail. They were well built and are still standing today. The year the buildings were finished another daughter, Mary Penelope, was born on June 1st, 1891. Such a long name for such a small baby - soon everyone was calling her Neppie, and so she was known all her long life.

Neppie's first memories were of Cornhill, Bell County, Texas, where the family lived from 1893 until 1897. Neppie was a small child for her age with very dark brown hair and what she always called "cat eyes." They were brownish-grey with yellow flecks. They darkened as she grew, but even until her death, she had yellow flecks.

Neppie and her brothers and sisters had to create their own toys and games. They made corncob dolls using the husks to fashion clothes and the cornsilk to make hair. They did lots of things such as sliding down haystacks and jumping out of the barn on ropes and swinging out over water. Often, one or more were hurt, but they continued with the games

country children have always played.

It was about this time in Neppie's life that her father, John Furney Hickman, joined the Holy Roller Church. After that he never wanted his children to play games or sing songs that were not religious. Neppie's mother felt that he was too strict and when he was absent, the children did enjoy themselves. The family was musical and loved singing when the father was absent. Neppie also remembers of this period that they had lots of watermelons. They would break one open and eat just the heart, giving the rest to the pigs. They also had lots of cantaloupes, which she also enjoyed.

Neppie was the sixth of seven living children. They had to help pick cotton - a job she hated, especially as she could not keep up with the others. Once she decided to hide out so she wouldn't have to join in the picking, but her father found her and "I never tried that again."

More children arrived until there were twelve. Some did not live long. The family was moved from place to place by their father. The children were expected to go to school, but only when there was no work at home they were needed for. Neppie thinks she probably went to school about half the time. As the older children grew up and left home, Neppie was needed more and more of the time. One of her joys was an old pump organ. She had about 10 lessons, then continued on playing until she taught herself much about music. She loved the organ and played whenever she had a few minutes. She had a special job - churning butter using one of the old churns where the paddles had to be worked up and down. She always felt her somewhat deformed thumbs were caused by this. However, her daughter, who never used such a churn, has the same thumbs.

When Neppie was twelve or thirteen, a new family - the William

Franklin Clarks - bought land and moved nearby. This family had a buggy and always took their children to school. Neppie had always ridden double on an old horse (their only one) with her brother, Lenard, if the horse was not needed at home. Most of the time, that meant that she and her brother walked. After the Clark family moved nearby, the Hickman children always had a ride to school.

Neppie managed about 4 years of schooling, on and off. At seventeen, she got a job working for a family in town caring for two small children. She always said she was mean to the children and made them take their baths in cold water even in the winter. The father of the two little ones was a school teacher and always told her she should be in school. Neppie never did go back to school, but years later when her daughter, Eula Mae, was growing up she always wanted to do the school work along with her daughter. Later, Eula Mae realized that her mother was trying to learn some of what she missed. Neppie's love of learning continued all her life.

Newell Clark, eldest son of the "Boston" Clarks was more fortunate and went through the eighth grade. He had been born January 10, 1890, near Paige in Bastrop County, Texas. As he was growing up, his family often went on trips and usually he had to stay home and do the chores. By the age of ten, he was doing a man's work and continued to do so all his life. One day, his father went on a trip leaving Newell and two of his brothers to do some chores. He arrived back sooner than expected and found that none of the chores had been done. He said, "One boy, a whole boy. Two boys, a half boy. Three boys, no boy at all."

Newell Clark, the eldest of thirteen Clark children, was 5'6" tall, and had dark brown hair and the same eyes as Neppie - that is, both their

eyes had the same yellow flecks in them. He liked the little Neppie, only 5' 2 1/2" tall, and with the same coloring as his own. They became friends and gradually more than friends. Neppie ordered her wedding dress, but it did not arrive. So on November 30, 1909, they were married in the best of what they had. Neppie had made a little lace collar to go on her best dress. They left immediately on a honeymoon, traveling by wagon. Snow began falling, so they stopped and put their bed under the wagon. When they awoke the next morning, the snow had banked up to the wagon and they were snowed-in. What an unusual beginning for married life.

Neppie and Newell moved to a ranch southwest of Seminole, Texas, by about 35 miles. Also living at the ranch was "Boston" and two other of his sons. Neppie, being the lone woman, did most of what was regarded as "woman's work." She cooked, cleaned, mended, washed and ironed. Then she did it all over again and again. She liked to be out with Newell and rode once a week with him to check the cattle. Also, she took her trusty rifle and went to find game for food. She liked to hunt and none of the men did, so she often brought home fresh meat.

Living quarters on the ranch were two one-room shacks. Neppie insisted on having the one with a door at each end. She wanted a way out at the other end if Mexicans came into the house. As it turned out, her fears were baseless, as they were never bothered by the Mexicans. She noted that the men had an unusual way of walking. The first, of course, left his footprints in the dirt as he walked. Each man following walked in the same steps in the dirt. Sometimes, as many as thirty Mexicans walked by leaving but a single set of footprints. Occasionally, the Clarks would find an animal had been butchered. The Mexicans sometimes

left parts of the animal they could not eat.

The Newell Clark's living quarters was the one-room shack with the dirt floor. However, in the hot summers the men always built a sort-of porch so Neppie had shade to cook under. She had no floor, just the packed dirt, but she did appreciate having a cooler place in which to cook for the five of them. All this was hard on an eighteen year old young bride. She had no conveniences at all. The big dirt tank held water for the cattle and for the people. The cattle drank the water and Neppie hauled it by the bucket-full for drinking, cooking, washing the clothes and cleaning.

One night, Newell Clark was away somewhere, leaving Neppie home alone. She could hear a horse coming, but had no idea who it might be. She got out her trusty hunting rifle and aimed it at the approaching horseman. Just then, Newell started singing and she recognized his voice; and so all ended well.

Neppie was certainly a ranch woman, but she did not like the wild horses the men had. Part of the job of the men was to break wild broncos for others to ride. Neppie rode often, but always insisted on a very gentle horse. She would have no part of the breaking and riding of wild broncos.

One problem that arose was that Neppie discovered she had quite a temper. If she became angry at Newell, she went as long as two weeks without speaking to anyone. She must have outgrown this as her daughter, Eula Mae, never recalls her mother pouting or being mad. Apparently, she and her father-in-law "Boston" Clark did not get along well. Neppie thought he tried to "boss her around" and he thought she led his son (Newell, her husband) around by her apron strings.

As she got older, Neppie realized "Boston" was most likely not as bad as he had seemed when she was so very young. She and Newell decided not to have children until they could afford them. Apparently, there was not much ready cash at that time for the young Clarks. When Neppie went to visit "the Clarks in town" she would hide in the back room if anyone came, as she only had two old, worn dresses. Later her older sister, Jane, made a new dress for Neppie.

Neppie was always afraid of being alone on that ranch. She enjoyed riding and took to riding each week with Newell when he went to check on things around the ranch. The days were long and hard, but Neppie loved it. Newell never took water or lunch with them, even though they rode from sun-up to sun-down. She said she often put a stone in her mouth and swished it around to create saliva so her throat would not get so dry. Neppie also enjoyed the days when she and Newell went in the buggy to take the month's supply of food to the sheep herders. One time, no one was in the camp, so Newell and Neppie cooked supper and ate. Finally, they left warm food in the frying pan for the herders. On the way home, they ran into one of the sheep herders. Newell - who did not speak very good Spanish - tried to tell the man he had left warm food in the skillet for him. The man really got a good laugh about that as Newell had managed to say he left the food in the bell. For years, he kept telling of the time Newell left him warm food in the ding dong.

Newell said that most people limited the amount of food their sheep herders could eat. He never did that except for bacon and meat. Neppie said if those foods were not limited, the herders would eat nothing else. But the Clarks always made sure their workers never went hungry. Neppie always made sure their workers never went hungry. Neppie always thought



sheep and lambs were the dumbest animals in the world. You had to have a goat to lead them. They would not cross a bridge until the goat went, then they followed.

Newell and Neppie continued living in the Big Bend part of Texas and "Boston" lived there also with two of his sons - Frank and Preston. They got together and built a house so that Newell's mother - always called Indi - could bring the rest of the children out to the ranch and spend the summers. One night, Newell, his father "Boston" and brothers, Frank and Preston, along with two hired hands went out to move a herd of wild horses. They cornered the animals in a steep canyon, blocking the in and out trails, and then settled down for the night. A hard rain storm came up and they all scrambled to safety. All - that is - except for Frank and Preston. Just as Newell started back for Preston, he saw him being washed towards a sand bar, where he landed in a bunch of cactus. For years, cactus spines would work their way out of his body. Frank had gotten on a large rock and was washed off. All were sure Frank was lost. When he turned up the next day, he had quite a story to tell. He grabbed onto a wild mare and was able to hold on until he reached land, then climbed until he found a cave. He went to sleep. By the time he showed up at home the next day, everyone had decided he had drowned. The next day, Neppie and Newell went out to try to locate some of their gear which had washed away. They found parts of it as far as 25 miles away.

"Boston" Clark had heard stories about Arizona and decided he ought to investigate. With Newell, he took a long trip to El Paso and on to Douglas, Bisbee, and Willcox. They all liked what they saw in Cochise County. After returning home to Texas, he talked a lot about Arizona. However, before he could do anything about moving, his horse ran over a

calf and then threw him. He died as a result of this leaving his wife, Indi, with nine single children at home. Mrs. Clark decided to move to Arizona as "Boston" had planned. She and the children sold everything they could and left for Arizona. In southern Arizona, she and her three eldest sons bought a farm and ranch.

Newell and Neppie, however, decided to remain in Texas and found work as ranch managers for the Downey Ranch. It was a very large outfit. Part of the deal was that they could have cattle of their own on the ranch. Newell's mother, Indi Clark, kept writing them of southern Arizona and urging them to join the rest of the family. So, in March of 1920, Neppie and Newell moved to Cochise, a small town in Cochise County of Arizona. They had their cattle from the Downey Ranch shipped to them. And so, the Clarks went into ranching in Arizona with Newell's mother, Frank and Preston. The Newell Clark's only child, a daughter, was born in 1920 at the home of Newell's mother. The grandmother named the baby Ula Mae. India "Indi" Clark had had thirteen children and raised ten of them to adulthood. Apparently, her experience with babies was the reason Neppie went to her home for the birth.

The Clark family decided that the time had come to get out of the ranching and farming business. Newell, especially, did not like the farming part. They decided to sell their cattle at auction. So far as anyone knows, this was the first cattle auction in the state of Arizona. Dr. Scott of the University of Arizona went to the ranch to conduct the sale. Newell moved his wife, Neppie, and daughter, Eula Mae, to Warren and found work in the Bisbee copper mines. However, he never adjusted (at least his stomach did not) to the changing work shifts. He and several other workers decided to take a correspondence course in

electricity. Newell completed the course with all A's but the others were stopped by math, especially trigonometry. Math was easy for Newell, who taught the math part to the others, and finally all passed the course.

"Indi" Clark and her three eldest sons, Newell, Frank, and Preston were able to sell all their holdings in the ranch and farm. All the Clarks moved to Warren. Newell, Frank, and Preston wanted to ranch - not farm - and together started buying a ranch near Tombstone. Things went from bad to worse. Newell, the one with a job, would use one paycheck for his family of Neppie and Eula Mae and his next check would go to the ranch to help out. Finally, Preston and his wife, Estrella, wanted out of the business. They went to Alabama where he became an engineer. Then, Frank was injured and unable to work at the ranch. It fell to Neppie and Frank's wife, Maggie, to care for the cattle. The cattle were so poor that they usually had to be tailed up. In spite of the two women, many of the cattle died.

All the Clarks living in Arizona always held a big reunion each Christmas. The plan was always the same - Each family opened presents on Christmas Eve. Then the next morning, Christmas morning, as soon as chores could be done, they ate breakfast and headed for "Indi's" home for a day-long celebration. They played games, visited, ate, and had a fun day before heading home late at night to do chores again.

In 1926, Newell was offered the job managing the Sopori Ranch at Amado in Pima County, Arizona. Newell, Neppie, and Eula Mae moved from Warren to the Sopori Ranch. However, that ranch was owned by a family and Newell found he had three bosses, not one, to please. Eula Mae was in school - the only white child in the first four grades. Jack

Everhardt was the only white child in the upper grades. The school, however, worked out very well, but Newell grew increasingly tired of having three bosses who did not always agree on what was to be done. So, the Newell Clark family moved again to Bisbee. Again, Newell went to work for the mines; and again, his stomach would not cooperate. It was time for another change.

Newell wanted to get back into ranching. Finally, he and Neppie decided to mortgage what cattle they had in order to buy a ranch near Elgin. So, on Election Day, 1928, the family moved to a ranch 6 miles from Elgin. They ranched under the brand 7 backwards, Lazy Y,

The ranch was often referred to as the Lazy Y. Between picking up mail and buying groceries, it was necessary to go to Elgin about twice a week. Eula Mae soon discovered that a neighbor, Mrs. Helen Roath, had a large library. She loaned one book to Eula Mae. When she returned it, she could take another. She was very careful to always take care of the book and return it. Soon, both Neppie and Eula Mae were borrowing books. Eventually, Mrs. Roath, Neppie, and several other women in the area decided to form a book club. Each year, the club would buy 12 books which would circulate to members during the year. At the year's end, they drew to see which book each would keep.

Neppie and Newell were a working partnership in everything. They were firm but fair parents. One day the daughter did something for which Neppie thought she ought to get a whipping. She told the girl to get a whip. When Eula Mae returned with one piece of wire grass, Neppie could hardly keep a straight face but went on with the whipping. Afterwards, Newell agreed with her on the punishment. Both parents always stuck

together on discipline which is very important to a child.

Neppie and Newell Clark were good neighbors to all. Neppie always said, "All things work together for good for the person who is trying to keep the Heavenly Father's Commandments." They always tried to lend a helping hand where ever needed - especially to those who were alone. They were always taking food, clothing, and bedding to those who needed it. Gerry Van Gorder nominated Neppie and Newell for the "Good Neighbor" award given by a radio station. They received the award and a radio from the station.

Neppie and Newell were always active in community events also. Neppie - at community suppers - was always helping in the serving line and Newell was one of the men who always waited until others were served before getting into the line.

Neppie fed any who appeared at their ranch. Sometimes, that meant killing and dressing the chickens as well as cooking them. She always tried to keep a little garden so they had fresh vegetables. Ranch work, community activities, helping others, cooking, taking Eula Mae to school, and the usual chores kept Neppie very busy. All the other children who went to the Elgin school rode the school bus. They never did know why that bus would not pick up Eula Mae. Neppie and Newell wondered, but did not complain. One of Newell's sayings was, "We can paddle our own canoe." As Eula Mae was in school, he urged her on with another of his sayings, "If you are right, stick to it even if you have to stand alone. If you are proven wrong, be quick to make it right, including saying you are sorry." Another bit of oft repeated advice was, "The only person who never makes a mistake is the person who does nothing. That is the worst mistake of all."

When the women of Elgin decided that a club for them would be just what they needed, Neppie was one who worked to make the club more than just an idea. The women did anything practical to raise money for the club. The men helped out with the building. Neppie was one of the Charter members. Later on, she and Newell were honored when the Stonen Collie family and others in the area gave them a 50th Wedding Anniversary party at the clubhouse.

Neppie was also a charter member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles when that group was formed. As long as she could, she attended these meetings.

In 1929, the Clark's over 200 head of cattle all came down with pink eye in one or both eyes. When Newell was injured, he could get no one to help out with the place. All the animals needed doctoring, some twice a day. Neppie went at it with what help Newell could give. Eula Mae helped when she could. Times were very hard then. There was lots of work and enough to eat, but the foods Neppie prepared most were brown beans, potatoes, rice, eggs, milk, homemade cottage cheese, biscuits, and cornbread.

Neppie not only doctored the cattle and cooked, but did a lot of sewing. She kept the Clarks looking as well as possible. She was talented at making hand-me-down dresses from relatives and friends look good for the daughter. Eula Mae remembers that she never had a dress purchased from a store until she was in high school. No matter how bad things were, Neppie kept on doing her best. The home was not fancy, coal oil lamps were used and cooking was done on a wood stove which, of course, meant chopping wood. There was no refrigerator, but a food cooler outside the kitchen. The bathroom was an outhouse. Clothes were

washed the hard way - heating water, scrubbing by hand, hanging out to dry, then ironed with heavy irons - the kind with heavy, removable handles which are heated on a wood stove.

As the Clarks had no one to help them, they all had to do their share with the milking, the cattle, the hens, the turkeys, gathering eggs, and the pigs. Also the pastures had to be checked, sometimes the cattle needed additional food, water had to be kept for the animals and mineral salt blocks put out. Cattle had to be vaccinated for black leg, branded, doctored for worms, and sometimes dipped. Heifer calves needed to be dehorned and bull calves had to have weights on their horns to shape them nicely. Newell was very careful with his Hereford breeding program and with keeping accurate records. Fences had to be checked regularly. After rains, the watergates had to be checked, and often repaired. Neppie always had to work on these with Newell, and sometimes Eula Mae.

The Clarks were active members of the Hereford Association and made every effort to upgrade their own cattle. Sometimes there was plenty of money - sometimes they lived on borrowed money. Once, when they could not repay a loan from William Cowan who had helped them obtain the ranch, they went to the Cowans and said, "You will have to come take our cattle - we can't make a payment on that loan." The reply was that Mr. Cowan would not accept that saying he had faith that the Clarks would do better next year. This prediction proved correct.

Water is absolutely vital to ranching. The various water sources, especially at the house, were lots of work. At the house there were two wells and two tanks, one a high galvanized one with water for the house and the other a tank for the cattle. Each pasture also had to have a good supply of water. Eventually, Newell had to get a man to help him



with all the work.

School for Eula Mae was very important to Neppie. Each night she found time to go over everything with Eula Mae. Years later, the daughter realized that Neppie was trying to make up for her own missed years of schooling. Neppie was always interested in learning something new.

When it came time for Eula Mae to go to high school, the family felt it would be better if she went to live with relatives and went to school in Tombstone instead of going to Patagonia Union High. Things were better at the ranch now and Newell and Neppie began to make some improvements. They got gasoline lanterns instead of coal oil. They purchased a propane stove and refrigerator and had a propane tank put in. They also got a propane iron. Still, there was no hot water or inside plumbing. Even with the new appliances, Neppie had lots to do. After two years in Tombstone, it was decided by a family conference that Eula Mae would come home again. Each morning, she drove to Elgin, then took the school bus to Patagonia. That was repeated in reverse after school. That made a 54 mile round trip each day. Leaving before daylight and getting home after dark gave her no time for much except school work. Again, Neppie happily studied along with Eula Mae. She and Newell continued to learn all their lives.

During all this, Neppie found the time to attend the two clubs which so interested her - the Cowbelles and the Elgin Club. She loved the friendship, the work, and the fun the ladies had together. For years, Neppie helped prepare and serve meals at the Santa Cruz County Fair to raise money for the Elgin Club.

In 1938, Neppie and Newell finally got their ranch paid for. This

was truly a milepost in their lives. They had always wanted a nice, new house. Plan after plan was drawn trying to get a house that would please Neppie. Finally, Neppie was happy with the plans for a house with living and dining rooms, a big fireplace, two bedrooms, an inside bath, a cellar, big kitchen, and a wash room. She also wanted porches and got them. One big problem was that Neppie wanted the house exactly where the old one was. Finally, she and Newell moved into the barn, the contracting crew used the garage for living quarters and Eula Mae slept in the bunkhouse. And so, Neppie got her house - a house that is still in use today.

Eula Mae married Wayne Lemmon, August 31, 1940. Three weeks later, his National Guard was called up for duty. The next few years were hectic. The Clarks - Neppie and Newell - continued to run their ranch. Eula Mae lived on and off with them during the war. When she could, she was with her husband, Wayne. Two children, Clark and Alta were born during this period. When Wayne returned from the war, he had diabetes and was, generally, not in the best of health. They moved to Tucson. Their third and final child, Doris, was born there.

Neppie and Newell had been instrumental in starting a camp meeting group. For the next thirty five years, they continued to support the camp meetings both spiritually and financially. The group who had been in the Sonoita area, moved to near Elfrida in Cochise County. They continued to attend the meetings. They also continued doing things for others. They tried to help Eula Mae saying that they had intended giving her this or that later, but felt she could make good use of it then.

The year 1959 was not the best of years for the Clarks. Two things became increasingly obvious. One was that Wayne Lemmon was seriously ill

and the other that Newell and Neppie could not continue running the ranch by themselves. Finally, the ranch was sold to the Appletons, and the Clarks bought a house in town near their daughter's. They moved into Tucson into the newly purchased house in February. Their son-in-law, Wayne, died October 3, 1959. As always, the Clarks still did what they could to help others. This time, Eula Mae needed them and they were ready to do what ever they could to help.

The Lemmon children were growing up, and Clark great-grandchildren began arriving. Newell and Neppie finally had the time to do a few things for themselves. They travelled often. None of their trips were long, but they went often on 2 or 3 week trips, either with friends or by themselves. They enjoyed seeing various parts of the United States.

After sixteen and a half years alone, Eula Mae, on June 16, 1976, married Ernest Paul Telis Mocco, whom she met through her activities in the Mormon Church. Neppie and Newell liked Ernest. One day, Newell told Ernie that when he tried to enlist in World War I, he found that he had a heart condition. All through the hard years, he had paced himself and told no one, but now he felt someone in the family should know.

Neppie and Newell continued attending and helping the Camp Meeting group they had been part of for so long. Their health began to fail. After six weeks of illnesses, Newell passed away at his home in Tucson, August 8, 1979. He had been born January 10, 1890, so he was 89 years and almost 7 months old. Neppie had been so close to him ever since they were children that she felt his loss keenly.

Neppie began to fail faster after that. At 93, she was still trying to plant a little garden as she had done all during her life. She continued to do a little needlework. After such an active life, it

bothered her that she could not do all she wished. During the last few years of her life, she could do little to care for herself and often asked that her Heavenly Father allow her to go home to be with Newell. She was blessed on the last day of her life by going to sleep and not waking up.

Neppie had always been a strong person with very definite ideas. She was always interested in education and continued to learn throughout her life. She followed her grandchildren's school progress with interest. Because of her devotion to education and learning, the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles - after her death August 9, 1985, at the age of 94 years and two months, established a "Neppie Clark Memorial Scholarship" fund for the school year 1986-87. This was awarded to a Santa Cruz County girl who is now attending Pima Community College.

## I'm Fine!

There is nothing whatever the matter with me!  
I'm just as healthy as I can be.  
I have arthritis in both my knees,  
And when I talk, I speak with a wheeze;  
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

My teeth eventually have to come out.  
And my diet — I hate to think about!  
I am overweight and I can't get thin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!

I think my liver is out of whack;  
And a terrible pain is in my back.  
My hearing is poor, my sight is dim,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I have arch supports for both my feet  
Or I wouldn't be able to walk down the street.  
Sleeplessness comes night after night,  
And in the morning I'm just a sight.  
My memory is failing, my heads in a spin,  
I'm practically living on aspirin;  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is, as the tale unfolds,  
That for you and me who are growing old,  
It's better to say "I'm fine", with a grin,  
Than to tell everyone of the shape we're in.

FRED J FRITZ

## ALBERT AND GENEVA DOWNARD

## Glendale, Arizona

Al was born in 1909, 5 miles west and 1/2 mile north of Creston, Iowa on a blizzardy, cold night. Mr. Downard says, "Man it was a cold night. I don't remember it, but I heard tell about it." His father and mother farmed with his grandfather for a long time and they moved a lot raising me and my sister. I was in Canada before I was a year old and my sister was going to be born, so they moved back to Iowa to keep her from being a Canadian. They stayed there a while and my dad farmed here and there and worked for people and seemed to do more moving around than most people do. His Aunt told his father one time that a rolling stone gathers no moss and to that Al's father replied, "who wants to be an old moss bag." Al's father used to like going into the Dakotas and farm, running big thrashing machines. He took his family up there with him. We moved all over the country, and finally wound up in western Colorado. From there, we moved to Arizona in 1927, about a week before Halloween.

Al went to work on a ranch in Chandler, when he was 18 years old owned by the Knox family. His father went to work on a dairy for the Kuntz family. Later, Al went to work in California working with lettuce. As he says, "he was going to get rich over there working with lettuce." While in California, word came from Phoenix that Al's father had taken sick and he came home and his father was put in the hospital. His father got out and got along fine thereafter.

A little later in his life, Al went to hauling produce between Phoenix, Superior, Miami, and Globe. He did this for 5 years.

Al was 22 years old when he married his lovely Geneva Dodson, who was born in Kentucky. They were married in 1931. Together they raised 4

boys in the Valley.

Al remembers in 1935 moving to Lehi, Arizona, living in the 2nd house west of the school there. They had a few heavy cattle of their own and Doc Starley, who was a field man from the Board and Creamery Company came down to tell me about a herd of cattle they had turned back and had them on their hands. Doc said Al needed those cows to make a living there and he bought the 16 cows, the bull, and 3 heifers for \$875, which two or three of them were registered cows. The payments were awful high - \$20 per month. Al was renting two other farm joining this one from the Federal Land Bank during this time, 20 acres in each one. Rented on the shares from the Federal Land Bank. They had laid idle and desert brush had taken over. He put them into a crop of barley, and took out half of that and sold it to Mr. Mc Peek of Mesa. He bought a wild team from Roy Haralson and tried to farm with them. He says "they were 6 year olds who never had a halter on I'd guess." Geneva said it was fun watching them try to farm with them. Al remembers borrowing a pair of mules from a neighbor lady. He raised this crop, sold the barley, and made some milk for \$.90 per cwt and took a 6% dock for clover feed. He did that for 2 years. Then got it all clean, expecting to sell the clover and didn't sell it.

From Lehi, he took a trip to Denver, came back and went to trading around.

Al and Geneva moved to Glendale in 1938. Al went to work for Talbot Auctions then. He worked there two years, twice a week, and only missed 2 sales. A man by the name of Bob Kimbrow came over here from California and started a horse sale over on Henshaw Road at the Langely Barn. Al worked for him selling horses. Later, he left Talbott's and went out on



his own, having his first sale "down by the old poor farm" (on Durango Street). His next sale was on west Glendale Avenue for "a man by the name of Brown." It was a large machinery sale and he also sold some nice Jersey heifers. They had one of the largest crowds that had been around an auction sale in a good while. Then, he had another sale on east Glendale Avenue for a man by the name of Brown also, different Mr. Brown though. The man who clerked the sales was a man by the name of G. L. Wright, which was one of the best clerks this town had ever seen. After the second sale, knowing Bob Kimbrow had quit, Al said to Mr. Wright, "let's go down there and rent the Langley Barn and we'll go in partners and run a horse sale." Mr. Wright said he didn't have any money, but Al told him, "you know what we've got and you can have access to that." So they went down there, started up, and had a good sale from the start to the finish. Mr. Wright wanted to leave the auction work and a man by the name of Ed Lillard and Al became partners. They stayed there for a while, and then went down on South Central, built some corrals and a barn and worked there for 2 years. Finally, Ed wanted to sell out and I bought him out. Al was there some 30 years and ran a regular horse sale on Saturday and a cattle sale on Wednesday and held other sales all over the country. Al says, "sometimes we'd have 3 and 4 sales a week out in the country."

All during this while, he built up a dairy in Glendale that had over 100 cows that started somewhere around 1942. Then we sold out the dairy there, the cattle, in 1950 and thought they would move to Missouri, which turned out to be not such a good deal. "We had a rock house there There's lots of rock houses there - and oh, there hot in the summertime and cold in the winter. Our barn burned down. We had the barn insured,

but the insurance man dropped the insurance on the contents, so we never did recover our losses - it just seemed everything was against us there. We managed to get out alive and get home to Arizona." Al says, "We hauled 9 trips with a 32 semi and brought only 1 of them back. We had a sale and sold a lot of it and it was estimated there was 1,000 people there for it, from 6 or 8 states - all over the country. We sold the farm and everything. A man homesteaded the place in the beginning by the name of Looney" and Al adds, "we were the other loonies who bought it." He never actually made the complete move to Missouri, he just tried hired help and things which didn't pan out. So, needless to say, he sold out down there, all the while maintaining the auction. Then they sold the place in Glendale and bought a ranch out on Bell Road between Sun City and Sun City West which he owned and operated for 26 years. He farmed there until the water table dropped and then was able to get hooked up with Sun City water. After he quit farming, he went to raising hogs - and had lots of them. Then he sold that place in 1979 and moved to his present home on 83rd Avenue and Northern. All during this time, he was still holding sales around the country.

While holding his sale, he also went to work for Sunny St. John for some 11 years and worked for him the entire time he was in business.

Both Al and Geneva say they have enjoyed Arizona. He says "the people have been very good to us and the auction work."

