

OCTOBER 12, 1926 - DECEMBER 12, 2020

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RAconteur, EDUCATOR, WATCHMAKER, ARTIST, LOVABLE ROGUE, SECRET PIRATE



# LOUIS LINFORD SMITH

*the story edition*

Born in 1926, the third of twelve children, Smith's family homesteaded in the Williams area early last century. He grew up a child of the Great Depression and served in the U.S. Navy in World War II and the Korean War. These experiences formed in him a profound love of country, an unimpeachable work ethic, a strong sense of personal responsibility, and a passion for the power of education. He helped establish Glendale Community College and served as chair of its Reading Department; he also taught Adult Basic Education in reading and mathematics. He was a true raconteur, so his stories about his personal history and family conveyed a wonderful sense of time and place and the perspectives of one of America's Greatest Generation.

(Adapted from the White Mountain Independent, January 22, 2021)

**And, while as we remember him as an educator, veteran, and professionally successful, we also recognize the raconteur, artist, and a bit of that lovable rogue. Perhaps it was his naval experience that influenced this secret pirate or just the flair for adventure. If you were fortunate enough to listen, you will remember his wicked sense of irreverent humor...**

**You can now turn the pages, if you dare, to read Louie's stories he shared before moving on to the next big adventure!**

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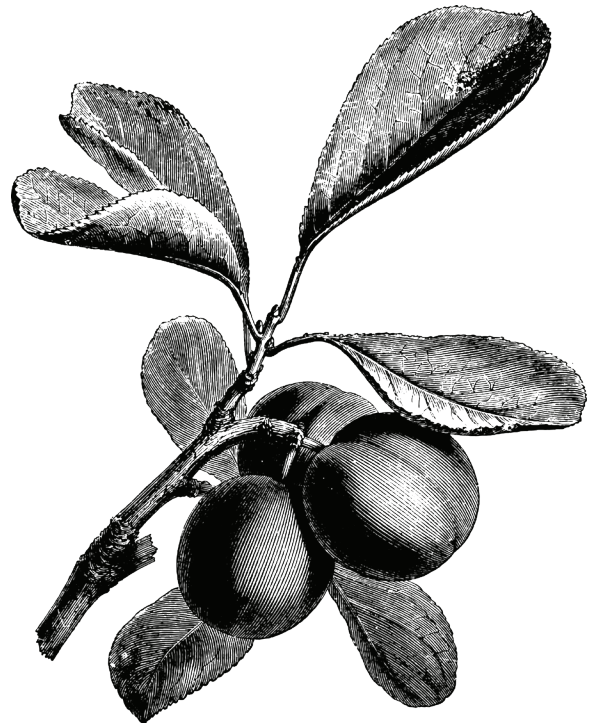
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Whisk Broom or Rest  
Room?

# Plum Picking

Once upon a time, my family - and it was a family project with Al, Mom, and me picking plums and Mom watching Ervin and Hubert try to pick them. About sundown — Brother Al and I have a contest going: who can find the most ripe, luscious plum on the tree — when we find it, we take a bite and get our bragging rights by giving a bit to the other. Al had been lucky enough to get about five in a row to my zero. Being the sore loser that I am, I became frustrated, and due to the fact the orchard was also a horse pasture and spotting a supply of work-out-the-frustration-material, I picked up a horse apple and calling out to my brother Al, “I got a good one!” As he stopped in front of me, I proceeded to insert the horse apple between the teeth of his open mouth. He bit down, and I ran under trees, around trees, and everywhere I could escape to. Finally, I was giving out. I took the shelter of last resort and hid behind Mom. Had I not taken that shelter, my brother would have certainly stopped any future growth or mischief, so she protected me. After he cooled off a little, he remembered not to kill me on sight, and I was relatively safe 'til next time.





**B**rother Al and I (I always called him "Willie") had finished milking, and mom had outlined our other chores for the day, but it was such a beautiful day staying home did not appeal to us. As soon as mom's back was turned, we went off dove hunting. About 7:30 AM, using our slingshots, we had hunted about two hours. Al had 17 birds, and I had 15. So "breakfast time." We picked 5 doves apiece, lit a fire, cleaned the doves, rinsed them off in the irrigation ditch, put them on a spit over the fire, and were slowly cooking the spoils of the hunt at 71<sup>st</sup> Ave. and Thomas Road... A pickup truck rolled up at the same corner. The driver jumped out, took a 12 gauge shotgun

from out of his pickup, put on a hunting jacket, and proceeded down a row of trees lining Thomas Road on the south side. He was dove hunting, also.

Every time that gun went off, we were envious. If we only had a shotgun (we could dream)...After about 1 1/2 hours, he returned, out of shells, but with a big smile on his face.

When brother Al and I asked him how many he got, he proudly announced that he had eight doves and then asked in a demeaning voice how we had done.

When we announced our 15 and 17 and offered him a cooked one, he looked at us, never said a word, put away his shotgun, took off his hunting jacket, and didn't even wave goodbye.



## The Shotgun and the Doves

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# The Snake and the Catfish

**U**p on Maricopa Road and Lateral 19 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, on the south side of the road, was a ditch flowing through from Lateral 19. It had about two inches of water in it. There at the bottom of that ditch was a snake about six feet long. We are on our way to school, waiting for the Model A bus. That snake had a bulge that was twice as big around as he was. When Brother Al grabbed him by the tail, he was front heavy enough he couldn't get around to bite him. Al and I had to know what that bulge was. I suggested we swing him 'round and see if it would come out.

It didn't.

Next step: hit the snake on the head with a rock, cut him open, and discover a foot-long catfish. We then found out that a snake could stretch around an object bigger than he was by prying his mouth open by unhinging his jaw. Of course, this led to the possibility of an Anaconda, where we found a picture of one being in the canal, and we were able to keep other kids out of our swimming hole with fake sightings.





**You have to laugh at the statement made by Einstein when he said that there were two things he believed to be infinite: the universe and human stupidity, and of these, he was not sure about the universe.**

**D**own at the farm in '02, a friend and I were hunting doves near Buckeye Road and New River at a farm when two Avondale patrol cars pulled in alongside us, informed us we were hunting illegally; we were breaking Shannon's Law by shooting up in the air, and we were too close to houses. None of which was valid. They demanded my gun, which I refused to give them. Instead, I called out, "Hey, Sarge!" And their immediate superior, who was hunting with us, walked over to their surprise and informed them they were out of their jurisdiction and wrong. They left with red faces, and we continued hunting. About a half-hour later, I knew I had my limit. I took my last bird in and counted them. What! Only 7 birds! Should have been 10! Must have miscounted... Loaded the gun, shot two more close by, and that made 9. I shot one that lit about 100 yards from me and went after it. As I turned around, there was the sergeant's dog getting into my birds. He takes it over and drops it in the sergeant's pile of birds. Mystery solved.. but if the sergeant had been approached by a game warden, he might have had a problem explaining 16 birds with a 10 bird limit!



