

COWBOY 1989

I hope you can understand how shocked and surprised I was when my nephew, Seth Allen, informed me that he had arranged a trail ride for his Father's 80th birthday, and had included me in his plans. I accepted the invitation with mixed emotions. It sounded fun, but I hadn't been on a horse for 30 years or more. So that I might have a chauffeur and chaperons, my Granddaughter Mella husband Don Smith accepted an invitation, also.

Seth organized the ride for three reasons: 1) to give his Dad a **special Birthday**, 2) because his Dad and I worked on the project, and 3) because he and the Layton boys had been over the route and couldn't put the Project in focus.

The ride was to be motored to "Columbine", a recreational area on the West end of Graham Mountain. Then the riders would mount up for the ride down the old Tramway Road to a rendezvous on the flat a few miles south of Pima. If you haven't traversed the road from Safford to Columbine, you have missed a treat.??? It is up and winding. First Noon Creek, then Wet Canyon, Arcadia, Turkey Flat, Ladybug Saddle, Snow Flat, Shannon, Post Creek, Grant Creek, Soldier Flat to an elevation of 9000 feet, then on to Columbine.

10:00 A.M. May 5th **Columbine:** Time to saddle up and go. Ten brave Cowboys and Cowgirls were assigned mounts. Those making the ride were: Jay Layton, the leader, Lan Allen, Seth Allen, Mel Allen, Mella Smith, Don Smith, April Allen, Paul Allen, Ron Howard, and Dennis Layton.

We headed for our first goal, the Millsight which was about a mile down the hill. Our bus drivers said they would remain at Columbine until we reached Millsight so that if anyone decided not to go the remaining distance, they would take them back down the mountain with them. We had Walki-Talki communication with them. We reached Millsight...Boy! what 60 years has done to it. Nothing remains of the Mill except the Old Boiler. The pond is filled with silt, sand, rocks, and debris until it is no longer there. All the buildings are gone. No one wanted to cut out, so on we went.

Someone has built a new trail, by-passing "Slick Rock", one of the most treacherous points on the Old Road. But we were soon to find that this trail has it's hazards also. As our leader reached a particular spot, a sloping rock formation presented our first hazard. His horse slipped, falling on its side on the rock. From where I was, it appeared that Jay's leg was between the horse and the rock, but both horse and rider came out of it with no apparent injury. Several of the mounts had trouble there, but none went down. We came to several places where we dismounted and sent our mounts across while we walked. As we rode along, Lan and I told some of our experiences...some sad ones, some crazy ones.

At about 1:00 P.M. the trail went between two rocks that required us to take our feet out of the stirrups to avoid getting a foot or leg crushed. The trail was on the edge of a ravine about 30 feet deep. The first three or four mounts went through without trouble, but Seth's horse got over-balanced and his hind legs slipped off the trail. So did Seth. The horse scrambled back but Seth landed about thirty feet down in the mountain laurel. Many thorns, but apparently nothing serious. The boys let down a lariat and pulled Seth out like he was in a well. (He later discovered he had some broken ribs.)

Just after one o'clock we stopped for lunch at "Road Crossing", where the Tram crossed over the road. It gave me an opportunity to give a pretty good description on the workings. Here a typical tower is still standing on the side of the trail, with the cable saddles in tact. There was a frame of a carrier there to show how the lumber was loaded. Plenty of old cable, etc... The one thing that had them so

thoroughly confused and amazed was the long spans between towers. For example, the span from "High Ridge" to "Alabam Point" was some 1800 feet, with a drop of 800 feet. There was a long span from Alabam Point to Road Crossing, then down in to "Green Station", then span after span, down to the "Transfer".

After lunch we went on to the "Horse Camp", which was a terminal of sorts. Supplies were brought to that point, then packed into Green Station and all the surrounding areas. When I told them that I delivered supplies to that point in a Dodge panel truck, they couldn't believe it. (I couldn't believe it either.)

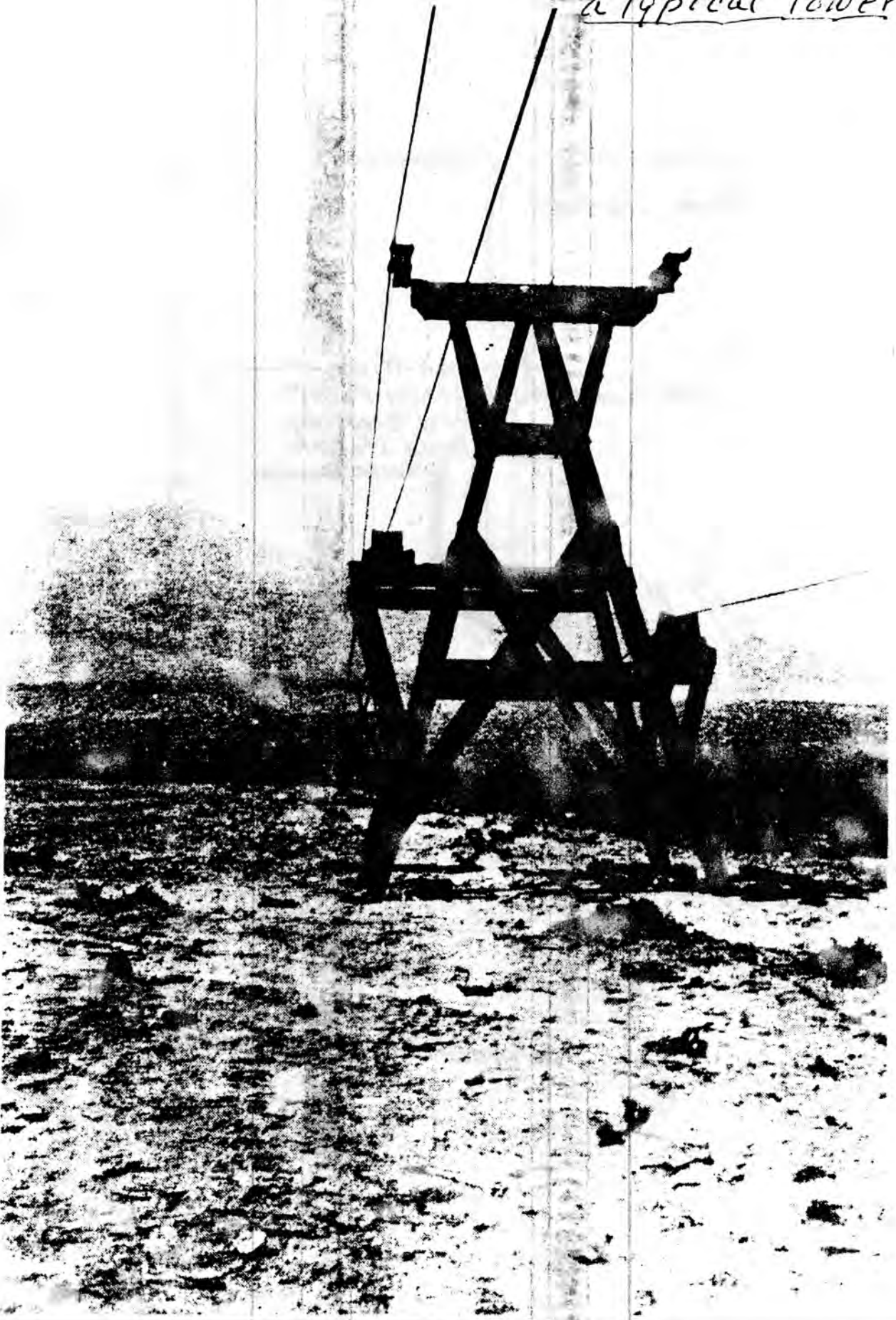
Following the old road, which was no more than a boulder strewn wash, we wound our way to the "Transfer Station". This was MY area, I worked at the Mill. The Transfer Station was my Station. When the Tram started, Leo Bond and I worked it. When Leo was killed, the Tram closed down for the winter.

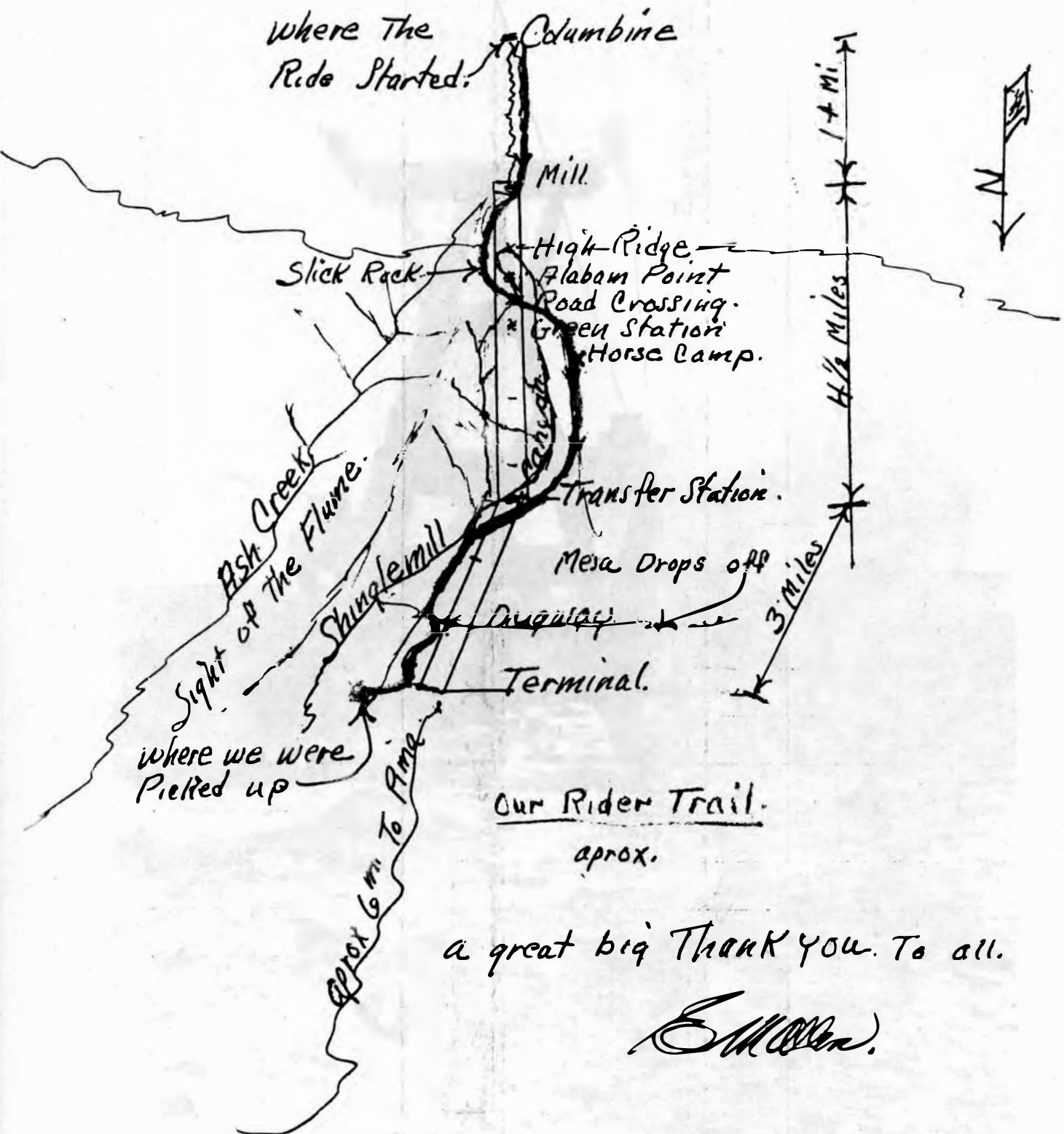
In February, 1925, we started to revamp Green Station, then, when the weather permitted, we'd work in the woods. Lola's brother, Jess Taylor, worked with me at the Transfer. Then later I ran the Station solo until the 14th of September, when Lola joined me. Here we had our honeymoon. We rode a single "carrier" from the lower station to the Transfer Station, a distance of three miles. There in a little one room cabin, we had the mountain to ourselves. Lola learned to cook and made friends with the skunks, ringtailed cats, lizards, and snakes. We had about three wonderful month before winter again closed down the operation. The only remaining evidence of a once sturdy structure was a pillar of concrete, a few anchor irons bedded in concrete. The pillar was the base for the 8 foot-shieve wheels that moved the cable. No sign of our little shack. It is quite barren now, but at that time it was a garden of desert growth, people were coming and going up and down the mountain. We fed everyone that came by at mealtime.

As we neared the end of the mesa just above the "Dugway" where the road drops onto the flat, we stopped and dismounted. Someone had decided that some of the riders were exhausted. Half of the crew was to wait there to be picked up by a four wheeler, while the rest took the horses on down to the trailers. It had been a dry, dusty ride and the sun was going behind the mountain. We were at the end of the Tramline. We had traveled on horseback roughly 12 miles. Our chariots awaited. An experience to remember.

E. Mel Allen

a Typical Tower.

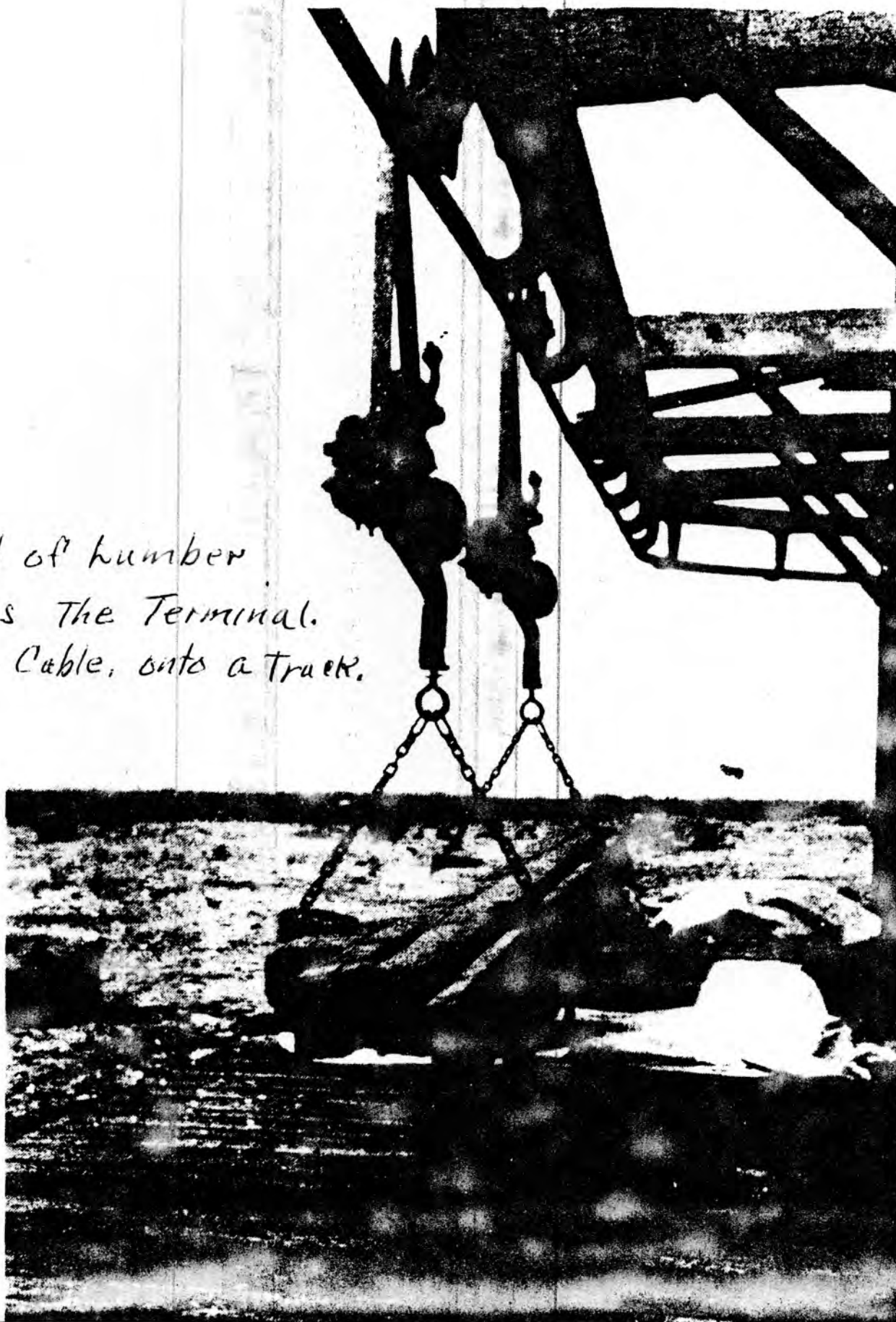


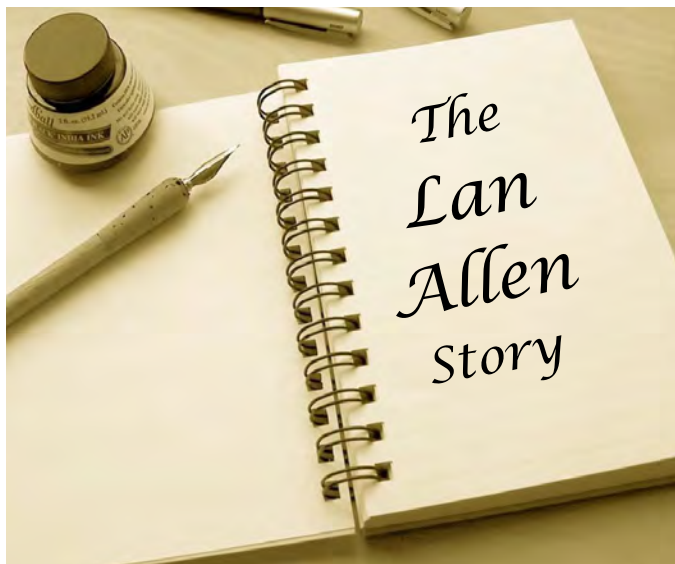


a great big Thank You. To all.

Em Allen

a load of lumber
Reaches The Terminal.
off The Cable, onto a Truck.





Chapter One -- written October 1985, footnotes 2017

My name is Lan Pace Allen. I was born on May 5, 1909, in the little farming community of Franklin, Arizona, which is located at the New Mexico border in southeastern Arizona. It was in Graham County at that time, but boundary changes now put it in Greenlee County. I am the 5th child of Ephraim Johnson Allen and Nancy Eveline Pace Allen. I was named for my grandfather, James Orlando Pace, who was called Lan Pace. He was killed in a fall from a wagon just a few months prior to my birth. My father was a farmer. We moved to Thatcher, Arizona when I was very young.

My earliest memory of a home is of an adobe house in the middle of an apple orchard located about where the Thatcher office of the Valley National Bank now stands (1985).¹ At that time, the road through the valley was a dirt road that followed a canal and was very crooked. There was a house just west of this house which belonged to the Jacobsons. I can remember climbing a tree and falling down on a piece of broken glass, cutting me on the rear. I was about three years old at the time, and I still have the scar. Sometime later we moved into the Jacobson house, which was just about straight across the road from the now Safford L.D.S. farm house.² The Montierth family lived in that house then. It was in this home (the Jacobson place) that I had an experience that made a lasting impression on me. When my sister Dora was going to be born, all of us kids were taken to Aunt Ann

and Uncle Dave Johnson's home to stay the night so that we would not be at home during the delivery of the baby. Uncle Dave lived in a house which was in the same block where the Jiffy Freeze now stands³, a distance of about three miles from our home. Dora was born July 6, 1913, and I had just turned four in May. We received word at about 11:00 a.m. that we had a baby sister and we set out on foot for our home to see her. There was Mark, Mel, Hugh Pace, and at least two other kids that I can't name at this time. It was extremely hot and dry on that July day, and the road was hot and dusty. When the road got too hot under our feet, we'd walk in the barrow pit. I was the youngest one in the group and it didn't take very long for me to get tired and fall behind the others. They would stop in the shade of a tree and rest and wait for me, but as soon as I caught up to them, they'd take off again, so I never got to rest. I bawled a lot and tried to get them to slow up for me but they were in a hurry to see the new baby and wouldn't wait. Three miles in the hot noon-day sun is a long walk for a four-year-old.

I started school during the time we lived in the Jacobson place. On the first day of school, Mother took me back three times before I decided to stay. School was held in the old academy which was a two-story building located where the Fredrickson home is now⁴. In my second year of school we held classes in a high-ceilinged brick building on Church Street. Grace and I lived in the front part of the building after we were married, and Mel and Lola lived in the rear. At that time it was owned by my grandfather John M. Allen, and later became the home of Mark Allen⁵. In my second year of school I broke my right arm. I was herding cows on a lazy old horse called Frank. There was a rope around Frank's neck and the end of it was coiled over the saddle horn. I decided this rope would make a good whip, so I took it from the saddle horn and began hitting Frank to get him to move a little faster. I whipped the rope across his hip, and he caught it under his tail, and began to buck. The rope was tight from his neck to his tail, and over my leg. The tautness of the rope over my leg kept me on for a while, then tangled around my leg when I left the saddle, dragging me a short distance before it pulled free. I sat up in the dust to see if I was still here. I couldn't move my arm. I tried to raise it, but it just wouldn't move. I picked it up with my left hand and began the long walk home...about a mile

¹ The Valley National Bank, in 2017, is no longer there. The now-vacant building, located at 2185 W. Hwy 70, was Auto Spa Carwash & Lube. Eva Lou recalls her father showing her a cotton field where his house used to be about where the Comfort Inn & Suites hotel is now located (2577 Hwy 70)

² Eva Lou thinks this is the house that sits just east of Advanced Air Systems, at 2250 W Hwy 70. (You have to look behind or between the trailers there.)

³ Jiffy Freeze is also long gone. Eva Lou thinks the house is 986 N Stadium.

⁴ We think this is 3624 W Main Street.

⁵ 3457 W Church Street

away. When I got to the house, Mother took one look at me and went right out and hitched a horse to the buggy and drove me to Safford to a doctor. He put a cast on it, and I spent most of my second school year writing left-handed. At this time they were building the elementary school building. It is still there and being used.⁶ Sometime during my third school year, we moved into the new building. I finished my schooling in this building...through the 10th grade. Sometime after starting to school in the new building, we moved into a house about where the Thatcher Circle K store now stands⁷, then later moved into the home at 1st Avenue and Highway 70, which is still standing. At that time the highway was farther north than it is now and there was an orchard of fruit and nut trees between it and the house. Dad owned the farm on the north side of the road and 80 acres north toward the river. It was on these farms that I learned to work and play. Dad was never a good farmer. He always helped his neighbors get their work done, so we were always late getting our own crops planted and cleaned. It seems the weeds were always taller than the corn. We (the boys) worked for the neighbor farmers and built quite a reputation of being good, fast workers. The farmer's crops were corn, wheat, barley, cotton, and alfalfa hay. Then in their gardens they grew most of the vegetables they ate. Most of them raised chickens, pigs, and milked a cow or two. Dad would take wheat to the mill, have it ground into flour, and bring the flour home to be used. The only things they bought at the store were spices, shoes, clothes, or fabric. Mother kept chickens to eat as well as for eggs. It often fell my lot to kill and clean the chickens for Sunday dinner. I still don't like chicken or turkey.

On November 11, 1918, I was raking hay on the south side of the tracks. The morning train came into hearing distance with its whistle blowing and its bell ringing continually as it progressed along the tracks. I really wondered about it, but didn't know the reason until later....World War I was over.

Before the coming of electric lights, Dad put carbide gas lights in our house. This was quite a step up from the coal-oil lamps we used previously.

The automobile came to the Valley as I was growing up. Dad bought a second-hand Model T Ford, and also at one time owned a Maxwell. Mel and I had to become mechanics to keep them running.

⁶ That school building was razed around 2012. It was on the north side of Hwy 70, between 4th and High School Avenues. A new middle school was built on the lot.

⁷ That Circle K is now Toni's Kitchen, at 3310 W Main Street.

Chapter Two -- written November 1985

Each summer a bunch of us boys (my brother Mel, Melvin Ferrin, Albert Phillips—others in different years) rode horses and packed burros to Mount Graham for a week. To prepare for our trip we would go out on the hill where the Safford airport is now and spend some time roping and breaking one or two burros from the wild herd that roamed those hills. We tried to pick the ones that we thought were the best looking for carrying our packs. Some of them never did leave a pack on, but that was part of the fun. We camped at a place we had picked out on Post Creek, which was about as far away from civilization as you could get at that time.

On one of these outings, we set up tents, made a pole corral, had our evening meal, sat around the fire for a while telling tall tales, and then went to bed. Sometime later we were awakened by a bear in our food box. He tore up all our food. One of the boys said, "Wish this tent was made of cement!" About that time the bear pulled up the stakes that held up our tent, dropping it in on our heads. After scattering our horses, the bear left. We stayed in the downed tent until daylight, then started getting things back together. We spent three days before we found all the horses, at which time we were also out of food, thanks to that bear.

It was on another of these campouts that I first met Grace Lee (my future wife). She was in a group of girls from Pima that was coming up to stay at Columbine. They needed pack horses to bring their stuff up the mountain. Well, they contacted Mel, and he and one other boy took all of our horses and burros, leaving us on foot, which didn't set too well with us.

To show their gratitude, the girls promised to bake us a cake. Three or four days after they got settled they brought us the cake. I don't know what I expected (a cake like Mom makes?) but what we got was a cake about six inches in diameter and one inch thick. Grace was one of the ones that brought the cake to us. She always defended the girls. "Did you ever bake a cake over a campfire?" she would say.

