

# THE MOVE TO NEW MEXICO

Sometime around 1905 or 1906, M. W. Burton, my mother's father and his family decided to move to the Territory of New Mexico to file on land. Not too far from this time, my father and mother were married. They went to Portales, New Mexico, for their marriage license and were married there. Clovis was not established until 1908. Mr. Burton, three of his daughters, and my father filed on land about six miles southeast of where Clovis now stands.

Mr. Waggoner had decided to divide his ranch up among his children. Land, cattle, horses and all were divided and branded with three different brands. This was quite a chore. My father helped do this before going to New Mexico.

When this job of dividing the ranch was finished, he bought three horses (mares) from Mr. Waggoner to take with him. He wanted some of the Waggoner stock. After he had paid for the mares, Mr. Waggoner told him to select any saddle horse from the remuda -- he would give him this horse. So he had the privilege of selecting what he thought was the best horse from a remuda of 700. He selected a big black horse and took him with the others to New Mexico.

After they had filed in New Mexico, each person was required to build a house on the land and live on it for eighteen months before they could obtain title. Mr. Burton built a three room house. The others -- my mother, her two sisters, and my father -- all built little one room shacks on their land. As it was not practical for my father to live away from home after he was married, my father engaged his sister Floyd to come and live on his place until title was acquired. He later gave the land to his sisters.

It was in this one room shack on my mother's claim that I was born on March 5, 1908. There was a neighbor lady staying with my mother when my father was away. About noon on March 5, the lady told my father that he should get the doctor from Clovis. He rode to Clovis on horseback, contacted the doctor, helped him hook his horse to the buggy and get started -- it was about six miles to the place. The doctor would drive in a trot for a while and then let his horse slow to a walk. My father advised him that he should keep in a trot and that he could walk the horse back to town after his services and been rendered. When the doctor slowed up, my father would peck the buggy horse with his rope and keep him trotting. They arrived in due time and before sundown, Robert Burton Ikard was born.

My father had to get a job on a ranch and work in order to have an income -- very little of the claim had been farmed. My grandfather farmed some of it as well as some on each of the other claims.

The first winter after I was born, we moved to a place near Olton, Texas, and my father worked for Mr. Slaughter -- much of the country was still in ranch pastures.

We lived about two miles northwest of Olton and on one occasion we had driven to town in a buggy. It was very cold and my mother had me wrapped up in a quilt -- I was about nine months old. She did not bother to unwrap me until we were in town and inside a store where they traded. When she unwrapped me, I was cold and blue. This frightened them and they asked for the doctor. The doctor lived across the street from the store. My father rushed over to get him. The doctor was up on a ladder painting the house. My father excitedly explained that he needed him at once. The old fellow was slow coming down the ladder and my father grabbed it and shook it stating that we needed him now. He immediately went to the

store, made his examination and various recommendations and I was all right in a few minutes. This was the winter of 1908-1909.

In the fall of 1909, Mr. Waggoner contacted my father and got him to come back to Vernon to help them for a while. We stayed at Zacaweista, the ranch headquarters for about a year.

I remember an incident that happened while we were at the ranch. Tommy Whorton, Mr. Waggoner's grandson, and I found a snake (a water moccasin) that had fallen in a posthole and we were watching it, trying to get it out of the hole. Meanwhile, Tommy was shooting at it with a cap pistol. I was about three years old and he was about four or five. We did not have any business playing with a snake. Someone heard the commotion and came to see about us. Of course we were told to get away and stay away. The snake was disposed of in due time. Mr. Waggoner's daughter, Electra, had married a man from the east by the name of Whorton and they were at the ranch for some time. The ranch was in process of being divided between Mr. Waggoner's three children -- Guy, Electra, and Paul.

While living in New Mexico before I was born, my father and mother joined the Christian Church in Farwell. They remained faithful members throughout their lifetimes. My Mother's sister, Mrs. Minnie B. Francis, was appointed postmistress in Farwell about 1910. Later, after my grandmother's death, my grandfather came to live with her. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Orpha lived on the farm for years until they moved to Clovis.

Before we went back to Amarillo, my father went to Henrietta to visit Uncle Will and his family. He had not seen them for several years and wanted to visit them as he was pretty sure he would not be back that way for some time. They were glad to see him and he stayed several days with Uncle Will.

When he prepared to leave, Uncle Will gave him a double-barreled twelve gauge shotgun that had been made by Colt. Colt made shotguns from 1878 to 1890. It is altogether possible that this gun is over a hundred years old. It is still reliable and in working condition. Uncle Will told my father that this was one of the first successful breech-loading shotguns. At this time he also gave him the picture painted by Remington of his brother Robert Ikard who died during the Civil War. In another display, you may see letters written by Robert's commanding officer to my grandfather, L. E. Ikard, telling of his passing.

There have been at different times doubts expressed about the painting of Robert Ikard. I and my son, Dr. Thomas E. Ikard, heard Sadie Cook, Uncle Will's daughter, positively state that Frederic Remington was the man that did the painting. The picture was painted from a tintype picture -- we have the original tintype. He would paint and Uncle Will would stand and watch and suggest different touches to be made on the canvas.

A short time after we left Zacaweista, Bill Clark and his family came and lived there for some time. They later moved to Oklahoma near where we were. They lived west of what is now Felt, Oklahoma, for a short time, then they moved to the OTO ranch north of the TXT ranch. They lived there for several years and worked for Mr. Otto of Clayton, New Mexico.

Another story that goes with the picture Uncle Will gave my father is that Uncle Will crated the picture and shipped it to him at Farwell. My father took the crated picture along with the gun that had been given to him and stored them on their claim in New Mexico.

Sometime, perhaps when we were in Amarillo, it came a wet time -- a lot of rain fell in New Mexico. The shack on the claim where the picture was stored

was flooded. About eight inches of water stood in the house for a time, covering the lower part of the picture. It can yet be seen on the lower part of the picture frame where it stood in the water. Mr. Burton, my mother's father, lived nearby and immediately removed the things that were in the water.

Whenever my father would show the picture to people and tell them that Remington had painted it, they would start looking for Remington's name or signature. This would have been on the lower part of the picture that had been in the water. My father came to the conclusion that the name was never on the picture or that sitting in the water had removed this signature. If the signature had been painted with a substance that was not waterproof, this could have been possible. Regardless of these conditions and the doubts of others, Remington did the painting, as indicated before.