Folly, folly, fun, and laughs.

## Dove Hunting with the Sarge

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**M**y first two grandchildren, my two sons, my wife, and I had driven up to Williams, where we decided to go fishing for trout in Kaibab Lake. I only had one fishing pole, so taking the pole out, stringing the line, and attaching the bait, I gave the pole to my eldest son, Michael. I thought Jerry, my step-grandson, too young to tend a pole. Debby and Edna watched and took care of the baby, David.

I saw Jerry working on getting a stick about three feet long and tying a piece of string to it. Not bothering to watch too closely, I did not see him attach a small hook to the string that was almost as large as the hook! He was tossing it into the water next to the bank about six feet out when his bait was attacked by a bluegill. Mike and I, with the fancy pole, caught nothing all day. Jerry, at four years old, was the only one who caught a fish and all by himself.

Sharp little kid.

## Jerry and the Fish

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# The Gate

**A** gate in cattle country, many times, consists of three posts and 4 strands of barb wire stretched between the two end posts and tied to the center post for stability. And, to keep the wire from tangling, one post is tied to the left-hand side of the fence. The gate is closed by pulling the opposite end to the other side and attaching it to a post with a loop of wire at the bottom and top. Many times when it is cold, the wire shrinks, and it is very difficult to close. For this reason, a two foot lever is attached to a piece of wire and used to pry the gate post in an upright position. When this lever is released, it swings very rapidly back. One morning, at about 4:30, I went out to bring in the cows for milking. I reached over and detached the lever, not watching what I was doing. During the night, the wire had shrunk, and the gate was extremely tight. As I released the lever, it swung around and hit me right square in the bridge of the nose. When later, and I don't know how long, I looked up, and the sun was coming up; the swinging lever had broken my nose and konked me out.

**Lesson: Don't open gates when half asleep or get out of the way.**



**I**n the high and far off times o' best beloved, we had no indoor plumbing. Baths were taken in a galvanized wash-tub and a two-holer was standing about 200 feet from the house and about a hundred feet from the barn.

I really did not like having to get up first while the girls got to sleep in at least an hour or more. One morning as I was putting hay in the mangers so the cows could munch while being milked, I spotted a garden snake about 18" long. and when I said to myself, "Myself, what would happen if...?"

I took the garden snake to the two-holer and placed it in a corner, and closed the door. It was not over 10 minutes 'til my sister brought her little sister out to tend to morning business. I am in the front of the barn, milking with a smirk on my face. They



must have been in there a long time, or so it seemed-when I heard a blood-curdling scream, and the door to the two-holer flew open fast enough that I thought it would fly off the hinges.

Complacently, I sat there with a smile on my face. I love it when a plan comes together.

## The Snake and the Two-Holer

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**A**t Christmas time, the Wildlife Zoo on Northern decks its entire area with brightly colored lights, and it is a very pleasant place to take the kids as a part of the holiday spirit.

Shelby, Lisa, Martia, and I had gone to experience the outing. This was at a time when one of my legs or the other didn't want to work well, so I walk-a-ways and sit, walk-a-ways and sit, etc. Following their routine, we had almost finished our visit when I found a park bench to sit on while they went to investigate some other part of the zoo. This bench is very close to a chain-link fence back to back, and that particular area was not well lit.

You have heard of Santa's arrival there arose such a clatter. Believe me, when I say that the purr of a full-grown 250# cat will send shivers up your back. The tiger wasn't over four feet behind me, but he was as loud as any approaching jet engine. My hair stood on end, and I stood up like a shot. The aftershock was such I was peeking around every corner for the rest of the visit. If you have ever heard the sound, believe me, you won't forget it!

*The Big Purr*

**M**y brother Al and I had been out hunting doves again and were back swimming in Lateral 20 at Maricopa Road. We had gotten out and were dressing when a pickup roared up, screamed his brakes, and a voice came afterward. "I got a fire and need help!" With that, he started throwing gunny sacks into the lateral and said to us boys, "Soak those and put them in the truck." We saw the fire and did as told quickly. About an eighth of a mile away, a dry barley field was burning. Right at the corner of the field, we jumped in the back of the truck with the wet gunny sacks and were rushed to the fire. Al and I took one corner; he took the other about 50 yards away, and we commenced to make headway with the wet sacks. Someone rushed to his side, and in about an hour, we had the fire out and were going around looking for smoke and being sure it didn't start up again. We finished and started to walk back to go swimming

again when the farmer called to us.

"Boys," he said, "Let's go to the store." We drove down to the store on Lateral 20 and J Ave owned by Hub Close — we walked in covered with black ash, etc. and he announced, "Hub," he said, "these boys have just saved my entire crop of barley; give them anything they want." We took him at his word. I started to get a coke, and Al waved me off, picking up a six-pack of bottled beer, some salami, and bread.

Hub never said a word. He rang it up to my surprise. We put it in the back of the truck with ourselves and were taxied back to where we started—we had some salami sandwiches and started on the beer. At 12 and

14, we guzzled the entire six that afternoon. My first taste of beer and my first drunk — we wobbled all over the place giggling like idiots. Finally, at about four, we went home to milk — I don't think we did a very good job of milking that night!



## The Fire or My First Beer

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# Lunchmeat!

Once upon a time, I worked at Reynolds Metals, which has nothing to do with this story, but I worked the graveyard shift. I would go to the grocery store and buy lunch meat, put it in the icebox, and make my midnight meal. One of my children would come home from school and promptly invite her friends in for snacks.

Being creative and trying to survive the midnight “hungries,” I devised a ruse that worked. I bought canned dog food, fed it to the dog, and some head cheese for lunches. I cut the headcheese up in round slices that would fit into the can and left it in the icebox, placed the can in the garbage readily visible. When I woke up, all the lunch meat was gone. Friends, you know. I walked into the living room and asked who fed the dog, showing the can off. I indicated the food in the icebox came from this can. Nobody raised their voice, but I never lost lunch meat again.