Chapter Three -- written December 1985

I grew up in the home on 1st Avenue and the highway.⁸ Mel and I made quite a reputation for ourselves loading hay wagons. Four men in the field kept a baler in hay. When the baler had to wait on hay, they got very mad. We kept them in hay and had time to sit down once in a while. We worked for the Tylers, Claridges, Fletchers, and Moodys. Bert Hoopes, one of our neighbors, always had trouble keeping hay to the baler. He told us if we would work for him and keep the baler in hay, he would give us twenty-five cents a day more than others were paying us. We told him OK, that when his hay was ready to let us know. We started on his place at 6:00 one morning. We kept them in hay and were sitting down a lot. About 10:00 a.m., Bert came out in the field. He said, "You boys are doing fine, but instead of sitting down, here are some hoes for you to clean the ditch." Well, the baler waited on hay the rest of the day, and we never went back.

We spent a lot of time with the Claridge boys, Ray, Roy, and Hugh; Clyde Fletcher, Leo Bond, Melvin Ferrin, and Albert Phillips. Speaking of Mel Ferrin reminds me of playing hooky from school. It was in the spring of the year of my 8th grade. The birds were chirping, leaves were coming to life on the trees, and all that kind of thing you think of in the spring. (That was before I discovered girls.) Well, Mel and I met in the hall and he said, "Let's go to the river instead of to school." I agreed to do it, so off we went. The next day we had to go see the principal before they would let us back in class. Mr. Robinett, the principal, said we could take a whipping or be expelled from school. I faced two things. I would get a whipping either way when I got home. Mel Ferrin said he wouldn't be whipped, so I went along with him. We picked up our books and junk and started for home. We walked very slowly, as I didn't want to face Mom and Dad. We had walked about half the distance when we each went our own way alone. After we had split up, Mr. Robinett came to talk with me. He said he hated to see me lose out in school. He said Mel was the one he wanted as he had been leading different kids astray. He said if I would take a whipping he was sure Mel would too. He said he would just make out like he was whipping me...all I had to do was make it sound good. Mr. Robinett stopped Mel before he got home and told him I had decided to take the whipping. Mel decided that if I would, he would too. We went back to Mr. Robinett's office, and he told Mel to wait in the next room while he whipped me first. We made good sound effects.

Melvin's turn came next. We were ending the basketball season and when we showed up in shorts for practice, I didn't have a mark on me, but Mel was black and blue from his socks to his shorts. He wanted to know why he was bruised and I was not. I told him I just didn't mark easily. He is probably still wondering.

Chapter Four -- written January 1986

After going together for a couple of years, Grace Lee agreed to become my wife. We were both in school so we were going to wait until late summer to be married. I was spending more time in Pima, or on the road between there and Thatcher, than I did at home. We were out to a dance on Friday night and when I took Grace home we were sitting in the Ford Model T and I said, "Why wait?" So we decided to get married the next day, on Saturday. We woke Grace's mother and told her that night. We made the necessary arrangements the next day and were married in Safford by President Harry L. Payne on March 20, 1926. Her folks went with us, but my mother said we were too young to be married and she wasn't going to lie about it if they asked her, so she refused to go with us. As it turned out, no one asked how old we were so she wouldn't have had to worry about it.

We decided to go to a show that night with Mel and Lola, who were married the year before. As we came out of the show, all the kids in the valley were there to shivaree us. They usually took the boy and girl to different places to keep them apart on their wedding night. Sometimes they got rough! Well, we saw them and RAN. Mel, Lola, and Grace went one way and I another. They caught me before I had gone a block from the theater. They held me in one of the cars while they looked for Grace. They searched for about an hour, then left some of the bunch there to get them when they showed up. I found out that they were going to take both of us to Hot Springs and leave us in the pool without our clothes. (Hot Springs was THE place to go in those days...one of the largest hot mineral baths in the state and a picnic area.) They tied tin cans to the back of the car and started for Hot Springs. They were going to take me anyway, and were sure they would find Grace before the night was over. They went whooping and hollering, and with much rattling of the cans they were dragging. There were about 10 cars full of them. As they turned the corner in Pima, (the road then went along the railroad tracks and turned north at Pima's Main

⁸ The highway has since been moved. See footnote 1.

Street) the wire that pulled the cans broke and the cans scattered. They all jumped out to hook the cans back on, leaving me alone for a minute. I ran through a yard and back of a house and was stopped by a canal. There was a tree growing right on the edge of the canal and I grabbed the trunk of it and swung around to the canal side and hung on just above the water. They saw me go and were right behind me, but lost me in the darkness behind the tree. They got lights and looked for me for a long time. I thought my arms would fall off from holding onto that tree and trying not to move or make a sound. Finally they left and when I felt it was safe, I got back on my feet. I didn't dare get on the road and hitch a ride, so I walked the railroad track from Pima to Thatcher. (It wasn't the first time I had walked from Pima. I did it many times.) When I got home, there was Grace waiting for me...sitting out under a tree. What a relief!! I didn't know until then that they hadn't found her. She said that she and Mel and Lola all hid behind a board fence for about three hours. She didn't know I had gotten away from them until I walked in, about 4:00 a.m. We were staying with my folks until we found a place of our own.

Chapter Five -- written February 1986

If you would ask me how many places I had worked, I would say, "Not many." But thinking back, I have worked in many different jobs. First for my dad on the farm, then on our neighbors' farms, then I worked as a high climber in the timber on Mount Graham. I climbed trees to hook up cables. My job was to trim all the branches and the top from a tree that had been selected to be used as a spar. They had a steam driven cable winch that pulled the cut logs to the spar tree, then loaded the logs on a wagon. When all the logs in that area were pulled in and loaded, they cut down the spar tree and moved to the next place, where I had trimmed another spar tree. It was quite thrilling to cut limbs as big as my waist with an ax just inches from my safety belt. One mis-cut and down you came. I carried an ax, a saw, and a small rope. Sometimes I spent the entire eight-hour shift climbing and cutting. Cutting off the top of a tree was another thrill; making it fall so it didn't take you with it, then riding the sway of the tree, which was moving several feet.

One day they needed a return line lifted over a road where wagons needed to go. I picked an aspen tree for the pulley and climbed the tree with a cable choke that went around the tree and held the pulley. The second trip I took the pulley up; the

third trip I had the cable across my safety belt. I would climb an inch or two then lift the cable and belt. I made my way up the tree to the pulley. Taking the cable in both hands, I lifted it to put it in the pulley. The weight was too much for my spurs. They started to slip down the tree. I ripped that tree all the way to the ground. After three tries I made it. One man with a chain saw does more work in a day now than all of us together did then.

It was this same summer that I experienced my panther scare. Grace and her family had moved into the Columbine area for the summer. Their camp was about one and a half miles above the saw mill where I worked. I shared a one-room bunk house with eight of the other single men in the camp. We slept outside whenever the weather permitted us to do so. Grace came down to the mill every day to help Bernice Dodge in the cook shack. After supper was cleaned up, Grace and I either stayed at the mill and played cards for a while or I walked her home and stayed at her place for a while. I always had to come back down the trail late at night alone, in the dark. (This was before flashlights.) There were many times that we had to wait for quite some time for bears or other wild animals to get off the trail. One night a mother bear and her two cubs kept me waiting for most of the night. I was safer on the trail than trying to get off to go around her, so I waited it out, getting home just before dawn.

One night after leaving Grace at about 11:00 p.m., I felt uneasy and I watched closely all the way down the trail, at times stopping to listen and other times just stopping and waiting for a while before I went on. I knew something was there but I didn't know what, or how close it was. As I got closer to camp I picked up my speed. I got to my bed, which was outside the bunkhouse along with all the other men's, and had just sat down to start undressing when there came the most awful scream I've ever heard. Just to think about it now still raises the hair on the back of my neck. It was something between a baby's cry and a cat fighting. It continued for some time, but I can't say how long it actually was. (I still can't stand the sound of a cat fight in the night. I have to get up and go throw rocks at them.) That scream woke every person in the camp. The nine in our group packed our cots inside the bunkhouse in a big hurry. The next morning a bunch of us men from the mill walked back up the trail and discovered there was a big cat footprint on top of every one of mine. It was the topic of the day around the camp because everyone had heard the screams and were all excited and a little frightened

about it all. And guess what????!! In the evening, there was Grace at the mill, waiting for me. When I saw her I knew I had to take her home to her mother because there was no way to get word to her mother if she stayed at the mill for the night. I tried every man at the mill, and nobody would go with me, so I took her back up that trail as fast as we could go, gave her the shortest goodnight kiss on record, then headed back down the mountain alone. Fortunately, I didn't have to re-live the experience of the night before. After a week or two we forgot about the big scare and began to follow our old routine. One night, late, when almost in sight of the camp, I stumbled over something alive in the trail. I came up running, then thought, "You dummy! You're the slowest thing on the mountain," so I stopped running. Then I heard the oink-oink of the camp pig that had got out of his pen. We later learned from the Forest Service that a big black panther had been seen in the area. They supposed it had come up from Mexico. I'm pretty sure that black panther was the same big cat that stalked me on the trail. At any rate, it certainly spiced up the summer.

Chapter Six -- written March 1986

Next after getting married, I got a job with the mines and we moved to Miami, Arizona. We lived first on South Adonis Avenue, then later in Claypool. I had taken a correspondence course in electricity, and went to work for the Inspiration Mine as an electrical helper, working at their new leaching plant as it was being built. One thing I remember most about that job was that when you were working on a line you turned off the electrical switch and locked the handle. No one could unlock the line except you. Well, I was working on a line and had it locked out at quitting time and went home. When I got home, Grace was homesick and wanted to go home. This was a Friday night so I said what the heck, let's go to the Valley for the weekend. When I got back to work Monday morning, the whole plant was shut down because of that one line being out of use. I got called on the carpet and had to make up a story about a death in the family. That was as close as I ever got to being canned off a job.

When the leaching plant was completed, I was kept on to help run it. All I had to do was read five meters every morning and be available at all times, and stay out of sight. They were taking stockholders on tours through the plant and they didn't want me seen by them. Staying out of sight

took me to about every part of the mine, from the bottom (very underground) to the top. Some of the meters I had to read were on the motors that ran the conveyor belts that brought the ore from the shafts. Many times I saw human bodies mixed with the rock. Some of them didn't get reported. That was the worst job I ever had and the days lasted forever.

One thing I forgot: when I went to Miami to apply for a job I stayed in the YMCA for two nights, and the bed bugs had new blood to get. There wasn't any part of my body they didn't bite. I had to boil my clothes before they would let me come home. Mom checked very close on all the rental houses down there before renting one.

We spent our spare time gathering wood on the road to Roosevelt Lake and working on our Model T Ford. When the Ford was tuned just right it would climb the hill between lower Miami and Central City in high gear. We (Mom and I) started from the bottom wide open, and started passing cars. We couldn't get back to the right side of the road and couldn't stop on the wrong side so we just kept going. At the top of the hill all the cars were making a left turn into a cemetery. We had passed a funeral procession. We had to sit there until all the cars went by. One of life's embarrassing moments. I didn't try the car on the hill anymore.

When we went on a picnic in the summer time, we went to the Top of the World. The road was rough, steep, and long. The Top of the World was the end of the road at that time. From there to Superior was just a trail.

I worked for the mine for about a year. Our first son, Lee, was born while we lived in Miami. Grace went to Pima to be with her mother for his birth on April 5, 1927. We got very tired of the type of life we had to live in Miami, so I quit that job and we moved back to Thatcher.

Chapter Seven -- written April 1986

When we moved back to Thatcher, we lived in the front part of Grandpa (J.M.) Allen's home. (The building was built for a school house. I went to the second grade there.) Mel and Lola lived in the back part of the house. I worked where I could find a day's work: on the farms or on the road. When farming was slow in the spring I got a job from the Bureau of Roads. We worked on the first three miles of the Swift Trail—the part known as the straight-away. We had to move the rock by hand or

with a team of horses. When rocks were too big to move we blew them apart with dynamite. We would spend all day moving one rock. Rolling them over by hand or bar or with the horses was really hard work. While we were on this job they got their first tractor: a Fordson with regular front wheels and a cat track on the rear. It was better than what we had.

With the tractor they pulled the first road grader. A man rode on the grader to raise and lower the blade, which was done by turning large wheels (no hydraulics).

In digging in the ground we had to watch out for snakes and Gila monsters. We found a Gila monster one morning. He was on the fight so we put a wire around his neck and wired him to the grader. The grader pulled that Gila monster around all day, and when evening came he was still on the fight so we turned him loose. The next day we found another Gila monster. One of the men wanted it, so we put it in the bed of the pickup. We checked and he was dead by 10:00 a.m. They can take being dragged all day, but the sun killed it in less than two hours. We got to work by riding in a government truck from Safford to the road job. We had to get to Safford on our own. The truck had a cab with a windshield, no doors, no glass in the opening between the cab and the back. There were permanent benches on the back that would haul 25 to 30 men. There was one man working with us that always got there early in the morning to get a seat in the cab of the truck. Then it got to be that he would quit work early and run and get a seat in the cab. Most of us didn't care, but it got to be a game to see who would beat him to the seat. One evening the race was close and a few harsh words were spoken and the man that was contesting gave up to the man that thought he owned it. The exchange of words kept up on the way to Safford. We hadn't gone far when the man in the cab pulled his knife and made a swish out of the back window and cut the shirt sleeve of a man on the back of the truck. We grabbed his arm and took the knife out of his hand. We then found some wire and wrapped it around his wrist and tied it to a stake on the back of the truck. This left him with his arm out this small window tied to a wire that was too short to allow him to sit down. He rode all the way to Safford in that position. When we got to Safford, we left him tied that way. I don't know to this day how long he was tied before someone let him loose. He didn't show up for work again. I didn't see him again until over ten years later and

he treated me like a long-lost brother. He was either a good actor or maybe he had forgotten.

When it was haying time in the valley, I went to work baling hay. The next spring I worked for the Bureau of Roads, but went above Turkey Flat to open up the road. We had to move the snow in the cuts, clean the drains, and fill the little washouts.

Chapter Eight -- written May 1986

About the time we finished the Swift Trail straight-away, I heard the lumber mill on Mount Graham was going to open. A new company had bought the entire operation, from logging, to mill cutting, tram line, and finishing mill near Pima. I was hired to load lumber on the tram line. I started about the first of May and moved Mom and our little family up to a one-room cabin in June.

The sawed lumber came out of the mill on chain ramps and had to be sorted by size and length. Each tram load had to be about the same weight to even the load over its entire 7-mile length. When something went wrong in the mill it shut down the tram line, so I would go help to get the repair speeded up. This took me into all areas of the mill and I learned how to run the entire operation from setting saws to repairing all the machinery. I was the only person hired locally at that time. The entire crew in the woods cutting trees and the mill crew were imported from Arkansas. They were the oddest, snuff-chewingest bunch I have ever seen. The women could spit snuff through a keyhole at 20 feet. Mom associated with them and learned a lot about how not to do things. She taught the women how to make white bread; they had never seen any. They ate corn pone or fried bread. A salesman at the company store told Mom that he sold more snuff to that store than he did to all the rest of Arizona.

Because I was willing to work in any part of the mill to keep it running smoothly, I was made foreman. That didn't set too well with some of the men who thought they should have had the position. One night a man came running to our cabin and said there was a fight going on and that I should come and stop it. I went to the fight where 2 men were fighting inside a circle of men. I watched for a few minutes and then decided that as foreman it was up to me to stop it. I began edging my way through the crowd when a strong hand pulled me back. I thought for a second that I had a fight, then the man said, "Don't go in there. The fight is staged and each of them has a knife and you will be the

dead one.” When they saw I wasn’t coming in, the fight broke up in a hurry. I went home and picked up my gun, which I wore for the rest of the summer.

A few days later, seven of us were headed down the mountain to repair the tram line. We were walking down the trail single file and I was second in line. I spotted a rattlesnake about two feet in front of the leader and I pulled out my gun and shot the head off the rattler. From then on my name was MISTER. They didn’t know it was the only thing I had ever hit.

The mill operation started with the cutting and trimming of the logs. They were then loaded on wagons and hauled downhill to the mill. The mill had a pond that the logs were dumped into from the wagon road about 200 feet above the pond. The water did two things—it washed the mud off the logs and made them easier to handle. The mill then pulled the logs out of the water into the mill to be cut into lumber.

As I was coming out of the boiler room one morning I saw a wagon dumping logs, then I saw the man that worked on the pond was too close to where the logs would land. The pond was full of logs so the logs being dumped rolled on top of the other logs instead of hitting in the water. The worker saw a log coming at him and tried to jump over it just as it bounced into the air. They collided in mid-air. The man was knocked under the water. We tried to make an opening in the logs for divers to look for the body. Oh, that water was cold, and the light was cut off by the logs and it was very scary down there. Did you ever fight a two-foot-in diameter by twenty-feet-long log for air? It took about forty-five minutes to locate the body and bring it up.

We laid him out on the mill platform and sent for the coroner. The mill shut down for the day and all in the camp filed by to view the body. At dark I found myself all alone with him. I kept thinking that surely someone would come—at least the night watchman—but nobody came. I couldn’t leave him because of the dogs in camp and the wild animals in the area, so I spent the night sitting on the dock with a corpse. I later asked the night watchman why he didn’t come, and he said he had taken the night off because he knew there wouldn’t be any stealing going on because of the dead man lying there. We made a box for him and I rode the box down on the tram line. I was the only person to ever ride it all the way down. His family seemed not to know what to do, so I got together a Mormon funeral and buried him in Thatcher. We made some life-long friends of his kin.

Later in the summer, they hired more local men, so Mom and I didn’t feel quite so alone among all those strange people. One morning a Forest Ranger came and told me to take one man with me and go put out a stump fire that had been started by lightning, and that after we had gone he was going to take all the rest of the men to go fight a forest fire. I first chose a college professor to go with me because he didn’t look too fit for heavy duty firefighting. He refused to go with me because he “wasn’t hired to fight fires.” I got a man to go with me, and when we got back an hour or so later all the men were gone from the camp. They were gone for 3 days—having been without sleep for all that time. The college professor was a little irritated at me for not telling him, but I figured I had given him a chance and he didn’t take it so he had to take the consequences of his decision.

We had a cable that needed to be repaired on the tram line. We stopped the bad place in the cable about half way down the hill. We worked all day and until about midnight at the station before the line was fixed. It was a continuous circuit and it took us about 80 feet of cable to mend one worn spot so it was smooth again and wouldn’t cause any problems. Then I had to be at the mill by starting time. The walk up the hill would take three hours. I loaded up all the ropes and the tools on a mule and started up the hill. We got about half the way to the mill when the mule stopped and would not go any farther. If I turned him down the hill, he would go, but every time we got to that one spot on the trail he stopped and would not go forward another step no matter what I did. After waiting for a while I picked up a rock and threw it up the trail. Something came down out of a tree. The mule picked up his ears and we came on up the mountain without any more problems.

One night late in the summer, Mom and I were called to the cabin where three boys stayed, and one was sick. Real sick. He died before morning. As he was dying, his skin was decaying. I have never seen anything like it. They said they had made some home brew in a galvanized tub and he had drunk of it. We called down and the County Coroner would meet us with a car as far up as they could get a car. When the doctor saw the body, he said, “Why didn’t you bring him down 3 days ago?” He could not believe that he had died just that morning. Mom came down for the funeral and we never went back. The doctor decided the boy had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever and he put a quarantine on the camp. By the time the quarantine was lifted the summer was gone. We

had our things brought down, and we lost half of our belongings and all of my tools.

I tried to get the mill open the next spring because that company had quit and gone back to Arkansas. The Forest Service refused to sell any more timber in that area so the mill could not be operated again. I have never been back to this day, but would like to hike back in just to see what is left of the mill.

Chapter Nine -- written June 1986

I worked in the Buick Garage in Safford, and became a pretty good auto mechanic. Back then a motor was simple—no electronic ignition, automatic transmissions, or fancy junk. Just plain old engines.

I had one experience (which still makes me wonder) while I worked there. I serviced a Buick for a good customer—changed the oil, lubricated and checked it all over. The car was almost new, with only a few thousand miles on it. The owner drove it to El Paso, Texas, some 230 miles away. When he got there, a service station attendant checked the oil. There was NO oil in it. They checked and the drain plug was missing. They thought I must have left it loose, so they called me to the phone. He said I had serviced the car so it was my fault—what did I want to do with the car? I checked with my boss and we decided to have them put oil in it and start it up. If it ran, drive it back to Safford, and we would do what was right. Well, they put in a new plug and filled it with oil and he drove it back to Safford with no strange noises. Drove from El Paso right to the shop where I worked. We checked the car over and couldn't find a thing wrong with it. The customer felt sure there had to be something damaged in the motor and he wanted a new one, so we were stuck. We told him to drive it until we got a new motor for him. He agreed to that and went on home. We got a phone call from him when he got home. He said, "Hold everything! The drain plug from my car is on my driveway with signs where the oil has been drained." Oh boy! I was in the clear. He later found out that a man that worked for him had drained the oil to use in his own car. I really respected the honesty of that man in calling us.

We were using an oil made by Conoco, called germ processed. The company claimed if the oil was used, it plates the metal surface and would protect the engine in case of low oil. This was a good testimonial for that oil. Only one catch: some company bought the patent and took it off the

market. The Buick had been run from Safford to El Paso without any oil at all, and there was no apparent damage to the engine. We kept track of that car and it gave normal service.

My question: What happened to that oil, and when is it going to be put back on the market?

I was afraid I might lose my job for a stunt I pulled while I worked at Buick Garage. There was a single gal of about 25 years of age, and her daddy had bought her a new car. Well, she brought that car into the garage almost every day with some little minor complaint that we had to take care of for her, and she would lean into the motor and watch what you were doing. One day, in anticipation of her visit, I sprinkled down the ground real good. Sure enough, here she came. I opened the hood and got my tools and when she bent down over the fender, I grabbed four spark plugs. The current went through me, into the ground and back up through her, jumping from one breast to the other with a snap-crackle. She sure did jump and squeal. I guess it was a little painful to her. All the guys were laughing, but she didn't think it was very funny. My boss sympathized with her, but he didn't fire me . . . and she quit coming in every day. Later, I quit over another incident before the boss could fire me.

A customer brought in his car that had been through a flood, and sounded terrible. The boss diagnosed a bent rod and gave it to me to repair. When I got into it, all it needed was cleaning and a minor adjustment. I made the adjustment in just a few minutes' time and the boss was mad. He told me that when he said it was a bent rod, he wanted me to replace a bent rod. I told him I wouldn't do that to a customer, and I quit on the spot.

Chapter Ten -- written July 1986

Dad, E.J. Allen, sold the farm just north of the family home. The land now belongs to Brooks Daley. Brooks and Lavell Welker both build homes on the northwest corner, and Thatcher Builders is on the south.

When Dad sold the farm, he bought a service station. We named the station The Valley Service Station. Mel and I went on a share basis to help Dad run the station. Dad didn't know the front end from the back end of a car and didn't learn. The station was on the southeast corner of College Avenue and Main Street, where a garage is now. We fixed flats and did minor adjustments to the

cars. We checked the water and oil, and washed the windshield on every car that came in. When the road through the valley became a U.S. Highway, people started traveling at night, so we stayed open 24 hours a day—the only station between Phoenix and El Paso that was open at night at that time.

We always had tires to repair between customers at the gas pumps. They were building the high school while we were in the station. One morning we had 20 cars with 4 flat tires each between the station and the school. Somebody had scattered a 100-pound keg of roofing tacks in our driveway and in the road for a block to the school. Some tires had lots of tacks, others only three or four. We fixed flats until people ran out of money, then we fixed them free. We got magnets and dragged them back and forth, picking up tacks. It took days to get them all. (Some fun.) Mom would bring the kids and spend time with us at the station. Harvey Taylor, the President of the College, had more flat tires than anybody. We kept two spares fixed and ready all the time.

The gas pumps were hand pumped with a ten-gallon clear container marked off in $\frac{1}{4}$ gallons. If a customer wanted five gallons, you just drained the marked-off glass down to five. Then after the customer drove off, you pumped the glass back full. Gasoline sold for 17 cents a gallon, oil for 25 cents a quart. Flats were fixed for 50 cents.

Gasoline was delivered to the station in tank trucks. The truck was usually divided into three compartments. We would buy the number of gallons we wanted by taking the gasoline of one or more of the compartments. To make a long story short, we were buying more gas than we had gas to sell, which meant that somebody was holding out some money for sales not reported. We each suspected the other. We put a pad on each pump to write down each sale. That didn't help; the shortage was still there. We dug up the underground storage tanks to check them for leaks. No leaks. That left only one place we could be short: we were not getting the amount of gasoline we were paying for. When gasoline is pumped from big tanks into trucks, the gas expands and if filled at the supply, they would run over when they drove down the road. When you saw gasoline running over the top of the tank lid, you said it was full. That was our mistake. I climbed up on the truck when it came to dump gas. The driver asked what I was doing. I said I was checking the tank to see if it was full. He said, "Can't you see it is running over?" I checked anyway, and the tank

was only partly filled. The driver, we found out later, would pour gas over the lid just before getting to the station, making you feel it was running over. We didn't buy any more gasoline from that company, but the damage was done. We felt we didn't want to work that way any longer, so the station was sold.

We found out later that they were shorting all the stations they delivered to and were running a retail station on stolen (free to them) gasoline.

Chapter Eleven -- written September 1986

The Thatcher Schools were having trouble between the Superintendent and the School Board. There was a recall election held, and the Board won. They fired the Superintendent and all his followers. They hired Paul E. Guitteau as the new Superintendent, and I got the job of janitor.

