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THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published Dec. 23, 1957,

at or near that City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, PORTAL, Arizona.  
We impartially stick our snoots into all Affairs, Governmental, Civic  
and Personal.

INFIRMATION PLEASE

Have you or do you know anyone who has climbed Cathedral Rock in Cave Creek? If so please communicate with Weldon Heald. He is writing some sort of a story about it and wants to make a statement to the effect that it has never been climbed by a human being, but hesitated to do so for fear that his veracity might be questioned.

BOY: ain't that something? after all the malarkey he wrote about old 'Nacho fighting a bear and about the bear killing 'Nachos burro.

We have never climbed that rock nor do we know of anyone who has, but we will bet as many as six doodle bug holes that whoever does climb it will find a few sardine cans and beer bottles on top of it.

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DOWN THE LONE TRAIL

Our old Friend and neighbor, John L. Schad passed away at the Douglas Hospital, December 3rd, and was buried in the Paradise Cemetary December 6th, religious services were held at the Baptist Church at Rodeo. He suffered a heart attack a few days before his passing and being the scrappy old boy that he was, fought the good fight and for a time it seemed that he would surely win.

Reverend F.W. Woolery conducted the services and in eulogy, very ably expressed the sentiments and esteem of everyone present.

John was born in Missouri November 16, 1882, and came to Arizona more than thirty years ago. He engaged in farming near San Simon for a time, then moved to Portal. He located and did a lot of development work on the Grace Mine, worked for the Forest Service as a Mechanic during the time of the CCC

Camps and assisted in the construction of some of the buildings at the SWRS, which were built during the time the place was owned by Harry Clark.

It is understood that Mrs. Schad will soon move to Yuma to reside near her son. The love and best wishes of the entire community go with her.

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LOCOS ON THE LOOSE

That bunch of two for a nickel sportsmen who killed all of those black tail does and fauns down south of Tex Canyon this year should have their names inscribed in the hall of fame so their kids can point to them with pride, as the men who did more to save shoe leather for the future generation than most anybody else except the Game department technicians.

A kid should be proud of a pappy like that, especially if he is big enough to go along and see the old man take his game to the back door of the locker plant so the Buck hunters won't razz him.

We could name some names but don't want to stink our pure publication up with them.

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TRES CABEZAS

The Claw Hammer Brigade of the Southwestern Research Station is swinging into action again. This time they are going to build an addition to the laboratory which will enlarge it by almost one third. Mr. David Rockefeller of New York City ponied up the necessary "Con Que", or the biggest part of it and the High powered officials of the Station will, as usual do most of the work, as we have told you before the big brass up there are Dr. Mont A. Cazier, Director, and R.A. Scotty Anderson, Foreman.

The Station was originally set up as a seasonal proposition but has already developed beyond that stage. The volume of scientists and students doing research work has been almost as great since the planned season closed as it was during the summer.

George Bratt, the stud school marm from Sopori and his own wife slurped Turkey as the Station Thanksgiving as did the rat catching biologist Keith Justice. He was also accompanied by his bride of only a few days; poor girl.

The Andersons fed some hungry Navajos over at the log cabin and had as honored guests Sir Erbert Smith, late of the Queens Rifles and the Cub Reporter with his starving family.

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### DIGGING UP SKELETONS

We have had a number of requests for a story about Galeyville and we would love to oblige, but father time and mother nature have just about wiped out all the evidence.

The town took its name from the founder, John H. Galey, he discovered some silver ore just west of the old Townsite and sold the mine to a man by the name of Wessels for one hundred thousand dollars in October 1880.

We know this to be true from the original sales agreement bearing Galey's signature, which is all the documentary evidence at hand. He named his mine the "Texas" which indicated that he was either a Texan or felt sure that it wouldn't amount to much.

When Paradise was on the boom in 1903 to 1907, there were still a few old fellows around who had resided in Galeyville. From their tales, which are not too well remembered and from the physical aspects at the site we will try to give you some idea of what it was like.