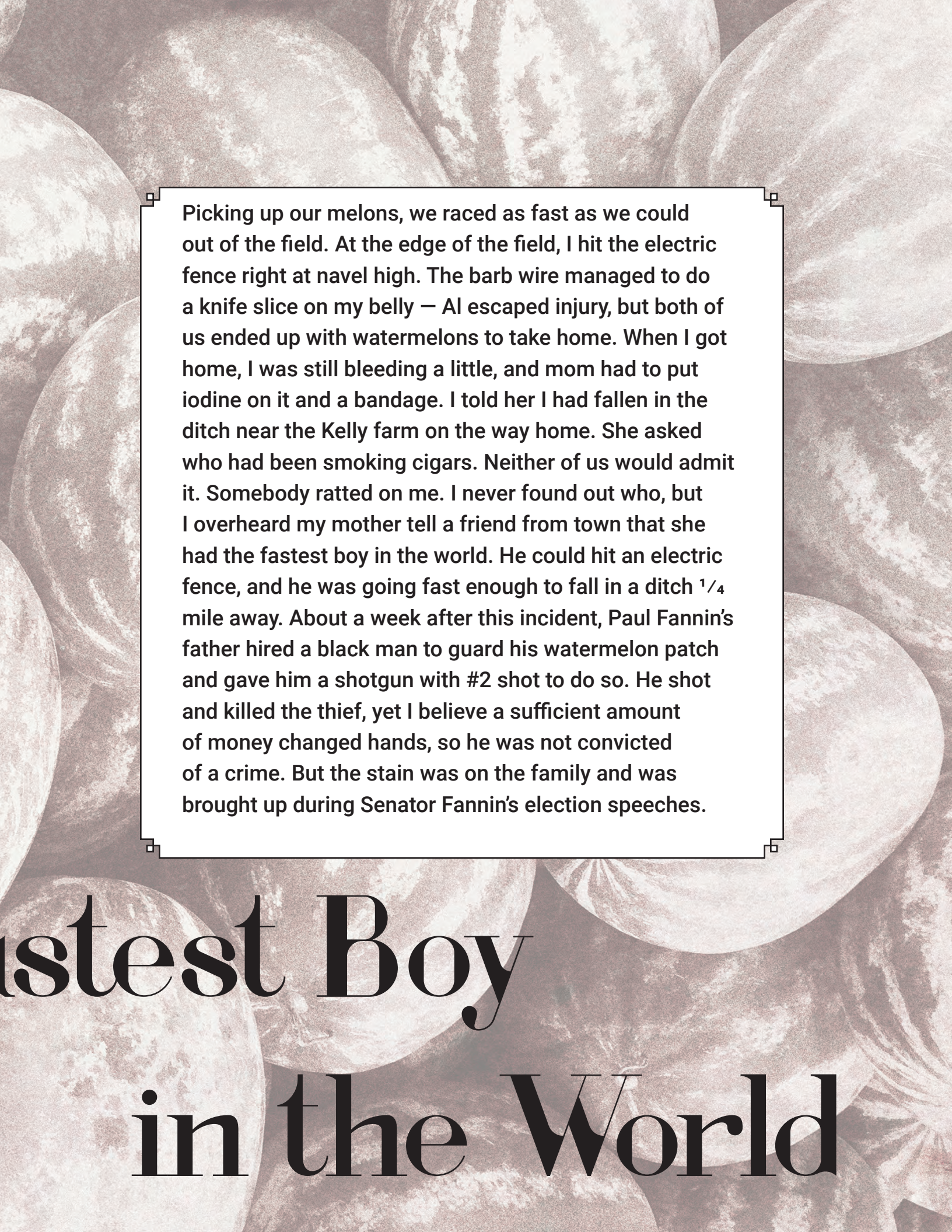




Once upon a time, when Al and I were about 11 and 13 years old, my mother gave us some change and sent us over to Hub Close's grocery store to buy some watermelon. Now, being the most honest and upright of all children, we went over to Hub Close's grocery store and bought cigars. We thoroughly enjoyed the cigars as they were part of the adult world, and there was a little high that went with it. Now, what do we do? Italian John was growing a field of watermelons, and it was only  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile out of our way going home. It was after dark, and we knew we had the power of stealth on our side. Walking till we were within about 100 yards from the watermelon patch, we got on our hands and knees to escape being seen on our final approach. Because of this, we failed to see the electric fence that had been put up to keep livestock out of the patch. We went right under it. Creeping around, we both found ripe and good-sized melons. I was heaving mine about two feet at a time when a shotgun blast went off: A call, "I see you out 'dere!"

# The Fo





Picking up our melons, we raced as fast as we could out of the field. At the edge of the field, I hit the electric fence right at navel high. The barb wire managed to do a knife slice on my belly — Al escaped injury, but both of us ended up with watermelons to take home. When I got home, I was still bleeding a little, and mom had to put iodine on it and a bandage. I told her I had fallen in the ditch near the Kelly farm on the way home. She asked who had been smoking cigars. Neither of us would admit it. Somebody ratted on me. I never found out who, but I overheard my mother tell a friend from town that she had the fastest boy in the world. He could hit an electric fence, and he was going fast enough to fall in a ditch  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile away. About a week after this incident, Paul Fannin's father hired a black man to guard his watermelon patch and gave him a shotgun with #2 shot to do so. He shot and killed the thief, yet I believe a sufficient amount of money changed hands, so he was not convicted of a crime. But the stain was on the family and was brought up during Senator Fannin's election speeches.

# Fastest Boy in the World





Flo Kitts

**S**o many times in my life, I have met people who have tried to use me as a stepping stone that would give them greater profits, greater glory, or higher rank. One person in my life made a distinct mark that will never be forgotten. She was the English teacher in the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades at Cartwright Grammar School. She taught grammar and grammatical structure in such a way that I never had to study hard in any composition class I ever took following 8th grade.

I was running a leg of a relay in a track meet in a school in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I was all legs and feet and awkward and slow I had stepped on a bull-head with my bare feet. I started to stop and take it out, and for the first time in my life, someone was yelling and encouraging me on! Flo Kitts was loud as she said, "Come on, Louie, you can do it!" I almost fell down, picked up my speed, and didn't lose any space in the relay. The thrill I got from someone noticing me I remember to this day.



English, track, and one more item makes in my memory a hero not to be forgotten. Glen Downs, the principal of the school, had made a trip out to our house to collect a lunch money debt that we owed from the brothers and sisters charging school lunches due to the illness of my father. He lost his job and moved to the homestead to try to raise a corn, bean, and potato crop for subsistence when Glen Downs said to my mother, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself charging your kids' lunches and not being able to pay for them." When he left, I swore I would never eat in the cafeteria again, and I didn't until the Wednesday before Thanksgiving when I went out to the front of the school grounds to eat my biscuit with butter, sugar, and cinnamon on it and sat down under a tree. Here came Flo Kitts taking me by the arm. She informed me she was paying for my lunch, and I had to come to the cafeteria and eat with her. I tried to wiggle out of her grasp but went along. I have never forgotten that kindness nor Flo Kitts.



