

# BORN A TENNEY

## Todd's Story



Peta-Anne Miller Tenney



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Fully revised 2020.*

Peta-Anne Miller Tenney  
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*peta\_anne10E@vtc.net*

Full family tree may be viewed on *Ancestry.com* – Tenney-Miller Family Tree

*By Peta-Anne Miller Tenney*

Tenney Trails

Browning Byways

The Allaire Family in Arizona

Miller Miles

Pearson Paths

Welch Ways

Too Far West! the Lyman and Alaire Tenney story

I was Miller before I was Tenney

My Life as a Tenney: Australia 1971-1983

My Life as a Tenney: Arizona 1983-1999

My Life as a Tenney: Arizona 2000-2020

Born a Tenney - Todd's Story

*Edited by Peta-Anne Miller Tenney*

Mrs. J.A.B.

In the Beginning: stories of Jack and Hettie Browning

*both written by Wanda Faulk*

*COVER PHOTO:*

Tommy Todd Tenney

## **Contents**

1	Shillings/Bar HL Ranch, west of Willcox, 1946 - 1951	7
2	Muleshoe Ranch, west of Willcox, 1951 - 1953	25
3	Prescott, 1953 - 1957	33
4	Imperial Valley, California 1957 - 1963	41
5	Return to Willcox 1963 -1964	53
6	University of Arizona, Tucson, 1965 - 1966	63
6	Wickenburg and Seligman, 1966 - 1967	65
7	Australia 1967	69
8	Wollogorang Station, Northern Territory 1967 - 1968	73
9	Mt Isa Mines, Ban Ban Springs	85
10	Fencing at Merluna Station, Cape York Peninsular	97



## Chapter 1

### Shillings / Bar HL Ranch, west of Willcox, 1946 - 1951

#### First Things First

Alaire was very good about keeping a Baby Book for Todd – after all he was the third child she had to care for, even though only her second baby. And she kept it up through his third Christmas. There are lots of photos, too.

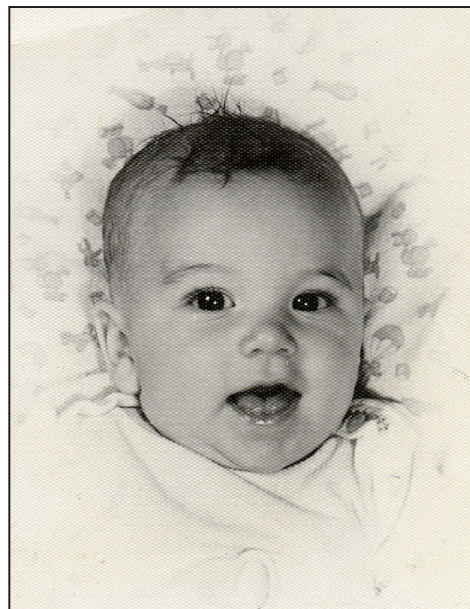
Todd's baby book reveals that he was born at 8:30 a.m. on December 14, 1946. He was 19 inches long, weighed 7lbs 8 oz, had dark blue eyes and dark hair. He was named Tommy Todd, and his footprints are stamped in his baby book – such tiny feet!

'Baby's home' was noted as the Bar HL Ranch in Winchester Mountains, 27 miles west of Willcox.

The doctor signed his name "Dr. Robert Alan Hicks, MD. So – Help -- Us". The nurses in attendance were Louise B John (a Willcox institution) and Elizabeth Watson.

Days to remember are listed as:

- Notices Sound – soon after birth, looked around brightly.
- Smiles – at Mommy and brothers at 1 month and 3 days.
- Laughs aloud at 2 months – a hearty chuckle without much inducement.
- Turns over unassisted – at 6 months.
- Holds head erect – very steady by 1 month.
- Sits without support at 5 months, 2 ½ weeks. Sits well by 6 months.
- Creeps – finally by 9 months; stands and wants to walk too.
- Stands alone - for seconds at 7 months; very well at 9 months
- Walks – can walk well at one year – but won't do it.
- His first words were hot, horse, tickle, mama and daddy. But Alaire notes that "he simply won't try to talk, but comes out with the most surprising things, such as 'blow a bubble' or 'I want that'. When Grandad wrestled with him, or Mamo tried to kiss him, he'd say 'ouch – help!'"
- Alaire noted that his playmates were Bob Roy Giles, Roger Riggs, Bobby Crookshank, Ann Huffman, and Diane and Mike Meyers.



Todd at four months.

**ARIZONA STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH**  
**DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS**

State File No. 103  
Registrar's No. \_\_\_\_\_

**CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH**

1. PLACE OF BIRTH: (a) County Cochise (b) City or Town Willcox (c) Location Arizona  
(If outside city limits also write RURAL) (St. and No. (or) Name of Institution)

(d) Length of Mother's Stay Prior to Delivery: In Hospital or Institution \_\_\_\_\_ In this Community 24 yrs. \_\_\_\_\_ mos. \_\_\_\_\_ days  
In Arizona 24 yrs. \_\_\_\_\_ mos. \_\_\_\_\_ days

2. USUAL RESIDENCE of Mother: (a) State Arizona (b) County Cochise (c) City or Town Willcox (d) Street No. \_\_\_\_\_  
(If outside city limits also write RURAL)

3. FULL NAME of Child Johnny Todd Tenney 4. DATE OF BIRTH 12-14 1946  
(If child not named leave space for given name)

5. Sex Male 6. Twin or triplet—If so, born 1st, 2nd or 3rd \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Number of months of pregnancy \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Is mother married? \_\_\_\_\_

**FATHER OF CHILD**

9. Full name Lynn C. Tenney 10. Race: ☒ White ☐ Indian ☐ Negro ☐ Oriental ☐  
11. Age at time of this birth 28 years

12. Birthplace Willcox, Arizona (City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)

13. Occupation Rancher (Trade, profession or kind of work)

14. Industry or business \_\_\_\_\_ (General nature and name of)

15. Residence Willcox, Arizona

22. Children born to this mother, including this child 2  
(a) How many children of this mother are now living? 2  
(b) How many other children were born alive but are dead? 0  
(c) How many children were born dead? 0

**MOTHER OF CHILD**

16. Full maiden name Edeline Browning 17. Race: ☒ White ☐ Indian ☐ Negro ☐ Oriental ☐  
18. Age at time of this birth 24 years

19. Birthplace Willcox, Arizona (City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)

20. Occupation Housewife (Trade, profession or kind of work)

21. Industry or business \_\_\_\_\_ (General nature and name of)

23. Mother's mailing address for registration notice: Willcox, Arizona

24. I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child who was born alive at the hour of 8:30 A. m. on the date above stated and that the information given was furnished by Lynn C. Tenney related to this child as father  
Attendant's signature [Signature] Date signed 12-14-46

25. Date received by local registrar 2-17-47 M.D., midwife, or other \_\_\_\_\_

26. Registrar's signature [Signature] Address Willcox, Arizona

SUPPLEMENTARY DATA BELOW ARE NOT A PART OF THE LEGAL CERTIFICATE

**CERTIFIED COPY OF VITAL RECORD**

STATE OF ARIZONA )  
ss  
COUNTY OF MARICOPA)

Date Issued: **FEB 17 1967**

This copy is a true and exact reproduction of the document officially registered and placed on file in the BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS, ARIZONA STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Issued under the authority of ARS 36-327 and by direction of:

Fenton H. Butler  
FENTON H. BUTLER  
Deputy State Registrar

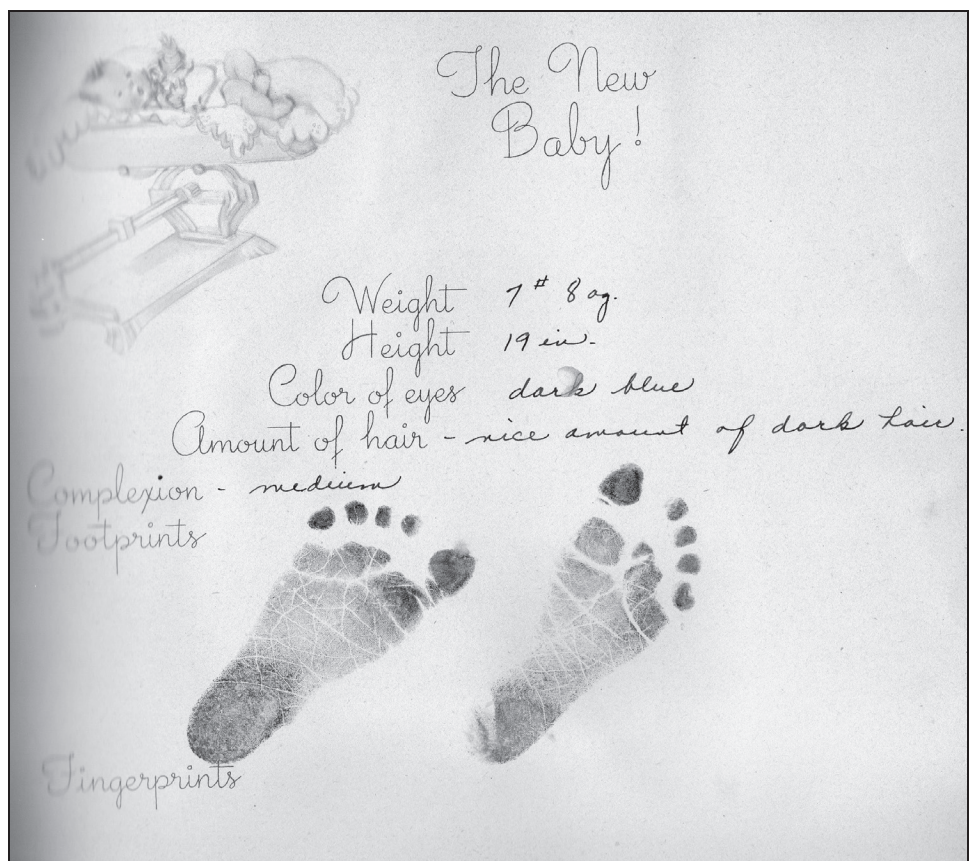
GEORGE A. SPENDLOVE, M. D., M. P. H.  
Commissioner of Public Health  
and State Registrar

THIS COPY NOT VALID UNLESS PREPARED ON SAFETY PAPER DISPLAYING STATE SEAL IN COLOR AND IMPRESSED WITH RAISED SEAL OF ISSUING AGENCY

When Todd headed for Australia in 1967 he had to get an official copy of his birth certificate.

Todd's Mom nearly died giving birth to him – she had been caring for her first son, Jimmy, and driving back and forth from the Bar HL to town to help with her brother's son, Cody. Brother Alvin and Jean had married in high school when they found out Cody was on the way, but they divorced before he was born. Jean was young and needed help – so Alaire was there. She also rode out with Lyman and was helping on the ranch, so by the time Todd was born she was simply exhausted.

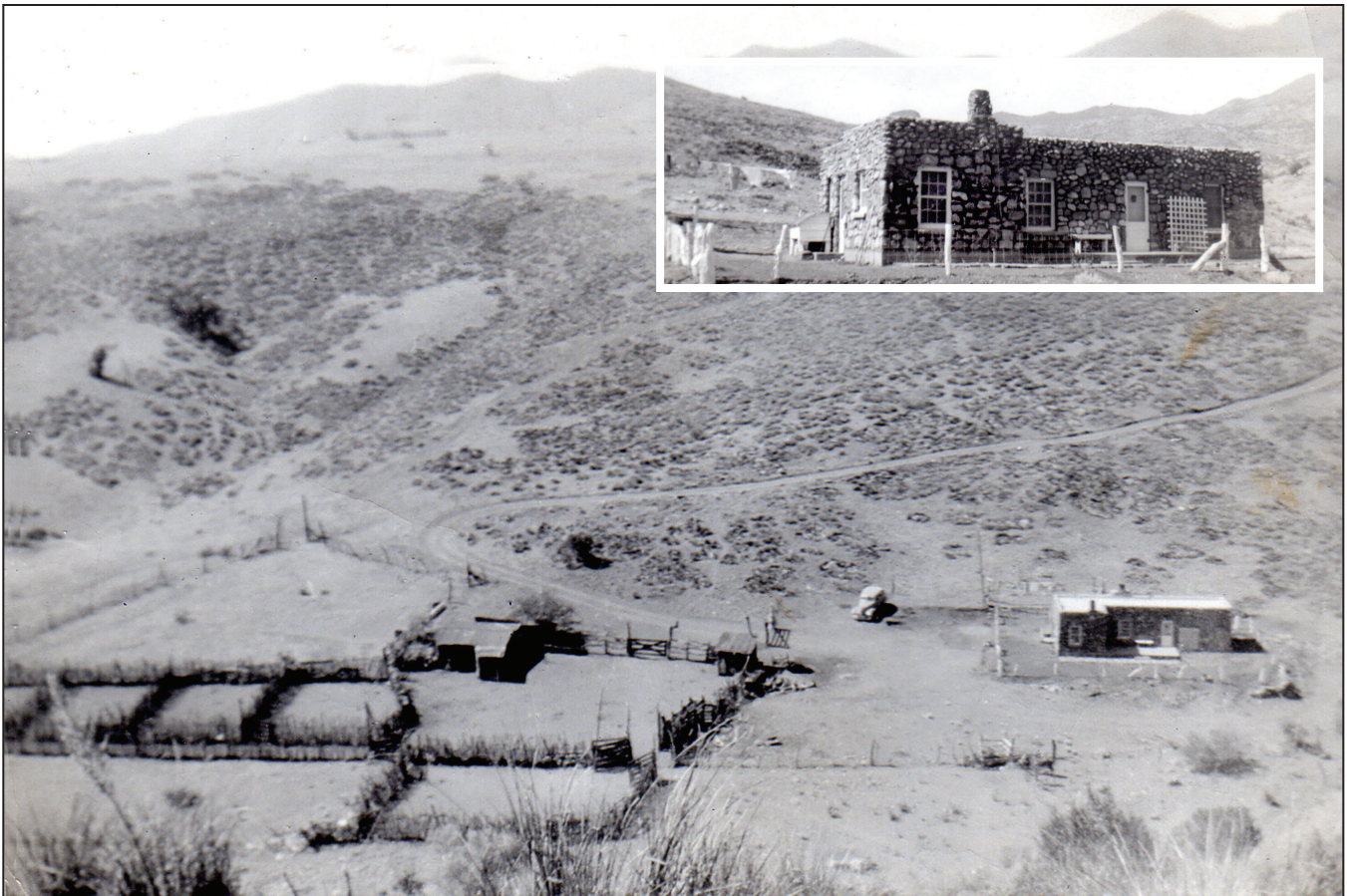
Alaire rode until she was seven months pregnant – and after Todd was born she rode with a pillow on the saddle in front of her and Todd on



A page from Todd's baby book.



Baby Todd with Momma and brothers, Jimmy and Cody.



The Bar HL headquarters - rock house on right (and inset), corrals, saddle shed and barn on left.

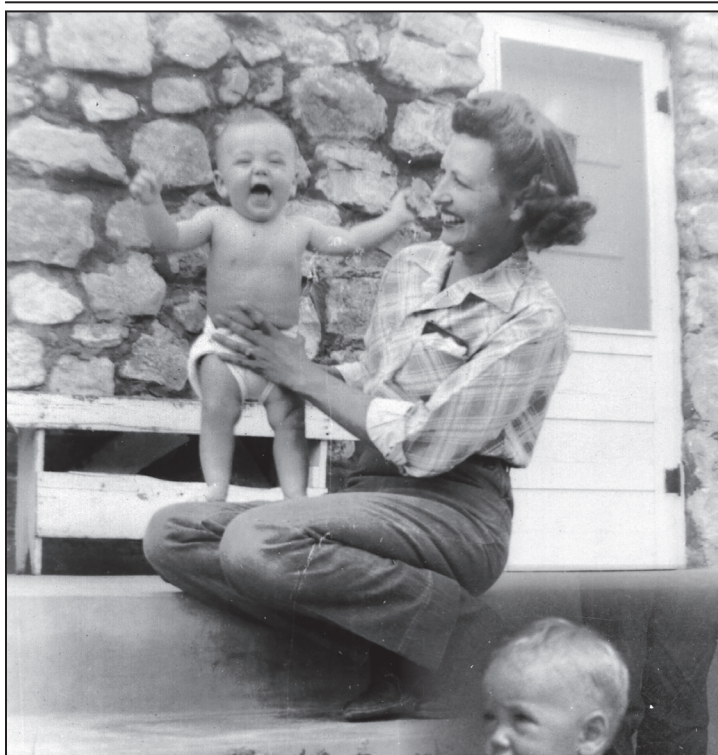


With Daddy, Jimmy and Cody at the Bar HL rock house.

the pillow, as she worked daylight to dark with Lyman and her other two boys. Yes, I said 'two' boys – Lyman and Alaire took Cody in when he was a toddler, and formally adopted him a few years later.

*Alaire's Christmas Letter 1948:*  
 "Todd has dark brown eyes, a little pug nose, and always a ready grin. Everyone notices his tiny feet. He wears a size 5 shoe now. His two front teeth are kinda far apart but not crooked. He is awfully tiny but not skinny. He's always been so short legged that everybody stops to watch him in his boots and tight western pants.

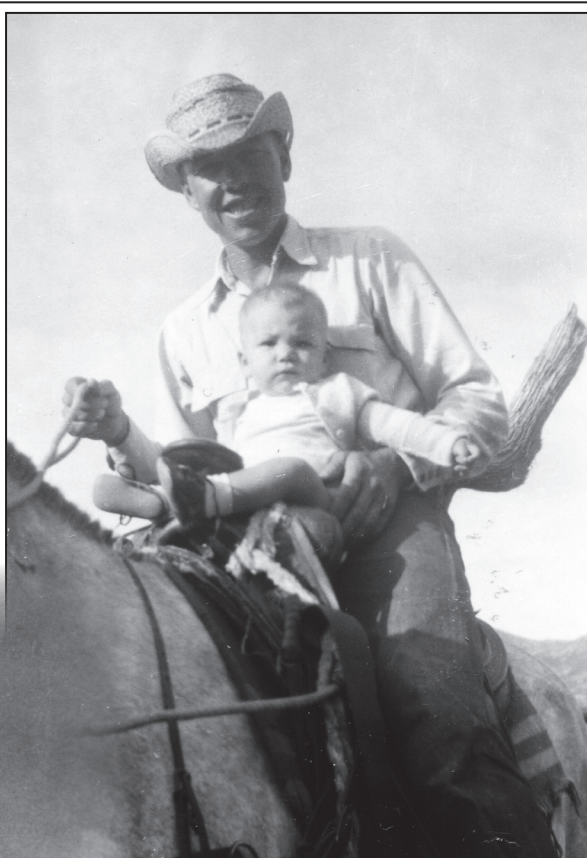
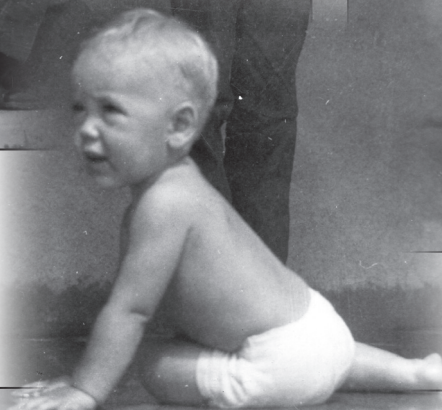
"Last winter we came so close to losing him with croup and I was scared silly (ier) when he choked up with croup last month.



Todd and Mommy

*From  
Alaire's  
album...*

Summertime,  
and a puddle  
of water.



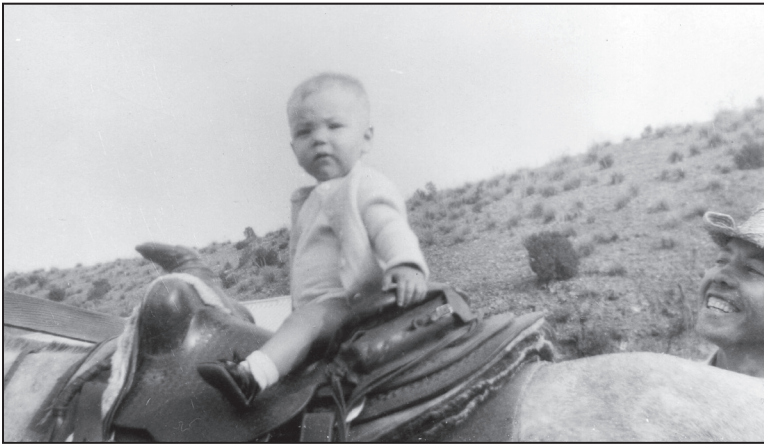
Riding with Daddy.



Walking with Dad's help - about 10 months.



Sitting on Paint.



On Dad's saddle - about 10 months. Check the grin on proud Daddy's face.



Big brother Jimmy holds Todd on Button, Cody is on Paint.



With Grandad Browning.

"Now after spending one whole year of taking him to various doctors and them always telling us he is OK, we finally stumbled onto what we believe is the root of all his trouble. It seems he is allergic to chocolate of all things! Since we have taken him off it he has been fine and didn't even get hoarse when this cold spell hit.

"If all of you know my Daddy, you have a fair idea of Todd. He is just a 'little Grandad' in so many ways. He is such a little tease but is a very serious type too."

It was during this year that Alaire and the boys lived in town so the two older kids could go to school. They enjoyed Sunday school which Todd referred to as 'his school' because Jimmy called the Grammar School 'his.' Alaire bought a Toy Shepherd dog to be a pal for Todd and the two were inseparable.

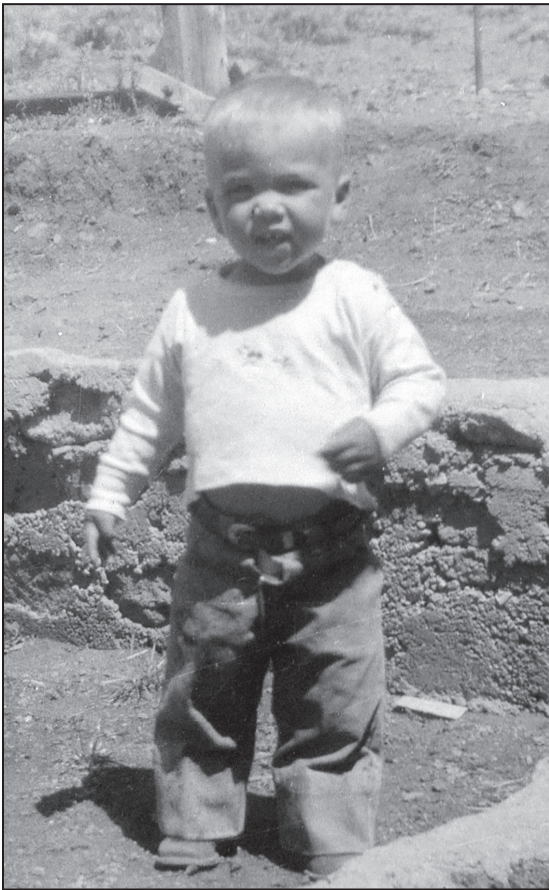
*I'll let Todd continue in his own words...*

"We were on the Bar HL Ranch 'till I was five or so. Mom and Dad went to lots of rodeos and ropings on weekends, and one time, when I was about two years old, they got back to the ranch from a rodeo around 2am.

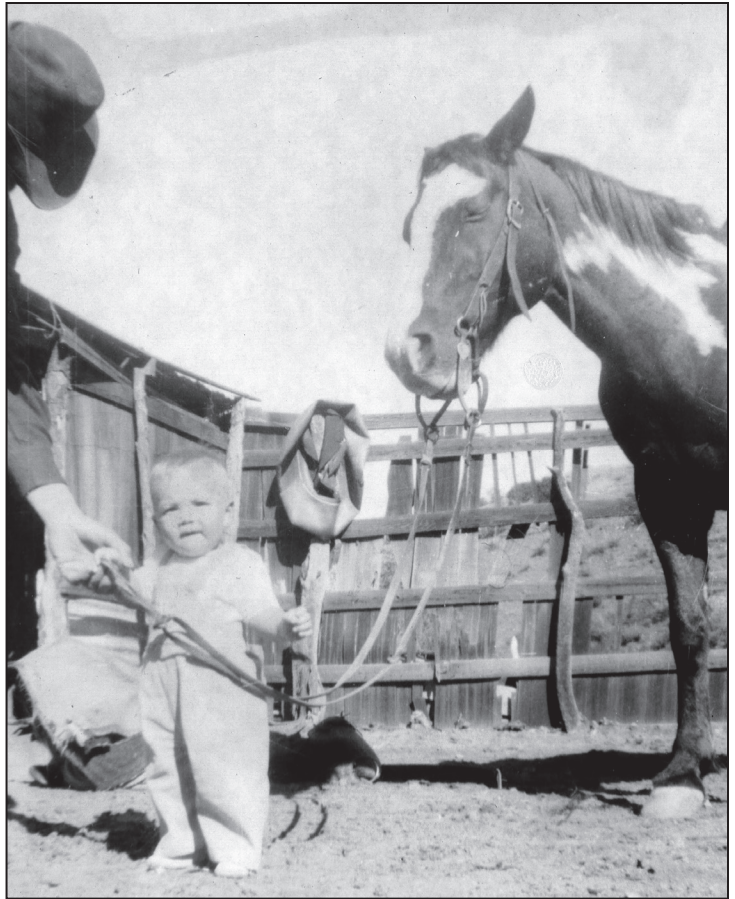
"Sometime later Mom woke up and checked on us boys but I was not in my bed. Mom woke Dad up telling him "Todd isn't



Mom holds Todd as he tries out a calf in the corrals.



Todd's hair was real blonde at one stage - you can see that in other photos here too.



Lyman introduces Todd to Paint.



Todd, about 10 months, with brother Cody in the corrals at the Bar HL Ranch.



Great Grandma Mila Warren, Mamo, Great Grandma Hettie Browning, and Mom with Cody, Todd and Jimmy.



Us boys and Dad at the Bar HL.



