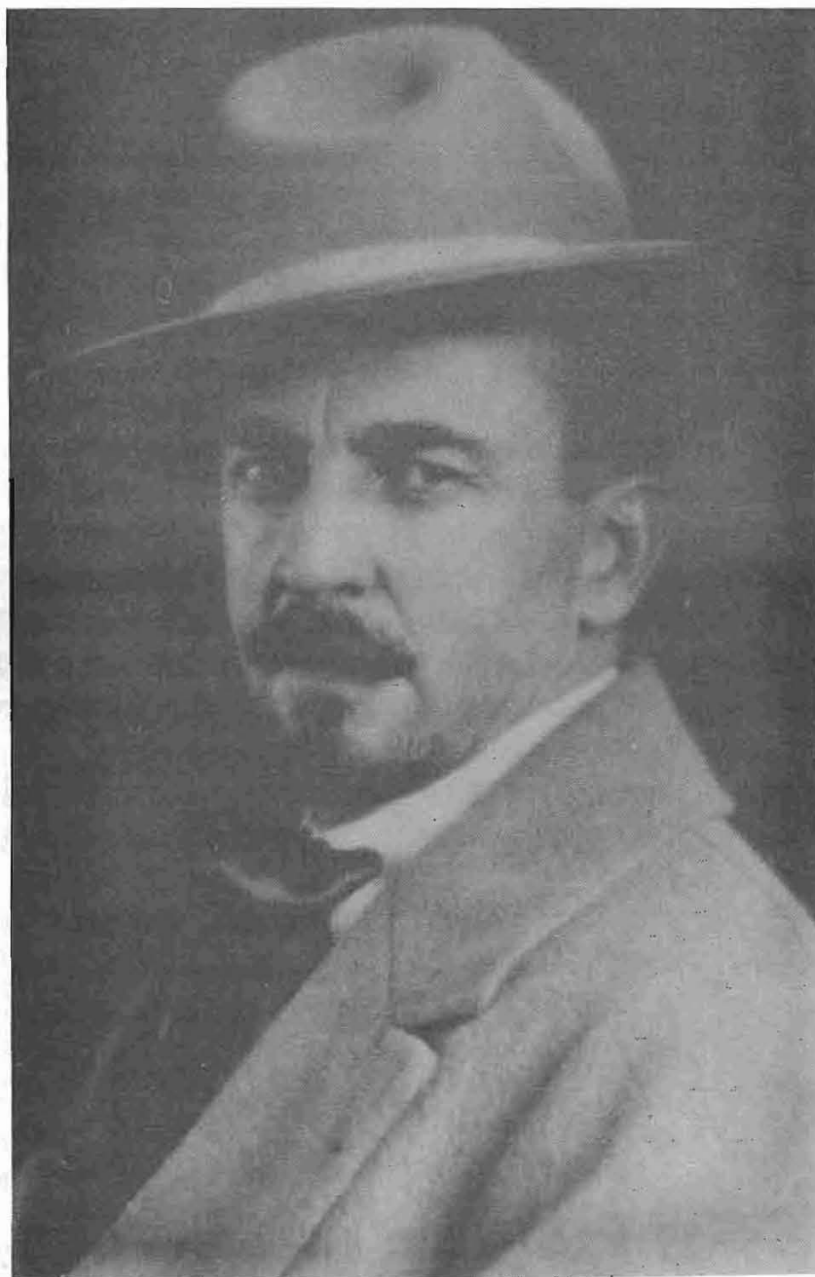


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About the cover: Badger Clark was born in 1883 and lived almost his entire life in South Dakota. His first book of poems, "Sun and Saddle Leather," was published in 1915. "Grass Grown Trails" followed in 1917. Both volumes contained poems he wrote during his five-year stay in Cochise County. (Photo courtesy Badger Clark Memorial Society)

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BADGER CLARK IN ARIZONA

By Roy Sterrett
and Harry Woodward

Although Charles Badger Clark is known as the poet laureate of South Dakota, many of his best known poems that glorify the West and the cowboy were written while he lived in Cochise County.

Clark wished to be called Badger, and was, except that many of his Arizona friends knew him as "Charlie." Badger was 22 when he came to Arizona in 1905. He stayed until 1910.

Charles Badger Clark was the youngest son of a Methodist preacher of the same name who served a congregation in Deadwood, S.D. Deadwood at the time the Clarks lived there was a rough mining town to rival Tombstone.

Deadwood was situated in the pine-clad Black Hills and Badger loved their ruggedness. But during a sojourn in Cuba, he contracted a serious lung infection and could not stay in the Black Hills. His doctor advised time in the hot, dry climate of the Southwest.

Consequently, Badger packed a bag and headed south, ultimately landing in Tombstone via Bisbee. Here he met a man who told him of a position on the Kendall Ranch.

Badger applied and was offered a job, of sorts. He was given a horse and saddle and a place to live in the ranch house but no salary. His work consisted of managing a small herd of cattle, watching over the ranch buildings and cooking for the two owners who were away during the day. Three or four hours a day was all the job required, so Badger had plenty of time to breathe the pure, life giving air of southeast Arizona.

Badger lived and worked with Harry and Verne Kendall and their cousin "Spike" Springer at the brothers' ranch located about one mile southwest of South Pass in the Dragoon Mountains. Called the "Old Home Ranch" by the Kendalls, it is located in the bottom of a rather shallow canyon with huge oak trees in the bottom and mesquite and juniper on the slopes.