**D**uring an intermural track and field meet, I watched my big brother Al as he signed up for the boxing match with pride. Sutton School was the visiting opponent, had a 16-year-old Mexican, at least 10 to 15 pounds heavier and three to four inches taller. And, at Al's age, that is a lot of difference.

The match began, and for the first three rounds, Al would step in and pound the opponent, step back and duck a haymaker, step back in and box rapidly, hitting him in the face with every blow. I don't know what was said in the corner, but at the beginning of the fourth round, the Mexican grabbed Al in a bear hug and bit his shoulder muscle. Blood was running down Al's back and front. Al's shoulder is hurt so badly he cannot raise his left arm to fight, and they stop the fight after the Mexican knocks Al down twice. They award the ribbon to the Mexican instead of disqualifying him.



Had I been older than 13 and had the strength, I think I would have taken a baseball bat to their heads. The memory of that isolated miscarriage of any kind of fairness has never left me.

## The Fight

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# Peaches & Back Porch Fermentation

**M**y mother believed in saving for a rainy day. She canned, and she canned, and she canned. Fig preserves were my favorite. Mom would take carp after my father and us boys skinned and cleaned the mud vein out, put it in quart jars, pressure cook until bones were soft like sardines. When it had been put on the shelf, mom could open a Quart mix with mango, pickles, and chopped onion. Made delicious sandwiches. I digress; this story is about peaches my mother had cooked, sweetened, and was ready to do cold pack canning with the peaches when an emergency came up.

Brother Harry had drunk kerosene and had to be rushed to the hospital or doctor. And five gallons of peaches were left on the stove. The emergency lasted much longer than was expected; we almost lost brother Harry. In the meantime, Dad was the caretaker; after a short period of time, the peaches got an odor. My father put a lid on the 5-gallon pot and put it under the porch. It wasn't long before it was more than just a slight odor. It had a pungent but sweet smell, and all the bubbling stopped. The lid settled down, but it still emitted a wave of pungent smell that Al and I could not resist. We poked our finger in, and it tasted pretty good. By this time, Harry was home from the hospital, and all eyes were focused on him. Al and I started to taste a little bit more each day, and one day we tasted too much. After much giggling and wrestling and falling down, mom smelled our breath, and all Hell broke loose. "Earl! Get out here right now!" When my father saw what had happened and received his fair share of verbal abuse for keeping the peaches that sweet nectar got fed to two little pigs, Al and I were left without sustenance until we discovered Italian John's barrels of wine, but that's another story.



Working on the hay baler was quite a job. There were positions: "Punch," "Tie," "Feed," "Buck Bales," and "Drive Tractor." I chose the easiest part, punch--the tier puts the wire through the first block; it comes through; when you punch the wire back through, you set the next block. I probably pushed baling wire

tween the bones. You pull it out and keep on going. After all, "\$.10 a ton." After the baling is over-- remember no indoor plumbing. We would head for the clear water canal to wash ourselves and our clothes. Along the way was a crossover from the RID to SRP with about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acre in between. The two Mexicans that had been hired to replace two guys that were drafted immediately saw the tall weeds and asked us, "Do you want to smoke?" We had experimented with coffee grounds, cigarette butts, and roll-your-own. Of course, we couldn't turn it down! Walking into the area, we picked parts of the weed about the size of a cigar, punched the pith out of the center, and filled the hull with seeds and leaves. It was like a big cigar. We started smoking, and by the time we reached the RID, we really didn't care whether we swam or not for a couple of hours. It became the routine for the rest of the hay baling season. When I left the routine, I never missed it and went north to Kingman to work with the sheep.

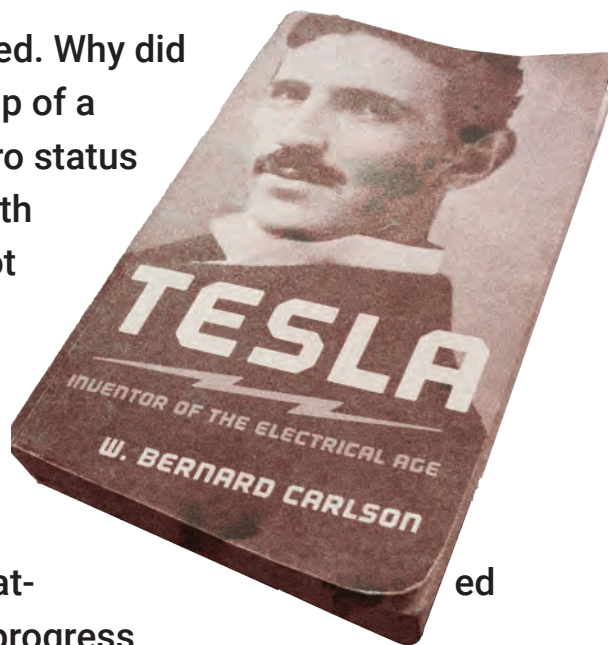
## Seeds and Weed Cigars

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## MORE EDUCATED TEACHERS

# 16

**T**his morning I woke up feeling cheated. Why did I have to sit through the hero-worship of a man named Edison who built his hero status on the backing of a banker, J.P. Morgan, with money as the primary driver? Why was I not taught of Tesla, who, with the creation of A.C. electricity use, A.C. electric motors, neon lights, and wireless transmission of voice and communication and visual imagery, yet shunted into a hole in the wall because he was visionary? Cheated of his patents and lost in the whirlwind of progress based on his creation — we need more educated teachers!