Wearing Mom's coat.

in his bed!" and each asked the other "Did you bring him in?" Both realized NOPE! She told me they both hit the back door at the same time and found me on the back seat of the car, sound asleep. She was so embarrassed she did not tell that story until many years later.

"Mom hand made all our cowboy shirts, complete with snap buttons, and all of our Levi pants including the copper rivets. Jeans for little kids were not commercially available at that time. Wherever we went people noticed and complemented her. She was so proud of her three little cowboys!"

Todd had Paint, a paint gelding that had been Bryan Whelan's top calf roping horse, as his mount when he was old enough to ride with the family.

When the boys became school age Lyman and Alaire had another problem. They lived twenty-seven miles out of town, on a dirt road that became impassable in wet weather (which, admittedly, was rare).

Granddad Browning had a house on Haskell Avenue in Willcox, on a block of where a number of ranch families had homes – Helen and Esli Meyer, Bo and Milly Giles, Jack and Louise McCombs. So that became their town home, and the Tenneys and their neighbours all had a lot in common.

Alaire and the boys moved to town during the week, and went to the ranch for weekends and vacation time. During the weekdays they played baseball and Alaire worked at the Home Café and played tennis with her friends.

The Tenney family were active in area horse shows and Lyman competed in ropings and rode in rodeos whenever possible. Of course all three boys rode at horse shows too, from very young ages.



About two years.



Jimmy, Cody and Todd

*From Alaire's album...*

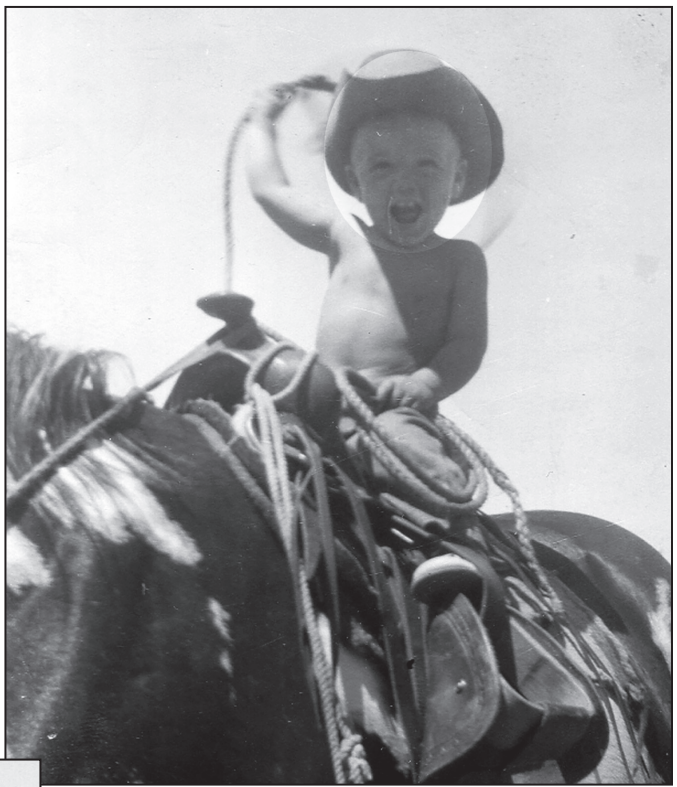


With Blondie.



Jimmy 5, Todd 2 and Cody 4, in outfits made by Mom.

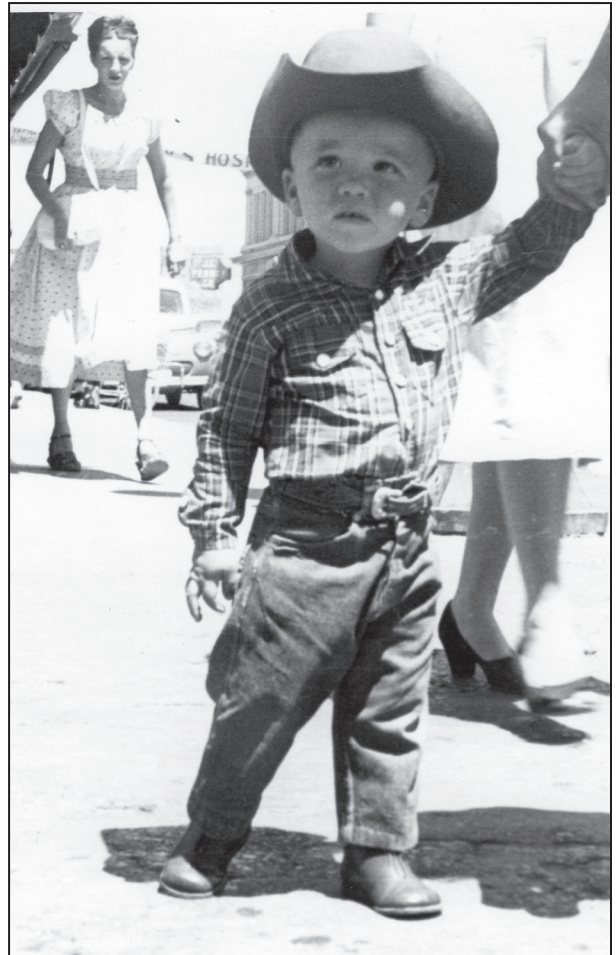
*From  
Alaire's  
album...*



Ready to rope.



About one year - the l'il wrangler.



Street photo taken in Tucson.





The Tenney home in town on Haskell Avenue, in Willcox. It was located next door to the Saxon house.

*Photo 2013*

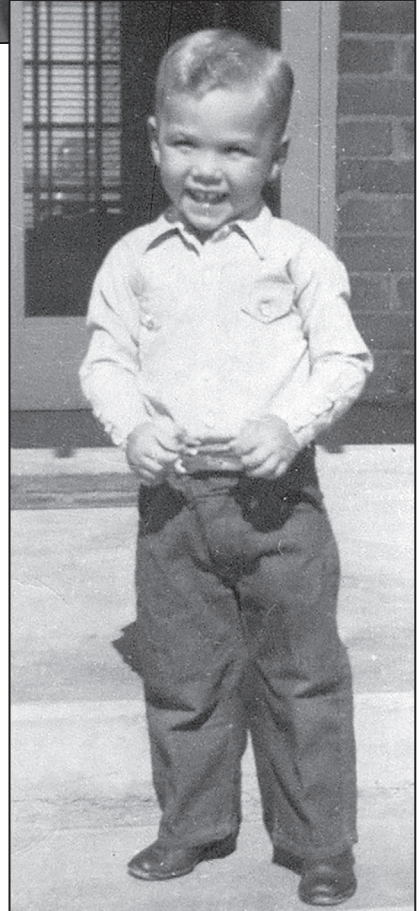
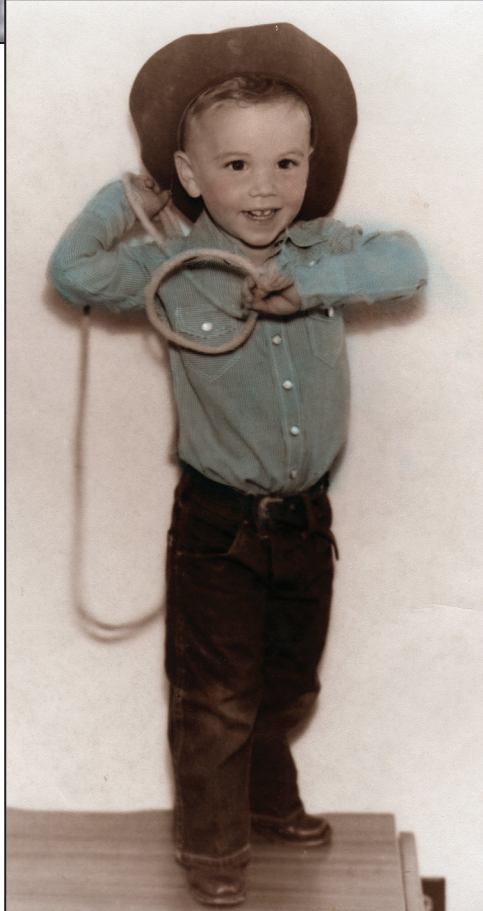
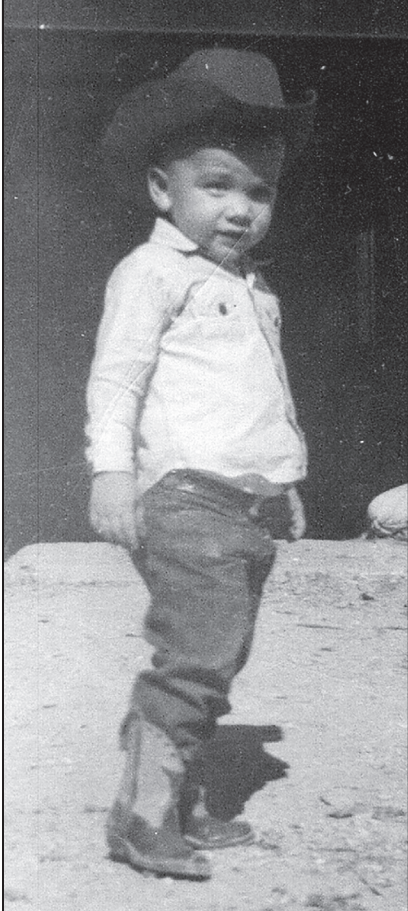
*From Alaire's album...*



Jimmy, Todd and Cody.



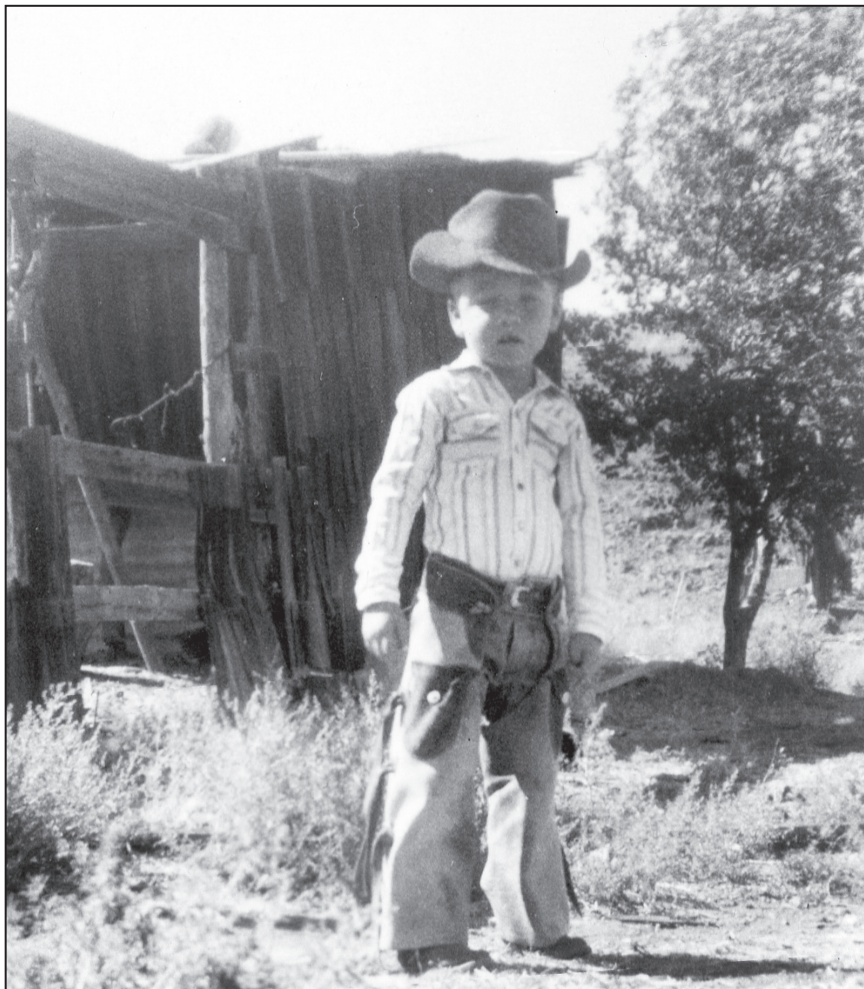
Todd 2, and Jimmy 5, on their bike.



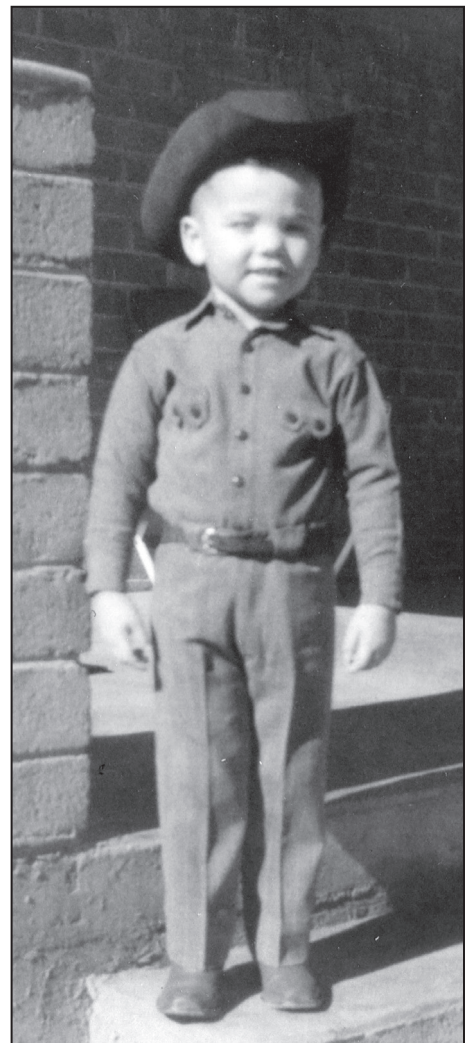


Todd on Paint, Jimmy on Button and Cody on Top Kick - at Willcox Horse Show, about 1952.

*From Alaire's album...*



Todd in his chaps.



Alaire made this shirt for Todd - we still have it.



Bar HL roundup crew, left to right: 'Pistol' Watson, Uncle Alvin, Todd, Mom, Grandad Browning, Cody, Jimmy and Lyman.



'Pistol' Watson, Jimmy, Cody and Todd working at Polecat, on roundup on the Bar HL.



Lyman, 'Pistol' Watson, Jimmy, Todd and Cody topping out with the 'drags' on the Bar HL roundup.



Todd and Paint working on Bar HL roundup.



As cattle string out to the next ridge to Bear Creek on the Bar HL, Lyman, Todd and 'Pistol' Watson ride drag.



About 1953 - Cody and Todd hold a calf for branding on the Bar HL.



Willcox Kindergarten 1950-51 - Todd, four and a half years, front row, second from left.  
The photo was taken on the steps of the little red brick schoolhouse, and the teacher was Verna Chambers.



Willcox Kindergarten class 1951-52 - Todd, age 5, is back row on left.

## Chapter 2

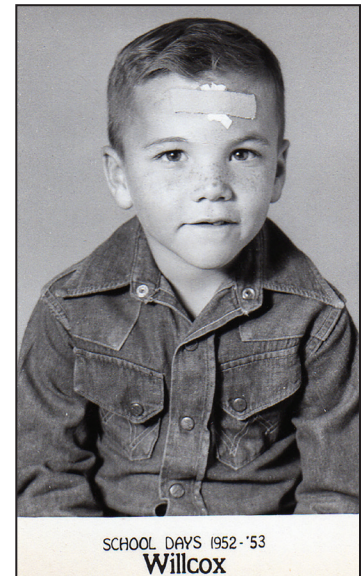
### Muleshoe Ranch, west of Willcox, 1951 - 1953

The Tenney family stayed at the Shilling / Bar HL Ranch until 1951, when, with Jake Kittle, they purchased the Muleshoe Ranch, next to the Bar HL – Jake put up the money, and Tenneys' the experience and work to run it.

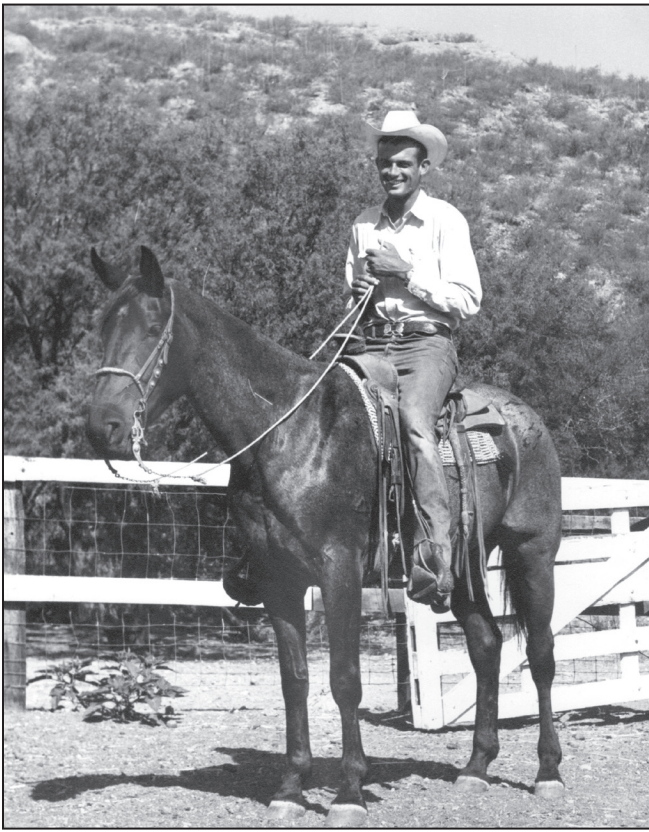
Jimmy recalled, "Jake was a neat guy and always wanted to be a rancher, he was amazed at what good cowboys us Tenney kids were (Jim 10, Cody 7, and Todd 6)."

Todd started Kindergarten at four and a half years of age, and his classroom was a little red brick building on the corner of Haskell Avenue and Delos Street, by the Grammar School, that location now the SSVEC carpark. His teacher was Verna Chambers. The little red brick building was deemed 'unsafe' and demolished about 1952-53. Children were moved into classroom a bit further back with first and second grades a bit further back - these classrooms are probably those buildings the SSVEC now use as workshops and storage. Grades 5 and 6 were in the brick building (now SSVEC).

When he was about four years old Todd and Jimmy were chasing a Hereford bull, and Todd got knocked off Monkey and broke his collarbone. Alaire stayed home with him until he was healed, but after that fall he got real sick with bouts of croup and



The little red brick schoolhouse where Todd attended Kindergarten. The class rooms behind were 1st - 4th.



Jake Kittle - he was a real tall guy.



Todd Tenney and Peter Pervere, about 1951.

together – in fact, Willcox is well populated with ‘ranch widows’. Last summer was very enjoyable for several reasons: our three boys were five, seven and nine years old and therefore able to ride with us all the time. We had just moved to the Muleshoe Ranch thirty miles west of Willcox the previous fall. It is the perfect place to raise a bunch of boys.

“Our fifteen year old nephew, Larry Goodman, spent the summer with us and also my cousin Bubby Warren, from Tucson. He was twelve. That made five boys so in order to get everything done and all free to ride or go where necessary, we set up a schedule: Everyone made his own bed and kept his own room.



Grady Stewart, Peter and Maude Pervere, Todd and Jimmy Tenney, about 1951

pneumonia, and that necessitated them both staying at home a lot – and both would rather have been out riding on the ranch. Todd remembers his Mom feeding him sugar in a spoon with a few drops of kerosene in it to keep his airways open, and he was in the hospital much too often. Alaire worried and watched over him like a hawk never knowing when he would get croupy.

When Todd was about five a family friend who happened to be a retired chiropractor told his parents to call the next time he got the croup. They did, and he came to their house in Willcox, put three kitchen chairs together, put Todd on them cracked his back, and Todd was up and playing within five minutes. After that Alaire and Todd got to spend a lot more time on the ranch.

#### *Alaire's Christmas letter 1951:*

“We have to pack all the companionship and fun we can into our summertime work on the ranch because I am in town with our boys all winter for school. Somehow school and ranching don't go well

Then while I got breakfast, one of the three larger boys would wrangle horses, while the other two would help Lyman with chores and milk. Todd and Cody would usually set the table for breakfast, then sweep the patio porches for me. After breakfast the big boys helped Lyman saddle and get ready to go while the younger boys and I would do dishes and clean up the kitchen. That way we all would end up ready at about the same time.

"We had four hundred head of steers down below toward the San Pedro River that we had to watch quite closely, besides the tanks, windmills, fences, salt, etc. No matter how far we had to ride, we could usually plan to be near the Hot Springs Canyon for lunch. After lunch the kids, and usually Lyman and I too, would wade and play in the stream then stretch out on our chaps and rest for about twenty minutes. Then we would be ready to go on.

"The boys were all good about helping around the house and keeping their things picked up. One day a week we would change the beds and I'd put out a big washing and clean house while they worked in the yard, at the barn, shod horses, or one of the million things there are always to do on a ranch. I'd usually manage the ironing evenings when we would get in a little early, and I tried to bake in the morning while preparing breakfast because all of my bunch seem to really have a sweet tooth and feel neglected if they don't have pie, cake or cookies often.

"We did a lot of work, too. Without the help of our little cowboys, we would have had to hire help. I feel so proud of them when one of the little fellows, especially Cody or Todd, jump out and grab their rope down and shake a loop out as we ride up on something with pink eye or worms. They learn to notice the waters, check to see if the windmill is pumping, check the salt supply and look for worms, pink eye, etc. on the cattle. It is surprising how well they know their way over the ranch, too.

"The visiting boys had heard stories of our thrilling lion hunts and were so anxious to go on one with us. It was impossible, though, in such hot weather. Jimmy had been with Lyman on a long hunt but there hadn't been a kill so he was as eager as the other boys. We called Marvin and Margaret Glenn, very good friends from Douglas. Marvin is a well-known lion hunter and has had publicity in several leading mag-

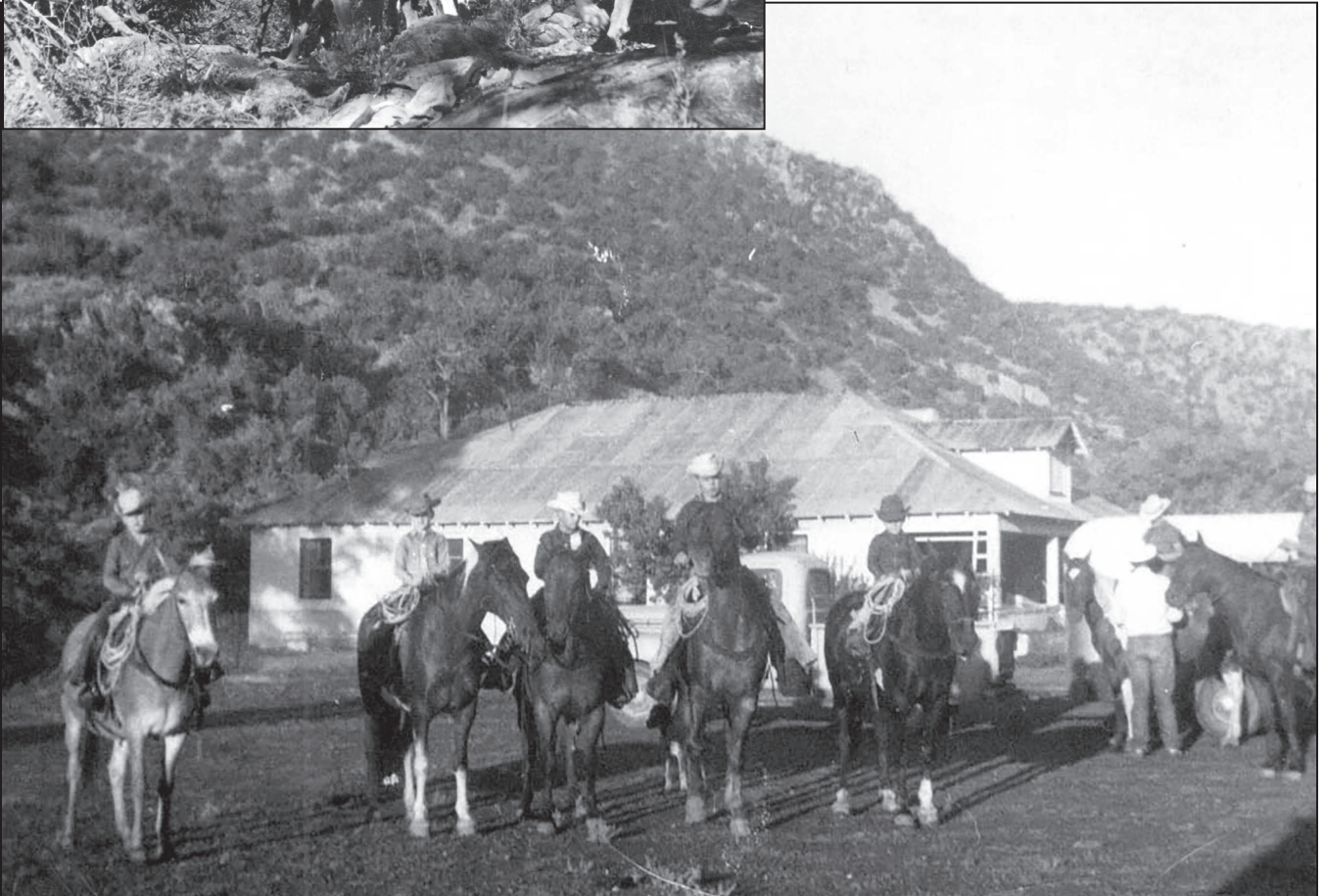


Moving cattle through the narrows in Hot Springs Canyon. Todd on Button at left, Cody and Alaire just ahead.



Above: Lion in tree - "Mom climbed up to take this photo" - Todd.

Left: The hounds have a lion treed.



Ready to hunt lion - Jimmy, Cody, Larry, Bubby and Todd.