Al thought he was retiring from the auction work when Mrs. Ruth Parrish called, told him her son, Boyd, owner of West Chandler Dairy Auction, was sick and in the hospital, and she'd like for him to come over and help them. So I went over to talk to the Parrish family, went to the hospital to talk to Boyd, and I told Mrs. Parrish I'd be over

there and help them the next Tuesday. She told Al she wanted him all the time and he says he'll never forget that. So he worked for them for 3 years and after Boyd passed away, Mr. Parrish had a chance to sell the business and asked Al what he thought. He was getting up in years and Al told him he thought selling would be the thing to do. The Parrish family later sold out and Al was proud to have worked for them.

Al received his "formal" auction training from a man named Tony Thornton in Mason City, Iowa. He went to auction school, as he put it, "to get a certificate in case he needed it to get a license to auction." He was a better auctioneer than the teacher, and as everyone knows, one of the finest in the country. Al remembers helping Tony Thornton during a Polled Hereford sale, where the ladies put on a big lunch out in the yard, had a big tent, and even had a big block where he wanted Al to get up there and sell with him. "Tony was just selling and had these two clerks", Al stated, "and he had one back here and one over there under the tent and they'd get up and sign the things, whoever bought it and finally one man came up and hollered what about that one two or three cows back, I didn't sign for her. Tony said you didn't get it. The man blew up and said he didn't want the rest of them if I don't get her. So Tony didn't know what to do and so he told the man he simply didn't see him, that he'd watch him closer. Pretty soon, the fellow cooled down and went to buying more."

Al remembers selling corn in 1925 bringing \$.50 per bushell and oats bring the same. He raised horses and mules, and raised the feed that they ate, gathered it by hand. "Things were so different from now", says Al. He said the place where he was born, which his cousin inherited, had it rented to a man who went broke because of the high price he paid for

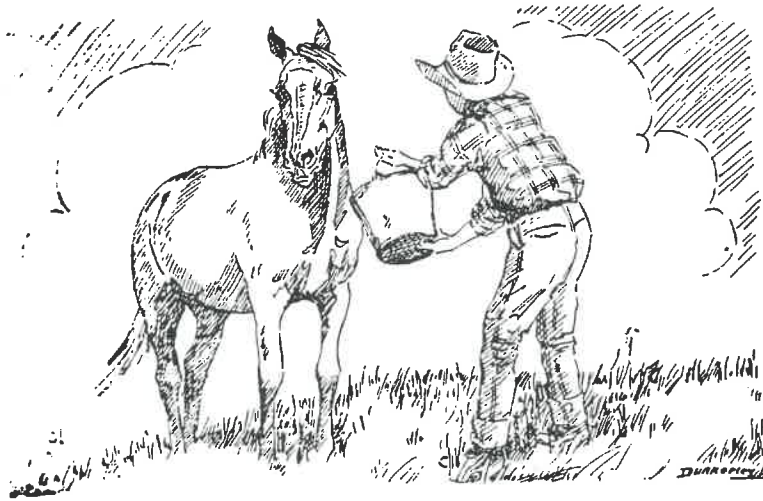
the machinery he had. He said the bank just closed him out. He also remembers another man who today sold lots of machinery on credit to the farmers, was recently forced into bankruptcy because people couldn't pay for the machinery. His thoughts on the economy today were, "I'll tell you, it is a lot more serious than people think, and the farmers have brought it on themselves. If a man were to go and get a quarter section of land, have a couple of good teams to farm with him and do his work, I believe he could make a living."

Of his education, Al said he went to 27 different schools in his life, and over half of them he attended twice. He says, "that's all my folks did - move, move, move." He started to school in Souix City, Iowa, and one Friday night the folks decided they'd move to Wisconsin and I couldn't get my books and things out of the school, and my favorite pencil box all had to be left there. My folks got a hold of a few cows and we had a little dairy there. Then we had a sale there. Al's parents have had over 20 auction sales in their lifetime.

Geneva has 3 brothers and 2 sister, and she is the oldest. Geneva and Al were married 55 years, December, 1985. They met at church, where her father was a District Superintendent. She was born in Gregory, Kentucky, and moved to Arizona in 1930. Geneva's father was going to school and preachin to the Nazareene denomination, so she moved around quite a bit during her school years also. While they were courting, Al told Geneva he wanted 9 boys and 1 girl. Today, he says, "she quit me after just 4 boys." Their children's names, beginning with the oldest, are Al Jr. (Buster), Thomas (Chub), Robert, and Claude. There are 1 year between Al Jr. and Thomas, then 8 years between Chub and Robert, and 5 years between Robert and Claude. They all have had or have livestock

now, and Claude is taking after his father, being an auctioneer. From these boys, they have 11 grandchildren, and 12 great-grandchildren. Geneva and Al say, "they're all great." Each of Al and Geneva's 4 boys have been in the service. Al says, "Two of them went across and two didn't." Geneva has helped Al during all his auctions as a bookkeeper and said, "I'm the most permanent temporary help they ever had." Geneva worked at the State Auto License Department for 20 years, and retired around 1976 due to having high blood pressure. Today, she looks forward to seeing her grandchildren visit after school on various days.

Al and Geneva are now enjoying an active retirement, involved in church work and playing with all their grandchildren.



### WHY THEY KEEP A HOSS

There's fellers keep a hoss because he's sumpthin' they can use,  
While others seem to keep him jest fer sumpthin' to abuse.  
He's an animal to bully, he's a critter they can boss,  
There are lots of different reasons why a feller keeps a hoss.

There's fellers, too, that keeps a hoss to trade or sell or swap;  
It's sumpthin' they can talk about most any where they stop.  
It makes 'em feel important when they put a deal across;  
Yes there's several different reasons why a feller keeps a hoss.

And then there's folks that keep a hoss to carry 'em around,  
To help 'em work their cattle and to help 'em till their ground.  
There's places that without him would be a total loss;  
They have got a lot of reasons why they ort to keep a hoss.

And then some people keep a hoss fer pleasure and fer show;  
They like to take him out in front of people that they know.  
They like to see him gittin' fat and puttin' on the gloss;  
It's a lot of satisfaction jest to own a purty hoss.

And then some folks'll keep a hoss long after he is through;  
He is sort of on a pension fer the work he used to do.  
They'll keep him till the day he dies, no matter what it cost;  
And it sure is fine fer people to purtect a wore-out hoss.

—Bruce Kiskaddon

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## JOSEPH ESCALADA

Nogales, Arizona

Joseph Escalada was born November 1, 1903. His father was Manuel Escalada Liano. His mother was Domitilia Revuelta de Escalada.

Joe Escalada remembers that his birthplace on the corner of Nelson and International streets, Nogales, was "right on the line and Nelson was known as Call de las Hilachas, the Street of Rags, where poor Mexican people lived mostly." "At that time", Joe said, "Crawford Street was the aristocratic street of Nogales."

Joe's father, Manuel Escalada Liano, was from Spain, the town of La Cueva in Santander. He first came to the United States in 1884, settling in Brownsville, Texas. He worked there for eight years and saved \$200. Then he moved out to the Arizona Territory, traveling by train and landing at Crittenden, near Patagonia. There he rented horses and went up to Lochiel, which was then called La Noria.

Joe says his father put up a trading store on the border there. By 1892, he had moved to Nogales along with his brother Leocadio Escalada and they opened up a trading store named Escalada Brothers.

Seven years later, Manuel Escalada returned to Spain to marry Domitilia Revuelta, whom he had known before leaving his home land. She was from San Ramon de Cayon in the province of Santander. She was 33 years old at the time. Manuel promised his bride they would stay in Arizona only five or six years, but she never returned to Spain.

When their son, Joe, was growing up, he remembered their one story adobe house with its tin roof at Nelson Street on the border (Mexico - United States border). In the yard behind was a windmill supplying a water tank, also a well.



Joe said, "We had enough room for a horse when we were young and after school I'd let the goats out and they'd graze on the hill behind the house. There was no fence on the line, nothing." He added, "The fence came when the revolution started in 1911, and it was just five-stranded barbed wire."

Joe is the oldest of three brothers. The other two are Louis and Manuel. They were taught, he remembers, by Lula Larrimore at the Elm Street School. After 1915, when the High School was built, the three Escalada brothers went there.

Joe Escalada recalls Morley Avenue while he was growing up. Across the street from the first Escalada Store, where the Valley National Bank stands, was John Brickwood's saloon, half of it north of the line, half south of it, so that the patrons bought their liquor at one side of the building and tobacco at the other, to avoid either Mexican or United States taxes.

Joe says, "Our first store was north of Brickwood's, then father bought the property north of the present Ville de Paris where La Popular store is now. When my daddy died in 1927, we sold the front part of the store to liquidate the estate for my uncle and moved to the Nelson Street half from 1929 to 1958."

When Joe graduated from High School in 1922, he wanted to go into ranching. He recalled, "My daddy said you've had 12 years of school, eight more than I did. You know what accounts receivable are. Well, we have two books here, one for Arizona and one for Sonora. You're familiar with these cattlemen and if you find one cattleman's account that is in the black, I'll buy a ranch anywhere you want."

Next, young Joe told his father that he wanted to be a veterinarian.

Joe remembers, "His moustache flew up and he said, 'What - You want to be a horse doctor'!"

And so, instead Joe was sent back to his parents' home in Spain. He explained, "Mama said, 'We're sending you back to Spain so you can see where you came from and how people there make a living'." He was sent for a six month stay, but was there five years, returning June, 1927.

Joe recalled hard times in southern Arizona during the 1920's, even before the Great Depression. That was because of several years with little rain.

At that time, the Chinese were the merchants of Sonora and controlled its stores. They were the big buyers until forced to flee Mexico in the 1930's. The Escalada brother's store, back then, were sellers of anything and everything. Joe remembers, "Laundry, soap, flour. At one time we even sold coffins, and we were the biggest sellers of Baker's bitter chocolate, sold in cans then."

"There's no question our business was entirely dependent on Mexico and as a matter of fact, we still are", he remarked in October, 1986. "Our trade with Mexico now is mostly vet supplies or animal health products and sweet feed, rolled barley, and oats by the sack for horses, some seed like alfalfa and barley, the rest of our business is saddlery."

Commenting on the lowering value of the Peso, he said "We're taking the peso today at 800 to 1. Sure you can feel it."

As a boy, Joe used to ride his horse up Gold Hill on Sundays, looking for black tailings in the sand of the river where he could find gold. "I'd wear those bib overalls with double knee patches and on Monday take the gold dust to a jewelry store, Pellegrin's on Morley Avenue, and get \$.75 to \$1.75. That usually meant no profit for the day,

because I had spent \$.95 for lunch. At one time my family's store took gold dust and we still have the sensitive scale on which the gold was weighed, but that was 'before my time'", Joe pointed out.

In the early 1930's, Joe finally got into ranching as he had wished earlier. He began running Charlais, then White Park cattle, on the hills now overlooking the I-19 bypass and west of his present store. His brand, of his own design, is a chili pepper, which includes his initials. The "E" is in the top curve and the "J" is in the stream. His pasture overlooks the plain in Mariposa Canyon, where he played polo with U. S. Army officers in the 1930's. It had been the Army's field. He remembers playing there first, then in a fenced field opposite his present store on the Tucson highway, later near the Lincoln School and finally at the ranch he now owned by George and Nora Heare.

Another big event in Joe's life around this time was getting a horse called "Guilo", the Mexican nickname for skinny. Joe says this was his best horse and stays in his memory as the best horse he ever had. "Guilo" was a cutting horse, a roping horse and his polo pony. It even won a race at the Agua Prieta track at the old age (for horses) of 19.

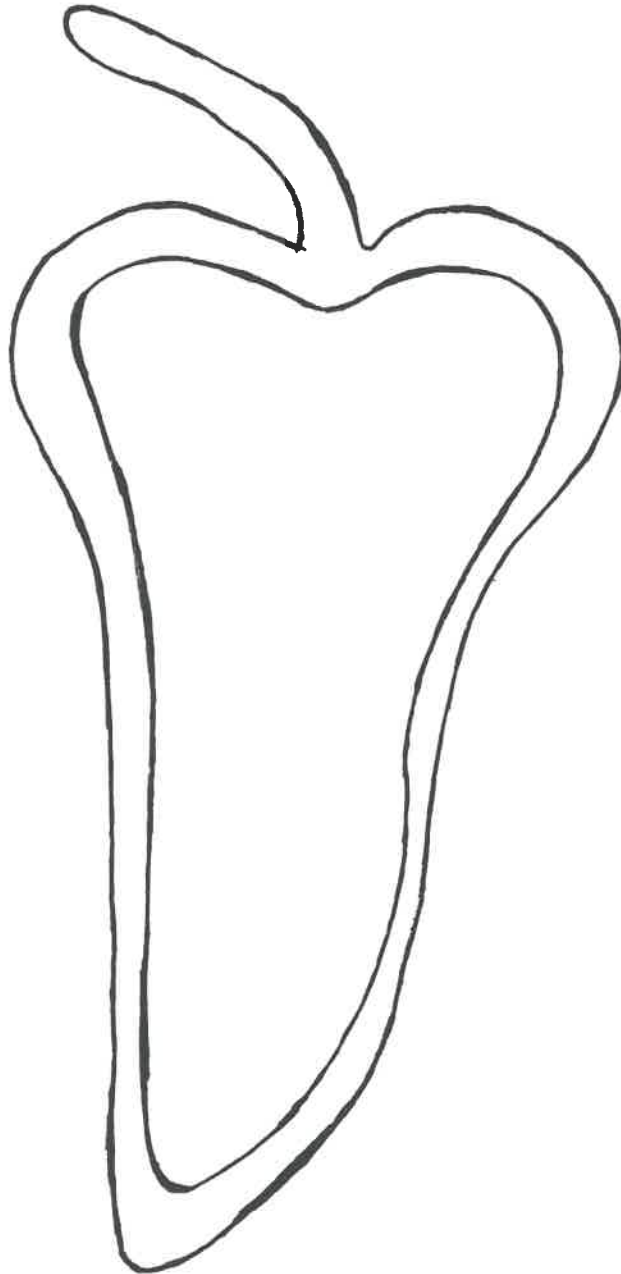
In 1941, he married Sophie Mastick, daughter of Louis Mastick and Maria Ivancich who had come to Arizona from Yugoslavia. They owned a dairy on the Tucson Highway near the present day intersection with Mariposa Road. Where the shopping center is now, the Masticks planted corn, and had fields across the railroad tracks. The house and windmill still stands between a restaurant and a car lot.

Joe and Sophie Escalada have three children, Domitilia Escalada Legleu, Simon Escalada, and Joe Escalada, Jr.

In his youth, Joe had wanted a ranch, which he later acquired. He

had wanted to be a veterinarian. Now one of his sons, Simon, has achieved that. Dr. Simon Escalada has offices nearby the Escalada's Store, which is still in operation.

The Joe Escalada brand which contains the "J" in the stem and the "E" in the top curve of the chili bean is depicted below:



To: Bruce Brockett — Rimrock

I see by Mrs. Keith's newsletter  
That you don't savvy lice  
So I thought I'd drop a line or two  
Just to be friendly and nice.

Lice is plural of louse  
And that means there's more than one,  
To have them on man or beast  
Presents a problem that is no fun.

Bulls and cows and sometimes calves  
Can be seen with lice almost any time,  
The bugs become most numerous  
Towards end 'o Winter and at Springtime.

Some animals may be seen to have more 'n the rest  
And why I do not know  
Their skins may have the desired taste  
Or they may be just old and slow.

You have noticed through the years gone by  
That the louse wants a lot of protection  
He's not out where the going's rough  
The belly is his common area of infection.

They'll hang on from year to year  
And eat, and sleep, and multiply.  
The eggs hatch out in a week or so.  
And only a few will naturally die.

Animals infested with lice, I'd say  
Should be penned where they can be treated.  
The insecticides should be used with care  
Or the herd will be one depleted.

There are sprays that will kill lice  
To apply them effectively is no dream.  
One that I may recommend to use  
Is 0.5% suspension of "Toxaphene."

There are many pills and powders too  
And some of these may be fed.  
They will do a lot of good  
But must be used a long time a-head.

To treat a bull that has the lice  
Is like treating one that has the mange.  
It's a problem that is quite difficult  
When you try to do it on the range.

—C. J. Prchal, D.V.M.

ARIZONA CATT

## ELIZABETH (GIGIE) PURCELL GATLIN

## Patagonia, Arizona

Elizabeth was born in Georgetown, Texas, October 12, 1897, the youngest of four children in the family.

Her father, Noah Purcell, was farming in Williamson County. The family moved to San Marcos in time for Elizabeth to attend the normal school there - a two mile walk from their farm. She completed the two-year course in Home Economics in 1921.

In June of that year, her older sister, Myrtle, who was living with her husband, Frank Pearson, and four year old daughter, Margaret, in Ruby, Arizona, visited the family in San Marcos. During the visit, Myrtle spoke to them about the possibility of "something happening to them." She and Frank were running the store and the Post Office. Myrtle was also teaching in the one-room school. This was the same place where the Frazier brothers had been murdered by bandits just before Frank took over the business.

Myrtle's wish was that Gigie (as Elizabeth was always called) would take Margie if something did ever happen to her and Frank. She also left instructions that they were to be buried at the cemetery at Andice (near Georgetown) and even what dress she would like to be buried in.

At that time, no one dreamed of how prophetic these requests were to be.

In August of that same summer, Elizabeth and Irene Pearson, Frank's half-sister, went to Ruby for a visit to see the romantic west about which they had read and wondered.

August 26th was a day of horror that none of the survivors could ever forget. At ten a.m., shots began blasting the store adjoining the living

quarters. Myrtle rushed into the store never to return.

One of the bandits came into the living area and pointed his pistol, firing at close range at Elizabeth. In fear, she put her hands up to her face, covering her forehead. He fired. Blood spurted. She dropped in a faint. The marauder, thinking he had killed her too, ran back into the store where more shots were being fired. By some miracle, the bullet had only grazed Elizabeth's hand at her forehead. There was no injury to her head.

While Elizabeth was still unconscious, Margie had run to follow her mother into the store. In terror, she turned and ran out to the screen porch with one of the bandit's spurs jingling, running after her. Margie tripped and fell, spread eagled on the floor. Miracle number two took place - the bandit turned and went running back into the store.

Irene had seen the man chasing Margie. She quickly scooped Margie off the floor. They escaped to the back where some trappers from St. Louis were staying in the bunkhouse. When Elizabeth came to and found no one in the house, she went to the bunkhouse where Margie and Irene were hiding.

These three - the survivors - with Gigie's hand bleeding on her blue and white checked dress, scurried out of sight, following a path where they hoped to find the trappers returning. Soon they met up with the trappers. The men - shocked and furious - put the three devastated girls on horses and comforted them as best they could.

After this traumatic experience, Elizabeth (Gigie) returned to Texas with Margie in her care as Myrtle had requested.

With her teaching degree complete, she found a job in the little town of Kyle. At the end of the school year, it was necessary to return to

Arizona for the trial of the murderers. While there, she applied for a job in the Patagonia school and was hired to teach third grade.

Gigie never seemed to think it strange she would want to return to Arizona after such a shattering tragedy. Her answer to being questioned was, "I'd always wanted to live in the west. The job in Patagonia made it possible."

While teaching there, she met Woodie Gatlin. He had arrived in Santa Cruz County several years earlier with his parents, brothers, and sister. He and family had driven cattle out from New Mexico and settled in Harshaw, not far from Patagonia. They had been ranching there ever since their arrival. In a manner that has been repeated over and over again in Arizona history, the new school teacher was courted by the local boy. She and Woodie were married in 1923. Woodie moved down the canyon and they began married life in Patagonia. Woodie was employed driving the mail route - San Rafael Valley, Parker Canyon, Duquesne, and Washington Camp.

Two sons were born to them - William and James.

The depression hit Patagonia as it had the rest of the country. At that time, Woodie was working at Mr Evan's grocery store in Patagonia. Elizabeth (Gigie) was teaching in the elementary school. Then Elizabeth's contract was not renewed because throughout most of Santa Cruz County jobs were so scarce two paychecks for one family was not allowed. Elizabeth had been a good and popular teacher with pupils "hoping to get in Mrs. Gatlin's class." No matter - no job.

Blow number two was still to come, and soon!!! The grocery store was floundering. Woodie soon joined Elizabeth as one of the unemployed.

Before their financial affairs became too desperate, Woodie was hired



by the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) at a most welcome \$45 per month.

With chickens, a cow, a garden, and frijoles twice a day - served with a choice o mustard, catsup, or homemade breaad and butter pickles - the family of five was well nourised and no illnesses occurred that could not be treated at home.

As the bad luck had been followed by a second - so now another piece of good luck came. The Henry Boices of the Rail X Ranch needed a tutor for their two children, and certainly the Gatlin's needed the money.

There was a major problem. The Rail X Ranch is several miles from Patagonia. Gigie had never learned to drive. She thought it over, backed her ears, and probabllly gritted her teeth every mile of the way, but she drove to the ranch every day, eventhough she had a strange propensity for heading toward every approaching car. She made it safely through until the Boices decided to sent the children to public school. The job was over, but so was the driving. Elizabeth never got behind the steering wheel of a car again!

In spite of little money for several years and the low, low blow of all their savins being swept away in the closing of the Nogales bank, the Gatlins perservered. Both Woodie and Gigie came from pioneer stock. Woodie was a cousin of Abraham Lincoln and Gigie related to Jackson so they came of families who knew somethin about making the most of what they had. The three children, Margie, Billy, and Jimmy found life pleasant and secure. If Gigie could not affort shortening for the crust of her wonderful chocolate and lemon pies, they became deep, luscious puddings with meringue.

Rainy nights were times for fudge or waffles. To the three children, long grown now, rain on the roof brins cozy memories of special treats,

games of Pit, Chinese Checkers, and reading favorite stories aloud.

No matter the money situation, Christmas was always exciting. Once Margie was thrilled with a pound jar of strawberry cold cream, costing at the most fifty-cents. Bill and Jim were never disappointed with her choices for them.

The family may have been poor, but the children never felt that way. With almost everyone in town having the same problems, and a mother who never complained and who kept filling their lives with special times, how could they?

Gradually things improved. Woodie was appointed Postmaster at Patagonia - a position which he held from 1935 until his retirement in 1962.

Somehow Elizabeth and Woodie scraped together enough money to buy the Rockdale Ranch (name well deserved) from Fred Barnett, Sr. The ranch was on the Salero Road. Their brand was H/7. The family did not live on the ranch, but continued on in their home in Patagonia. During the rainy season, they watched with anxious eyes as it always seemed to be raining every place but the Rockdale.

Woodie went into partnership with Sy Swyers. At first they ran just cattle, but one disastrous year they also raised sheep. Woodie continued to run the ranch after that, but finally he sold it to Bob Bergier.

Gigie and Woodie began buying rental property in Patagonia. Real estate proved easier and profits at least more certain than ranching.

As Bill, Jim, and Margie grew up, Gigie (Elizabeth) could always be counted on to help out when a baby was born, there was serious illness, or giving parents a chance to vacation without children along.

The grandchildren and Margie's children always enjoyed times with Gigie (Elizabeth). Every new addition to the family was loved and enjoyed for its own special self.

Up to her eighty-eighth birthday, she lived playing games with them. No arthritis discomfort plagued her. She was as comfortable playing on the floor as were the children.

Not only was Gigie (Elizabeth) comfortable, she was the undisputed Chinese Checker champ - with jumps of six to eight at a time - until two months before her death.

The cookie jar at the Gatlin home was always filled with chocolate chip cookies. Now pies could have crusts again, and with the shortest possible notice. Chocolate and lemon pies (always both and always perfect) were on the table.

Woodie and Gigie (Elizabeth) travelled with their good friend, May Riggs LaRue, to Texas and through the western United States.

On Gigie's first trip to Las Vegas, she won enough at the slot machines to pay for the trip. This conservative little lady looked forward to and enjoyed several more - usually lucky - trips to the last place one might expect to find her.

In December, 1984, she lost her beloved Woodie. Their marriage had been truly happy. Her complete devotion during his last years and confinement to the house never faltered. As he became more helpless, she became more caring, still enjoying having time with him.

As she had accepted all other challenges, now she accepted the separation. The family's concern for her living without him was needless. Her positive, perky approach to life remained unchanged.

Frequent calls and visits never found her "down." Her voice and

attitude continued to amaze and reassure family and friends. An invitation to go out for lunch was always accepted with enthusiasm.

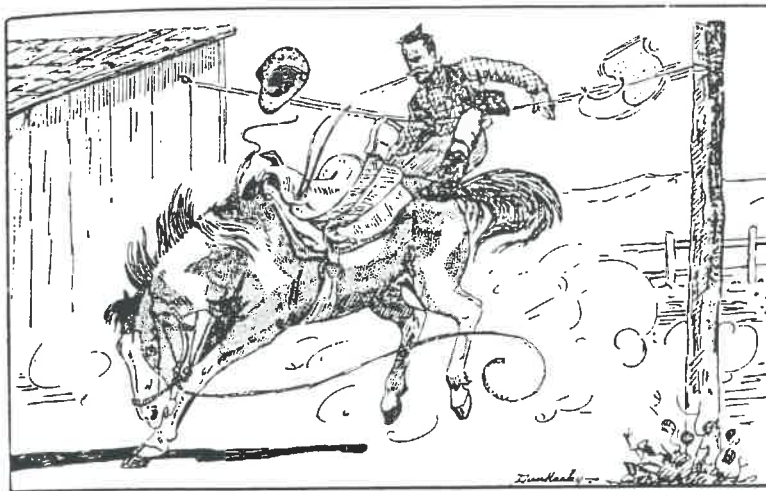
In the Spring of 1986, it became necessary to tell her she had cancer. She thought a moment, then calmly remarked, "I've had eighty-eight good years. I don't want an operation."

Her favorite pastime was sitting on the back porch, looking at Old Baldy and at the birds at the feeders. The birds were still the same, but the view of the mountains was partly hidden now by trailers and trees which were small when she and Woodie built the house. Somehow to her, nothing was really changed. She still saw a majestic mountain view, unaffected by man or nature.

Gigie (Elizabeth) often wished "Everyone lived in such a beautiful, peaceful place." It was in this lovely place a few hours after she had been told about the cancer that she said, "What a nice place to wait to go." That was the first and last time she ever mentioned the cancer or dying.

For this loving, courageous woman, who accepted life's greatest challenges without question - who saw life in Patagonia with her family and friends as the best possible place to be - there should not be mourning, but a celebration of a life well lived.

The above was affectionately written by Margie Anderson.



### THE TAKE-OFF

There's things you can't figger. A feller don't know  
When a hoss starts to buckin' jest where he will go.  
When he once gits the notion and gits his head down,  
He may go straight ahead or go 'round and around.

He might stay on a place twicet the siz of yore hat,  
Or go runnin' and buckin' all over the flat.  
It looks like this feller was shore doin' fine  
Till he got tangled up with a wire clothes line.

Yes, the pony went right twixt the post and the shack,  
And scraped the old cow boy right off his back.  
Well, he ain't the first feller got knocked on his seat  
By sumpthin' he wasn't expectin' to meet.

When a feller gits older, he shore realizes  
This world is plum full of onpleasant surprises.  
And when he recovers his breath from the fall,  
He knows "It's jest one of them things," and that's all.

—Bruce Kiskaddon

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MARGARET HABY

(Mrs. Merrill Haby)

Willcox, Arizona

The Haby Ranch, owned by my husband and I, was purchased from Wiley Morgan, my step-father.

Mr. Morgan married my mother, then known as Mrs. Duffy in 1919. She brought my sister and I to Klondyke in 1918 to teach school.

Wiley Morgan Sr. was born in 1886. His parents raised pecans and run cattle north of Austin, Texas. As a young chap, Morgan, like many other Texans headed west, was cowboying in New Mexico and Arizona. Wiley returned to Texas and married Amanda Susan Tomlinson in 1887.

The young couple loaded up their belongings and set out for New Mexico. The then homesteaded 916 Ranch was 15 miles up the Gila River down out of the pines. The Altos range was later known as the Shelley Ranch.

In 1895, they sold the 916 and with their children, Betty and Sanford, and moved over to the Willcox Country, at Hooker Hot Springs on the Mule Shoe Ranch (now owned by the Browning family). Two sons were born on this ranch. Burt, Wiley Jr., and Wiley Sr. worked as foreman under Ben Olney on the Camp Stool outfit, six miles below Klondyke. The Camp Stool was owned by the Western Reserve Cattle Company, and Wiley Morgan went into cattle on his own on a share basis with that firm.

In 1912, he started out strictly on his own on the I Bar I, with headquarters at Klondyke, on the Arivaipa. Morgan's cattle ran many years on the ranges.

During the prolonged drought in 1921, like so many of his counterparts, Morgan went broke, but held onto his ranch. This was 2

years after he married my mother.