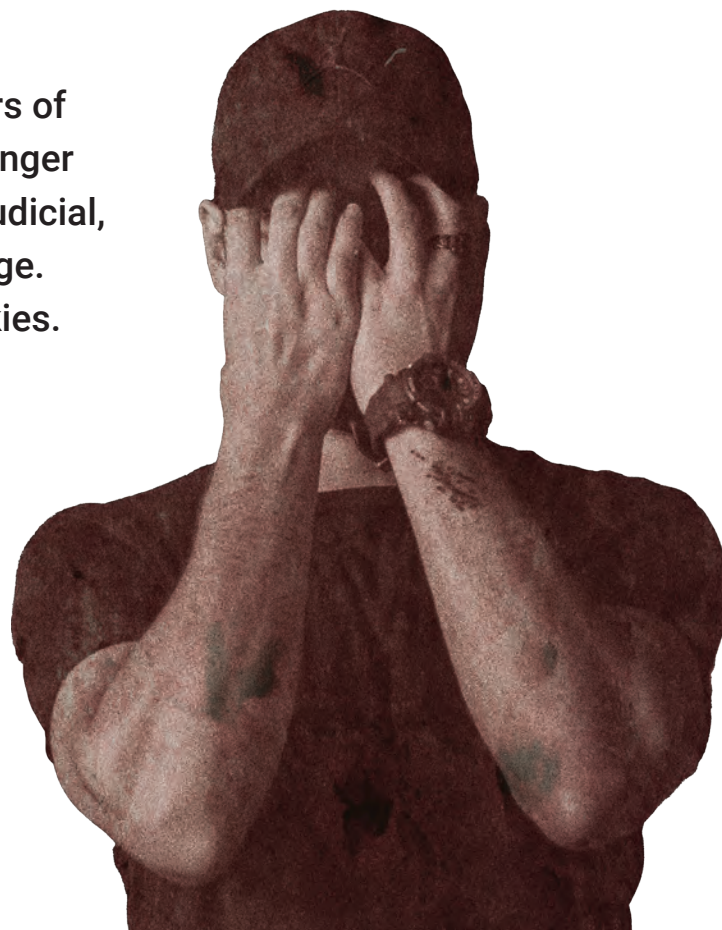


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## THE EPITOME OF POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

# 17

**A** judge has just ruled that purveyors of illegal carnal recreation can no longer be referred to as pimps. It is prejudicial, demeaning, and harmful to their self-image. They must now be known as nookie bookies.





Once upon a time '38, when I was about 12, I became fascinated with the Roman gladiators, the chariots, swords, and all that important type of thing that occupies a truly grown-up mind. During this time, it was a part of our job to harness the team of horses, hook up a double tree to the wagon and drive the horses down to Geronimo tank, an animal watering place. There was at that stock pond, or tank as we called it, a wild burro, I thought till I walked up to him and put a rope around his neck and discovered he was a pack burro that belonged to the shepherders in the area. I took that burro home and said, "Finders keepers," which a 12-year-old with a larcenous heart is apt to do. At last, I had found the motor for my chariot. Now all I had to do was build a chariot. And I like a Roman charioteer could roam the state land, my domain, "ad conquer all." I, however, need to build a chariot. Acquisition of parts was easy. Two old iron spoked cultivator

wheels not in use were immediately purloined, and an axle was formed from a juniper branch about five inches in diameter cut from a green juniper tree. I used a saw to form the bearing side, and I whittled the axle down to about three inches on both sides, drilled holes with a brace and bit at each end and mounted my wheels on the axle with pegs to keep them on.



Step 2: I needed two staves about 12 feet long that I attached to the axle — I had grooved on the axle with baling wire. It was fairly secure — about six wraps on each side — forming an "X" in the middle of each pole. It was relatively stable! Now I had the base for my chariot as well as the poles to attach to the harness that was to be attached to my trusty steed, the burro. I managed to build the front side and floor of the chariot from old lumber we had and square-cut nails I had pulled from the old lumber. I nailed together a base and a three-sided box that would serve

## The Chariot

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as a platform to stand in. So far, this had only taken about three weeks, but my platform and my chariot were finished with only one major problem - my father.

It was my task to keep the fire in the kitchen stove to boil the beans and to add water — at 6,000 feet elevation, beans dry quickly. They dried too quickly and burned. This did not make my father happy, and I was confined to burned beans that night. I thought I could make some biscuits, but my father limited me to one, and, believe me, when you're hungry, you eat. Today you would call it child abuse, but I never burned the beans again.

My next major task was to reduce the size of a horse collar to make it fit my steed. Also, it was necessary to make harness bits, reins, and everything else, including blinders, down to about half size. Now the hames and straps could not be reduced effectively, so it's like a 6-year-old kid putting on dad's overcoat and shoes and pretending. Maybe a little tighter, but not much. I tried them on the burro and pronounced them satisfactory.

The following day, which was almost a month of preparation, I was ready to strike out on my trusty chariot and explore faraway places. I put the harness on the burro and proceeded to back him into the staves, where I attached the hames straps and chain to the attached

front of the staves, walked back to the back and the chain to a single tree I had installed. Meantime my gallant charger, who just happened to be old, never moved a muscle. Of course, I was petting him and soothing him with words all this time. Making certain I kept the reins taut, I walked to the back of the chariot and proceeded to step into my creation. I stood up tall and proud, and using the reins, I nudged the faithful forward. He walked about four steps. I relaxed, and a squeak occurred somewhere in that complex mechanism. He cocked his head up, turned to see what was behind him moving, and literally exploded like a stick of dynamite. He went up in the air about three feet, jerked hard — I fell off, and he ran down the field through the barbed wire fence and into the field where my father is cultivating beans with the team of horses. Cutting across the rows, he is tearing up the crop. My father gets off the cultivator, and the burro — at full speed — comes through the barb wire fence again and into the pasture. I lost sight of him behind the trees. I followed the path he took, leaving behind a string of precious chariot parts for a quarter of a mile. When I next saw him, he had divested himself of all grandeur and was standing quietly without a single sign that he could have once conquered armies.

One full month of Love's Labor Lost.



# Dad, Doesn't Stop Between Phoenix and Prescott

No new tales come to me this morning — No, the hole in the bed of the truck! In the old days, when my life was young, and Phoenix was a farming community, not a community of migrants, we rode on the back of the truck when taking a trip to Williams. Rule One - Dad does not stop from Phoenix to Prescott - go to the bathroom before you leave the house. Up the old White Spar road through Wickenburg, Congress Junction, Yarnell, People's Valley, Wilhoit, over the mountain and into Prescott, about three hours in a ton and a half truck. Al and I in the back of the truck - about the town of Wilhoit - the urge to go hit us both. Water sprays all over you from wind, but there is a hole in the bed of the truck about in the center and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to the back; it is where the wood has been broken out and not replaced. I had to go #1 and decided to lay down over the hole and sprinkle the pavement while Al looked out for traffic. There was very little, and the task was accomplished without complications. Then it was Al's turn and my turn to look out for cars. In the meantime, we had entered the pines on the way up what we called Prescott Hill. #2 was a bit more complicated, and it's Al's turn with me as his trusty lookout for cars. A herd of deer about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile ahead with a big buck in the herd - my eyes are glued to the deer, forgetting all about anything else when I heard a car horn go, "beep, beep" behind us. I turned around just in time to watch brother Al spring at least 6 feet into the air with his pants around his knees and observe a crowd of people in the car behind us laughing their heads off. I thought surely Al was going out of the truck. He was pulling up his pants as they passed. I sheepishly sat down and caught Hell all the way into Prescott and could no longer declare myself a trusty enemy lookout.