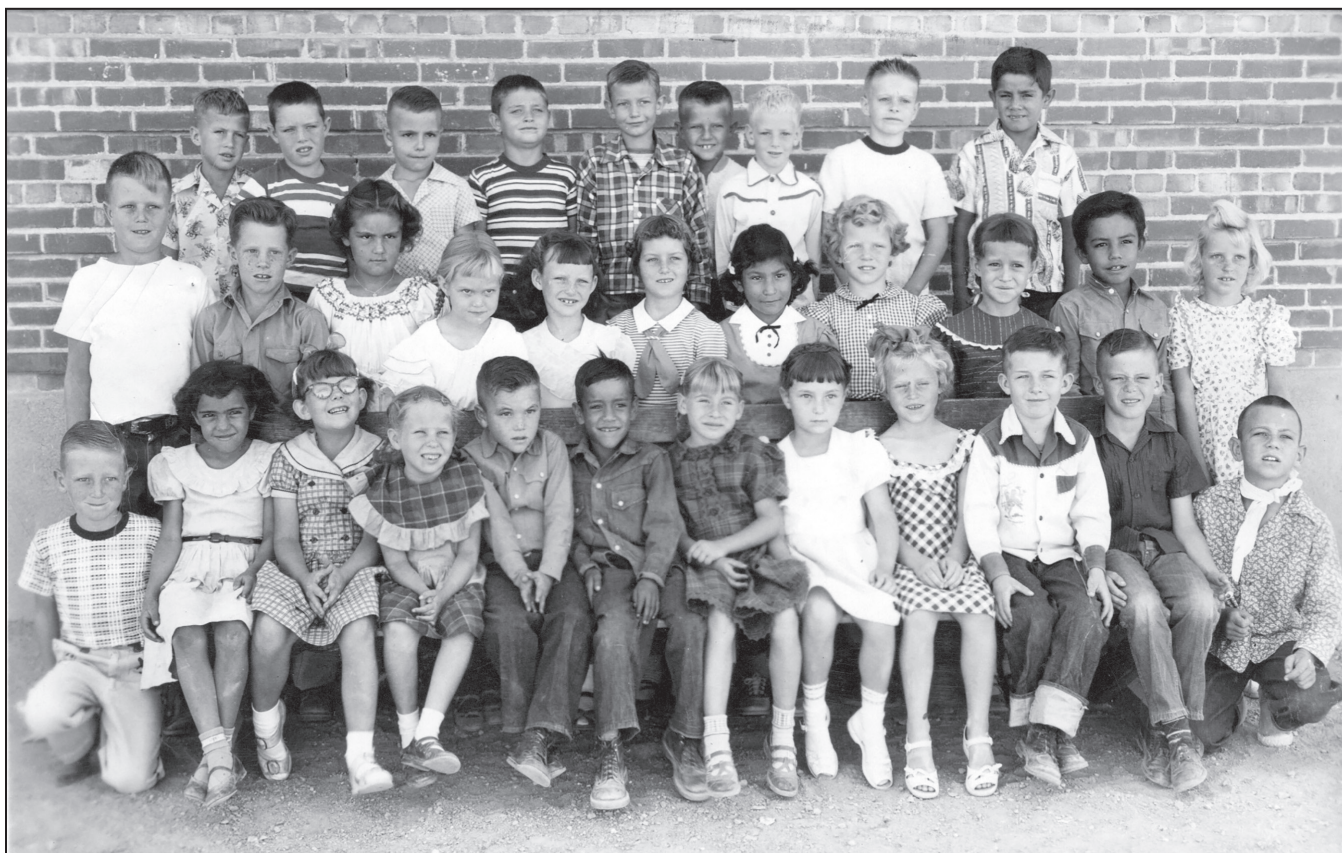
azines. He keeps lions that he can take alive and, after using them to train his dogs on, he can usually get more than or at least meet the bounty.

“They said to come on down and we’d stage a hunt. We spent a couple of days with them. Excitement was running high when we turned a young lion out of a cage and, after giving it about a thirty minute start, the hunt was on. Words are hard to find to describe the hunt. The boys were all so excited during the hunt, and after we had it treed Lyman and I climbed the tree and Lyman held my hand while I reached toward the lion with my camera. I got a few snaps of the lion while it was in the tree, then they roped it, jerked it out, got him tied and back into a cage. That evening as it got cooler again the boys talked Marvin into turning another caged lion out, and we had another chase. It is so interesting to watch the dogs work on a trail and realize how much time and training it takes to have a pack like Marvin’s. We can certainly thank the Glenn’s for a highlight to our summer.”

*Todd added a note here:* “I was just five and a half at this time, and after the first lion was treed, I sat on a log close by. Then the lion jumped out of the tree, landing within three feet of me! He then took off in a big circle out in the flat, running a loop of 180 degrees and then heading towards the mountain. So when the two dogs were set free they started tracking him and I kept pointing where the cat actually was, thinking “stupid dogs”. But of course they hunted by scent, not sight.

“It was something to see them get a lion out of the tree, too. They would put a rope on a long pole and maneuver it until they got it over the lion’s head, then choke it some, until they could pull it out of the tree. Then someone had to jump in and get that cat by the tail, then the others roped each foot with a piggin’ string so they could tie it up.”

*Alaire continues:* “After such a full summer, it is harder than ever to move into town again for school. Then we have only vacations and weekends at the ranch, but school is almost half over for this year and we’ll soon be back at the ranch for another summer of work and fun.”



Willcox Grade 1 class 1952-53 - Todd, age 6, is front row, fifth from left and all squished.



Todd, about 6, in backyard of the Saxon House.

Life on the Muleshoe was good, but then drought hit them, they got into real financial trouble and the partnership was dissolved.

Todd's Grandad offered to buy the ranch from Jake, and Lyman and Alaire stayed on another two years, but this did not work out, so in 1954 they moved to Prescott and Lyman went to work for his brother Boyd.



Willcox Grade 2 class 1953-54 - Todd, age 7, is front row second from right.

2 Douglas (Ariz.) Dispatch

Monday, January 28, 1952



**WILCOX WEDDING PARTY**—Miss Earlene Byrd became the bride of Dave Harris in a ceremony Wednesday evening at the Willcox Methodist church. The bridegroom is in the Marines at the El Toro, Calif., Marine Air Base. Members of the wedding party, shown above, left to right, were Elbert Lee, Miss Jorene Bull, Miss Shirley Jo Harris, the bride and bridegroom, Peter Segulja, Bery Byrd and Marvin Johnson. The children are Sharon Byrd and Todd Tenney.

Todd often told about being ring bearer at Dave Harris' wedding so I was delighted to find a photo.

*Courtesy Sulphur Springs Valley  
Historical Society*

About 1956: Mamo with  
Jimmy, Todd and Cody.





About 1956: Grandad Browning with Todd, Cody and Jimmy.



Cowboys on the Muleshoe, about the mid-1950s - two ranch hands Martin and Bobby, Uncle Alvin, Blondie, Todd and Grandad Browning.



Todd enjoying the pool at the Muleshoe. The pool was 12' deep and 100' long, and fed by natural hot springs. Later it was filled in by Nature Conservancy - to make a parking lot!



Todd and Diane Myers at a picnic on the Muleshoe.

## Chapter 3

### Prescott, 1953 - 1957

When Todd was seven and a half years old his Uncle Boyd offered his Dad a job with his feed business in Prescott as a salesman, selling Purina horse feed to ranchers. So the family headed north to Prescott in early 1954, first renting a small rock house on Rosser Drive. Zelma, Mom's friend from Willcox, and her daughters Dena, Gail and Nila, lived next door in clapboard house and became good friends – after they moved the Todd's family lived there.

Lyman worked for Boyd selling Purina feeds while he couldn't cowboy, but helped Boyd on weekends. He was the 'outside' salesman for Purina – Cecil Fry was manager and told him that Purina put a mill in Phoenix to keep up with his sales! The boys occasionally helped Uncle Boyd at his store.

Alaire worked for Gerald Turley, CPA, keeping books for thirty two local businesses (no computers in those days – just pencils, adding machines and ledgers).

The boys went to Miller Valley School, where Todd attended the second half of 2nd Grade and the first half of 3rd Grade. They also played Little League and climbed rocks.



Miller Valley School: Grade 3, 1954-55 - Todd, age 9, is front row, fourth from left.



Todd, standing at attention, with teacher at Miller Valley School.



Miller Valley School, where Todd attended the second half of 2nd grade, first half of 3rd grade, and the first half of 6th grade.

In 1954 Lyman took a job on the Prescott Ranger Ranch managing the cattle, and as wrangler for the boys camp held there during the summer months. Alaire and the boys enjoyed summer on the ranch, too.

*Todd remembers:* “It was out of Prescott, in the Skull Valley area. We lived in Prescott and went out on weekends, and when we were there one summer we had a house.

“Dad in charge of horses and ranch part of it. There were councillors and activities – it was basically a summer camp for rich boys from California. Ronald Regan’s son attended while we were there

“At the ranch I had Goofy the goat – I don’t remember how I got her. She became kinda a mascot for that summer and we told new boys to ‘pull her tail and she’ll say hello’ – well, she’d rear on her hind legs and take out after them, butting them. There was one boy who was terrified of her – and she knew it!

“Dad took us boys deer hunting one day, and shot a buck. I had a hunting knife in a scabbard, and we jumped off our horses when we got to the buck. Jimmy held its head up and said to Cody to come cut its throat, and Cody, being the queer kid he was, stuck the buck in the ass instead, and it bolted up and over us and ran down the hill and died. This was the first time Jimmy hunted and he was twelve.

“There was a bunch of ranch horses there for the boys and one day they were out riding, and one kid found an old cow skull and tied it to the back of his saddle. He didn’t know how to tie a proper knot so as they loped along the skull came loose and stuck his horse in the flank and he got bucked off; the horse ran off with that skull and they had to go find it the next day,” Todd laughed.



While working at the Ranger Ranch, Lyman was offered the foreman job on the Kieckhefer's K-4 Ranch, of 254 square miles.

*Todd:* "We moved to the K-4 and had the foreman's house, the 'Eddie Place', down on the flat and about ten miles from the main ranch house. The cowboys stayed in a bunkhouse, with kitchen and mess hall separate. Within this area was a fancy house for Eastern visitors, corrals, and huge barn where hay was stored in the loft – and we made jerky in top floor. We also had an arena to practice for father/son team roping. The ranch extended up Walnut Creek, and there were farms for several miles down Big Chino Wash. We were 29 miles from Chino Valley, so we drove to Paulden to catch the schoolbus.

"On roundup we had a real chef as our camp cook. 'Chef' had been all over the world, and wanted the experience of cooking for a cattle outfit. He was new to ranching and didn't know area, but Dad told him where to meet us, and how to get there – then worried all morning about whether he'd get there or not. Sometime later he smelled coffee and came loping up – 'Chef' had found the campsite and even knew to hand Dad a half-cup of coffee as he was horseback.

"There were ten or twelve of us on roundup and 'Chef' cooked each person's favorite at one time or another. We had one cowboy, Chuck, that hated pork chops – chef fixed pork chops up special and the cowboy wouldn't believe he was eating pork chops. 'Chef' paid attention and knew what each person enjoyed, but just there through one roundup.

"Winter roundup it was so cold it hurt. Below freezing and wind blowing. One morning I was crying with the cold so Dad had us stop and he burned a *sacouista* (bear grass) to warm up. The heat from that fire was so good, and the rest of the cowboys stopped to get warm too."

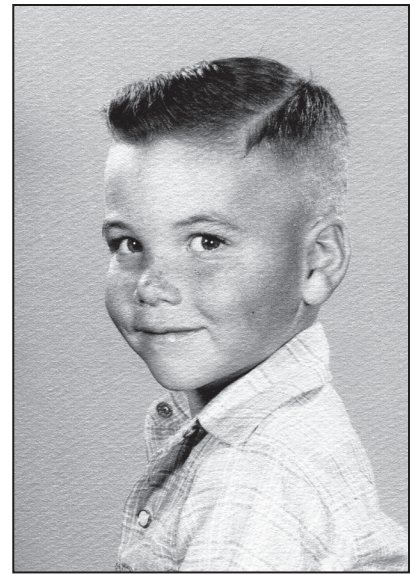
As the family had moved out there in the fall, after deer season, and Lyman rented their home in town. They lived at the K-4 for a year and a half.

Jimmy, Todd and Cody attended school at Chino Valley, a pleasant school with lots of trees and fresh farm produce served for lunches. Todd shared a classroom with Cody here, as there were two grades per room and he was in 3rd grade and Cody in 4th.

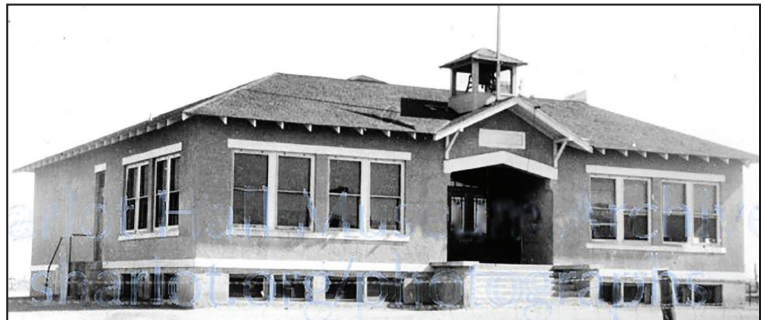
Todd was at Chino Valley School for the latter part of 3rd grade and all of 4th grade. When Jimmy was thirteen he drove a pickup from the ranch to the school bus stop at Paulden with Cody, Todd, and a couple of other kids.

It was on the K-4 in the summer of 1956 that Lyman was involved in a bad wreck. A colt he was breaking fell backwards on top of him. Alaire was on the spot when Lyman's horse fell over backwards on a gravel road – his head hit hard and he was severely concussed.

*Todd says of this frightening event:* "When I was ten my Dad had a horse rear up hitting his face knocking him out cold. Then fell backwards on top of him onto the gravel road outside the corrals where we lived at the K4 Ranch. He suffered a severe concussion. Mom was with him when it happened. I don't remember what I was doing, or where my brothers were, but Mom screamed for me to come help.



Todd about age 8.



Chino Valley School.



Todd at age 11.

“She told me what happened and to stay with Dad. She caught his horse and took hers too, unsaddled them and then raced to get the car. No helicopters or EMTs in those days. I helped her get Dad into the rear seat where I sat with him and she drove into Prescott to the hospital about an hour’s drive away.

“All the way into the hospital Dad’s pupils were mere pinpricks and he kept asking over and over and over ‘Where’s Mom? Where’s Jimmy? Where’s Cody? Where’s Todd?’ I was scared and confused and kept asking Mom why he was doing that. I cannot imagine how scared she must have been.”

After a week or so in hospital Lyman returned home but was unable to work. In addition to the severe concussion he had shoulder damage that put him on a 60% disability, and worker’s compensation. With Lyman unable to work for over a year, the family moved back to town, living in an upstairs apartment on Larkin Street for a while.

Meanwhile Alaire had returned to the accountant’s office to support

her family, and the boys continued their educations at Washington Grammar School for Cody in 6th and Todd in 5th, and Prescott Junior High for Jimmy. Washington Grammar was not as nice as the others as it was on a main road and was all concrete through the play areas.

In Summer they moved back to their house on Miller Valley Road, and though things were tough, the boys didn’t realize it. This house was on top of the hill and out behind were huge boulders that provided a great space to play and wore out many pairs of jeans as the boys scrabbled around over the granite.

When a friend needed some part-bred Shetland ponies broken in, Lyman made a deal with the boys and they took on the job and got paid for breaking them. They actually turned out to be pretty good horses.

During this time Todd got sick: “We were back to house in summer and I got bronchial pneumonia and nearly died in hospital. I had this dream, I was in a void, dimly lit, and a thread was stretched and I was hanging on and trying to climb on top but it was barely there and there was no way to stay on top of it – it went on endlessly. It was totally terrifying and I couldn’t wake up. I think that string was my life. I was ten or eleven – I had



The Larkin Street house rented in 1956 still stands in 2008.



Washington Traditional School.



Mrs Arizona contest - Alaire and her adoring family!

it twice. I was in the old hospital.”

“All our life while still at home, we three boys shared in the cleaning and cooking while Mom and Dad were working,” Todd said, “however even though we made our beds every morning and dusted and vacuumed every afternoon Mom would remake our beds after we left for school and before she left for work. And re-clean the house in the afternoon when she got home from work. She was such a perfectionist.

“I well remember all three of us asking her to get a dish washing machine when they first came out. Mom replied ‘Why would we do that when we have three perfectly good dish washers now!’ We all just groaned!”

In 1957 Alaire was persuaded to enter the Mrs. America contest. As Mrs. Prescott, Alaire competed with five other ladies in the naming of two northern finalists for the Mrs. Arizona title. As one of the Northern Arizona finalists, Alaire finished third in Mrs. Arizona, because, as Lyman said, she told the officials that she simply could not think of going on to the Mrs. America title – she had a family to care for!

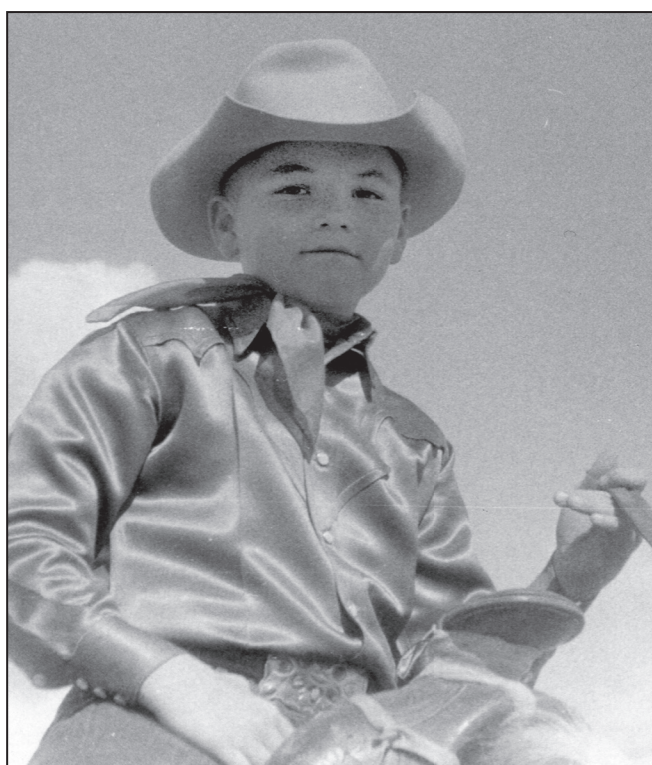
Lyman was again injured in a horse accident in 1957, resulting in a couple of broken ribs.

In the fall just as the boys had just started back to school, he was offered a job at a California feedlot, and much as they liked Prescott, and being around Lyman’s family, they decided to go.

*From  
Alaire's  
album...*

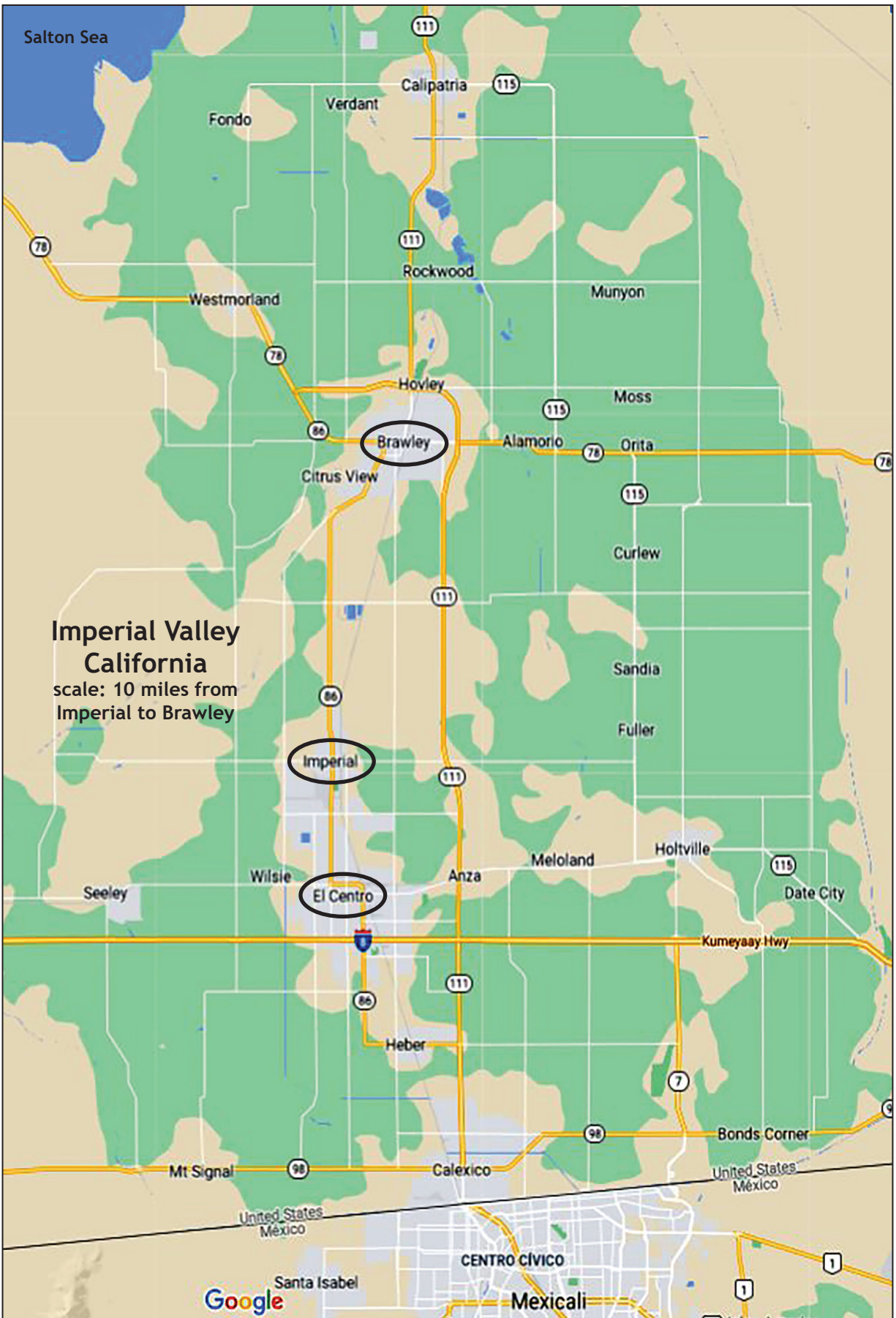


At Prescott Horse Shows:  
The Tenney horses worked as  
ranch mounts and doubled as kids  
mounts at local horse shows -  
that's a far call from today's show  
horses.





Todd on Button, Jimmy on Winning Ways and Cody on Chick.



## Chapter 4

### Imperial Valley, California 1957 - 1963

In was December of 1957, when Todd was eleven, that the family moved to Imperial Valley, they found the climate there was much different from the mountains of Arizona. Imperial Valley was about 100 square miles of below-sea-level irrigated fields, growing all kinds of crops including hay, vegetables and, in the summertime, sugar beets. Imperial was about five miles north of El Centro, and not fifteen miles from the Mexico border.

In January 1958 Lyman started work at the Central Valley Feedlot, first driving the feedlot feed truck, but soon riding the corrals, tending sick cattle, and within the month was foreman in care of the cattle.

Alaire found a job with an accounting firm in El Centro, and for two and a half years they lived in the back half of the feedlot office – basically one large room that included a kitchen area and bathroom, with a partition to make a bedroom for Mom and Dad. The boys slept together on a fold-out couch - not very comfortable for young fellows aged 15, 13 and 11.

They barely got settled and it was time for the boys to start school. It was only about five blocks away so they rode their bikes, leaving home about 8:30. Todd recalls one summer while Dad was cattle foreman at the Central Valley Feedlot, that at 4:00 p.m. each afternoon the temperature inside the saddle shed was 112°F or higher – for sixty seven consecutive days, and with very high humidity.

In February 1958 he joined a model airplane club and was building planes - but we only know this from a letter Alaire wrote.



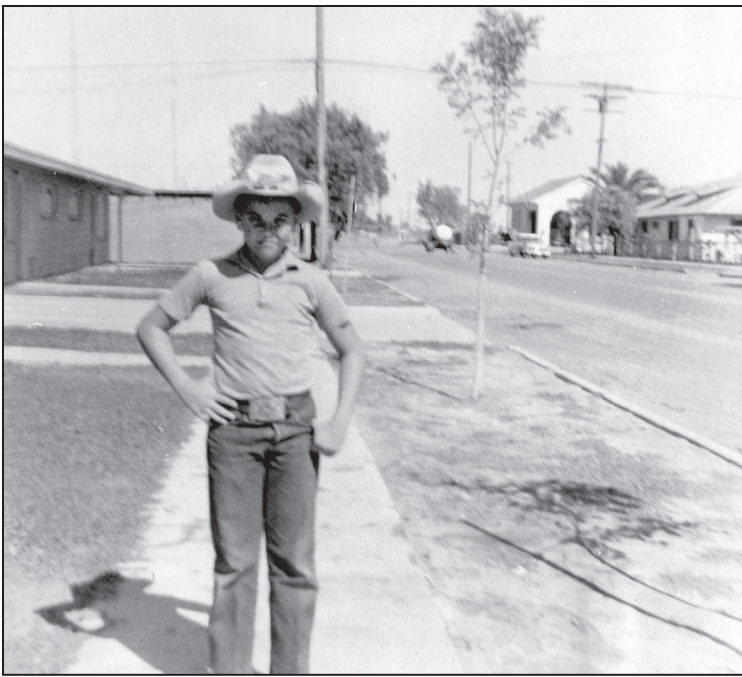
Jimmy Duggins.



Imperial Valley School - Todd and a good friend, Jimmy Duggins.

*School Days*

*1958 - 1959*



In Imperial, California, near their rented apartment.



Todd's parents made him take dance lessons when he was in Junior High - he says he hated that but looks to be having a good time here!



Todd and Grandad shooting at the Muleshoe.

Now Lyman was always ready to go to a roping, and they also competed in horse shows, but Todd's first love was hunting and he was not very keen on these activities.

In April 1958, when he was eleven, he broke his left leg...

"I was in 6th grade when I broke my leg the first time. It was on a weekend and at a father / son team roping, and I wasn't that interested but Dad wanted me to rope so I did – Jimmy loved it, I didn't." Todd said.