My job was to keep the buildings and grounds in good repair, and sweep and dust after every day of school. At that time there was the two-story high school building, a shop building just north of the main building, a swimming pool north of that, then an old school building of four rooms north of the swimming pool, and a tin catch-all building on the corner where the old gym is now. As you see, I had some job before me—all for \$60.00 a month.

My day started according to the weather. In the fall and spring, it was 6:00 a.m. to open up and dust all the chairs, desks, and rooms. When the building needed heat, the day started as early as 2:30 a.m. It was heating the building that brought on the deep love and respect I have for school teachers' lack of brains. I would start a fire in the boiler at 2:30 a.m. The boiler was fired by coal which I shoveled by hand. By school time the building was nice and warm. The teachers would come in to the warm rooms and open all the windows, then start pounding on the steam radiator for more heat. Thank heaven for a superintendent that understood the problem and kept us apart. I started sweeping as soon as the classes were over, at about 3:00 p.m. and usually finished by 6:00 p.m. Then two or three times a week I had to go back to check and close up after an evening play or practice of some kind. I was still glad to have the job. Mom and I kept up a good relationship with the Guitteaus, Paul and Elizabeth. Our friendship has lasted a lifetime.

During one summer night, I heard the bell on the top of the elementary school building ringing. I

knew that kids were on the roof pulling the rope, so I got up and went down to the school. It was a bright moonlit night and I could easily see three kids getting down off the building, so I stayed out of sight. While I was watching to make sure they were leaving, I saw another bunch of boys coming on the school grounds. The new bunch was headed for a dip in the pool. They climbed the eight-foot wire fence, disrobed, and were having a great time—such a good time they didn't see me. The moon gave light enough for me to see to open the combination lock on the gate. I pushed the gate open and ran to where they had piled their clothes. I picked up all the clothes I could carry and ran for the front door of the main building. I opened the door and put the clothes down on the floor. The boys followed me, but were far enough behind that they didn't see me go into the building. After they settled down (if such a thing is possible when you're stark naked), I went out the north door of the building and around to where they were. I said, "Are you boys having trouble?"

Almost as a chorus they said, "Some S.O.B. stole our clothes!" Then they told me what happened. I had done a better job than I thought. There wasn't a one of them with enough clothes to get home. I suggested several different plans to get them home. I could go get my car. I could go to their houses and get them some clothes. But every time it came back to "No, I can't go home, my Dad will kill me." After all the fun was gone, I gave them their clothes and they were too happy to be mad at me. One of the boys had a 50-cent piece in his pocket, but when he put his clothes on it was gone. We retraced my path and, believe it or not, we found that coin in the moonlight. None of the boys felt badly toward me or carried a grudge against me over the incident and I've laughed about it several times through the years.

I want my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren to know that Mom was one of the grandest women that ever lived. She always made the most of what she had and always managed to get by, or make do, with what I could bring in.

I always felt that I was the luckiest guy in the world to get her, and that I never did deserve her. We both felt that we were meant to be together in this life, because we both felt that we had known and loved each other in the pre-existence.

We lived by a set of rules that would be good for anyone:

1. We never interfered with the other's discipline of the children. (I remember one time I had spanked one of the kids for something, and later, when we were alone, Mom smiled and told me I'd spanked the wrong kid.)
2. We never went to sleep at night until everything was settled and OK between us. That sometimes took a lot of doing to get it all ironed out before we fell asleep. We found out early in life that things left unsettled had a way of multiplying by the next day.

Eva Lou's insert: I don't know if this was a rule between Mom and Dad, but Mom more than once expressed her appreciation that Dad never took one of the kids with him without telling her, even if it was only to the top of the field. And I have observed that Dad never left the house without giving Mom a kiss, even if he was only going out to the garden, and he never tracked muddy or greasy shoes across the floors or sat on a chair in greasy clothes. Thanks for your example, Dad.

Chapter Twelve -- written October 1986

While working at the school, we had a problem with too many keys—we couldn't keep the building locked. I stayed in the building to catch them unlocking it. I took 17 keys off one kid over a period of time (A teacher's son). Mr. Guiteau decided we could never get all the keys that were out, so he had me change all the locks. Only he and I had keys. The teachers squealed like a hog under a gate. He held a teachers meeting and explained to them that he was going to give them a key to the front door ONLY, and every Friday night they had to show it to prove they still had it. The keys were marked and numbered so we could tell when a duplicate showed up. If even one teacher did not show his key on Friday, the front door lock was changed, locking ALL the teachers out. It didn't take long to teach even a school teacher that he meant business.

The building had to be kept locked in the mornings until 7:30. Believe it or not, kids would come to the school building at 6:00 a.m. You can guess what

kind of a home life they had. If just one kid got in he could open any of the doors from the inside and wedge a rock so it would not close, then anybody could get in. I had to stop my dusting to keep them from tearing down the building. It took me a while to find out who had the key. But then I found they were not coming in a door but in the boys' restroom windows, which I opened first thing every morning to air the room out. The boys (three, I found out later) that were coming in to open the doors weren't the ones that tore up the rooms. It seems they were challenging me. I didn't open the windows for a week, but decided that wasn't the answer. I needed to air out those rooms.

The ringleader was a senior and fairly big. I was in the restroom by the window when he came in the next morning just after 6:00 a.m. As he hit the floor I grabbed him and shoved his head down the stool and flushed it. I had a fight on my hands for a few seconds, then he saw the funny side of it and wanted to help me with the next one. It wasn't long before the second one came through the window and we dunked him head first in the stool. Two days later we dunked the third one. I had no more trouble with them. In fact, I had them help me police the buildings. We became very good friends.

I was involved with Scouting and was the Scoutmaster for many years. I got Paul Guitteau to help me, then for many years we rotated being Scoutmaster and Assistant Scoutmaster. Paul taught a class in the MIA and his wife, Betty, helped in the girls' program. That sounds very common, except they were Catholics.

I played ball every summer, and was working at the school getting the building ready for school. All the carpentry, plumbing, electrical repairs were part of my job as well as the cleaning. Well, I was playing ball on a Sunday afternoon. I had pitched five innings and was put to catching for Grant Taylor. We were ahead 3-2 in the last of the ninth, two out, two strikes on the batter. I signaled Grant to throw his fast ball down the middle. He had lots of speed on the ball. The batter just got the bat off his shoulder in time to foul-tip the ball into my right hand, taking two of my fingers over my thumb, opening them at the knuckle. What a mess. We spent three hours trying to find a doctor. Finally we found one on the mountain. He came down and sewed my fingers back on. When I went to work Monday morning with only one hand, I expected to be canned, but Paul only said, "You have most of the work done. No problem. Do what you can; you know you can do lots of things with only one hand."

Chapter Thirteen -- written

November 1986

It was summer and time for Scout camp. We were camping that year at Hannigan's Meadow, which is between Clifton and Alpine. I was scheduled to drive the truck with all of our food, bedding, and supplies, with some of the boys riding in the back of the truck. On the way up there it started to rain. We stopped and spread a tarp over the top of the load, including the boys. The rain quit a short time later, so we again stopped to take off the tarp. What a mess! Some of the boys had gotten sick from carbon monoxide, and as they got sick they had crawled toward the front of the truck and over all the food boxes. They had smashed 40 loaves of bread down to the thickness of one slice. They had vomited down through two of the boxes. Ugh!

We finally made it to the meadow and started to set up camp. There was supposed to have been one car ahead of us with a Dr. Dryden from Pima, who was our scout physician, and a couple of the boys. When the next car came into camp, they said Dr. Dryden had run off the road and was over the brink when we had gone by. One of the boys had climbed back up to the road in time to catch the car behind us. I left the camp set up with the other leaders and went back to the site of the accident. By the time I got there, they had him back up on the road, but he was dead. He had not negotiated a bend in the road and had gone over the edge. I let someone else take care of getting him back to the Valley and I went back to Scout camp.

Camp went on as usual for a week. At the close of camp we were going to have a Court of Honor for the boys to receive the awards they had earned. The troop committee was to come up and conduct the Court. Art Jamison was one of the committee who came up, driving his own car. When he left, his car quit on him about a quarter mile from camp. They towed it back to camp. Having worked as a mechanic, I told him I would look at it. The timing chain on the front of the engine had jumped a cog. He stayed in camp all night and I started working on his car the next morning. I took the engine apart to put the chain in time to see if he could get it home. The chain was stretched 'til it wouldn't stay in place, so I took a link out of the chain using a hammer and a punch, with a part of an old cast iron stove as an anvil. Taking a chain apart was a no-no in anybody's book, but it seemed the only way to get the car home. We got it all back together and

started it up, and decided it ran well enough to make it home. I told Art to drive it straight home and to a garage and get the chain replaced. By the time I got the car fixed, the others had folded up camp and we loaded the truck and we all came home in a convoy, following Art to make sure he made it home. (He not only made it home, he kept the car for three more years and never did get the chain replaced.)

I was still working at the school and was doing all those things that had to be done each summer. Art Jamison came to see me at the school the next morning. He said, "If you can fix a car like mine without any tools, and make it run like new, you ought to be working for me. I'm taking on the John Deere equipment line and I'll be needing a tractor mechanic. I'll give you \$15.00 a month more than you are making here." That sounded good to me, but I told him I'd have to talk to Paul Guitteau—that I would not leave him flat because he had been too good to me.

Paul said, "I can't see any future for you to learn and advance here. Go for it. Give me 30 days. You've got most of the work done so we can start school, so finish the project you have started, and good luck to you." So I went to work for Art Jamison at the Big Six. He never did give me \$15.00 over what I was making at the school—he doubled it. I worked for him for over 25 years.

The Big Six Store was located in Thatcher and covered a quarter of the block where Val's Appliance and Furniture⁹, the City Hall, and the Fire Station are now located. It carried groceries, dry goods, ready-to-wear, farm equipment and most everything else you can think of. Mom and I had bought our supplies for setting up housekeeping at the Big Six when we were first married. We had to buy everything it takes to start a new household: flour, sugar, shortening, spices, etc. We loaded the back end of a pickup truck and Mom was embarrassed at spending so much money. It cost us \$12.50, which we paid off in monthly installments.

Chapter Fourteen -- written December 1986

My job at the Big Six store was as mechanic for the farm equipment part of the store, and a clerk in the

other parts of the store at peak times when it was busy.

During school noon hour, with its rush of kids coming in to purchase snacks and candy, I'd have to clerk. We'd have up to 50 kids at a time and some of them would steal if you weren't watching real close. During this noon period one day, a girl that we knew was stealing came in. The candy was in the front case, so I stood with my back to the case with my hand on its sliding door, and I watched her in the mirror on the walk-in refrigerator. As she darted her hand in for candy, I slid the door of the case. It slid shut much harder than I had intended; it nearly brought blood on her hand. Needless to say that stopped her from stealing.

We had another girl who was stealing dresses and other articles of clothing from the dry goods section of the store. We put a clerk to following her around and writing down everything she took, then we sent her father a bill for twice the cost of the things that she stole. When her papa got the bill, he came storming in yelling that he had not bought any of those things. We told him that we knew that, and explained that we had charged him double for the things we knew that he daughter had taken and figured that would make up for the things we didn't see her take. He said, "Why didn't you stop her?" We said that we had tried and failed, so now it was up to him. He got really mad and said he was not going to pay and he was not going to trade with us anymore. He was a pretty good customer. We told him that was OK, he could probably visit his daughter in jail anytime he wanted to, and that we WOULD press shoplifting charges against her. He decided to pay off and be friends. He didn't allow his daughter in the store any more without some of the family with her.

Another incident I remember while clerking in the store happened about three weeks before Christmas. The wife of the president of the College (we called him Mr. Pinhead and her Mrs. Pinhead) came in, wanting to buy some candy to make favors for a teachers party she was going to have at her house just before Christmas vacation. It was a running joke with all the other clerks that when they saw her coming, they called me to wait on her. After pawing through the loose candy for nearly an hour, she finally decided on the kinds she wanted. She chose a mixture of large gum drops of assorted flavors, candy corn, jelly beans, etc. The whole thing came to a 25-cent sale and had taken an hour of my time. About a week later I was working on a tractor in the back yard when one of

⁹ Gila Outdoor now occupies the former home of Val's Furniture and Appliance Store.

the clerks stuck his head out the door and hollered, "Mrs. Pinhead is coming."

I stopped my work and cleaned myself up as best I could and went in. She had decided not to have the party and wanted to return the candy. I thought to myself, "How cheap can you get?"

As she gave me the bag, she said, "Oh, I almost forgot. The kids got into it and ate a little of it." I took the bag and weighed it, and there was 13 cents worth of candy left in the bag. I gave her credit for that much on her account and threw the candy in the garbage can. As I looked around, everything in the store had come to a standstill and everyone was watching and laughing. So much for school teachers.

Chapter Fifteen -- written January 1987

Most of the training I ever got for the repair of tractors and other farm equipment was from reading service manuals and an occasional class in Phoenix sponsored by the John Deere Company.

In 1938 I had the opportunity of going through the John Deere plant in Waterloo, Iowa. It was a thrill to go through and see the 1939 Model G being assembled before it came out on the market. This opportunity came about because the college had ordered two buses that were supposed to be ready for pick-up in Lima, Ohio, and my brother Mark was responsible for getting them from Lima to Thatcher. He was working for Gila Junior College at that time. He asked me to go with him and drive one of them back. I was glad to go, and we decided we would make a vacation trip out of it, so we took Georgia and Grace and our mother and father in Mark's DeSoto sedan. The six of us really made a car full.

Our first night out, we stayed in Phoenix and visited relatives. From there we traveled north to the Grand Canyon, stopping at a few points on the south rim to admire the view. From there we traveled west, visited Boulder Dam (now Hoover Dam), and planned to stay the night in Boulder City, Nevada. However, there were no rooms available in Boulder City, nor in Henderson, Nevada, so we ended up using our sleeping bags and sleeping on the beach of the Virgin River north of Las Vegas. The next night we were in Salt Lake City. It was summer time and it was hot and there was no air conditioning in cars in those days. Mom acted as referee most of the time. Six of us in one car, and jangling at each other—nothing very serious. From

Salt Lake City, we went north into Wyoming, then headed east across Nebraska and into the Dakotas. We were stopping quite often for ice. We even bought ice in a cloth bag to hang under the dash to try to cool the air in the car a little. We stopped at a place that had a sign up that said, "Natural Ice or Artificial Ice Here." Us hick-townners from the West didn't know what we wanted, so we bought natural ice. The next time we stopped I asked the guy what the difference was. He said that natural ice was what they cut out of the rivers in the winter and stored. I guess artificial ice was all we'd ever known, but we learned a lesson that day.

We stayed one night in a cheap motel in Waterloo, Iowa. The beds were clean and good, but the place was dirty. Mark put his shoes on his hands and jumped up and down on the bed, leaving "foot prints in the dirt on the ceiling. Do you suppose anyone ever noticed and wondered how they got there?"

When we got up in the North Country, the cherries were ripe and we ate cherries! In Michigan there was a big sign that said, "Buy cherries here...last chance to eat cherries...no more cherries from here on." We wondered about that because there were still cherries in all the stores in every town. That false advertising made Mom so mad she was about ready to fight. When we came to the next road-side stand, she said she wanted to get some more cherries. She only bought a few because they weren't as big and nice as the ones we'd been getting. Then we found out what the sign meant. Those were the most sour pie cherries you can imagine. There were no more EATING cherries along the way.

My mother was always making fun of my dad for sleeping with his head back against the seat and his mouth open, and we told her she did that, too, but she didn't believe us. One time when she was asleep, we put a cherry in her mouth. When she woke up she inhaled that cherry and we worried for a few minutes that it was going to choke her to death. She never again claimed that she didn't sleep with her mouth open.

Chapter Sixteen -- written February 1987

(This is a continuation of the account of the trip that Lan, Grace, Mark, Georgia, and their parents took back East to pick up two buses.)

We hit hot weather everywhere we went. Even Chicago was hot. We arrived in Chicago after dark. Grace had a step-sister, Mildren Allen Hall, in Evansville, Illinois. We asked directions how to get to Evansville, with no luck. We always ended up at the same place. After three tries, we were about to give up when we saw a guy walking by. We stopped him and asked for directions. Then we discovered he was drunk, but we had asked so we listened.

He said, "If you go that way you will end up in Chicago. And if you go that way you will end up in Chicago." He said the same thing for all four directions. I told him I wanted to go to Evansville, not Chicago, and he said, "Just stand still, man. You ARE in Evansville." Then we found out that Chicago had surrounded Evansville completely on all sides. We found Mildred and visited until late into the night.

We went to Detroit and saw automobiles made. They were putting out three Plymouths every minute. We watched each component being assembled, such as motors, transmissions, etc. After the engine was complete, it was hooked up to an electric generator and run for seven hours. The generator was hooked to the electric power and helped run the plant. There were women working in the engine department that were wearing white cotton gloves—that's how clean it was. At the start of the assembly line was the frame of the car, upside down. We followed one frame from beginning to the finished auto as it moved along on the conveyor. While the frame was still upside down, they put on springs, axles wheels—all the parts that go on the underside of the frame. Both men and women worked on the assembly line, and each one applied only one nut or bolt or whatever particular item they handled. At a given point, the frame was turned right side up and ran on its own wheels, pulled by a conveyor. Then came the installation of the engine, body, fenders and all the rest it takes to make a complete auto. After the car was completed, water and oil added, a fellow came by with an easel holding all the colors of paint they used and touched up any scratches on the car, then a guy came and drove it off to a huge field outside. They were driving one out every 20 seconds. The field outside appeared to be a mile square and contained nothing but new automobiles. We didn't see the organization of the individual parts of the automobile before they were made available to the assembly line, but you knew there had to be a precision operation somewhere because the guys on the assembly line never had

to reach for a fender or a door—it was just there when he needed it—and all the parts being used were exactly what was needed according to paint color and model of car. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. It was much more impressive than watching a tractor being assembled because everyone worked on one tractor until it was completed, taking much more time to finish one item.

We debated about going on to Niagara Falls, but decided we had better check in and see how the buses were coming along, so we didn't go to see the falls. When we got to the bus factory in Lima, Ohio, we found that they were at least 30 days behind in the completion of the two buses. Now what to do? We couldn't stay there for 30 days. I had to get back to work, and the women felt they needed to get back to their children. The factory offered Mark a job to pay his way if he wanted to stay, so we decided to leave Mark there and the rest of us came home. We traveled down through Arkansas and visited with one of my cousins and her family. We call her "Aunt Doll" Craig. While in that part of the country, Mom decided the fresh fruits, vegetables and melons would be good to eat on the way instead of stopping at restaurants all the time. She went to an outdoor market somewhere just out of Shreveport, Louisiana, and told the clerk she wanted some tomatoes. He asked her how many, and she said, "Oh, about 25 cents' worth." He came out with a bushel basket full, and that included the basket. She got half a bushel of grapes for 10 cents, and a 100-pound watermelon for 30 cents (which was one of the smallest ones they had).

Then came the long, long stretch across Texas. Nothing eventful to report on Texas.

We were glad to get back to our home and family. Mel and Lola kept our children while we were gone and Phyllis wouldn't have anything to do with us when we returned. It took us several days to win her back.

When the school buses were finally finished, my younger brother, Grant went to Ohio by bus and drove one of them back and Mark drove the other. Quite a thrill for a teenager to drive a big bus across the country. We met them in Lordsburg, New Mexico, and let all the kids ride on home in the bus.

Chapter Seventeen -- written
March 1987

In 1950 I was Scoutmaster of the local troop and was talked into the idea of attending the National Boy Scout Jamboree to be held in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. I was to be the acting Scoutmaster for the district for the trip, with Bernard Clawson as my assistant, and the Scout Executive making the trip to help us, also. Bernard was wonderful help—I could not have asked for any better. He was willing to do anything that was needed. We hardly saw the Executive, except on the train. He was no help at all.

The Jamboree was to be held for two weeks the last of June and the first of July. 33 boys from our district registered to go. We were given instructions about what to take and what we could NOT take. They were experimenting with charcoal for cooking, so spent two weeks getting our gear ready to go. We set up a camp on the Thatcher church grounds complete with tents and beds and actually slept several nights in our camp to test our equipment.

Each boy had earned money and paid for his own way, which was all the money he really needed, so we set a limit of \$20.00 for each boy to take along as pocket money. That way the boys would be more or less equal in their ability to buy knick-knacks. Then came one of the first mistakes I made: I agreed to keep their money so they wouldn't lose it, and dole it out as they wanted it. More about that later.

We were to leave out of Phoenix at 9:00 p.m. by Southern Pacific train. We were scheduled to travel in chair cars, so we made a deck of wood to fit over the top of the seats to put our sleeping bags on. The school loaned us a bus for the trip to Phoenix, which I drove. (Can't do that any more because of insurance.) We got into Phoenix in the middle of the afternoon with the lumber and all our gear. We asked at the railroad depot where our car was so we could get our stuff put in it. The railroad authorities told us that they had just found out that the car they had scheduled for us was too wide to go through the tunnels on the New York line. At that point they didn't know what to do with us. Later in the afternoon a Pullman train pulled in from San Francisco bringing the Shriners home from a convention. I had 33 boys and 3 adults in our group, and the train was scheduled to carry all of Arizona and part of New Mexico, which was over 400 scouts. By adding a car or two they figured they could take us on that train. Our group ended up with one Pullman car. We couldn't use our lumber for sleeping because there was no place to put it. So we stowed our gear in our car, "Las Plumas." They took all the porters off the train so

the only railroad authorities on board were in the engine, and the conductor. They were getting ready to pull us out on time (9:00) when the conductor came through and told us we could make our beds on the couches, but the upper berths were locked and we were not to bother them. Then, as he turned to leave, he smiled and said, "Any screwdriver will open those berths!!" So each night we opened the berths and each morning we folded them up. I made a pretty good porter.

Chapter Eighteen -- written April 1987

(National Boy Scout Jamboree, continued)

The first stop was Douglas, Arizona. We picked up the scouts from there, which were the last of our group, then we headed east. I think they scheduled us behind the slowest trains they had. We sat out in Texas somewhere for 45 minutes. I got off and walked up to the engine to ask what the trouble was. They said they didn't know—they just had a red light. There was a train somewhere ahead and they were as close as they dared get. Anyway, we were going nowhere fast and we had definite schedules we were supposed to keep. The boys nicknamed the railroad line the "Sufferin' Pacific." Finally we were turned over to the Illinois Central Railroad and they said they'd make up time to get us to Niagara Falls on schedule. At a stop in Cleveland, Ohio, I swung down off the train and a big man said, "This is a porter inspection. Tell your porter to get out here." I told him I was the only porter on board and he said, "What?? You mean there's no porters on this train? The union will hear about this!" We didn't make up enough time to get there for the scheduled activities, but we got there that night and went sightseeing. It was beautiful at night with all the lights making rainbows in the mist in the air. We reboarded the train and were all accounted for except for one boy, and we were on a pretty tight schedule. I told them to hold the train while I ran back. I didn't find him, so I went back to the train and he still hadn't checked in. The crew said they had to go because they'd interfere with other schedules. I said I'd get off and find him and then try to catch up. You can imagine my feelings—looking for a lost boy at 1:00 a.m. in a strange city. Just as the train started moving, they hollered at me to get on. I did—and the boy was on board, asleep under one of the couches. He'd never gotten off. Boy! Did I sweat that one out!

I don't know how fast the train traveled, but they delivered us into New York City by 9:00 the next morning—something over 700 miles. They stopped once during the night to drop out one of our supply cars that had a burned-out bearing. It was supposed to be sent on later. The New York Railroad went underground—under the river to get to Manhattan Island—and we ended up three train levels down from the surface—Grand Central Station. They used electric engines—no diesel or coal. There are five levels of trains there. We checked into the MacAlpine Hotel in the same block as the Empire State Building. We had boys scattered from the 5th to the 15th floors. I thought I had things under control because I made a list of which boys were in which rooms on which floors. We spent the day exploring the Empire State Building (they have heavy metal screens so nobody can fall or throw anything off the building) and some of the big stores. That evening we went to Radio City where they were doing a T.V. show. We saw one of the earliest T.V. broadcasts. We got back to our hotel about 11:00 that night. At 6:00 the next morning we were scheduled to have breakfast, then a tour around Manhattan Island. The tour included the Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty. We went up the Hudson River and down another. Anyway, come time to get the boys up that morning, I couldn't raise a single boy. Bernard Clawson and I knocked on doors until we roused all the regular guests. We got a few up but not many, so I went to the house phones and started calling their rooms. Still, I only got one or two up. In desperation, the night clerk got us the house manager with the master key and we started opening doors and pushing boys out of bed. When we asked them why they hadn't answered their telephones, they said, "We knew nobody here knew us—we figured it must have been a wrong number!" We made breakfast and the tour on time even after all that.

New York City is a little different than most towns. Most of the traffic was taxis and delivery trucks, with very few personal autos. Where crossing lights changed, cars stopped but pedestrians kept walking, taking their chances. One of the Douglas boys was hurt in traffic.