He then went to work for Bill Riggs, and later Riggs loaned him \$5,000 with no collateral to stock cattle on the ranch. The ranch has 16 sections, 10 State lease and 6 deeded sections located in Graham County. "No Federal land."

My sister and I lived on the ranch and went to school in Klondyke. I went to Flagstaff Teachers College when I finished High School. I became a teacher in 1921. I taught school in Klondyke for seven years.

I courted and married Merrill Haby in 1929. Merrill grew up in Klondyke when he was very young. He helped his father on his ranch. They had sheep and goats.

Merrill and I then bought the ranch from Wiley Morgan and my mother in 1930. We struggled for many years to clear the ranch.

The ranch has 3 windmills. The water is pumped from one tank to another on all the State lease land. Merrill worked hard to improve the ranch and raise better cattle. The more water we had helped make the ranch better and we could spread the cattle out futher. The ranch brand we used on the cattle was the <sup>4</sup>/<sub>6</sub>, 4-six. The ranch was fully paid for in 1977. Merrill loved the ranch and he never wanted it to be sold. Along with his love for the ranch, he had a large gun collection.

We had twin girls who grew up on the ranch. They were both educated and became school teachers. Our girls are Nora Lee ( Haby) Gale and Lora Lee ( Haby) Batt.

Merrill passed away in 1979, after a short illness. He was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. I have still tried to maintain the ranch and hope to keep improving it.

# MATT AND AGNES HAMLIN

## Santa Cruz County, Arizona

Matt and Agnes Hamlin came to Nogales, Arizona, in 1915 from Berkley, California, where Matt was a mortician. They were visiting his mother, Anna B. Ackley, and sister, Lucille Pomeroy. During the visit, they decided to make Nogales their future home. Matt returned from Berkley to become manager of the Nogales Jersey Farm, owned by H.M. and P. D. Clagett. The ranch was located south of the present Lincoln School. The fields were where the Nogales ball park is now located. The dairy products were delivered by wagon when Matt first became manager. John J. Regan, father of Agnes, joined Matt in running the dairy when the Regans moved from Colorado to Arizona. Matt and Agnes were both born in Colorado.

In 1925, the Hamlins bought the Choate Ranch on the Santa Cruz River and started the Riverside Dairy. Shortly afterwards, the Regans purchased the adjoining ranch where they raised poultry. All the fields on both ranches were in alfalfa and grain to feed the livestock and poultry. The crops were watered by wells located along the river. Matt also raised beef cattle, which he fattened and sold. The Hamlin brand was a staple H, H. Matt was owner/operator of the ranch until his death in 1936. Agnes Hamlin took over the management then. In the meantime, Agnes was Deputy County Treasurer to Anna B. Ackley, Santa Cruz County Treasurer. During the 1940's, Agnes was Santa Cruz County Treasurer. Agnes was also on the School Board of the Little Red Schoolhouse, and Treasurer of the Federal Land Bank for the area. Agnes passed away in 1984.

The Hamlins had one daughter, Gwendolyn; one granddaughter, Sheila



Hauck, born at Nogales, Arizona; and one great-granddaughter, Jean Schwarz, born at Yuma, Arizona.

## TRINIDAD (Trini) AND FLORENCIO (Lencho) HURTADO

## Dos Cabezas, Arizona

Trini Pacheco Hurtado was born in 1891 in Dos Cabezas. One of ten children. Her mother, Mary Anna, was born in what is now Old Tucson. There she met Refugio Pacheco who came from Mexico. They married in Old Tucson and moved to Fort Grant when it was first established. There, Refugio Pacheco worked for the Service (government). Two of their ten children were born there. When Fort Grant was closed, they moved on to Fort Bowie and lived in Dos Cabezas. Eight of their children were born in Dos Cabezas, and remnants of the old house can still be seen.

Trini's father had a mule team which brought the supplies from Tucson to the forts. After Fort Bowie was closed, Refugio Pacheco went into the cattle business.

When Trini was eight years old, her mother died at age 48. An older sister and brother raised her along with two younger children.


Lencho Hurtado was born in 1886 in Dos Cabezas. Both his mother and father came from Mexico. Florencio was a builder and built most of the houses in this mining town. Although most of the structures were torn down, the house that Florencio built for his family and where Lencho was born, still stands. Lencho had two older half brothers, Antonio and Louie Verdugo.

Trini and Lencho grew up together. They attended the Dos Cabezas school which was built about 1878, and was the first school in Cochise County. They were married October 28, 1910, in the Verdugo home in Dos Cabezas. She was 18 and he would be 24.

Lencho was a cowboy and cattlman at that time, and Trini rode with him most every day until the first of their children were born. There

were five in all - Adeline, Helen Jean, Laura Mae, Fred and Tiny (Florencio Jr.).

It was said that Lencho Hurtado had the finest cattle in the south. He died suddenly during a snow storm in December, 1967. Trini still lives on the ranch. Tiny Hurtado, their son, still runs the Hurtado Ranch. The brands used then and now are  $\frac{F,PN}{H}$ .

Trini Pacheco Hurtado's own brand, , was used occasionally.

## CLARENCE E. (Hy) KENNEDY

Phoenix, Arizona

Clarence E. (Hy) Kennedy was born on October 21, 1901, at Drum Creek, Albertville, Alabama. He died October 18, 1986, in Phoenix, Arizona. His parents were Arizona Kennedy and Grace Daniel Kennedy. Clarence was the oldest of 12 children. The family moved to Arizona when Clarence was 16 years old, approximately 1917. Clarence was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, Arizona Farm Bureau, one of the founding members of what later became known as Coconino Cattle Growers, Tall Pines Farm Bureau, the American Society for Range Management, and Arizona National Livestock Association Living Pioneer Stockmen.

When Clarence Erlington Kennedy (Hy) was a young man, there was little to indicate that he would become a cattleman for over 40 years of his life. He spent his early years on the farm where he was born, on Drum Creek near Albertville, Alabama, just down the road from Brasher's Chapel. His father, Arizona Kennedy, helped build the original Brasher's Chapel which served as school and church. Across the road from the church there is a beautiful graveyard on a knoll overlooking the valley. Nearly every headstone bears the name of one of Clarence's relatives.

Near the graveyard was an uncle's farm. There was a spring on this farm that provided drinking water for several families as well as Clarence's family. About two miles away there is another farm that has been in the Kennedy family for over 100 years.

Corn and wheat grown on the farms was taken to the gristmill on Drum Creek. This gristmill, as well as the sawmill, were owned by Arizona Kennedy. Today, up the creek, a similar gristmill is still standing. Oxen and horses were used to pull the plow for crops and to clear away

the persistent encroaching trees. Clarence had a picture of his father and an uncle with an ox hitched to a harrow. Clarence is sitting in the little red wagon near his father.

Clarence's mother, Grace, became seriously ill with asthma, so upon their doctor's advice the family moved to Oklahoma. This was not a happy move, and farming was more difficult in the area they chose. Some of the soil was original sod, still intact with native grasses. You could go just a little way from the house and collect a bag of buffalo chips.

Grace's health continued to fail, so Arizona and the younger children went with her by train to Phoenix. Clarence and a sister were left in Mangum, Oklahoma, to finish the school year. Clarence, who had never expected to see his mother again, was delighted when he arrived in Phoenix, as she had greatly improved and lived to enjoy many more years.

Clarence graduated from Phoenix Union High School, attended Phoenix College, and later graduated from University of Arizona.

One summer during high school years, due to illness, his family sent him to Prescott where it was cooler. There he met a high school friend, Earl Porchot, who arranged a job for Clarence with the Trengove family, who were engaged in ice making and delivery. Clarence had previous experience in Phoenix. The following summer he returned to Prescott and worked again for the Trengove family.

It was at Phoenix Union High School and Phoenix College that the nickname "Hyrum" (Hy) was given to him. Grace Kennedy did not want Clarence to play football, as she was afraid he would get hurt. So Clarence convinced his coach to list his name in the football program as "Hy." Whenever an article came out in the newspaper about Phoenix Union High School, Clarence was listed as Hy Kennedy. Eventually there were

three boys in the Kennedy family with the same nickname. Clarence was known as Hy, and John was Hiram, a football player at Phoenix Union High School and later on the USC Trojan team. Also, A.Z. acquired the name Hiram when he played football at Scottsdale High School.

As a football player, Clarence was in good physical condition. Once he and two of his friends, Murl Huff and Bob Sasser, went to the Grand Canyon. They left the South Rim at sunrise, walking and jogging down the Bright Angel Trail to the river and were back to the rim by noon of the same day. He liked to brag about this feat.

Murl and Bob were with Clarence on another trip. This time they drove to Roosevelt Dam, looked around, and after dark found a good, clear place to bed down, but rest was not possible. They had spread their beds on a big ant hill.

The next day they were in Payson, the rodeo was on and there was a big crowd in the middle of town. Curious, they made their way closer and saw that the attraction was a bear and dog fight. The bear was on a chain, but the dogs didn't appear to have a chance. Onlookers were placing bets and the stakes were high. The boys decided they didn't care to observe too near. The bear was frightening. With one paw, he could send a dog spinning, and when fighting broke out in the crowd over the bets, the boys found themselves in the midst, but not for long. They found their Model T Ford and left.

During High School, Phoenix College, and the U of A, where he graduated in 1930 with a BSBA degree. Clarence worked at many jobs: as a Western Union delivery boy (on a bicycle); for the Railway Express Agency; ice delivery; in the baggage room at the train depot; on a road paving job near Gilbert where he suffered another severe leg injury; as a

custodian for a girl's school in Tucson; and as a waiter in a sorority house.

Upon graduating from the U of A, Clarence got a position with the Bank of Arizona at Prescott. Here, he was working for three people he greatly respected and admired: Moses B. Hazeltine; A. H. Favour; and Charles While. From this position he was advanced to assistant manager under Dave Saunders at the Bank of Arizona in Flagstaff.

Later, when the Depression was wrecking many businesses and banks were having to close, Mr. Hazeltine asked Clarence to take a special job working with firms, farmers and ranchers who were desperate, to see if there was some way to help them avoid foreclosure.

This was a depressing job for Clarence. He travelled to Phoenix, Clarkdale, Prescott, and Flagstaff and had a room and bed in each town. As the crisis lessened and the country was getting back to normal, Mr. Hazeltine said with relief, "We kept the faith!"

Shortly after Clarence began working at the Bank of Arizona in Prescott, he married Ruth Wingfield. They had known each other at the U of A where both graduated in 1930. Her father, Dave Wingfield, and A. H. Favour went into partnership one season with some cattle. After they settled up, they found there were two head left over; Mr. Favour gave one to Ruth's father and the other to her. That was their first cattle business venture together.

In late summer of 1934, Clarence decided he wanted to go back to Phoenix to live. At first he worked as credit manager for Nielson's Sporting Goods where Jack Williams of KOY broadcast from a glass cage in the middle of the store. When Mr. Nielson closed the store and went out of business, Clarence took a position working in the office at the

Westward Ho, where his hours were from 3 p.m. to midnight. Wondering what to do with the morning hours, he took the real estate examination and worked from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the office of Cowley, Higgins and Delph on the corner of Monroe and Central. Later he worked mornings as a realtor in Kenneth Flickenger's office on Second Avenue, north of Adams.

Clarence and his family had been living in South Phoenix in a house that had two and one-half acres in permanent pasture. Western Cotton Products Mill was nearby and hay readily available. Talbot's Cattle Auction was at 19th Avenue and Buckeye Road. Frank Titel's slaughter house was about one mile away. For some time, Clarence had been buying and selling a few cattle and eventually he purchased a bobtail truck and made this a full time job. From buying and selling at auctions, he picked up a load of cattle at the Papago Indian Reservation. Sometimes he took used saddles from Porter's or hay to sell to the Papagos.

Another stop frequently made to pick up cattle was at Jack Rabbit, where a Mexican family lived with their three daughters. Once when he stopped, it was meal time and they insisted he have a plate of beans with them. After lunch he found out that those beans were the last food they had. They next day Clarence took one of the girls to Casa Grande to get groceries. She had a job in a bakery there, but a heavy rain and flooding had made it impossible for any of them to get to town.

On one trip to the Papago Reservation, Clarence and Willie Van Winkle stopped at a wash because there had been a flash flood in the area and the wash was too deep to cross. A Chevy coupe was stuck out in the water. It belonged to a nurse on her way to Florence to get married. She had gotten wet and was chilled. In talking to her after they hooked onto her car and pulled it out, she told them she was from Chicago and



worked on the Reservation. Later in the day, they saw her in a car with a man who was also waiting for the water to subside and she ran to their truck to get away. They put her in a cab between them to keep her warm. The next morning the water was down, and she got her car started.

As often as he could, Clarence visited T. P. Gabbard, who was teaching the Indians at Ventana. He had spend many years in the Indian Service and had friends at Camp Verde, Middle Verde, Phoenix, and Tempe.

He once bought several hundred Papago horses for the killer market in Los Angeles. Prices were low and Clarence offered a \$10 premium for broke horses that he could sell elsewhere. After a few weeks, he was asked to withdraw the premium as too many Indians were being injured trying to ride broncs to get the extra \$10.

Clarence had a friend, Gene Hachten of Hachten Brothers Livestock Commission at Los Angeles Stockyards. As time went on, Clarence began taking truckloads of cattle to Los Angeles and consigning them to this company. The need for another truck came about as business grew, so Clarence bought another bobtail truck and had two driver-cowboys, Lefty Phipps and Hap Houlihan. Lefty was later drafted into the Army and fought under General Patton. He returned to drive the truck again until he left to become a pilot and he is still a test pilot in the Air Force. Hap Houlihan, the other driver, was a keen judge of cattle and had experience in handling them. The three often went along the Big Sandy to Wikieup and on to Kingman, picking up a load along the way; then they took the cattle to Los Angeles.

On the return trips they brought back salt from the salt beds near the ocean in National City to the packing houses to use in curing hides. Most of the salt went to Campbell's, later known as Herseth's. Sometimes

they picked up hay in Brawley for some of the ranchers.

Clarence's search for cattle led him to other areas. With his two drivers, Lefty and Hap, they went with the two trucks to pick up cattle at ranches in and near Duncan, Pima, Thatcher, Clifton, Ft. Thomas, Geronimo, Ray, Superior, Miami, Globe, Solomonville, Willcox, Safford, Douglas, Calva, Bisbee, and into New Mexico at Virden, Lordsburg, and Deming. As on the Papago Reservation and along the Big Sandy, he made friends he would always remember with respect and appreciation.

Once, Clarence had an experience that taught him that cattle people should stay with cattle - something they know how to handle. He bought a double-decker load of hogs and cattle up on the Gila in New Mexico. His niece went with him to visit grandparents in Los Angeles. Her trunk was secured on top of the cab. On the way, a strip of road was being repaired and to negotiate the road, the truck had to tip. The hogs slid over to one side of the truck, particularly on the top deck, and the truck tipped over, scattering hogs everywhere. Luckily, (Clarence had always wondered how he could be so lucky) the accident happened near a hog farm and the hogs went to join the hogs in pens there. With careful managing and the help of the owner, Clarence was on his way again. To make matters worse, this episode happened in the dark of night.

December 24, 1944, brought one of the happiest events of Clarence's life - a son was born; but on the same evening, Clarence suffered a cerebral hemmorage which changed his life. The doctors in Phoenix were not positive in their diagnosis and sent him to Los Angeles to a brain surgeon. They feared a brain tumor and thought further tests were necessary. So there were X-rays and tests at a Los Angeles hospital. From there he was sent to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where a

specialist from Hollard did an encephalogram. Still the diagnosis was not conclusive and after two weeks, he was sent back to Phoenix with the admonition, "Don't try to burn the candle at both ends!" Also, he was told if there wasn't a sign of improvement in his condition in four months, he was to come back for an exploratory operation. He did improve gradually, and by the end of two years had almost fully recovered.

In 1947, he went to the Lost Eden Ranch, which he operated for the next 38 years. The 1947 season was dry and the dirt tanks were dry or very low. He hauled water, in barrels, from Clover Spring and got barrels of water from Green Howard Tank on Ernest Chilson's ranch. Clarence estimated eight gallons of water per animal per day.

The same year, he bought the Waldroup permit from Gene Waldroup and his mother.

The Lost Eden Ranch is located north of Blue Ridge with good neighbors all around, the Randalls, the Sullivans, and the Chilsons.

Clarence always believed that fresh water was a great boon to cattle gains. He bought a 1500 gallon water truck and hauled water to metal tanks placed at areas of good grass, not readily accessible, especially on tops of ridges, where a dirt tank was not feasible. The tanks were moved to different locations during the season.

He was always an advocate of pasture rotation, prescribed burning, juniper removal, tree thinning, and grass reseeding.

Clarence believed that range cattle needed supplemental feed in some areas and after the stress of processing when they are being put out on a new environment, as well as during adverse weather conditions. He asked a range nutritionist, Gordon Schillingburg, to check over the Lost Eden Ranch and make recommendations. Schillingburg made up a formula, and for

a number of years supplemental feed was put in feed boxes. A feed company in Phoenix supplied the mixture and Clarence hauled the sacks to the ranch to be used when necessary during the season.

In 1969, Clarence's health began to cause him problems. The condition got worse and for several years he suffered mini-strokes (seizures). He was in and out of the hospital and under the doctor's care during this time. Effective medication finally stabilized the condition and he was able to be "back in the saddle again."

The operation of the ranch was aided by other family members. The two daughters and son learned to ride, drive cattle and pickups. Once, all three were helping repair a fence across Monty Tank. This was fun as they played around splashing cold water as they worked. On the bank, they discovered some snails - a rare find - so they gathered a handful and looking for something to put them in they used their Dad's levi jacket pocket. It was a customary tradition for riders to put raisins in their pocket to help sustain nutritional requirements as the work hours got long. When the children reached home, they completely forgot the snails. A few days later, Clarence was out riding. He reached in his levi jacket pocket and tossed what he thought to be a handful of raisins into his mouth!!

Getting up early was difficult, especially when the days got hot in the fall and the thermometer dropped. Clarence had a clock that would stop in the cold of the night and he was frustrated when the alarm failed to go off. One night as he was setting the alarm, he went to sleep with the clock in his hand. The next morning, the alarm sounded loud and clear. After that, he put the clock in the bed and under the covers and it didn't stop on cold nights anymore.

In the fall when cattle were being gathered, Clarence and his young son, David, often helped at the neighboring ranch the Bar T Bar, usually getting to the cookhouse in time for breakfast. One morning Tony, the cook, asked Clarence how he liked his eggs. Clarence, busy in conversation replied, "Oh, anyway is fine." Tony repeated, "Hy, how do you want your eggs?" Again, Clarence's response was indefinite. the exasperated Tony said, "Hy, catch!"

A good cowboy is one of the best assets a rancher can have. Clarence had at least two who came back year after year. An Indian, Paul Bear, who took great pride in his work, was on the ranch for 13 years. There was also a Mexican, Javier Hernandez, a very responsible man, who came for ten years to work on the ranch.

Croppie was a good horse, purchased from Louis Wingfield's bookkeeper. One time Clarence was driving three head of cattle, dismounted Croppie to open the gates, and left the reins up. As Clarence pulled the gate to one side, the cattle took off along the fence. Croppie went swiftly after them, headed them off, and drove them through the gate. He stopped on the other side waiting for his grateful, amazed rider.

Of the memory of Clarence, the Parrish family, owners and operators of the West Chandler Dairy Auction, recall him as one of their most treasured customers. No matter what, Clarence would walk into the office with a big smile that one could easily tell came from the heart of a good man, accompanied by a story about a recent happening which elevated and brightened everyone's mood. Clarence was a giver of joy and happiness. After finding out through conversation one afternoon, catching up with each others family happenings and while figuring up his consignment check

Clarence discovered that Mrs. Parrish, known as "Grandma Parrish" to most, had never had one of the southwest's delicacies - Mexican food. Clarence received his check and rushed out the door, and said he would be back in a little bit. A few minutes later he returned with quite an assortment of Mexican food dishes for the Parrish family and himself. After the first bite, Grandma Parrish remarked, "Hy, this is the best thing I have had to eat and bothered to stop to eat for some time. No wonder everyone raves about this type of food as being a southwest treasure, but I think the treasure bringing the food is truly the enjoyment of my meal." The memory of Clarence is one of the sweetest, most kind, fair, clean, and gentle men the Parrish's had the pleasure to serve in their business. It was always a joy to work for and with Mr. Kennedy, and many more throughout the livestock industry feel as the Parrish family does about this fine man.

The son, David Clarence Kennedy, has the ranch now. He is an attorney in Phoenix, but manages to spend weekends, holidays, and vacations at the ranch. His family, wife Susan, son David Wingfield Kennedy, and daughter Sarah, make the ranch their home as often as time permits.

The daughter, Joanne Kennedy Wochner and her husband live in Shaker Heights, Ohio. He is the Chief of Staff of the Cleveland Metropolitan Hospital. They have four children, three daughters, and a son.

Mary teaches school, first grade East Asians, in the San Diego School System. She has two daughters and a son.

Cattle people in Arizona have done a lot of caring and sharing for one another. Prices may go up or down. The weather may produce droughts or floods or even a tornado, but memories of good friends and neighbors

stay with you - forever cherished for the lives they represented and going down in history as great contributors to the industry and poeple they loved - Clarence Earlington (Hy) Kennedy was one of the historic greats of the livestock industry.

## EDWIN NATHAN LAMB

## Gilbert, Arizona

Edwin was born in 1907 in Bluewater, New Mexico. He came to Arizona in 1919, when he was 12 years old and lived south of Gilbert, Arizona.

Edwin's interest in cattle started at a very young age. He was born in Bluewater, New Mexico, where his father worked the lime kiln, cooked on cattle roundups, made fences, cut posts, and owned cattle and horses.

When Edwin was twelve, his parents moved to Arizona to the town of Gilbert. The price of cotton went to \$.10 per pound in 1920 and everyone went broke. His parents lost their land. The family moved back to Bluewater for a short time, then moved west of Phoenix. Edwin helped his father milk 50 cows by hand and went to school. His father would bring him lunch, a change of clothes, pick him up at school, where he would change clothes in the car, then they would milk the cows. He was only able to attend two years of high school. His parents then bought a farm northeast of Mesa and went into the dairy business milking 80 head of cows. This is where and how Edwin started feeling his desire to do the same thing. He was the oldest of seven boys, all of which had and still have an interest in cattle.

His ownership of livestock came about when he married Jennie Bloomfield in 1931 and they were given 17 cows and \$100 from his parents. With the \$100, they bought a dining table and chairs, a wood cook stove, a bed frame and mattress, cupboard, and a few other household articles and wedding rings. They were married during the depression years, when hay sold for \$4.00 per ton and butterfat sold for \$.13 per pound. They sat up housekeeping on rented land on Baseline Road until 1933, when they purchased 80 acres of land south of Ray Road, between Lindsay and Val



Vista roads. They purchased the land for \$135 per acre from the Valley National Bank - Anderson Ranch. They gradually increased the dairy herd from those first 17 head. At the time they purchased this 80 acres, they had two children, Betty Jean, and E. Garth. They later acquired additional property, an adjoining 85 acres, which was desert with no water rights. In 1946, they borrowed \$20,000, drilled a well, and put this into cultivation. The farm was increased during the next several years until the total acreage was 240 acres. The farm was used to grow crops to feed the livestock, mainly alfalfa. He also grew barley and different grain crops that he would sometimes store and also sell part for a cash crop.


In the beginning of his dairy business, the cows were milked by hand just as his parents did. The milk was put in 10 gallon cans to be picked up by a truck twice a day. They even hand separated to get cream from the milk.

Later, he was able to build a walk-in milk barn with four milk stalls. The modern equipment had milking machines with a pipeline into a big 500 gallon milk tank. They were milking approximately 125 cows in the new barn.

Over the years, several children were born and they all assumed the joys of helping with the milking, clean up, or whatever needed to be done. After Garth was born, Bryce Edwin was born, then a girl, Leola, another girl, Sharon, still another girl, Kova, then two sons, Keith and Dan. Ozelle was born in May of 1944, but she only lived 16 months. She drowned in an irrigation ditch near the home. All children grew up loving farm living and all that goes with the task of making the farm and dairy work. There were lots of hard times, but the family always had

plenty of milk to drink and beef to eat.

Of the children of Edwin, the following depicts their marriages. Betty Jean Lamb married George Mortensen. E. Garth Lamb married Elaine Pine. Bryce E. Lamb married Jean Ballantyne. Leola Lamb married John W. Skousen. Sharon Lamb married Jim Pelsma. Kova Lamb married Melvin Hunsaker. Keith Lamb married Mickey Beecroft. Dan Lamb married Susan Douglas.

Edwin kept the dairy for thirty years. The brand he used was . Later, he decided that the dairy was too much to operate and keep up with, so he sold the cows and later the farm to E. Garth approximately around 1968. Of the years since that time, he can still be found buying and selling cattle because of his love for the business. He goes to the auction, Rawhide, owned by his son, E. Garth, on a regular basis to keep up with the price of cattle and to chew the fat with all the other cattlemen. It's not unusual for him to buy a sick calf at the sale, one that no one else wants, and put it on a cow to see if he can save its life. Nine times out of ten, he succeeds.

Once a man gets cattle in his blood, he becomes addicted as was very well the case of Edwin. Not only is it just him, but his sons, some of his daughters, and even some of his son-in-laws. His love for the industry has spread to all facets of his family.

He still lives on the farm on Williams Field Road, enjoying his morning and nightly ritual of feeding livestock. He was a member and president (Gilbert) of the Farm Bureau and various dairy organizations his entire life. In his later years, he and his wife have spent three years aiding the Navajo Indians on a welfare mission for his church, where he would have loved to teach them how to raise cattle also.

He has led a busy and full life with the raising of family, dairying, and helping others. The one thing which predominates Edwin's nature and is known for is his nature of going out of his way to help those in need.

## EUNICE PARKER LINDSEY

## Tombstone, Arizona

Eunice Parker Lindsey was born in August 7, 1896, in upper Sunnyside Canyon on the west side of the Huachuca mountains. The youngest of two girls and four boys, born to William A. and Eva Louisa Parker.

Eunice's mother died when she was two years old. When she was about three, she went to live with her Uncle Hi and Aunt Melvina Sorrels near Patagonia. It was here that a turkey gobbler would chase her around the yard. One day she found a small rope, roped the gobbler, and led him around the yard for a while. The next morning the gobbler was dead. Her Aunt Melvina told her she would have to pay for the gobbler. Eunice told her she didn't have any money to pay for the turkey. Her Aunt had given her a hen with some chicks and said she would accept the chicks as payment. As it turned out, she only had to give up the rooster, the pullets survived the axe.

After her older sister, Pearl, married Frank Moson who was General Manager of the Greene Cattle Company at Hereford, she lived with them until her father remarried. She would stay with her father and step-mother at Canille and attend school at Evans Camp in Lyle Canyon. She would ride her horse, Blacky, to school and leave a lead rope dragging so he could graze during the day. Sometimes, though, Blacky would not let her catch him when school was out. He would stay just far enough ahead of her to keep her from catching the rope until they arrived home. Then she would have to ride bareback returning to school to get her bridle and saddle. Her teachers at Evans Camp were Mr. B. K. Wilson, Mrs. Fountain, Bess Elliott, and Fern Bartlett. When a new school was built at Canille, she enrolled a second time in the eighth grade in order

for the school to have enough students to remain open. Fern gave her more advanced studies the second time. She later attended Normal School in Flagstaff.

The rest of the year she would stay with her sister and get to ride with the cowboys and attend the dances. She dearly loved to dance! She recalls that on the mesas, next to the river, the grass was so high that when the cattle had their heads down grazing you couldn't see them. The canyons in the Huachucas ran clear water all the way to the San Pedro River. Now, the water seldom reaches the foothills.

She married Howard Lindsey of Portales, New Mexico, in 1917. Her first son was born in California while her husband served in the Army during World War I. They moved back to New Mexico and tried raising sweet potatoes near Ft. Sumner. That didn't work out so they returned to California. Two more children were born there. They returned to Arizona in 1928. Her youngest son was born in Tempe. She and her husband homesteaded a ranch ten miles southwest of Tombstone in 1932, where she still resides. Her father's ranch at Canille remains in the family.

## DOUGLAS ROBERT LUGER

## Tubac, Arizona

Entering the Douglas Luger home in Tubac is like taking a step backwards in the history of our state. Charles Poston, often referred to as "The Father of Arizona", built this beautiful adobe home in the Tubac area in about 1857. The Lugers have lived there many years. In Poston's time, it was the center of a wide-spread community. Much history has passed through these rooms. Upon entering, you are - in your mind - back in early Arizona surrounded by Indian baskets, rugs, moccasins, crude arrows with the stone points intact and Santos. The hard packed tile floors are worn in spots by the years of use. Colonel Poston, while he made his home here, was authorized to perform marriages, baptize children, grant divorces, issue his own money, and under his own flag (on which appeared the insignia of a crossed pickaxe and hammer) he had the power of life and death over criminals. This information as to his powers is clearly defined in an old poster in Poston's office.