"Anyway I was out playing in the dirt and they called me "you're up" so I headed over, climbing a chain link fence. It had a railroad post H brace and I stood on that and jumped off and my spur hung in the chain link fence and I turned over and the back of my head hit the ground.

"My foot stayed and my leg twisted, the break went 2½ times around the shin bone and went 'POW' like a gunshot. Jimmy saw me hit the ground and heard it; I reached up and grabbed the fence and climbed back up – I don't know how.

"I said 'Dad come help me, I broke my leg.' Jimmy got to me first. They got me into the back of the pickup and took me to the hospital in Brawley and put a cast on, all the way up to my hip. I was six months like that."

*A note to family from Alaire said* "He really did suffer all Sunday night and they didn't set it until 2pm Monday. The cast was all the way up to his hip and he had quite a time trying to learn to use crutches. A few days later Lyman was in hospital with appendicitis."

*Todd continued* "I went back to school. My buddies, Jimmy Duggins and Ronnie Tuttle and I, conned my teacher, and when I needed to go to the bathroom I told him I needed someone with me in case I slipped. So we sat outside and goofed off.

"There was a black kid, Teddy, in my class who was a bully. The teacher disciplined everyone by

whipping them with a yardstick – having us grab our ankles. One day Teddy laughed at him so he hit him so hard he broke the yardstick. So Teddy laughed at him again. Teacher picked up both pieces and hit him again ‘til they broke. Teddy wouldn’t cry!

“When we lived in Prescott and Imperial I spent most of my summers on the Muleshoe with Mamo and Granddad – I was his favorite grandson. They either came to get me or Mom would take me and I’d stay 6-8 weeks and went everywhere I could with Granddad. He got me into Little League and he would drive me into town most days for practice – he loved baseball, and was a good ballplayer in his youth, wanted to go pro but not able to due to family considerations. He played ball until he was 50 and had to get a knee replaced.”



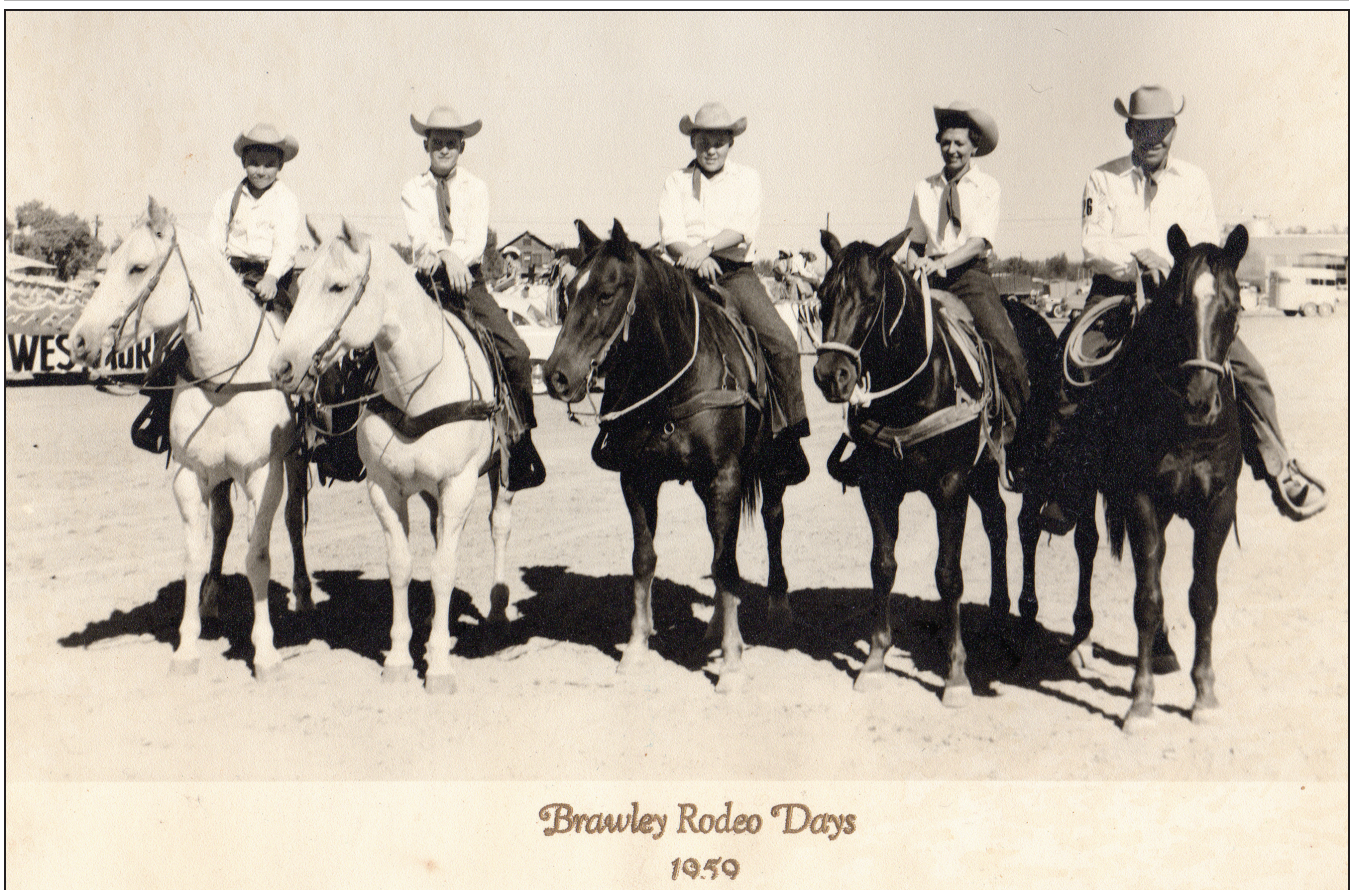
Willcox Little League team 1957:

Front row - Todd, Brown, Wootan, Connor and Crookshank.

Back Row: Neal, Coach Dink Connor, Cox, unknown and Ridgeway.



Imperial Little League 1959. Todd is in back row, left of tall kid.



Brawley 1959 - Todd on Button, Cody on Chick, Jim on Clipper, Alaire on Peppy Punkin and Lyman on Rasky.



Central Valley feedlot.

*Letter from Alaire, July 7, 1958:* "Todd at Muleshoe with Jimmy with their Mamo and Grandad – he has his leg in a cast. He and his little cousin spend a lot of their time around the canyon and along the hillsides hunting lizards with their nigger shooters. Mom said that he is about to wear out his cast from sliding around in the rocks but it should be only three more weeks until they put his third cast on. He will have to wear it for an-

other two months, making six months in a cast altogether. The Doctor said that had an adult had that type of break they that would be in a cast from nine months to a year.

"Todd sits on the patio during the heat of the day and shoots yellow jackets off the fish pond with his BB gun, and when he runs out BBs, he has Jimmy and Mom's cook wade into the pond and dig out the BBs so he can shoot them again."

Nov 1959 – letter from Alaire to Boyd & Rachel: “Todd is the hunter and every chance he gets to get me out early on weekends we are out duck hunting. Soon pheasant season will be open, too. We got him a German Short-haired Retriever for his birthday and he is happy! But Blondie is sad!

“Cody and Todd get really top grades but that Jim! He seems to think that he is a wonderful scholar – he is passing! That is all that matters to the knucklehead and I’m afraid he won’t wake up in time to realize what it will mean to him until it is too late. Thank goodness the other two aren’t that way or I’d be grey headed already.

“I get squeamish though when I look at these big boys towering over me and realize that it will be only four more years after this one until the last one will be out of high school! And we just haven’t had nearly enough time with them – I have hated working because of this and yet I’m so thankful that I could.”

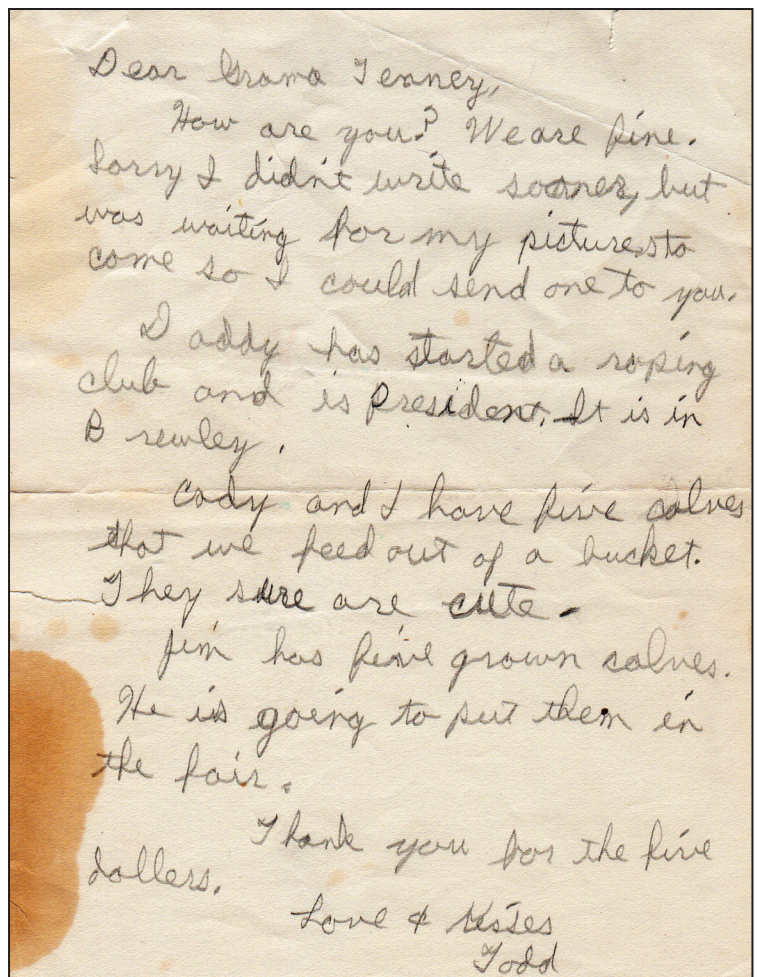
Todd recalls, from the Central Valley Feedlot days: “One time Jimmy and Cody were having a war of words after school in Imperial. Jimmy was in the kitchen making hamburger patties for supper and told Cody to come help, and got back talk. Jimmy was about twenty feet from Cody so he threw the ball of hamburger in his hand as hard as he could, hitting Cody’s side. And the fight was on. I remember siding with Cody in that fight and when I got Jimmy in a headlock, Cody jumped up and started kicking him in the head. He had on moccasin’s so no real damage was being done ’till he missed Jimmy’s head and caught me in my mouth driving a tooth threw my lip. Mom came in the door from work at that moment, took in the scene in one glance, grabbed me off the floor and started spanking me with her hand saying something like ‘If I’ve told you boys once I’ve told you a thousand times not to fight!’ Both my brothers yelled at Mom that I was bleeding. She then pushed me toward the bathroom and proceeded to deal with them!

“My first serious girlfriend was Connie Keifauver. She and Becky were twins living in Imperial. I had horses so that gave me an edge over Jimmy Duggins, whose father was a carpenter. Boy, as kids we sure had fun, had the best of times.

“We played pool at lunchtime; and in middle of town there was an old empty house with a concrete bunker. We were able to break in and we liberated some old trunks and stuff.

“I finished my Freshman year in Imperial, and did Sophomore and Junior year in Brawley. Had to leave my friends Jimmy Duggins and Ronnie Tuttle behind – we were just far enough away that we didn’t see each other. Imperial was a small town like Willcox, Brawley more the size of Safford, so the schools didn’t compete in sports either. Even though we were only about ten miles away, it seemed like a hundred.

“There was a Jew who owned dairies in Los Angeles. He wore a western belt with a diamond stud-





Todd and his brothers playing basketball at their home in Brawley.

ded buckle and had his initials in gold on it. The belt was doubled leather and within the two pieces of leather was a band of solid gold that could be seen through the leather, where this guy's name had been cut out. The buckle had lots of diamonds on it. It was worth about \$30,000 back in those days (about \$262,800 in 2020). He made a deal with Dad to run springer (yearling) heifers on pasture, get them bred, and then before they calved out they would return them to the dairies so as soon as they calved out they could be milked. They were Holsteins – dumbest cattle you ever saw in your life.

In 1960 Lyman and Alaire started a business of their own and they moved to a small two-bedroom duplex apartment. As they made more money they bought a three bedroom house on a corner in Brawley – out back had concrete porch and right behind was a grocery store.

Their new business was running cattle on pasture prior to entering the various feedlots. This was an “outside” cattle feeding operation and as they knew so many of the farmers from working in the feedlot, it gave them an advantage in arranging pasture for the cattle in their care. They got various kinds of pasture and, in summertime, beet fields that had been harvested, leaving just the beet tops for

the cattle to graze, all excellent feed.

“We made simple fences with wooden posts 2x2”, pounded them in and ran barb wire. Generally just one wire, a hotwire. You can lay a blade of green grass on a hotwire and soon you'd feel a pulse. One fellow, Johnny Goss could grab hold of a hotwire and hold on – electricity didn't bother him.

“We used old ammo cases for troughs, put out three or four, connect them with pipe, and drop a rubber hose from the irrigation ditch.

“By the time I was twelve my weekends were spent helping Mom and Dad – I'd often go out with one of the cowboys who worked for them. They had two-gallon igloo coolers and would put a solid block of ice in it and fill it with water. We'd go out about 4am in the summer (Dad had two International pickups, and a car with a horse trailer), we'd load the horses and go to fields.

“Sugar beets, topped off, are good nutrition and really sweet, but the hot sun dried it up like jerky. Cattle have no top teeth but they would learn to chew them up well. But sometimes they'd get impatient and swallow one too soon and it would get lodged in their craw. So we carried a 6' length of rubber hose, 1½”wide.

“You'd see a beast choking – they'd have their chin stuck out, be slobbering and all hunched up – so you'd go rope them (team rope) and one cowboy would get off and run the hose down their throat to dislodge the beet. Occasionally the hose would go down the wrong hole, or we would lose one anyway. When unstuck there was an awful smell and green stuff would shoot out and it would make you sick.

“When we got one done we'd shake the hose out, mount up and ride on. A cow could stand around for three or four hours with a beet stuck in the throat, so we got to most of them in time. Cows don't graze all the time – they graze a bit then lay down, burp it up and chew their ‘cud’. I rode with Art Fenn a lot, he wasn't a good roper at that time – he used a huge loop, and I wasn't that great either – I didn't enjoy it, but I had to do it. At the end of the day when everyone got back in, they would ask each other ‘How many

loops did you miss today?’ as cowboys competed on everything. So Art and I were really bad and decided that considering the quality of ropers we were compared to the other guys, that it took three of our loops to equal one of theirs. So we’d say ‘Only missed one loop today!’

“We had anywhere from 200 to 600 head per field to check on, mostly steers, heifers, old cows – and every day you’d check them in morning and evening – certain fields in morning. You’d check them in the morning and come in about 11am, soaking in sweat, and drank lots of water – about a gallon apiece. Had lunch, pass out for a nap and about 4pm (it was daylight until 8), then about 4pm you’d get another block of ice and water, saddle up again and head out.

“I recall one steer that was so big that when we roped him we couldn’t pull him over – we had to un-choke him standing up!

“Walt Svettich from the K-4 came to work with us, and Chuck, who didn’t like pork chops. Sometimes I’d go out with Dad or Jimmy. After sugar beet season there were alfalfa fields to put the cattle on. Ploughing unharvested carrots; green chop of field corn. It cost so much per head per day to graze the cattle – Dad always organized that – met with the farmers who had the pasture. He had to find new fields all the time and the next field might be a quarter mile away or five miles. Then we’d have to fence the new field first and get the guys there, and dogs and pickups to move the cattle along and keep them out of fields because there was no fencing – just open fields. Usually we went along ditch banks from one place to another, and we had to keep them out of fields and stop them turning off onto roads.

“Different cattle acted differently. Dad had some Corriente cattle out of Mexico one time and they were bronco SOB. We were moving them along Hwy 80 – if they knew there was an electric fence there they didn’t want to go past.

“Hot wire fences had to be strung so that the wire was on the inside of the post – or else the cattle would push the posts over. The gate was just a single wire wrapped around a wooden post. One time, whoever fenced did not wrap the tail of the wire around that post properly and Dad, wet with sweat, reached over and touched that wire and it knocked him to his knees – I had to laugh – but it hurt him and he sure cussed.



Moving cattle in Imperial Valley.

*All blurry images captured from old family movies*



Todd after a pheasant hunt.



Todd and Rasky won the Junior-Senior Team Roping Trophy 1961. "Every time I competed in the father / son team roping with Dad we got better time than when Jimmy roped with Dad. But I didn't rope that often because I wasn't interested - that was Jimmy's thing" - Todd.

"Same day Dad was riding a bronc that could really buck. The field we were in was about a half mile long and an eighth of a mile wide. That horse started to buck when Dad stepped up on him and it pitched the full length of the field – bawling, bucking and kicking and running through the cattle. I was able to keep that bronc from hitting a fence and he turned around and pitched halfway back – finally wore himself out and stopped. He bucked hard all the way. Dad sure got his ass kicked that day!"

*Alaire's Christmas letter 1961:* "Todd is fifteen now – just barely – as his birthday was the 14th and he is still very small but beginning to grow. He is a real student and certainly is

taking a heavy course. He and Lyman have won two trophies in Father and Son team roping this year but his first love is hunting, and he is an expert in his knowledge of everything pertaining to hunting. He is in 4H work with a colt as his project, and is the same quiet tease as my father. He does love animals and spends a lot of time with the dogs.



Map shows Willcox, Prescott and Chino Valley, and Brawley and El Centro in the Imperial Valley of California.

“We have all enjoyed our new home in Brawley. It is a three-bedroom, two baths with a double garage and a big yard. We had a cement slab poured between the house and garage for a patio and basketball court which we all enjoy and soon will be able to use the outdoor bar-beque Lyman gave me for my birthday, fixing meals outdoors.”

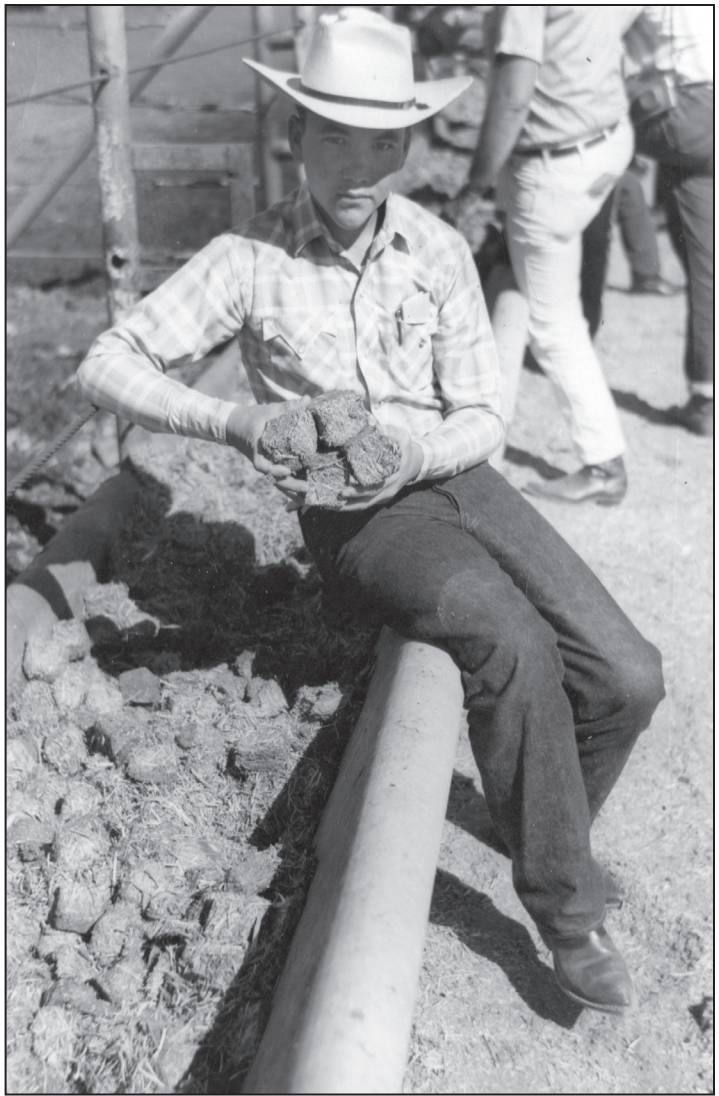
Until Todd had a driver's license his Mom was his driver when he went hunting – his favorite sport. Jimmy was his Dad's right hand cowboy and roper and Cody was a star athlete in all school sports. Alaire drove Todd and his friends all over the Imperial Valley in search of dove, quail, pheasant, rabbits and ducks and geese. During duck season she would cheerfully get up well before daylight to get them out there and into hiding before sunup. “Dad had bought me a shotgun, a bolt action 20ga for \$20, not a good one, though, because hunting was not important to him. I also had a single-shot .410 for a while. We shot Johnny owls, rabbits, quail, ducks, lake hens, frogs – anything that moved, and went fishing in the sewer ponds for bluegill.”

One time Todd drove himself, alone, in the family's pickup hunting for ducks. He was only fifteen, did not have his license yet, and was looking out over the fields and not watching the road when all of a sudden he found himself slowly sliding down to the bottom of an irrigation drainage ditch 20 feet to a four-foot drop off into water. There was no way to drive out and the pickup was well stuck. He had to walk home and tell his Dad, who then called for help – and said he had been driving the truck! It took two tow trucks to get the pickup out of the ditch and \$400 to get the pickup out of the ditch. Dad never said anything to me about it till years later. I think he felt guilty for not taking me himself. But I know he did his best. (That \$400 was the equivalent of \$3,504.32 in 2020)

In the summer Alaire drove them to and from fishing places too. She was also Todd's biggest supporter for Little League, taking him to practices and to games and cheering him on, while his Dad was usually still working cattle.

*Todd:* “One day Mom got hurt real bad. We were moving these Holsteins past a wet cotton field. Cotton was an expensive crop and we couldn't let cattle get in there as they'd trample it down and if that happened we'd have to pay for the damage. Mom was running flat out on Clipper when he fell and slingshot her off headfirst into the wet dirt – lucky it didn't kill her, if it had been hard ground it probably would have.

“That winter we had Neuhaul Land & Cattle company cattle on alfalfa on gain principal. Cattle got cold and sick and didn't gain much, so Neuhaul came and loaded the cattle up and took them without



Todd at Arizona Cattlemans' Convention in Yuma, AZ, 1961. He's holding cubed alfalfa hay, a new invention.

telling Dad. Jimmy and I came upon them loading the cattle and called Dad. Had they left the cattle a bit longer they would have had a chance to put on weight, but they just saw that they were not doing well at that moment so they took them. They did not pay Dad – but Dad still had to pay the farmers for the grazing. A lawyer told Dad that the case was winnable but the big company would break him – they had time and lots of lawyers. We had no money saved to handle this kind of situation – but instead of taking out bankruptcy he paid what he could, sold everything and was taken advantage of – getting 10 cents on the dollar. But that’s how business goes.”

This, and another offer from Granddad Browning, on top of Alaire’s accident and subsequent memory lapses, helped them decide to return to Willcox, hoping this would help her memory.

*Looking back Todd said:* “We worked all summer on the ranch as we grew up. We were poor, I always thought we were middle class, but we weren’t, we were poor. Up before sunup and out horseback all day, home late.

“At the feedlot we (kids) didn’t do much but at the K-4 we did – it was just what we did. People are so spoiled today. We were working class – poor is a state of mind as much as anything, and a willingness to work.

“In summer Mom loved to put ice down everyone’s back. And when you tried to get back at her she would not play fair. She would squirm away and if you got a good hold of her she would grab your little finger and twist it till you let her go – or pull your ears and hair. Of course, being a girl, no one would dare do that to her!

“Mom was a great big tease and practical joker. She cooked meals for the cowboys at the ranches, and in Imperial Valley, and of course she worked alongside of them too. When someone new came to our dinner table and asked her to pass the butter they often had it ‘accidentally’ pushed onto their thumb.

“My Mom was the best chocolate chip cookie maker in the whole world, and I was one of the original cookie monsters – I loved them so much. I often got in trouble for eating them even when told to stay out of the cookie jar. So I devised a way to have my cookies and eat them too! I would come home from school and carefully lift the cookie jar down from way up high, and check inside to see the how full it was. If it wasn’t down to the bottom I would take one, two, or sometimes three cookies out, and then restack them inside the jar to about the same level. Never got caught again! Years later Mom had a real laugh when I told her. She remembered often thinking that there should have been more cookies left at the next meal but could not figure it out.

“Being kids if we ever said ‘I can’t’ when there was something we needed to do, that was hard, or when we didn’t want to do it, Mom would reply ‘Can’t never did anything!’

“Dad would say to us boys ‘You combed your hair with an eggbeater.’

“I remember when Wonder Bread came out and the salesman came around with 4” miniature loaves and gave them out for a week – they were hot and yummy.”



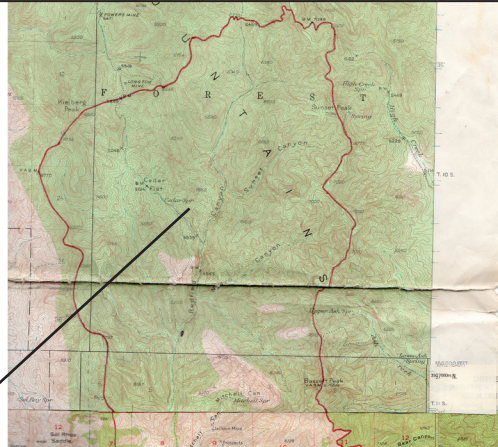


Another 8.1 miles further on from the Muleshoe, in the middle of the Pride, is the Jackson Cabin where cowboys often camped.

The country in the north of what was known as the Pride Place was too rough to be surveyed. Cousin Eddie Browning told me that his father, Alvin, had set out one day from the Jackson Cabin, to ride to the north boundary, a distance of about eight miles - but never made it the country was so rough!