# Age-Related



**I**t has taken many years and many scars to get my ultimate degree in medicine. I should be given an M.D. or Ph.D. the day I turn 90. The first bodily function to begin to deteriorate was my ability to get rid of liquid adequately, so I started taking a drug called Flomax--when I asked the doctor what caused this problem, the only answer I got was: age-related. The next thing to go was a hip replacement cause: age-related osteoarthritis; following that was a knee replacement. By now, I am catching on to the universal explanation: age-related. Following that was carpal tunnel surgery again - age-related. Then trigger finger surgery again - age-related. At this point, I began to lose sensation in my feet; they called it peripheral neuropathy. Of course, the cause is inherited, and it comes on with age - hence, age-related. All this time, I am working on my degree in diagnostic medicine. I'm getting better. When I had cataracts removed from both eyes, I knew I had it down pat. Cause: age-related.

When macular degeneration set in, I was as good at diagnosis as any doctor out there (age-related). Since that time, I have not missed a beat. Knee and hip replacements, same diagnosis. Glaucoma: same diagnosis. I had earned my degree in spite of the excuses the doctors gave me in addition to the basic cause. Yes, I have become a medical diagnostician and should be paid for my talent at the same rate as the posturing doctors, who, with a profound finality to their voices and fearful tone, issue the same diagnosis. Yes, if you are over 70 and have a problem, I can diagnose it free of charge: age-related!

One of the pleasures of life during the summer was the laterals and canals. Many hours of pleasure in cool water on hot days. An especially good time of the year was melon season. We would swim in the lateral at Lateral 20 and Maricopa Road under the bridge and beneath the waterfalls, but when we saw a melon truck coming, it was "hide." We hid so the driver would not see us and know our intent. The stop sign was east and west and the through street north and south. As soon as the melon truck stopped, one of the crowd whose turn it was would leap from the water and get atop the melon truck and toss ripe melons into the water and for the next 30 feet until leaving the truck when he could still get off safely. The other parts of the crowd were lookouts for sheriffs or other cars. It was my turn. I spotted the truck fully laden with ripe cantaloupe and made sure I was not seen; waited for it to stop; and sprung

from the water in my original birthday suit. Paying no attention to anything but my task at hand, I proceeded to unload the truck rapidly. After about 10 or 12 melons, my eye caught movement, and looking up from the task at hand, there out of nowhere was an automobile with Patsy Springer, her mother, and a sister in the front seat. The mother is trying to shield the daughters' eyes from the magnificent spectacle before them — that's me... in all my naked glory. I came off the truck in one leap and ran to the side of the road and hid in about six inch high Bermuda grass and bullhead stickers. Needless to say, I was quite literally exposed. They drove off, and it wasn't until about a week later when I heard rumors of my anatomical construction being described by a group of females at school that the full embarrassment of all time began to have its effect. But the melons still tasted good.

## 6" of Bermuda Grass

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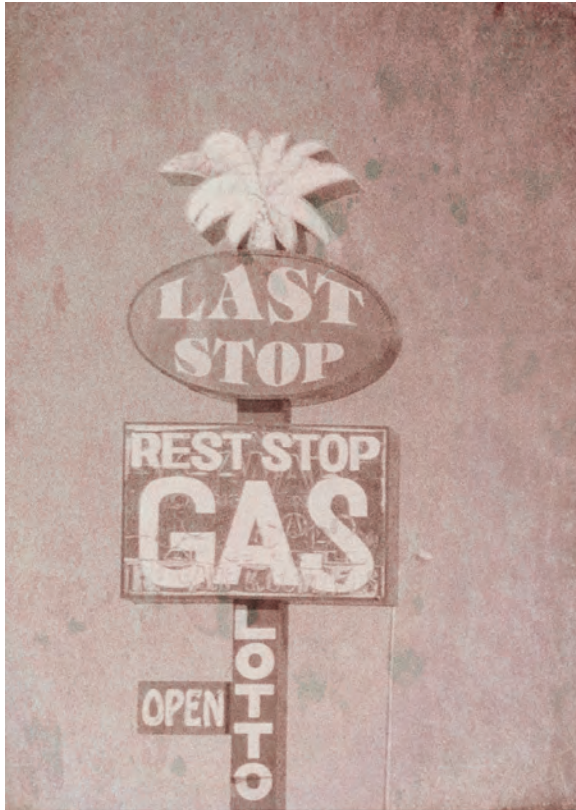
**N**ow that I don't have anything to say, there is lots of room to tell a story. Once upon a time, when Michael was fairly young, I took him with me deer hunting. Riding along in the old '59 Chevy pickup on the east side of Buck Mountain looking on each side for deer, we stopped to open a gate, got back in the truck, and suddenly there appeared right in front of us a 4 point buck, not 50 yards away just looking at us. We both saw it at the same time. Startled, I grabbed my 8mm, pulled forward, and turned sidewise when the buck decided we were up to mischief as I stuck my rifle out the window, and the deer was moving full blast toward a gully. I pulled the trigger, and he disappeared. "Darn!" I said, "I missed him," and Mike looked at me and yelled, "No, you got him!" I said, "Where?" and Mike said, "There!" It was not until I got out of the truck and saw the deer in the gully that I believed I hit it, and by this time, he was ready to be skinned. Together we pulled him out of the gully, field dressed him and took him back to the homestead. And had it not been for Michael, I would probably not have gone to the wash and looked because I was certain I had missed him.

## I Thought I Missed Him!

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# Whisk Broom? Or Rest Room?



Sometimes my hearing has been a problem, even when I was younger. I was working at Pop Piate's service station on 18th and Henshaw, pumping gas, fixing flats, doing grease jobs, and oil changes. We also had in those days the job of checking the air pressure in tires, filling radiators, and checking the oil. Next door to the service station was a vacant lot that Pop Piate had bought. As an extra service, we ran a pipe out next to the vacant lot and

would blow the dust out of the interior of cars. The dust would go into the vacant lot. A lady pulled into the lane next to the gasoline pumps, and I immediately went to the gasoline pump to pump gasoline. She indicated two dollars worth, which at that time would have been about

10 gallons. I put the nozzle in the tank and started the electric pump. She got out of the car and asked me if I had a whisk broom, and I replied, if you pull your car over next to the fence, I will blow it out with an air hose. She walked off in a huff. I continued my work cleaning the windows. She was in the office. As she walked out of the office, I smiled and opened the car door for her. She scowled and drove off. I walked into the office, and the boss said, "You're fired!" My eyes opened like saucers; my voice got a high-pitched whine, and I said, "What for?" Pop Piate indignantly informed me when a customer asks for the restroom, you don't tell her to move it over by the fence, and you'll blow it out with the air hose! I found out the lady had asked for a restroom, not a whisk broom, and I told her if she moved over next to the fence, I would blow it out with the air hose! I kept my job, but it took me a couple of weeks to live it down; even when I quit working a year later, it was still mentioned.