This is a long way from the cold of Robbinsvale, Minnesota, where Douglas was born, July, 1906, to George and Harriett Luger, one of their six children. His father was a farmer who raised, among other things, lots of potatoes and onions. Like his brothers and sisters, Douglas was expected to attend school, often riding horseback to get there. Sometimes when weather was very bad, an uncle would come pick up the Luger children in a sleigh to get them to school.

At fourteen, convinced there were better things elsewhere, he and a friend ran away from home. However, this world was tougher than they realized, so back home they went for a few more years. Douglas had lots of ideas of what he was going to do when next he left home. One idea was

that he was surely interested in the cowboys in books he read.

Douglas did leave home again, but not until he was grown. He was very ambitious about a lot of things, but still did not really know which way he was going. He established a brewery. This is a story that would take many stories but the end result was - the business failed. Next, he tried working in the oil business. He was interested especially in oil leases. During this time, he kept reading stories of the West and wondering how it would be to live as a rancher in "Wild Arizona." He went in depth into the oil business and put his all into it. So, when he went broke, all was lost and here was Douglas about to start over again - but in what he did not know. About this time, World War II came along and solved this problem for Douglas.

Faced with enlisting or being drafted, Douglas chose to enlist. Before long he was assigned to a Quartermaster Depot in the Washington area. As he worked, he was appalled at the disorganization and waste, and set about (on his own) to bring some order to the area in which he was involved. Immediately, he made a name for himself as an organizer and the promotions started. Eventually, he reached the rank of Major. He was told his next assignment was to be to General MacArthur's staff in the Pacific.


Before departure, it was required to have a complete physical, Army style. The doctors told him they had discovered cancer. Of course, this changed all his and the Army's plans. He was immediately hospitalized and the cancer confirmed. He was told that he had about nine months to live and was given a medical discharge.

Some years before a friend, Angus Swink, had told Douglas that if he ever needed a job, come to him. Mr. Swink was President of Atlantic

Insurance Company of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Swink was well known in the insurance industry and had a degree of fame for originating the company slogan - "Honestly, it's the best policy", which as time went on became - "Honesty is the best policy."

Douglas was shocked when he went to see his old friend on the long ago promise of a job and found Angus had been deceased for several years. Of course, he went to the widow, Frances, to tell her of his sorrow on learning of Angus' death. He enjoyed Frances and she enjoyed him. Four days later, they were married!

As Douglas and Frances talked of their future, he often told her of his interest in the West, in Arizona, and in "cowboying." He really thought all this a pipe dream because of the doctor's diagnosis, but Frances thought they should try it. So, after much planning, Frances and Douglas started westward. The entourage included not only these two, but three other carloads of dogs, servants, and prized possessions. They settled in Tucson, where Douglas' health seemed to improve. He had arrived sickly looking and limping along on a cane and with the constant knowledge of cancer in his system. As he improved, he decided on another physical and - to everyone's joy - there was no sign of cancer.

With Douglas' improved health, it seemed a good time for the Lugers to get into ranching that had so interested him for so long. The Lugers purchased the Four Winds Ranch near Tumacacori and started learning about ranching in the West. Douglas obtained about one-hundred head of cattle and the brand - W4 - used as  . To the Lugers, one from Virginia and one from Minnesota, all this was very new. They were invited to lots of parties and often were the objects of the usual E. V. (Eastern Visitor) jokes and tricks. They especially enjoyed the parties.



In those days when people went to a party, they expected to stay until the celebrating was over. This was often two or three days. This was very new to the Lugers, but they quickly learned to pack a little suitcase in case the party turned out to be a long one.

The Lugers both liked animals, and took an interest in their own. They raised purebred Santa Gertrudis cattle. Douglas, always the organizer, was very careful with his breeding program to see that the strain was kept pure. He always liked to be present when the cows dropped their calves. He always made a point of patting and talking to the cows. When one cow licked his hand after he had tried to help her, he was sure she was trying to show her appreciation. He also had a pet cow who thought she was a herd dog. She was quite a leader. Douglas would call her by name, and she would circle 'round and get the whole herd headed towards him.

Douglas was always full of ambition. After a few years, he decided to put part of the ranch land into cotton. He really went to work on this idea and was sure cotton had a future here. After one year, he felt that it was about like farming when he was a boy with so many chores to do. There was always more to be done as is always true in farming. So he decided, for the second time in his life, that he just was not a farmer. This time it was final - no more farming. He did, however, decide to grow a little hay. He loved this and went for growing hay more and more. He always was very careful with his hay. One thing he bragged about was that no one ever got hay with weeds in it when they bought Luger hay. He continued with "haying" for many years. He was quite proud of the quality of the hay he grew.

Douglas loved the ranch. Frances did too, but not the Arizona

summers. When the weather became as summers do in Arizona, Frances departed for La Jolla, California, where she stayed until the fall weather had begun. Douglas would not leave his beloved ranch to join her. He felt the summer very important to the "haying" and wanted to be here. He also spent some time learning more about the Santa Gertrudis breed and making plans to further improve his herd. He personally checked on each cow. Towards the end of the summer, he usually took a week off and visited Frances, but his summers were mostly devoted to his growing hay and to learning more about cattle breeding.

Another interest of Douglas' was breeding and showing dogs. Frances was also somewhat interested in this too. Douglas said he had never been without owning dogs during his lifetime. In fact, he was once thrown out of one of Tucson's best hotels because people in other rooms complained about his dogs. Needless to say, that hotel was never on the Luger's list of places to go again. Douglas was influential in introducing German Pointers to the United States. He had many ribbons and awards which he held on dogs from various American Kennel Club shows. He was always very proud of his dogs. Frances was also a dog-lover and joined him in these events. She loved Poodles and owned several. There was always quite a group of dogs at their ranch.

Life at the Four Winds was like ranching everywhere - the Lugers worried about their cattle as other ranchers do also. The cows calved, the calves grew, they were rounded-up, checked and branded and the usual crop of Mountain Oysters was harvested. Like all ranchers, they kept up with cattle prices. They sold cattle, they bought new stock, purchased new bulls, and watched the skies for rain. Like everyone else, a rain was a big event. When ranchers gather or see each other during the

summer, the amounts of rain at different places usually makes for hours of talking. They also worried about grass and feed. Douglas carefully checked for any different growths, such as poisonous weeds. Ranching for the Lugers was very satisfying. To Douglas it was the greatest of his many ambitions come true.

In addition to dogs and ranching, the Lugers were deep into antique collecting. They also were history buffs. The four cars that had originally brought them to Arizona had contained many books and antiques. They continued to collect them both. Their collections of books and antiques continued to change constantly, reflecting the quality of these collections. Frances had a sister in the East who dealt in antiques, having a sizable shop. When she died, Frances had the contents of the store shipped to the Luger ranch in Arizona. By now, their home was really over-crowded with antiques and books, not to mention dogs.

The Lugers continued ranching. Also, they kept on with their antique collecting. They also had their dogs - his and hers. Their herds were well cared for as were their horses. Frances did have one horse which was a special pet. Douglas, as he was with his hay, was meticulous about everything around the ranch. They tried various employees, but no one could replace Arturo. Try as much as they may, it finally became impossible for Douglas and Frances to keep up with all the requirements of their many interests. Finally and regretfully, they sold the Four Winds.

The Lugers sold their Four Winds Ranch to a family named Hamilton. During the next several years, the ranch changed hands many times. From the Hamiltons it went to the Earnhardts, then to the Woods, then the Perrys, and finally to the Ohrels. The Ohrels - Mowry and Ann - have

done a lot with the ranch. They are raising Andalusian horses. This is a breed that goes back to the Mesolithic age, some 8,000 years ago. They say that they are raising "the horse for the modern man". Douglas would love what they have done could he see his old ranch.

Needing a place to move, the Lugers had earlier bought an old general store with a Post Office in it in Tumacacori. They renovated it to provide housing for them. Old country stores with the local Post Office established in a corner are a part of Arizona history, but were not meant as living quarters. So, some time passed before it really became a home. They built a little building off to one side for the Post Office. That building is still in Tumacacori Post Office.

When they became established in their new home, Douglas worked to obtain a real estate license. He opened a small realty office in Tubac, which is sometimes called the oldest non-Indian town in Arizona. Eventually, it seemed to Douglas that it would be better if his real estate office was in the same building as his home, and so a small office was added at his home. Douglas had - by now - become an Arizona rancher at heart, what is often referred to as "one of the good old boys." A phrase which any Arizonan will recognize.

Douglas - always a rancher in his mind - specialized in the selling of ranches, and many a ranch in Santa Cruz County was bought or sold by Douglas Luger. He was a success in the business, but perhaps his greatest success was his personal life. Many a person will tell you of the things he has done - some as small as taking time to talk to a troubled person and some very big things as (without giving his name) often financing someone in trouble. He touched many, many lives in Santa Cruz County. He often met people through his realty office whom he felt

would be great additions to this area. He spent extra time with these and most of them have - in a way - paid it back by their contributions to the area. Douglas and Frances were always very much a part of the "Arizona scene", especially in the Tumacacori and Tubac areas, and Tucson also. Frances was a member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbells. Douglas was a member of both the Chamber of Commerce in Tucson and Nogales.

By this time, it was obvious that the Army doctors who had diagnosed Douglas with having cancer had been wrong. He was the picture of health and very much involved in civic matters. He and Frances made little mention of some of their charitable activities and few knew that two local youths were sent through the University of Arizona with the Lugers financing them. Many others benefitted from their quiet acts of charity, such as helping support the Madre Conchita Orphanage in Sonora, Mexico.

For some time, the Lugers had felt that they needed a roomier place to live in. For some years they had owned the Poston house. The old Poston property had some good buildings and room, but needed much to make it truly livable. The Lugers renovated the property, adding another building. This very old house is delightful as it now stands. The old floors remain, but are highly polished. The walls are the same, but carefully refinished to preserve the old quality of the building.

The Poston House was planned to be their last home and everything possible was done to make it just right. It did prove to be the last move. This move was very hard on them and Frances, who had been in poor health, died shortly thereafter. This, of course, was a shock to Douglas, but he continued in his usual ways. He joined the Mountain Oyster Club and the President's Club of the University of Arizona. Because of his many contributions, both financially and personally, a

room in the new Cancer Research Center is named in Frances' honor. Douglas also felt that the area where he had lived for so long needed some kind of health facility. He was the first person to donate money for such a place. The Tubac Regional Clinic is now a reality.

Before her death, Frances had made a friend of Elizabeth Ramsell, a Nogales School Teacher and the owner of a small shop in Tubac. Douglas shared this friendship. All three were very much interested in antiques. More and more Douglas turned to Elizabeth after Frances' death. Finally, this lead to romance. Douglas and Elizabeth were married in Tombstone on January 29, 1986. Douglas told friends that he was so excited that he drove away from the wedding with such a heavy foot that he got his first ticket for speeding.

Douglas and Elizabeth had many interests in common and were very happy. They made many exciting plans for the future. Among the first things they did was buy a van which they had customized so that it could be lived in. They planned many trips. The first of these trips was made to Northern Arizona where they enjoyed trading with Indians at the Trading Posts and on the Reservation.

Elizabeth and Douglas were very active in community events. Elizabeth resigned her teaching job in Nogales, though she maintained her interest in the Mitchell School and was truly delighted when one of the members of the fourth grade class she had left when she married won a prize from Santa Cruz County Cowbells for her scholastic achievement. They attended many events at the Mountain Oyster Club, which Douglas really enjoyed. They were also very active in working for the Tubac Regional Clinic, which was becoming more of a reality every day.

Elizabeth joined the Santa Cruz County Cowbells and is interested

in their activities. She also continues her deep interest in art and maintains a shop in Tubac. Her shop, El Gallo, specializes in Western and Indian arts and crafts. Douglas took great delight in taking Elizabeth to places where she had never been and to events, which as a busy teacher, she had never had the time to attend. He loved horses and often took Elizabeth to horse shows where she was amazed at his knowledge of horses. Douglas - the great organizer as always - set out to organize Elizabeth's life. He was horrified when he asked about her bills and she brought out a big black garbage sack with all her records dumped into it. This was a great challenge to him and he delighted in it. He thought nothing was impossible, but the sack of records was a shock. He, however, got the job done.

In September, 1986, Douglas became ill and was taken to the University of Arizona Medical Center. He had a rough time for a few days, but became much better and was happily planning on coming home. As he was talking to a doctor-friend who had stopped by, his heart stopped.

The next day, Elizabeth took a bad fall. She was the first patient to be admitted to the newly opened Tubac Regional Clinic. It would have pleased Douglas to know that the clinic was there when Elizabeth needed it.

Elizabeth is living in the old Poston House which she loves and hopes to maintain and nurture it as this historical old monument deserves.

Douglas Luger was most impressive due to his great sense of fairness. As it was put, "in his mind, what was right was right but what was wrong was very wrong, and he would do all he could to correct a wrong."

## EDWIN E. Mc MILLAN

"Mr. Mac"

Elgin, Arizona

Edwin E. Mc Millan - almost always called "Mr. Mac" - well known for his quarter horses, was born June 24, 1896, in Ennis, Texas. He did not spend much time there as his family moved to the Oklahoma Territory when he was three weeks old. They traveled by covered wagon and settled at Mc Allister, where they farmed as other families there did to make a living.

Mr. Mac says that people in those days had one serious objective - to raise a good family. People worked to make a living for these families, but the emphasis was on raising a family. Young people growing up had the same idea - raise a family. "Now it looks like we're going to run out of families with all these divorces", says Mr. Mc Millan.

The Mc Millan boys and girls rode ponies to the local school which was seven miles away. Their lunch was cold biscuits and sausage packed by their mother in a lard bucket. School was held in an old chapel. This old building had such bad walls that cats wandered in and out through the cracks. After five years, Mr. Mac decided that was enough education for him - he much preferred riding horses to sitting in a drafty, cold school room.

Mr. Mac worked with horses whenever he could and decided that there was no horse that he couldn't ride. When Thomas Print's "Bugger Red Wild West Show" came to Mc Alister, he showed an interest in riding one of the "wild" horses. He held out, however, until the owner offered him what he considered enough money. Then he rode the horse.

So he and his brother joined what was called a "wild west show" and traveled with them. By sixteen, he and his brother owned a half interest



in the show. They gave a show somewhere every night, then packed up and traveled all night to another place where they gave another show. For all of the year 1912, they continued to travel and work with the show. Daily performances, traveling by night and riding "wild" horses was tiresome.

He met a young girl - Nellie Callahan - who, with her parents and brothers and sisters, had moved to Oklahoma from Illinois. They were married June 15, 1915. That was the end of traveling with a show. They started their family there. Eventually they had five children. Mr. Mac is a proud family man. "Nellie", he says, "can best be described by one word - Angel." She is gone now but the family they raised together "never gave any of us a moment's trouble." It is obvious Mr. Mac is very proud of his children, the eldest of whom is now 70 years old. He says they have none of them - ever - had a black mark against them.

Gail is the youngest of the boys in the Mc Millan family. He has made a fortune in ballistics. He quit school in the eighth grade. His great interest was guns. He figured out how to make gunstocks out of plastic. He sold his original shop for seven-million dollars. He now has a small shop near Phoenix, Arizona, in a little town, Apple Valley. Now, he only employs about 24 men making guns for the United States that are priced at \$3,600. He also owns world record guns and has been featured in articles in all of the ballistic magazines.

Another son is Pat. He has been married for 33 years, which is in the Mc Millan tradition of long marriage. He also is into ballistics, but his interest is in rifle barrels. Ninety out of the ninety-three top rated gun barrels have been made by Pat. "Mr. Mac" says many have called Pat "the greatest ballistics man in the world." Pat recently sold his

gun business for \$300,000 cash. Although Gail and Pat are both in the gun business, they have never worked together.

Another son is Mickey. He shares "Mr. Mac's" interest in horses and has spent 41 years training race horses. One horse he trained is "Rainbow Angel" owned by Mr. Mac. He lives in Sunland Park, New Mexico. Mr. Mac refers to Mickey as "a chip off the old block." He has worked on many of his father's horses.

Another son is Millard. He has worked in heavy equipment all his life. He is considered one of the best and has worked many places in this world, always drawing a fabulous salary. He worked for Skousen Brothers for 13 years. He spent time in Peru, where he ran equipment for copper mines. He now lives in Phoenix.

The only daughter the Mc Millans had is Theda (Mc Millan) Reardon. She worked for Sullivan Cross Insurance in Phoenix for 33 years. She still lives in Phoenix. She, also, was a success in all her work.

Mr. Mac has several grandchildren. His small home is covered with pictures of them, of his own children, and of his horses and awards he has taken for them.

The Mc Millans left Oklahoma and came to Arizona in May of 1927. Mr. Mac got a job with the B. G. Terman Cattle Company. He worked between Mesa and Chandler. He worked for this company for eight years before he went on to another job.

In May of 1937, Mr. Mac signed on with the Indian Service. He was one of 43 men who went into the jobs of Ranger - working with the most primitive of the tribes - the Navajos. Their job was, basically, to help the Indians with their animals and train them in better ways to care for and use their animals. The area covered by the Rangers was divided into

52 districts. Each district was 50 miles square. The only way they could get to many of the Navajos was by packing in with horses. Of course, that meant he had to cook his own meals. "But", he added, "I'm not much of a cook."

Horses remained Mr. Mac's great interest. He says that he has ridden "in the world's best." He and Mr. Frank Brophy, Sr., formed a partnership with their horses. Apparently, Mr. Mac was not very interested in the cattle on the Brophy ranch and his work was only with the horses. He was asked about his brand. He was a little indignant that anyone would even think of branding a horse - "that stuff was for cattle" - and he has never had a brand. Together, Mr. Mac and Mr. Brophy, had many a great horse. Mr. Mac worked daily with the horses. Some of his horses won a lot of money for those who bet on them, one won \$100,000 and another \$35,000. Mr. Mac never bet on any of his horses.

Eventually, this partnership with Mr. Brophy ended. Mr. Brophy gave Mr. Mac some land and a home site to use for the remainder of his life. Mr. Mac lives there in a mobile home with his horses around and with a garden which he plants every year. He said that once when Mr. Brophy came by, he was trying to give him some fruit and vegetables and Mr. Brophy said, "You don't have to give me anything Mac. I gave you this land because you are the most honest man I have ever met. Most men try to get something out of me because they think I have money."

The story goes that Mr. Mac shares his garden with anyone who comes by. He especially liked it when someone would can some of his fruits and vegetables for him to have during the winter.

Mr. Mac is still working with his horses today. He regrets that horse racing is becoming a thing of the past in Arizona. He has worked

at all the big race tracks with his horses. He says, "My word is always good." Never do people ask to see his pass at any race track.

He was thrilled this past summer - the last summer of racing at Prescott - when everyone at the race track threw a huge party for his 90th Birthday. He says they stopped everything and sang "Happy Birthday." Then everyone had cake and ice cream, he recalls. Mr. Mac was pleased with all that and all the cards he received. One of the cards was from President and Mrs. Reagan.

People ask if Mr. Mac is going to retire - to which he answers, "What would I do then?" He is now into horse breeding, full time. He has a number of young horses around, but the one he talks of most is "Black Jack Orozco."

The story about Mr. Mac would not be complete without telling of this very special horse whom he calls, "Jack." Jack has been rated the number one quarter horse in the United States. Mr. Mac wanted to be sure that everyone knows that. Also, as the United States is the only country having quarter horses, that means that Jack is the number one quarter horse in the whole world. He showed those who went to interview him for this story - picture after picture of Black Jack Orozco. He also has many awards he has received on Jack. Finally, he was asked about Jack's whereabouts. So an appointment was made for the next morning to meet Mr. Mac at the Sonoita track, part of the Santa Cruz County Fairgrounds. Mr. Mac was waiting at the race track the next morning. The weather was cold, windy, and drizzling. Mr. Mac was sitting in a pickup which was not his, but handy to his needs. He said again that his word was his bond and, "Being a man of my word, I said I would be here and here I am."

That morning, we met Black Jack Orozco. He is a beauty. Mr. Mac

worked him around and around, pointing out all his great features. He told us tale after tale about the horse's exploits. He remembered the question about a brand, and could not believe any one would ever put a brand on such an animal. He was asked if anyone rides Jack now. His answer was that no way would he ever let anyone put a saddle on Jack again. He felt the horse deserved to be retired and have an easy life.

Jack may be retired from racing, but like his owner, is not really retired. He is now used for breeding. Mr. Mac forgot how cold and wet the weather was as he told of Jack's offspring. Jack stays in the facilities at the Santa Cruz County Fairgrounds during the summer and rainy season as the corrals at the ranch are on rather low ground. He told how Jack was about to go home, to Mr. Mac's place, for the winter and then for the spring breeding season.

Mr. Mac has some rules he never breaks. He never goes back on his word, and he never smokes or drinks. He showed us a nice set of dishes and of silverware and says they are nice, but "an old tin pie pan is good enough for me."

Mr. Mac has had a long life and a happy one. He has two great interests - his family and his horses. His wife, the "angel" Nellie, died in 1980. They had been together for most of their lives and he misses her. But he hasn't let that stop him. As the interview was ending, Mr. Mac was saying that we should not forget the remarkable family he had raised and his horses, especially Black Jack Orozco, "Jack." These two things are his consuming interest now.

## CLARENCE and EDNA MILLS

## Yarnell, Arizona

Clarence was born April 18, 1909, in Junction Texas. At the age of three, his family moved to New Mexico, where he attended school in Anemas Valley, New Mexico. At the age of twelve, the family again moved to Chandler, Arizona by covered wagon. They only were in Chandler one year until they moved to Walnut Grove, Arizona, where Clarence graduated from the 8th grade in 1924. Then, Clarence, in the later part of 1925, moved to Mojave County where he spent 10 years raising Angora goats.

With Clarence's experience in raising Angora goats, he started to work on the W. B. Young ranch, where he spent many years.

Will Beasley Young was born in Eagle Pass, Texas, on December 13, 1886, the son of a livestock trader, he got into the cattle business with a brother in 1906. In 1913, he bought an outfit of his own with some cattle and a good many goats.

In 1917, the Youngs got the urge to come to Arizona where Bill bought the old Goodwin Cattle and Goat Ranch in Walnut Grove in Yavapai County. In 1919, he sold the Goodwin place to Ira Walker and bought a homestead relinquishment in the broken, but well grassed Malpais hills on Kirkland Creek, about 10 miles South o Kirkland.

Goats were then prospering in Yavapai County so that along with a bunch of cattle, Bill bought a brand of Angora goats.

Bill, along with Clarence Mills, raised the Angora goats and cattle on twenty-five sections of land. They ran from three-thousand to four-thousand goats. The goats were sheared twice a year. (March and September.) Mohair was shipped by rail from Kirkland, Arizona, back east.

Clarence figured 10 head of cattle per section of land and they could run 50 goats per section. The goats produced 3 1/2 to 4 lbs. of mohair per goat at each shearing.

In 1958, Clarence moved to Yarnell. He continued working the Young's until 1968, when he met and married his wife, Edna, on December 8th of 1968.

Edna came to Arizona in March, 1915. She was born in Prague, Oklahoma, April the 3rd, 1910.

Edna grew up around farming communities west of Phoenix. When she was a young woman, she went to work for J. J. Newberry Company in downtown Phoenix. The address was 34 West Washington Street. Edna held the same job for 39 years. She retired in April of 1971.

In 1972, Clarence and Edna sold their home in Phoenix and built a three bedroom home on two acres of ground in Yarnell, Arizona, where they now live.

GEORGE EDWARD MONZINGO

Cochise County, Arizona

As the story goes, he fell off the back of the wagon as it crossed the Pecos River. Efforts have failed to confirm or deny this evidence of good, hard heads in the Monzingo clan.

Nevertheless, it is fact that not long after George Edward Monzingo (Ed) was born near Vernon, Texas, on Friday, May 13, 1911, his parents moved their family to the Willcox, Arizona area. In the fall of 1911, George Ludwig and Ollie Mae Patton Monzingo homesteaded near Bonita, north of Willcox. The stone house they eventually built still stands on Monzingo Corners where they branded the stock with the U Bar 7,  $\frac{U}{7}$ , given later to a grandson, John L., by Ollie, and now owned by their grandson, George, at Cochise.

Already in the family with baby Ed at the time of the wagon trek from the panhandle of Texas, across New Mexico, to southeastern Arizona were Jesse Leonard (Jess) and Hester Amanda (Hettie). Still to come were John William, Dolly Mae, Thomas Samuel (Tom), Opal, Marjorie Ruth (Marge), Jack Alexander, and Don Lee. Baby Opal died as an infant and rests with her parents in the Willcox cemetery. As the family grew, Jess took the lead with the boys, and Ed recalls taking off into the Grahams and Winchesters with "biscuits in our pockets and a .22 in hand" for a weekend of tramping and rabbit hunting. Having started on "camping" with such basic necessities, he laughs now recalling that he graduated later to a bedroll, at one point enjoyed the comfort of a mattress in the back of a car or pickup, then to a tent and cot, on to a shell, then slide on camper and eventually to a Mobile Home when showing cattle. He admits that Best Westerns are a great addition, but still enjoys short camping



trips with SOME comforts like an ice chest, a dutch oven and grill, and a comfortable folding chair! He isn't really interested in repeating later experiences, either, like Elk hunting in the Hannigan Meadows were with Hugh Shumake, Joe Hill, Jack Sullivan, Lee Kuhn and others from Patagonia, bed covered with snow in the mornings, and the like. Nor does he look to repeat the trip down the pass between Safford and Three Point, south of Clifton, Hugh Shumake at the wheel on the old road with a horse trailer on behind and no brakes - but those came later.

Selling milk was a big part of the family enterprise as the children grew and milking five or six Shorthorn cows between three of the boys, then turning the separator for Mother was the normal before-school activity. Ed has never lost his touch at the chore, but definitely lost his enthusiasm for it somewhere along the line.

Then, as now, droughts came along. With a good herd of Shorthorns, there were times when the children spent their time chopping yuccas, which were abundant in the area, to be fed to the cows. He also remembers the larks of chasing burros down the road. That could be lucrative as the neighbors from whom they had wandered paid the boys a quarter a piece for their return. There is no mention of what caused the burros to wander so often.

Their school at first was the Lumpolk school, about a mile and a quarter kitty-corner across a section from home. Later, the school was moved to Mc Alister, and still later schooling was at Bonita, about 11 miles north of Monzingo Corners. By then, the family had a car and drove the children to school.

Riding everything in sight was a favorite pastime for the boys (along with teasing their sisters). Be it cow, steer, milk pen calf,

forbidden or not, the boys tried their hands at riding it. When he was about 13, Ed traded his brother-in-law, Leo Black, out of a horse for \$25. And his lifetime career began.

His first job was working for Ed Hooker at Sierra Bonita Ranch, where he rode for several summers. He also put time in cutting and pitching hay in the Willcox valley. He recalls that he was never as big as most of the others doing the job, but had to keep up, naturally, as a matter of pride. Many a night at quitting time he would be too tired to eat, just falling in and rolling out the next morning to give it another go.

After the 10th grade, Ed decided that he had enough schooling under his belt and quit to work for area ranchers in earnest. He worked for Homer Brickerson and later for Norman Palmer of the Babbitt and Cowden outfit in the Circle I and Gillman Hills area. One summer there, with a team of horses and a small fresno, he dug a dirt tank south of the headquarters that is probably still there (The ranch is now owned by Sewell Goodwin). Ed recalls that it was a two or three month job for him and the horses that could probably be done in a day now. Improvements were hard earned in the 20's.

Sometime in about 1932, Leo Black went to work for the "Three C's" (CCC), Chiricahua Cattle Company, at their Temporal Camp near Patagonia. He needed someone to bring his horses down from Willcox, and Ed took on the job. Leaving Ernest Browning's, west of Willcox, early one morning, riding one horse and leading the other broke horse and a colt, Ed headed out by way of Texas Canyon and down to St. David, ending up on what was then the Busby Ranch, where he spent the night. Early next morning saw him on his way south along the Whetstones, where he went by the Sand's

Ranch headquarters about midday, on through Rain Valley to Sonoita, down the Sonoita River to the Rail X, headquarters of the CCC, where he finally got a meal. He then headed up Little Casa Blanca on the east slope of Baldy (Mt. Wrightson), crossing at the head of it into Temporal Canyon and to the camp there that would later be his home for nearly 20 years.


He returned to Willcox later that year, marrying Ellen Tindall of Willcox and working for Mrs. Hooker at her Double Lightning, 44, in the Winchesters until he was offered a job back at the CCC. He moved to the Cook Place, near Patagonia, working under Sol Ray for Henry Boice. While on this job, George Edward Monzingo, Jr., was born July 30, 1934, in Willcox.