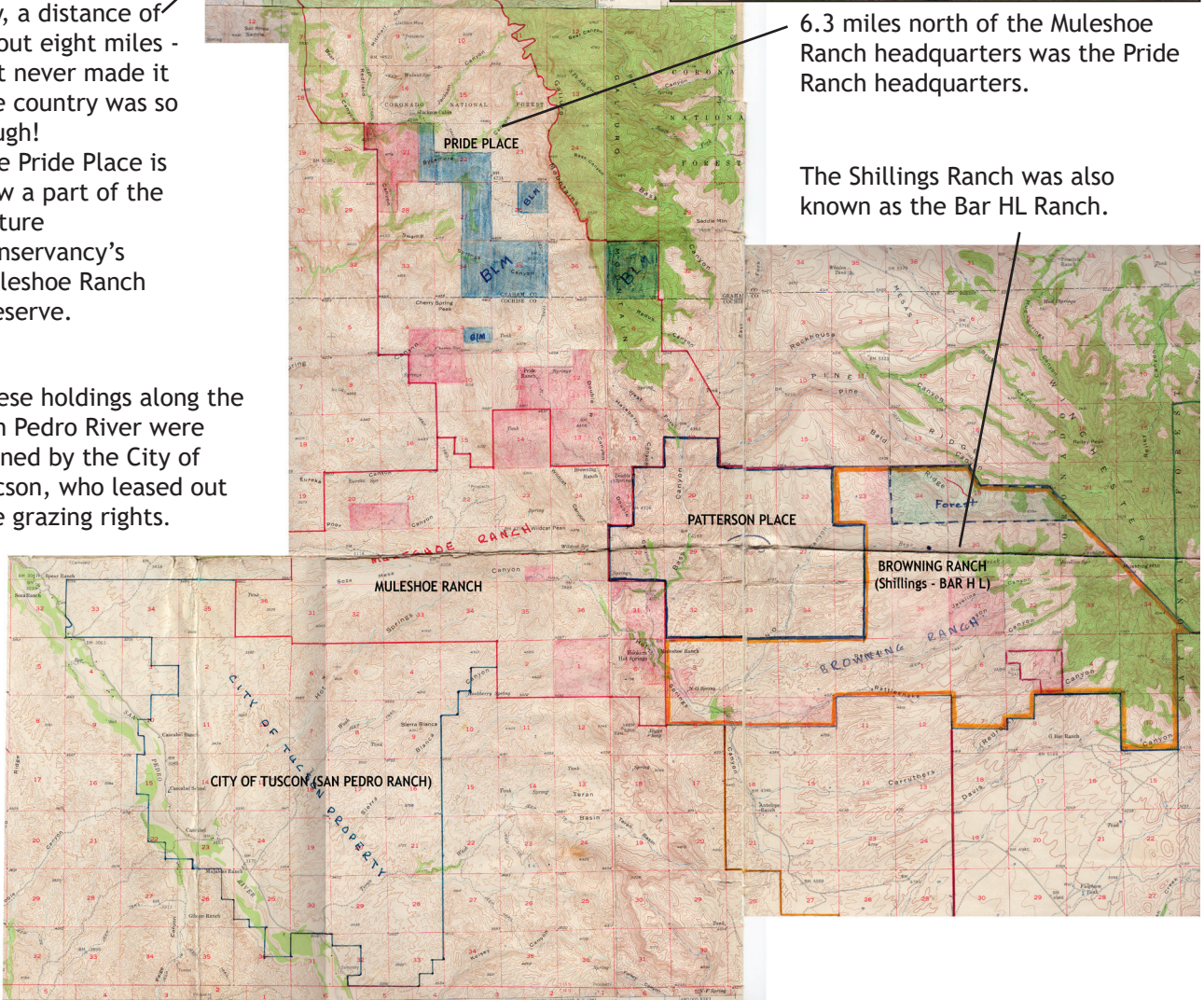
The Pride Place is now a part of the Nature Conservancy's Muleshoe Ranch Preserve.

These holdings along the San Pedro River were owned by the City of Tucson, who leased out the grazing rights.



6.3 miles north of the Muleshoe Ranch headquarters was the Pride Ranch headquarters.

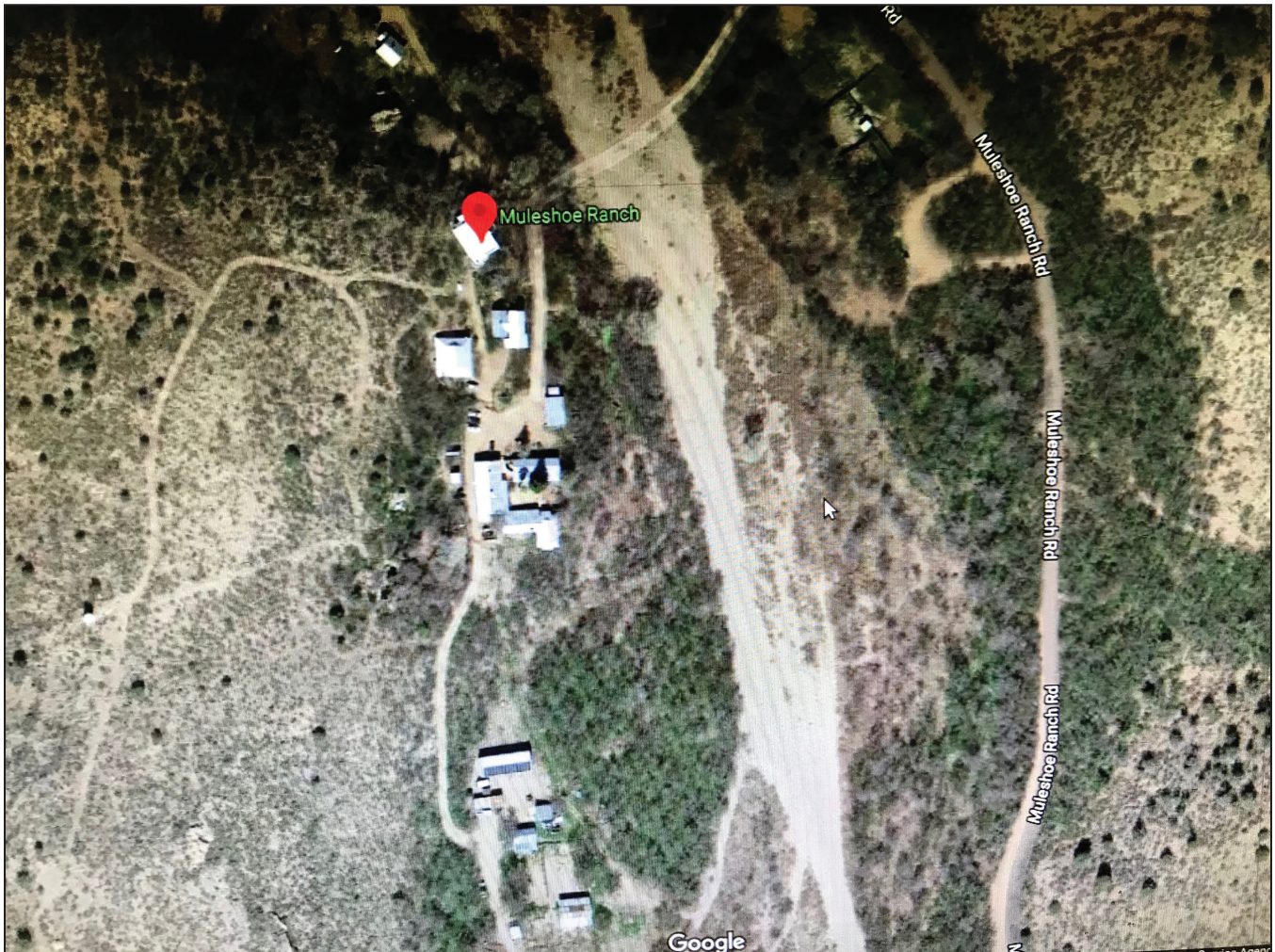
The Shillings Ranch was also known as the Bar HL Ranch.



## Chapter 5

### Return to Willcox, 1963 - 1965

We returned home to Willcox in the summer of 1963, Todd recalled. Grandad Browning still owned the Muleshoe , the High Lonesome and the Bar HL, and now had leases on the Miller and the Paterson Ranches, which were located in the Galiuro Mountains, and the City of Tucson's ranch on the San Pedro River, the Cascabel Ranch. Altogether they made up over 130 sections, and Dad and Mom stayed there for a couple of years, working with Granddad.





Paloma.

Todd and Baldy Sox pack deer after a successful hunt.

I acquired a real good dog called Paloma while they were there. I bought her from a Mexican, Chino, up at the Brindly, on the Pride ranch. He and a few other Mexicans had run out of beer and money so I said "I'll give you \$5 for Paloma" he accepted, and she was mine. She was my hunting dog, and worked as a wild cow catching dog too. Both Paloma and Snoop, another of our dogs, died of 1080 poisoning. Dad had been killing coyotes with 1080 injected into a dead cow. When Dad went back and burned the carcass some bits popped away off, and both dogs ate the some, even though Dad thought they hadn't. That was heart



Todd's '61 straight six Chevy longbed pickup, parked at the Muleshoe. That's Mike Hubbard in photo.

breaking 'cause those dogs were part of our family.

I started my senior year of high school upon our return to Willcox. This was when he met Mike Hubbard. I would drive down to the little park behind the Women's Club (Community Center these days) to eat my lunch every day. Mike ate there too, and we just started talking. Our friendship grew and he came out to the Muleshoe with me on weekends and over summer and learned how to be a cowboy.

I used to drive into town each day to attend school, had a '61 straight six Chevy longbed pickup with 'four on the floor' that I bought from Mom and Dad when they had financial problems – I took over payments. I would get the mail from the post office, animal feed or the ranch's shopping as needed. I really got to know that 32 miles of road. I often would leave the ranch or Willcox and go 20 miles or so without realizing the trip. One time just after the grader had graded the road I made it to town from the ranch in 45 minutes flat – that was my fastest trip, and that was by sliding corners and jumping the water diversion humps on road before and after Severn Wash. Jimmy told me one day that he made it in 42 minutes but many years later admitted he said that just to get me mad. Brothers!

This was when he met Mike Hubbard. I would drive down to the little park behind the Women's Club (Community Center these days) to eat my lunch every day. Mike ate there too.

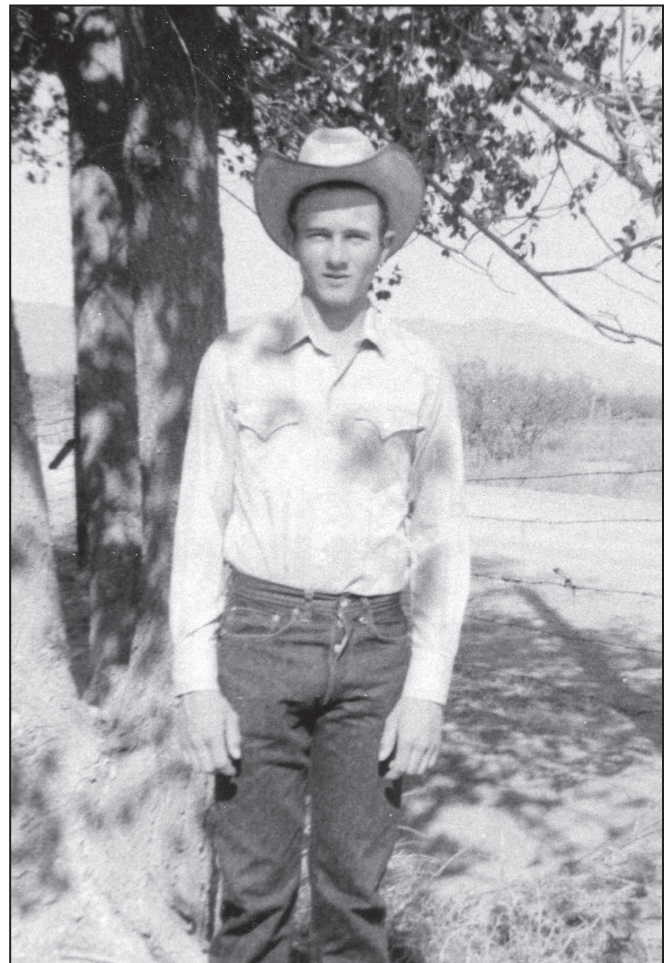
He bought a soda and hostess cupcakes for his lunch and ate that sitting at those old concrete tables in the shade behind the Women's Center. He was supposed to be eating at the cafeteria at school. I usually had refried bean mixed with mayonnaise or tuna mayonnaise sandwiches.

I passed him as he was walking back to school a couple of times and then one time offered him a ride back to school. He was a Sophomore and I was a Senior.

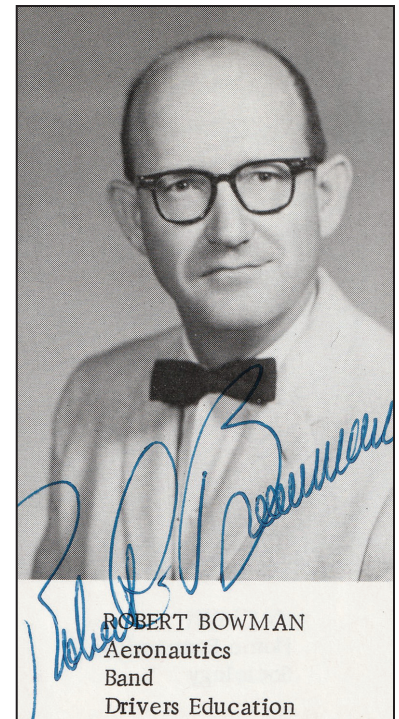
I told him to meet me at my pickup next day and he did and we just started talking. Then I would trade him half of my sandwich for one cupcake. Our friendship grew and he came out to the Muleshoe with me, at first on weekends, then on rainy days so we could be late to school because of muddy roads.

He was in Civil Air Patrol at school and one Thursday night I went with him to the weekly meeting. Then stayed that night with his family.

CAP was a civilian group run in a military style uniforms and all. They would go out and find missing/crashed planes in the local mountains, as well as missing people. At the meetings they trained folks in this early form of Search and Rescue. That's how I met Bob Bowman. He was



Mike Hubbard.



Bob Bowman, Todd's favorite teacher.



Muleshoe Ranch in 1966, when Todd last lived there: clockwise from top left - the pool from a natural hot spring, central patio, Kari and Mike Hubbard and Todd at the Muleshoe corrals, behind the main house, and the gate to loading corral.



*Above and right:* Todd took Mike's sister Kari to his High School Prom.



the commander as well as band director and teacher of Aeronautics class at Willcox High School. One day I helped him wash his Cessna 152 and afterwards he took me flying in it. He flew out around the ranch and over the back of the bluffs of the High Lonesome, then back west, and when the plane cleared the bluffs it was thrilling to say the least. Many years before I had refused to fly with my family somewhere in California so we had to drive instead. Don't know why I was so terrified.

So Thursday nights I stayed with Mike and we went to CAP meetings. Then Friday I took Mike to the ranch with me and he learned to ride and became an excellent cowboy.

Both Mike and his sister, Kari, were in the 105 member Willcox High School Band. The band went to all the football/basketball games so they mingled with the opposing band members. Mike got sweet on a girl from Benson High School Band. After a few weeks staying at Hubbard's Mrs. Hubbard asked if I would drive Mike to Benson to date his girl and I could use their sedan. So I did Mike and his girl sat in backseat and kissed, etc.

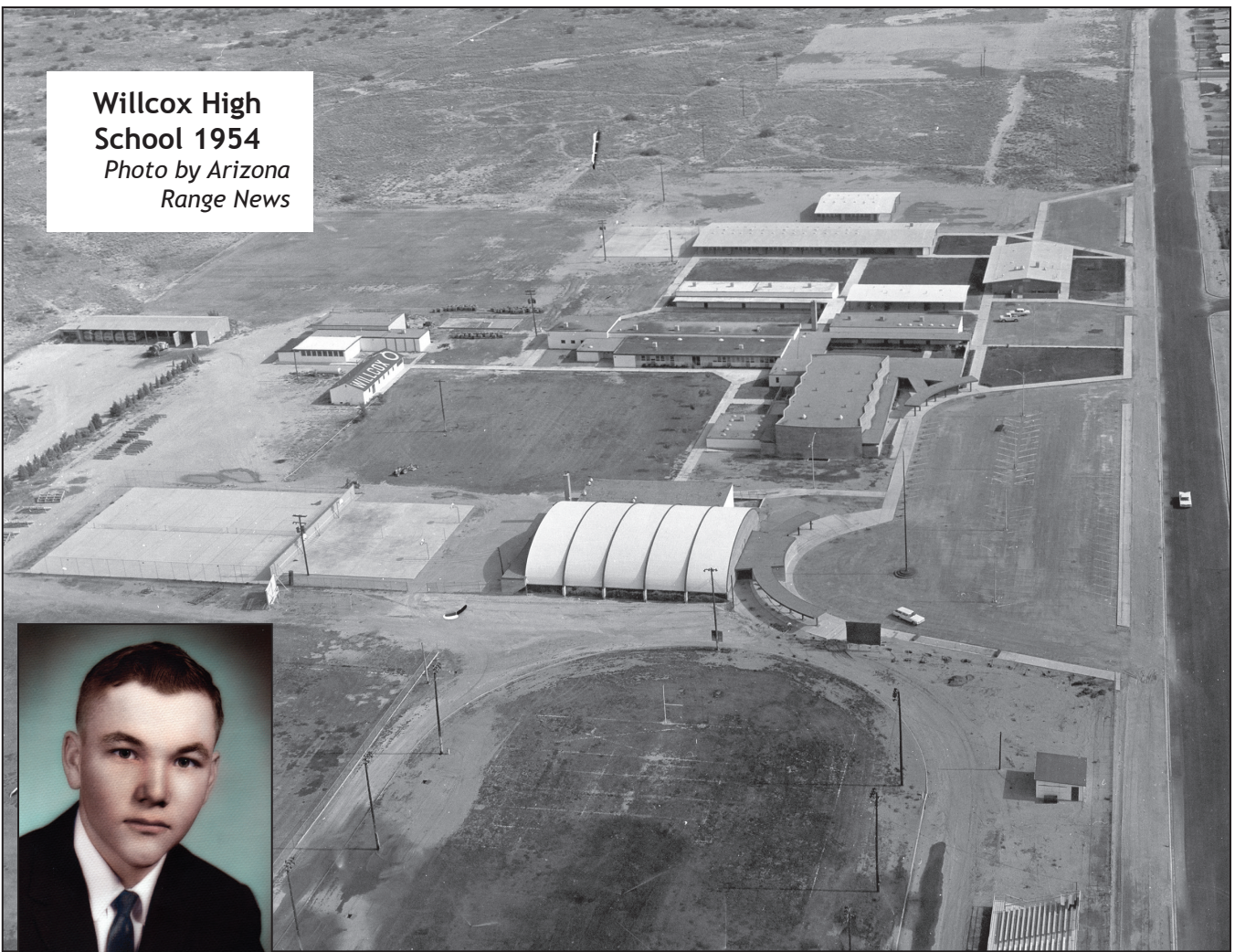
And then on second request Mrs H suggested I take Kari so as not to be weirdly alone in front. So I took Kari and we went to the drive-in movie, but car had bench seats so she sat next to her window. Before our second trip to Benson we were kissing etc so stated dating. I was seventeen and a Senior in high school and Kari was thirteen and in 8th grade.

High School was easy, I didn't crack a book and got good grades – except the second semester of algebra that I flunked because I was goofing off. Because I generally made good grades, my parents never pushed me. I graduated from Willcox High School in May 1964 when I was 17, and went straight to college at University of Arizona – normally about 12% of the Willcox graduating class went on to college – in my class 25% of us went on to college! We were leading edge of baby boomers.

*Kari has a funny story to relate:* "My mom used to cut my brothers' hair, and one day Todd asked me to cut his. He was holding a mirror, checking my progress and directing me to 'fix this bit' and 'fix that bit' and I got mad at him. So I took the clippers and shaved a swath out of his hair from front to back. He was

**Willcox High  
School 1954**

*Photo by Arizona  
Range News*



Todd, Senior photo.



On the Muleshoe - Todd on Dena and Lyman on Big Lucky.

speechless – but he never asked me to cut his hair again. I think mom came to his rescue.”

The next summer, between my freshman and sophomore UofA years, we were working on the ranch. Mike’s mother Pat, and Kari, were cooking, and Mike had graduated and came to help during roundup. It was the third week of June and we were moving a bunch of yearlings up Hot Springs Canyon and a heifer broke away and up a real brushy draw where we couldn’t go – Jimmy went around.

I was riding California, a small horse about 14.1 hands that needed a light hand on the bridle. Mike and I were always competing with Jimmy on everything. Anyway I went through the brush and there was a bluff hidden in there, about 8-10 feet high, but a horse could have jumped up it, so I spurred California and he jumped up it. I was hanging on to the saddle horn but I also had too

Todd, 18, with his whitetail. 'Woody', now hangs in our living room in Willcox. 'Woody' was about a half point shy of going into the Arizona record book as a 'non-standard' rack of antlers.



tight a hold on the bit and he just clenched his teeth and fell over backwards on top of me.

It was a sandy creek behind but we fell from eight or ten feet and the cantle of the saddle broke both bones in my lower leg. Luckily the horse rolled away from me. I hit hard on my right side and broke my collarbone. I crawled away from him and looked down, and my left toe was pointing in the air and my right toe was flopped over in the sand. I thought 'oh shit.'

When something happens like that you don't feel pain straight away. You feel the dull thud and you are aware of it, but you don't hurt straight away. So I reached down and pulled my leg straight out and turned it up right and hollered for Dad again. "Dad, come help me I broke my leg" and he believed me.

Someone held the cattle up, Alvin went to the ranch to get the 4WD while Grandad and Jimmy splinted my leg and tied my arm up. When Mamo arrived in the pickup she had a mattress in the back for me to lay on – it was five rough miles back to the ranch house where they took my chaps and boot off, loaded me in the car – then it was another 32 miles to town and the Willcox hospital.

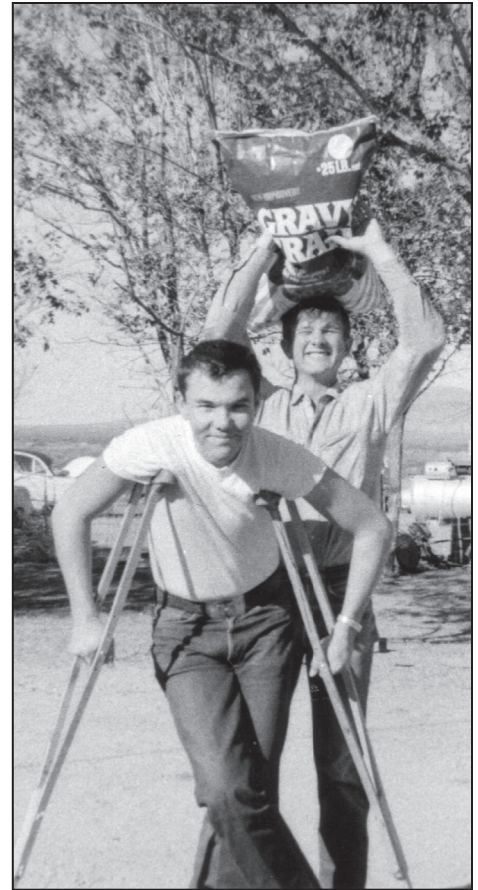
They said "you gotta go to Tucson" and loaded me in the ambulance to TMC, where they took x-rays, and set my broken collarbone with figure-8 brace – that hurt worse than my leg, and was extremely painful.

It was a bad break on my leg and Dr. Devries operated and put a steel plate in it – six inches long with steel screws. Plaster up to the hip again, and back at the ranch and on crutches with a plaster cast up to my butt. I still have that plate in my leg and can feel the screws!

In Fall I contacted my Silver Wing (honor society) ROTC buddies and told them what happened, and Mike Silkie offered to let me stay with his family and he took me to school.

In October it was deer season and I wanted to go hunting. I had my own .308 rifle and loaded my own ammo – I told doctor leg was really itchy and convinced him to take cast off for a week to let it air. He said "you can't walk on it" and I agreed. This was four months after I broke leg, and I didn't go back for two weeks.

I went back to the ranch, put my rifle in a scabbard and hung my crutches on the same side, and we went up on the rim in the Galiuras – Grandad, Jimmy and myself. I went one way, they went another – I got my deer. I was on Baldy Sox, saw the buck and slid off – Baldy Sox loved gunfire.



October 1965 - Todd with broken leg but no cast.



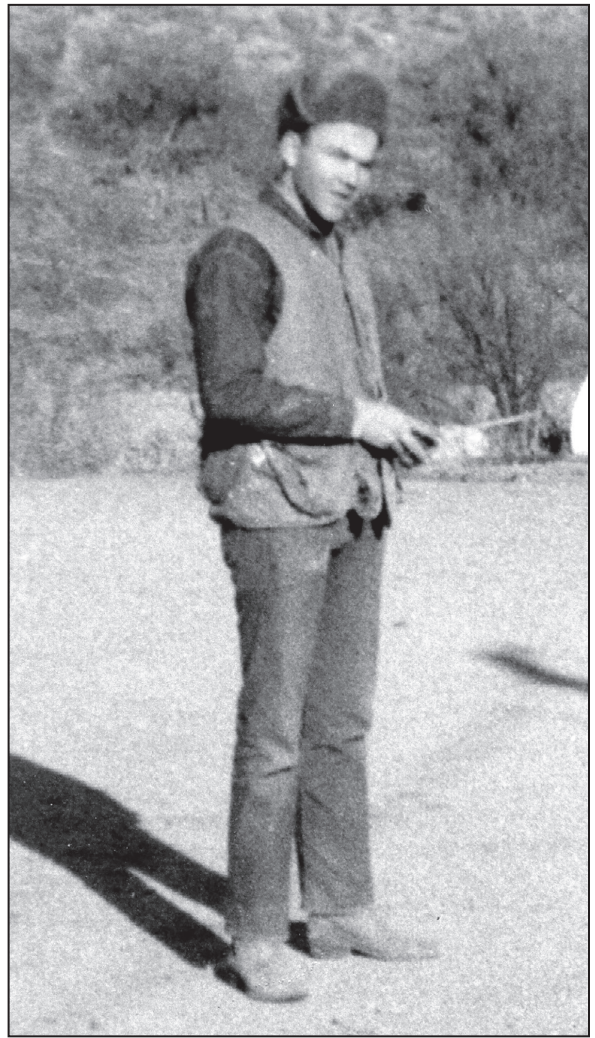
A whitetail was about 200 yards away, and I was behind a big mass of Manzanita bush, on a little point, he heard me, maybe saw me. I stopped, slid off, dropped the reins, had to crawl around the Manzanita bush and it was an easy shot, right behind the shoulder. I crawled back to Baldy Sox, and heard a little 'Mexican war' nearby – Jimmy and Granddad emptied their clips and killed the mountain – but not their deer.