Ruben Hadden, Albert Hoch and Jim Handcock were the old residents referred to, together with Old man John Sulliven who lived on White Tail Canyon; Albert Fink on Silver Creek; Lew Scanlan down at the big bend in Turkey Creek and Baldy George Walker, with residence just about where ever night happened to overtake him.

No doubt Steven B. Reed also visited Galeyville occasionally as he settled in Cave Creek on what is now the South-western Research Station at about the time mining and smelting operations there were at the peak.

The town and smelter were located on a mesa a short distance west of Turkey Creek and about two miles North of Paradise. The slag dump is visible from the present road. There are no houses or even any walls still standing, the only indication of past habitations are graded out places where the wooden structures stood and mounds of dirt where the Adobe ones tumbled down. The old dance hall was still in pretty good condition until about 1908, when it caught fire and burned all the wood work, the adobe walls have completely weathered away.

An old fellow by the name of Mills was living in it at the time it burned. He was the last resident but he had moved in quite sometime after the town had been abandoned.

No census was ever taken but judging from old stories and from the building sites there were probably about one hundred fifty regular residents, supplemented from time to time by hundreds of visitors, good and bad, mostly bad.

Billy the Kid; Big Foot Wallace; Curly Bill Brosius and his numerous followers were frequently there. It has been said that Big Foot Wallace shot Curly Bill through the neck one night in a saloon brawl. Bill didn't die from it, but Big Foot might have. There doesn't seem to be any record of him ever being seen after he hurriedly left town the night Curly was shot.

Many years later Bill Sanders found the skeleton of a man in a crevice in the rocks on a little hill just North of Grapevine Spring, an old rotted saddle was on top of the skeleton and Bill thinks this might have been the remains of Big Foot, he probably having been Dry Gulched by some of Curly's henchmen.

There have been a lot of Blood and thunder stories told and written about Galeyville, but if they are true, you can come to one of two conclusions, either those people practiced cannibalism or

they were the worlds poorest shots as the graveyard had exactly three graves after the smoke had cleared and the population had departed entirely. One of those was reportedly occupied by one of Curly Bill's men who Parson Chenoweth killed with a blow from his fist, another was a stranger who was found dead on the street one morning with his head bashed in my a pick handle in the hands of a party of parties unknown; the third died of pneumonia.

There is no one alive today that was in Galeyville at that time, so the chances of verifying this is nil, but the fact that there are only five graves is indisputable and several of we old Paradise residents know for sure that two of them are occupied by the bodies of people who died in Paradise before the present graveyard there was established. One of them was a little boy about ten years of age by the name of Willie Shipman and the other was a miner whose name is not remembered.

Jim Handcock, who in later years (and until the time of his death was Justice of the Peace and Postmaster at Paradise) was inclined somewhat to the Blood and Thunder with his Galeyville tales.

Albert Hoch was a taciturn old German blacksmith who seldom talked of the past or the future either for that matter.

Baldy George Walker was generally drunk from the time he hit town until he ran out of money, so he only knew which saloon he bought the first drink in and the last place he bummed a meal before heading back to work on some ranch. He sometimes worked for Old Man Shanahan who was the original owner of the Red Top Ranch which now belongs to Sam Mosely.

Ruben Hadden had a better memory and was the most conservative and interesting story teller of the lot. He claimed to be a Utah born Mormon and that he quit the church because of the Mountain Meadow massacre, which occurred in 1857. He said he was about nine years of age at the time and helped drive away the stock after the older Mormons had murdered the

Immigrants. As soon as he was big enough to shift for himself he came to Arizona and was at Galeyville throughout its active existence.

He never mentioned his own activities during that time but whatever they were they must have been lucrative for throughout the ensuing years of his life he seldom if ever engaged in any gainful occupation, yet always lived well and paid for everything he bought either in gold coin or with gold certificates.

According to him Galey never could make ends meet on his mining and smelting venture until after Curley Bill robbed the Mexican smugglers in Skeleton Canyon and brought their loot to Galeyville and blew it on wine, women and song.