The ranch was originally known as the Lockland homestead and was a stage stop where horses were fed and watered on the way from Willcox to Pearce and Tombstone. The adobe house sat behind a 35-foot hand-dug well.

Much remains to be learned about Badger's activities while he lived with the Kendalls but it is apparent he did much of the cooking while the Kendalls and Springer were attending to ranch duties as well as pursuing jobs in Tombstone. Harry Kendall worked in the mines and

Springer was a bartender in the Crystal Palace.

Undoubtedly, Badger was alone at the ranch most of the time, which gave him the opportunity to think and write. Certainly, his writing was prolific during this period of his life.

Badger played a good guitar and loved to sing to his own accompaniment. In his later years in South Dakota, he sat on a bench in front of his house and played and sang to the stars in the cool of the evening. Always when cowboys and ranchers stopped by, they would all sing together.

While at the ranch in the Dragoons, Badger got the inspiration for his poems and poetry that won him fame and honor as poet laureate of South Dakota,. This is not so strange since South Dakota was the last grass frontier and site of the last big cattle companies. Badger's poetry fit South Dakota as well as Arizona.

Badger's entry into the field of literature came as a surprise to him. Usually when he wrote his stepmother and/or girlfriend in Deadwood, he enclosed a verse or poem he had written.

His stepmother, who was his guide and mentor and a poet in her own right, was fascinated with his verses from Arizona and took it upon herself to send a poem to "Pacific Monthly."

It was promptly printed. Imagine Badger's surprise when in his mail he found a letter from the magazine containing a \$10 check for a poem he did not know they received.

"If they pay for such stuff, I'm fine," said Badger.

That poem was called "Old Arizona" and it started him on a literary career. Other publications began requesting his poems — requests with which Badger gladly replied.

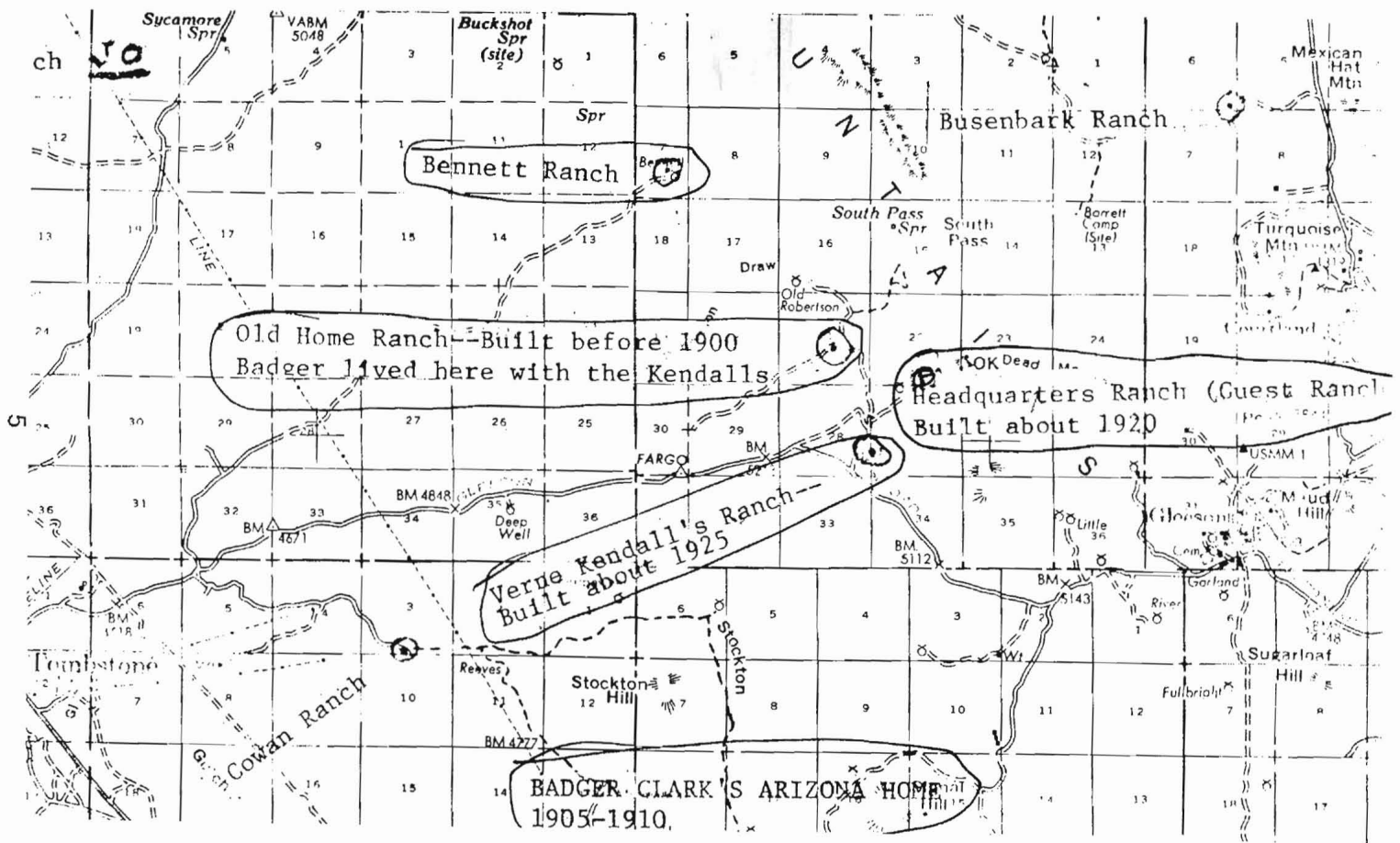
In 1910, Badger moved back to South Dakota, back to the Black Hills. He built a cabin he called the Badger Hole in Custer National Park and compiled the verses he had written in Arizona into books - Sun and Saddle Leather, Grass Grown Trails and Skylines and Wood Smoke.