By then I had got to my deer, got off and crawled down to the deer and gutted him out. They strung him up in a tree and we rode home. Somebody went back to bring him in. I went back to the doctor and he took another x-ray showing me there was still a quarter inch gap in the bone – that spooked me, and I let him replace the cast. I had been considering just being a tough cowboy and walking on it again! If I had I'd have had a limp for life.

That was when I shot the whitetail deer we now call 'Woody' – who hangs in our living room.

That summer Mike and I were competing against Jimmy and leaving him in the dust. Jimmy was always agin everything you say or that he was told. But it wasn't how he was raised. He'd argue about everything. That summer Mike and Todd would say "wanna bet Jim?" and he would. Then they'd prove him wrong and he'd get mad.

We are still having fun with Jim – it's easy



Todd, at the Muleshoe.



Todd, ROTC Silver Wing.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA - TUCSON, ARIZONA 85721  
STUDENT ACADEMIC RECORD

THIS MULTI-TONE AREA OF THE DOCUMENT CHANGES RED COLOR GRADUALLY AND EVENLY FROM DARK TO LIGHT WITH DARKER AREAS BOTH TOP AND BOTTOM.

**TENNEY, TOMMY TODD** 138318  
 SURNAME FIRST MIDDLE MATRICULATION NO.  
 Dec. 14, 1946 WILLCOX, ARIZONA US  
 BIRTH DATE PLACE CITIZEN OF  
 P.O. Box 340, WILLCOX, ARIZONA  
 PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS  
 Mr. LYMAN C. TENNEY, ADDRESS AS ABOVE  
 NAME OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN  
 DEGREE: AWARDED:  
 MAJOR: AVERAGE:  
 HONORS: RANK:  
 DEGREE: AWARDED:

COURSE DESCRIPTION	DEPARTMENT	COURSE NO.	UNITS	GRADE
1ST SEM 1964-65				
INTERMED SPANISH	SPAN	3A	4	8
ELEM PSYCHOLOGY	PSYC	1A	3	2
TENNIS	HPER	7	1	2
ELEMENTARY GEOLOGY	GEOL	1A	4	2
FRESHMAN COMPOSITION	ENGL	1	3	3
ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN	RUSS	1A	4	3
FIRST YEAR BASIC	AR S	1A	1	1
		TOTAL	16	
2ND SEM 1964-65				
ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN	RUSS	1B	4	5
GYMNASTICS	HPER	9	1	2
ELEMENTARY GEOLOGY	GEOL	1B	4	1
FIRST YEAR BASIC	AR S	1B	1	1
ELEM PSYCHOLOGY	PSYC	1B	3	3
FRESHMAN COMPOSITION	ENGL	3	3	3
		TOTAL	12	

COURSE	DESCRIPTION	DEPARTMENT	COURSE NO.	HONORS SECTION	UNITS	GRADE
138318 TENNEY TOMMY TODD			1ST SEM	65-66		
	FUND OF CHEMISTRY	CHEM	5002A		4	3
	INTRO SOCIAL PSYC	PSYC	10		3	4
	ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN	RUSS	1B		4	3
	WORLD MILITARY SYS	ML A	2A		1	1
	INTRO TO HUMANITIES	HUM	50A		4	2
			TOTAL		16	

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA, TUCSON, ARIZONA  
 WILLCOX H.S., WILLCOX, ARIZONA 9/15/64  
 ADMITTED FROM DATE  
 FR. COLLEGE  
 ADMISSION STANDING  
 HIGH SCHOOL: WILLCOX  
 H. S. RANK: 37/78  
 H. S. GRAD. DATE: 5/64  
 DEFICIENCIES:

COURSE	DESCRIPTION	DEPARTMENT	COURSE NO.	HONORS SECTION	UNITS	GRADE
138318 TENNEY TOMMY TODD			2ND SEM	65-66		
	PRINC OF SPEECH	SPCH	2		3	3
	FUND OF CHEMISTRY	CHEM	5002B		4	3
	INTERMED RUSSIAN	RUSS	3A		4	3
	WORLD MILITARY SYS	ML A	2B		1	2
	INTRO TO HUMANITIES	HUM	50B		4	4
			TOTAL		16	

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## Chapter 6

### University of Arizona, Tucson, 1965 - 1966

Sometime in 1965, Dad found out Grandad was screwing them again, so early in 1966 he and Mom started looking elsewhere.

There was an Aussie guy, Jim Wilcox, working on the Muleshoe at this time. He'd been to Canada where he had met and married Martha, then toured the States and ended up working for Grandad. Until that time Australia was, to me, boomerangs, kangaroos and duck-billed platypuses. I learned about Australia from geography – largest island, smallest continent, etc. I got to visiting with Jim and found out that it was as modern as we were in a lot of respects and that was eye opening.

Meantime, unbeknownst to me, Dad also wanted to go to Australia – even before the Aussie had come to work for us. Dad never really discussed those things with us – and by then he had found out that Grandad had screwed him again.

By that time Jimmy had grown up, left home, and married Marion Foxworth; Cody had graduated high school, was working around Willcox, had just married Sharon Hoover; and I was in college.

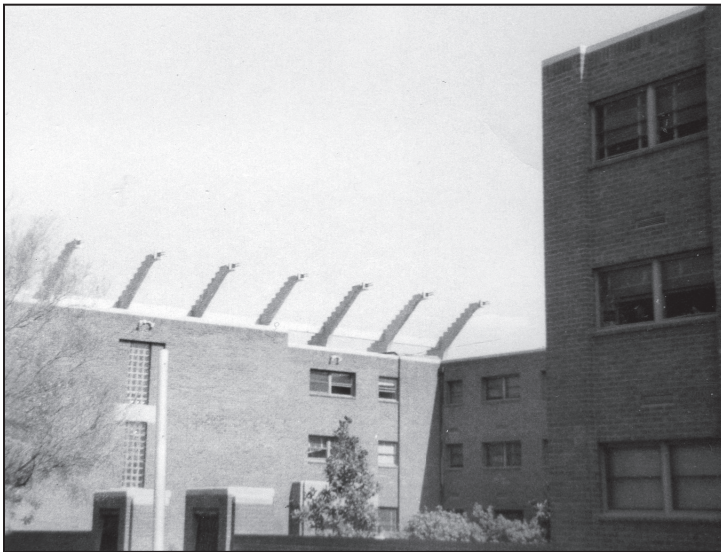
I got to college not knowing what I really wanted to do – but I wanted something different to agriculture, having been raised in that.

I took chemistry, which was interesting but took lots of math which I was okay at if I studied, but it wasn't fun, and chemistry in college was really intense. High School had been easy but College was a whole lot different – and I had no study work ethic.

I took geology as an elective and really enjoyed that – rocks, landformations, etc. and I made good enough grades (B). I could take the



"I had met a gunsmith as a freshman, Ross Williams. I'd hang out with him at night and watch him work. We'd also go down to Sambo's to eat. After the cast was off, we got an apartment together."



On the University of Arizona campus 1966 showing stadium being enlarged, and snow - unusual in Tucson.

class on TV – University of Arizona was one of the first universities in the country to offer classes on TV.

While there I joined Air Force ROTC with Jim Stevenson, who was my dorm mate in Apache Dorm.

ROTC was a requirement to be taken in the first two years. University of Arizona as it was a 'lend lease' college and they had to offer ROTC courses for Army or Air Force.

We made good grades and joined Silver Wing and had a good group. Jim and I both took Russian (this was the Cold War era) and in our first year we had a White Russian linguistics professor – he was easily sidetracked if we asked him about word origins – I got B or C grades. Our second year teacher actually expected us to know our first year stuff! I think I failed the first semester – it wasn't as much fun, and I had to retake it.

By the second semester I did a test to see if I would qualify as a pilot and got 85% on it, then when physicals came along and they saw scar on my leg they wouldn't pass me. All my buddies had passed and they went on – I was disillusioned, and quit studying.

Viet Nam was on, but we knew – off the record – that it was a farce. There were USAF pilots that came to the UofA to give talks – but after the official talks we would talk to them

off the record and they told us that the war was going to go on a while. They said that they would bomb bridges in North Viet Nam and then get grounded in South Viet Nam for 30 days so the north could rebuild them, then go back and bomb the same bridges. They told us that if allowed to, they could have stopped the supply lines from China and Russia – but they were not allowed to do that because the politicians and military industrial complex wanted the war to go on.

Thinking about all this I figured I'd get out with a Bachelor's Degree, get drafted and get my ass shot off or killed there as a grunt and that didn't make much sense, so I went to the draft board and asked my status. Eighteen months later was told '1P rating – if we declare war then you are draftable.'

So I quit college and went to work.

## Chapter 7

### Wagoner and Seligman, 1966 - 1967

Anyway, in 1966 when he was 48 years old, Dad had decided to go to Australia. There was no future working with Grandad – he was barely making a living.

So Dad, Mom and I left there to make some money and Cotton Logan, who was running the Hozoni Ranch out of Wickenburg, said he needed six miles of fence built. Mike Hubbard came along too and we built six miles of fence in that rough SOB country, for three months through the summer. Pounding posts into Mother Earth and Father Rock – our hands would go numb and we finally busted the handles off the postdriver. Shirtless, we'd go nap under mesquite after lunch, get up and go again. When he got done Mike said he could pick up a 80# sack of feed in each hand after that!

This gave Mom and Dad the money to go. Mike said Cotton paid Dad a lot more than the job called for, in part to repay him for all the help he had given Cotton as a youth.

Meanwhile Dad heard that a Willcox rancher, Alf Stansberry, had bought a cattle station in Australia, I don't know how he found out. So he talked to Alf and agreed to go and manage the station for three years. Then he found out from the Australian Consulate that Australia offered Assisted Passage – if they stayed two years it would cost them just \$15 apiece – so that's how they went. They never mentioned this in any letters home though!

Just before they left Jimmy married Marion Foxworth, and Cody had married Sharon Hoover in April, so I was the only single son.

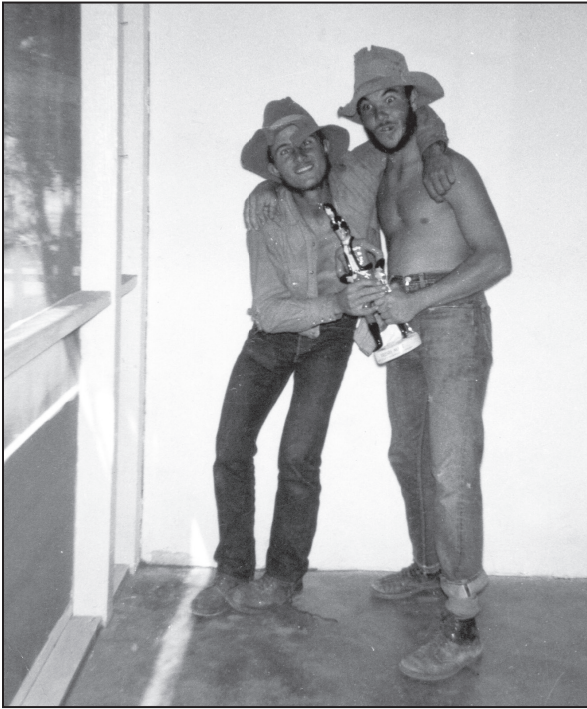
They left for Australia in September, 1966 and I was okay with them leaving. We were raised to be independent



Jimmy's wedding - Todd and Mike in back row.



Todd has fond memories of 4th of July in Kirkland where he, Mike and Ben Billingsley tied one on!



and I wasn't one of those 'hanger-on-ers'. I was independent by the time I went to UofA and I was nineteen when they left, and Mike and I stayed on helping Cotton over summer – we fixed the fence around the horse pasture – it was pretty dilapidated. We hauled posts and tightened it up – did a little cowboying, but mainly fixed that fence.

After we finished that fence Mike got a job with Gordon Billingsley, who was running a ranch on the Canadian River, New Mexico, (his son, Ben, was working for Cotton the same time we were).

I got a job up on the Double O Ranch, at Seligman. It was winter-time and cold up there – some mornings were 15 degrees below zero.

One morning the foreman put me on a bronc and I wasn't able to handle him – he would paw you, strike you and kick you – and I was not good with half-broke broncs. I had a saddle Dad had given me for Christmas – a padded seat, 2" cantle roping saddle – it was definitely not a saddle to go ride broncs with. I put a hackamore on this colt, and he bucked and ran off with me – I had braided reins and was wearing gloves and the reins just slid through my fingers. This colt was bucking and ran right through a bunch of cattle and I couldn't even turn his head so I ran him into a cedar tree. The jarring of this hurt my right leg with that plate on it, and I thought I had hurt it again.

A late developer, I was not strong enough to handle the rough colts. I wasn't like Dad or Jimmy – I did not like to ride colts and bucking horses – but I could put a finish on them. When I was four I had been knocked off old Paint and broke my collarbone and that chilled me and for a couple of years I'd do no more than a trot. Who knows,

had that not happened I might have ended up like Jimmy and made a good hand on a colt and enjoyed it.

Anyway, I couldn't work for a while, and even went to a doctor to get the leg x-rayed. I don't remember whether I was let go or quit the ranch, but I got on workers' comp and went to Chick Logan's in Prescott. Chick was a saddle maker we knew. I stayed with Chick a long time – he had a bed in the store and I slept in the loft. I watched him make saddles and bridles while I was recuperating. At that time he was corresponding with Robin Yates in Australia – maybe he had met him at a rodeo.

Chick had a hotplate in the store and cooked fried chicken... really good fried chicken! I think I ate so much I made myself allergic to chicken, because I haven't been able to eat it since.

I decided I wanted to go to Australia too – I sure didn't want to go back to the ranch and ride broncs in the cold. I wasn't that much of a cowboy – I had lived that life from the time I was a little kid, and now I was old enough I could decide what I wanted to do. My leg still hurt – I was on crutches for a month, then I found out I could make a lot more money at the punch-press factory at Prescott Airport, so Chick let me stay on with him.

I worked at that punch-press factory for six months and I enjoyed it for the first couple of weeks. We used aluminum and wire and stuff to make light fittings, range hoods, etc. Some jobs were difficult to



Todd and Chick Logan with the saddle Chick built for him.



Todd on his Chick Logan saddle.

make the quota, and other jobs were very easy to make the quota; but the labor union didn't want you to do anything except make just over the quota, because if you made too much over the quota then the management would 'up' the quota.

I earned enough money to book a flight to Australia, and bought a saddle as well – Chick built it on an Improved Assn. 16" tree, double bullhide. It cost \$300 (a rough-out working saddle with a 3.5" Cheyenne roll cantle), also a pair of Paul Bond high top boots for \$125, and a good bridle.

Chick had told me about Dad writing to him about those bar snaffles they used in Australia and you couldn't turn a horse around in a forty acre field – so Chick recommended a Springsteen snaffle and I bought one of those from him, with the bridle, saddle blanket and stuff. I packed my saddle and all my stuff in a gunny sack. I had heard that saddles had to be dipped at customs, but mine was new so it wasn't. Mom and Dad had taken used stuff and it was all dipped.



Springsteen snaffle.

I didn't tell Mom and Dad I was planning on coming – I paid Chick off, got my shots (yellow fever, etc., and one of my shots gave me a reaction) and booked my passage. I stayed with Bill and Mary Crawford just before I left – Bill was a cousin of Dad's. I think Aunt Beulah Wear had married his dad.

It was gonna cost me \$700 to fly to Australia (the equivalent of \$5,500 in 2020 – and that was just one way!) I got a passport at the courthouse in Prescott and had to send that to the Australian Consulate in San Francisco to get a visa – they never told me about Assisted Passage either – hell, that \$700 could have bought me a pickup! (In fact I paid just \$600 for the Toyota Land Cruiser 4x4 I bought in the Territory).

Chick had sold me a Ford F100 with a rack and I had a grey mare, Dena, who had eaten loco weed and got 'locoed' in a pasture in Prescott – I had to feed her good quality alfalfa hay to get her past that.

(You can get it out of a horse by good feed, but if they get hot it is still there.)

I sold Dena to Grandad – he told me he didn't want me to go to Australia. I knew I was his favorite grandson and he was quite emotional at the time, but because of the crap he had pulled on Mom and Dad I told him "I'm going." He never communicated with me while I was in Australia, Mamo wrote, but he didn't – I had displeased him!



Flying over Wellington, New Zealand.



National Park near Sydney.



Robin Yates was in the middle of home construction.

## Chapter 8

### Australia

I flew on a Frontier Airlines propeller plane to Phoenix, took a connecting flight to Los Angeles, and an Air New Zealand flight on a 707 to Hawaii, Auckland and then to Sydney. Robin Yates met me at the airport and I stayed with them for a couple of weeks. He was building western saddles and had a real good look at the saddle Chick had built for me, and the other stuff I brought over.

“We’re going to a rodeo tomorrow,” he said. “You want to go?” “Yeah,” I answered, so the next day he took me to a rodeo at Dubbo, about 250 miles northwest. He had a little bitty Holden station wagon and him, a couple other cowboys and me packed in and he drove like a banshee up through the Blue Mountains. It was the big circle campdraft arena for the rodeo.

They fed me a big 26 oz Reeches beer – boy, my first real Australian beer. We got home from Dubbo that same night.

Robin had a friend who was a ‘wharfie’ (a wharf worker). He was short and hefty, and I can’t remember his name. He drove a little Mini Minor and he took me on a tour of Sydney, and took me down on the wharf and fed me my first meat pie and peas. “This is what we eat instead of hamburger,” he said. The wharf was underneath the Harbour Bridge and to the left (old Rocks area).

He also took me over the Harbour Bridge and around the beaches. South of town there was a house painted many colors, and nearby a big modern dairy with a rotolactor.

Robin Yates was breaking in racehorses at Randwick, and he let me pony for him. This was the first time I rode my saddle and I was riding on Randwick racecourse! A lot was jammed



Robin Yates, saddlemaker.



Randwick Racecourse.



Racehorses being ponied through the suburb to the track.



Todd at Randwick.

into those two weeks. Robin and his wife Pauline were building their home at that time and the walls were double brick with an insulation space between.

I took the train or a cab to Kings Cross one night – an ‘American Cowboy’ in my Paul Bond boots and hat – took in the sights, and stayed that night in a hotel.

*I think* I took a bus from Sydney to Brisbane, 600 miles, stayed there a night, then, thinking it would maybe take a day to go the 1,500 miles to Mt. Isa I took the train and didn’t get a sleeper – and I thought I would see the coast.

Three days and two night later I got to Mt. Isa. That train stopped at every little stop – it would get up to 25 miles an hour then slow down and stop! (That’s what they call the ‘milk run’). It was agonizingly slow, and I got to see the countryside, and some kangaroos, but I never saw the coast – it was behind me! I had to sleep in my seat because I had not



Bulli, south of Sydney.



Wollongong, south of Sydney.



Botany Bay.



House of many colours near Camden.



Camden, southwest of Sydney.

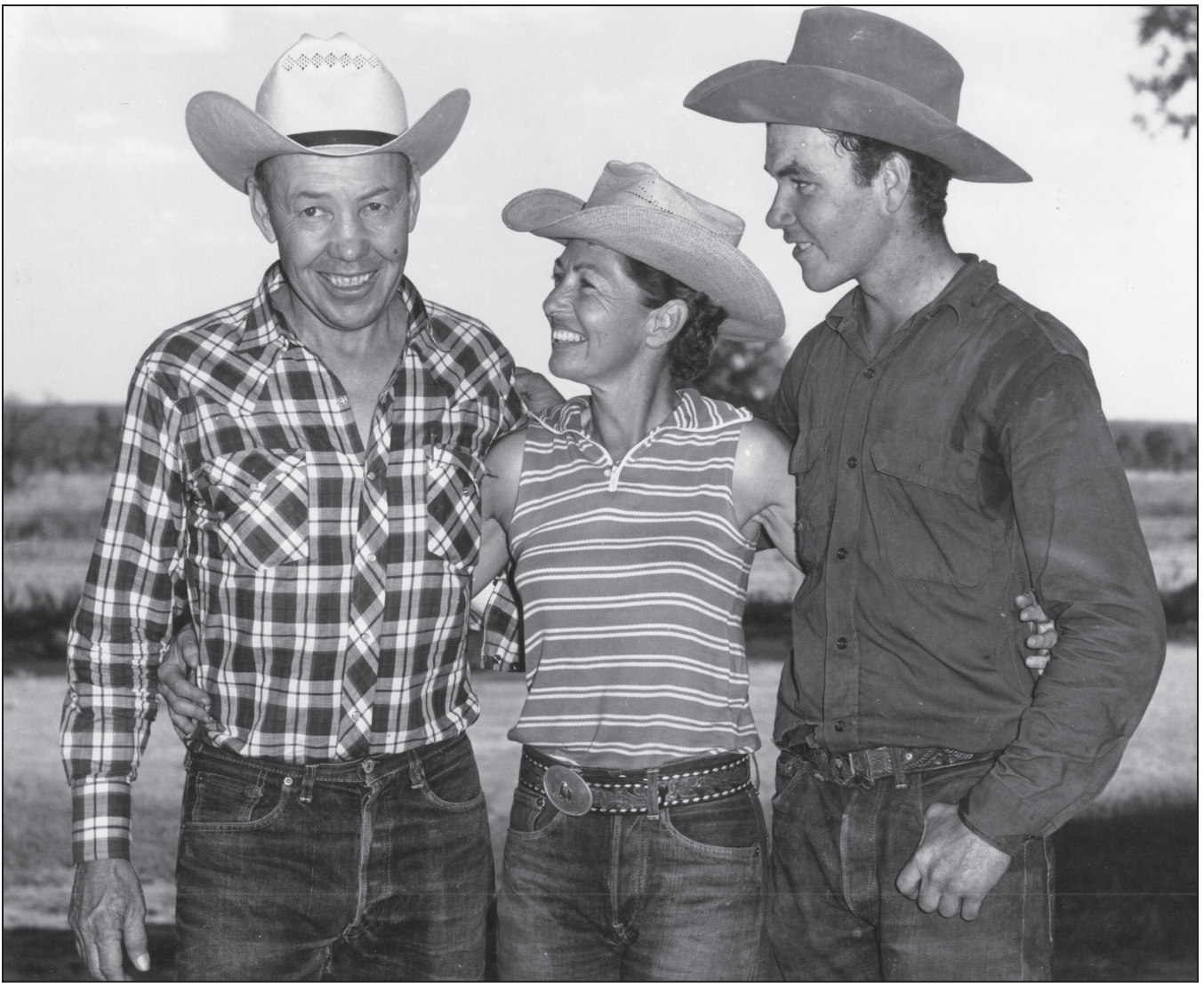


Captain Cook Bridge was new - it had opened just a year or so earlier.

booked a sleeping car!

It was winter time of course, the coldest part of the year. I had to get used to the food and the tea – the coffee was all instant – it was all instant until McDonalds came in. But that wasn't a big deal as I wasn't much of a coffee drinker anyway. Of course they didn't have iced tea then either.

It was a learning experience.



Todd arrived in June 1967, and took over the station management when Lyman was injured in September.



Dust storm and sunset on Wollogorang.

## Chapter 9

### Wollogorang Station, Northern Territory 1967 - 1968

I got to Mt. Isa and looked up Primaries Stock and Station Agents. Mom and Dad had mentioned that they dealt with Primaries. I got off the train and called John, the main Primaries man in Mt. Isa, told them who I was, and asked him how to get out to Wollogorang. Well they were flying out that day – Dad had just driven a mob of bullocks to Burktown and John was headed that way, and I was able to fly out with them. I had a gunny sack with horse gear and a trunk with clothing. Mom and Dad met the plane and I stepped out – they were sure tickled to see me.

So I started my adventure in Australia.

Dad had just driven the Wollogorang bullocks over 150 miles to Burktown, and they had had a stampede one night – camped on hollow ground – the Aussies call it a ‘rush’. Now, to get the crew back to the station we had to load all the blacks’ swags onto their Toyota. I had a bedroll too, and clothes, as well as my saddle and stuff. Mom, Dad and I were in front and it was packed up to the rack, tarpaulins over those, then most of the blacks were on top of that. Some of the blacks drove the horses home.

After a while Dad let me drive – we were going through a paperbark forest on a two-lane road and a 4WD was heading toward us – I swerved this way and so did it! We were both swerving in the same direction! He ended up way out in the paperbarks to avoid me, knocking them down with his bull bar.

It was an eight hour drive back to the station – 150 miles. Part of that was going through that paperbark country – all bulldust – twenty different tracks to take and you had to try and choose the best one. After all that bulldust the blacks looked white!

Not long after we got back to the station we started a second muster to get more steers. Having taken the big bullocks to Burktown, now Dad wanted the eighteen month to two year old steers.

I was twenty years old and back to cowboying again. Working that punchpress factory had cured me of that kinda work.



Wollogorang Homestead.



'Morning Glory' clouds, top, and from the air, above, are unique to the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia.



The blacks' camp.

Wollogorang was 1,250,000 acres – 2,000 square miles, with a total of 30 miles of fence – a 300 acre holding paddock, a 2 section horse paddock and a 30 section paddock and the rest open country. It ran about 30 miles, really was like stepping back 100 years in Arizona. You could ride from the Gulf almost to Camoweal without hitting a fence.

