

THE FIRE IS NOT GOING TO PUT ITSELF OUT

It was a very hot day July 3rd with many, many prior days of very dry conditions as the locals feared dry lightning strikes in the back of their minds. With a window rattling sound of very close thunder/lightening strike Doug Klees was alerted from his front porch, he could see smoke from the next hill about a mile and a half away near Yavapai Rd. His binoculars confirmed what he was fearing as he saw the flames. “O-Shit!Call everyone; we need lots of shovels”. Debbie his wife called everyone see knew out here for help.

Ekyle McCants, a nearby neighbor also heard the chest -shaking thunder that made one of his three horses jump over his head while he was hosing off flies from their bellies it was very, very loud he recalled. Ekyle hurried to the fire scene and shortly after Joe Gruenwald (Chevelon Dundee) along with Jeff and Dylan Weems (family visiting from Calif.) showing up with a quad, a truck with 300 gallons water, and shovels he decided to go get the road grader. Joe's truck had gotten stuck trying to get in, thank God for the quad as time was of the essence. At that time there was about 40' of grass, bushes and two large trees burning and the fire was heading fast toward other nearby trees in the direction of the neighboring homes. Since it was windy that day everyone was thinking the worst although they continued to do the best they could against the fire. Joe remembers trying to throw the shovels of dirt onto the fire only having to back up after just a few shovels of dirt because it was so hot it was very hard to see and find the soft dirt to throw before having to back up.



In no time at all it seemed Ekyle was back with the grader and knew to plow up in front of the burning grass to make a fire break. As the fire was still being battled Randy Brooks, James Brooks, John Sudtelgte, and Tom Owen showed up with shovels, 700 gallons water, a fire hose and pump. Their truck got stuck as well, everyone then ran to the fire to help fight it. Ekyle then plowed in the burning grass toward the center of the fire area. After having circled the fire using the grader he proceeded to grade a roadway for the trucks to be able to get the water in. After making a roadway and pulling the trucks out of the sand they were finally able to get the trucks in with the water. The wind had now changed it's direction and was blowing faster at the time as Tom, John and Dylan took turns with the fire hose. While still shoveling dirt onto the hot burning coals as the water was being put down it was soon evident that the fire was going to lose this battle.



Now every fire has to have a name. Someone said that we should call it the Bitch Fire because it was a bitch to get in and a bitch to get out. Then it was said that maybe it should be called the New Road Fire because we had to put a road in to fight it. Someone else piped up and said we should call it the New Road Bitch Fire. The name of the fire was important to those who fought it so it was discussed a bit longer and when finding out that not only Doug who when first seeing the flames said O-Shit and Ekyle when his horse was jumping over his head said O-Shit and a few others upon their arrival had said O-Shit, it was unanimous to be named the O-Shit Fire.



Everyone above worked as a team. The quad saved time and helped with the communications with the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile distance from Yavapai Rd, to the stuck vehicles, the grader, and even bringing drinking water in for the fire fighters. Thank God the Ranch had a grader on site used for the grading of the roads which was able to spring into action and save the day. A special thanks to Doug and to Debbie for taking action so quickly to nip it in the bud so to speak. Our Ranch surely would have been burning with an out-of-control wild fire had it not been for the efforts of everyone involved... Fire fighters are awesome.