Within that first book are some of his most famous poems, "A Cowboy's Prayer," "A Border Affair," "Legend of Boastful Bill," "Round up Lullaby," "The Glory Trail" and "The Coyote."

It's been said that the well-known song, "Ghost Riders in the Sky," was inspired by Badger's poem, "The Glory Trail." The song was written by Stan Jones, a former Douglas resident, and is among the most recognized western songs of all time.

Many other of Badger's poems have been set to music and sung by well-known singers such as Hank Williams, Roy Acuff and Roy Rogers. Even Bing Crosby used some of Badger's poems.

About 10 years after Badger left Arizona, the Kendalls moved their ranch headquarters to a site high on a mountainside about two miles east of the Old Home Ranch. About 1928, cabins were built at this location and the Kendalls operated a guest ranch where the "dudes" were





The years Badger Clark lived in this house marked the beginning of his most prolific period of writing. Driven to the southwest by tuberculosis, Clark worked for Harry and Verne Kendall and absorbed the lifestyle upon which reputation as a cowboy poet is based. The Kendall's cousin, Spike Springer, also lived here. Clark's first book of short stories is titled "Spike." (Photo courtesy Ruth Kendall)

expected to help work the cattle. About 1938, Harry Kendall abandoned the guest ranch and resumed a full cattle operation, which was continued by his daughter, Ruth, until she sold the place in 1978.

Although in his long life Badger never again visited Arizona, he obviously never forgot his time there. He probably had a wry smile on his face as he penned:

“Old Father Time is a wrecker, just as mean as he can be.

Consider now the trick he played on Harry K. and me.

Once we worked and cursed together, gay and picturesquely rude.

Now I am a piffling poet, and he is a doggone dude.”

About the Authors: Roy Sterrett grew up on a 160-acre government land claim in South Dakota. He spent much of his career as a teacher and principal in that state. Now retired, he lives in Douglas.

Harry Woodward, a South Dakota native, knew Badger well and presided at the ceremony in which the Badger Hole was presented to the state of South Dakota. It's now maintained as a shrine in memory of Badger. After a career in wildlife management, Woodward lives in Sierra Vista.

A BADGER CLARK SAMPLER

Editor's note: These poems of Badger Clark were all written in Arizona. They are taken from an original recording in Harry Woodward's possession. The comments before each poem are Badger's own.

I have always been grateful that I was born early enough to get in on the last of the old "open range." A great deal of nonsense has been talked about it and shown in Hollywood films and so on and yet there was a marvelous feeling of freedom about those old days when you could start out from a ranch and ride 50 miles in any direction without hitting a fence.

I was about 20 when I went on the range, but I grew so enthusiastic about the life in the course of a month or two that I wrote a little letter in verse to my mother, and she, being a more practical person than I, sent it to a magazine, and about two weeks after that, I received a piece of beautiful blue paper a few inches long, I think the loveliest blue that I ever saw, a check.

Up to that time I had not decided just what I wanted to do in life, but I wanted a job without any hours, without any boss, and without any responsibility. When I received that check for my verses, I saw that I had that ideal job cinched right then. No money in it, of course, but a job, which would do for life very nicely, and these are the lines that started me on the downward way.

RIDIN'

There is some that like the city —
Grass that's curried smooth and green,
Theaytres and stranglin' collars,
Wagons run by gasoline —
But for me it's hawse and saddle
Every day without a change,
And a desert sun a-blazin'
On hundred miles of range.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin',
Desert ripplin' in the sun,
Mountains blue along the skyline —
I don't envy anyone
When I'm ridin'.

When my feet is in the stirrups
And my hawse is on the bust,
With his hoofs a-flashin' lightnin'
From a cloud of golden dust,
And the bawlin' of the cattle
Is a-comin down the wind
Then a finer life than ridin'
Would be mighty hard to find.

Just a-ridin', a ridin' —
Splittin' long cracks through the air,
Stirrin' up a baby cyclone,
Rippin' up the prickly pear
As I'm ridin'.

I don't need no art exhibits
When the sunset does her best,
Paintin' everylastin' glory
On the mountains to the west
And your opery looks foolish
When the night-bird starts his tune
And desert's silver mounted
By the touches of the moon.

Just a-ridin', a ridin,
Who kin envy kings and czar
When the coyotes down the valley
Are a-singin' to the stars,
If he's ridin'?

When my earthly trail is ended
And my final bacon curled
And the last great roundup's finished
At the Home Ranch of the world
I don't want no harps nor haloes,
Robes nor other dressed up things —
Let me ride the starry ranges
On a pinto hawse with wings!