The Wollogorang 'homestead', as the Australians call the headquarters, is one of the oldest in the country. The buildings were old but stout. It had two main houses – one was just the kitchen, dining room and a little store room. The kitchen had a wood-stove and rock and cement floors but the rest was just ant-den flooring. The building had a porch in front and on one end.

The other building was two-story and had a wide veranda porch all around and a cement floor. On the bottom floor, there was one room that could be a sitting room, with a large storeroom where all the food and supplies are kept. This was quite necessary for the wet season, which could last up to six months. The mail truck would bring supplies to last for wet season – flour, sugar, coffee, jam, tobacco, tea. Flour came in 40 pound tins and each week the aboriginal

women would get 20 pounds of flour, so much sugar, etc. – ‘station rations’.

On the second floor of the main house, there were two bedrooms over the two rooms below and a porch around with a couple of rooms closed in at the corners of the veranda – one Dad used as an office but it was always much too hot. At least the mosquitoes didn’t go upstairs – here were no windows as such, just shutters that needed to be propped open.

The ‘wet’ season was about six months. Monsoon storms started in November and about that time we went around with matches and burnt as much of the rainbow spear grass as we could, then as soon as the storms came the grass would start coming up green and all the kangaroos, wallabies and cattle would flock to it.

In December it set in and rained, and every morning through December, January and February we would have the ‘morning glory’ come in off the coast – just long lines of clouds, no lightning, and it would come over and rain straight down for fifteen minutes, then pass on out, then another line of clouds would come in. I think Woologorang only got about 45” of wet, further north it got more. By March it stopped raining but it was still so wet.

I remember there was a little shed there with a half a case of gelignite that had crystallized, and the box it was in was falling apart. I knew, having read about this, how dangerous that was so I very gingerly picked it up and carried it down to the sandy bank of Settlement Creek, stood up on the bank about 100 feet away and with an old rifle of Dad’s, a .32-.20, fired at it. The first shot was off to the right but the next shot exploded it – I felt the concussion and it blew out a small crater in the sand. It was loud.

The water for the homestead was a hand dug well. It had stopped pumping, so I got lowered about 40 feet into the well. I had a book on knots, so after referencing that I took a rope or chain and was able to tie



Todd with an emu for the blacks’ camp.



Oscar, the horse tailer. He was responsible for getting horses to water and feed, and bringing them to the camp in the morning. He had daughter named Blondie - both were black as the ace of spades - but when he smiled Oscar sure had white teeth! Oscar made this boomerang for Todd - it hangs in our living room.



Todd with a flying fox.



Todd and Lyman with flying foxes - the blacks thought them good eating.

off the standpipe so it could be pulled up. That hole was maybe four or five feet across, no light of course.

There was a big mango tree out back of the home-  
stead. The blacks wouldn't  
hardly ever leave the man-  
gos to get ripe – they had  
big long poles with #8 wire  
on the end – as soon as the  
fruit was close to being ripe  
they'd come jerk 'em off.  
The blacks planted water-  
melon too, and had secret  
vines hidden in different  
places. You'd be out mus-  
tering and the blacks would  
disappear and come back  
with a watermelon – again  
they'd be 'almost' ripe!

The flying foxes would  
come in at night and eat the  
mangos. The flying fox is  
a fruit bat, they have these  
needle-like little teeth and  
they look like a fox. I had  
an old bolt action shotgun  
there and I shot some for the  
blacks. I shot from the top  
step of that two story house  
and they took them to eat,  
and I told them I wanted to  
taste one.

A long time passed so  
I finally went to the cook  
shack, and cooked up a  
piece of steak and had just  
finished eating that when  
Maggie, 16 years old and  
black as midnight, came up  
and said, "Boss," she had  
this flying fox held up be-  
tween two sticks. They had  
just thrown it on the fire. Its  
eyes were burnt out and its



Todd at Massacre Inlet, Gulf of Carpenteria.



Todd by anthill at Massacre Inlet, Gulf of Carpenteria.

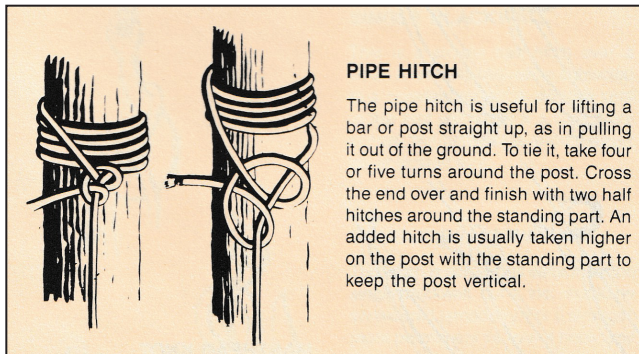


Diagram from Todd's Boy Scout handbook.

fur was burnt off, half the skin off, and the skin was burnt off its mouth and you could see its teeth, its feet were all black, and they didn't gut it. It wasn't a piece of meat like a chicken leg or anything.

"Here Boss," it'd made you sick to look at it. It was horrible looking. I said "No thanks, I just had a piece of steak, I don't want any." "You sure Boss, it's good eatin'". "I'm sure" I said.

Of course, when they cooked a goanna lizard they'd just dig a trench, build a fire and throw the goanna in without gutting or skinning it either. After a while they'd pull it out with a couple of sticks and peel the burnt skin back. They only ate the hind legs and tail, and it tasted like greasy chicken. Spiny anteater (echidna) tasted like fatty roast pork – quite good.

Goannas could run like crazy and were three, four or five feet long. To catch goannas, the blacks would take off after them, and run like crazy too.

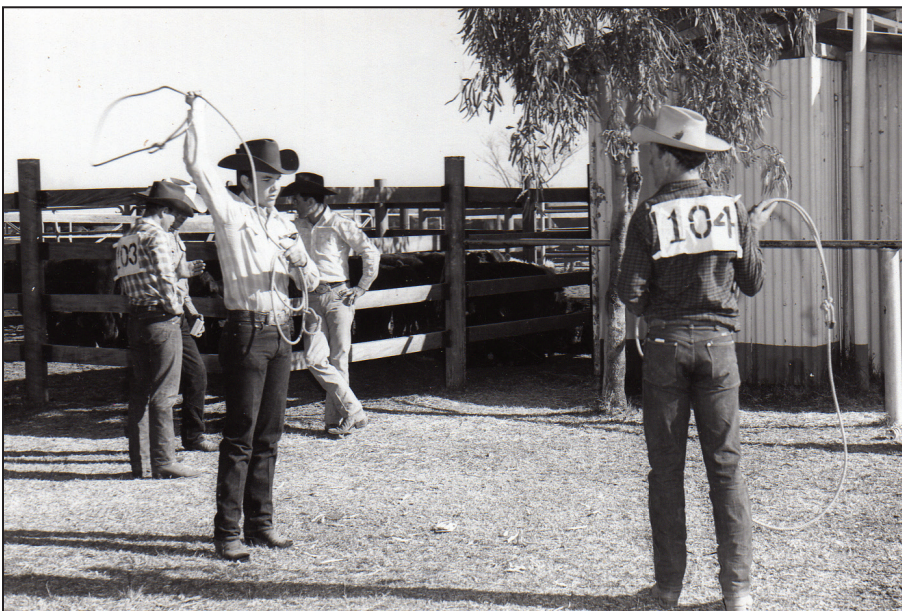


This shows the 'bulldust' problem and why it takes so long to go anywhere.



They (the blacks) were always barefoot, never wore shoes unless they were riding, and their soles were like a half inch thick. They sure could run, and they'd run the goannas up a tree, then use these throwing sticks to knock them out of the tree – and then the dogs would catch them and they'd beat them off with a stick.

One of the blacks, Toby, had two wives, Phyllis and May. Phyllis had two daughters, Maggie 16, and Ann 14.



In August 1967 we went to Mt Isa – Mom and Dad knew everyone it seemed, they being “the Americans.”

It was time for the Mt. Isa rodeo, which was the biggest in Australia, and Dad and I demonstrated team roping, using Chilla Seeney's horses.

This was the first time team roping had been seen in Australia and it created great interest – the following year Mt. Isa Rodeo included a jackpot team roping on their schedule, and we won.

By 1969 the ARRA had approved the event and Mt. Isa became the first Australian rodeo to include it on their schedule, and again we won.

In 1970 Dad partnered with Mick Connelly to win, with a record that stood for several years.

One day in September Dad roped a cleanskin cow – and hit a limb with his left arm, which broke one bone about six inches from the elbow. I put splints from limbs on his arm and tied them with piggin' strings. We

Todd and Lyman at Mt. Isa Rodeo. Chilla Seeney wears number 104.



Mt. Isa Rodeo arena - big enough for a campdraft.

rode horseback about four miles to the mustering camp and drove nine miles by Toyota to the homestead, then Mom went with Dad 400 miles by plane with the Flying Doctor Service.

Dad's arm was dislocated at the elbow and badly broken, so they had to put a pin in it. Unable to work he gave me the job of running the station. Dad wrote to family saying "I sent a fellow, John Smith from Arizona, who just arrived from home, out to help Todd. That makes two whites and one white cook with half caste wife. The rest all blacks. Todd is in full charge now. What an experience for him. Some of the blacks came to me when I left and said "no worry boss, we do what Todd want."

Dad had promised his crew of aboriginals that he'd take them to Burketown to the bush races. As he was unable to do this it fell to me. After the races they were all totally drunk so I 'poured' all but two of the crew into the big truck and sent them home with the cook. The other two went with me. I had 26 or more abos and families on the truck for 155 mile trip, and while I was sure some of them would be lost off the back on the way home, they all arrived safe.

*Not one to let a broken arm slow him down too much, Lyman had more adventures to relate:*

"We finished rounding up in some of the real wild country at Wollogorang. Lots of mavericks, old and young, with lots of old steers hid out in the hills and brush.



Riding Aussie style.



Todd and Lyman in Wollogorang yards.



Todd with some of the Aborigine women and children - and Brad.



Phyllis and Willie, Ann and Maggie, Jaqueline and -- in front.

Todd and John Smith each had their pistols. The old cleanskin bulls were too tough and big to rope and would not drive. They would get on the fight and try to get a horse, so we would shoot them in the neck and knock them out, tie them down, cut, dehorn and brand them. Then turn them loose and next year they will handle pretty good. Some of them we shot and knocked out wouldn't get up, just sleep – shot too deep!

“We had a corral full of steers and cleanskins in Queensland Pocket after five days of hard work. They stampeded and got away – knocked the corral down about daylight. We all got after them as fast as we could and got back about half of them. Todd, John and a young white boy got the first few bunches and brought them on to the ranch some fifteen miles away.

*Extract from Alaire's letter dated December 8, 1967*

“Todd is down at the Police Station working with the building contractor who came to repair some of the buildings. He used our little electric plant we purchased only recently and has done some welding for us.

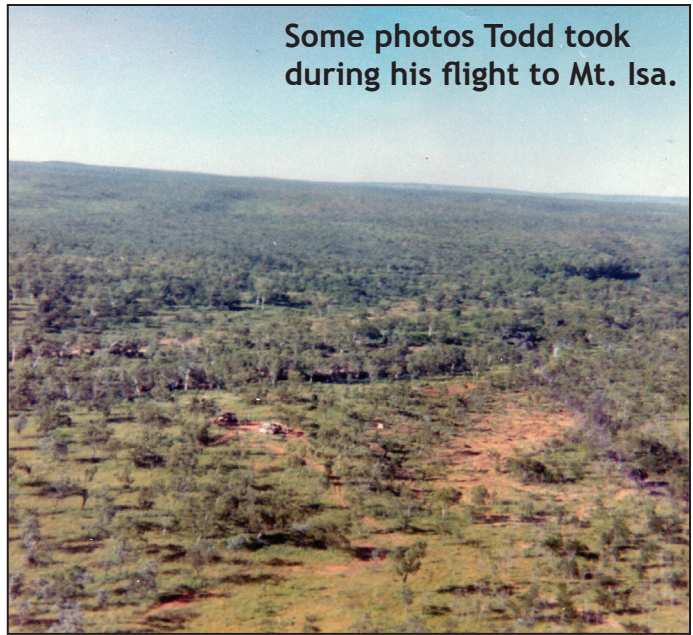
“The well rig that came through put down a 72ft hole and we got the stand pipe and sucker rod down yesterday but had to have a little welding done on the pipe fittings



Woollogorang waterfall.

above ground in order to set the pump up today. That will certainly be a happy day – to have water again – enough for all – people and livestock too. That has really been the most constant problem and time consuming of all the responsibilities we have had. Just to wash my hair one day I had to go down into Settlement canyon, start the pump then rush up to wash my hair (in the not too clean water) then change the hoses and turn the water into the stock tank.”

When I got to Woollogorang I stayed seven months without going to town. Being single and twenty years old, the black girls started to look real good to me. When Dad saw me starting to flirt with them he said “Son it’s time for you to go to town!” I flew into Mt. Isa on the mail plane, a Beachcraft King Air. Not a direct flight – from Wollogorang it went to Calvert Hills, Robertson River, Boorooloola, MacArthur River, Malapunya, Barkley Downs, Alexandra Downs – something like that. I think that’s when I bought my Toyota Land Cruiser for \$600, and drove the 450 miles back to the station.



Some photos Todd took during his flight to Mt. Isa.

Woollogorang - Crowley’s camp on Branch Creek.



Golden River on Wentworth.



Woollogorang - Homestead and airstrip.

We celebrated the 4th of July – ordered fire crackers and the suppliers just filled a big bag for us. I sat upstairs at the homestead and let them off – I don't think the blacks had ever seen fireworks before!

At Christmas we pit barbequed a half of beef and invited George and Vivian down, and all the blacks – of course it was hot!



You can see the drum of petrol behind the cab. Everyone carried those 44 gallon petrol drums, plus a siphon hose, as petrol stations are not available in the Outback.



Leaving Wollogorang with Todd's Toyota Land Cruiser loaded.

We used carbide lights on Wollogorang – carbide rock came in a 40gallon drum and you had to keep lid on tight so it wouldn't absorb moisture. We finally did get an indoor bathroom.

In the Outback it was 'customary' to kill the neighbour's cattle when you needed meat. Dad always killed Wollogorang cattle, but I would kill the neighbors' – that's how it worked there. Except, there was this one big bullock that belonged to the George Butcher, and no matter how often we took him home he always came back. He was an almost white bullock about six years old, and every time I was gonna kill him John Pascole, the cop, came down to 'help'. So that bullock was probably still there when we left.

(I saw Pascole again years later – I was flying Cathay Pacific to Hong Kong to supervise one of our Stallion Directories at the printer. We had flown over Darwin, heading for the Phillipines. A Jewish woman on the plane gave a note written in Hebrew to the stewardess, asking something. No-one understood it, and the plane was returned to Darwin, because they thought it might be a hijack note! Pascole

**Wollogorang** is about 77 miles north west of Doomadgee and 112 miles west of Burketown. The homestead overlooks Settlement Creek. It has approximately 50 miles of frontage onto the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Several watercourses flow through the property including Branch Creek, Settlement Creek, Gold Creek and Running Creek.

Wollogorang occupies an area of 2,725 sq miles and is able to carry more than 40,000 head of cattle.

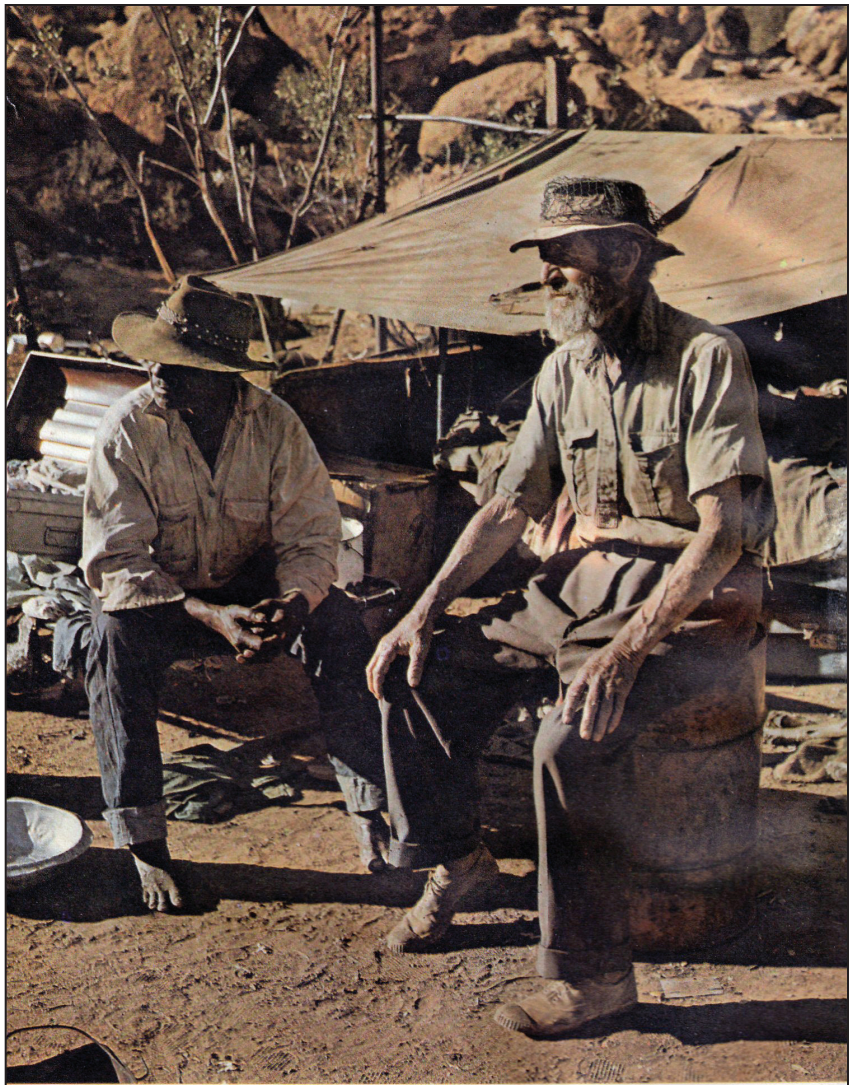
Initially established and stocked in 1883 the property boasts the longest continuous occupation of any property in the Northern Territory as, unlike others, it has never been abandoned since it was first settled.

was then the police Captain in Darwin and I recognized him and he took me to his home for a visit.)

Regarding Dad's broken arm – basically Dad had done another of his 'deals' with Stansberry – where he was supposed to get a percentage of the profits, and it was done in the form of a letter rather than a proper legal contract. So Dad thought he had more coming when Alf sold the place. When Dad got there, there was 3,000 head of cattle on the books. Dad was there like eighteen months or two years, and after that there was 6,000 head of cattle on the books, plus he'd taken bullocks in, and had steers ready to go in. Because of his broken arm he was unable to work. Unfortunately Dad was totally honest, always wanted to do the right thing the right way. He ended up suing Alf, but the lawsuit was to get workers comp.

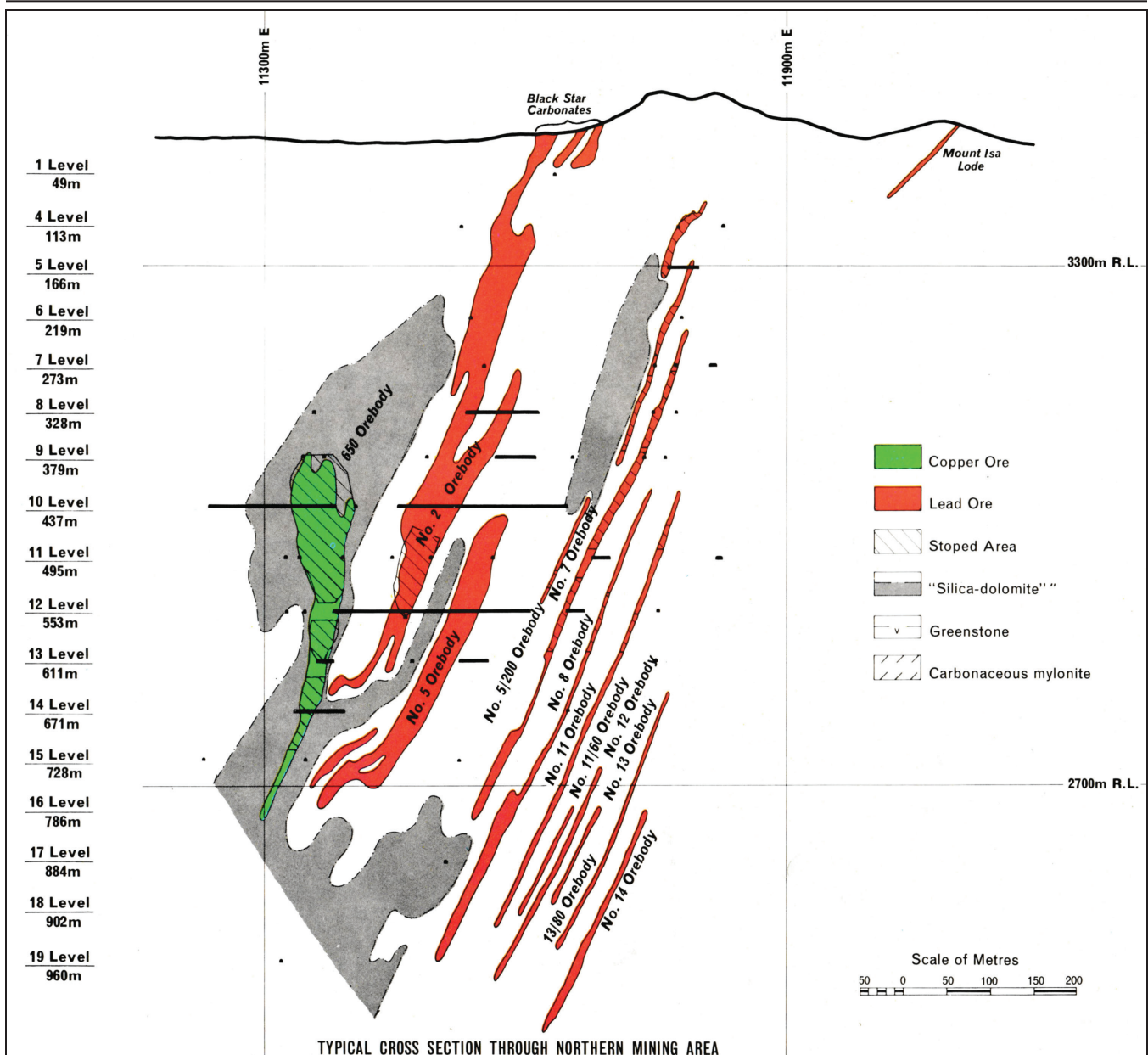
In June 1968 we left Wollogorang together – Alf had sold the place.

Mom and Dad knew some people in Mt. Isa and they stayed with them. They were from the Netherlands and had a gift shop. They had two sons – one had a furniture business and the other worked in the administration buildings at Mt. Isa Mines. I stayed there a bit too, then Mom and Dad started contract mustering and I stayed in Mt. Isa and got a job in the mine, and moved to the dorms.



**Mateship**—Central Australia.

Todd found this photo of John Smith in a travel book some years later.

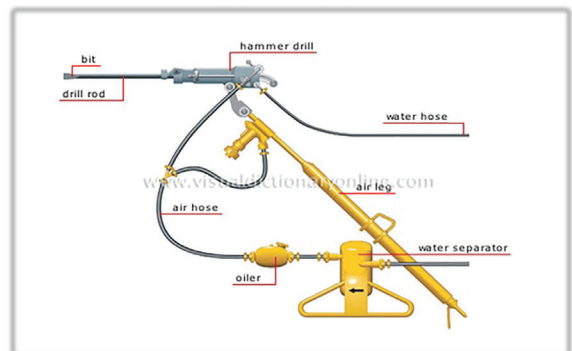


This cross section chart shows levels and ore bodies being mined. Todd worked on 11 and 13 levels, and one shift at the bottom of K57 shaft.

In 1923 the orebody containing lead, zinc and silver was discovered by the miner John Campbell Miles. Mount Isa Mines Limited was one of three companies founded in 1924 to develop the minerals discovered by Miles, but production did not begin until May 1931. The other two companies were Mount Isa Silver Lead Proprietary and Mount Isa South. These were both acquired by MIM by late 1925

In 1966, lead-zinc ore treatment was transferred to a new concentrator, referred to as the "No. 2 concentrator". That same year, there was a major modernization of the lead smelter, with the eight small sinter plants being replaced by a single updraft sinter plant, and a new shaft, originally known as the "K57" shaft but later renamed the "R62" shaft, was commissioned.

## JACK LEG



This is the type of drill Todd used underground.

## Chapter 10

### Mt. Isa Mines 1968 - 1969

After Mom and Dad had left Wollogorang they worked at other stations – at Benmara where they contract mustered, and John Smith plus a couple of other ringers worked with them; at Leonard Stevens' Woolner Station about 90 miles out east of Darwin, where they were looking after pigs and goats; then to Nelson Bunker Hunt's Kalala Station to get a count on the cattle on that property.