# The Cow and the Slingshot



**W**e were twelve, and a car would not hold us, so my father drove a truck. Girls in front and boys on the back or bed of the truck —14' bed with side rails or slats to keep the boys from falling out, I suppose. I was about 12 or 13, and we were at the homestead.

By my side was my trusty slingshot, wrist rocket, etc., or whatever a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " rock would safely rest in the tongue of a shoe surrounded by heavy straps of rubber and a forked stick. I was a good shot, but I had not mastered the art of shooting from a moving truck. Traveling along the highway at about 30 mph on the highway leading to the Grand Canyon, I spotted some cows. They were grazing next to the road. Having ammunition (rocks) in my pocket, I thought it would be a good idea to shoot a cow on her rump and watch her jump. So as we passed the cows, I drew back and let fly a projectile. The speed of the truck caused my missile to overshoot its mark, and the rock connected with the wrong end of the cow. The rock hit her in the left eye, and I saw the liquid spurt out of her eye two or three feet in the air. It is a sight I have never forgotten and is with me today. Since that time, I have never shot any animal of any kind without a purpose, and it still saddens me to remember it.

**E**very day is a new day, full of things that have never happened before. Yesterday was no exception. During the day, I had mentioned not once - but several times - the pleasure we would have welcoming friends and family into our home over the holiday weekend, and the following week we would try to go north to Pinetop to see if my lungs and age would respond well to the altitude of Pinetop. I had sat down to watch the ball game when, to my surprise, the phone rang: answering it, I heard a semi-familiar voice. It had been two years since I had seen the man, but he is one of the old crowd from my grammar school. "Hello, Louie Smith. How are you? Could I come to visit?" "Certainly," I said, "Where are you?" "Parked in your driveway!" "Well, come on in; the back door will be open when you get there." About one minute later, Dick was at the back door. Lee opened it, and he said, "It has been a long drive from Pine. Could I use the restroom?" He did for about five minutes and then came into the family room. Lee was in the process of serving a light supper. She offered ice tea and a sandwich. He accepted, and she followed it up with cookies and ice cream. Two minutes later, he put new batteries in his hearing aids and announced that he had to leave. I shook hands, and he departed. It was the first time I have ever been visited by a friend just wanting to take a shit!

## The Unusual Visit

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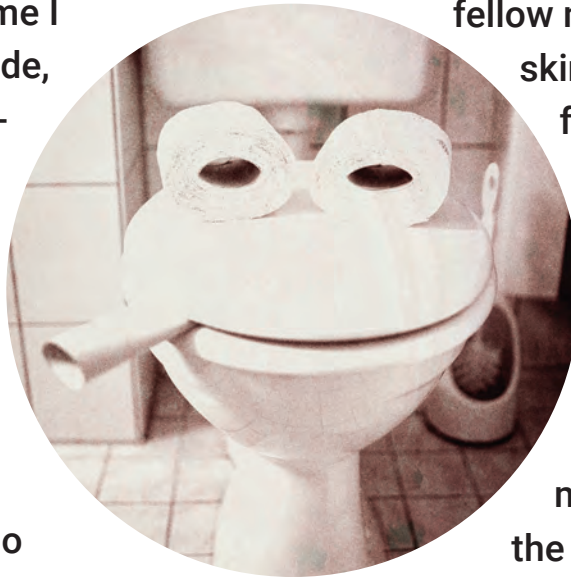
# The Wonders of Indoor Plumbing

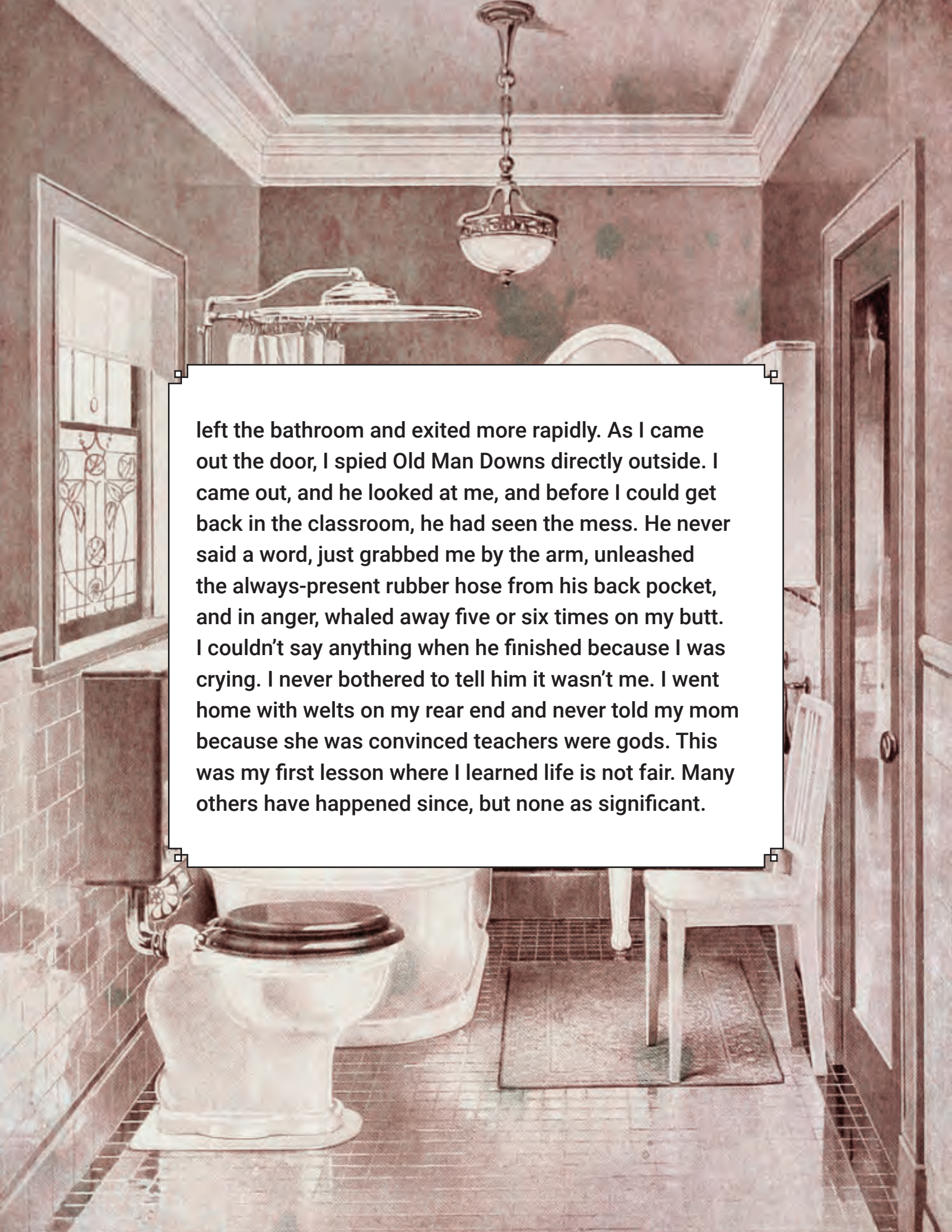
Once upon a time, in the never-never land of my youth, I lived in a house with lots of brothers and sisters. When I was six years old, I started school at good old Cartwright School. By the time I reached third grade, I was in Mrs. Curry's class, and the wonders at school never ceased to be.