Just a-ridin', a-ridin' —
Nothin' I'd like half so well
As a-roundin' up the sinners
That have wandered out of Hell,

And a-ridin'.

I am a life-long bachelor, and of course, as a poet, I have had to write more or less about love. It is a standard subject for poetry, has been for 2,000 years and more, and so every so often I have to grind something out on the subject of love.

Of course, my experience has been so limited, that generally I have to read up on the subject to attempt a love lyric. In fact, I have a theory it is impossible to write good verse when you are in love because it requires a cool head to get your rhythm and your rhyme straightened out in verse. I think that when I am 97 and can take really a detached view of the subject I shall write a wonderful series of love sonnets.

This was written a good many years ago. I have put in a few Spanish words - mi amor, my love, mi corazon, my heart. They use that a good deal in the Spanish countries. As we would say "my dear," they say "my heart" mi corazon - or you could make it even nicer. You could say "mi corazoncita," "my little heart." Spanish is a loving tongue. Soft as music, light as spray.

A BORDER AFFAIR

Spanish is a lovin' tongue
Soft as music, light as spray.
'Twas a girl I learnt it from,
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love words over
Often when I'm all alone —
"Mi amor, mi corazon."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Fling the big door open wide,
Raise them laughin' eyes of her
And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
When I heard her tender greetin'
Whispered soft for me alone
"Mi amor! mi corazon!"

Moonlight in the patio,
Old Senora nodding near,
Me and Juana talkin' low
So the Madre couldn't hear —
How those hours would go a-flyin'!
And too soon I'd hear her sighin'
In her little sorry tone —
"Adios, mi corazon!"

But one time I had to fly
For a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye
In that black, unlucky night.
When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'
With her words the hoofs kep' ringin'
As I galloped north alone —
"Adios, mi corazon!"

Never seen her since that night,
I kain't cross the Line, you know.
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her,
Since that last wild night I kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own -
"Adios, mi corazon!"

Mother wrote to me when I was on the range and asked me to write a cowboy's prayer. I laughed at the idea at first. I told her I never heard a cowboy pray in my life; I had heard them use some language that had a kind of religious flavor but it was decidedly not in a prayerful spirit, but she stuck to the idea and insisted that I write a prayer. So one night I sat down and wrote it.

And mother was right. It turned out to be the most popular thing that I have ever written. It has been copied, read over the radio, stolen repeatedly, which is a high form of flattery when in the literary world, and they even deny the fact that I wrote it, some of them. But it's my child and I am fond of it and it comes back to see me every once in a while by some unexpected medium and I think it will outlive me which of course is an author's dream.

A COWBOY'S PRAYER **(written for Mother)**

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as a hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if I sometimes forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, some times, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

A PICNIC TO REMEMBER

By Nicky Owenby

The Cloverdale Picnic was sort of Christmas in August to dwellers of the southwestern corner of New Mexico and the adjoining chunk of southeastern Arizona in 1955. Picnic in this case means a barbecue, visiting, a raffle, a dance, gossip, a picnic, bingo, crap games and a monumental binge. Each year we planned to attend; each year some untoward circumstance kept us from it — sick cows, ruined tires, an epidemic of screw worms, a dry well, pregnancy, the transmission going out of the pickup (which it did with sickening regularity), no money for gas, no money for a bottle of booze, sick kids, ad nauseum.

But this year everything was go. We even had a car! In view of our burgeoning group we had invested \$300 in this little gem. It was old and it was tired but it was new to us and opened wide vistas as it boasted a back seat to accommodate all the children, Susan, six; Nancy Lee, two; and Buster, nine months. It also opened new vistas to them, gave them something else to argue about. "I wanna ride in the front!" "Now it's my turn!" "He and/or she always gets to!" "That's not fair!" My turn!"

I sewed for a month to get ready, new plaid gingham shirts with shiny pearl buttons for husband Bill and Buster, and ruffled sundresses for the girls. I had a store-bought dress, my second in three years. Mother had come through for my birthday with a red-and-white-checked gingham sundress and white sweater trimmed with matching gingham. I'd saved it for months just for this occasion.

For days I cooked in preparation. Picnic day dawned bright, hot and clear. But no brighter than we, scrubbed, shaved, polished and brushed up to and including teeth. By eight the chores were done and the car was packed with sleepers, diapers, blankets, bottles, dress-up clothes, rolls, butter, salad, cake, whiskey, water, scalloped potatoes and children sternly admonished to keep their feet out of the food. The car coughed, started, and we were off.

Our ranch, the Spear R, was located in the far southeastern corner of Arizona, bordering both old and New Mexico. The picnic site was roughly 20 miles over the mountains into New Mexico. Lacking a Jeep, we were forced to take the long way around, about 68 miles of narrow, winding, railless mountain dirt road. At eleven, the picnic grounds hove into view. Conceding that it was not really their fault that the kids were covered with a uniform layer of silt and that the tea towel over the scalloped potatoes bore a small footprint, I brushed them off as best I could, then Bill and I brushed each other off and looked about.