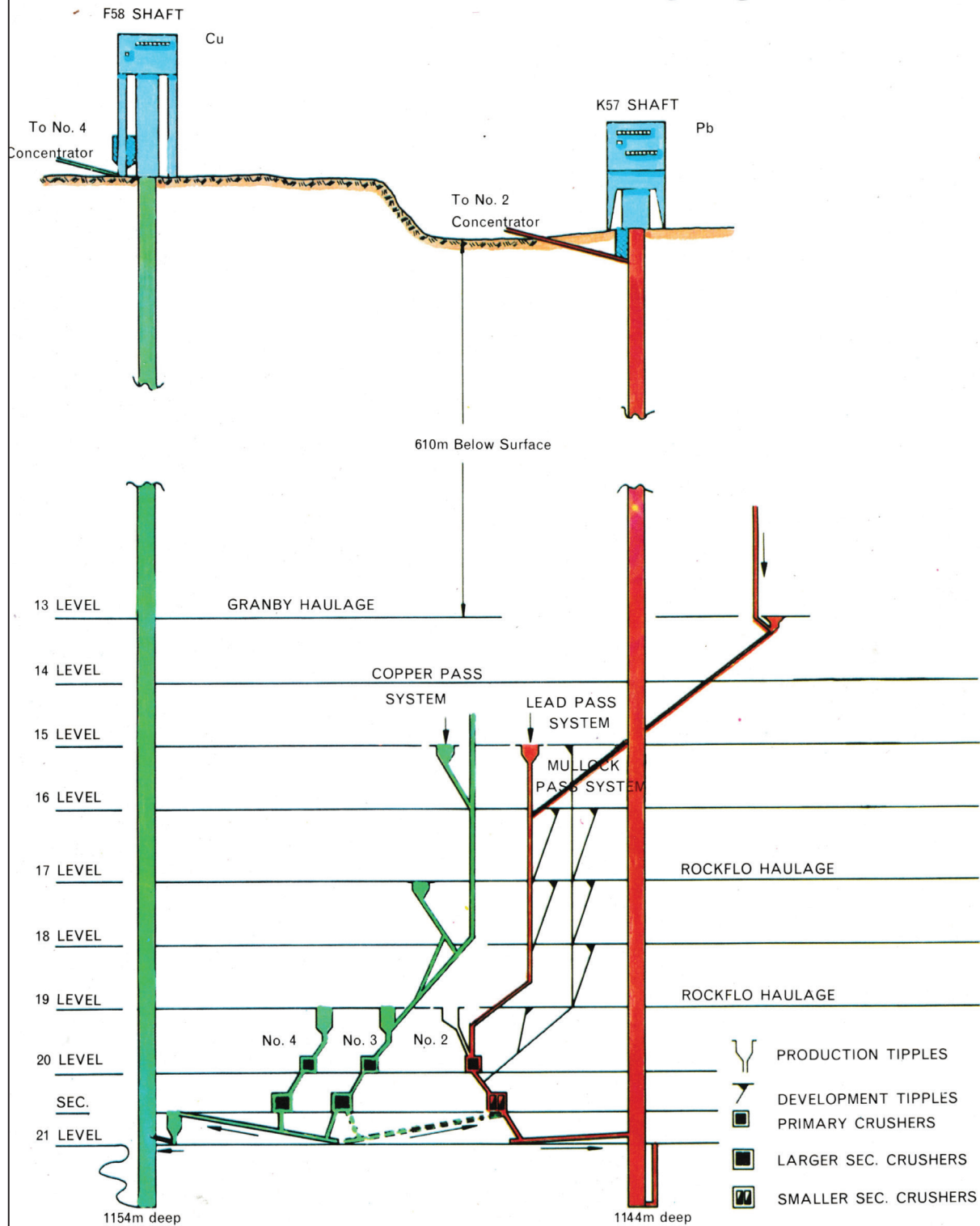
Finally, they moved to Bunker Hunt's Ban Ban Springs. There they were doing a feasibility study on catching wild Asian water buffalo and domesticating them.

Meanwhile I stayed in Mt. Isa. I took a mine tour, and underground appealed to me – above ground was hot and underground was about 70 degrees all the time. I worked there about a year, the first month I earned \$10 a shift as a gofer on an electric mule delivering ore carts and running supplies around. One shift I was at the very bottom of the K-57 shaft, hand mucking the spilled ore from the two ore skips 1150 meters (3772 feet) down. I could look up and see the light from the surface – it was about the size of my little fingernail. The shift boss rode you hard and I soon found out most guys were cheating and only working when the shift boss was there – but here I was busting my gut.



Miners had to be careful not to be run down by these front end loaders.

# ORE PASS SYSTEM



The K57 shaft shown in red.



The K57 shaft and Zinc Lead Concentrator in 1966.

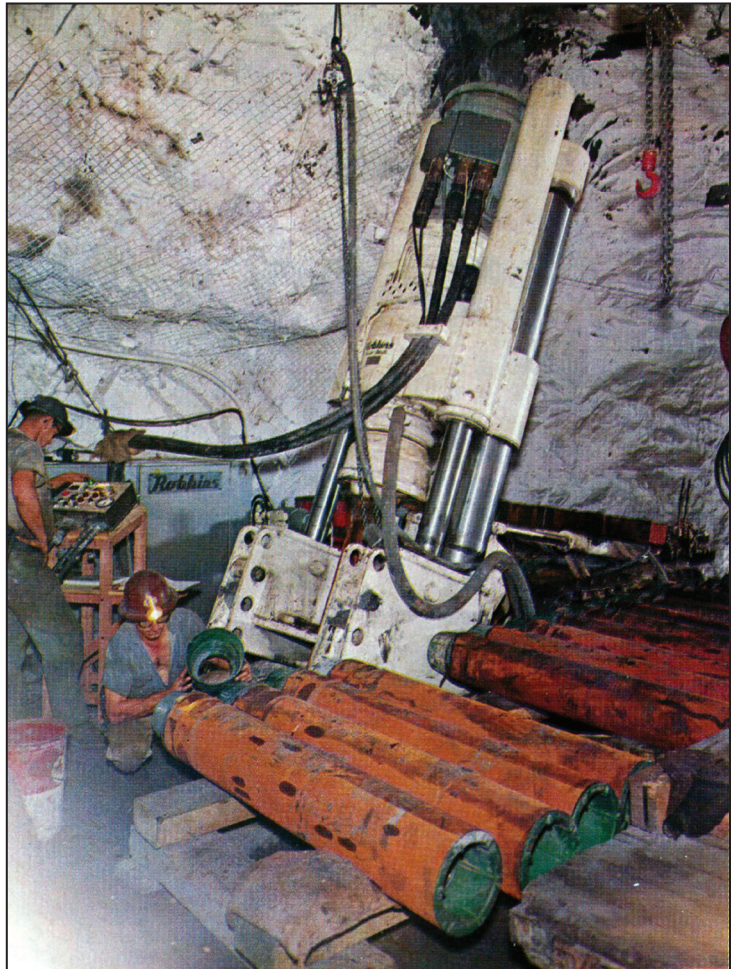
Then I found out about contract mining, where I would get paid for what I did, and that most miners were making \$16 - \$20 a shift, depending on production. The 'top gun' miners with the best jobs made \$30-\$34 a shift.

So, I went to mining school for a couple of weeks, then teamed with experienced blokes for the first couple of weeks, until a position in a mining job opened up.

My first work was with a Finnish bloke on #11 level, 495 meters-1624 feet underground. He was wiry, a good hard worker, and also new to mining, but spoke no English. He learned to cuss in my way - "Goddamn-son-of-a-bitch". We learned to mine together and were expected to make a 'cut' per shift every day. Our 'face' of the crosscut was 10' x 11'.

We had two cross shifts as mining went on twenty-four hours a day. Also, it was mostly new guys so it took a while to learn to work fast and efficiently together. Hard, wet, dirty, loud 'yakka'.

*Right:* Todd was one of a crew that had to clear a 'room', about 15' x 20' and 12' high, so this Raise Borer could be installed for its first use.



We were given ear plugs of wax that we formed to put in our ears. But we often didn't, not knowing about loss of hearing until later in life. We were supposed to work in a safe way that took extra care to keep the compressed air and water lines, and ventilation air and ore rail lines, up close to our work area. But to get a 'cut' a shift we learned to cut corners, which was more dangerous, but we got paid more. Shift bosses came by to ensure we were doing it straight and safely. There were three shifts a day, and every week we changed shifts – that was a pain. Seniority got day shift, but I liked night shift – I would get off work, have breakfast, sleep, and then had the afternoon to myself. I stayed in the dorm with other single guys, four or six to a room – it was cheap rent, good food at the cafeteria, and transportation to the mine.

I had always been interested in flying so I took lessons at a flying school in Mt. Isa and had half of

the 20 cross-country hours required to qualify for my full private pilot's license when they closed.

Mom and Dad had bought my Toyota Land Cruiser when we left Wollogorang as I had no need of it working at the mines, what with free transport to and from work, and I rode a bicycle the couple of miles to the airport for my flying lessons. Just before the flying school closed, I bought a sports car, a red Datsun 2000 convertible. It had a 5-speed on the floor stick shift and 5th was an overdrive gear. It would run at 125mph in fifth with the throttle locked on the two-lane paved roads running from the 'Isa all the way to Darwin (1,100 miles) and for about 50 miles east and south of the Isa. I had lots of fun in that little car.



Datsun 2000 and John Podd, who loaned me the \$600 down-payment. Mt. Isa Mine barracks at back.



The Victa Airtour 115 that I did almost all my training in. It had +- 9 g rating. Side by side seating with central stick control. Bubble canopy. Great fun to fly.



Todd and the Beechcraft Musketeer he flew as a student pilot.

### MT. ISA

Located 1136 miles from Brisbane, 550 miles from Townsville and is 1167 feet above sea-level, Mount Isa proudly claims to be the largest city in the world; a fact born out by its accreditation in the Guinness Book of Records.

The argument is that the city extends for 15,820 sq. miles, and that the road from Mount Isa to Camooweal, a distance of 117.5 miles, is the longest city road in the world.

Various licences were required to be a pilot.

Page 1

I. COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA  
Department of Civil Aviation

II. STUDENT PILOT LICENCE—  
AEROPLANES

III. No. 47122

IV. This Student Pilot Licence is granted to  
Tommy Todd TENNEY

VI. of American nationality  
who is hereby authorised to pilot the types of aeroplanes endorsed on page three.

VII. Signature of Holder Tommy Todd Tenney

VIII. Granted in accordance with the Air Navigation Regulations.

XI. Seal.

X. 22/5/68 Date  
for Director-General of Civil Aviation.

C.A. 972. (H2980) 10125



Todd, his Datsun 2000 and the Beechcraft Musketeer.

Page 1

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA  
Department of Civil Aviation

AIRCRAFT RADIOTELEPHONE  
OPERATOR

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY

No. 17702

This Certificate is granted to  
Tommy Todd TENNEY

of American nationality  
who is hereby authorised to operate aircraft radiotelephone equipment in the aeronautical mobile radio service, but not in flight.

Signature of holder Tommy Todd Tenney

Granted in accordance with the Air Navigation Regulations.

Seal

X. 3/9/1968 Date  
for Director-General of Civil Aviation.

C.A. 754 (1963) (H. 22782)

Page 1

I. COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA  
Department of Civil Aviation

II. FLIGHT RADIOTELEPHONE  
OPERATOR LICENCE

III. No. 18944

IV. This Flight Radiotelephone Operator Licence is granted to  
Tommy Todd TENNEY

VI. of American nationality  
who is hereby authorised to operate any unit of radiotelephone equipment in the aeronautical mobile radio service.

VII. Signature of holder Tommy Todd Tenney

VIII. Granted in accordance with the Air Navigation Regulations.

XI. Seal.

X. 3/9/1968 Date  
for Director-General of Civil Aviation.

C.A. 752(H.22782)

Page 1

I. COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA  
Department of Civil Aviation

II. PRIVATE PILOT LICENCE—  
AEROPLANES

III. No. 21199

IV. This Private Pilot Licence is granted to  
Tommy Todd TENNEY

VI. of American nationality  
who is hereby authorised to pilot the types of aeroplanes endorsed on page 3.

VII. Signature of Holder Tommy Todd Tenney

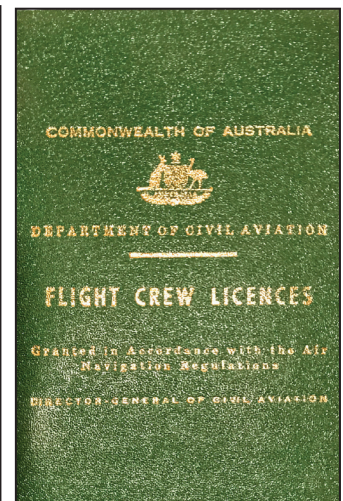
VIII. Granted in accordance with the Air Navigation Regulations.

SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS ON PAGE 3

XI. Seal

X. 30/10/1968 Date  
for Director of Civil Aviation

C.A. 530 (1967) (H3071) 28909





Datsun 2000 with Marilyn.



Penny Webb.

In Australia we got five weeks paid vacation, so I took a week off and drove up to see Mom and Dad. Taking a girlfriend, Marilyn, I drove to Darwin and rented a plane to fly out to see them at Leonard Stevens' Woolner Station about 90 miles out east of Darwin, where they were looking after pigs and goats.

Another time I drove my red car up to visit with them and Dad was at Nelson Bunker Hunt's station Kalala Station south of Katherine. I rode out with Dad while there then later that day went on up to where they were living and working at Hunt's Ban Ban Springs Station where they were doing a trial on domesticating the water buffalo that were running wild.

These water buffalo had been brought to the Northern Territory to use as beasts of burden years before. Like the camels and rabbits brought to Australia, they now run wild in the Outback. Another failed importation by well intentioned, but ignorant, white people.

I also took a couple of weeks holiday and drove 2,500 miles, first east to Townsville, then south to Mt Greville which was southeast of Brisbane, to visit with Penny Webb, whom I had met at the Mt Isa rodeo and dated there. Then I drove on to Sydney to see Robin Yates – I put a lot of miles on that Datsun. In Sydney I made a U-turn at his place in Sans Souci got in a 'prang' – had to get the Datsun fixed after that.

At Dad's urging I left the mine, traded the Datsun in on a Mazda one-ton pickup, and went to work at Ban Ban, even helped rope some buffalo from the old Toyota Land Cruiser.

There was a 20 year old Aussie there, contract fencing, married to an American gal. He had a Land Rover, tractor, digger, caravan, and chain saws and was getting paid \$100 a mile - and I was getting \$250 a month. He was building a mile every couple of days, getting paid for

labor, with all materials supplied. I helped him a bit.

The manager, Wes Whitley, was more interested in shooting the buffalo for pet food than domesticating them, so after we were there about six months, I urged Mom and Dad to head south and see the rest of the country. They agreed, and in February 1970 packed up and headed to Chilla Seeney's – a rodeo hand and roper they had met at Mt. Isa rodeo. They travelled to Monto, Queensland and stayed with Chilla and Jan Seeney for a time, and started roping and western horsemanship schools.

I stayed on a bit as I was then sweet on Whitley's daughter, Linda. There was an old D-4 caterpillar at Ban Ban that hadn't been used for a while. Whitley said that if I could get it running, I could clear the

new fence line for a mile or two, so I did. Then he told me that Bunker Hunt wanted him to cut costs and so he was cutting my wages from \$250 month to \$200.

I decided that fencing might be something worth trying, after all I had helped build six miles of fence with Dad, Mom and Mike Hubbard in Arizona, and that was pretty tough country. So I drove to Darwin and cashed out a \$1,300 Whole Life Insurance Policy Mom and Dad had bought me while in still in Arizona.

I drove down to their place at Sierra Bonita Quarter Horse Stud just out of Boonah, about 50 miles southeast of Brisbane, Queensland.

While there I went into and around Brisbane and bought old WWII 4wd Power Wagon, small Ferguson tractor, post hole digger, a carryall and a new-fangled post 'basher'. Plus, an old flat-bed army trailer, and other small items I reckoned I'd need. I also purchased a Canadian chainsaw (thinking, in my ignorance, that Canada = trees so a 'Canadian' ought to be a good saw).

While there I went with Mom and Dad to the Brookfield Quarter Horse Show and Sale outside of Brisbane. Just after being introduced to a bunch of horse people fellow American Sue Wilson said "Todd come with me" and we walked around to the other side of the arena where she introduced me to my future bride and love of my life Peta-Anne Miller. She was the official horse show photographer. She was going to the dinner dance that evening so I offered to take her back to her hotel in Brisbane. We did not make it to the dinner dance. Instead we talked and did other things all night long.



Linda Whitley on her pet water buffalo, Matilda.



Dad with friends in Mt. Isa: Jack Hitson and 'Baldy' Bob Naylor.

I left the Mazda with Mom and Dad and drove my fencing 'plant' back to Mt Isa and got back into contract mining. It was easy to get back into contract mining as I had given proper notice when I had left so it was just fill out paperwork and back to mining I went. This time on 13 level 611 meters (2004 feet) deep. Our face was 13'x12' and we just worked day and afternoon shifts. I worked with a non english speaking Swede this time. He had not a single hair on his body – said he had had a terrible "fright" earlier in life and lost all his hair. But a hard working, good bloke.

I put an ad in *Queensland Country Life* newspaper soliciting a contract station fencing job while working at the mines. I wrote letters to Peta-Anne and bought her a little 'toothpick' [holder] donkey for her birthday. It was the only 'horsey' gift I could find.

## FLIGHT

YEAR 1968		AIRCRAFT		Pilot in Command	Journey and Remarks	INSTRUMENT	
Month	Day	Type	Reg. No.			In Flight	
—	—	—	—	—	Totals Brought Forward		
8.4.68		B 23A	DRZ	R. WERNER	EFFECT OF CONTROLS		
APRIL	9	B 23A	DRZ	R. WERNER	URNS		
AUGUST	14	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	REVISION. Climbing Gliding Stall		
AUGUST	14	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
AUGUST	17	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
AUGUST	18	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	ENGINE FAILURE ON T/O. CIRCUITS		
AUGUST	24	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
AUGUST	24	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	STALLING - SPINNING		
AUGUST	25	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	CIRCUITS		
AUGUST	30	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
AUGUST	30	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	FIRST SOLO		
AUGUST	31	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
September	1	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	1	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	1	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	5	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	5	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	6	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	TAKE OFF CIRCUITS LANDINGS		
SEPT	7	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	FORCE LANDINGS		
SEPT	7	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	FORCE LANDINGS		
SEPT	8	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	X-WIND TAKE OFF + LANDINGS		
SEPT	13	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	FORCED LANDINGS		
SEPT	14	VICTA 115	MTL	P. B. LEGG	STEEP TURNS CIRCUIT REJOIN		
SEPT	14	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	STEEP TURNS CIRCUIT REJOIN		
SEPT	22	VICTA 115	MTL	SELF	FORCED LANDINGS		
TOTALS ....							

TOTALS ....

.....hours.....minutes

Pilot's Log Book.

Mt. Isa area from the air.



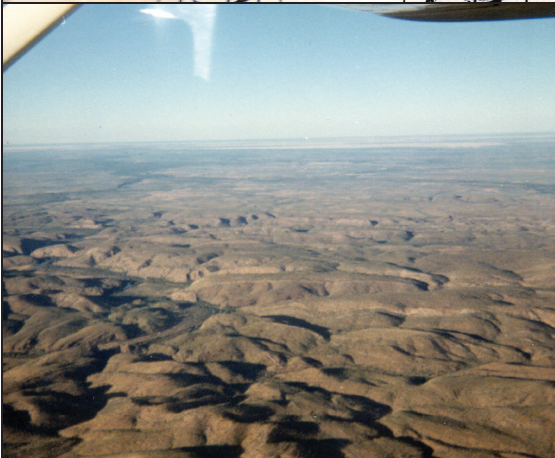
# RECORD

Passenger or Super- numerary	SINGLE-ENGINE AIRCRAFT				MULTI-ENGINE AIRCRAFT						
	Dual		In Command		Dual		Co-Pilot		In Command		
	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	
SELF	1.00										
SELF	1.00										
SELF	.45										
SELF	.50										
SELF	1.10										
SELF	.40										
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			.45								
SELF	1.00										
			1.05								
SELF	.40										
			1.05								
	.45										
			1.25								
			1.35								
	1.45		7.55								

JOINT ISA FLYING GROUP  
PASSED D. C. A. AIR LEGISLATION  
SIGNED *P. B. Legg* 6810  
CONSIDER *J. J. Tenney* COMPETENT TO PILOT  
BY DAY ON *Meta* AIRCRAFT  
IN INSTRUCTED IN SPINS & RECOVERY THEREOF  
DATE *30-8-68* INSTRUCTOR *P. B. Legg*  
No. *6810*  
FLYING TIMES WITH MT. ISA FLYING GROUP  
CORRECT TO DATE.  
DATE *31-8-68*  
INSTRUCTOR *P. B. Legg* No. *6810*  
FLYING TIMES WITH MT. ISA FLYING GROUP  
CORRECT TO DATE.  
DATE *30-9-68*  
INSTRUCTOR *P. B. Legg* No. *6810*

(4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10)

GRAND TOTAL *19* hours *40* minutes  
ALL FLYING, COLUMNS (1) to (10)



Pilot's Log Book.

Mt. Isa area from the air.

TOTALS .... ..

Pilot's Log Book.

94

## RECORD

[illegible]

Pilot's Log Book.

The Leichhardt River is dammed near Mount Isa to form Lake Moondarra.



A selfie taken on flight with Ren and Sarah Fennimore on the way home from Barkley Downs races.



Northern Australia showing where Todd was before he met Peta-Anne.

## Chapter 11

### Fencing at Merluna Station, Cape York Peninsular

I had advertised in the *Queensland Country Life* newspaper and a few months later got a contract offer from Keith Wettenall at Merluna Station, about 60 miles southeast of Weipa, in Queensland. It was the end of November when I left the mines and I then drove the Power Wagon, with the tractor loaded in back, and the pulling the trailer with the rest of my fencing plant, up to Atherton then Mareeba and on north to the station.

My first few weeks were frustrating, and I was not making much headway – my chainsaw was crap and I was having a heck of a time. I had written to Dad and Mom, and Dad apparently read between the lines because early December he sent 17-year-old Mick Connelly up on the mail plane to work with me. I had known of the Connelly's, and maybe even met them, and guess they had moved south too.

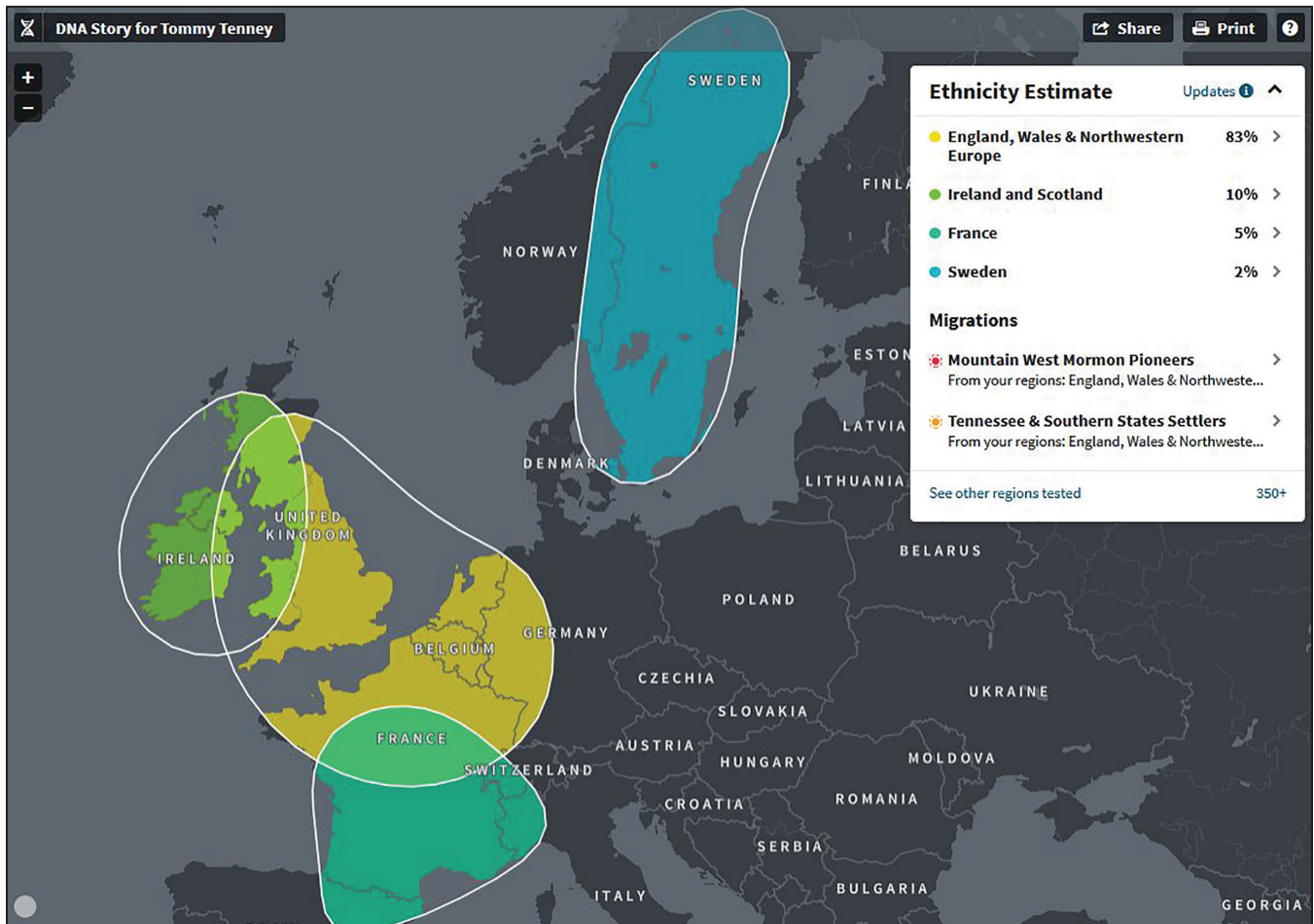
From Dad I knew they were excellent fencers – and young Mick taught me how to really fence Aussie style. For starts he agreed that my chainsaw was crap so we went into the station and contacted the Stock and Station agents, and ordered a Stihl 041. We were going and blowing until about mid-January when The Wet set in.



By mid January at Merluna we had had 27" rain! The last holes we dug ended up three feet in diameter and full of water, the Power Wagon was bogging to floorboards, and when I dropped a 6' digging bar straight down only six inches showed above ground – it was so wet. You can't do anything in The Wet! We flew out at the end of January, promising to return after The Wet.

When I returned in June I had a wife, Peta-Anne, and a couple of blokes hired to work.

*NOTE: Dad's story continues in my book, My Life as a Tenney. Believe me, it was difficult to get this much out of him... Mom.*



In 2018 Todd had his Ancestry done and this shows his historical ethnicity.