At home, we did not have indoor plumbing. So as I was little, I had to stretch up to get on the seat of the two-holer, and lack of sandpaper was a cause of splinter danger on a bare bottom. When I got to school, I saw the wonders

of indoor plumbing. No splinters, no smell! To watch the water go down was a miracle, and there was even a place to wash your hands with clean water. I used the bathroom at every chance so I would not have to go at home.

I was in the third grade before my idealistic look at life was shattered, and I lost faith in my fellow man. I was a skinny kid with big feet and a gangly look, but that was me. Just before lunch, I put my hand up and was granted permission to go to the bathroom. I left the room and went into the bathroom, and to my surprise, some darn scoundrel had pulled out paper towels, toilet tissue, etc., and put water on the floor. Seeing this, I hurriedly





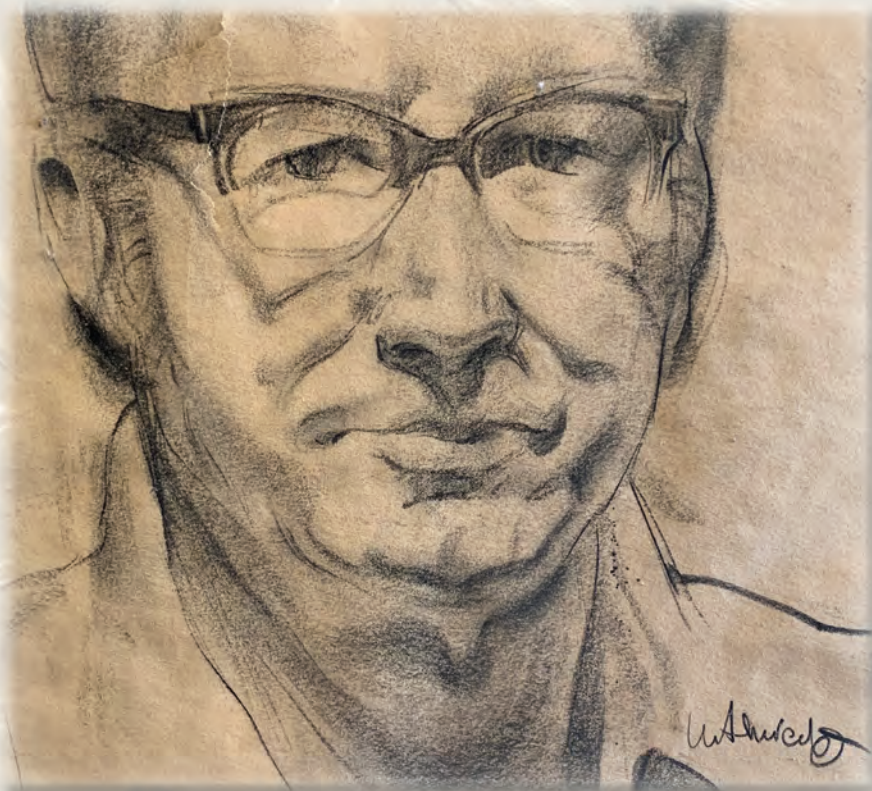
left the bathroom and exited more rapidly. As I came out the door, I spied Old Man Downs directly outside. I came out, and he looked at me, and before I could get back in the classroom, he had seen the mess. He never said a word, just grabbed me by the arm, unleashed the always-present rubber hose from his back pocket, and in anger, whaled away five or six times on my butt. I couldn't say anything when he finished because I was crying. I never bothered to tell him it wasn't me. I went home with welts on my rear end and never told my mom because she was convinced teachers were gods. This was my first lesson where I learned life is not fair. Many others have happened since, but none as significant.



*A few memories of  
a life well lived*











*Happy 93rd Birthday Louis!!*

**APPETIZERS\***

	26	Caviar
	33	Foie Gras
	38	Steak Sashimi
Legs	MKT	Beef Carpaccio
Crab Claws (ea)	MKT	Roasted Bone Marrow
	MKT	Seared Bigeye Tuna
	21	Bigeye Tuna Tartare
	15	Sautéed Shrimp
	20/40	Sautéed Sea Scallops
	20	Alaskan King Crab Stuffed M

**MASTRO'S SEAFOOD TOWER\***

*selection of fresh, chilled shellfish presented on our signature ice*

**ON A HOT STONE**

*Minimum 4oz per order*



*A few more! Long  
life after all!*







*Living to ninety-four  
gets you even more!*









Couldn't stop there,  
could we?













Ok - let's go Retro!





Did you ever know Louie to  
not have the last word?







# Louis L. Smith: A Possible Job Title

## L.L. Smith, Ph.D., Master of B.S.



**R**egular practitioner of  
Piling it higher and Deeper  
for over 80 years.

**I**n business, selling used concrete  
soap bubbles by the inch, broken  
bats, and exploded firecrackers.

**C**an also, for a fee, sell  
political influence to those  
who do not vote.

**H**as been accused of changing  
his views for a shot of  
Jack Daniels.

*Not true, however!  
It requires 2 shots!*