The picnic grounds were in a grove of huge old trees on top of the world in New Mexico. In the center was a raised cement dance floor

surrounded by rotting wooden benches canted at rakish angles. On the far side of the dance floor two seemingly endless plank tables were piled bowlegged with pinto beans, baked beans, corn, peas, corn bread, beets, pickles, green beans, loaves of light bread, chilis, squash, tomatoes, rolls, onions, radishes, cucumbers, olives, biscuits, black-eyed peas, tamales, fruit salad, tortillas, tossed salad, gelatin salad, potato salad, Mexican corn bread, scalloped potatoes, mashed potatoes, boiled potatoes, sweet potatoes, spaghetti, tamale pie, muffins, macaroni, noodles, chicken, dumplings, pies and, in the place of honor, row upon row of cakes decorated to do honor to the slickest of women's magazine ads.

The favorite, well-guarded recipes and mightiest efforts of every ranch wife for 200 miles around shouldered each other, looking like a hat shop display window the week before Easter. Waiting until I was unobserved, I tucked our cake in behind one that hadn't had such a strenuous trip.

Off to the right were two barbecue pits nearly as long as the tables, emitting mouthwatering odors of beef and pork and tended by a number of well-oiled chefs. There was also a tinge of goat. To each his own. A rickety shed covered the bingo prizes and another shielded cases of pop and beer and ice-filled beverage coolers. Between the two stood a saddle-rack supporting every cowboy's dream of a saddle, palomino leather/tooled with such an array of flowers that one was tempted to water it.

Greeting everyone within hailing distance, we parked Susan and Lee on a bench with Buster in his buggy beside them and joined our friends, Eva and Lawrence Johnson. They were our closest neighbors, living six miles on up at the end of the road in New Mexico. With their teenage son, Leon, and his current girl friend they, proud possessors of a Jeep, had cut across the mountains, arriving at the picnic grove in about half the time it had taken us.

Together we launched an assault on the foodstuff. Carrying double for kids, Bill and I went back to where they waited and joined the rest of the 500 plus revelers in eating as if we might never have another chance.

In time it began to dawn on the crowd that if they'd managed to try some of most of the barbecued meats, they were doing well and that to sample each of the multitudinous dishes was a physical impossibility. Women began covering the remains with embroidery-crusted tea towels. Some of the older men chose convenient trees for a siesta and I got Lee and Buster arranged in the car to nap. By the time that was accomplished, Bill and Lawrence had evaporated so Eva and I wandered over to buy a chance on the dazzling saddle and to gossip with friends we saw about the ones we didn't. I spent a moment wishing that I could afford to play bingo, though I had to admit that I'd have had a hard time choosing between the prizes, tatted doilies, crocheted ladies whose hoop

skirts cleverly concealed rolls of toilet tissue, unidentifiable stuffed creatures and ash trays shaped like boots that bragged SOUVENIR OF LORDSBURG.

Upon howls from Lee and Buster, I retrieved them from the car, got each kid a pop and Eva and myself a beer. We began a lackadaisical search for errant husbands. For about an hour we circled the area, peeping over and under the crowd. We finally met Bill and Lawrence emerging from a particularly noisy clump of brush where they'd been "watching" a crap game.

At about five the band arrived, all old friends. This was the signal to abandon the beer of the afternoon for assorted bottles of more authoritative liquid refreshment. Liberally we toasted, celebrating whatever we could think of while cleverly insuring that the evening's music would be wild and uninhibited.

Fat black rain clouds were building in the south but for once we paid them no mind. As countless parched throats had been eased all afternoon by beer, bourbon, tequila, rum, vodka, gin, and very probably some home-made redeye, the crowd that lined up for supper, plates in hand, was considerably noisier than the lunch line had been. It was then that a gust of wind and a shattering clap of thunder unleashed a cloudburst.

The scene was chaotic. Most forgot food and raced for the shelter of their vehicles. After 15 minutes of black, driving blessed rain the sun reappeared as did the supper line, winding under the glittering, dripping leaves with everyone shouting and laughing about the mud underfoot. Rain, truly pennies from heaven for the ranchers, coming on top of the afternoon's alcoholic refreshment, was all it took to produce a hilariously festive crowd.

By eight o'clock the men were all attired in fresh, bright shirts and dress boots. The women, through athletic contortions inside their vehicles, changed into their best and repaired their faces. The children had been made as presentable as possible in view of mud, barbecue juice, cake frosting and grape soda pop. Before dinner cocktails had been joined by enough after dinner high balls (a swallow from the bottle followed by just enough of a pull at a coke to put out the fire) to appreciably lower the bottles and heighten already astronomical spirits.

A single sweet, long note from Pug's fiddle started off on a toe-tapping tune, "Under the Double Eagle," and the dance began. The floor was crowded and muddy. Excited children of assorted sizes bobbed underfoot and fell off the platform; teenagers in pants so tight they had to lie down to zip them were determined to bop come what may; the thunder rolled across the sky again and the band played on.

At about nine, Bill and I herded the girls to the car to scrape the mud off them, put on their sleepers, convince them that it was bedtime and check on snoozing Buster. Again the rains came. Lawrence, Eva,

Leon and Girl loomed out of the murk to crush into the car because their Jeep leaked. It got pretty hectic for awhile. Perhaps it would have been less so had not necessity called for toasting the rain and there was hardly room to bend an elbow.

Eventually the men, feeling that they weren't doing justice to the welcome downpour with the feeble swigs they could manage in the cramped quarters of the car, adjourned to hunker under the turtleback of the car while Eva and I arranged the children in the back seat where at last they went to sleep.