In about 1937, the Forest Service broke up the big grazing permits and the CCC was split up. By that time, Ed had taken Leo Black's place at the Temporal camp. Blain Lewis bought the Cook Place and is still on it. As for Rail X, part was sold to the Ed Jeffcotts, who later sold to the Walter Kolbes who had moved out from Winnetka, Illinois. Their children, Walter, John, Jim, and Beth were raised there, some of them to have a big part in the Arizona scene.

What became the Crown C was sold to Blake Carrington, and the part that took in Temporal Canyon, across to Big Casa Blanca on the north, surrounding the Longstreet place, became the Lazy RR, 70 R, bought by the R. B. Harmons from Detroit, Michigan. Ed went to work for the Harmons as foreman. He neighbored Bob and Willie Bergier, Elmer and Leota Gatlin. Dink Parker was right there and along the east edge were the Charlie Mays at the old stage stop and Lou and Lucy Stevens.

In 1941, on July 19th, Ed's second son, John Leonard Monzingo, was

born. Not long after, because of Harmon leaving for service in the Coast Guard during the war, Ed and his family moved to the headquarters of the Lazy RR at the mouth of Little Casa Blanca, moving back to Temporal after the war. In 1942, son George contracted polio and was badly crippled. Thanks to help from the Masons, George was treated in San Francisco with surgery and therapy. Though he was left with a limp, he still worked with his Dad, horseback, and leads a full and active life.

During that time, Ed started raising some horses with a mare he bought from Blain Lewis and later a mare George was given by Dink Parker. As a result, the blood of Texas B and Parker's Trouble figured strongly in his horses. He raised and trained many a top horse working that mountain, and also remembers some top ones he bought from others. In those days, screw worms were the major problem in the summer -- aside from the usual feed and water problems -- so horses that could handle themselves and the cattle to be doctored were an essential part of the business. He branded the "2 E", , which had really started as a tumbling J, Lazy E connected, when he and brother John planned to go into cattle together back in the 20's. Ed has since given this brand to his son, George, who has also bought the "U Bar 7" from his own brother J. L.

Lion and bear hunting were also a big part of the work on the east slopes of Baldy. Hard as it was, the gleam in the eye these recollections bring suggest Ed considered it more fun than anything. He had hounds he had raised from dogs that he got from Marvin Glenn of Douglas and Bob Bergier. Bob was a frequent partner in the hunts, as were Clell and Dale Lee. As the cows started calving on the mountain, being moved to lower country in the Spring, these hunts were more a

necessity than a game.

Also important to the operation was the local Forest Ranger, and the Lazy RR had better than a ??? head permit. Ed prides himself on always being on a good footing with "the Forest" and later with State and BLM officials. Euel and Ruby Nave, when Euel was Ranger at Patagonia for the Coronado National Forest, became close, personal friends. They kept in touch, even after the Naves too had moved to New Mexico.

In 1960, Ed moved to New Mexico to run the ranch bought by Peggy Gratiot Harmon after her divorce from R. B. Harmon, Jr. Peggy was born in St. Louis, Missouri, October 30, 1922, living later in Winnetka, Illinois, and Stonington, Connecticut, as she grew up. She finished schooling at Dobbs in New York state and Vassar in Poughkeepsie, but Pearl Harbor made her decide to leave college and go to work in Winnetka. By 1960, she had become a firmly rooted southwesterner with her whole heart in the cattle business. Proving the small-world theory, in Winnetka her family had lived next door to the Kolbes, never dreaming that their families' lives would again cross in Patagonia.

Ed selected a cut from the Lazy RR registered herd, which had started in 1951 with calves from the Albert Mitchell herd in New Mexico. Those 50 head formed the nucleus of the ZR Hereford Ranch operation that straddled the Pecos River (predestined by a fall from a covered wagon in 1911) south of Santa Rosa, New Mexico. A drought in 1964 nearly wiped that young operation out, but by keeping open heifers and young bulls, after holding a dispersal sale of the cow herd, the same blood lines were used for rebuilding the herd. In spite of that drought, the ranch was committed and hosted 400 people for the New Mexico Junior Hereford Field Day that summer. Featured in the weight-guessing contest that day was

Christmas Cactus, a 4-year old Longhorn steer, bought as a calf from A. A. Jernigan on the Stockton Pass, east of Bonita. Christmas, at age 8, was destined to halt operations at the Swift and Company, Clovis plant, for 4 hours. His horns became wedged in the chute to the killing floor, and the good people there took the time and effort to keep his horns intact. His hide, the biggest the tanners had handled, became a bedroom rug and his horns have ever since graced the ZR fireplace.

Another year Ed and Peggy helped organize and host the lunch stop for the N. M. Hereford tour. Harold Thurber of Sonoita was among the guests that day; and on another memorable occasion, July 25, 1974, they hosted the Dalgety World Cattle Tour of forty Australians. Among the N. M. industry leaders invited to visit the tour members was, then-President of the N.M.H.A., Phil Bidegain, one-time "neighbor" of the Monzingos when he grew up in the Sunset area, north of Willcox.

Purchases of females and herd sires had been made from the Birdwell and Jack Turner herds in Texas, as well as some Anxiety 4th cattle in 1960 and '61. Peggy had started performance records on the Mitchell cattle in 1951, and some Thurber Ranch sires were figuring in those records, so there was a good base on which to build. In 1961, Ed entered the ZR as one of the original cooperators in the Tucumcari Bull Test, which has become one of the best known in the southwest. The ZR had the only extensive performance records among the co-op at that point, and their cattle stood in the upper percentages for the 6 years they participated. As they were developing a market for unpampered, tough cattle, the necessary "pampering" of penned cattle in a test station, in spite of their good records, didn't suit most ZR buyers, so they concentrated on sales at the ranch.

On August 21, 1963, Ed and Peggy were married in Clovis, New Mexico, with Peggy's daughter, Lynne, and Ed's son, John, and his family in the wedding party. The honeymoon was, naturally for them, spent on that year's Hereford Tour in northeastern New Mexico. On September 5, 1966, son Edward Allen was born while the family was showing cattle at the County fairs, so his birthplace was Clovis, Curry County, New Mexico, instead of Santa Rosa. For years after that, friends could find coffee and birthday cake at the Fair!

Active in several New Mexico breed associations, Ed served on the Board of Directors of the Southeastern New Mexico Hereford Association at Roswell, the 4-Corners Hereford Association at Farmington, the One Stop Hereford Association at Lovington, the Southwestern Hereford Association at Deming, and the New Mexico Hereford, Association. Ed served as President of both the Southeastern and the New Mexico Associations. At the time he was active in the groups, he urged that their consignment sales all insist on clean (dwarf free) pedigrees for animals to qualify. And he fought against artificial pricing that sent many commercial men, the backbone of the sales, home empty-handed. Most of the groups did go "clean" pedigree and tried to keep their bull offerings top quality for the commercial man.

Performance in the commercial situation was what interested Ed and Peggy as they developed the ZR cattle. At different times with varying success, they added blood from the Thurber Ranch, Sonoita, White Mountain Ranch, and the Hooper Ranch at Springerville. When Alan Thals started an operation in Las Vegas, New Mexico, with some top Hereford blood lines, they added some of the Line #1 blood they had acquired. All additions were required to perform at or above the pound production level set by

the ZR cattle. Latest additions have been 7 head of bulls from the 26-Bar herd, bought in 1986, 26-Bar's last sale.

The market in eastern New Mexico shifted as many ranches changed to yearling operation for the "big money" (which later wiped many of them out!), and the bull market that was left wanted fat 2-year old bulls. So Ed took a gamble and developed a production sale for the ZR at Cliff, New Mexico, 400 miles from home, but in mountain country where ranchers like to buy calves and yearlings to develop in their own situations. There, in March, 1978, the ZR put on its first of six production sales. They invited the Jay Cox Ranch of Winston, New Mexico, to bring part of the sale offering to up the numbers available to ranchers on sale day. Strictly range condition -- in fact as well as in the ads -- the sale set a new pattern that was envied and eventually copied in the state. Much to their surprise, they found Ed's nephew, Jerry (Jess' son), and his family right near the fair grounds, so they became an important part of the sale success along with many other good people in the Silver City to Reserve area.

In 1983, with health and age a consideration and urged on by another drought, Ed moved the cattle to leased pasture in Cochise County, Arizona, while he and Peggy tried to finalize a trade of the New Mexico ranch for an Arizona property. They settled on the old San Pedro Ranch, east of Benson in the Little Dragoons, taking possession April 2, 1984. Originally part of the Getzwiller Ranch, it was at the time of the trade owned by Kartchner Farms of St. David. Ed had to move the , ~~Z~~ , ZR brand, with a slash added in New Mexico, to the left hip when they returned the cattle to Arizona. He also bought the , , for Ed Alan's herd. This time the approximately 250 head they ran on 14



sections in New Mexico would be scattered on 31 sections of State, BLM, and deeded land. That fact, plus the headquarters that "boasted" a huge main house with 5 bathrooms, hardly made it seem the ideal near-retirement home, but it was surely good country with good water on the mountain that could be piped down the long westerly ridges. Ed continues to put his eye and expertise into the operation there where son Ed Alan has taken over the active part. Son George, living in Cochise, 30 miles away, and son John still in New Mexico, have provided Ed with 7 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

Through the years of developing the ZR herd into one known for its thrift and performance in tough conditions, Ed has shown the cattle throughout New Mexico as well as at SAILA and Arizona National shows. The challenge for him at present is improving the present ZR Hereford Ranch in the Little Dragoons into as successful an operation as any in the area with top quality Herefords that can perform in the roughest conditions. He plans to enter a pen of bulls in the Arizona National this year, 1986, for the first time in a good many years. He is a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and the Arizona Hereford Association, and is glad to see Ed Alan continuing the tradition of support for our vital associations by being President of the Arizona Junior Hereford Association in 1986.

Ed is the oldest living descendant of George and Ollie Monzingo. His sister, Marge (Mrs. Bill) Cox, lives in Sahuarita; brother Jack and his wife, Georgia Dunlap, still live by the old homestead; and Don, with his wife Mary Dunlap, live in Idaho. Raised in Cochise County since 1911, working there and in Santa Cruz County with a period in New Mexico, Ed Monzingo, glad not to have gotten stuck in the Pecos River quicksand,

is continuing his life-long work with cattle, passing that heritage on to his son, back home in Cochise County, Arizona.

## HOME ON THE RANCH

### BREAD — "The Staff of Life"

Baking bread at home is a lot of fun and brings shrills of delight from members of the family, especially if you vary it now and then by using special recipes.

For Christmas time, try adding the following to your regular bread batter before you mix in the last flour (amount suggested is per loaf.) If you are making two loaves, double these ingredients, etc. 2 Tblspns shortening, 2 Tblspns sugar, 1/2 cup mixed glazed chopped fruits, 1/2 cup broken pecans or walnuts. This makes wonderful Christmas breakfast toast.

#### Kugelhoff

Cream 3/4 cup butter with 1/2 cup sugar.

Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each.

Add 1 package dry yeast softened in 1/2 cup warm water.

Scald 3/4 cup milk; cool and add to above, alternately with 4 cups sifted flour and 1 tspn salt.

Add 1 cup golden raisins, 1/2 cup slivered almonds and grated peel of one large lemon. Mix well.

Grease a large tube pan and sprinkle with slivered almonds. Pour batter in and let rise until double its bulk. (Takes quite a while to rise.)

Bake in 350 oven for 40 minutes, or until a straw plunged in center comes out dry.

(This is delicious bread but will double as cake on most any occasion.)

#### Pluckin' Bread

Combine —

1 cup milk (scalded)

1/2 cup shortening

1/2 cup sugar

1 tspn salt

Cool until luke warm and add —

2 cakes yeast (if you use dry, moisten in 1/2 cup warm water)

Add 2 well beaten eggs

4 1/2 cups sifted flour

Knead lightly and let rise to double its size. Punch down well, cover and let rise another 10 minutes. Shape the dough in balls the size of marbles. Roll each ball in melted butter, then in a mixture of 3/4 cup sugar and 1 tspn cinnamon.

Arrange on top of each other in a well greased angel food pan, sprinkling with finely chopped nuts and small golden raisins.

Let rise until double and bake 40 minutes in 350 oven.

Pluck and eat!

If medical science doesn't stop making us live longer, our grandchildren will be telling us to go pay off all this debt ourselves.

#### DILLY BREAD

Soak 1 packet dry yeast in 1/4 cup warm water.

Heat to lukewarm 1 cup creamed cottage cheese.

Put above in mixing bowl and add 2 Tblspns sugar, 1 Tblspn instant minced onion, 1 Tblspn butter, 2 tspns dill seed, 1 tspn salt, 1/4 tspn soda and 1 egg. Add flour and beat well. Let rise to double its size; knead into loaf. Let raise until light and bake at 350 for 40 minutes or until golden brown. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and serve.

The condition of a man is best judged by what he takes two of at a time — stairs or pills.

The best way to get ahead of Russia is to get behind America.

If you want to say something in the average American home today you have to go through channels.



Tax Collector: "You should always pay your taxes with a smile."

Citizen: "I'd certainly like to, but you insist on cash."

## TOM RIGDEN

## Kirkland, Arizona

John Thomas Rigden was born on August 13, 1911, at Rigden Ranch near Kirkland, Arizona, where he now lives. His father, Charles, had come from England to Colorado as a very small boy. He grew up in the Ft. Collins area, and in 1893 moved to the Salt River Valley. Charlie worked as a cowboy throughout Arizona and California, but in 1902 he bought a small ranch near Kirkland, Arizona. A short time later he formed a partnership with Jack Lawler, a pioneer rancher and mining man in Yavapai County. In 1907, he married Ada Eldred, of Battle Creek, Michigan, whom he met when she taught the Kirkland School in 1905. Their two children, Betty and Tom, grew up on the ranch, attending school at home for the first grade, where Ada Rigden taught them by the Calvert Method, then they rode horseback two and a half miles to the Kirkland School. They graduated from High School in Prescott, and later from the University of Arizona. Betty married Jack Wilson of Brooklyn, New York, and now lives near Safford, Connecticut.

The Rigden-Lawler partnership was dissolved in 1925, with Charles Rigden taking as his share the holdings that are still operated by the Rigden family. Their brand is  (G Spear), based on the  brand of Fred Gaines, shown in the 1884 brand book of Yavapai County.

Tom attended the University of Arizona, and was graduated in 1935 with a Bachelor of Science Degree, with a major in Animal Science, and a minor in Range Ecology. Jobs were very scarce in those years of the Depression, so Tom was very pleased to be hired as a Range Examiner by the Soil Conservation Service. He went to work on the Navajo Reservation in the summer of 1935. This was very interesting work, especially so in

the fall of 1937, when he took a crew of fifteen to twenty Navajos into the most remote areas of the vast reservation. Their job was to gather and tally the horses and cattle belonging to the Navajos living there. This took four months of hard, rough riding. When it was over, they had tallied out 12,000 horses and around 4,000 head of cattle.

In September of 1938, Tom married Margaret Hays of Peeples Valley, Arizona, whose family had purchased the adjoining Hays Ranch in 1912 coming from the San Joaquin Valley of California.

In the fall of 1938, Tom left the Soil Conservation Service too become Extension Livestock Specialist at the University of Arizona in Tucson. He spent five interesting years in the Extension Service under the directorship of Charles U. Pickrell. In early 1943, Tom, Margaret, and son Charles, moved back to Peeples Valley to work for his father-in-law, Roy Hays, and to care for the Rigden Ranch. In 1955, they returned to the homeplace to live.

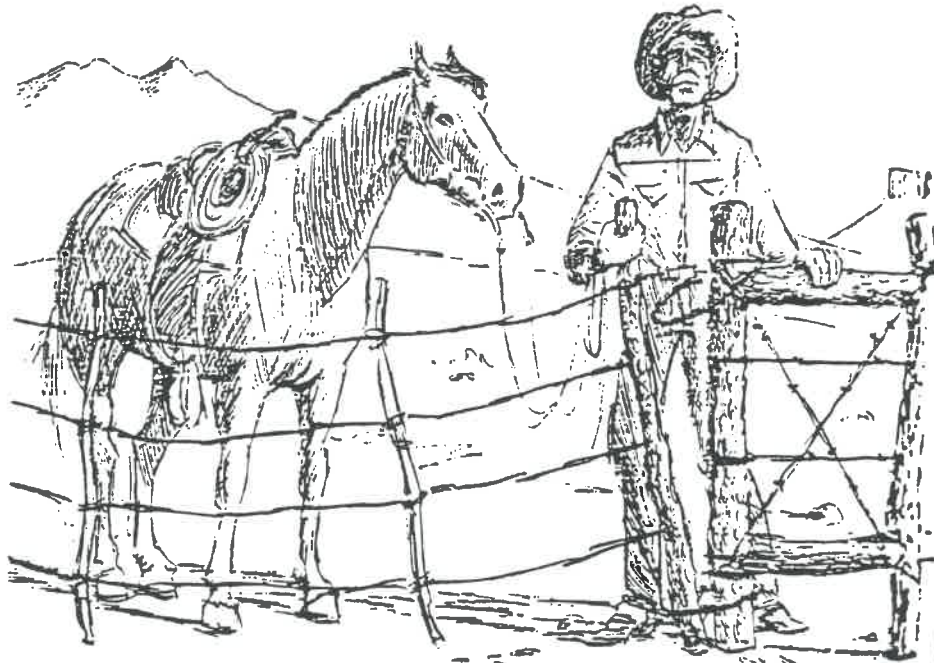
In 1956, Tom became an appraiser for the Federal Land Bank of Berkley on a per diem basis. During this time, he was a member and chairman of the State Lands Appeal Board, and served a term as President of the Yavapai Cattle Growers.

Due to a long standing diabetic condition, Tom became blind in 1964. He retired at that time from all his outside activities, but he and Margaret have continued the ranch operation with the help of their three children, Charles and his son Tom, of Anchorage, Alaska; Anna Mary Glaab and her son Rigden, of Peeples Valley; and Cynthia, who has her art studio at the ranch.

Tom is still able to ride horseback and take care of chores about the place due to his lifelong familiarity with the territory, and is an

inspiration to many with similar disabilities. He feels privileged to have grown up in the old days of ranching on the open range, "outlawing" wild cattle, and with even a stint at sheepherding in the early 1930's. He has many interesting tales to tell about these experiences.

# "NO CLOUDS—NO SILVER LINING"



THE WINTER SNOWS WERE MIGHTY SCANT  
 AND RAIN THIS SPRING'S BEEN THIN;  
 THE TEMPERATURE IS RISING NOW  
 AND SUMMER COMING IN.  
 THE SKIES ARE BLUE, THE SUN IS BRIGHT—  
 A CLIMATE MOST ADORE—  
 BUT WHEN IT'S GRASS YOU NEED FOR BEEF  
 THE OUTLOOK'S KINDA PORE. TOM★ELLINWOOD

We gratefully acknowledge the privilege of reprinting this cartoon by Tom Ellinwood which appeared in THE ARIZONA DAILY STAR. Tom must have been a cow man at one time to understand so well a cowman's longing for clouds.

## LAWRENCE SHATTUCK ROBBINS

Santa Cruz County, Arizona

Larry Robbins is the epitome of an individual who thinks eighty-years young. His insight and enthusiasm for each day, his thinking of all the tomorrows, planning for future projects and projecting toward new ideas are what make him the youthful and stimulating person he is. His wife, Barbara, is his helpmate and partner. She is positive by nature, and together they have molded their lives into a flexible, youthful and energetic adventure. As this biography unfolds, the chart and compass of Larry's life will serve as an inspiration to all who become acquainted with this character.

Larry was born to Isabelle Barkwell and Lawrence S. Robbins on September 12, 1907, in Cleveland, Ohio. His mother and father were each spirited individuals, having definite ideas and ideals of their own. Neither being able to adjust to the other, the absolute "unheard of" happened - they were divorced. In that near-Victorian era, it was a rare and despicable event. After all, people were hardly supposed to be human beings. Emotion, differences, and incompatibility were simply not recognized. The gossip and whispers did not intimidate the couple, however. Each eventually remarried, expanding Larry's relatives to two mothers and two fathers. Certainly not commonplace at that point in time.

Larry attributes his fervent love of the outdoors to the years he lived with his father in the North Woods. The magnificent stands of white pines provided an atmosphere richly colored in Indian lore.

The luring fragrance of the trees endured in the young man's memory. It was a lasting experience, finely etched with detailed experiences of



happiness far outweighing the painful and stressful divorce of his parents.

Larry's mother was dedicated to his education ("schooling"). He was reared with a classic course of education. Attended Yale University, where he melded with the "preppies" of the day and later graduated from the Harvard Business School. Harvard University, the oldest and one of the foremost United States educational institutions, sent Larry Robbins out into the world fundamentally sound, ready for the intellectual development, and experiments in the curriculum of life.

With these qualifications, Larry joined the unemployed masses of citizens during the Great Depression. Probably a time when people had more in common than ever since. Upon graduating from college, he did find work, however, and was employed by Cleveland's Associated Charities for no salary at all. He worked for nothing! Subsequently, he was very pleased to find employment with the Forest City Rubber Company, packing corn pads for \$12.50 per week. Having majored in finance in business school, he was elated to exchange the corn pad profession for a position with an investment firm in research and as an analyst for \$75 per month. This was the most severe economic declines of the first half of the 20th century, but Larry demonstrated that he is indeed a survivor.

Proving his durability and good judgement, the next big step was his engagement to Miss Barbara Miller of Cleveland. A summer wedding had been planned and everything seemingly was running smoothly. On the morning of the wedding day, a formidable document arrived from the United States Government with the familiar greeting, Summons. Larry spent the entire day dealing with endless red tape and a place in the United States Navy.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Robbins, together, fluttered with excitement at the Chapel in Gates Mills, a suburb of Ohio. The wedding had been carefully planned for weeks with every detail thoroughly choreographed. While flowers were arranged, Larry met with the powers of the Armed Service to plan his destiny in the United States Navy. The guests began arriving, while in downtown Cleveland, Larry had visions of fighting for his country and was preoccupied with all the thoughts of rearranging his life. Finally, he joined the party before the wedding hours late. He was greeted with a very cool reception. Of course his Mother-in-law to-be was perturbed and anxious, thinking Larry had "run out" on her daughter.

The newlyweds made their home near Cleveland, while our country was involved in an international conflict, World War II. After settling down to his new lifestyle in the Navy, Larry in his straight-forward, direct manner informed his commanding officer of the duties he would not be able to perform. He spoke with clarity, describing with emphasis that he would not be in charge of the mess, the laundry, or typing and bookkeeping. Robbins was sent to Officer's Training School at Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

He subsequently taught Celestial Navigation. Having little or no background in the field, made his new career somewhat precarious. After only one man in thirty-five students passed the course, he prescribed and conducted Larry met this challenge with new confidence, eventually to become an excellent instructor.

Larry reminisced with fondness. The class of officers just home from the front lines, chests decorated with tiers of battle ribbons. They had had first-hand experience with the enemy. The freshness of

youth rubbed out. These men were a no-nonsense group, looking for a seasoned officer to instruct them about aerial navigation. Larry knew his talents and limitations. After a quick summary of the young veterans, he excused himself to recruit the assistance of an officer who had at least some experience in flying.

After several years teaching aerial navigation, he was transferred to Washington D. C. on the staff of Deputy Chief of Operations for Aviation. He left the Navy as a Lt. Commander.

Barbara and Larry welcomed a new son to their lives. Hardly any day was without tragedy in those troubled times, and to worsen their own world, their beautiful, beloved baby died. There is no grief or heartbreak to compare with the pathos in this segment of their chapter.

Throughout the events of his life and its complexities, he nurtured the comforting thought in the back of his mind to someday find a place in the West to satisfy his craving for ample space to enjoy a quality of existence he remembered with great affection during his early years when he lived with his father in the North Woods of Wisconsin.

Barbara and Larry were blessed with two more sons, Peter who was born in 1944, and Tyler, born in 1948. Of course, they are the light of their lives and each a splendid progeny who have inherited the same intelligence and spirit of their parents.

The Robbins first son, Peter, was married on April 17, 1982, to Julieta Balesteros Flores in Nogales, Arizona. "Julie" is the daughter of the late Alicia and Alfanzo Flores. She was President of her senior class at Nogales High School. Attended San Diego Women's College, where she was also President of her class. After five years of working with the Gillette Company, she attended the Thunderbird Language School in

Phoenix. She speaks fluent French, German, Spanish, and English. Julie and Peter have a daughter, Alicia, who was born February 20th, 1983. Peter is the President of Rail Passengers Services. He refurbishes old railroad cars and conducts tours into Mexico.

Tyler was married to Mary La Velle Esgar on October 26, 1985, in Cleveland, Ohio. "Marla" presently teaches at the Hawkins School in Cleveland. After finishing high school, Tyler mentioned to his Dad, "Well, now that I've completed high school education I think I'll travel around the world." Larry answered cheerfully, "Why Tyler, I think that's wonderful and I'll see that you do that!" They immediately drove to the Navy recruiting office where Tyler enlisted in the Navy. He is currently Chief in the United States Navy, serving in the recruiting office in Cleveland.

As a matter of historical interest, On December 29, 1917, President Woodrow Wilson, pursuant to the Act of Congress of May 20, 1862, issued letters to Harry B. Fryer for the 160 deeded acres now known as the "Little Ranch Outfit." However, official U.S.D.A. Forest Service permit records show that J. W. Guthrie of Parker Canyon, Arizona, was grazing 50 head of cattle and 5 horses on these acres in the fall of 1913 in the Huachuca District of the Coronado National Forest. No records of the brand Guthrie used are at hand. In 1955, the Forrest Service changed the name of the allotment to U-D. Apparently, this was the brand used by Buel and Kit Hutchinson, owners at the time. Hutchinsons had been in the spice business before purchasing the ranch. They were new to country life and were enthusiastic about being a regular part of the scenery. Right away, Kit drove into Nogales where she was completely outfitted in a wonderful new western shirt, new blue jeans, smart cowboy hat, and real

cowboy boots. She was ready for ranch life in addition to establishing a school there at that time. When she jumped out of the truck back at the ranch, she sashayed by a corral where the cowboys were enjoying their "chew." They looked her over with approval and one of the old boys drawled, "That's a cute little outfit", and the name was official.

When Barbara and Larry purchased the Little Outfit Ranch in the fall of 1969, they adopted the ( **L R** ), L upside-down R, brand for their cattle. The Robbins are engaged in a very intensive computerized breeding program to develop superior Hereford seed stock trait leaders. In order to distinguish those calves which have met specific growth and fertility standards, in 1984 they took out another brand ( **R** ), left Crescent R, right crescent, which is applied to the front right shoulder. This is in addition to the ( **L R** ) brand on the left hind hip. Cattle sporting brand (R) for performance achievements are called Rangemasters. The Little Outfit's present permit is for twenty head of registered Hereford. As soon as their Savory Grazing Project is complete, it is anticipated that their permit will be doubled or tripled.

Over the years, the Little Outfit's grazing permit has varied widely depending upon the grazing place and the number of acres that were cultivated. The records are somewhat difficult to interpret, but the range appears to be a high 88 head of cattle and 21 horses in 1942, to a low of 8 head of cattle and 11 horses in 1935. There were also a few years of non-use permits.

The main source of water is Pass Spring at the head of Meadow Valley. The tributary from the spring joins a counterpart on the Vaca Ranch to the west and they join forces to form the Santa Cruz River, which flows south into Mexico.

After two years of constructing the house of their dreams away from the cosmopolitan luxuries of accessible workers and nearby "everything" needed to build a home, they were finished with the enormous project. Now was the opportune time to raise the purebred herd of white-faced, Hereford, cattle he had planned and longed for.

Larry was well acquainted with the boundaries of his property, the water situation, the bureaucratic methods of the Forest Service, all the heartache and intrigue of ranch life. Larry is a perfectionist and loves detail. His herd is well known throughout the state. "I'm raising genes, not beef" is his motto and to see his well mannered cattle is to believe he is meticulous in caring for his animals. Rukin Jelks, Jr., a neighbor rancher and long-time friend of the family, introduced Larry to the new theory of raising cattle. Allen Savory's grazing method is actually nothing new. The Africans have pastured and moved their animals in the same manner for centuries. After attending one of the intense week-long crash courses in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Larry was anxious to install this new scheme of raising cattle while refurbishing the overgrazed land at the same time. "The challenge is this: We must take advantage of modern technology to make ranching profitable. In order to have a productive ranch, you have to have nutritious grass and ground cover to inhibit desertification, converting it to economic productive uses. We have to raise beef profitably. What the future is, is unlimited if we take advantage of the newest methods and technology. The challenge for me is to help the industry."