The boys really enjoyed the escalators and subways. We went to Yankee Stadium to see the baseball game. We saw Joe DiMaggio (the Yankee Clipper) play when he was in his prime. It was thrilling to watch him play center field. He always seemed to pace himself just right, whether loping or galloping, to get in just the right spot at

just the right moment to catch the ball. The boys wanted to leave in the middle of the inning, because "it was too one-sided to be interesting." The score was 3-2. They wanted to go back and ride the subways. The subways had turnstiles that cost a dime to get through, but you could stay there forever, I guess, as long as you didn't exit. The subway trains varied from three to a dozen cars, depending on the time of day and traffic areas. They were all automatic except for one man on each train. They stopped at different stations and waited for as long as it took for passengers to enter or exit (there was an electric beam to tell when everybody was on or off). The kids discovered they could break the circuit and stop the train. They were having so much fun they never noticed the conductor behind them. As the train started moving and one kid started to put his hand out to break the circuit, the conductor grabbed him by the neck and said, "You little S.O.B., you do that again and I'll throw you through that door! And that goes for any of the rest of you."

Then there were escalators that were new to us hick-towners. The boys never went the right direction on them. If the escalator was going up, they thought it was more fun to go down. If the escalator was going down, they went up. Delbert Householder was going up on a down escalator, laughing and hollering at the other kids and landed right in the middle of a very large black woman. She laughed it off, but he ducked his head and rode the escalator on down again.

Chapter Nineteen -- written May 1987

(National Boy Scout Jamboree, continued)

We again boarded a train for the last leg of the trip to Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. They told us we would have the same car on the return trip, so some of the boys left some of their things on the train. The train stopped about 1½ miles from the Valley Forge encampment site. They would transport all our gear except our backpacks, which we had to carry and walk the 1½ miles.

When we walked on to the camp area, it looked like an alfalfa field. It wasn't alfalfa—it was poison ivy! They said, "Before you do anything, here's some brown soap (which looked like the old homemade soap). Go take a shower and lather completely with soap and do not rinse it off. Do that every day." In between times they gave us calamine lotion. Our boys obeyed this order and we got

home without any infection. We were about the only group that escaped it. Some of the other boys got real sick and they lost three boys who died from the poison ivy. Then came setting up camp and getting ready for the evening meal. They gave each group rations three times a day. We sent three boys each time to pick up the rations. Then came cooking with charcoal. We rushed it by using some hand blowers we had bought. While we were camped at Valley Forge we spent time in Philadelphia seeing the Liberty Bell, Carpenters Hall, and other historic places. One day we went to the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. We saw the ocean and put our toes in the water.

During the encampment each group of scouts was to put on a skit. We did and won second prize.

One evening, over the 4th of July, President Truman was to come and talk to us. The place where we did our skits and where he was to talk was at the bottom of a hill with the audience on the hill. Some 47,000 were seated on the side of the hill—some as far as half a mile away—but each with cameras equipped with flash. President Truman rode in an open-topped limousine and stayed seated in the car. The boys all cheered and hollered and flashed their cameras. After a few minutes a spokesman asked the boys to quiet down and quit flashing the lights because the President couldn't see to read his speech. All 47,000 booed, then President Truman drove clear out of sight without saying a word. I agreed with the boys. If he wasn't man enough or spokesman enough to say "Hi" to the boys, he got what he deserved.

Chapter Twenty

-- written June 1987

(National Boy Scout Jamboree, continued)

When camp was over we put our stuff back on the same car, which had been completely cleaned and all the stuff the boys had left was gone. From there we went to Washington, D.C. and spent a day seeing Arlington Cemetery, Mount Vernon, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument (the boys threw their hats off the top) and the White House. We sat through one session of the Senate, in the balcony. Had I been a foreigner and never seen anything else of the United States and had listened to those idiots talk, I'd have gone home and got my slingshot and been able to whip the whole U.S., if those men were a sampling of what Americans are. We saw the changing of the guard at Arlington. While we were in Washington the

police rounded up all the scouts. We were all told to meet in a certain room with all of our equipment. We didn't know why until we got there and they started shaking us down. Somebody had been stealing from every restaurant and hotel we'd been to. A group of Phoenix boys turned out to be the thieves. They had silverware, salt shakers, whatever mementos they could get.

We were to leave D.C. for New Orleans at 11:00 p.m. We had all the boys aboard and ready to go when we discovered we were using Eastern Daylight time and the railroad ran on Standard time—so we were one hour early. I went and talked to the railroad man to see if we could get started because if the boys scattered on us, we would never get them rounded up on time. He said schedules were hard to change because they were all so dependent on each other's schedules, but he'd see what he could do. He came back and said, "If you're still on board and ready, I've got you scheduled to New Orleans with only one stop for change of engines when you change railroad companies." We were in New Orleans early the next morning. We took a ferry boat across the Mississippi and back. We traversed Bourbon Street and the French Quarter and saw an above-ground cemetery. Then we went back to the train. They turned us back over to the "Sufferin' Pacific" again and it took us 48 hours to go from New Orleans to Phoenix. I had boys aged 13 to 17 in my group and it seemed like by the time I got the older ones to settle down and get to sleep, the younger ones were ready to get up. So in the three weeks there, I never had more than two or three hours of sleep a night.

Chapter Twenty-One

-- written September 1987

(National Boy Scout Jamboree, concluded)

One thing I didn't mention about the trains: they didn't have the sophisticated restroom setup they do now. When you went into the restroom and lifted the lid, you could see the railroad ties whipping by below you. You were just to let go into the wild blue yonder, so to speak. The porters would come around whenever we were coming into a city to warn everyone not to use the bathroom, but one time one boy got in there before the porter came around and when we pulled out of that large city, that boy had left his calling card on the depot's floor.

At the scout camp, each troop was supposed to bring something from their area to trade, something representative of their locale. We decided to take petrified wood. A local man who had quite a supply made it available to us and we spent quite a bit of time collecting it and choosing the pieces we thought would be most desirable. We took both polished and unpolished pieces. When we got there, there was most anything you could think of for trading: lizards, homemade candy, etc. But the most sought after item was porcupine eggs (cockleburs dipped in whitewash). If you were willing to trade away a porcupine egg, you could get most anything you wanted in return. Our boys weren't so lucky. Nobody would believe that we had real petrified wood—they thought it was some kind of gag—and nobody wanted “those worthless rocks.” We left a large pile of petrified wood there. As for me, I was too busy watching boys to do any trading. I did buy a fancy souvenir pillow cover with a picture of Valley Forge on it.

Now, about that money. Sure ‘nuff, we did right by limiting the boys’ spending cash. Only one boy took more and didn’t turn it over to me, and he lost it the first night. All the boys knew their things had been searched during the night, but since I had their money, nobody else was robbed. I learned a lot handling their money. Did you ever check out 50 cents to 33 boys and then have each one bring you some change back? Seems like I was forever bookkeeping and trying to keep change for them. Some spent all their money the first time we let them off the train. Others had money left when we started home. One little Jewish boy had \$20.00 left when we got home and wanted me to pay interest because I’d had it for three weeks.

In Phoenix, we got on the school bus and got home. After we got home we had our first outbreak of poison ivy—off the sleeping bags.

I still have my scout shorts from that trip, and my wool uniform—if it’s not completely moth-eaten. I can’t fit into it any more, though. I’ve been offered several chances to go on other Jamboree trips, but I didn’t want to hog all that pleasure. Every scout leader should have the opportunity to go just once. Just once will cure any thoughts of ever going again.

Chapter Twenty-Two -- written October 1987

While working for Art Jamison, we sold enough new farming equipment to start a farm, to a gentleman

from Mexico. He had a well dug and we sold him enough equipment to put a pump together for it—a geared head and power unit to run the pump. The equipment was all new, but had to be “used” or disabled before it would be allowed to cross the border, so we took something off each piece to make it unusable. It took several months to get it all shipped down there. When everything was finally down there, it fell my responsibility to go down and assemble it and make it work.

I was having some stomach trouble at the time, and Mom was pestering me to go to the doctor. I told her there was no need to see a doctor for stomach problems and then go into Mexico, that I’d be better off waiting until I got back because I’d probably REALLY have some problems by then.

I loaded all the hand tools and cable winch that I would need into the pickup and drove to Douglas and spent the night in the Gadsden Hotel. The Mexican gentleman was to contact me there. He did, the next morning. He was in a 4-wheel-drive Jeep and my equipment had to be hidden from view while crossing the border, because gringo labor in Mexico was a no-no. He made 3 trips before he got all the tools across because he couldn’t conceal all of them at one time. I went with him on the third trip, leaving my truck at the hotel. As we approached the gate, he shoved a piece of paper in my shirt pocket and said, “Oh, by the way, here’s your passport. You’re a big game hunter. Let me do all the talking.” He was a government official of some kind so he pushed through with no problem at all. After we passed the custom station, we traveled a couple of blocks into Agua Prieta where he had unloaded all of my tools. We loaded them into the Jeep and headed south. We traveled all day. We passed a place where they had built a dam, but there was no water behind it. He explained that the gates for it had been purchased in Europe and that the boat they were shipped on had been torpedoed and sunk during World War I, and the government had never raised the money to complete the dam. Every 30 or 40 miles we were stopped for “inspection.” My Mexican gentleman was a high enough official in the government that they recognized his name, and he told them that he was taking me on a big game hunt, he’d slip them some money, and we were never inspected. I don’t know how much it cost him, but it was quite a sum. With his 4-wheel drive, we traveled off the roads as much as we were on them. I use the words “roads” loosely, as you’d NEED 4-wheel drive on most of them. A regular automobile would be shaken to pieces. We passed several little towns, and

stopped at a friend's ranch for the night. I don't know where we were. The little Mexican gal patted the tortillas out flat on her thigh, and I learned that night how they kept their tortillas moist. They were wrapped in a cloth so dirty and full of grease that it could have stood alone.

Chapter Twenty-Three --

written November 1987

Working in Mexico, part two

The next morning the guy asked me if I liked jerky, and I told him, "Sure I like jerky." He reached up under the eaves of the house and got some jerky which he put into a burlap bag. He had to fight the chickens off to keep them from pecking through the sack to get at the food. We traveled on south the second day, and in the afternoon we stopped in a little town and he asked me if I liked steak and fresh meat. I told him yes, I did. I had made up my mind that I was going to eat anything that was put in front of me. We went into a little meat market. Hanging on the wall was a half of beef, and that's all the meat there was in the store. The butcher took it off the wall and slapped it down on a cottonwood stump that was fairly flat. He had an American axe with a round handle fitted in it. The remainder of the hole was filled with wood chips. He used a big butcher knife that had the handle wired on. He cut us off four big steaks and handed them to us—no paper, no bag, no string, no nothing. I went out to the Jeep and got the newspaper I'd bought in the hotel in Douglas and we wrapped the meat in that.

Traveling on, we arrived at his headquarters that evening. He told me the farm where we would be working was another 30 miles down the road. For our evening meal he cooked part of the meat we'd bought and he hung the rest of it over a barbed-wire fence. I said, "Won't the flies get on that and spoil it?"

He said, "No, it'll be too dry on the outside by morning for the flies to get into it." He was right. The next morning it was all sealed over on the outside. We stayed all night at his place and traveled on to the farm the next morning. Now came the job of putting all those pieces of machinery back together.

I had the help of three Mexicans that spoke perfect English. They'd been in the United States and deported half a dozen times. They were pretty good help. There was a flatbed truck that I threw my sleeping bag on at night. The Mexicans got up

about 2:30 every morning and huddled around the fire and sang. I'm sure they got too cold in their scanty covers to sleep, so they got up to get warm. It was December and the nights were cold.

I had to install the pump with a tripod that I built after I got down there. When all the equipment was back together and working, I had to teach them how to run it—start, stop and what it was used for. One of the fellows was a boxer and had fought in Safford before being deported. He seemed to know a little about farming.

Chapter Twenty-Four --

written December 1987

Working in Mexico, part three

We came out of Mexico in about the same time as we went down. We passed women carrying big bundles of wood on their backs. I had seen pictures of such things, but I had never seen the real thing before. They really scoured the countryside to gather wood for their fires. When we got back into Agua Prieta I saw the community laundry, which was interesting. There were no individual tubs, but a trough about 50 feet long. There was a hand pump to put the water into it. Each woman brought wood and built a fire under the trough to heat the water in her area. I'd guess there were about 20 families doing laundry that day, scrubbing the clothes on a washboard, all using the same water. There was a second trough to rinse the clothes in. I didn't see any lines or any clothes hanging anywhere, so I assume they took the wet clothes to their homes to dry them. All this within two blocks of the United States.

The gentleman said he wanted to take me out to eat once while still in Mexico, so we went to a fine restaurant in a better part of town.

We had to follow the same procedure as before in crossing the border. As we unloaded the Jeep I noticed two boxes that I hadn't seen before and asked what they were. He grinned a little sheepishly and said it was cans of American food he had bought for me because he didn't know if I would eat what they ate in Mexico.

He took me across the border on the first trip and as I was getting out of the Jeep, he reached over and took my passport. He left me at the hotel and he made two more trips across to bring me all of my tools.

Back home, after a little more than a week, Mom said, "Now you're going to the doctor about your stomach." I told her that I didn't need to see a doctor any more. I'd eaten everything they set before me and I didn't have any problems; I was all fixed up.

I still don't know where I was in Mexico. We didn't go through any big towns. I do know that somewhere in Mexico there was a farm run with American-made machinery that was put together by a Gringo.

It was hard to believe the poverty of those people at that time—and I guess things haven't improved much for them since.

Chapter Twenty-Five -- written January 1988

Visit to Harry's—mid 1940's

Grace and I and Lucy Mae (Grace's sister) left here about 9:00 in the evening and drove to Farmington, New Mexico in the old black 1934 Chevy. That car had no trunks or storage places. In Farmington we met Charles, Fawn, and their boys traveling in their truck and camper, then we picked up Grandma Foutz and Daisy. We put all the luggage in Charles' truck, and together we all headed up to Montana to see Harry.

In those days, states would pave their roads up to the state line and not worry about what the next state did. Going across the corner of Colorado into Utah there was about a three-foot drop-off from the Colorado road to meet Utah's, with no warning signs. Charles' truck was ahead of us and we saw him take off the edge of that drop-off and land hard. I only had time to slow down a little and we hit hard, too. Charles' truck broke two springs. We bent the front wheels out on the Chevy. The first chance we got we bought springs for Charles' truck, but drove the Chevy out-of-line. The roads were all just two lanes wide, and lots of them were not paved.

We stopped in Salt Lake City at Temple Square for a while, then drove on to Yellowstone Park. There the bears would get in front of the car so you'd have to stop. It was there I learned a lesson everyone should learn. There was a mother bear with two cubs begging for food, and people were feeding them. After the mother got her fill, she growled loudly and scattered people back to their cars. She went off to the side of the road and one cub followed. She grunted a time or two at the other cub, who was still begging and eating. She

came back up onto the road growling and scolding (scattering people again), and when she got to the cub she came with a bowling-ball swing. The cub was airborne for about 20 feet. Every time he hit the ground she let him have it again, until they were clear out of sight, with the cub crying and begging all the way. I'll bet the next time she told that cub to come on, he went. We saw Old Faithful geyser and all the mud pots that go along with the Park. Old Faithful is one of the smaller geysers, but it has spouted like clockwork ever since it was discovered.

Chapter Twenty-Six -- written February 1988

Visit to Harry's—mid 1940's, Part 2

We went on to Corum, Montana, where Grace's brother, Harry Lee, lived. Harry worked for the Forest Service and lived almost at the gates of Glacier National Park. We visited there while with Harry and Margaret. It's beautiful. Harry helped to build Crazy Horse Dam. His home was built on poles—a real log cabin. He was putting in a new water system, running water from the well to the house. I was helping him. He was digging a trench only about 8 inches deep to put the pipe in. I said "I don't know about your country, but back home in warmer climes we dig deeper than that to keep the pipes from freezing." He laughed and said that was deep enough because before it gets cold enough to freeze a water line we have four feet of snow on top of it. That keeps the ground from freezing.

Our first day there Mom said, "I think we ought to go to bed; I'm getting tired." We looked at our watches and it was 11:00 p.m. and still daylight. That was my first time North to where the days were that long.

When we got ready to come home, three days later, Charles decided they'd go through Oregon and down through California, which left us with five grown people and five suitcases in a car with no trunk. I bought a luggage rack for the top of the car, and we came home. The only problem was that the car had a cloth center in the roof and the air flow between the car and the luggage rack tore the cloth right out of the roof. If it had rained, we would have been right out in it. After we got home I riveted a metal roof onto the car and painted it and it looked like it was made that way.

At another visit to Harry's we went into Canada at Cardston and visited the Temple grounds.

Chapter Twenty-Seven --

written March 1988

In 1949 Seth was working in the Pinal Mountains near Globe. Worth and Bernice Holladay were there. He was the Ranger on duty. Mom and I went to visit and spent all day with them on the mountain until way into the evening. We started for home. The road over Coolidge Dam was the only way at that time. It was about 11:00 p.m. when, this side of the dam, there was a car with lights blinking and a person waving a flashlight in our lane. I stopped a little beyond their car so as not to obstruct traffic, and started walking back to their car to offer assistance. I had a feeling of fear as I approached the fellow with the flashlight. As I was getting close, another car came around the bend and the man with the flashlight ran and got into his car and took off, leaving me standing in the road somewhat relieved. I went back to our car and told Mom what happened. She said, "That's funny—I had a strange feeling, too." I tried to start my car and it wouldn't start, so there I was standing in the middle of the road waving a flashlight. A lot of cars passed—even people we knew—but they kept going. About two hours later a dilapidated pickup stopped and gave us a push. I haven't stopped at a stalled car since that time, unless I knew the people.

Another time we were going to Phoenix in the early evening. We were traveling between 60-65. (65 was the speed limit at that time.) As we were passing Holyoak's garage in Geronimo, an Indian family in a pickup turned suddenly across in front of me. There was no way I could miss them, so I applied the brakes and held it straight. The car came to a stop without any squealing of brakes and without hitting the pickup and with no sensation of being thrown forward on our part. The truck went off the road into Holyoak's driveway. I got out of the car and went over to the truck. The driver was passed out drunk. There were scared women and children in the back. I went back out on the road and walked off the distance I had to stop in—110 feet. No car can stop in that distance at 65 mph, but mine did. Mom and I looked at each other and traveled on to Phoenix, knowing we'd been looked after that day. We talked about it many times through the years and gave thanks for the help we received.

Another time on a trip to Phoenix, we got just beyond Fort Thomas and Mom said, "What are we going to Phoenix for?"

"Just to visit."

"I have a terrible feeling we shouldn't go."

I said, "That's good enough for me." We turned around and came home.

On still another trip, just this side of the San Carlos River, I pulled off the road and stopped. Mom said, "What are you stopping for?"

I said, "To get my bearings. Ordinarily if you mention Globe, Phoenix, Seth's home or Loann's, I can see it in my mind's eye. When I say I'm going to Globe, there's a blank spot—I can't see it. Anywhere else I can see, but beyond Cutter—it's all blank. Something tells me that between here and Cutter is something we don't want to see."

Mom said, "Let's go home." So we did. I've never before or since had a blanked-out feeling as I had that day.

Chapter Twenty-Eight --

written April 1988

While working for Art Jamison many years ago, he sold a John Deere tractor and some other equipment to a farm just this side of Douglas. We loaded the equipment on our regular delivery truck and I took off for Douglas early one morning. I had instructions to bring the cash for the down payment, or else not leave the equipment.

When I got there, sure enough the farmer didn't have the money for the payment, but he said that Art had agreed to take two mules and an unbroken riding pony for the payment. I went to a telephone and called Art and asked him about the arrangements with the farmer, and he said that was OK. I explained to him that I didn't have a cattle trailer and that the three-foot sides of the truck would not hold animals. He told me to bring them home with me anyway.

Well, I put the two mules up front in the truck bed and tied their heads down to the 3-foot side boards so they couldn't raise their heads to jump. I put the pony behind the mules, crossways of the truck. We did pretty well until about three miles out of Wilcox. (This was all on a dirt road.) Stopped in the middle of the road was a pickup truck pulling a two-horse trailer. One of the horses had reared up and gone over the top of the six-foot sides of the trailer,

landed on his back on the road and skidded quite a way along the road. The truck had been doing about 35 mph at the time. The horse got up onto his feet, but he was bleeding all over. My mules went crazy—either at the sight and smell of blood, or just plain ornery. The one on the right side of the truck reared up and landed on top of the cab of the truck, mashing it in. His front feet were on the right side and his hind legs were off the left side of the truck and his head was still tied to the 3-foot rail. The only thing I could think of to do was to cut the rope so he wouldn't choke to death. As I cut the rope, he gave a flip and landed on the ground and took off for home. I held the injured horse while the other guy unloaded his other horse from the trailer, and he took off after my mule. He caught him and brought him back to me and I tied him to the back of the truck. He reloaded his horses and we both took off. I dragged that mule most of the way to Wilcox. He hung back every foot of the way. In Wilcox I backed up to the Southern Pacific depot platform, unloaded the unbroken pony, and attempted to get that mule back into the truck. I'd lead him up to the back of the truck and he would not go any farther. After trying for quite a while to get him loaded, he jumped off the side of the platform and took off for home, dragging me at the end of a 50-foot rope. When he got tired of dragging me, I led him back to try again. Six times he jumped off the side of the platform and took off with me digging in my heels behind him. It's a good thing I didn't have a gun! I finally rounded up some crating and built a funnel-shaped affair so he COULDN'T jump off the sides, and had to go into the truck. I got him tied down again, loaded the horse again, and came on home without any further trouble, getting home after dark.

I told Art what had happened and told him that his mule was probably skinned up from his escapade. Art and I looked him over in the light of the next day and he didn't have a mark on him! I couldn't believe it! All I had to show for all my trouble was the truck cab all mashed down. Art sold the animals to get the money for the equipment payment. The little wild pony never gave me a bit of trouble, and the mules didn't kick him to death (which had been one of my worries about our travel arrangements). I don't remember who bought those animals. At the time I probably didn't care where they went, as long as they went. I'd had enough of mules to last me a lifetime.

Chapter Twenty-Nine --

written May 1988

In June of 1946, our oldest daughter, Eva Lou, married Riley E. Warner in the Mesa, Arizona Temple. They lived in Mesa until the first part of September, when Riley went to Pocatello, Idaho, to attend pharmacy college, leaving Eva Lou with us until he could find a place for them to live.

The Thatcher Ward bishopric (Eldon Palmer, Leslie Farley, myself) and Walter Harms were going to Salt Lake City to attend General Conference, and Eva Lou was going to ride that far with us. Mom had fixed us some sandwiches and Eldon started eating them before we got to Ft. Thomas. He enjoyed teasing Brother Harms, who was riding in the front seat with him. Brother Harms was a very serious fellow and never realized when he was being teased. At one time I was driving, doing about 70 miles per hour, when a Greyhound bus passed us like we were standing still, and I said, "I wonder what's holding him up?"

Brother Harms looked out the window and said, "I think there is a truck up ahead of him." We all laughed about that.

When we got to Salt Lake City we took Eva Lou to the bus station and found that the last bus of the day to Pocatello had just left, and there would not be another until the next morning. This was about 4:00 p.m. It was a choice of putting her up for the night (and we didn't have any reservations for her) or take her on in the car. She was very anxious to go on, so I borrowed Eldon's car and drove on up to Pocatello, about a three-hour drive, turned around and drove back to Salt Lake so I could attend the early morning meetings.

Eva Lou and Riley came down from Pocatello to spend the summer in Thatcher in 1947. They lived across the street in Ralph Smith's home to take care of the house and garden while the Smiths attended summer school in Flagstaff. My father died in August, 1947, and we decided that my mother needed to get away for a few days, so she and I took Riley and Eva Lou back to Pocatello. There was one time that Riley was driving, and a car pulled right out in front of us. He stepped on the brakes real hard and skidded for quite a way. It was a miracle that he could avoid hitting the car. We all breathed a sigh of relief, and Riley commented that he left a lot of the rubber from the tires on the pavement. A short while later, we hit a strip of road that had tar filler in the cracks across it, and the car made a thump, thump sound as we

crossed each one. My mother said, "You must have made the tires flat on the side where you skidded off the rubber, Riley." We got a good chuckle out of that.

In July 1948, we were expecting our first grandchild and Mom was going to Pocatello to be with Eva Lou for the big event. Mom, Seth, Phyllis, Loann and I borrowed Lee's new Plymouth and headed north. We stayed one night with Grandma Foutz in Farmington, New Mexico, and arrived in Pocatello on the 3rd of July, a Saturday, and stayed until early Tuesday morning. Mom and the two girls stayed with Eva Lou, and Seth and I drove straight through to Thatcher. We took Leslie Farley's sister Ruth Shumway and her 1½-year-old baby girl to Thatcher with us for a visit with her family.

Sometime during the night, I was holding the baby while Seth drove, and Ruth was asleep on the back seat of the car. All of a sudden we became aware that something was the matter. Ruth was thrashing around frantically searching for something. Seth stopped the car so we could see what was the matter and she started screaming that she had lost her baby. She was very relieved to find that she was sound asleep in my arms.

Eva Lou delivered Anna the very next day after we left Pocatello, and we started making our plans to head back for Pocatello to pick up Mom and the girls. We made the trip just two weeks after the first time. This time Lee, Colleen and I went in Lee's car. It was good to have Mom home again, but as I remember it, she worried a little about Eva Lou being so far away with that baby.

In October of 1949, Riley was nearly finished with school, so we took the 1½ ton flatbed truck (which we still have) and Mom and I again headed for Pocatello, this time to move Eva Lou and Anna home with us until Riley finished school in January. We again spent one night with Grandma Foutz in Farmington. As we left Price, Utah and topped the hill, we ran into a bunch of deer hunters. They were parked everywhere all over the road and the surrounding area. We thought at first that we must have come upon a big wreck or something. We had to weave among them to get through. Some guys had their guns mounted on tripods, waiting for a deer to appear. If one ever showed up they'd probably snoot each other. We had no more excitement from there on into Pocatello.