After half an hour of steady rain the band ventured out under a tarp they'd rigged and struck up the music, "Mexican Hat Dance." By then everyone was soaked anyway and the rain slowed to a refreshing shower. When Bill and Lawrence slid up to the window to remind us that we'd come to dance, Eva and I stepped daintily into the mud to join them.

We slithered to the platform and circled the floor several times, noting that the floor had a few dips in it, just right to catch the rain in mirror-bright puddles. Oh, well, on we danced. The band played a schottische and each foot that stamped to the music seemed inevitably drawn to one of the puddles. Mud flew with abandon and after a single schottischeing circuit of the platform our skirts and crinoline petticoats bore a marked resemblance to Cinderella's "before" get-up.

By the time we paused in the swaying glow of the naked bulbs strung overhead and discovered our state of disrepair, the damage was already done; there was no point in stopping. When the next shower began, we didn't bother to seek out our cars but danced happily to the lively strings, the crash of thunder and the flash of lightning.

At about midnight the moon was playing hide and seek behind



Nicky, Bill and Susan Owenby in 1953. (Photo courtesy Lee Brewer)

scattering clouds. The band struck a clarion chord to get our attention. After striking at least six more, they got it and Pug announced, "Clay Rogers just tried to get through to Douglas and lost his car in the first wash. It's been running big and I doubt if anyone gets out of here tonight so... we might as well go on dancing." They swung into a lively rendition of "El Rancho Grande." Word passed quickly through the dancers that Clay had indeed lost his car. The water had come down just as he and five friends drove off into the "dry" wash. Happily all the passengers survived but just couldn't seem to overcome the shock of losing the case and a half of beer that went down with the ship.

The dance was brought to an abrupt halt at 2 a.m. when the fiddler's arm gave out. The band, having been caught here before, retired to their tent. Lawrence, Eva, Bill and I climbed soggly into the car to decide what to do next. The Jeep had a lacelike cover; there would be no sleeping there. There was no way we could get home that night. The road meandered 100 miles before reaching a town that just might offer a habitable motel.

At this point, Seth, a friend with whom we'd been exchanging drinks, dances and bourbon-bred repartee, approached through the murk and muck. A native! "Come up to the house," he roared. "There's room for everyone!"

He was friendly as a pup but his wife, a zealous teetotaler who'd scurried home when the first raindrop fell, seemed to have the characteristics of that same pup about 14 days after a tiff with a rabid skunk. But he lived only a few miles away, it was worth a try.

Lawrence and Eva ran to their Jeep. We were surprised that we could back out of our parking bog but back we did and threaded our way through cars and pickups full of happy drunks and a few, very few, sober townsfolk wondering just where to go from there.

We made it as far as the hub-deep ditch by the road before a car careened out of the darkness to carom off our back fender. "Aw he didn't mean to," reasoned Bill. "Why should I get out and argue with him? It's wet out there." He was feeling a good deal less pain than the crumpled fender.

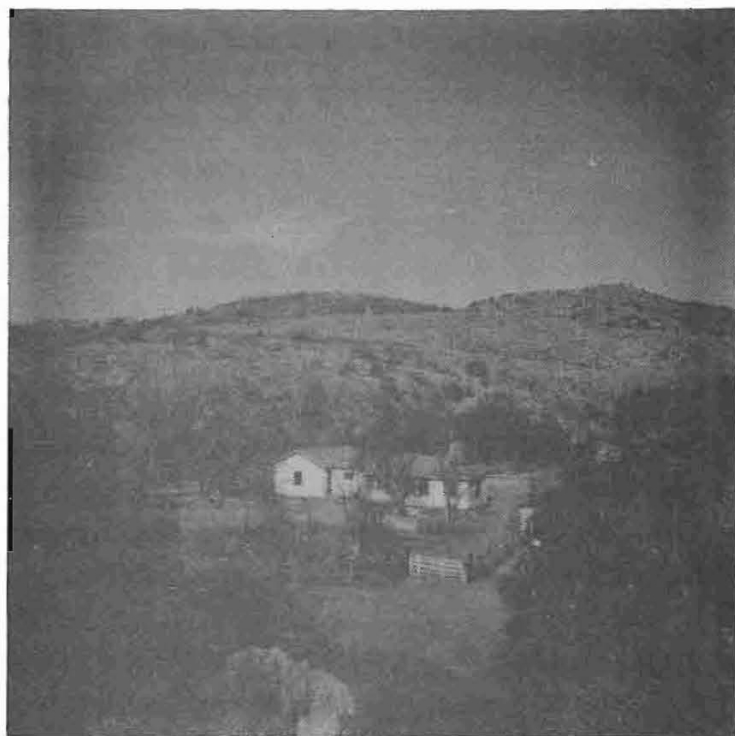
We were stuck fast in the ditch but Lawrence came roaring put of the darkness behind us and, without benefit of brakes, matched his bumper to ours abruptly and jounced us out of the ditch. Down the glass-slick road we raced. We thought for awhile that his bumper had locked with ours but as it turned out, Lawrence was just in a hurry. Luckily there were no "dry" washes between the picnic grounds and the home of our host.

We arrived safe, sound and rapidly, if a trifle pale. Thoughts of our new car — well, new to us — being wrecked, forcing us to once more ride five deep, piled like jackstraws in the cab of the pickup, were a bit unerving.

The children slept through the entire hair-raising trip and were warm and dry under their blankets so we left them undisturbed and cautiously followed our happy host as he tiptoed into the deserted kitchen.