## LOST DUTCHMAN MINE

By Colorado Bill

High above the sun washed desert,  
 On the rugged Superstition.  
 Hidden well from sight of white men,  
 Lies the famous Dutchman mine.  
 Circling buzzards know the secret,  
 Know it's dark and bloody legend  
 Coyotes make their home above it  
 On the blue horizon's line.  
 Looking south from Weavers Needle,  
 Down a dim and dreary canyon,  
 Past a mighty iron ribbed boulder,  
 Lies a shaft filled up with stone.  
 Here the early Spaniards crossing  
 Found this treasure trove of nature.  
 Here they left their bones and vestments  
 Desert vengeance to atone.  
 Below the mine there runs a gully,  
 Cut with pot-holes, strewn with boulders  
 Choked with thorned mesquite and cactus,  
 Rattlesnakes and blistering sand.  
 Just above spread in a circle  
 Like a ghostly finger pointing,  
 Draped with fallen burs of cholla  
 Lies the skeleton of man.  
 Many men of different nations,  
 Men from every walk and clime,  
 Came they here to cast their fortunes  
 In this land of desert strife.  
 Came with maps and charts and legends,  
 Came with burros, guns and powder,  
 Came to give of hearts and courage  
 And they stayed to give their life.  
 Now for more than half a century,  
 Men have dared to brave the terrors  
 Of these mighty peaks and canyons  
 With their phantom fetid breath.  
 Braved starvation, thirst and madness,  
 Braved the sun and snakes and cactus,  
 The Lost Dutchman to discover  
 And discovered only—DEATH.

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## BILL RUSSEY

Chandler, Arizona

I was born June 13, 1911, near the little town of Bennington in Bryan County, Oklahoma. My parents were Louis Hal and Maggie Lee (Reynolds) Russey. I was the oldest child of the first 4 children my father had (2 sisters, 1 brother).

When I went to school, I walked 2 1/2 miles to country school through snow and ice, went to country dances by horse back, and loved to play baseball.

My mother passed away during the flu epidemic in 1918. We lived with an Aunt for 2 years. My father remarried and I have 5 half brothers and 1 half sister from this marriage.

Times were really hard for our family. My father farmed on a 3rd and 4th basis, all done by mules and horses. Traveling was by horse and wagon. For extra money, we would cut fence post and ties. We always had cattle, horses and pigs. So, my love continues with that kind of life started as a child.

I left home in 1927 to find outside work. Hauled hay and working for farms for room, board, and necessities. In 1929, I went to Lodi, California, and worked on grapes, picked cotton, and worked in hay fields. Finally, I went back to Oklahoma and helped on Dad's farm until I married in 1931 at which time I went to Sulphur, Oklahoma, and worked on a cattle ranch for \$14 a week.


I came to Arizona in 1935 and went to work for Frank and Lee Jones Ranch near Kyrene, feeding cattle and doing farm work until 1941.

I moved to Chloride and worked in mines for a year, and then came back to Chandler. I worked at Williams Air Force Base until I bought an



ice route in Chandler. After doing other odd jobs, I finally got my own business started in 1946. I started a custom farm operation with combines and silage choppers, which I still have today.

I purchased the 10 acres on which I live now in 1951. Always wanting to be able to feed and see cattle grow, I have done so here only on a small basis.

In 1958, I started purchasing land in Oklahoma, hoping to some day live on a cattle ranch. I own 640 acres at Soper, Oklahoma. All in permanent pasture, I run mother cows and steers. My oldest son, Dale, is presently managing it. We use the  // brand, which is registered in Arizona and Oklahoma.

After years of doing custom work for Dobson Cattle Company (Cliff Dobson) who at that time was located on and near Dobson and Baseline roads. I started buying cattle for them. I was making all the auctions in the Phoenix area, Tucson, and Willcox. After their move to Chandler, I continued buying cattle and doing their custom silage cutting and hauling. It is now the Patterson Cattle Company, owned by Dwight Patterson.

Since suffering a stroke in March of 1984, I haven't been able to buy cattle, but my heart and love for it is still there every day.

My son, Duane, is managing the machines for me, which I still continue to love to watch the cutting and hauling of silage and also the feeding of cattle at the Patterson Cattle Company and other large dairies in the area.

My wife is Betty (Little). We married in 1945. I have 2 daughters by my first marriage who are Billie Trent of Oklahoma and Mina Black of Chandler. Another daughter, Janet Stoner, of Oklahoma, Dale of Oklahoma,

and Duane of Chandler are by my second marriage. I used to enjoy taking the boys to Jr. Rodeos and doing a little father and son team roping with them and raising their horses to rope on in my earlier years.

Just a line to say I'm living,  
That I'm not among the dead  
Though I'm getting more forgetful,  
And 'mixed-up' in the head.

I've got used to my arthritis,  
To my dentures I'm resigned,  
I can manage my bifocals,  
But O'God I miss my mind.

For sometimes, I can't remember  
When I stand at the foot of the stair,  
If I must go up for something  
Or, I've just come down from there.

And before the frig, so often  
My poor mind is filled with doubt.  
Have I just put food away, or  
Have I come to take some out.

And there's times when it is dark  
With my nightcap on my head,  
I don't know if I'm retiring,  
Or just getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you,  
There's no need of getting sore,  
I may think that I have written  
And don't want to be a bore.

So remember I do LOVE YOU  
And I wish that you were near  
So now it's nearly mail time,  
So must say 'Goodby dear'.

There I stood beside the mailbox  
With a face so very red,  
Instead of mailing you my letter,  
I had opened it instead.

-Anonymous-

## WAGNER (WAG) J. G. SCHORR

## Patagonia, Arizona

I was born August 3rd, 1911, in Baltimore, Maryland, and later lived in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on a farm. My grandparents and my father, John E. Schorr, were in the cannery business. They owned a small fleet of sailin vessels which they used for bringing fruits, vegetables, and sea food products from the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia and from as far away as the Bahamas for canning. When we were very young, my brother, George now deceased, and I often accompanied our grandfather and father when the cannery tug picked them up at the Baltimore Wharf for the trip to the cannery. We would spend the day fishing and crabbing from the company wharf, under the watchful eyes of one of the older cannery hands.

My mother, Catherine, who is now 94 years of age and living in Florida, came from a family who were bankers and coal mine owners on both sides of her family. My brother and I, of course, heard a lot about the mining and banking business. Living in Arizona was far from our minds at that time of our lives, though stories we heard of the West were tantalizing.

I started to grammar school at St. Gregorys, then went on to Calvert Hall, Army and Navy Prep, then to high school at Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, all in Baltimore. Following the death of my father, we moved to Pennsylvania and I attended school at Honesdale, where I met my future wife, Marie.

My mother remarried and my stepfather and his family were in the lumbering and wood chemical business. During summer and winter vacations from school, I spent my time working in the woods swamping roads, driving teams and trucks, hauling logs and chemical wood. Before I finished high

school, my family sold the lumbering business and we moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I graduated from Central High School.

Meantime, Marie started nurses training at the Moses Taylor Hospital in Scranton.

The more I read or heard about Arizona, the better I liked the idea of seeing some of the West. It was during this time that I decided to take a long anticipated trip to Arizona. I spent the winter traveling around the state and solidifying a resolve to settle here when I became financially able.

After that year in Arizona, I returned to the East and took a job as an engineering trainee. I also started my studies at Drexel University, where I graduated in Mechanical Engineering six years later.

While all these things were happening to me, Marie had completed her nurses training at Moses Taylor, Cornell Medical Center in New York, and at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia. We were married and lived in Pennsylvania. Later we lived on our farm near Doylestown in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where we had a few head of livestock and some good Arizona and Texas Quarter horses. Our older children - Wag Jr., Dick, Glenn, and John - were all born in Pennsylvania.

My dreams of Arizona had been with me all this time. Marie was also interested in the stories I told of my winter in that state. So, in 1949, we sold our holdings and packed up to move to the West. We bought the Canelo Hills Ranch and began settling in there. We entered into ranching life and became active in community organizations and schools. I also got a job at Ft. Hauchuca as a Supervisory Engineer.

We had moved to the ranch in August. Our first experience in shipping cattle came that Fall. We got a rude introduction to cattle

shipping. We looked our herds over and decided to cull out some of the animals from the original herd that had been on the Canelo Ranch when we bought it. This we did and got them corraled and later loaded into the shipping truck. As the truck was leaving it turned over, killing some animals and letting others go free. The shock of this was devastating. Our good neighbors, Clay Howell, Slim Mayo, Howard Morgan, Ed Gardner, and Guy Holt helped us butcher the calves that were killed and then gathered up as many head of cattle as they could, but it was quite a loss to us. To have this happen on our first shipping was very discouraging.

Despite this unsettling experience, we liked the life we were living. Our boys were growing up as I had wished ever since that first trip to Arizona. Marie and the boys liked living on the ranch also. It seemed as if, truly, that we had found our place in life. With the help and hard work of Marie and the boys, our herds grew and we became established in ranching. Everyone had to help out. The boys became very proficient as cowboys and all have become exceptional agriculturalists. They were all active in 4-H.

Thirteen years later another son, Tom, joined our family. He was born in Tucson, and like his older brothers, grew up becoming a good horseman and was active in school and 4-H activities. Each of the boys had a turn at representing 4-H at competitions for the state of Arizona. They also went on to national competitions. With five growing sons, my job at Ft. Huachuca, cattle and horses we were leading a busy - but good - life. Marie and I were both involved with our boys and with community and school events.

During the years that followed, we continued ranching. We branded  
 L-RIB    3    4    K    L-HIP    . We still hold these brands.

Anyone who has ranched for many years in Arizona can tell many interesting tales.

One time on the Canelo Ranch, we had just finished spraying a bunch of cows and calves. This was about the end of July. We turned the herd out to a holding pasture on the flats by the corrals to mother-up the calves. Suddenly we heard a low, rumbling roar from up in O'Donnell Canyon which emptied into the flats of where we had just turned the animals out. We had heard stories of big floods coming down hard and fast out of clear skies. We knew we ought to get those cows and calves out of that flat quickly. Luckily, we had not yet unsaddled our horses so we jumped on and started moving the cattle back to the corrals which were on higher ground. Wag Jr. and Glenn were moving in the last of the stragglers when Dick and I took off after two cows and their calves further out in the field. By then, the water was up to our horses' bellies and we were plunging along after the calves, which by now were half floating along. Luckily, we were able to drop a loop over the calves heads just before they got to the fence or they would have been gone. We dragged the calves back to higher ground and the cows, who could still walk, followed along. Evidently a heavy storm hit hard up in the Canelo Hills, even though down at our headquarters the sun was shining. The water had such force, it moved a stone water trough, weighing at least two tons, about 30 feet; and so we learned that those stories about flash floods were no joke.

Another day I noticed wolf tracks coming into water at our upper corral. As I had several times before, I notified the government trapper. Unknown to me, he immediately came over and set traps. A day or two later, I was removing a part needing replacement from my bulldozer

which I was needing to use to build a dirt tank not far from the upper corral when I heard the wolf howling in the distance. I was in a hurry to get to Tucson for the needed part, and I forgot about it until returning home that evening. The trapper was there with a huge wolf he had caught in the trap. The drag on the wolf trap had caught in a tree and that caused the howling I had heard in the morning. That was in 1950. So far as I know, this was the last wolf trapped in his part of the country.

Often, I have been surprised to hear an old timer who had been working cattle all his life say that he had never run across a mountain lion. Strangely enough, I saw two of them within an hour's time one day. My neighbor, Guy Holt, whose ranch bordered us on the north, and I needed some replacement cows and seeing his ad in the Cattle Growers newsletter about some good age cows he had for sale, we went over to see Jack Hoggett at Rodeo, New Mexico. After looking over the cows, we made a deal with Jack, called Douglas for the trucks, loaded the cows, and started for home just ahead of the trucks. Just after we passed through the little community of Don Luis, a big lion just strolled across the road in front of us, headed toward Naco. A short time later, we arrived at what was then known as Fry (now Sierra Vista), and Guy and I decided to send the trucks around on the main road to Elgin through the main turnoff since the road through the Fort was steep and rough. Then we took the short cut through the Fort to Canelo. Just as we were about to cross the wash coming out of the Black Tail Canyon, another big lion hopped across the road not over a hundred feet in front of us. Seeing two lions in such a short time as such widely separated locations is pretty unusual to say the least.



Another time, I was walking my bulldozer back to the ranch after digging a dirt tank for a neighbor up in Turkey Creek, and as I rounded turn just west of the Canelo Store, with the engine roaring and tracks clacking (I was not thinking of much of anything except getting home for supper), and suddenly a big silver colored object flew over my head and landed on the road just in front of the dozer. Of course, I pulled the clutch and jammed on the brakes and when I looked back, there was an old neighbor, Mal Eason, sitting frozen behind the steering wheel of his silver painted Model A Ford, minus the engine hood which had sailed over my head. When Mal had run into the back of the bulldozer, I could not hear or feel it due to the engine noise and the weight of my machine. Mal said he never saw the dozer until he hit it. Fortunately, he was not going very fast, so he was not seriously hurt and his Model A was repairable. Needless to say, May did no damage to my bulldozer.

In 1957, we began thinking of selling the ranch and moving on a smaller piece of land. Clint and Cassie Mellor, who had come to Arizona from Pennsylvania and who had lived only a few miles from us when we were there, showed an interest in the ranch. They purchased it from us, and we bought a piece of land near Sonoita which had been part of the old Los Encinos Ranch. We were able to lease a larger portion of that ranch. We ran Mexican steers on both our own and on the leased portions of the Los Encinos. The leased portions were being sold off in smaller plots to persons wanting the land for building sites. Our new neighbors became a little upset at seeing our "corrientes" looking in their picture windows. That was about the end of our cattle business. We were ready to slow down a little and the boys were mostly off to school elsewhere and it seemed a good time to sell the last of the cattle.

The five boys have been a great joy to Marie and I. Wag, Jr. is a doctor and lives in Denver, Colorado, where he is Chief of Staff at Denver Presbyterian Hospital. He, his wife, Annalee, and two children are avid skiers and spend much of their time in Aspen where they have a lodge. After graduating from the University of Arizona, Wag spent two years in the U. S. Army Medical Corps, then entered Medical school, graduating from the University of Colorado. He did his internship at the University of Missouri, then a residency at the University of Colorado, followed by a Fellowship in Nephrology at Newcastle, England.

Dick is a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, and has his own clinic in Tacoma, Washington. He operates a small purebred Hereford ranch at Puyallup, Washington, where he lives. He also has a fine arena where he and his friends team rope. Dick completed his pre-veterinary work at the University of Arizona, then received his Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree from Colorado State at Ft. Collins. After graduation, he entered the U. S. Army as Captain in the Veterinary Corps and was Post Veterinarian at Fort Buchanan, Puerto Rico. Following his Army service, Dick was awarded a Fellowship to the Royal Academy of Veterinarian Medicine at Stockholm, Sweeden. While there, Dick met and married his wife, Leonor, the daughter of a Stockholm surgeon. They have four fine children.

Glenn lives in Los Angeles and is President of his executive search firm. He graduated from the University of Arizona. He also holds a Graduate degree in Architectural Design from the University of California at Los Angeles. He is single, and spends lots of time as president of his ski club in the winter, and in climbing around the mountains at his place in Idyllwild, California when the weather is warm.

John, an M.D., is now deceased. He graduated from the University of Arizona and then from Medical school at the University of Guadalajara, Mexico. He was residing in New York at the time of his passing. John was single and after completing his medical internship he decided to drop medicine. He developed a very successful general contracting business in New York.

Tom, like his four older brothers, graduated from the University of Arizona. He was much interested in ranching and agriculture. After completion of his degree, he did graduate work in finance. He lives in Phoenix and combines his interests in ranching and in finance in his job. He is employed by the Federal Land Bank as a Ranch and Farm Appraiser and Loan Officer. Tom is single and is an enthusiastic hunter.

In 1976, I retired from my job as Supervisory Engineer at Fort Huachuca. Marie and I have continued to be involved in the community around us and participate in almost all events. We always seem to be busy with something. However, it is nice to have time for visits to our family members and to watch the grandchildren grow.

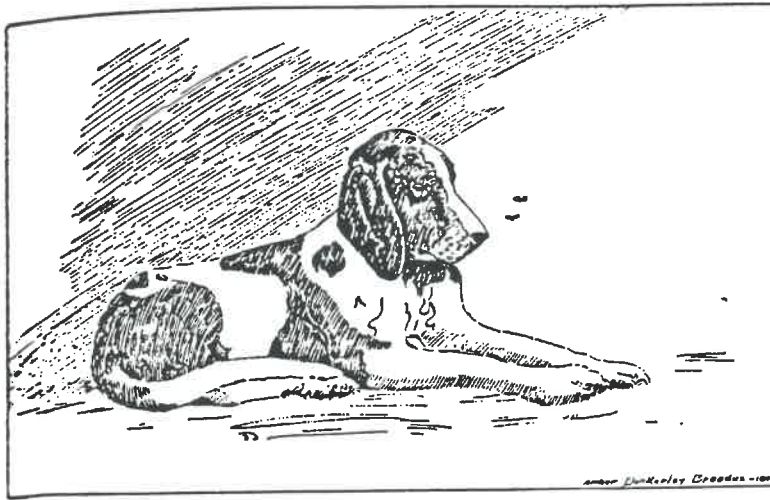
Among the activities we work in, most are ones that couldn't function without volunteers. So, it is a good feeling to know that we are contributing something worthwhile. Marie is no longer in school activities, as all our children are grown. She does continue to work for the Elgin Club, the Santa Cruz County Cowbells, and such special events as the Santa Cruz County Fair. We have been long time members of the Elgin Club, and I have served as both President and a Director. I am a member of the Elgin-Sonoita Fire District, where I have been both a Vice President and a Director. I was chairman of the Sonoita Quarter Horse Show for many years, and am Chairman of the Sonoita PRCA Rodeo. During

the time my boys were growing up, I served on the Elgin School Board, part of the time as President. I have always been active in 4-H activities and have been President of the Council.

And so, a long ways from our beginnings, we ranched raising Herefords and summering Mexican Steers. We have had our ups and downs with short feed, low prices for calves, and other minor misfortunes, but we have been blessed with a fine family and the best and most wonderful neighbors a person could ever hope for. Arizona is a wonderful country to live in. We could ask no more.

Now that I am retired, I still love the life and always keep a good horse and help my neighbors with their cow work.

Today, one of Wag Schorr's neighbors tells of his readiness to help. Recalling a problem that could hardly be solved by one person, he suddenly noticed outside was Wag Schorr and his "good old horse", ready to help. That is Wag Schorr - still keeping his "good old horse" so he can help others who need it.



### A GOOD FER NOTHIN' DOG

A right good dog around a farm, is worth his weight in gold;  
 He is right there when you call him and he does what he is told.  
 But there's nothin' in creation that can rile a farmer up,  
 And drive him plum to desperation, like a good fer nothin' pup.

He is runnin' and a barkin' when it ain't a bit of use;  
 He is somewhere else when varmints come and rob your chicken roost.  
 He roughed up calves and little pigs and killed some ducks, he did.  
 The tramps sleep in yore haystacks but he bites a neighbor's kid.

The hogs got in the corn field; You got 'em to the pen;  
 He come a chargin' through the gate and chased 'em back again.  
 You went into the house and got a double barreled gun;  
 You never saw him for two days; he took out on the run.

He broke into a rabbit hutch; He killed your favorite cat;  
 He was always robbin' hen's nests but he never killed a rat.  
 No, there never was a critter from a bull down to a hog,  
 That could raise a farmer's temper like a good fer nothin' dog.

—Bruce Kiskaddon

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## FRANCES CHAFFEE SERVEN


## Tucson, Arizona

On Christmas Eve, 1907, I was born at Muscatine, Iowa, to Mary and William Otto, who named me Frances Marie. I received my education in the public schools of Muscatine and at the University of Iowa. I met my husband, Homer Chaffee, in Muscatine, where we were married in 1928.

We came to Arizona in 1933, primarily because of Mr. Chaffee's health and we spent that first winter at Nally's Guest Ranch on the Sonoita-Tucson road. Here we rented a one-room cabin, that was not modern, for \$25 a month!

We returned to Iowa in the Spring and consulted our doctor again, as we could see no improvement in Mr. Chaffee's health. He diagnosed Homer's condition as chronic sinus and neurasthenia. He advised us to return to Arizona, for Homer to throw away all medication, do nothing for several years but to rest, relax, and get outdoors. He did not have to tell us twice to return, as we had already fallen deeply in love with the Valley.

We returned to Arizona and to Nally's Ranch as soon as we could make preparations for the trip. We had bought a two-wheel trailer and brought a few things to help make the cabin, which we rented before, more comfortable. Some friends gave us a wonderful Alladin kerosene lamp, which used a mantle and gave an excellent light. Someone else gave me a gasoline iron ... my mother just knew I would blow up the whole place using that gasoline iron! I also brought my sewing machine, an ironing board and other things, I thought I could not get along without. After all, we did not know what the future held, where we would be, or what we would be doing.

Six months later, we bought the Christensen homestead, down the road from Nally's, south a mile or so from the Greaterville turnoff. Here we started a herd of Herefords. This ranch, which we named High Haven, was later combined with the Nally ranch, but the name of High Haven was retained by the buyers. The brand we chose  (half circle over a triangle), which is still being used by the current owners, was referred to as "the moon coming over the mountain."

Ranch life was all new and strange. About the only experience we had had that could be of use was when Homer, as a high school age boy, spent a summer on a farm helping "put up hay." He did have a little knowledge of horses and knew how to saddle a horse, or to hitch up a team.

But our neighbors were patient with a couple of "citified newcomers" and were ready to help. I remember of our going over to Thurbers, our neighbors on the Greaterville Road, to ask what to do for a sick calf ----- seemed all it had was the "scours." To us we just knew it was about to die, but Mr. Thurber was kindness itself and very reassuring. Of course, the calf lived.

Then there was the time the windmill broke down. I can still see that old man, who was supposed to be fixing it, high up on the windmill, holding on with one hand and swinging from the platform, singing hymns at the top of his voice.

Annie, "Chris", the name by which most everyone knew her, and who was the wife of the man from whom we bought our ranch, taught me to make butter. One day she asked me, since her milk cow was dry, if I would like to take the order for butter to one of her customers, who was of a

well known family in Tucson. This I did, but when I asked the woman twenty cents for a pound of my nice, sweet butter, she replied, "I can buy Swift's for nineteen cents a pound!" As I recall, I accepted the nineteen cents, and was probably glad to get it.

To me, being a dude in those early years, everything about ranching was an adventure and a challenge! Some things stand out more than others ..... like having a rattlesnake in your living room about the first night you spent in your little house on the ranch; or buying a nice little grey cow-pony, only to find he belonged to Buetler Brothers rodeo stock as a bucking horse! Of course, the men at the ranch thought I didn't know how to ride, or at least know how to control him. In due time, the gray was traded to rancher Larrimore for a more gentle horse and it pleased me, to learn later, that even Larrimore's cowboys had trouble ..... they never did break that pony of bucking.

One thing I learned on my own ----- whenever leaving to "ride the pasture", make sure to have some baling wire and a pair of pliers with you ---- you might just find a fence down or some old Texas gate that needed fixing.

Probably on of the questions most asked of me by friends was, "Don't you get lonesome way out there?" Then some would ask what I did with all my time! Some would even ask what I did on a ranch. I can truthfully say I never had one lonesome moment and to the other question, I never had any idle time.

I had a shelf in my pantry which I called my "emergency shelf." I tried to keep it stocked with canned food ---- maybe some things were a little extra special ---- and with other staples that could be prepared in a hurry for unexpected guests. There were always eggs to use too, and



if there was enough time you could dress a chicken for frying. No doubt other women did about the same thing. It is an Arizona tradition to feed visitors. As we had no 'phone and never knew who might be coming, I learned to be prepared. Like other ranchers, we came to always have the coffee pot on the stove.

In a few years, after buying the ranch, we sold High Haven to Jim Serven, whom some of you may remember, and we moved across the Santa Rita Mountains to the Continental-Sahuarita area.

This ranch we called the H and Lazy F, and we used the H and Lazy F as our brand  $H + \pi$ . We started with a small herd of good Herefords which we bought from H. B. Thurber; we had cotton under cultivation; raised feed and fed out some commercial grade cattle. The money from their sale helped us acquire a few more good cows for our herd.

We went to the Thurber Ranch one day to pick up a few head of cattle. While the men loaded the cattle, Carrie (Thurber) and I drove over to the movie set where "Duel in the Sun" was being filmed, up on a high hill and quite close to the main highway. So, you can tell how long ago that was.

Novices that we were, we thought we could haul the cattle in a cotton trailer! We started home through Box Canyon and things went well until we had a curve to make and then go up a rather steep hill. The cattle shifted to the back of the trailer and our pickup stalled. We could not get started again, so Homer set out to walk to the nearest ranch. When he left, his last words to me were, "watch those cattle." I don't know what I could have done had they broken out, but just watch them scatter over the hills of the canyon. He walked to the Santa Rita

Ranch. Fred Kimmerling came back with him bringing a tractor. Fred pulled us up the hill and we were on our way again.

Even in the '30's and '40's, the water situation in the valley was of much concern, and everyone was very conservative in their use of water. You never just threw the dish water out --- you always put it on something --- maybe the fig tree or a rose bush. When we moved there, we only had to go to sixty-five feet to get water. The water level dropped one foot a year at the ranch during this time; later dropping as much as three feet a year --- who knows what it is doing now.

While we were on the H and Lazy F at Sahuarita, we had considerable trouble with packs of domestic dogs "gone wild," getting one or two of our calves down and killing them. The transient cotton pickers would move off at the end of the season and leave their dogs to fend for themselves, so when they got hungry, they did not hesitate to attack one of the calves, or even a yearling.

But even a German Shepherd, that had been given to us as a lovable, friendly dog, was a killer. When you live on a ranch and "have plenty of room" your friends give you their pet dogs, cats, ducks, etc. that they no longer want or cannot take care of.

Who can forget the cream separator? How I hated it! But, finally, I decided that job had to be done if we were to have cream and butter.

There were times at Sahuarita during the rainy season when we had to fight the Santa Cruz River whenever there was a hard rain south in the valley. Our ranch was on the west side, and no bridge, except at Continental (seven miles south) or at Tucson on Congress Street. Even if you crossed on either of these bridges, you weren't always sure of getting home --- for you then had to drive across the pastures and maybe

the little washes would be running or the trail washed out. So, we would leave a car on each side of the river and, if it were running, in desperation would wade it, but that could be very dangerous. It was easier to go back to Tucson, stay all night at the Santa Rita and go home the next morning!

In the early '50's, after Mr. Chaffee's heart attack, we sold the H and Lazy F and moved to Tucson.

After we were in Tucson a few years, I went to work in the Pima County Office of the University of Arizona's Agricultural Extension Service, as secretary to Glenn Blackledge, County Agent, and as a receptionist. It was called the Pima County Office, but in those days our agents worked in both Santa Cruz and Pima counties. This was quite a large area when you consider that Ajo alone is approximately 135 miles from Tucson. Probably, because of having lived on a ranch, I enjoyed my work in the Extension Office.

However, it was during this period that Homer passed away. In the meantime, back at Sonoita, Jim Serven had sold the High Haven Ranch and moved to California where he ranched for a while, but devoted more and more time to writing. He became a well-known collector of antique firearms and authored numerous articles and books on antique firearms and on Southwest history. He returned to Arizona in the early '60's. Through mutual friends, Mr. Serven and I met again. We were married in 1963 and made our home in Tucson.

We travelled quite a bit. Much of this was due to Jim's doing research for his writings. Also, he was acquiring more guns for his collection. Many times he served as a judge at gun shows.

I was kept busy using my secretarial skills doing his

correspondence, typing, proofreading his books and manuscripts. I kept some of his records, but I never did any filing --- he liked to do that himself so he could find things.

Jim also wrote for ARIZONA HIGHWAYS. He received two "Wrangler" awards from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Heritage Center in Oklahoma City for articles he had contributed to that magazine.

He passed away last year at the age of eighty-five.

My knowledge of the heritage of my adopted state, Arizona, and of the West was surely broadened by my working with Jim.

What is the saying? Sometimes, things come "full circle." When I came to Arizona, fifty-three years ago, my first address was "Sonoita." And where do you think I live now --- on Sonoita Place, in Tucson.



## HELEN G. (KRUSE) STONE

Phoenix, Arizona

Helen Stone was born to Fred and Dorothy Kruse in Norwalk, California, in 1910. Fredrick Kruse was born November 7, 1883, in Edewecht in the Dukedom of Aldenburg, Germany. He was the 4th son of Gerd and Geshe (Meta) Burns Kruse. He was raised on the family farm sharing his portion of the home chores of feeding the cattle. At the age of 17, he was nearing the age which required service in the German Army. The Emperor was ruled by the King of Prussia. Dictrick and Henerick, his older brothers, both served in the Army, but Frederick wanted no part of it. He contacted his brother, Henrick, in America and they sponsored his trip to America.