Anna was 15 months old and the four of us made a crowd in the cab of that truck, and Anna was sick with vomiting and diarrhea. We used all the diapers and rags we could find and had to stop and

unpack a box to get more diapers. We stopped again at Grandma Foutz's to rest. It was Halloween night and Grandma called a doctor friend and asked him what to do for Anna. He asked her if she had any clear candy, and she said she had some suckers she had bought for the trick-or-treaters. He said to let her have all the suckers she wanted, but not to give her anything else for 24 hours. It worked—Anna was happy eating suckers and she quit vomiting. We stayed there two nights to give her time to recuperate a little, and had a good trip on home. Anna entertained us by singing songs and reciting nursery rhymes. We thought she was about the smartest little thing there ever was. They stayed with us until Riley got out of school.

Chapter Thirty -- written July 1988

1953

I was working for Jameson Tractor & Equipment Company and we had a service call on a John Deere automatic hay baler. This model was new to our area. The baler was pulled by a tractor, and had a motor to activate its equipment. I decided it just needed an adjustment and went ahead doing that. I was working with the motor running, which I should not have been doing. Just as I completed the adjustment, I noticed a stray piece of baling wire hanging in the tying mechanism. I reached in to pull it out, and at that moment the farm hand on the tractor tripped the tying mechanism, sending it through its cycle. Why he activated it, I don't know. In the tying mechanism, the needles go up through the bale to make the tie. My left arm was in the mechanism and was pulled through the cycle. It caught me right above the wrist and broke all the bones, and tore out everything but the two large tendons. I got loose and told that farm hand to get me to town in a hurry. My pickup was close by. The farm was on the north side of the river across from Thatcher, so we had to come up the river and cross the Safford bridge. The guy took me at my word and got me to town in a hurry—with me trying to hold my arm together. It so happened that Dr. Butler was in his office. He took a quick look at my arm, and went to work immediately right there in the office. He said, "We'll sew it back together, then if it's still warm by this time tomorrow it'll stay on. But if the circulation is impaired and the hand is cold, it'll come off tomorrow." He called in his nurse and began sewing. Someone must have called Mom, because she got there while they were still

working on me in the office. Dr. Butler put me in the hospital as soon as he finished with me. The Safford Inn Hospital was located on the corner that is now vacant behind the Safford office of the Valley National Bank.*¹⁰

I don't remember the name of the man that shared my room in the hospital, but I do remember that he squalled all night and I didn't get any sleep. Dr. Butler came the next day and examined my arm. It was warm, and he smiled and said it looked like I had a good hand. He prescribed that I get a rubber ball that I could hold in my hand, and as soon as the arm was healed enough, squeeze the ball to exercise my arm. I guess people thought I was crazy carrying around a rubber ball and squeezing it all the time, but it worked. That hand is better than the other one now.

I was the last case Dr. Butler worked on before he retired and moved to California, leaving his practice with Dr. Nelson. I still have spots in my hand that have no feeling, and there's an indentation under the scar where the muscle has never grown back as it was. And I still have the ball I used to exercise my arm.

Chapter Thirty-One -- written August 1988

Trip to Ukiah, California—1956

Grandma Foutz and her husband Joe Foutz lived in Ukiah, California, and we were going to visit them on our vacation. Mom, Loann and I left Thatcher and traveled to Farmington, New Mexico to pick up Mom's sister Daisy to go with us. Daisy insisted we take her car, a Buick, as it was bigger than ours. That left our car in Farmington with Foy. From there we went to Provo, Utah to pick up Phyllis who had been attending summer school at BYU, staying with the Hansons. While we waited for Phyllis to gather her things together, Mom and Daisy went into a rose garden and while they were there, the sprinkler system came on. They got rather wet, and there was no place for them to go to dry off or change clothes.

We left Provo and drove all night. About midnight I stopped somewhere in Nevada and got a cup of coffee to keep me awake. (This really startled my girls.) When we got to Ukiah about noon the next day, I lay down to rest and I couldn't even close my

eyes. That caffeine really did its job. One cup was still keeping me awake 12 hours later.

While we were in Ukiah, Joe Foutz, Jr. and his wife Stella took us to a lake to water ski. Norma Lee was successful, but the others didn't have much luck getting to their feet. (Norma Lee is Daisy's daughter. She and her daughter Lynette came to visit Grandma and rode home as far as Farmington with us.)

We stayed in Ukiah for three or four days, and from there we drove down to Napa, California to visit Mom's brother Charles and his wife Fawn. They gave us a tour of San Francisco, including the Golden Gate Bridge and Park. Fawn said they were glad we came because she had never seen it so clear a day in all the time they had been there. Fawn and Mom enjoyed sliding down the stair railing at the park. Phyllis really got a terrible sunburn while we were in San Francisco. She was not feeling well and lay out in the sun not realizing that she could sun burn without it being hot. Loann was surprised that it could be so cool and the ocean water be so cold in the summer time.

When we started for home we had a load: Mom, Phyllis, Loann, Daisy, Norma Lee, Lynette, and I and Phyllis in so much pain she could hardly stand to wear any clothes, let alone be touched anywhere. Not a good condition to be in with seven people in a car in the summer time with no air conditioning in cars at that time. She had a miserable trip. Believe it or not, we ran into four inches of snow between Flagstaff and Winslow, and this was the end of August!

Foy met us with our car in Gallup, New Mexico. He took his family back to Farmington, and we spent the night in a motel. We came on home the next day without any more problems. We stopped right out of Show Low to eat lunch, and some long-time friends, Art and Ella Gardner saw us there and stopped and we had a good visit. They were vacationing, too.

Phyllis was sick for several days after we got home before she recovered from her sunburn, but all in all, it was a good trip and we enjoyed seeing members of the family that we didn't get to see very often.

Chapter Thirty-Two -- written September 1988

I can't remember the year, but Mom and I were planning a trip to Washington to visit Phyllis and

¹⁰ Note from 2018: That Valley National Bank is now Chase Bank on the corner of Main Street and Central Avenue.

Ray and their family. Ora Reed, a good friend and neighbor of many years was going with us to visit her sister.

We left out of Phoenix at 11:00 p.m. because we wanted to cross the hot part of the desert at night as it was August and hot and we had no car refrigeration at that time. We were going by way of Los Angeles, where Ora had a sister-in-law she wanted to visit. We traveled all night and arrived in Los Angeles an hour earlier than we had anticipated. We didn't want to wake the Collins' at that hour of the morning, so we went to an all-night restaurant within a couple of blocks of their home. Ora and Mom each ordered a bowl of oatmeal. When it was served, it was in a bowl as big around as a dinner plate and deeper than the usual cereal bowl, and it was brimming full of oatmeal. When they saw the bowls they started to giggle and from then on for an hour or so everything they saw or heard started the giggles all over again. (They ate very little of the mush.) We visited with the Collins' for a couple of hours.

As we were preparing to leave, our car being parked across the street from the Collins' house, a man came walking along the sidewalk. I nodded and said, "Good morning." He responded with "Good morning." At that point Mr. Collins cautioned me that "You don't speak to people in Los Angeles. They'll think you're queer." That seemed very strange to us hicks from the sticks.

We left Los Angeles and headed north on Highway 101 which follows the coastline and is therefore about ten times the distance. We drove all day, taking time to see the sights, and stopped that night in San Luis Obispo. The next day we drove up through the redwoods. We drove north on 101 until we got to Crescent City, California. From there we went to Grants Pass, Oregon, to hit Highway 5. From Grants Pass we went to Medford, Oregon and visited the Harmons for a while. The Harmons are one of the very few millionaire families we've known as friends in our lifetime. They used to live in Douglas, Arizona. Medford was a side trip—we had to go back to Grants Pass to get on the road to Phyllis'. It was a long day. The next morning we drove on to Longview, then took Ora farther on to her sister's home. I can't remember the name of the very small town where Ann lived, but I do remember that we had no street address or any way of locating her. We stopped and asked a man if he could direct us, and he knew exactly how to get us there. As we were traveling up the country lane the man had indicated to us, we met a man on a horse pulling a log about the size of a telephone

pole. As we passed we recognized Russ Sparks, Ann's husband. We found out later that he made his living from hauling logs from places they didn't allow equipment to go. We left Ora at Ann's and drove back to Phyllis'. Ora was going to ride the greyhound bus back to Longview a week later. We met her at the depot one evening and left Phyllis' the next morning for home.

Mom and Ora decided they could crochet as we drove, so they each bought an afghan kit to work on. They busied themselves crocheting and then pulling it out to start over again from where they had made the mistake. They were still giggling and crocheting when we got home. It made the time go faster for them and for me, too.

We stopped to see Merrill and Lucy Mae Kempton in Chico, California, and then went on to Napa to see Chuck and Fawn Lee. They weren't at home so we drove to Vallejo and got a motel for the night. It was about 10:30 when we got to the motel and I've never spent a colder August night anywhere than we had in Vallejo. There weren't any blankets and the office had turned off all service, and we nearly froze. We covered ourselves with everything but the window shades.

It was a very enjoyable vacation, but we were glad to get home.

Chapter Thirty-Three -- written October 1988

We had been friends with John and Juanita Riggs and their family for several years. They lived a block from us, on the corner of Church Street and High School Avenue. They were good friends to Mom and I except when John and I played ball opposite each other. We both pitched softball, and we both played basketball for a city team.

In the middle of the night one time, Juanita went into labor with their fourth child. It was a bit early and she had unexpected complications. As I remember it, John was away on a ball trip—he was the college coach. Juanita sent her oldest son, Johnny, to get us. Mom and I rushed over and found her hemorrhaging very badly. We looked the situation over and decided she needed more help than we could give her at home. We packed her with towels the best we could, and I carried her to our car and drove her to the hospital in Safford. The doctors worked on her most of the night. Mom and I stayed there (both of us had been drenched in Juanita's blood), until they finished with her and

told us she was going to be all right. She gave birth to Tim that night. He was alive and okay except that he has one arm that never did develop properly. The Riggs family always gave us credit for saving the lives of Juanita and Tim.

Sometime after this, they moved to Mesa, where John was the coach at Mesa Community College. Through the years, he progressed up through the ranks until he was the head of the Athletic Department. They named the athletic field in his honor. We received an invitation to attend a retirement party for John, and there the family invited us into their circle. They all seemed to think we were something special.

John and Juanita are both gone now. We attended both funerals in Mesa. The kids mentioned this incident at both parent's funeral. We have lost contact with the family since Juanita died.

Chapter Thirty-Four -- written November 1988

After Mom and I were married, we lived in Miami. I worked for Inspiration Copper Company as an electrician's helper. The mine sponsored a team in what is now known as Triple A Baseball, and I pitched. The league included Miami, Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, Albuquerque; known as the Arizona/Texas League. It didn't pay any extra money, but you were MISTER on the job and could get away with most anything. We didn't always win, either. These were all daytime games, as there were no lights in those days. I remember embarrassing Mom at one game. I had torn my shirt sleeve, and she cut a piece of material out of the bottom of the shirttail, where it wouldn't show, and used the material to mend the sleeve. She was mortified when that shirttail came untucked for all to see.

After quitting my job in Miami, we came back to the Valley here and I played what we called sandlot baseball. Teams were from Safford, Thatcher, Pima, Globe, Miami, plus two or three independent locally sponsored teams. The baseball games were one of the main attractions at the 4th of July and 24th of July celebrations. That's when we were playing for the championship. Again—this was all daytime games and the big games were played on Sunday. That's because most of us worked six days a week and were only off on Sunday.

We were playing Pima, here in Thatcher, one Sunday afternoon. I had pitched two innings, then

went in to catch while Grant Taylor pitched. He had a fast ball as fast as any pro in the major leagues today. We went to the ninth inning 3-2 ahead of the—two out, two strikes on the batter. I gave the signal for Grant to give me his fastball down the middle to try to catch the batter off balance. The batter got his bat off his shoulder enough to foul tip the ball and it missed my glove and hit my right hand. I always caught with my right hand in a fist with my thumb tucked in. That ball dislocated and broke open three of my fingers. Mom and some of the players took me to Safford to find a doctor to sew the fingers back on. It was three hours before we found a doctor and I was hurting plenty by then. He gave me a shot in the hand and started to work cleaning it up and stitching it together. Everything turned out pretty good. All I've got is a double nail on one finger and a few scars. (Pima won the game.) I developed a left-handed pitch for a while.¹¹

We played many seasons until hard ball gave way to softball. That was hard to take for all of us old hardball players. As years went by and I grew older, the Church picked up the program and sponsored softball teams. The game came down to ward teams. I can remember playing—pitching—one time after Eva Lou was married and she was home for a visit. A big grossly fat guy was giving me a hard time about the "old man" on the mound that had lost all his hair. She took it for a while then she hollered back to him, "Well at least that old man hasn't lost his shape." Everyone applauded and hooted, and he didn't say any more. I could pitch left handed for softball. I'd drop my glove off and the batter wouldn't know which hand I'd use. They finally made a ruling that I had to pitch to the batter with no switching. I could change from batter to batter, but had to pitch one guy with the same hand.

I played ball 'til I was 70+. Mom never missed a game I played in that we could get back home in one day. She was a very strong supporter. When it got so she couldn't follow me and enjoy the game, I retired.

Chapter Thirty-Five -- written December 1988

Each year, in season, we had basketball teams formed up and down the valley and from other areas as well. We had some good competition.

¹¹ Grandpa tells this story in chapter 12

The valley was made up into about five teams. Our team was sponsored by Art Jamison, of the Big Six Store, where I worked at the time. At the end of each basketball season, the College sponsored a Gold Medal Tournament, which included up to 16 teams. One year at tournament time the Graham County Guardian, which came out on Thursday afternoon, had a schedule of the teams which were to begin play the next morning at 10:00, and our team was not on the list. In checking the list with Johnny Riggs we found that our five best players had picked up a couple of subs and entered the tourney as a team under a different name. That left six of us who were mainly subs and who had been together all year, without any position in the tournament. I was MAD. We went to Johnny Riggs and entered our team, and told him that we would pick up enough players to qualify our team. He said, "You know you don't have a team that is even competitive."

I said, "We'll get a team that WILL be competitive, or we'll break their legs so they can't beat us." I made the mistake of saying to Johnny that we'd get Bat Allen, who was an officer at the Ft. Grant boys' center. He had the reputation of being one of the roughest players to ever play the game. We picked up a couple of high school players and when I got home I called Bat Allen on the phone, and he said he sure would like to play with us, but Johnny Riggs had just called and signed him up on another team. Now I was getting madder by the minute. At 10:00 the next morning we were at the gym with our scrub team. In checking the schedule, the team we wanted to beat was #1 and we were #14. To fill out for a 16-team tournament, they got a bye, which meant that they didn't have to compete in the first game round, and there was no way we would even come up against them unless we won every one of our games. While all this was going on, Mom and Lola and Cornelia Hatch were busy rounding up a rooting section for us. They got about 50 people to sit together and cheer for us, and someone had told them to call out a certain name every time Clarey Skousen got the ball. I can't remember what it was, but every time they said it old Clarey just wilted. They cheered for us and booed every team we played and really gave that other team a hard time. Back to the ball games . . .

We played at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday and won our game. This brought us into the final for the championship at 8:00 that night against Guess Who?? By that time Johnny Riggs was afraid of us, and so was that other team. It was our scrubs against their all-stars, and they knew we had it in

for them, and our cheering section was getting about as nasty as they could get. Whenever we got ahead of them the referees started calling fouls on us for no reason—at least some of them were without reason. We lost the game by three points, which for us was almost as good as a win. And I lost 16½ pounds in those two days.

The next season we played our scrub team throughout the season. Coming up to the time of the Gold Medal Tournament again, I asked the guys at our last practice if they wanted to get even and win the tournament. I had talked to four of the University of Arizona basketball players and they said they would come if we would pick them up and deliver them and house them while they were here. One of those players was George Stapley, and they were good. Our guys voted to have them come and play on our team. We played our games, using those four only enough to win every game to get us up against our old rivals. For that final game, we played all four of those boys at the same time. I think the shortest of them was 6'6". Those boys had as much fun as anyone there. They even let me be high point man. All I had to do was stand under the basket and they'd get the ball to me. We won by a big margin.

That ended college sponsored Gold Medal Tournaments. There hasn't been another one.

Chapter Thirty-Six -- written January 1989

I joined the Boy Scouts when I was twelve years old. Don Pace was the Scoutmaster at that time. We met in the basement of the old church building that burned down a few years ago. I hated to go to the meetings alone because Gene Tyler (the older brother of Blanche Lee) was always beating up on us younger kids. He was the town bully. We did some scouting along with our playing, and I became a Life Scout before I got interested in girls. I didn't do any more scouting until after Mom and I were married. I was asked to be Scoutmaster of the Thatcher Troop. It became a long period of scouting activities—35 years of continuous registration. While working with the scouts I decided to earn my Eagle along with the boys, which I did.

I'll have to give credit to Paul E. Guitteau for helping to keep our troop alive and functioning as it should. He, Eldon Palmer, and I held the Scoutmaster job among us for too many years. During this time, I was presented the Silver Beaver

Award, which is the highest scouting award given for service to boys.

Every year the scout region held a camporee in Thatcher. We had all the boys in the region for Friday night and Saturday night. Each troop set up their own camp, tents, and did their own cooking over a campfire, and showed off their skills, and competed in scouting contests. Around the main campfire each evening the troops took turns presenting a skit or play to entertain the others. They had some good ones. The camporee was something both boys and leaders looked forward to each year, and planned for all year. Paul, Eldon, and I did most of the planning and all of the labor in preparing to host the camporee every year. The Scout Executive would put in an appearance around the campfire to present awards and take all the bows.

One year when it was time for him to take his bow he wasn't there. We went on with the program anyway, and during the evening the rumor was spreading that he had been seen in Thatcher, and no one could imagine why he wasn't there. We finished up the camporee and he still hadn't showed up anywhere—just missing. He showed up two days later with a fake story about being kidnapped (fake as far as I'm concerned, that is). We turned the sponsorship of the camporee over to the Roosevelt Council and they decided it was too much work, so we didn't have any more camporees.

I was the Scout Commissioner for five different Councils, starting with the Roosevelt, the Apache, 3G, Copper, and back to Roosevelt. The commissioner checks on all the Scoutmasters in the region and keeps them going and correlates all the activities among the troops. He does everything that needs to be done. It's the highest unpaid job in scouting. The one above him is a paid position and he doesn't do anything. I was even elected president of the Council one time when I wasn't at the meeting. That lasted for about a week before I could get out of it.

The scouting program has changed through the years and does not stress the same things in equipping boys for the future. In my opinion, it's not as good as it used to be.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

written February 1989

I thought perhaps some of you might be interested in my memory of some of the buildings I remember that comprised the town of Thatcher when I was a boy.

When I was six years old, we were living in a house that was located almost exactly where Wal-Mart now stands.¹² I started the first grade in a two-story wooden building that was located on the corner of Main Street across College Avenue from Val's Furniture where the Fredrickson home now stands. It had classrooms on the ground floor and a large hall on the second story where they held meetings and dances. My first day at school was memorable to me because my mother had to take me back three times in the horse-drawn buggy. I don't remember why I didn't want to be there. At that time we had to walk to school or ride horses and once in a while someone gave us a ride in the buggy.

For my second grade I went to school in the building that is still standing¹³ on the corner of Church Street and High School Avenue. Mom and I lived in part of that building early in our marriage, and my brother Marcus remodeled it and lived there for a number of years before he died. Most of that year I had my right arm in a cast from breaking it in a fall from a horse (which I've talked about before).¹⁴ I almost learned to write with my left hand that year. Maybe that's why I never did learn to write well with either hand. That was a red brick building, also.

My third year in school I went to the new building still located on the corner of Main and 4th Avenue.¹⁵ I don't remember how old I was at the time, but one year we had a snow storm that caved in the roof of most of the classrooms, so we got a two-week vacation while it was repaired. They repaired it by putting up two pipe posts in each room to support the roof. There was 21 inches of snow on the ground that year—sometime between Thanksgiving and Christmas. I went through the 10th grade in that building. The school bell in the tower was run one half hour before school started in the morning and again at noon. It was the high point of any kid's day to get to pull the rope and ring the bell. There was no grass, no trees around the building

¹² Note from 2018: The original Wal-Mart that Lan referred to in 1989 was next to (east of) Bashas', and now houses Sparks' Ashley Home Store, Beals, Big Five, and DeKuester's Gymnastics.

¹³ 3457 W Church Street; see chapter one

¹⁴ See chapter one

¹⁵ That school building was razed around 2012. It was on the north side of Hwy 70, between 4th and High School Avenues. A new middle school was built on the lot.

when we first started using it, and I don't know how the teachers stood us after the first recess of the day—with our dirty faces, clothes dirty from wrestling in the dirt, and sweaty too. During my third or fourth grade year, we moved into a little lumber house that was about where the Circle K store now stands. We stayed there about a year and then moved up to the house on the corner of the highway and 1st Avenue.

There was a building between the school and Roberto's¹⁶ that was originally a two-story red brick building. I do not remember what it was used for. On the other end of the school block was another two-story red brick building. Where Val's now stands¹⁷ was a one-story red brick building that was the Big Six department store, where I later worked. That building burned down. North of it there was a blacksmith shop where the fire department is now located. Across Main Street from Val's was a two-story cement block building that was the bank on the ground floor, with sleeping rooms for college students above. Where Jiffy Market now is,¹⁸ there was a two-story red brick building that had a basement underneath. I believe Jiffy still uses the basement. The College building known as Old Main was on Church Street. It was of cement brick and was two stories with a basement that also housed class rooms. It was erected in 1908 and the bricks were made one at a time in a brick machine. It burned.

The old Church building was erected in 1902, and was of sandstone which was quarried about one-half mile east of Daley Estates (which at that time was just dirt out in the boonies). It originally was a chapel above a full basement. The basement had a couple of classrooms, stage, and recreation hall where all the church basketball games, dances, etc. were held. In 1928 they added on to the back of the building, making more classrooms, restrooms, baptismal font, not going below ground level, but still having it be two stories high. The building had a clock tower with a big bell that was rung 30 minutes before the start of every meeting and again 5 minutes before.

In 1953 I was in the bishopric and we added on to the building again and did some remodeling of the original portion. We filled the basement in 9 feet, changed the entrance way and created a junior chapel and classrooms. The addition was to the west of the building and housed a cultural hall with

a stage, the kitchen, and classrooms. We made our own cement brick for the construction of it. We had three teams (one each headed by Eldon Palmer, Leslie Farley, and me), which each worked one night a week making brick. We had a contest going to see which team could create the most bricks in one evening. My team won. We made 1400 bricks one evening. This building also burned in recent years. I personally believe that the Big Six, the College, and the Church fires were all the result of arson.

The service station that Mel and I ran was on the corner of Main and College Avenue and before the station was there, that corner was occupied by a building used as the post office. They didn't have individual boxes at that time—you went in and the post master handed your mail to you.

Life was lived at a more leisurely pace, yet we worked hard. It has been interesting to watch the town change to meet the needs of the times.

Chapter Thirty-Eight -- written March 1989

Thatcher had eight-foot-wide sidewalks on every street in town. They were graveled so they were usable in wet weather. Most of them were lined with trees on both sides. One sidewalk that stood out was along the south side of Highway 70 between First and Third Avenues. It was lined with silver maples and it was really beautiful in the fall when the leaves changed colors. Also, it shaded me on my way to and from school every day—even if I didn't need to be shaded. Another beautiful drive was from Reay Lane west down Palmer Lane to the hills (which was the main road at that time). The trees on both sides touched in the center and formed a tunnel for about a mile.

The cemetery was moved prior to my recollection. It was located about where EA's gymnasium now stands. They moved it up on the hill away from the farming area with its irrigated fields. This was sometime around the turn of the century. The only ones I can remember being moved were the ones that were not moved at first because they were not identifiable. I have relatives in four different plots in the cemetery. The Pace plot holds the graves of my Grandfather and Grandmother Pace and two of my brothers and two of my sisters who died in infancy. There's also a cousin, I think. Another plot holds my father, mother, brother Marcus and his wife Georgia and my grandfather John M. Allen and his second wife. Another plot has Mom and a place

¹⁶ Now La Casita, 3338 W Main Street

¹⁷ Now occupied by Gila Outdoor, 3660 W Main Street

¹⁸ Now occupied by Giant station, 3775 W Main Street

for me, Steve and Patricia's Matthew and Chris and Tammy's Jennifer. The fourth plot holds Randy Leonard, Loann's first son.

Chapter Thirty-Nine -- written

August 1989

My dad was a farmer, and a poor farmer at that. Among some of the things he grew as a cash crop was corn, along with cotton, barley, and wheat. When the corn was ripe, it didn't have to be picked immediately, so we could pick it leisurely and store it. We picked the corn and threw it in the wagon which was pulled by a team of horses up and down the rows. We dumped it in piles in the yard by the corn cribs. After the evening chores were done, the whole family would go out and shuck corn and put it in the cribs to dry. The cribs were made of wooden slats so the air could circulate through the ears of corn.

One evening Mother and Dad were gone, but left instructions for Mark, Mel and I to shuck a certain amount of corn. We shucked for quite a while, getting in most of our quota. Whenever we had a difference of opinion, Mel and I always teamed up against Mark. I don't remember what the disagreement was, but we started throwing ears of corn at each other, Mel and I against Mark. An ear of corn hitting you was about the same as a rock. As the battle progressed, I could see that Mel and I were losing, so when an ear of corn hit me on the side of my head I fell down and played dead. Mark dropped his corn and came running and scooped me up and ran with me about half way to the house, crying that he had killed his little brother. That got too much for me and I burst out laughing. That was one of the biggest mistakes I ever made. I thought he really was going to kill me before Mel could get him calmed down. I survived it somehow.