We tried to be quiet while we made coffee but either our good spirits or Jim Beam's were overpowering. Into this laughing hubbub strode the wife, replete with curlers and flannel wrapper. She'd spent every minute of what few she'd remained at the dance damning the demon rum and bewailing the fact that each year's celebration ended with her husband and his drunken cronies returning to her house to continue their revels. As she gazed at us, her attitude suggested that she'd turned down 80 proof bourbon in favor of 100 proof pickle juice. After a few terse comments about sleep and/or the lack of same, she retired in head-shaking disgust.

Within an hour the whiskey bottles and coffee pot had all run dry. Our host gallantly offered every bed in the house to his unexpected guests. Lawrence, Eva, Leon (his girl friend's parents had judiciously separated the young couple after the dance), and assorted others found corners to bed down in, but as our crew of five seemed a bit much, we returned to our car.



The Owenbys' home in Guadalupe Canyon, Peloncillo Mountains.
(Courtesy of Mary Magoffin)

Susan, Lee and Buster slept soundly. Bill and I experimented ourselves into the most comfortable positions possible and slept. By that time it was remarkably easy. Peace prevailed until Bill's six feet-four inch frame cramped and he made the mistake of moving. One long arm tangled with the horn. All five of us came alive like a cat caught in the milk pail.

When Bill finally got his elbow off the horn and we'd quieted the frightened children, Lawrence and Eva were peering through the dawn asking "What's up?" Why they whispered, I don't know; anyone who hadn't been awakened by that horn's blast must be dead.

"We are," answered Bill. "Let's go home."

"I'm starved!" said Eva. Though we all admitted to the same condition, the children in heart-rending voices, we decided that none of us was brave enough, in the chill and sober light of dawn, to face the lady of the house. We'd just go home and have some breakfast at our place.

The rain stopped, the sun tried to peer through the mist and, though the world looked a little soggy and red-rimmed, we were sure that the washes and canyons would be fordable. With the Jeep blazing the trail, we rolled our mud-clotted tires for home.

The first five miles were over flat, slimy country. The scene at the picnic grove was impressive. Some 40 people were camped there. Several of the far-sighted and initiated had tents. The cries of their hungry children drowned out the cries of our hungry children. The scene was drastically somber compared to the merry-making of the night before. As the nearest grocery store was 60 miles away, there was quite a stir and bustle in the grove, with hungover revelers making hasty if feeble preparations to head home, crossing fingers that the washes and water would cooperate.

Several miles past the picnic grounds we met a friend who'd had the foresight to have a relative living in the neighborhood. He flagged us down and, without any of the previous night's clever conversation, handed us a Mason jar full of warm milk. "Here, John's goat."

On that note he went his way and we went ours. Though I had never tasted goat's milk, it looked standard. I unscrewed the cap and turned to the children. I held it to Buster's lips. He did his best to spit in it after one swallow, but I was too quick for him. Lee said, "Yuck!" and forcefully pushed it away after a small sip and Susan passed it back to me after one tentative, lip-curling taste. "That cow's been eating weeds!"

"Well, that's your breakfast," replied Bill. "And it sure beats nothin' all to hell." The only response from the girls in the back seat was rude noises. Buster apparently preferred the flavor of the finger upon which he was sucking.

"I guess they're not as hungry as they say," I mouthed sanctimoniously before taking a hearty slug to discover that nor was I that hungry. Nor Bill.

The first canyon we came to was the one that must have washed the car away the night before. And the case and a half of beer. The water was still running deep and fast and the creek was strewn with boulders. But we had to get home sometime. What if the cow, Buttercup, burst? I'll admit that this possibility hadn't worried us greatly the night before but things had taken on a different aspect this grim, grisly morning.

The Jeep plunged first. Sputter, bounce, slither, leap and — in time — across. Lawrence yelled back, "Shall I throw you a rope?"

"We'll see," bellowed Bill across the roar of the water. Without a yea, nay or go to hell to his little helpmate, he stomped on the gas. We plunged down the washed-away bank, me clutching the baby, the girls clutching the seat and Bill gripping the wheel.

The car sputtered, bounced, slithered, leaped and — stuck. Right in the big middle. The exhaust made a noise like a bloated bullfrog and there we sat, with the water rushing over the running boards and up the doors. Leon leaped into the water on the far side of the wash, waded toward us and, as quickly as possible, but not rapidly enough for me, tied



The dance floor at the Cloverdale picnic grounds as it appears today.
(Photo courtesy Ladd Pendleton)

a rope to our bumper. Susan said, "Daddy, the water's coming in all over the floor."

"Pick up your feet," suggested Daddy.

Lawrence revved the Jeep, and with a mighty lurch, jerked us up and out onto the far bank.

There were six of those canyons to cross before we headed down off that mountain. The worst one was where Bill reached out his window and playfully splashed water on Leon as he tied onto our bumper once again. The water in that particular gulch was about four inches below the windows on the upstream side.

After we'd gotten down the mountain on a waxy mud road with no guard rails and crossed the gumbo flats, we were overjoyed to find our own Guadalupe Canyon bountifully full, running bank to bank. In we plunged with glorious abandon. We would at least be drowned in our own water. In just five miles we'd be home. Nothing could stop us now!