Helen's mother, Dorteia Kieselhorst, was born May 23, 1888, in the town of Jever, a part of Oldenburg, Germany. She was the 2nd daughter of Wilham Herman and Christine Kieselharst. Jever is 25 miles from Edewect, close to the coastline of the North Sea. She was called Dora by many of the family.

Fred and Dora met in Whittier, California, while visiting the Kelselhorst family. They were married February 26, 1908, in Los Angeles County.

After their marriage, they moved to Chino Valley and worked with his sister's husband, Albert Knox, in the sugar beet and cattle businesses.

Both of them worked on the Leffingwell Ranch which is still in business in Arizona and California.

At the age of three, Helen, along with an older sister, Margaret, Fred, and Dora, moved to Arizona and filed a homestead near Stanfield, Arizona. The family lived in a tent on the homestead.

Fred would walk to the barn station and take a train from Maricopa into Phoenix and work on a farm - ranch through the week, and would come home on the weekend and work the homestead.

The family had to go to a nearby farm for drinking water. Dora had taken the wagon and horses out to get the water when the horse was scared by a rattlesnake. They ran all over the desert before Dora could stop them.

The homestead didn't have enough water, so the family moved to Paradise Valley to file on a homestead there. Fred continued to work on the Mc Doogle and Kachul farm. He was given a heifer calf as every other one was born until he built up a herd of his own.

As times got better, he moved from the homestead to a farm on 40th Street and Mc Dowell Road. Two more children were born, Fred and Dorothy. The family moved to 24th Street and Mc Dowell and bought a place of their own. They all worked on the farm and dairy.

A set of twins were born, and they named them Elizabeth and John. The children all went to Creighton Elementary School.

Albert was born eighteen months after the twins, then Harry, Ethel, and another set of twins, Betty and Rudolph, making 11 children in all.

Everyone worked on the farm, their main crops were sweet potatoes, cabbage, eggplant, and tomatoes. The family never had much, but they always ate good.

Around the year of 1929, the family decided to sell out and move to California. Helen was in High School and hated to move. They loaded their Oakland Sedan and a 1-ton Chevrolet truck and started their journey to California.

Helen remembered they bought a big house on Pico Boulevard. The

family then bought a herd of cows and started a dairy. They bottled all of their milk.

The family lasted seven months before they gave up the dairy, sold out, and came back to Arizona.

Helen was able to stay and finish high school. She graduated that Spring and returned to Arizona. The family settled on a 100 acre farm/ranch. They soon started growing crops and buying cattle.

Father Fred applied for a cattle brand, ~~F~~K. They called the farm Fred Kruse and sons. The farm was located on 59th Avenue, between Yuma and Cristy roads, which is now known as Van Buren and Mc Dowell roads.

Helen then married a neighbor boy, John Fiori. They both milked cows and had 2 children, John Jr. and Beverly. Their marriage was short. World War II had started. Helen moved back to California where she met and courted Joe Stone.

Helen took care of her family while Joe worked at the ship yard. They then had a son named Joseph. Joe soon decided to go home to Missouri, where he was born, so in 1940 the family sold out in Bellflower, California, loaded all their belongings in a truck and started to Missouri.

Joe was happy to be home and reunited with his mother, father, and brothers. It was hard making a living in Missouri. The family stayed there only 3 years.

They moved back to Arizona in 1944, and built up a herd of cows on the Kruse farm. They later leased 80 acres of land from a Mr. Oldaker on 31st Avenue, north of Indian School Road.

Joseph attended school, 5th through 8th, at Alhambra. John attended West High School, and Beverly was going to St. Mary High School when Joe



was killed.

Joseph attended Excelior High School in California for 2 years and then spent his junior and senior years in Seneca, Missouri. John is married and has 3 boys and 6 grandchildren. Beverly had 2 girls and one boy and 8 grandchildren. Joseph has 3 children.

Helen has seen all the growth in Arizona since she came here in 1912, the year Arizona became a state. She was born into a farm family, and her family spent many years farming.



Helen will be 76 on the 24th of November, and resides in the Hill Haven Nursing Home. Helen's youngest sister is Betty Accomazzo.

## JOHN A. THOMPSON

## Valentine, Arizona

John A. Thompson was born at Mont Airy, North Carolina on December 3, 1893. He moved to Oklahoma at an early age and graduated from McAlister High School in 1911 at age 17. When he graduated from high school, he was ready to face the world and to set out on his own. That summer, he worked in the wheat harvest in Oklahoma and Kansas. That fall, still 17, he got the urge to travel and set out for Arizona to visit his brother, Alex, who had a homestead ten miles south of Dos Cabezas. After visiting a few days, he started looking for a job and found one breaking horses for the Riggs Cattle Company nearby. While breaking horses, he continued to help his brother on his homestead.

"And then", John said, "I got my own homestead next to my brother's, and we started running a few head of cattle and horses. We raised big Percheron horses, good ones." The ranch was known as the Thompson Brothers' Ranch.

The 1916 Arizona Brand book lists the Quarter Circle IV belonging to the Thompson Brothers of Cochise County. This brand was used in partnership before the Arrow Head brand was acquired. The first brand of th partnership was U/R, next was  and then the arrowhead,  .

John joined the U.S. Navy during World War I and got as far as California when he was discharged after the war in the spring of 1919.

On May 1st, 1919, John and Grace Hudson married at her father's ranch at the foot of the Chiricahua mountains.

Grace Lee Hudson was born October 3, 1896, at Blanco, Texas, and came to Arizona with her family when she was about three years old. Her father, Jim Hudson, came ahead from Texas in a covered wagon to the Riggs

Settlement in Cochise County at the foot of the Chiricahua mountains southeast of Willcox. Grace said, "My father came to Arizona for his health, he had tuburcolosis. He regained his health living under the big sycamore trees at the Riggs old home ranch." Grandmother Mary Riggs was Jim Hudson's aunt - his mother's sister.

John and Grace Thompson have two children. The older is Frances, Mrs. Frank Hunt, who was born in Willcox on January 20, 1922. Three years later on November 10, 1925, John A. Thompson, Jr. was born in Douglas. He has been called "Jack" since birth.

Charlie Busenbark died in 1928 and the Thompson brothers bought his ranch at Dos Cabezas and added it to their other holdings.

On their first ranch, they grazed Mexican steers mostly. In buying the steers, they crossed the border at Agua Prieta at Douglas, then drove them from Mexico to the ranch.

One time when John was in Mexico looking for steers, he heard that Mr. William C. Greene, who was known all over Arizona and northern Mexico as Colonel Greene, had 4,000 head RO heifers for sale. He went to look at them and found they were good Hereford heifers. John said, "Colonel Greene, what will you take for a thousand? He set a price and told me to pick them out, which I did. I had already decided I did not want steers when I saw those beautiful heifers. I brought them to Dos Cabezas and they turned out to be some of the best cattle I ever owned."

John continued, "Next year I went down to buy bulls because I had heard that Colonel Greene had 50 Hereford bulls for sale. They were good looking bulls and I said I'd like to take 20 head. The guy in charge turned to Mr. Greene and said, I'll tell you one thing, if he tops them you'll know they have been topped. This scared Mr. Greene and he backed

out of a deal because he had seen me top the heifers the year before. I then bought some from George Schilling, a purebred Hereford breeder, at that time, near Willcox."

Along about 1935, Thompson brothers sold the Dos Cabezas Ranch to Mrs. Matilda Anderson, and John then bought a ranch at Springerville in Apache County. He said, "I bought the ranch from the Ben Mackey estate and the man in charge was a chicken fighter, dog fighter, and booze fighter and didn't know a thing about ranching. So, I bought it because it was stocked with registered Hereford cattle, good cattle. This was the first time I ever raised registered cattle. I named that ranch the 'White Mountain Hereford Ranch'." The sale of the Dos Cabezas Ranch dissolved the Thompson Brothers partnership.

"In 1938," John said, "Dan Thornton came along with more money than I had been offered to buy the ranch and I sold it to him. Later, Dan Thornton became Govenor of Colorado."

"After I sold out I visited Dr. E. L. Scott, whom we called 'Scotty'. He was a purebred Hereford breeder in the Salt River Valley. He knew I was looking for a ranch and said he knew where there was one for sale and was sure I'd like it. We got in a car and drove to the Barney York Ranch in Williamson Valley in Yavapai County, 22 miles northwest of Prescott. Sure enough, I did like it. We got there in the morning and by afternoon I had bought it. This was 1938, I think, my memory is bad - you see I'll be 92 soon on December 3rd. I named that ranch 'Las Vegas' because of the beautiful meadowland on it. There were about 400 Hereford cows on the ranch when I bought it. Half were registered and the rest commercial. About half the registered cows were sorry and I sold them soon. Gradually, I sold off the commercial herd

and kept the registered cattle and bred them up until they were winning blue ribbons at the Hereford shows in Phoenix, Tucson, Denver, and Los Angeles."


John is proud of his record at Tucson and the Arizona National Livestock Show in Phoenix, and well he should be. His cattle won several Grand Champions at both places. In 1940 and 1946 at Tucson, his pen of five yearling Hereford bulls were named champions. "You know", he said, "It takes a real good herd to take five and win all the marbles." They don't show pens of five any more.

In the spring of 1941, the U. S. Soil Conservation Service established a CCC Camp on the Las Vegas Ranch. (That's when the writer met the Thompsons.) The CCC boys did soil conservation work on the Thompson ranch and neighboring ranches for a couple of years until the Camp was closed down because of World War II.




In 1960, the Thompsons sold their ranch to Delbert and Anna Beth Pierce. Delbert did some record searching and found that this ranch was the very first registered Hereford ranch in Yavapai County, established in 1925.

Las Vegas cattle, with Thompson breeding blood still in their veins, are being judged champions today at shows all over the southwest. Furthermore, the Las Vegas Ranch of Yavapai County is recognized today as a top Hereford ranch and the oldest ranch of registered Hereford cattle in the state of Arizona - continuous since 1925! That's 60 years!

When John sold out to Delbert Pierce he went to Willows, California, where his son, Jack, had a ranch and John bought one nearby. There he stayed for 12 years and sold out again to come back to Arizona at Valentine near his daughter, Frances (Mrs. Frank Hunt). He bought the T

Lazy J Ranch, , from Bill Talley - about a 30-head ranch. John said, "It's small and has some farmland but I liked the country and thought I'd like to live here. It is a good retirement home."

John and Grace Thompson bought the Valentine ranch in July of 1974, almost 12 years ago. "T Lazy J stands for Thompson, lazy John", laughingly, said John.

Thompson continued, "My brand in Cochise County was an Arrowhead on the left shoulder because that is the first part of a steer or cow to shed in the spring and the brand can be seen easily when the old hair is shed off. My brand in Springerville was Z Bar, Z -, it was on the cattle when I bought the ranch and sold it with the cattle. The brand on the Barney York Ranch was Cross Triangle, , but he kept that brand. I brought my old brand, Quarter Circle IV, , up from Cochise County and then changed it to Quarter Circle LV, , which I used most of the time on the Las Vegas Ranch."

John talked more about the Valentine ranch. "Cattle were here when I bought the ranch, but too many. I gradually cut them down to about 30 head and that's the number I sold three or four months ago when I fell and hurt my shoulder and arm. I just couldn't take care of them any more."

John likes to talk about Hereford cattle, "A few years back I bought a bull at the Arizona Hereford Breeder's Bull Sale in Prescott from the Las Vegas Ranch. I dearly loved that bull because he was a good bull, got beautiful calves and lots of them. He reminded me of the Las Vegas when I owned it many years ago."

John Thompson was always a busy man doing something for his fellow man. He was involved in a number of civic projects, community functions

and state-wide activities. For many years, he was an active member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association and Yavapai Cattle Growers - serving as president of that group in 1943.

For a number of years, he served with distinction on the State Sanitary Board and the Arizona Racing Commission. He was on the Sanitary Board while at Springerville, but gave it up when he moved to Yavapai County because he was too busy.

When the Arizona Racing Commission was established in 1947 or 1948, John Thompson was appointed to the first board. He was breeding and racing Thoroughbred horses at the time. In fact, when the legislators were discussing the bill before it was passed, they told the Governor if John Thompson were not appointed to the board that the bill would die. The Governor readily agreed because he knew John and knew he would be a good member on the new commission. He stayed on the Racing Commission for 14 years until he moved to California. It was too far for him to make the meetings, so he retired. When he quit, he was the only one on the board who had started when the Commission was set up.

John started raising horses while at Dos Cabezas. He bought his first stud from the Hunt brothers, east of Douglas. He said, "I liked the stud and his offspring. While at Springerville, I decided to get better stock, so I went to the Saratoga spring sale in New York and bought a Thoroughbred yearling colt and three Thoroughbred yearling fillies. I made a cow horse out of the colt and raced the mares and they were all winners. I later moved these horses to the Las Vegas Ranch."

"I met a Texas oil man at Saratoga who wanted to send me some mares and colts and we'd divide the increase. That started me. The next year he sent me a carload of mares and that really started me in the racing

business."

John raced his horses from Denver to Albuquerque and from Raton, New Mexico to Hollywood, California, and won many races. He also trained most of his horses to work cattle. He sold his race horses in 1957.

In 1944, 1945, 1950, and 1951, John Thompson was president of the Northern Arizona State Fair Association (five northern counties, now the Yavapai County Fair Association). While president, he was active in promoting various activities at the fairgrounds such as the annual Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo, horse racing, the County Fair, and other things.

One time at a meeting of the Fair Association Board of Directors, there was a heated discussion going on among the Quarter horse breeders and others on the board. The horsemen wanted the Fair Association to sponsor a Quarter horse show at the fairgrounds. John Thompson was presiding and at the time he was a Thoroughbred horse breeder. The argument wasn't getting any place - was getting hotter by the minute. Finally, John spoke out in a loud voice to get their attention, "I know what a half horse is, but what in hell is a quarter horse?" That quieted the group and soon dates and conditions were set and agreed upon.

In 1943, during World War II, he served as chairman of the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo. He was asked to do this so the long-time event would not die off. John asked Perry Henderson of Dewey to serve as Arena Director. Perry agreed if John would finance him. It was a successful one-day show and John and Perry made expenses. John said, "I'm glad we kept the rodeo going because soon it will be 100 years old, 1988."

John continued, "Ranching people today are different from ranching people of say 50-60 years ago. Today they are mostly people with money



and don't know much about ranching. They are nice people, but different. In the old days, ranchers were cattlemen and were good ropers too. That was when calves were roped in the herd and dragged to the branding fire."

John beamed when he talked about his lion hunting exploits, "I have hunted lions all over the state, beginning at Dos Cabezas. My last hunt was many years ago on the Carlos Ronstadt Ranch south of Tucson. The dogs finally chased the lion to the top of a huge boulder where I shot him dead with one shot in the shoulder with my 30-40. I thought that was a good way and time to end my lion chasing."

John and Grace Thompson have a good life as ranchers in Arizona and California during 66 years of married life. They are proud of their accomplishments and of their two children and seven grandchildren: Terry Lee Crowley, Frank A. Hunt, Marvin R. Hunt, Patricia G. Hunt, Ruth Lee Lowe, John A. Thompson III, Shelley Jean Angele.

The young John A. Thompson III says if he ever had a son his name will be John A. Thompson IV. This pleases grandfather Thompson very much.

We salute the Thompsons for their long lives together and for their many accomplishments.

The above told was based upon an interview between Danny Freeman and John A. Thompson on his ranch in Valentine, Arizona, on November 20, 1985, and proof-read by his daughter, Frances Hunt.

## WALTON WETTEN

## Patagonia, Arizona

In February, 1934, Walton Wetten first set foot in the state of Arizona. It was at this time he decided this was where he wanted to settle in.

His reason for coming to Arizona was doctor's orders to go as far south and as far west as possible from Chicago to get relief from a sinus condition. He wound up at the Circle Z Ranch at Patagonia. He immediately participated in the outdoor sport practiced by mid-western dudes -- that of looking for a ranch. It took many visits and considerable time, but he found what he wanted, while on vacation in 1957.

On July 7, 1957, Walt and his wife, Joyce Harker Wetten, recorded a deed from Eva S. Henderson to them for a small ranch near Patagonia, Santa Cruz County, Arizona.

Joyce and Walton were both born and grew up in the Chicago area. Both had a love for the out-of-doors and a desire to work with the land and animals. Walt had spent the bulk of his formative years on his father's farm in northern Illinois, and was well aware that agriculture was hard work, with long hours, but very rewarding.

Walt's education consisted of private schools, including Culver Military Academy (where he was a member of the Black Horse Troop, and Rough Riding Squad, and the Polo Squad), Harvard University, and Northwestern University Law School, which culminated in his admission to the bar of the state of Illinois on October 5, 1935. Then he practiced law, joining his father's firm, Wetten, Pegler & Dale in Chicago.

Walton and Joyce Harker met while both were employed in the same law

office. They were married on February 17, 1943, and managed a brief honeymoon trip to Circle Z Ranch at Patagonia, Arizona. It so happened that Joyce had an uncle, Dr. Glenn Harker, who was practicing medicine in Nogales. She had visited him in Arizona in 1936.

During World War II, Walt served as a civilian employee of the Army Ordinance Department of the War Department. A brief period back at the law practice was followed by becoming secretary and general manager of W. H. Hutchinson & Son, a bottle cap manufacturer in Chicago.

In December of 1957, the couple loaded their four children into two cars and headed for Arizona. The temperature was nine degrees below zero in Illinois. On December 15th, they arrived in Patagonia and moved into a house on the main street in town, rented from Rose Boice. She was a sister of Vincent and Gordon Farley, and May Walker -- all well-known residents of Santa Cruz County. It might be interesting to note that on December 15, 1957, it rained all the way from Rodeo, New Mexico, to Patagonia. This was considered a good omen.

The next day, the children were put in school, and work began on laying out corrals and a house on the ranch.

These were busy times. There was a windmill and a water trough about a half-mile from the selected house site. This became the cow corral location. The old homestead house, which had been in bad repair, had been fixed up and provided a storage place for the furniture and packing boxes. A new well, which had been drilled between July and December, was equipped and water lines installed. Electricity was brought in.

By the first of July, the family moved into a new burnt adobe ranch house on a mesa, approximately opposite milepost #22 on Arizona Highway

82. The site for the house had been selected with the help of Vince Farley -- a cowboy, rancher, and real estate broker. He pointed out that this particular area was dotted with cowchips. This meant that it was a cattle bedground -- which in turn meant it was a thermal zone -- warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer.

The house was built here, and it proved the thermal zone theory.

On the day of the move, Walt and three of the children went to the ranch to work, while Joyce and daughter, Sarah, stayed in town to clean the rented house. Having done the cleaning, they packed up a last carload, the two dogs, and groceries for dinner. They set off for the ranch in the little Studebaker station wagon just as it was beginning to rain. They ran into a cloudburst, and had to stop along the highway as visibility was zero. After a while, the heavy rain and hail let up. They continued to the ranch, and on the ranch road, to the crossing at the Sonoita Creek. The creek was running bank-to-bank, with big trees, old car bodies, etc., floating downstream.

In a few minutes, Walt and the rest of the family drove down to the other side of the crossing and shouted across. It was decided that Joyce and Sarah would go back to town and return in a couple of hours. Then, if the creek had run down, they could wade across. Joyce thought it would be a good idea to throw the meat and ice cream she had just bought across to the family to take to the house. She gave a mighty heave with a package of liver, and it landed safely on the other bank. However, a package of pork chops and the ice cream were not as lucky, and went floating downstream in the flood!! The children never forgave her for making it with the liver and not with the pork chops! She rode down the dry creek the next day on a horse, but found no trace. Some coyote had

himself a good dinner.

One of the first agriculture moves that was made was to get a survey from the Soil Conservation Service and recommendations for managing the area. This resulted in building some fences and establishing a grazing rotation plan. In the process of doing this, it was necessary to become familiar with the various grasses and browse. This, in turn, resulted in the family participating in the Soil Conservation District activities and programs.

Naturally, advice was heaped on newcomers. Fortunately, much of it was good. The stocking of the ranch proceeded slowly and selectively, because the ranch had been badly overgrazed for many years. Again, good luck prevailed, with the Spring and Summer of 1958 both being plentiful in rain.

Enough horses were provided so that gathering cattle was a family affair. The ranch was stocked with Herefords, and utilized registered bulls -- and when a good buy came along, registered females. The result was a credible showing at the County Fair and good prices at the sales.

Joyce had a Girl Scout Troop and was a 4-H leader in outdoor cooking. All four children were very active in 4-H.

One day Walt came home from town with the mail and announced that he had a new Sears catalog. All four children shouted in unison, "I get it first!" At this point, he knew they had really become country kids!

One of the major objectives in moving from an urban environment to a rural environment was the education of the children in country living. This worked just fine. The children, when they arrived at college age and entered an urban environment, had had the benefit of learning to work, learning to cooperate, learning to entertain themselves, and

learning to care for animals.

All four children went through the local school system in Patagonia. The two girls went to Northern Arizona University, one boy to Arizona State University, and the other boy to University of Arizona.

Life in Arizona did not accommodate the practice of law, Walt having decided he had enough of living on other people's troubles; but participating in civic activities consumed a major portion of his life. He served two terms on the Patagonia Union High School Board of Education, was a member and took his turn as a director and officer of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association, served for several years on the Coronado National Forest Multiple Use Advisory Council, worked with the Boy Scouts, and served several years as a supervisor of the Santa Cruz County Soil Conservation District. He was also a founding member of the Lake Patagonia Recreation Association and of Security Savings and Loan Association.

He also got involved with planning and zoning, served on the Santa Cruz County Planning and Zoning Commission, and subsequently, for ten years, was Director of the Santa Cruz County Planning Commission and of the Nogales City Planning Commission.

The mission was accomplished when the youngest child got married and finished college and moved to Colorado. The ranch was put on the market, and the working portion of it sold. Eighty acres were retained, another house built, and three horses were kept for helping the neighbors.

Much satisfaction was derived from de-urbanizing the children. After experiencing life in the big city (Tucson and Phoenix being considered big cities), they all located in the West.

Louise, the eldest, married Jay Hudson. He is a saddlemaker. They

live in Hobbs, New Mexico, and have two boys - Cody, 16, and Chad, 14. Sarah is now married to Pay Doyle. They are in the produce business and live in Nogales. She has a son, Manny, 20, and a son Devlin, three months old. Mark married Sally Rohrbacher, a native Arizonan. They live in Prescott, where he is in the construction business. They have a two year old daughter, Corinne. Bruce is married to Debbie Burnham. They live in Boise, Idaho, where Bruce is general manager of a radio station. They have a boy, Rob, 16, and a girl, Emma Louise, 9 months old.

The family keeps active and in touch with the livestock industry, membership in the Cattle Grower's Association is maintained, and Joyce is active in Cowbells. She is also a regular participant in several nearby ranches' gathering and branding activities.

Life on Wetten Ranch is not as hectic as it used to be, but remains most satisfactory and gratifying. City friends still wonder what is done with spare time. The Wettens wonder why time goes so fast. They are always busy. The children enjoy coming back home for regular visits and bringing their children.

## J. CHARLES WETZLER

### Phoenix, Arizona

J. Charls Wetzler was born in Los Angeles, California, the son of Julius and Evelyn Wetzler. His father, a native of Frankfurt, Germany, immigrated to America in 1884 and eventually moved to Holbrook, Arizona, where he began a retail business alongside the Little Colorado River. Charles' mother and father were married in 1894. Mrs. Wetzler, Evelyn, was the daughter of Isadore E. Solomon, founder of the Gila Valley Bank in Solomonville in 1899, which was to be the Valley National Bank many years later. Julius Wetzler, Charles' father, was born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1868, and learned as a mid-teenager that he was slated to become an apprentice diamond cutter, so he decided to head for America. The newspapers and magazines in Europe at that time were filled with articles about the wild and exciting opportunity laden in the West portion of the United States. Schieffelin had filed on his claim at Tombstone only six years before, yet Wetzler knew all about it by the time he was 16 years old, in 1884, when he left Germany for America.

Doing odd jobs, it took Julius Wetzler about a year to work his way to Bernalillo, New Mexico, where he got a job in a mercantile establishment. About a year later, he started working for Thomas Barker Keam, after whom Keams Canyon was named, where Keam had established a trading post. Though he'd been a British sailor, and later enlisted in the California Volunteers, Keam was a cultivated and refined gentleman who was a Spanish interpreter for the Army on the Navajo Reservation, and he became a special agent for the Tribe.

Undoubtedly, Keam's linguistic ability inspired young Wetzler to perfect his own Spanish, picked up in Bernalillo, and to learn the Hopi



and Navajo languages as well, which he did. Wetzler must have had a linguistic flair himself, because it is hard to imagine two more difficult languages to learn. When in his early twenties, Julius Wetzler moved to Holbrook and got a job with the A. & B. Schuster Company, whose large mercantile business was located in northern Arizona.

He started out in the Mormon Cooperative Building, and ACMI, which is still standing there today alongside the Little Colorado.

From this point on, Julius Wetzler's career as a pioneer merchant, cattleman, trader, sheepman, builder/developer, and civic leader is simply hard to believe and almost impossible to run down, at this date, in chronological order.

Don T. Udall and Harvey Randall, both residents of Holbrook for many years, both remember Julius Wetzler well. Harvey Randall was born on the Navajo Reservation at Tuba City. By the time Harvey was 9 years old, he was helping his family move cattle, and at one time he moved 30 head of cattle behind a wagon that held all of the Randall's possessions. One of the old milk cows bogged down in the Little Colorado River. After Harvey married and purchased land of his own, he bought adjoining land, that was known as the Randall Place, at Joseph City. He later bought property from his sister and from Spurlock and Wetzler.

Wetzler not only built up his mercantile establishment by handling almost everything, but went into many other ventures with other cattlemen in the Holbrook area. He became a partner in the Leroux Livestock Company with Dan Divelbess, the Sheriff. Their range extended over three townships north of Holbrook.

He had Pete Balcom for a partner in the Sunset Pass country and at Sanders. At one point in time, there was the Hennessey and Wetzler "L

Slash 7" outfit, and there was also what Harvey Randall calls the "old Puerco" outfit (on the Puerco River). Dick Grigsby and Jot Stiles were two of Mr Wetzler's partners at one time on the Puerco. Another well known old time cattleman from that country who was a partner of the Wetzlers was Charles Allenbaugh. Mr. Wetzler got into sheep early in his Holbrook career too, and would oversee their annual trip down to the Salt River Valley in the winter and their return north in the Spring. By 1913, he was out of the sheep business. He also got to know the Cowden Brothers who farmed and raised Herefords in Tolleson. Ray Cowden just recently passed away at the age of 97. Wetzler bought cattle from them and he is said to be the first to use cottonseed in fattening cattle in the Salt River Valley. He would ship it in from El Paso.

Holbrook, at one time, was one of the "wild places", which settled down in 1917 and was incorporated. Julius Wetzler was appointed one of the first Councilmen. He also built the first hotel there, which was still operating in 1972. He built a number of houses, imported a German carpenter. Some of these places still stand as stout as the day they were built.

Mr. Wetzler died in 1938 in Los Angeles, California. Four years prior to his death, his health started failing and he gradually phased out his northern Arizona interest.

As the Wetzler's three sons grew up, they decided to build a home in Los Angeles so the boys could receive a better education. Son, Sidney, attended Harvard and Columbia and became a lawyer. Another son, Herbert, went to Stanford and went into oil refining and marketing. Son, Charles, continued with the cattle business.

If anyone ever wondered where Charles (Charlie) received his

background and interest in the livestock business, it was no doubt due to his father's success in the livestock business. Julius Wetzler was wintering sheep in the Salt River Valley and returning them to Holbrook in the Spring during his struggle to establish his mercantile store. Charles remembered when his father was involved in the Hennessey and Wetzler "L Slash 7" and what was known as the "old Puerco" outfit on the Puerco River. Julius bought Hereford cattle from the Cowden Brothers (that's probably where Ray Cowden began their long time friendship).

Holbrook was incorporated in 1917 and Julius was one of its first Councilmen, developer, civic leaders, and built the town's first hotel as stated earlier. Concerned with business as he was, Julius made his fortune in livestock and land, with the Depression depleting his holdings.

After his graduation from High School, Charles returned to Arizona and bought a ranch near Holbrook. Much like his father before him, Charles found the cattle business and the people in it to be close to his liking. In the 1930's, he entered into partnership with his close friend, R. C. "Rans" Spurlock, and through numerous acquisitions emerged the Spurlock-Wetzler Ranch. Spreading over 500 sections, the ranch was large enough that cattle could be moved from one part to another to take advantage of seasonal range conditions. The partnership endured for over twenty years until the two, still very good friends, parted ways in 1954. The ranching operation was retained by Spurlock and today is carried on by his sons, Pat and Ted as Spurlock Ranches.