Several years later while we were shucking corn every evening as a family, we came to the conclusion that it wasn't piling up as fast as it should be in the corn crib. Somebody was taking it almost as fast as we put it in. We set up several night watches, but never caught anyone, and the corn kept disappearing. Then one evening just before dark, we saw who was getting the corn. It was our neighbor, Ezra Curtis. We had been setting our watches later at night and he was getting it before dark. His mother-in-law lived just to the east of us, and he visited her every evening—going through our place, and even passing the time of day with us as he went. Then

all he had to do was watch until we all went in to supper, then he would cut back through our place and help himself to a gunny sack of corn on the way. Anyway, the night we saw him taking corn, Mel and I started chasing. He dropped the sack of corn and tried to jump the irrigation ditch, which was full of water. He didn't make it across, but scrambled out dripping wet up the other bank and kept running. Mel jumped the ditch and caught up to him and brought him down with a whack of the flashlight he was carrying. Dad didn't want to press charges against his neighbor, so nothing was ever done about it. We later found out that he sold more corn that year than Dad did, and he didn't even grow corn. We also found out that he was telling everyone that we had brutally attacked him while he was crossing our property to visit his poor old mother-in-law. Real nice neighbor.

Chapter Forty -- written September 1989

In about 1930, my brother Mel and I bought the land I'm still living on from Grandpa John Allen. We split the property down the middle—Mel taking the north side and me taking the south side.¹⁹

We heard the mining company in Globe was settling some of their houses, so we went down to look over the situation. We decided we could make ourselves a home out of them and arranged to purchase two of them. Mom had \$500 from her father's insurance when she turned 18 years of age. That was a fortune to us in those days. We purchased two houses with Mom's \$500. The houses had to be moved off the property in Globe and Mel was unemployed at the time, so for his share of the purchase price, he was to tear them down in Globe and set them up on our properties in Thatcher. The Highway Department would not allow any board on the road if it had a nail in it, so every nail had to be pulled from every board before it could be transported. This took Mel about six weeks' time. My Uncle Don Pace had a truck and he hauled them for us.

We dumped the lumber into two piles—one for each house. We poured cement foundations for the outside, and used big rocks to support the

¹⁹ The house Mel built has been remodeled extensively and is now occupied by Steve and Patricia Allen, at 692 N High School Avenue. The house Lan and Grace lived in was just south of that house and was leveled after Lan's death.

center. Those rocks are still doing their job under there.

Mel worked about 18 hours a day on the houses, and I helped after I got off work. We had help from good neighbors when they had time to pound a nail also. My \$60 paycheck fed both families, bought the cement, nails, and other supplies for the construction.

The houses were identical except Mel's had indoor bathroom plumbing and mine didn't. We went several years before we completed our bathroom—using an outside (two-holer) privy, and a #3 wash tub to bathe. The plumbing I have now is what we put in there.

We dug only one cesspool for both houses in the middle of the driveway between the houses. It served the purpose until about 1943 or '44 when my parents bought Mel's house, and I decided I'd better cut my lines off and have my own. Had to do the same for the other house about three months later and quit using that old cesspool. Now we're on the city sewer line.

We had to buy new shingles for both houses, and we had to buy some hardwood for the living room floor in my house because we didn't have enough to do both houses, so we put it all in Mel's. The original shingles were taken off in 1983 and replaced with composition shingles.

Chapter Forty-One -- written

October 1989

Building Our Houses—Part Two

The interior walls of the house are of lath and plaster. For those of you too young to know what that is: lath is a board $\frac{1}{4}$ inch by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 4 feet long (about like a yard stick). It is tacked to the wall studs in a checkerboard pattern in four-foot squares with the lath about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart. The plaster is applied directly to the lath. We rounded the ceiling corners in the living/dining rooms using a mesh of expanded metal. We got Rube Fuller, Sr., who was a builder, to show us how to plaster the walls. Roy Smith (our neighbor across the street) helped us. Doing the ceiling got to be funny, even though we had a serious problem. We'd put the plaster on, thinking we'd done a pretty good job, then watch it drop off to the floor. We'd scoop it up and put it back on the ceiling. Frustrating, but we laughed so we wouldn't cry about it (you'd have to hear Roy's laugh to understand why Mel and I could laugh too) and we finally succeeded in getting

it to stay. It's still up there, with very few cracks in it.

There wasn't enough usable flooring for our house, so we bought hardwood for the living/dining areas. For years Mom prided herself on having the best-kept floors in town. They were paste-waxed and polished every week and dusted daily (sometimes more than once a day because of the dusty roads and children's feet).

Both Mom and Lola ordered chandeliers from the Montgomery Ward catalog and mine are still in use and never had a broken glass. Steve and Pat didn't keep the ones in Mel's house when they remodeled that house.

We bought the round dining table, that I am still using, from John F. Nash for \$5.00. It had several Church presidents eat from it before we got it. Mom had an antique dealer appraise it several years ago and he valued it at \$1,400.00. We ordered six of the best dining chairs we could afford from Montgomery Ward. When they came, Hy McRae, the depot agent, scoffed at them and said they wouldn't hold up for 30 days. He was almost right. They got pretty wobbly so I had to reinforce each one with a metal brace on the legs just below the seat. Mom recovered the seats a couple of times, and I'm still using them. At that time the service porch was just screened in, and in the corner of the kitchen we had a "cooler" for keeping perishables that wouldn't fit into our little ice box. The ice man came several times a week and you'd put a card in the front window telling him how many pounds of ice you needed and he'd bring it around to the back and put it in your box. There was a basin under it to catch the water as the ice melted, and you had to remember to empty it before it ran over onto the floor. The "cooler" cupboard had wooden slats for shelves which allowed air to circulate around the foot. This cabinet was opened through the floor and vented up through the ceiling, to allow the cool air from under the house to flow through it. It was screened to keep bugs from coming in. It served us well for the two or three years we had it.

Chapter Forty-Two -- written

November 1989

Our first washing machine was a rather crude affair, built somewhat like a barrel cut in half lengthwise, with legs attached. The fire to heat the water was built directly under the tub and you put the clothes into a wood slat container that was cranked by

hand. It tumbled the clothes through the water and against the slats for scrubbing action. It got the clothes clean and certainly was an improvement over the old scrub board. Every Monday was “wash day,” and that meant I got up early to build the fire to heat the water before I went to work. The ladies in the neighborhood kept track of each other—if someone’s clothesline failed to have laundry hanging by 9:00 a.m., she was sick and needed help. In those days a woman’s life was pretty well taken up with just getting the household chores done. When you had wash day, it took the whole day to complete the task. She cut up the homemade bar soap into the hot water and stirred until she had suds, then she put in the first load which was always the sheets and dish towels because they were white and the least soiled. When she had them clean, she wrung them out and put them into the first rinse tub, wrung them again, placed them in the second rinse, wrung them again, then into the laundry basket, and hung them on the line to dry. This process was followed load by load, progressing from the cleanest to the dirtiest work clothes because you used the same water for the entire laundry.

The advent of the first wringers was a welcome improvement for the ladies. It attached to the side of the tub and had wooden rollers. You lifted the item from the water into the wringer and cranked it through, squeezing out more water than by hand wringing. The contraption was then moved to the next tub progressively through all the rinses.

Mom always put a pot of beans on the stove to cook and mixed a batch of bread on wash day because it was easy to do. All she had to do was tend the fire to keep the pot boiling and knead down the dough when it was ready. This was all completed by noon and we had beans and bread for lunch. Then all she had to do was take the clothes off the line as they dried, fold them or sprinkle them, ready to be ironed the next day. At this time Mom was still using the old flat irons that had to be heated on the stove. This meant you had a fire nearly all the time you were ironing. Not too bad in the winter time, but she tied a scarf around her brow in the summer to keep from dripping onto the clean clothes. (No air conditioners then either.) Everything we wore got ironed, plus tablecloths, pillow slips, and scarves.

Our next washing machine had a gas power motor that ran the agitator so the clothes were stirred “automatically.” The water still had to be heated and poured into it. That motor was so hard to start that I was exhausted by the time I got it going. The

wringer was improved. The rollers were covered with rubber. You still had to feed the clothes through with one hand while you cranked with the other.

Chapter Forty-Three -- written January 1990

Building the garage

After Mel and I got our two homes built, we needed somewhere to store some of our junk, so we decided to build a double garage, straddling the property line between us. We would each have a garage with a storage room/laundry room behind, and one common storage room/workshop in the center (between the laundry rooms, and behind the garage areas). The second floor was to be screened sleeping rooms for use in the summer time (there was no such thing as coolers in those days). The stairway was to be at the rear and there was a center hallway dividing my side from Mel’s.

We started building in our spare time. We got it all framed up and the sheeting on half of the roof. It was looking pretty good. Then one day when I came home from work, I was greeted with a very sickening sight. A strong wind—I guess you could call it a small tornado—had come along and laid our garage flat on the ground. Very disheartening. We salvaged what we could of the lumber and started over, following the same basic plan, but settling for a flat roof this time. We got it framed up again, and a tar paper roof on it, but we ran out of cash (and ambition) to finish the sleeping rooms. The building sat there unfinished for several years.

Mel moved to Mesa and my father and mother bought his property. Dad contracted with Weech to build a small apartment in their half of the second story of the garage. There was a living room, kitchen, one bedroom, and the bath was fitted into the former hall at the rear. The plan for a rear stairway was abandoned and one put up on the north side, to enter into the kitchen. That was the worst stairway I’ve ever seen. The whole apartment was built with very shoddy workmanship, but that stairway was a real hazard. The tread was only wide enough to get your toe on, and the riser slanted back toward the next tread. It really was treacherous, but it stayed in use until I replaced it with a metal one at the same time I put one up on the south side. Weech’s septic tank lasted only three weeks. We had to replace it because it wasn’t built right. My brother Grant and family lived in the apartment for a short time.

My side of the garage remained unfinished for several more years, until both my parents had died and I ended up with the property. I went to work and gradually made sleeping quarters for kids and grandkids when they came to visit, opening the dividing wall to make one unit of the two sides. At one time I had five double beds, a roll-away double and a single bed and a crib upstairs, plus the two double beds in the spare bedrooms and a hide-a-bed in the house. And sometimes we had them all occupied. Some improvements have been made. The two garages have been closed in for storage rooms, all the old wooden sashes have been torn out and aluminum framed windows installed, and we replaced the toilet, put in a cooler, stuccoed the outside, and put it on the sewer line. We got tired of repairing leaks in the old flat roof and covered it with a new aluminum peaked one.

Seth and Nancy lived up there for about a year while their home was being built, and they spruced it up quite a bit, then last year when Loann needed a place for her and Lindsey to live, we stored all the beds in the old house of Lee's on the highway by the shop—where Eva Lou and Riley lived. Loann rearranged those sleeping rooms into an apartment with two bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and bath. Last fall we completely remodeled the kitchen, cutting a pass-through into the dining room, put up new dry wall, new flooring, new cabinets, sink and stove. It is nice now.

That garage has been through quite a process of change and improvement through the years of its existence. It has afforded shelter to lots of you members of the family and also to quite a few groups who have come to town and needed housing for a night or two. It was ideal for that sort of thing because the household did not have to be involved in their stay, so they could come and go freely to meet the schedule of activities they had come to attend. It has been interesting to witness the comings and goings of its occupants through the years.

Chapter Forty-Four -- written
February 1990

In 1941 Eldon Palmer was called to be bishop of the Thatcher Ward. He chose Leslie Farley as his first counselor and Mel Allen as his second counselor. In the fall of that year, Mel moved to Mesa and Eldon then selected me to serve as his second counselor.

I was ordained a high priest and set apart as second counselor in the Thatcher Ward by Harold B. Lee, who was then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and who later became President of the Church.

We served as a bishopric for thirteen years, and during that time we enjoyed a very close relationship that still endures. Gordon Stowell was the ward clerk, and later Glen Layton became ward clerk. Our wives grew real close, too, and we enjoyed our group on a social level as well as in Church service. We became truly like brothers and sisters.

At that time there was only one ward in Thatcher, with 1,700 members in it. We had some happy times and some sad times. Had some sad funerals we had to conduct. Years ago the bishopric or the Relief Society presidency dressed the dead for burial, and that was a hard thing for me to do.

In our years, we remodeled the old two-story church building and added on the cultural hall and kitchen. The "Ric," as we called ourselves, with the help of Lee and my brother Mark Allen and a few others, did all the plumbing and electrical wiring for all the lights, public address system, heating, cooling, etc. We spent many a late hour doing those things so it could be ready for the regular workers to have something to do the next day. We had one of the best P.A. systems available anywhere. We could direct which speaker would be used, we could plug in a microphone most anywhere in the chapel, could control the microphones (from 1 to 4) from the clerk's desk or anywhere in the audience. We had headsets for the hard of hearing and could record or play recordings over the system. We were real proud of it.

In our family, we have quite a unique distinction of having five generations of men who served as second counselor in bishoprics in Thatcher Ward. My grandfather was the first, my grandson the latest. They are:

- Grandfather John M. Allen Counselor to Bishop Moody
- Father Ephraim J. Allen Counselor to Frank Tyler
- Myself Lan P. Allen Counselor to Eldon I. Palmer
- Son Lee P. Allen Counselor to Wayne McGrath
- Grandson..... Steven L. Allen Counselor to Ladd Mullenaux

We went in as young men, but felt pretty old by the time we were released. I guess we were the only bishopric around that used non-members to teach some of our classes. Paul Guitteau led the Scouts and his wife Betty taught MIA one year. Paul was

the one who negotiated buying the building we use for the Scout House. We bought it from the government. It was one of the buildings used by the C.C.C. at Noon Creek on the mountain. We cut it in three pieces and moved it down to the back of the church yard, reassembling it in a T-shape instead of the original L. It was sure nice to get those boys out there where they could carry on their activities without disrupting anyone else. It is still in use.

Chapter Forty-Five -- written

March 1990

Years While Serving in the Thatcher Ward Bishopric, 1941 to 1954

In my 13 years in the bishopric we had some highlights and some lowlights. At one time I had 52 boys in our deacons' age group. We used to take them to the show in Safford if they had collected fast offerings. The show cost us ten cents for each boy, and most of them went every month. With that many boys, transportation each month was a major concern. All drivers that volunteered had to be educated to the fact that they all had to arrive at the school (our meeting place) at the SAME TIME. Every kid there would pile into the first vehicle that stopped; it didn't matter if it was one or fifty kids. One time Eldon, Leslie, and I were standing by our cars, watching the school when a car drove up in front and 17 boys piled in before they discovered it wasn't transportation for them, but a very surprised little lady. They all piled out again. I don't think Virgie Lee ever did discover what happened to her. She was PTA president and came early to prepare for the meeting.

Then there was Frederick Herst. Frederick was a non-member teenage Jewish boy whose family owned a clothing factory. Frederick had more problems than being Jewish in a Mormon community. He would be an oddball in any society or religion. He came to church and MIA regularly (this was back when MIA was held in the evening). He so very much wanted to be like all the other kids, but just couldn't quite make it. On nights that they had dances, Frederick couldn't get any of the girls to dance with him. I'd miss him and go looking for him and I'd find him outside the door crying. I'd go talk to the girls and persuade them to dance with him so Frederick would have a good time for a little while, then I discovered the girls couldn't get rid of him once they had danced with him. This or something similar went on every week in the

various programs. Finally Frederick graduated from high school and went off to college. I lost track of him for a couple of years. He was home from school for the Christmas holidays and was at the church meeting where they split the ward, released us from the bishopric, and called two other bishoprics. Frederick was waiting for me to get through with my affairs and caught me on the stairs going down the back of the chapel and he was mad as a hornet. He said, "What have they done to you?" I asked him what he meant, and he said, "You were in charge of things when you went into that meeting and they had put someone else in charge before you came out. What did you do to get demoted?" Frederick was ready to go to battle for me. In his experience people either got PROMoted or DEMoted. It took me 15 minutes to explain the working of the Church to him and convince him that nobody was mad at me and that a release was not a dishonorable thing to happen to you. We shook hands and he went off shaking his head like he wasn't real sure I was OK. I have never seen him since that day, but knowing Frederick was a memorable experience.

Chapter Forty-Six -- written April 1990

While I was in the bishopric, we made several trips to Salt Lake City for General Conference. It was good to be with Eldon Palmer and Leslie Farley in that situation because we enjoyed each other and talked about lots of things, and did lots of unplanned teasing of some of our traveling companions. Walter Harms was a frequent passenger on these trips and he never did catch on when we were putting him on. He was a serious, pious person who never seemed to have any fun in life at all—always spoke the truth and figured everyone else always meant every word they said.

One time a car passed us like we were standing still and I commented, "Wow, I wonder what's holding him up?"

Walter looked out the window and said, "I think there is a truck up there ahead of him."

(Grandpa told this story in Chapter 29)

Another time we had taken a sack lunch so we wouldn't have to stop to eat. Eldon ate his sandwich, and a little later he asked Walter to pass him a sandwich. Of course, they were all gone and Walter informed him of that fact (which Eldon already knew). So then Eldon started in like he was a little upset, asking who had eaten his

sandwich. Walter very meekly said, "Bishop, I think you ate your sandwich."

Eldon allowed as how he couldn't have, and Walter kept insisting that he had, until he finally ended it by saying, "Well, my stomach doesn't feel like I ate it." Walter felt like Eldon still thought somebody was guilty of eating his sandwich.

One time, during World War II, gas was rationed and you had to have stamps to purchase gas. Between Eldon and Les we had enough stamps to get us around the world, but we kept plotting that when we had to stop for gas one of us would have to keep the attendant busy so that when we paid him we could drive off fast before he realized he hadn't collected any stamps from us. Before we ever got to a station, Walter pulled out his few gas stamps and offered them to Eldon, saying, "Bishop, if you don't have enough stamps, you can use mine." He was so sincere, and he had so few. I guess he'd have walked for a month, doing without gas, just to keep us honest.

Another time, in October, the apples were ripe in the orchards along the road and Les and I kept asking Eldon to stop when he saw a tree close enough to the road that we could pick some apples. We really laid it on—how juicy and crisp they looked—be sure to stop just as soon as possible. Walter immediately asked for a rest stop and when he came back to the car he had half a sack of apples which he gave to us to eat. He was keeping us from having to steal apples to eat.

One April Conference time it was cold and snowy. Walter was staying the last night with one of his children in Orem, Utah, and we were to pick him up there at a certain time the next day. We had a business appointment with the Presiding Bishopric, after which we would be leaving town. One of the General Authorities had dropped dead that morning and everything was chaos. Our appointment was two hours late getting started, so we were two hours late leaving. When we got to Orem, there sat Walter by the side of the road, on his suitcase in the snow. He had been afraid we might miss him, so he had walked out to the main road to meet us. He had sat there for two hours. We almost had to chip ice to get him in the car.

We were in our hotel room one night and Walter came in quite late. The bishop greeted him with, "Walter, I told your good wife that I would take care of you, so I want to know where you have been and what you have been doing."

Walter looked like he'd been slapped and said, "Bishop, you knew I was going to my missionary reunion and I haven't been anywhere else." Eldon said that he had talked to a man some time ago that said that reunion was over. Walter was really hurt. He offered to go with Eldon to find that man, or to someone who had been there who would vouch for him. Eldon told him to never mind—he'd just take his word for it, and not to worry, he'd never tell Lola.

To top all the Walter stories off: we asked him once to report in sacrament meeting about the conference. In the course of his talk he broke down and cried and said how he'd learned to know and love the bishopric—he didn't know we were just people. Were our faces red! We all felt like crawling under our chairs. I guess you could say that Walter had the last laugh.

Chapter Forty-Seven -- written June 1990

An old man's recollections of his mother's family

The Pace family reunion is sponsored by Hyrum Pace (Uncle Hyde) and his family. He is the only son of James Orlando Pace (1958-1909) and Nancy Orpha Boggs (1859-1945) remaining alive on this earth today. These were the parents of my mother, Nancy Eveline Pace, and this is a brief sketch of their family.

- 1) **Electa (1877-1901)** a daughter who married John Campbell. They had two sons and a daughter. She died several years before I was born, so of course I never did know her. Family legend says that her husband was a good-for-nothing who beat her to death when they resided in Naco, Arizona. We don't know when she died or where she is buried. Grandma Pace raised her three children: John, Clyde, and Doll. Doll had another name, but I can't remember what it is. We always called her "Aunt Doll" even though she is our cousin. She married Elmer Craig, who was killed in a construction job accident. They made their home in El Dorado, Arkansas. Mom and I stopped there to visit them overnight one time. I don't know for sure how many children she had but I know it was at least four. One son was deaf. I can't remember anything about John and Clyde to tell you anything about them. John has posterity in this area, but Clyde left here as a young man and I don't know where

he went.

- 2) **Talitha Cumi (1879-1961)** a daughter, known to me as Aunt Life. She married Robert Johns and they had nine sons and six daughters. These girls were beautiful girls. They owned the first farm at the east end of the Virden valley. All the children were raised on the farm, and I have many happy memories of times shared with them during summer on the farm. Their farm was the first one in line for irrigation water and the water came directly off the mountain into the canal. At this point it was so clear and pure that they dipped their domestic water right out of the ditch.
- 3) **Nancy Eveline (1881-1973)** a daughter, my mother. She married Ephraim J Allen, a farmer, and this is where I enter the Pace family, along with 9 others. Their children are: Jimmy, Annie, Mark, Mel, Lan (I was named after my maternal grandfather, James Orlando Pace, whom my mother idolized), Dora, Eleanor, Phyllis, Irvn, and Grant. Jimmy and Annie died as infants, Phyllis and Irvn as young children. Mel, myself, Dora, and Grant are the only ones living at this time.
- 4) **Orlando (1884-1951)** a son, called Uncle Bud. He married Connie Cole and they had four sons. My first recollection of their family was in Hayden, Arizona, where he worked for the copper mines and ran what we would call today a convenience market. They had a nickel slot machine sitting on the counter and he boosted Lee up and let him drop in a nickel and pull the lever, and it paid off for about \$7 in nickels. We tried to give it back to him, but he said there was no way he was going to take the little guy's winnings. They had a son named Lad, also.
- 5) **Annie Laura (1886-1969)** a daughter, Aunt Ann. She married David Johnson and they had six sons and four daughters, all raised in Thatcher. Uncle Dave was a farmer. Aunt Ann had a fiery temper and was frequently at odds with other members of the family.
- 6) **Lena (1887-1967)** a daughter who married Sam Foster and had one son and six daughters. He was a cattleman and farmer in the Duncan area. We spent good times with these cousins riding their range. Uncle Sam was the Greenlee County Supervisor for several years

after he retired from ranching.

- 7) **Ruth (1891-)** a daughter who married Frank Houlihan and had three sons and three daughters. I only met Uncle Frank a couple of times, and never really got to know Aunt Ruth until later years although she lived with our family when she went to school in Thatcher.

Chapter Forty-Eight -- written July 1990

A continuation of "An old man's recollections of his mother's family"

The Pace family reunion is sponsored by Hyrum Pace (Uncle Hyde) and his family. He is the only son of James Orlando Pace (1958-1909) and Nancy Orpha Boggs (1859-1945) remaining alive on this earth today. These were the parents of my mother, Nancy Eveline Pace, and this is the continuation of a brief sketch of their family.

- 8) **Josephine (1895-)** a daughter, known as Aunt Jo. She married James Foster (no relation to Sam Foster, that I know), and they had three sons and three daughters. I can't recall ever meeting her husband. Aunt Jo is the grandmother that Jerry Foster referred to on TV frequently. He landed his helicopter at the cemetery and gave the kids rides after her funeral.
- 9) **James Francis (1896-1978)** a son, Uncle Jim. He married Genevieve Cordon, who was a beautiful woman, and they had two sons and one daughter. He was a farmer, and later worked in the mines.
- 10) **Dora (1898-)** a daughter, who married Silas Bradshaw and had one son and five daughters. Aunt Dora became mentally ill, and Mom and I got the duty of taking her to the asylum. She never did forgive us, although she has been speaking to me the last few years. Uncle Hyde has been keeping her for years. She lives in Virden in a little shack with dirt floors (by choice). Her husband left her and remarried. (Note: you Warners will remember this second wife as Grandma Mae Bradshaw of Parker—mother of Lloyd and Nelson Webster, and Charlotte Bradshaw Mattice.)
- 11) **Hyrum (1900-)** a son, Uncle Hyde, who married Melva Duke and had three sons and

three daughters. He still lives on the old farm that was begun by his father and mother. His family is the one that keeps the reunion going. Aunt Melva became senile and had to be watched all the time. Uncle Hyde left her one day to run to the store and when he got back she was not in the house and he couldn't find her. They formed a search party and she was found in the canal about a mile from their house. She had drowned.

12) George Irvén (1901-1981) a son known to me as Uncle Irv. He married Dortha Bass, who is still living. They had two girls who were raised in Clifton where Uncle Irv was a painter for Phelps Dodge. These two girls **still** tap dance! Uncle Irv never was active in the Church and Aunt Dot was very anti-Mormon. Since his death, she has joined the Church and been through the temple.

13) Washington Hugh (1903-1962) a son, Uncle Hugh. He married Elna Mortensen and had four sons and one daughter. He was a lawman, sheriff in Lordsburg at the time of his death. Aunt Elna died in 1989, not long after we had attended the reunion that year.