Well, almost nothing. In one place the bank was washed away to a two foot drop. "Get a short rein and a deep seat," warned Bill and pressed the accelerator. Momentum carried the front up and over the opposite edge of the bank and there we hung, the back wheels solidly stuck.

Even the Jeep was too tired to budge the car. We ferried the children to the bank and watched the car sink deeper and deeper until the water ran merrily across the back seat.

Noon was fast approaching. Our dreams of breakfast had been replaced by visions of lunch. When it was too painful to watch the car any longer, it was decided that Lawrence and Eva would go to our house and return with the pickup and Jeep to see if together they could move the car. I piled into the Jeep with them and our young, to slide on up the canyon to the house and fix a bite to eat.

The Jeep, pickup and car appeared in a victorious procession past the corrals.

Just as the the gravy came to a boil, the haggard revelers sat down to eat ham, eggs, biscuits, lumpy gravy (which disappeared without a single discouraging word), butter, jam, sliced tomatoes, milk, coffee, and a jar of pickles.

After we'd finished every crumb, as well as half a cake and a few stale cookies, we sat wishing there was more and discussed Lawrence and Eva's chances of making it on to their place. We sure didn't want a tragedy to cancel out next year's picnic.

About the Author: Nicky Owenby came to Arizona in the late 1940's and soon married Bill Owenby. They ran cattle at several southern Arizona ranches. Mrs. Owenby died in the spring of this year.

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed Maryan Stidham's article "Teacher at Hilltop," Vol. 20, No. 2, pages 3-35. While I am familiar with the area, I was puzzled at times as to whom she referred or to which house.

For instance, Maryan Williams-Thompson-Stidham is the same person. Ruth Stidham was known in later years (at least 1960 and later) as Missy. Also Arthur Stidham was so well known as "Blackie" that hardly anyone knew his real name.

Mrs. Anna Roush-Pugsley was called Lady Ann by Carson Morrow in the Chiricahua Bullshead and by her neighbor, Charlotte Bagwell. She was also known as Aunt Duck, a nickname she enjoyed.

We all know the Gurnett house as the Greenamayer house, although in the future it will undoubtedly be known as the Williams-Morse or vice versa house.

The Bush home, at the edge of the mountains, is gone but was by the "Indian Spring" (Cave Creek cienega) and nearby one can still find the grinding holes in the bed rock at the base of the hill. Now Kim and Dawana Murphy live in that area in their new house.

Nearby is the Birt Roberds' (1960s) house. Birt lived in the Bush house while building his new one and then tore the old one down.

The Colvin place is about a quarter mile up the Whitetail Canyon Road from the Z-T headquarters on the left hand side of the road, but the house no longer exists.

Hopefully more of our old timers will write up their memoirs and fill in the gaps.

**Vince Roth
Portal**

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading Maryan Stidham's most interesting article, "Teacher At Hilltop."

I knew Mary Fritz, Christine Criley and Martha Criley well. Mary's son, John, and I were bosom buddies all through high school.

I also knew John Blumberg, who was caretaker at the Hilltop Mine. John and I spent a week with Mr. Blumberg at his cabin. During the evenings, by the flame of carbide light, he would keep Jonnie and me thoroughly entertained with stories of his fantastic experiences in Siberia and other parts of Russia. I only wish recorders had been available then to have made a permanent record. He was better than Baron Munchhausen.

I believe Hawley and Hawley had their assay shop in the old Douglas Daily International building on 12th Street. When John Blumberg was in town he made their business house his headquarters.

I always had a distinct disliking for Helen Brown. She was principal of A Avenue School when I entered as a first grader. During the winter, a storm brought about four inches of snow. We kids were in heaven snowballing.

Some older boy had placed a stone in one of his missiles and hit a girl on the back of the head with it. The girl reported to Miss Brown that I had thrown the snowball. She gave me the third degree for over half an hour. The true culprit was not caught and she always thought I was to blame. Fortunately the next year, school boundaries changed and I then went to Clawson School.

Mary Fritz was my physiology teacher in Douglas Grammar School. My other teachers at the time were Miss Doan, who taught spelling and math; Miss Teeter, English; Miss Clark, writing; and dear Miss Fulenwider, who taught history. Mr. Bergfield was then principal. He and Mrs. Bergfield were our next door neighbors for several years.

After Mary and her sister had moved to Douglas, she graduated to a Hudson sedan. The old Maxwells seemingly always had the habit of throwing rear wheels or twisting off axles.

The Maxwell dealer rented a house from my father and at the time we had no car. He and his wife would invite us on picnics with them. We had gone to Silver Springs and enroute became stuck in the wash bottom. In trying to extract ourselves, the rear axle twisted in two. Most of the day and early evening hours were spent with the two men tearing out the rear end and waiting for hours for someone to bring out a replacement part.

At the recent high school reunion, I had a lengthy talk with George Colvin about the ranch he had in Whitetail Canyon.

It may be of passing interest that at the time, the Palomar Hotel was in existence. There was a saloon about two doors to the west which closed during Prohibition. The beautiful mahogany bar, which was structured around seasoned ash, remained in the vacated building for years.

Mr. D.K. Ingram, the woodworking teacher at Douglas High School, happened to spot it through the dirty windows and purchased the whole thing for around \$50. His beautiful dining room furniture and bedroom suites were made by him from that wood.

Charles B. Fleming
Mesa