Charles, considered by everyone "a gentleman", and known for his quiet, modest ways, married Katharine in the early 1940's. Throughout their marriage, they would command the love and respect of everyone who

knew them. Katharine complemented Charles so very well and when he spoke of her, it was always with warm affection and true respect. Charles and Katharine raised a daughter, Evelyn, who is affectionately known as "Pit."

Charles Wetzler's cattle feeding operation, Circle One Livestock Company, was organized in Holbrook in 1945. Later, the feedlot was located at Termaine, between Mesa and Chandler. When Circle One acquired 640 acres in the western end of the Salt River Valley, the feedlot was located where Sun City West now stands. It grew in size to some 1,800 acres of farmland and feedyard with the capacity of the feeding operation reaching 35,000 head.

Charles and Katharine chose the name "Lizard Acres" for the feedlot "because it was different." According to Charles, "Cattle from as far away as Florida came to Circle One, and if there were two places in the United States with the same name, you can bet the railroad or the truckers would go to the wrong one." With a little prodding, Charles would admit that the name was as really "borrowed" from a railroad siding near the feedlot.

Lizard Acres was one of the country's largest feeding facilities and Charles often referred to it as a cattle "hotel", reminding the listeners, "we don't own them, we house and feed them for other people."

People were moving so close to Lizard Acres by the early 1970's, that conflict between subdivision dwellers and feedlot cattle were inevitable. It didn't make much difference that Circle One and Lizard Acres and Charles Wetzler were there first; the fact was that the new human residents didn't like the cattle or the flies or the dust or the odor and conversely, the cattle probably didn't like the "city slickers"

either. Whatever the case, Del Webb Corporation purchased Lizard Acres as part of an 11,000 acre project that would become the retirement community of Sun City West. Feeding operations continued there until 1978, when they moved temporarily to Scottsdale, and then finally to Germann Road in Higley in 1979.

As a successful and busy businessman, and involved father and husband, Charles Wetzler still always gave an extra effort to the cattle industry, activities, and other civic work. In the 1930's, he helped organize the Northern Arizona Cattleman's Association and served as its Secretary. In the 1940's, he took the active role in the development of the Arizona National Livestock Show, which he became an Arizona Living Pioneer thereof, and its transition into a prominent stock show in the United States. A longtime member of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association, and active on many committees, he was also a strong leader of the Arizona Cattle Feeder's Association and was President of ACFA in 1956.

The work of the National Cattlemen's Association and its predecessor organization, the American National Cattlemen's Association, was of great interest to Charles and he gave of his time to those groups that they might benefit from his knowledge and background and connections. He was an important member of NCA's Private Lands and Water Committee and made countless trips to Washington D. C. for NCA's legislative efforts.

The Central Arizona Project Association was organized in 1946 to advance the construction of the Central Arizona Canal, which was designed to bring Colorado River water to central and southern Arizona. Charles was elected chairman of the CAP board of directors, and held that position until he died. With the Central Arizona Project nearly

complete, Charles Wetzler should be given much credit for its success.

Constantly involved in water issues in arid Arizona, Charles was a member of the Arizona Water Commission from 1974 to 1982, and was a director of the Maricopa County Water Conservation District #1 for thirty years, serving as president for ten of those years.

Prior to helping found and serve as president of the Arizona State University Foundation, Charles was a member of the ASU Agricultural Advisory Committee. As President of the ASU Foundation, he was instrumental in selecting land for the University Farm and was considered one of the school's great benefactors. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Law degree from ASU in 1964 for distinguished contributions to his state, community, and industry and especially for his service to Arizona higher education.

He was elected to the board of directors of the Valley National Bank in Phoenix, and in 1966 served there for nearly fifteen years. He was incorporator of the Save Camelback Mountain Foundation, and a director of Boswell Memorial Hospital in Sun City.

In January, 1983, Katharine died quietly in her sleep. In a conversation at the NCA Convention in Las Vegas a few weeks later, Charles noted how happy he was that Katharine "just went to sleep, suffered no pain, and slipped away in peace." He spoke of continuing work in the cattle business, higher cattle prices, and chores yet undone, and he made us all believe we would have his counsel and friendship for a long time to come. Just a few weeks later, suddenly sick and hospitalized, Charles died in Phoenix. Quiet and gracious, but strong and caring, Charles Wetzler was a leader in the cattle industry who contributed something good to all of us.

Charles and Katharine's daughter, Evelyn, is married to John Lucking and they live in Phoenix. They have two children, Mary Katharine and Charles Walter. Charles' brother, Herbert, presently lives in Los Angeles, California.

Those brands belonging to Lizard Acres and Circle One are as follows:

D8896    ΔU    ;

D8897    Π    ; D8898    2    ; D8899    72    ;  
D8900    ∞    ; D8901    ⊖    ; D8902    5\    ;  
D8904    +    ; D8905    4    ; D8907    TV    ;  
D8908    7    ; D8909    E    ; D8910    4    ;  
D10510    WLL    ; and D10511    WE

90 N. Country Club Drive  
Phoenix, AZ 85014

November 5, 1981

Dear Friend, Gilbert:

Thought that I would jot some thoughts about the Wetzlers so that when we talk on the phone it may help.

My Father, Julius Wetzler, came to the United States from Frankfurt, A.M. Germany, before he was 16 years old. I am guessing 1883, with \$100 in \$20 gold coins and he still had at least one when he was fifty years old.

His family did not want him to go into the Prussian Army at age 16 (which every German man did). Julius had read western stories about Tombstone, Arizona, and hence wanted to come to the U. S. A few years after his arrival, he reached Bernalillo, New Mexico, and worked for store keepers named Bibo. They remained life-long friends with Juluis.

He then went to Holbrook and worked for Schusters.

He then went to work for Tom Kearns, owner and founder of the Indian Trading Post at Keams Canyon, and learned to be an Indian trader. He had learned English, Spanish, Navajo and Hopi before he was 20 years old.

He left Tom Keams and went back to Holbrook to work again for Schusters. He stayed several years to work again for Schusters. He stayed several years and they offered him a manager's job and he then went on his own.

He started a store of his own. It was located adjoining and facing west of the R.R. tracks of the Sevis Drug Store. He operated it for years. He sold the business, kept the building, and leased it to the buyers, whose names I believe but am not sure was Ben First, who operated it until he died. I don't think he had any family.

My Dad worked the store business intermittently with his younger brother, Fred Wetzler. I remember the Wetzler Supply Company, operated by Fred, but of which my fater was financially involved, which was on the west end of the block, facing the tracks. The store later tended towards hardware and Navajo blankets.



The other stores behind Wetzlers and Schusters were A.C.M.I. (Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institute) headed by Ernest Hulet's Dad, Scorsis, and later wholesalers - Babbitts from Flagstaff. L. B. Cutney, I believe of Albuquerque, and Babbitts later added retail.

The stores handled most everything but principal drug store items of groceries, livestock feed, hardware, dry goods, etc. They carried qualified customers who paid annually with monthly interest charged. I operated this way with Shusters in the 1930's. I paid when I sold cattle in the fall. In early days, there were years that ranchers had no market so they negotiated with the store to be paid in livestock - usually steers and ran them for the store for the next season. This way most store owners got into the livestock business.

Holbrook was the trade center between Flagstaff and Gallup. Being on the railroad and having freight facilities. Approximately 100 post offices received their mail from Holbrook. Contract mail carriers went to Concho, St. Johns, Springerville, Eager, Keams Canyon and other points along the way. Also, Snowflake, Taylor, Showlow, etc. were on the route.

Freight by wagon and later track went to places like Pleasant Valley.

Tom Pollack and his group built the Apache R.R. which helped business.

In this way, Dad got into the livestock business and was heavily involved. My Dad went into Holbrook Real Estate development. Not only the buildings mentioned in my previous letter, but he also built a Post Office which he rented to the U.S. located just west of the H. S. Wetzler building. Ernest Hulet was the postmaster. He also built homes on the northwest part of town. I remember the house where Harry Randall lived and several others. M. A. Candelaria's house was among the first to build concrete sidewalks and inside plumbing facilities.

Another business aspect of old Holbrook was its RR shipping facilities which were the only alternative to driving on foot. Because of Holbrook's geographical location, livestock were driven from as far as Pleasant Valley and Blue, plus the intermediate points. Holbrook was the largest shipping point on the Santa Fe west of Gallup, and I think second largest on the RR. During the fall, the stockyards were formed. One of my first jobs was to guide livestock across the Little Colorado because most herds came from the south and the Stockyards were north. I was called a pilot. The owners feared quicksand.

Richard, I have rambled, but thought this may give us background for our phone talk.

Your friend,

*Charles*  
Charles

# OSCAR BRICE WILLIS

Clifton, Arizona

The year was 1903. In a small Texas town called Godley, a young couple were united in marriage:

Mather Lowrey Willis, and

Bessie Mae Harris

To this marriage came the blessing of two boys. Oldest, Oscar Brice Willis, born July 31, 1905, named for his father's brother, Brice, and for his mother's brother, Oscar; and his younger brother, Mather Franklin Willis, always called "Brother" by Brice.

Brice's father worked as a cowboy in and around the Ft. Worth area until tragedy struck the young Willis family. Bessie Mae became very ill with appendicitis. There were no facilities and Brice's young mother died.

At the age of five, Brice and his brother, Mather, were taken into the home of their Aunt Maud. Mather took a job with the Indian Service and was sent to Peach Springs, Arizona Territory, about 1911.

Mather missed his boys very much and took the train back to Godley several times to see them. It was during one of these trips Mather met Jennie Wallis, who later became Brice's second mother. Jennie was only 14 years older than Brice, and along with being his "Mom", she was also a very close friend. Together, they all moved to Peach Springs where Brice and his family had many fond memories. A much repeated story was how Brice and his brother along with Jennie would catch chickens and take them to the mountain washes and cook them for lunch. These outings were special memories of Brice, as was their move to San Carlos, Arizona, in a Model T. The trip took several days back in 1917. No paved roads, and

motels were few and far between, the nights were spent out on the desert.

At San Carlos, Brice and "Brother" learned a lot about growing up with the Indians and anglos. At the age of 14, Brice's father was offered the job of foreman of the Double Circle Ranch. The family moved by horseback over the Double Circle Prarie from San Carlos, another 2-day trip.

Little was Brice aware at this time that Eagle Creek and the Double Circle Ranch would be a major influence on him the rest of his life. His first work experience and first loves were "on the creek", as he would say.

It was several years before a road was built to Eagle Creek, so his schooling was at the old Eagle Creek School. Later, in the 1920's, he and several others would ride into Metcalf to attend school with friends like Arthur and Della Wright, Jesus Zorilla, and many others.

In 1926, with the help of his dad and money he had saved, he bought his first truck. With this truck, he started what he called the Eagle Creek Freight Line. It ended in less than a year with a wreck near Cherry Lodge where he lost all but his life. Until this time, Brice's father and Jennie had had no other children.

In 1928, the Double Circle Ranch had been ordered off the Indian Reservation. Brice helped in the roundup of thousands of cattle which were herded and moved to Safford to be shipped. Thousands of cattle were left on the range and many died on the way to Safford. It was a big loss to the owners of the Double Circle.

Brice was well into his 20's when Mather and Jennie had their son, Fred. Fred has always lived in Texas, but Brice and he have always been very close.

In 1932, while working at the Eagle Creek Ranger Station, Brice married a young widow, Geneva Wyatt Gatlin. She had a son, Clifford, from her previous marriage, but Brice always considered him his own. They lived a short while in Springerville while Brice worked for the Forest Service. From there they moved back to Clifton. Here his first child was born, Geneva Mae Willis. She lived about one year. A very sensitive loss to both Brice and Geneva. But a short while later another daughter was born, Patricia Anne Willis. A real pride to her Daddy.

During this time, Brice was still hauling freight and cattle for the ranchers and miners in the area.

When World War II began, Brice started doing more work for Phelps Dodge. It was during those war years that his last child, Oscar Brice Willis, Jr., was born.

After the war, Brice expanded his freight business into construction work. Phelps Dodge hired him to haul and mine quartz from north of Metcalf.

Other job offers included the construction of Greenlee County's Airport. At this time, he expanded his freight-construction business into the air-freight business with two air-coupees. Brice continued flying for many years after the discontinuance of the air freight business.

In the 1950's, Brice was involved with the construction of roads, power line rights-of-way, flood control projects, and one of his pride and joys, the construction of Greenlee Country Club.

In the 1960's, Brice contracted with Phelps Dodge to deliver quartz from his own mining property, a profitable venture that lasted almost 20 years.

Construction work continued both in Greenlee and Graham Counties with the initial earth moving work at the Safford mine.

With Geneva's illness in the latter 1970's, and Brice's increasing age, he sold the construction company to Larson Construction Company.

After the death of his wife, Geneva, he incorporated the remainder of his business interests and turned them over to his children.

In 1979, he rekindled the fondness he had for a dear friend, Velma Rutherford, whom he had known for over 50 years. They were married, and have made their home in Clifton.

With the freedom of retirement, he and Velma had opportunities to do things they both enjoyed, dances, cruises, travel, and doing what they "damned well pleased." Life was good for Brice and Velma with both being devoted to each other.

As Brice once said, he had been a very lucky man -- he had had two wonderful mothers and two loving wives. He is survived by his wife, Velma, three children, five grandchildren, and one great-grandson.

A R I Z O N A   N A T I O N A L  
L I V I N G   P I O N E E R S

Accomazzo, Della, Cashion, AZ	Childers, Rose, Phoenix, AZ
Adams, Lloyd, Dragoon, AZ	Claridge, George, Thatcher, AZ
Aguire, Enrique, Red Rock,, AZ	Claridge, Orson, Duncan, AZ
Allert, Ted, Ila Camp Verde, AZ	Clark, Joseph, Willcox, AZ
Anderson, Ocie, Phoenix, AZ	Clark, Elvis, Mary Globe, AZ
Babbitt, Josephine, Flagstaff, AZ	Clements, Margaret, Phoenix, AZ
Balke, Alameda, Safford, AZ	Cline, Roxie, Tonto Basin, AZ
Barnett, Joseph, Sun City, AZ	Cole, Gwendlyn, Safford, AZ
Barney, Elsie, Tucson, AZ	Conley, Ethel, Buckeye, AZ
Barrows, Mable, St. David, AZ	Conley, Grace, Patagonia, AZ
Beebe, Charlotte, Willcox, AZ	Conway, Lula Jane, Tonto Basin, AZ
Bennett, Mike, Cochise, AZ	Cook, Mark, Willcox, AZ
Benton, Edward, Sonoita, AZ	Cook, W. L., Willcox, AZ
Bergier, Laura, Patagonia, AZ	Cook, Thomas, Florence Pima, AZ
Betts, Floyd, Kathryn Mesa, AZ	Cooper, Nel, Kirkland, AZ
Billingsley, Kester, Sun City, AZ	Cordes, Claire, Glendale, AZ
Bingham, Floyd, Tucson, AZ	Cordes, Henry, Mayer, AZ
Birdwell, Robert, Grace Safford, AZ	Cornelius, Paul, Phoenix, AZ
Blair, Oscar, Safford, AZ	Cowan, Mattie, Douglas, AZ
Bojorgues, Albert, Bullhaed City, AZ	Crosby, George, Mesa, AZ
Boss, Roy, Douglas, AZ	Cull, Georgia, Douglas, AZ
Bouldin, Annis, Glendale, AZ	Curry, Eldora, Casa Grande, AZ
Bowman, H. "Skeet", Jewell C. Safford, AZ	Day, Harry, Duncan, AZ
Bozarth, Asa, Prescott, AZ	Day, Charles, Tucson, AZ
Braden, Ella, Tucson,, AZ	DeConcini, Ora, Tucson, AZ
Brimhall, Joseph, Florence M. Taylor, AZ	DeLa Ossa, Rosamel, Patagonia, AZ
Brockett, Frederica, Phoenix, AZ	Downard, AL (Col), Geneva Glendale,, AZ
Brooks, Lula Mae, Cave Creek, AZ	DuBoise, Jessie, Willcox, AZ
Brown, Bud, Isabelle Scottsdale, AZ	Dumont, Katharine, Kirkland, AZ
Brown, Salena, Payson, AZ	Eads, Clara Barfoot, Douglas, AZ
Brown, Hettie, Springerville, AZ	Eicks, John, McNeal, AZ
Browning, Polly, Willcox, AZ	Eicks, Beulah, McNeal, AZ
Bryant, Charles, Isabel L. Pinedale, AZ	Elkins, Mark, Ina Mesa, AZ
Bryce, A. J., Pima, AZ	Ellison, Buster, Globe, AZ
Bryce, Andy, Pima, AZ	Enzenberg, Oscea, Sonoita, AZ
Burden, Sophia, Wickenburg,, AZ	Escalada, Joseph, Nogales,, AZ
Byrd, Zelpha, Willcox, AZ	Escapule, Joe, Tombstone, AZ
Campbell, Francis, Wendell, ID	Eslick, Rhaeta, San Diego, CA
Carpenter, John, Chandler, AZ	Evans, Myrl Pyle, Payson, AZ
Carson, Loren, Kingman, AZ	Evans, A.A., Ethel Tempe, AZ
Carter, James, Thelma Mesa, AZ	Fairchild, Florence, McNeal, AZ
Carter, Stella, Kirkland, AZ	Fitzpatrick, William, Higley, AZ
Carter, Earl, Vera Kirkland, AZ	Flake, Gerda, Mesa, AZ
Chapman, Ida, Phoenix, AZ	Fletcher, Pete, Wickenburg, AZ
Chapman, Grace, Nogales, AZ	Foote, Gerald, Safford, AZ
Chappell, Ralph, Phoenix, AZ	Foremaster, Lindau, St. George, UT
Charles, Mattie, Phoenix, AZ	Foremaster, Phillip, St. George, UT
Chatfield, Cora, Willcox, AZ	Freeman, John, Prescott, AZ
Chavez, James, Phoenix, AZ	Frerichs, W. F., Hazel C. Phoenix, AZ
Cheatham, Areta, Laveen, AZ	Fritz, Kathleen, 1896 Phoenix, AZ

Gardner, B.A., Willcox, AZ	Jones, Mildred, Phoenix, AZ
Gardner, Eudora, Kingman, AZ	Josh, Norman, Tucson, AZ
Gardner, Gail, Delia Prescott, AZ	Joy, J., Marjorie Blue, AZ
Gardner, Hettie, Tucson, AZ	Joy, Mary, Kingman, AZ
Garrett, James, Tubac, AZ	Kambitch, William, Rodeo, NM
Gatlin, Ella, Silver City, NM	Kaufman, Fred, Beulah Phoenix, AZ
Gatlin, Elizabeth, Patagonia,, AZ	Kelley, Josie, Globe, AZ
Gayler, Manerd, Nogales, AZ	Kendall, Gladys, Tombstone, AZ
Gibson, Frank, Snowflake,, AZ	Kennedy, Vernon, Francis Duncan, AZ
Gillet, Carrie, Globe, AZ	Kennedy, Ruth, Phoenix,, AZ
Gilpin, Florence, Safford, AZ	Kimble, F. C., Douglas, AZ
Glenn, L., Phoenix, AZ	Kite, Luther, Chino Valley, AZ
Glenn, Mary, Phoenix, AZ	Kleek, Jess, Phoenix, AZ
Godard, Frank, Camp Verde, AZ	Kolbe, Walter, Helen Tempe, AZ
Gomez, Floyd, Casa Grande, AZ	Kuykendall, Kate, Elfrida, AZ
Goswick, Merl, Mayer, AZ	Lamb, Edwin, Gilbert,, AZ
Gray, John, Safford, AZ	Lamoreaux, Ruth, Chandler, AZ
Greve, James, Clara E. Phoenix, AZ	Lamm, Sr., Burell, Chandler, AZ
Haby, Margaret, Willcox,, AZ	Larson, Moroni, Safford, AZ
Hammond, Jr., Olander, Edna Sonoita, AZ	Lawhon, Josephine, Bowie, AZ
Hampton, Lena, Payson, AZ	Lazar, Willbanks, Payson, AZ
Hamrick, LaVon, Phoenix, AZ	Lazear, Joe, Florence, AZ
Hancock, Avy, Cornville, AZ	Lazear, Ola, Payson, AZ
Hardy, Mrs., Prescott, AZ	Leverton, John, Scottsdale, AZ
Harris, Helen, Patagonia, AZ	Lewis, Blaine, Laura Patagonia, AZ
Harrison, Frank, Tucson, AZ	Lindsey, Eunice, Tombstone, AZ
Hatley, Virginia, Willcox, AZ	Lockwood, Sara, Globe, AZ
Haught, Mae, Payson, AZ	Logsdon, Bill, Fay Kingman, AZ
Haynes, Ethel, Apache Junction, AZ	Long, Marshall, Buckeye, AZ
Hellbusch, Cecil, Aurora, CO	Lovelady, A.L., Phoenix, AZ
Henness, Kelvin, Louise Casa Grande, AZ	Lund, Miles, Mesa, AZ
Herridge, Mittie, Kingman, AZ	Lund, Mrs., Catherine Mesa, AZ
Hinton, Bert, Ft. Thomas, AZ	Lyons, Frank M., Blue, AZ
Hittson, Virginia, Globe, AZ	MacDonald, Marguerite, Green Valley, AZ
Hodges, Lou-Ella, Rimrock, AZ	Marley, Kemper, Phoenix, AZ
Holder, Babe, Payson, AZ	Martin, Ida, Payson, AZ
Holt, Raymond, Kingman, AZ	Masse, Pete, Prescott, AZ
Honnas, Lottie, Tucson,, AZ	Matley, Albert, Prescott, AZ
Hopper, Dale, Scottsdale, AZ	Matley, Johnnie, Prescott, AZ
Houser, David, Melba Willcox, AZ	Mattice, Warner, Janet T. Pima, AZ
Howard, John, Lucy M. Lakeside, AZ	McComb, Esther, Willcox, AZ
Humphrey, Jack, Copper Basin, AZ	McCombs, Jack, Willcox, AZ
Hunt, John, Pine, AZ	McDougal, K., Yuma, AZ
Hurtado, Trini, Willcox,, AZ	McGee, Charlie, Chino Valley, AZ
Irving, Anna, Prescott, AZ	McKee, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ
Irving, Violet, Mesa, AZ	McKeen, Hugh, Vista, CA
Jeffers, J. C., Holbrook, AZ	McKelvey, Wilmer, Duncan, AZ
Jeffers, W. B., Holbrook, AZ	McLain, Lloyd, Globe, AZ
Jelks, Jefferson, Tucson, AZ	McMillan, E. E., Elgin, AZ
Jernigan, A.A., Safford, AZ	Medd, Jack, Yarnell, AZ
Johnson, Sophia, Tombstone, AZ	Meisterhans, Emel, St. David, AZ
Johnson, Ethel, Vail, AZ	Mendival, Pete, Benson, AZ
Jones, C. A., Myrth Payson, AZ	Mendivil, Claude, Benson, AZ

Mercer, Joyce, Mammoth, AZ  
 Michelbach, Albert, Flagstaff, AZ  
 Miller, Archie, Tolleson, AZ  
 Miller, Allen, Philena H. Snowflake, AZ  
 Miller, Clara, Prescott, AZ  
 Miller, Leroy, Youngtown, AZ  
 Mills, Andy, Willcox, AZ  
 Mills, Marion, Willcox, AZ  
 Mills, Elton, Prescott, AZ  
 Mills, Clarence, Edna V. Yarnell, AZ  
 Mitchell, Grace, Prescott, AZ  
 Monzingo, George, Benson, , AZ  
 Moody, Edwin, Thatcher, AZ  
 Moore, Ellis, Faye Clifton, AZ  
 Motley, Inez, Cottonwood, AZ  
 Mudersbach, John, Cottonwood, AZ  
 Muldner, Clara, Glendale, AZ  
 Mulleno, Harvey, Kingman, AZ  
 Murdock, Mr., 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. Sylvia, Phoenix, AZ  
 Orr, Floyd, Cornville, AZ  
 Owens, Almon, Show Low, AZ  
 Page, Brainard, Tombstone, AZ  
 Parker, Port, Sedona, AZ  
 Parker, Fay, Patagonia, AZ  
 Parnell, James, Geraldine Phoenix, AZ  
 Patton, Minnie, Skull Valley, AZ  
 Pavey, Jaunita, Kingman, AZ  
 Pehl, Luke, Chino Valley, AZ  
 Pemberton, Henry, Pearl Prescott, AZ  
 Pendelton, James, Nogales, AZ  
 Percy, Raymond, Pearl Peoria, AZ  
 Pfluger, Peter, Buckeye, AZ  
 Phillips, Eula, Duncan, AZ  
 Pieper, Josephine , Winslow, 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  
 Rigden, John, Kirkland,, 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  
 Russey, Bill, Chandler,, AZ  
 Sainz, Jesus, Solomon, AZ  
 Sanders, Armon, Myrtle Safford, AZ  
 Sands, John, Glendale, AZ  
 Sasser, Bob, ,  
 Sasser, Floyd, Prescott, AZ  
 Saunders, John, Globe, AZ  
 Schivers, Vinnie, Cottonwood, AZ  
 Schorr, Wagner "Weg", Sonoita,, AZ  
 Serven, Frances , Tucson,, AZ  
 Sexton, Anna, Skull Valley, AZ  
 Sharp, Reginald, Springerville, AZ  
 Sharp, Dora, Prescott, AZ  
 Sheppard, Mildred, Buckeye, AZ  
 Shilling, Irene, Pearce, AZ  
 Skousen, K.K., Chandler, AZ  
 Sly, L. A., Buckeye, AZ  
 Smith, Rocky, Blanche Cochise, AZ  
 Smith, Ted, Hereford, AZ  
 Smith, Lois, Phoenix, AZ  
 Smith, Homer, Florence C. Yarnell, AZ  
 Sproul, Irene, Douglas, AZ  
 Stevens, George, San Carlos, AZ  
 Stevens, Mildred, Safford,, AZ  
 Stevens, Earl, Tonto Basin, AZ  
 Stone, Helen, Laveen,, AZ  
 Stratton, Raymond, Snowflake, AZ  
 Stringfield, Garnet, Prescott, AZ  
 Suter, M., Chandler, AZ  
 Sweikart, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ  
 Swyers, Gladys, Patagonia, AZ  
 Talley, William, Estella M. Kingman, AZ  
 Tatum, S., Margaret Patagonia, AZ  
 Taylor, Richard, Valda May Payson, AZ  
 Taylor, Leona, McNeal, AZ  
 Thomas, George, Bowie 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 M., Tucson, AZ  
 Traynor, Bertha, Tempe, AZ  
 Tulley, Ellis, Faye Clifton, AZ  
 Turbeville, Loy, Phoenix, AZ  
 Turley, Mrs. Charles, Woodruff, AZ  
 Turner, Delia, Patagonia, AZ  
 Tyson, Lela, Phoenix, AZ  
 Udall, Orma, Springerville, AZ  
 VanDeren, Earl, Jennie , 1906 Sedona, AZ



Varnell, Loy, Show Low, AZ  
Voigt, Helen, Eagar, AZ  
Waddell, Pearl, Duncan, AZ  
Walk, James, Prescott, AZ  
Walker, Frances, Bisbee, AZ  
Walker, Allen, Cottonwood, AZ  
Walker, Dixie, Tucson, 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  
Wetten, Walton, Patagonia,, AZ  
Whelan, 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, Velma, 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

E.E. Mc MILLAN - Elgin, AZ - with Black Jack Orosco & Trophy  
J. CHARLES WETZLER - Phoenix, AZ  
DOS CABEZAS SCHOOL  
FRANCES "Chaffee" SERVEN - Tucson, AZ  
JOSE ESCALADA - Nogales, AZ - 1931 on his top horse "Guilo"  
ELIZABETH "Gigi" GATLIN - Patagonia, AZ  
WAGNER "Weg" SCHORR - Sonoita, AZ

BACK - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

NEWELL & NEPPIE CLARK - Tucson, AZ  
GEORGE EDWIN MONZINGO - Benson, AZ  
JOHN THOMPSON - Valentine, AZ  
HELEN G. "Kruse" STONE - Phoenix, AZ  
WALTON WETTEN - Patagonia, AZ  
AL "Col" & GENEVA DOWNARD - Glendale, AZ  
HY KENNEDY - Phoenix, AZ - enjoying lunch Pioneer Day,  
CLARENCE & EDNA MILLS - Yarnell, AZ

INSIDE BACK - TOP TO BOTTOM - LEFT TO RIGHT

ELLA & ART BRADEN - Tucson, AZ - ship ahoy  
BRICE WILLIS - Clifton, AZ - with brother Fred by old jail at Clifton  
MARGARET HABY - Willcox, AZ  
DOUGLAS R. LUGER - Tumacacori, AZ  
JOHN THOMAS RIDGEN - Kirkland, AZ  
EDWARD NATHAN & JENNIE LAMB - Gilbert, AZ  
MATT & AGNES HAMLIN - Phoenix, AZ