I hope my family will keep up their records and make a special effort to keep in touch with each other, building memories to keep you company in your declining years. Friends are an important part of your life, but **FAMILIES CAN BE FOREVER**. Let's try to make ours strong enough to withstand all the buffeting of time and distance. When I think back on the family unit of my youth and how so few of them strayed very far from the home pastures, I feel sorry for all of you young ones today who do not have grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins close enough to know and enjoy happy times together. My children tell me of the happy memories they have of being with my parents—the mugs Dad filled with milk directly from the cow, seeing who could get the biggest white moustache, and Mother baking goodies, or standing for hours cooking aebleskivers until all had their fill, or playing in the hay in the barn, a granary full of wheat to chew, gathering eggs, separating milk, picking figs, and apricots with sweet pits, of riding astride old "Pet" while Dad plowed the fields, playing the player piano and the wind-up record player, or playing dominoes and Monopoly, sleeping in the feather bed, etc. I hope my grandchildren have happy memories of time in my home, as I have of them spending time with us.

Chapter Forty-Nine -- written

August 1990

My earliest remembrance of the layout of the church grounds in Thatcher, Arizona

The bishop's office (which is still standing) was in the southeast corner of the church lot. It had a basement in it, and it had a baptismal font built under the flooring on the ground floor. That's where I was baptized. A cover in the floor was removed to make the font accessible, then replaced for usable floor space.

Between the bishop's office and the canal there was a corn crib, a good-sized barn, and a metal tank about 12 feet across and 12 feet high. This was the bishop's storehouse. Most of the tithes and offerings were paid by the farmers in crops. One tenth of their hay, chickens, eggs, corn, wheat, or whatever they raised. No one had any money to change hands. Next to the bishop's office to the west was the Relief Society hall, which is also still standing, and west of that was the old chapel which was built in 1902. It had a full basement (which was only halfway underground), which had a stage in one end and a very small basketball court in the remainder of it.

Around 1928 they added classrooms to the back of the chapel, to the north of it—two stories high, above ground, with no basement under that part. The restrooms were on the ground floor, as was the new baptismal font under the floor of one of the classrooms. The hall opened onto a short stairway leading to the stage in the recreation hall of the basement under the chapel.

The recreation hall was the center of all social life in the area. When the first moving pictures came out, we had a show once a week in that old basement. The electricity that ran the projector was run by a single-cylinder engine that was located behind the College across the Street. This machine was rather temperamental and stopped two or three times during the show. Then someone had to run across the street and start it up again. The projector itself was cranked by hand, and you could make the people move slowly or you could make them move fast by the speed you cranked. That was interesting sometimes. The light for the projector was a carbon-arc. In other words, two pieces of carbon (about the size of a pencil) were put together tip to tip and lit, then they had to be adjusted as they burned to leave an arc between them. Eventually we got automatically adjusted

carbons so all you had to do was replace them when they burned out.

These were silent movies with sub-titles to be read for the conversation or to describe the activity. We only had one projector so the audience had to wait after each reel until the next one was loaded onto the projector. Someone played the piano during this time, and sometimes there were five or six reels to the movie.

These shows were sponsored by the ward and there was no admission charge, so you can imagine that they were well attended.

Chapter Fifty -- written September 1990

I was talking about the Church grounds and there's one thing that we need to back up on. When people began paying tithes and offerings with money instead of with crops or goods, the Church sold the barn, corn crib, and metal tank to my dad. I can't remember the exact year that was, but I was quite young. I can remember that it was my job to collect and sort the nails as they were pulled from the boards as they dismantled the barn so it could be moved. I did a real good job—had them all sorted into neat piles—but when I put them in the wagon I dumped them all together. I got bawled out for that. I still have the metal ladder that was mounted on the side of that metal tank. Dad used the tank for a wheat granary, and when he quit farming, I took the ladder off the tank.

Another thing: the clock was not built into the steeple in the original construction of the building, but was added about the same time as the classrooms addition to the back of the building. It had four faces that could be seen for miles, and it struck the hour on the hour twenty-four hours a day. You never had much excuse for not knowing what time it was. Made it real hard to sneak in at night because your parents knew what time it was too. The clock was removed in the 1950 remodeling of the building. It was worn out and was too costly in time and money to maintain it.

The old recreation hall in the basement of the church saw lots of use in my growing up years. We didn't have television or radio, but we could find something going on in the Rec Hall nearly every night. It was the only place available for any kind of event. The high school and the College (then Gila Academy) used it for basketball games, dances, stage productions, graduation ceremonies,

concerts, pot luck dinners, carnivals; and the Church had the weekly movie and dance, class and scout activities, formal dances, roadshows, wedding receptions, reunions, etc. You could expect to see the whole community there supporting the activities. Many a courtship began there, too.

Before the classrooms were added to the building, we had sheets on wires that were pulled to divide the chapel into class areas for Sunday School and Primary. Those classes got a little noisy at times.

When we remodeled in 1950, we noticed that the steeple was leaning a little toward the north. We thought we might have a big structural problem so we inspected all the beams from top to bottom, and found them all as sound as the day they were put in. Then someone noticed that in all the old pictures the steeple was leaning slightly to the north. It had been erected with a tilt, so we quit worrying about it.

We didn't discover until the building burned that the floor of the chapel was not tied to the walls at all. You could have taken the walls down brick by brick and the floor would still be standing there supported entirely by the arch of the framework in the basement. The ceiling of the chapel was also supported solely by the framework, having no pillars for support from below. Those early builders were masters of the trade.

Chapter Fifty-One -- written December 1990

I have talked about the church being built, about the addition of classrooms on the north side, about the variety of activities held in it all through the years, and the years of serving in the bishopric and how we made our own bricks for the addition of a cultural hall and kitchen on the west side, the addition of a sound system, improvement in plumbing, wiring, etc. Now I guess it's time to talk about the sad end of the old building.

In April of 1980, I can't remember the date or the day of the week, but there had been a rehearsal of the Road Show in the building that evening, and they may still have been there when the fire started. The sirens on the fire engines brought our attention to the fact that the church was burning. We first thought of going over there to see if we could help, then we realized that our homes were in danger. Flaming debris (some sections of shingles as big as a foot across) was being carried to our

neighborhood. It was being carried clear over the houses that were closer to the church, but Dora's, Steve's, mine, and two houses on south of mine were right in the line of fallout from the blaze. We gathered all the garden hoses we could find and hoped that the fire trucks didn't pull all the water pressure, leaving us dry. As a backup, I hooked a hose to my little pump, just in case we lost the water from the pipe line. We ran water on all the roofs to keep them from catching fire from the rain of cinders. The fire department had a truck going up and down the street watching for blazes started from the fallout. The next day as we inspected our area more closely, we found seven holes burned in Steve's trampoline, and a scorched place on his roof.

The walls of the church were still standing undamaged; the floor of the chapel had two holes burned through it—one by the side pulpit and another where the bell tower had collapsed and plunged through it. The ground floor classrooms had only water damage.

The old-timers in town tried to get the building rebuilt. We even got a firm bid on restoring it, which was considerably less than the bid for a new building. But we could get no cooperation from the stake presidency and they made the decision to demolish the old building and begin completely new. Those stone walls were three feet thick at the base and they rammed them with a front end loader with a scoop as big as my living room, scooped up the debris, and hauled it out near the cemetery. I feel sure that there was a cornerstone box in the building but none was ever found. I KNOW there was one in the newest addition, because I helped put it in. I figure they must have been scooped up with a pile of rubble and dumped without being noticed by anyone.

Of course, it can never be proved, but I really believe the fire was not accidental. The reason I believe this is because of the incidence of other fires around the same time. The college had a fire at 3:00 a.m. a short time prior to the church fire, then they had another exactly one week to the day and hour that destroyed the building, and the Big Six building on Main Street burned shortly thereafter. Too many fires in major buildings in too short a time frame.

The new building cost much more than restoring the old one would have done, and it is much too small for any of the wards that use it. There are only seven rows of benches in the chapel and the choir leader almost has to sit on the pulpit to direct

the music. When we first saw the plans we knew it would be too small and tried real hard to get them to add at least another 10 feet to the chapel, but we lost that one, too. Now everyone is unhappy that it's not bigger.

Chapter Fifty-Two -- written January 1991

We drove to Los Angeles some years ago with my mother and father in a Model-T.

Mel lived in Globe at that time, and the differential (rear end) went out, so we stopped at Mel's to overhaul it. We lost one day there. We visited my Aunt Hannah Clawson in Phoenix and left there about midnight. The only crossing of the Colorado River back then was at Yuma. The road across the desert was made of wooden planks set side by side, just wide enough for one car. Every half mile or so there was a space of two widths so you could pass. If you met another car on the single area, one of you had to back up until you came to one of the wide spots. At one of those places, a truck pulled in and forced us off, and we sank in the sand and were stuck. The next vehicle to come by was a big truck and he pulled us out.

We went on to Los Angeles and visited Mark and Georgia, and brought Georgia back with us. On our way—between Superior and the tunnel—the motor was running but the car would not move. We discovered the axle was turning inside the wheel—no key. Seems that when we had it blocked up in Globe, Dad put the wheel back on, not knowing it needed a key to hold it. We had driven all the way from Globe to Los Angeles and back that far with the axle grinding out the wheel. I had to walk back to Superior and get a key, jack up the car, and replace the key. Then we came on home without any more problems.

Chapter Fifty-Three -- written February 1991

I just received an announcement/invitation from the children of long-time friends who are having a 65th wedding anniversary in April. They asked me to jot down a memory I have of the couple that might bring back a bit of the "good ol' days" to them. These writings from friends will be put in a book of remembrance which will be presented to them at their anniversary party.

A person remembers a lot of things spanning a 65-year period, but the first thought that came to my mind about Chuck and Roziel Beals was of their wedding day.

Grace and I had been married only a few weeks, when a knock came at our door in the early afternoon. There stood Chuck and Roziel, beaming yet in an anxious mood. They said they had just been married and a bunch was looking for them to shivaree them...would we please help them elude the gang? Some of the shivarees got pretty rough in those days. The favorite trick at this time was to take the newlyweds down to the Indian Hot Springs, strip them of their clothing, and leave them there overnight—no car, no clothes. Grace and I had helped several couples to escape this sort of harassment and we were glad to try to help Chuck and Roziel. They came in and we made sandwiches and grabbed a couple of quilts. I had a Model T and they had no car. (A friend had dropped them off at our house.) We hopped into the car and took off for Arivaipa Canyon. It was a beautiful place at that time with no government agency controlling when you could enter, where you could go, or how long you could stay. There was a clear stream with watercress, lots of trees, etc. It was getting dark by the time we got there. We built a fire, ate our sandwiches and talked for a little while, laughing about the gang that was looking all over town for them. We put one quilt on the ground and the other one over us, and all four of us slept bundled up together.

We didn't go home until the next afternoon and by then the shivaree party had given up looking for them.

We've laughed and teased Roziel on several occasions since then about spending her wedding night with me. She laughs and declares it really was a memorable wedding night.

Mom and I would have had our 65th wedding anniversary on March 20th of this year, but things didn't work out that way for us.

Chapter Fifty-Four -- written April 1991

Eva Lou suggested I tell you about some of the attractions of Arizona as I have traveled about the state quite a bit.

I have lived in Thatcher most of my life and never paid much attention to things that might be of interest to someone visiting the area. The closest

attraction would be to the east, less than an hour's drive to Morenci's copper mines. They boast the largest placer mine in the country, and maybe in the world. There are several viewpoints where you can look down into the pit and see the sizes of the trucks and cranes that handle the ore. If you really want to see the operation of things, they have guided tours on certain days where you can ride around and see things up close. They have trucks that can carry 190 tons of ore. You feel real small beside one of those. There's one spot in the side of the pit where the controller is in radio contact with every truck and he directs the traffic so they don't run over each other.

While you're in the area, you can drive over the Coronado Trail. Everyone ought to make that trip at least once. It's beautiful but winding and narrow in some spots. Then at Alpine you can drive back down through New Mexico, which is a better road. Down through Mule Creek you come to Glenwood, where the catwalks are. You can drive up to the mouth of the canyon and they have picnic tables and restrooms there, but you have to walk on the catwalk to get up the canyon. It is metal hanging from the rock walls. Originally it was made of wood, but has been replaced with metal. At the end, there was a gold mine, and later (legend has it) it was used as an outlaw hideout. You could hold off an army from up there. I've never been to the end, but it'd take you an hour and a half to walk all the way. At times the walk is so narrow you can barely squeeze by, and don't go on a rainy day because it gets slick when it's wet. It's cool in summer and there is a creek that comes up out of the ground, then disappears into the ground again, and the water is really cold and clear.

You head south to the 3-way junction that will bring you back into Arizona, or you can go down to Silver City, Lordsburg and on I-10 to Willcox, then on home, or go to Lordsburg and through Duncan and on home.

It makes a nice one-day outing that shows you quite a variety of sights.

Chapter Fifty-Five -- written May 1991

Continuing "Day Trips from Thatcher"

Heading east to Silver City, then a way past Deming, New Mexico, you can get to the continental divide in just a short time. There's nothing there except a sign telling you you're there.

If any of you don't realize the importance of the continental divide, it's where the East meets the West in the United States. From that point, the water either runs west to the Pacific Ocean, or east to the Atlantic Ocean. It's an interesting thing to observe and contemplate.

From there you can circle back and picnic at the Chiricahua National Park (The Wonderland of Rocks). Head into Willcox and take the Dos Cabezas Road. When you get to Dos Cabezas, just follow the signs. There will be somebody at the gate to take your money. There is a small museum there, and you'll wonder why you came because you've seen rocks before. But when you get to the top and look around, you'll conclude that you never did see rocks before. There are trees and picnic tables and restrooms there.

From there you can go on into Douglas, about 35 miles. They used to smelt the copper ore there before the environmentalists got it closed down because it polluted their air. Lots of people lost jobs. Now they smelt across the border in Mexico (but of course the winds don't blow any of the polluting smoke back across the border).

Now, if you still have time and want to drive you can go another 30 miles to Bisbee. It's a typical mining town: steep hills and narrow streets. You can take a tour of the underground mines, which is interesting, and they also have placer mines. The old Gadsden Hotel has been restored to what it was in its "hey day" and is worth seeing.

You'll probably want to do this on a different day, but it's in the same area. There are 86 missile silos around there. You can't see them because they are hidden pretty well, but they are there. They have been dismantled now, but you can take a tour through one of them. Costs about \$4.00 per person. The silo is huge (you'd have to see it to realize how big), and each contained an armed missile aimed at one particular Russian city. Those working there did not know where their missile would go. They just kept it operational and ready to fire when told.

Also in this same area is the San Xavier Mission. I can't tell you exactly when it was built, but it was in the 1700s (older than I am), and was one of the original Catholic missions in the Old West. It has been restored and well maintained and is something to visit. There is no charge here, but they do accept donations.

Seth says if you are interested in airplanes you should visit Davis Monthan Air Force Base in

Tucson. There is one, in flying condition, of every military plane ever flown in the USA. I haven't been there myself, but I am going one of these days. Riley and I saw a space shuttle riding piggy-back on one of the big planes and that was really something to see. I have a friend who made an emergency landing there one time and he found himself surrounded with military men with machine guns before he could even get out of his plane. Kinda scary for him, but nice to know our boys are on the job protecting us from unidentified persons invading our facilities.

Chapter Fifty-Six -- written July 1991

The Thatcher Stake Ballpark at Central, Arizona

During the time that Seth Mattice was Stake President, it was decided that we needed a ballpark of our own. Everyone agreed that we needed one, but President Mattice was the driving force that actually got it accomplished.

As the facility sits today, there are four playing fields that can be used at the same time, with bleachers for each one, and a snack bar. It looks relatively simple now to just push a few buttons and have lights and equipment to play ball. Easy? NO!

Let's go back to the beginning. They surveyed every available piece of land in Thatcher, moving out into ever-widening circles trying to find a place large enough to fit the need. They finally located some ground in Central. It was owned by a Mrs. Elmer and she stipulated in the sale that it could be used only for a Church ballpark.

President Mattice contacted Allen Pump Company to put in the lights. That was me, Lee, and Glen Shurtz at that time. Lee located some pipe that would do for poles, and bought enough to light the two north fields. (We intended to finish those, then add the other two fields later.) Those poles are 70 feet long, with no welds, which makes them pretty sturdy. The brackets for lights and the cage to stand in to work on them were welded in place. We worked every night for several hours and all day Saturdays welding and preparing them before they could be set up. We were coming along toward finishing up when someone came along and asked how many and what kind of lights we intended to put up. We hadn't given any thought to how much actual light would be needed to be adequate for playing ball. We investigated all kinds, from major league fields on down and finally settled for the

middle range of intensity that we were told we would need. This meant that we had to mount four lights with 1500 watts each on each pole. With the posts nearing completion we discovered that we needed reinforced concrete to set them in. President Mattice called Eldon Palmer to take care of that item. Allen Pump did the welding on the reinforcement. Then came the problem of setting up a 70-foot long pole, which would take a pretty big crane to lift it upright. Alf Claridge had a junker that we figured we could repair and make do to get the job done. We had to guy-wire the poles to hold them secure until the cement set, and Eldon figured out a way to do that.

About that time another electrical question popped into our heads. Do we use a switch for each light, each pole, or each field??? We settled on one switch for each pole. Then, what kind of wire, 240 or 480?? The electric company preferred 480, so that is what we used.

So now we had the poles standing with pegs welded on each one to mount a ladder on and were ready to mount the equipment on each post. We had to have conduit to each pole and a central housing to hold all the switches. President Mattice called somebody to build the house to contain all the electrical equipment, and it grew to also contain restrooms and a concession stand.

While we were pouring cement, we realized that we didn't have any water. The nearest pipe was by the Central Store or up at Webster Hill. The City of Safford did not want to run any line down to us. Everett Smith owned the acreage adjacent to the ballpark and he said he had a meter at Webster Hill that we could tie into and that he would even pay the monthly bill on it. He was not a member of the Church, but he continued to pay for our water until he died. His widow said it was OK with her to just leave it the way it was, but we decided we had better do something about it now before she died too and we might have ourselves in some legal bind with the property. We got a meter in just this year (1991). Guess who got to handle that job? Lee, as part of his stake calling.

While we're talking about water, Allen Pump Company dug an irrigation well in the southwest corner of the lot to flood the fields and another down by the concession building.

Are we ready to plant grass and play ball under the lights??? NOT QUITE!

We didn't have any back stops or fencing to mark off the "home run" area. They contacted Phelps

Dodge and got them to donate the pipe for fencing on the two lower fields. And Allen Pump Company got to do the welding on those so they could be used to make a fence.

Now are we ready to play ball??? Not yet! We didn't have any seating for spectators. We heard somehow that Dick Van Dyke was closing his show in Phoenix and auctioning off all the equipment in the building. We were interested in the bleachers. Lee went to look it over and liked what he saw and entered a bid and got them for a real good price. So good that two men arriving too late to enter a bid on them offered to pay twice what he had paid for them. He refused the offer. He even paid for them with an Allen Pump Company check. Then came the hitch! They had to be gone from the building by 5:00 p.m. the next day! Lee called the Stake President and he rounded up trucks and some men in addition to the Allen Pump employees. I held down the business while the rest of them were gone. They didn't have time to take them all apart, so they cut them in pieces and loaded them up. I don't know how, but they accomplished the task before the deadline. Eldon figured out how we wanted them arranged on the field, and he and I proceeded to weld, make steps, ramps, and a back rail. They had been against the wall in the building so they had no back on them. On the hand rails we welded a metal ball to the top of each post. The balls came from Phelps Dodge rock crushers. The ball mills crush the stone to powder and when the balls get worn down to about the size of a tennis ball, they are thrown away.

Like I said, it looks easy. Just push a button and everything lights up just as expected. Except while we were working on the two north fields, the Globe Stake President saw that the mines were throwing away some poles. He managed to get them donated to us. So now we had posts enough for two more fields, and we started all over again.

Everything worked fine except for one Pima Ward team that monopolized a field. Because there were more than 4 teams in the stake, we were assigned times and fields for practice. The team I was playing with went down at our allotted time and found that team already there and not about to give in to us. A Brother Rugg told us they had priority on it because of all the time their ward had spent in getting the fields prepared and playable. We finally prevailed and had our practice. The next day he came down and apologized. He hadn't realized who he was talking to about time put in on the park.

I guess our efforts and resourcefulness enabled us to build it for about a tenth of what it would have cost without us. It's been well used and enjoyed by many through the years.

One sad note for us was the accidental death of President Mattice before it was completed.

Chapter Fifty-Seven -- written September 1991

I think it's time to start introducing the family to those of you who do not know who your uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, and cousins are and how they got there.

I married Grace Elizabeth Lee on March 20, 1926. Everybody told us we were too young, but we knew we weren't. We were happy as newlyweds and even happier when our first child, Lee, joined us on April 5, 1927. He was a beautiful baby and had a sweet disposition and brought us a lot of joy. We lived in Miami when he was born, but Grace went home to her mother in Pima for his birth. We moved back to Thatcher when he was still very young. The three of us were sealed as an eternal family in the Arizona temple in 1927. Lee attended Thatcher schools for all of his education. He was an excellent student all through the years, participated in all the sports activities, and played the saxophone in the high school band and orchestra. After graduating from Thatcher High in 1945, Lee joined the U.S. Navy and got in on the tail end of World War II.

After his honorable discharge from the Navy, Lee returned home to Thatcher and went to work with me for Art Jamison. Both of us later worked for Safford Equipment Company, then went out on our own to establish Allen Pump Company. Lee has spent all his working life developing and owning that business. In addition to the long hours of work demanded by the business, he has devoted many hours to the Church through the many various callings he has held.

In October of 1948 Lee married Colleen Layton in the Arizona Temple and they have lived in the Valley all these years, most of the time in the same house which they built as a two-bedroom home and have enlarged as the family increased to include five sons: Steve, Scott, Greg, Chris, and Mark. All five grew up in Thatcher, and all five served foreign missions for the Church. Steve was called to Taiwan, but ended up in Hong Kong and Thailand.

Scott went to Japan, Greg to the Philippine islands, Chris to France, and Mark to Chile.

Steve married Patricia Dowdle, who had waited faithfully while he was on his mission. They live next door to me and Steve works at Allen Pump and is an assistant football coach at the College this year. Their first child, Matthew, lived only a couple of days, but they have seven others: April, who has graduated from Thatcher High and is attending EAC, Aaron, Lan, Sara, Chad, Ty, and Curtis.

Scott first married Gerry Mattice, and they had two sons, Douglas and Lee. They divorced and Scott later married Debbie Shepard. She is expecting their first child, I understand. They live in Tempe, AZ, where Scott is a pilot for Federal Express and Debbie has been managing a 31 Flavors ice cream store.

Greg married Teresa Mecham and they live in Mesa, AZ at the present time, where Greg operates a carpet cleaning business. They have five children (two boys and three girls): Nathan, Jared, Marie, Lisa, and Diana.

Chris married Tammy Black and they live across the street from me here in Thatcher. Chris is the bookkeeper, sales manager, and sometimes repairman for Allen Pump Company. They, too, lost their first child, Jennifer. They have three boys named David, Ryan, and Eric.

Mark married Carie Allen and they also live in Mesa, AZ. Mark is a Real Estate advisor and is taking the exam soon to become a broker. They have four little girls: Julie, Katie, Sarah, and Jenna who is our latest family addition, born September 1, 1991.

I'll continue next month with my second child and her family, but I want you all to understand right now that I love each one of you and I'm proud of my family. I hope I don't forget to mention someone or slight anyone, but be assured if I do that it is not intentional.

Chapter Fifty-Eight -- written October 1991

When Lee was 19 months old, we were blessed with our first daughter: Eva Lou. She was born early on Thanksgiving Day, 29 November 1928. We named her for our mothers, Nancy EVAline and Lucy. She was more different from Lee than just being of the opposite sex. Lee had dark hair and

eyes like Mom, while Eva Lou had blue eyes and was bald until she grew a little blond fuzz. She was a fussy baby with a temper and stubborn as a mule. We had quite a time making Lee stand up to her as she began to toddle. She would grab his toys and run and Lee would cry and let her get away with it.

Eva Lou was also a good student through all her school years, but she had to work harder at it than Lee did. She was active in the girls' athletics, glee club, drama, and played the clarinet in the band and orchestra. She was elected student body secretary her senior year in high school.

Just three weeks after high school graduation, on 10 June 1946, she married Riley Warner in the Arizona Temple. They first lived in Mesa, and Riley went to Tempe College (now ASU) for a few months before they moved to Pocatello, Idaho where Riley attended Idaho State Pharmacy College. Arizona did not have a pharmacy college at that time.

Our first grandchild, Anna, was born in Pocatello on 7 July 1948. She was a delightful child and as smart as any first grandchild can be. When Anna was 16 months old, Mom and I drove the big truck to Pocatello and moved Eva Lou and Anna home to live with us until Riley graduated. That was a terrible trip. Anna had a terrible bout with diarrhea (before throw-away diapers). When we arrived home, I carried Anna into the house and told her that at my house she couldn't suck her thumb. She looked at me, then said, "OK, Paunka." And she never did suck it again. She never did call me Grandpa either. She talked plain as can be and called Mom "Grandma," but there was no way we could get her to call me anything but Paunka until we had several more grandchildren.

Anna married first Gary Hoover and had Tammy, Jared, and Lindy. Then she married Marley McClung and had Melissa. She is single now and works for the Los Angeles Police Department Communications. Tammy is married to Leon Peterson and has Randy, Jessica and Kiley.

Alan was born 11 January 1951, in Safford. He first married Sherry Rossman and they had Mark. He later married Kathleen Digilio and they had sons Jesse and Benjamin. Alan owns Alamo Drywall in Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

Michael was born 27 June 1952 in Phoenix, AZ. He married Lee Jamison Standley, a mother of 5 children: Scott, Stacy, Steve, Marianne, and Stuart. They had Mick and Amanda. Mike is single now and lives in Las Vegas, Nevada where he is

learning to be a blackjack dealer. Stacy has one child and Marianne just had her second.

Jon Brian was born 30 November 1953. He served a mission to Chile, then married Luraly Baird. They have David, Julia, Dale, Elden, and Caroline. They live in San Jose, CA, where Brian works with computers.

Kathy was born 21 January 1956. She married Edward St. George. They had Charles, Andrea, Emily, and Jennifer. Kathy is single and lives here in Thatcher where she works at home doing custom computer printing, and she works for Don Lancaster who writes and sells computer programs and books.

Bruce was born 17 July 1957. He served a mission in Paraguay-Uruguay. He married Gaylene Jacobson, and they have Chris, Leah, Jason, Miranda, Natalie, and Curtis. They live in Richfield and Bruce works in Salt Lake City, Utah for National Semiconductor.

Are you counting? From these first two of my children (Lee and Eva Lou), I have 11 grandchildren, 46 great-grandchildren, 5 step-grandchildren, 3 great-great-grandchildren, and 3 step-great-great-grandchildren. That's 68, in case you got lost!

Chapter Fifty-Nine -- written October 1991

Our third child, a boy we named Seth, was born on April 20, 1931. He was born at Grandma Allen's house and she was the nurse helping Dr. Butler. According to the baby book that his mother kept, he weighed 8 pounds and was 24 inches long. Again according to the book, he had "lots of black hair, that looks like it might curl." It later turned blond, and obviously didn't curl. Aunt Lola said that if he hadn't been born at home she would swear that there was a mix-up at the hospital.

Seth was skinny but healthy for the first few months of his life, but then was sick for a long time. He could not walk until he was 16 months old, because his legs would not hold him up until then. Venla (Mel and Lola's daughter) lived next door and was the same age. She had the walking advantage and would take Seth's things and run. However, Seth had the biting advantage and made her pay when he caught her. Of course Mom always bit him back to teach him a lesson, but didn't have the heart to bring blood as he sometimes did.

Seth was a good student in his early years in school, but extra-curricular activities got in his way later and his grades suffered. He played all of the sports that Thatcher had at the time, but loved football the most, even though he only weighed 140 lbs. when he graduated. He was in several school plays, and played the drums in the band, orchestra, and Art Gardner's dance band.

Seth decided to join the Navy and see the world just a few months out of high school. He joined under a special program that allowed him to be on active duty for one year, then in the inactive reserve for six more years. Most of that one year was spent in school in Memphis, Tennessee, learning about helicopters. His last duty assignment was in a helicopter squadron in Mirimar, California. Later, during the Korean conflict, Uncle Sam tried to put him back on active duty, but President Truman wouldn't sign the papers necessary to call out the reserve, so he was spared duty in Korea.

Seth met Nancy Philp, from Miami, while they were still in high school. The romance lasted through the Navy and one year of college before they were married on November 9, 1951, in the Arizona Temple. Because he was on the college football team the honeymoon had to wait. They were married on a Friday, and he played a game on Saturday afternoon, then he left on a trip to Colorado to play the next week.

Their first child, Janice, was born on October 8, 1952 in Safford. Just a few months after she was born, they built a house next to Mom and me. Lori was born May 7, 1954 also in Safford. Then in June of 1956, when Janice was four and Lori was two, Seth tested for and was accepted by the Phoenix Police Department with a hiring date of July 2, 1956. Nancy was pregnant with Trish (formerly Patti) and was due in August. Nancy stayed in Miami with her parents until Trish was born on August 3, 1956 in Globe. Seth lived in Phoenix with Riley and Eva Lou while he attended the Police Academy. They then rented a place in Phoenix for a couple of years, then had a house built across the street from where they lived. Paul was born on October 24, 1958 in Phoenix.

Seth was lucky; the Phoenix P.D. began expanding quite rapidly and he was promoted to sergeant the same day that he was eligible. Other promotions followed and he eventually retired as an Assistant Chief in 1983, 27 years later.

During that time Janice went to school at EAC and met her husband Ron Howard. They lived in Phoenix until Ron graduated from ASU. They then

returned to Thatcher and started raising kids. Wendy, the oldest, is now in school in Provo, Utah. Scott, #2, is a freshman at EAC. Next year Cami, Missy, and J.R. (the next three) will all be in high school at the same time. Becky, the last one, will still be in grade school.

Lori also went to EAC, but played at being a career girl until just a few years ago. She married Darrell Stephenson from Safford. In the next three years they had three children: Shannon, Wayne, and Shari. Shannon wasn't quite three when Shari was born. Darrell works for the Cypress Mine in Miami, and they live in Globe.

Trish is still a career girl. She works for a firm in California called Irvine Optical. They are not in Irvine, nor do they deal in optics. She has had the opportunity to travel for the company around the country and in Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, and other countries in Europe. She says she has learned how to say "Diet Coke" in all of those languages. She stays busy and enjoys her work.

Paul went on a mission to the Pennsylvania Pittsburgh Mission. The mission covered parts of several states and he labored in all of them. He enjoyed the East but not the cold. He later married April Smith from Thatcher. They have three little girls: Alyssa, Bethany, and Shelby.

That adds four grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren to the previous total.

Paul followed in his dad's footsteps and joined the Phoenix Police Department. He has recently been promoted to sergeant. They live in Mesa and he commutes to Phoenix to work.

Seth and Nancy moved back to Thatcher in 1984. They lived in the apartment behind our house until they built a house on the other side of town. Seth worked for about a year as the Undersheriff in Graham County, and is now the Town Magistrate for the Town of Thatcher.

Chapter Sixty -- written February 1992 by Phyllis

Phyllis was born September 23, 1936. She went through the Thatcher schools and graduated from high school in 1954. She attended E.A. and graduated in 1956. Phyllis was working at the Safford A&W where she met Raymond Nathan Thompson who was in the army and stationed at Fort Huachuca. They were married in Thatcher on

October 20, 1956 at the home of Bishop Ewart Lee. They made their home in Longview, Washington where Ray was born and raised. Ray joined the church in February 1957 and has been very active and held many positions since.

Lanis Jean was born September 13, 1957. We lived at 352 20th in Longview. Raylene was born June 17, 1960. Marilee was born November 12, 1961. In February of 1964 they moved to 516 29th in Longview. Craig Raymond was born June 22, 1964. Kara Lyn was born May 15, 1969. In December 1974 we moved to 2501 30th. All of the children attended Longview schools and all graduated from R.A. Long High School.

Lanis attended two years at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. She worked for many years as P.R. and hostess at the Longview McDonalds. She was married to Randy Clayton Cart September 20, 1986 in Longview, WA. Steffanie Kaye was born May 13, 1987. Clayton Hughes was born March 29, 1988. Lanis is a wonderful mother and spends her time with her beautiful kids. Randy is in the logging industry.

Raylene attended Ricks College for two years and BYU for three years. She graduated with a degree in education and has taught kindergarten in Longview since her graduation. Raylene married Dale Allen Crawford March 20, 1987 in Longview, WA. At that time Dale had three children: Jennifer Lynn, 11 years; Jason Andrew, 8 years; and James Allen, 5 years. Dale's previous wife, Natasha, died in July 1986. On August 26, 1989, Joshua Dale was born. They moved from Castle Rock to Longview in August 1990, to 2501 30th, which was Ray and Phyllis' home. Ray and Phyllis didn't need the 5-bedroom house and the Crawfords needed a bigger one. Dale works for Longview Tire Co. He is a brake specialist and Raylene teaches school, has the patience of Job, and would like to be home with her family.

Marilee also attended Ricks College and got a degree in early childhood education. She worked for a brief time at a preschool daycare in Longview. She married Lyle Geoffrey Smithingell September 4, 1982 in the Seattle Temple. Andrew Geoffrey was born December 10, 1983. Tyler Ray was born January 16, 1986. Spencer Lee was born November 20, 1987. Allison Lyn was born December 26, 1989. Elise Marie was born July 5, 1991. They lived in Rainier, Oregon until March 1991 when they moved to Graham, Washington near Tacoma. Marilee is also a good mother and enjoys being home with her own five beautiful

children and Lyle is a journeyman carpenter and works in new construction.

Craig chose not to go to college but was trained by Safeway as a baker. He married Nicole Marie Anderson June 24, 1989 which ended in divorce one year later. He has recently decided on a career change and is working for an auto detailing business. He seems to be happier working with his first love: cars. At least the working hours are better. He doesn't have to go to work at 2:00 a.m.

Kara attended Ricks College for one year. She has just recently returned from a mission for the church in the Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh Mission. Her future at this point is undecided.

Eva Lou's insert: I asked Phyllis to write something about her life since she was so young when I left home that I don't know much about her early years, then she moved so far away that we don't see a lot of her and her family. As you can see, she wrote facts that do not tell much about her personality, etc. so Dad and I got our heads together and came up with a few things that we remember.

I can vaguely remember the day she was born. Uncle Mel took all us kids to a ballgame of some kind over at the college stadium and kept us away from home for quite a while, and we were so thrilled when we got home to have a baby sister!

Phyllis was always the most mild tempered of all us kids (still is), and got along well with everyone. I loved to comb her hair and try to curl it, and she was always very patient about it. She sucked her forefinger for quite a long time and Mom and Dad had quite a time breaking her from it.

When she was only 3 or 4 I was giving her a ride to the swimming pool on Lee's bike and somehow her foot got caught in the front wheel and pulled under the fender and the frame. She was pulled off the bike but I managed to hold onto it to keep it from wrecking on top of her. However, try as I might, I couldn't hold up the bike and pull her free. She was crying and bleeding pretty badly from the gash on her ankle. I was crying from guilt and frustration at my inability to extract her foot from the bicycle. I finally had to lay the bike down on top of her and run back home for help. She was laid up for quite some time, and I was her nursemaid.

Dad remembers a time when she was a relatively new driver. She was to deliver some kind of goodies she had made for something and as she backed out of the driveway and started forward, the goodies started sliding off the seat. In the process

of rescuing the goodies, she wrapped the front of the car around a pole.

Dad also remembers what a hard time Ray had courting her. He was in the military and stationed at Fort Huachuca. He met Phyllis at the A&W when he was here with a crew brought in to fight fire on the mountain. He had to hitch-hike back and forth to court her. They totaled their car the first time they came back to Arizona after their marriage—went to sleep at the wheel somewhere around Salome. Seth picked them up and brought them home. Lee gave them a Plymouth he had to get home in.

Phyllis has always been caring and dependable to give whatever aid she can to anyone. She didn't mention what a joy and what a struggle Joshua brought into all their lives. She really spends a lot of her time caring for little Josh as Raylene has to work. I've never heard her complain about it and have been very impressed with all she has learned about his condition in order to serve him the very best she can.

She didn't total her household for us, so I'll try. Phyllis and Ray, 5 children, 3 sons-in-law, 11 grandchildren (4 girls and 7 boys). Does that add up to 21?

Phyllis has a beautiful soprano voice and is asked frequently to sing for different programs. She used to sing for funerals quite often. She does (or did before arthritis claimed her hands) a lot of needlework and crafts of all kinds. Most of us have something in our homes that she made. We're glad she's ours.

Chapter Sixty-One -- written

March 1992 by Loann

I was born a poor black child, during a blinding snow storm, very premature, but I survived only to be a servant to my older brothers and sisters.

Well, okay, I wasn't black, but dark; and it wasn't a snow storm, but bright; and, okay, I weighed 10 lbs. 10 oz.; but the rest is true. My brothers and sisters have very bad memories because they think I was spoiled. We were poor though, because we didn't own a horse!!!

I was an asthmatic baby and spent a lot of time being held and seeing a lot of Dr. Butler and fighting for breath.

I had a very happy childhood; it involved a lot of paper dolls and kick-the-can playing with neighborhood kids. The houses were different then—there was the Udalls in the big house, then the Smiths lived in a house where the Metzgers' house is now (this is Mr. Ralph Smith, high school principal now). He was Mickey, my childhood friend; there was also Jimmy, Jeanette and Joan Smith. In the house where the Martinez's are now were Jerry and Joe Robinson. And of course there were Grandma and Grandpa Allen where Steve lives and my cousins Spike, Alene and Nancy on the other side of Grandma's. Grandma had cows, pigs, and chickens in a barn behind Aunt Dora's and Uncle Mark and Aunt Georgia lived in the house where the Browns live now. We spent a lot of time in the back and on the back path between all these places. We built forts and played in barns and rescued chickens from a deep silo in back of McCrae's house. Part of it is still there behind the field. Joe always threw them down there because he was a mean kid. We always got in rock fights in the middle of the street, but always made up before evening when we all got together on our lawn to play red light, mother may I, kick the can, and red rover. The street was lined with big-big huge trees and ditches in front. We always had several tree houses and were always wading. There was one swimming pool, which was pump water; it was located where the band room is now at the high school. I walked there almost every day in summer to swim. On Saturdays we drained the pool and cleaned it and refilled it all day Sunday and it was real cold and clean again on Monday. For my help I got free passes.

At one time or another during my early childhood I took lessons in tap dancing, ballet, acrobatics, baton, piano, and clarinet. The dancing was in the garage by Mrs. Mortenson, who gave them to me free if I helped her. The baton was by Marie Busby in Safford—these we really couldn't afford, but Nedra was and I begged a lot so Mom gave in. And of course piano was from Bernice Stowell. Clarinet I learned in school. I really was pretty good in all of them—sort of a natural or so they said.

I begged my whole young life for a baby brother or sister—all my friends had them. I didn't care what color; when the Farleys got an Apache, I cried for one. One of the most happy events of my childhood were the firstborn of my three older siblings. I was 8 when Anna was born, but they lived so far away, but I so so-ooo proud. None of my friends were "Aunts." Then at 10 I had my very

own nephew that lived close enough to tend and love and dress, but didn't have to stay when he cried. Steve was a beautiful baby and I really showed him off. When I was 12 Janice was born and I adored her. I took her for walks and used her wet diapers to wipe away my freckles (yes, I was told this worked and it did—I don't have any now). My nieces and nephews were the little brothers and sisters I didn't get when I begged for them. Something else I never got was a horse (I suffered a LOT), but fortunately my friends Nedra and Brenda had ranches and plenty of horses, so we rode a lot. Some days we'd pack a lunch and head out and go way out past the golf course, now known as Daley Estates.

One of the things I enjoyed as a pre-teen was going to Eva Lou and Riley's in the summer and spending some time. Nedra went with me a lot and we would catch a bus downtown, shop, see a movie, or ride the elevators in the Adams Hotel. We would get a treat from Riley at the drug store. These were great times and they had a TV so we would watch TV a lot! We felt so big. By then there were Alan and Michael and I loved them all so much.

In Thatcher by then Seth and Nancy built a house next door, and there was Lori and then Patti (now Trish) and at Colleen's house was Scott and Greg. I was so blessed and I loved them all—it was great!!!

In my later teens, when boys, sports, cheerleading, etc. had replaced my baby-sitting, I still enjoyed each one. Kathy and Bruce spent a lot of their young lives with us and I remember making my date take me to the hospital to see Chris the day he was born.

When Lanis was born I was starting my senior year. Mom and Dad and I went to Washington for this event. Unfortunately she chose not to show up while we were there, so Dad and I left Mom there and we drove home.

My first date with Brooks was while Mom was in Washington. He had moved to Thatcher with his dad and step-mom, had gone two years in Safford, one year in Las Vegas, and now his senior year at Thatcher. He was very wild, by our standards. He was a Mormon, but only because of his mom (who was a Bryce, but not active). He straightened up after a few months and we fell in love. In high school I was very athletic and on all varsity teams even as a freshman. I was also a cheerleader—in those days there were only three—and we were also the pompoms. I was first chair first clarinet for three years in the band and also a member of the

high school trio, singing second with Sally Layton as soprano and Loraina Stowell as alto.

In going to E.A. I gave up all athletics and cheering in order to work and earn some money, because my mom took me aside and told me that Dad and Lee were going into terrible debt to build Allen Pump and we had to be frugal. I remember feeling very afraid for them. I worked at Thatcher Pharmacy for 75 cents an hour and felt I was doing my share for Allen Pump. That year at E.A. I was voted Homecoming Queen which was quite an honor for me. Brooks and I got engaged and decided that the only way for him to be an architect was to marry and me work to put him through. That's what we did.

Our wedding took place in July 1959 after one year at E.A. I still felt a real need to economize, but Allen Pump seemed to be doing OK. To make my wedding economical for my parents, I borrowed a wedding dress from Nell Hoopes, had no bridesmaids, and hand delivered local invitations. This was the first time that I had to deal with divorced parents at the same event—divorce was very foreign in my circle of friends and relatives. So in the receiving line, we put his mother, Jean, at the beginning, then my folks, then Brooks and I, then Martha, his stepmom, and Jack, his dad. It went pretty good, I felt, but a little uncomfortable.

Oh my—I've already written a book and I've only got my life to age 19. To be continued, maybe—if they let me finish the four installments!

Chapter Sixty-Two -- written April 1992 by Loann

I knew it—I knew it—I knew it—the minute I read last month's book I KNEW I would hear from Paul and MAYBE Brian. The truth is Brian was very adorable, and came in the same era as Lori and Greg, but Paul was born when I was in college and in love—so I didn't see a lot of him as an infant; however, as I'll mention later, he played a big part a little later.

Meanwhile, back to the history . . . Brooks and I married in the temple in July of 1959 after one year at E.A. Our honeymoon was a few days in Las Vegas.

Eva Lou and Riley had some friends who owned a motel on East Van Buren and needed someone to manage it—so two 19 year olds started managing a motel right after we were married. It was hard because Brooks was in college and I had to boss

maids and a lady who did all the sheets in the laundry behind our apartment. In February they sold the motel, so we moved in with the Warners for one month until an apartment that we wanted was vacant. I got a job with Valley Bank that month. I also got with child that month. I'm sure it was the water....

I worked through September and Brooks got a job at VNB service charging accounts at night. Lucia Lee was born October 20th the same year as Mark and Raylene. I managed to keep from going back to work until the next April. It was during that time that I spent a lot of time with Paul and his cute little sayings and messy diapers that had to be cleaned with a garden hose outside in January—he'll never forgive me for that!

The next two years was school and babysitters and work. Eva Lou tended Lucia while I worked.

On Lucia's third birthday Randy was born. At this point in life I could only afford one month off from work, so December 1st I was back at VNB and Nancy tended kids for me also. Brooks was in his final year at A.S.U. working on his thesis, so couldn't work.

I quit working in January 1965, the same month we bought our first house—across the street from Seth and Nancy. That summer Bradley was born.

We had a good life. We did everything with Seth and Nancy and we were best friends. Had built-in baby-sitters and kept Janice in the latest hair styles (against her will).

Two months after Brad was born, Brooks' mom and aunt were killed in an auto wreck. That was really hard for us; she was so young and fun. Brooks was put in the bishopric that next year—at age 26. The next year his dad died from cancer, so my kids lost both their grandparents.

In 1968 Lezlie Lyn was born and was such a little doll. She came 3 days after I played in a volleyball tournament in Mesa.

Everything was going great; in August we took in a Navajo girl named Bessie and in September Randy was to enter first grade, but he got the measles. After a week of being very ill and Brad getting them also, I couldn't take any more, so they were put into the hospital on Sunday and Mom and Dad came over and took Lezlie home with them. On Monday Randy died of complications and ended our world as we knew it.

That Wednesday we had the funeral and didn't want to leave Brad while we came to Thatcher to

bury him, but were assured by ward members he would never be alone. By the time we got back to Phoenix (about midnight) Brad had taken a turn for the worse and was in the same shape Randy had been in just before dying. It was the longest 8 days of our life—before Brad was well enough to come home. Also my mom had suffered a stroke when Randy died and we couldn't comfort each other the way we would have liked to. That happened in September, and by Thanksgiving we were on our way to live in California to get away from memories. Brooks had a good job offer there.

I want you all to know that it was our family that kept us from falling apart. You were all so wonderful. There are many things that were done that I was too numb to realize, but I know that without my strong mom and dad and extended family and friends we wouldn't have made it.

We spent one year in Menlo Park and had a lot of good times there. We spent lots of time in San Francisco and spent quality time with the kids. Bessie had stayed in Arizona so it was while in California we applied for an Apache girl and got Katy. She was Lucia's age, but a year behind in school. We came back to Arizona and Katy came with us. Our renter had moved out of our house, so everything fell into place.

Brooks was put on the high council and our life got back to somewhat normal and the next year Lonnie Sue was born. Lonnie was my largest baby and made me miserable all summer. The first week of her life she had no voice. We could see her cry, but not hear her. Too bad that cleared up, huh?

Our little 3 bedroom, 1 bath house was now quite full with 5 children but we decided to have one more and so Lindsey Brooks came in March of 1974. We knew then that our family was complete.

In 1975 we got the chance to move to Paradise Valley and rent the house the church bought for seminary. This would have been very traumatic except by then our neighborhood had disbanded and moved elsewhere. Seth and Nancy were now in west Phoenix, the freeway was coming through. At this time Lucia was going into her sophomore year and Katy a freshman. This house was much bigger and nicer and we loved it there. Brad got very involved with Pop Warner football and Lezlie and Lonnie were little cheerleaders. He also got into community basketball, which Brooks coached.

Lucia's senior year she and Scott started dating shortly after he returned from his mission. They decided that her 18th birthday was a good date to be

married. This was also the year that Brad's team was tops and was invited to play in Hawaii in November. They gave such good rates that we all went, except Lindsey, who stayed with Grandpa and Grandma. That was 1978.

In 1979 Kate graduated and moved back to the reservation. We were so sad when she left because we loved her as our own. That fall we got her enrolled and up to BYU, but she didn't stay. Instead she moved back to White River and got married.

Adam was born in November of 1979, the year Brooks and I were 39 years old. I thought it was wonderful!!!! Katy's Brandon was born the next April before I turned 40.

Something happened in the awful year of 1980 around my 40th birthday. I don't know what led to the crisis in Books' life; it's call mid-life crisis, but it shattered ALL our lives. At the time he was in the Paradise Valley 3rd Ward bishopric. We stayed together, which was very difficult at first. He was excommunicated and for a few months it was touch and go between us, but we loved each other and lived through it and were grateful for our Heavenly Father's plan of forgiveness.

In 1981 we started rebuilding and had a great relationship. We took a trip to Mazatlán with friends C.F. and Jackie Teeple, and in February Matt was born. It was great having 3 grandsons!!!

In the meantime, Brad was the center of our attention 'cause he was a great athlete and was doing a great job on Shadow Mountain's football team and outstanding on the varsity basketball team. He was a super shooter and saved more than one game for them.

So what went wrong??? Stay tuned for the final episode of this soap opera. I know what you're thinking: WHO CARES? I'm hoping that by writing this it may help some of you to know that if you're having difficulties, YOU ARE NOT ALONE. And I want all of you—my nieces and nephews and all my family to keep out of those situations that will ruin the rest of your lives and the lives of those most precious children of yours....IT'S NOT WORTH IT!!! I love you all. FAMILIES ARE FOREVER.

Loann

Chapter Sixty-Three -- written
June 1992

Loann got away without giving us the next installment in the saga of her life, so I guess I'll fill the space for this month.

I've been thinking of all the changes and progress that have been made in my lifetime. I have lived through the fastest-changing era of all time. Right now I am very aware of the advances in medicine. Years ago the eye was one area of the body that was strictly off limits to even be touched. Now they can replace parts of it.

Another area of significant growth is in farming. My grandfather, John M. Allen, harvested his grain with a sickle to which a cradle was attached. The cradle caught the wheat stalks as they were cut, then he stopped to tie them into small bundles to dry them. The stalks were laid on canvas to dry, then they ran horses over them or beat them with poles—anything to get the kernel out of the husk. Then on a windy day they would take hold of the corners of the canvas and toss the wheat into the air. The chaff would blow away and the wheat fall back into the canvas. It was loaded into wagons and hauled to the granary where it was stored for later use.

My father progressed to the use of a machine called a binder which cut the stalk and tied it into sheaves. Those stood in the field to dry. There was a steam engine, or tractor, that turned a separator that separated the wheat from the chaff. This engine was on wheels and so heavy that all the bridges had to be reinforced to hold its weight. It went around to all the farms and processed everyone's wheat. They would start at 4:30 a.m. and you could hear it whistle for miles around. The separator was big enough to keep 20 manned wagons going. I can remember driving the empty wagons back to the farm to be reloaded with grain. I was 9 or 10 years old. To feed the steam engine, they had a wagon loaded with coal and wood and another wagon loaded with water and equipped with a hand pump. It was reloaded with water pumped from the ditch.

Into my era, we used an engine driven by gasoline or kerosene. The first ones had separators that were pulled through the fields. Those evolved into the combine. It was called a combine because all functions were combined into one machine.

That original steam engine ended up at Dankworth's in Safford. He used it to run his mill.

There were teams of workers that followed the grain crops all summer, harvesting from here to the Canadian border, May through September.

Today's farmer rides around his farm in an enclosed, air-conditioned tractor that is huge and very costly . . . and remote-controlled ones are being developed.

It's a big, wide wonderful world full of opportunity.