Galey acquired something over two hundred thousand of the Mexican Silver Pesos at reduced rates and ran them through his smelter to sweeten up the values of the low grade ore. In that manner he not only recovered the silver in the form of salable bullion but boosted up the figures on his smelter certificates, which enabled him to sell out to Wessels.

If any of the good neighbors can supplement, correct or enlarge on this story we will appreciate it very much if they will do so.

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#### THE GREATEST POWER ON EARTH

A lot of Republicans and some Democrats are worrying about the Russian Sputniks and the failure of the American Ikenixs when they should be worrying about the frijole supply.

Some of these days those Tres Cabeza Rocket boys down in Florida are going to find out about the fire power of a Frijole and when they do they will discard whatever fuel they are using to push those rockets off the stand with now and latch onto every frijole in the Southwest.

It doesn't take a Scientist or a man that even thinks he is smart to generate power with a frijole, one spoonful of them cooked with a little sow belly by a

completely illiterate cook, has been known to life a two hundred pound illiterate prospector right up off his chair and cause everybody present to decamp all with the same blast.

Somebody should wire the Pentagon about this before some damned spy gets onto it and ships a sack of frijoles to Russia. A frijole powered rocket would make that one dog powered sputnik look pretty tame. We think.

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MOUTH OF THE CANYON

We have been telling right along that the Smokey City Dispatch is a panty waist publication and if you think we are wrong just look in their want ads under the miscellaneous heading and you will see that they are advertising Steer Manure for sale in sacks and other measures.

Now we don't advertise anything that weak for sale. We give away the real McCoy, all full of Hormones and Genes. None of that stuff that has been diluted by some cowboys pocket knife for our customers.

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The little Yankee Outlaw had some of the same kind of trouble with her car that Grammy Morrow did, only her old Pontiac couldn't travel at all with the emergency brake on, but don't think she didn't burn up some gas trying.

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A lot of us thought we were putting on a lot of dog with our new Chevrolets, Fords, etc., until Doc Cazier came home with a big white Mercury Station Wagon. Doc only enjoyed the distinction of being the best mounted man in the Chiricahuas for a short time, as Mud River Newman showed up with a Purple Oldsmobile 98, exactly thirty-six feet eight inches long equipped with at least two tons of extra gadgets.

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We hear that Fred Darnell demonstrated his ability to lasso and bind the pedal extremities of four infant bovines more rapidly than any other competitor in that uncouth western pastime at the Chandler Rodeo. Them other pumpkin

pickers must have been mounted on stick horses and had one arm in a sling, because it took old Fred 58.9 seconds to tie the four calves for an average of just a shade more than 14.5 per calf. Well old boy if you can keep that up we prophesy that there won't be many of your calves die on the range of old age before you get them branded.

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Don't it beat hell how some people have all the luck? The patients at the County Hospital have been feasting on some pretty expensive venison lately. A few of the good neighbors have accompanied the game warden to Douglas to visit the Justice of the Peace and that stern old cuss has charged them about a dollar six bits a pound for deer meat which they had taken by various unlawful methods, then gave the meat to the Hospital free for nothing.

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Ralph Kimble doesn't seem to care to discuss that Sheep fighting business much.

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If anybody has any use for Deer seals in practically new condition please let us know and we will advertise them for sale along with ours.

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HIGH FINANCE

An old business rival of the Cub Reporter's, Bill Reay paid a social call to the editorial office recently.

They weren't exactly rivals either, at about the time the Titanic went down they were both in the Banking Business in Douglas. Bill owned and operated the Star Livery Stable and handled the cash, if any, but had hired hands to do the banking; while the Cub did the Banking at the Fountain Livery Stable and only handled cash in the amount of one dollar per day, which was his total salary without board but with bed for the few minutes out of each twenty-four hours when he wasn't Banking, Saddling or Harnessing, Drenching collicky horses, etc.

Bill's establishment was on the exact site where the Reay Transfer is now in fact the Reay Transfer evolved from the Stable. (Now who don't believe in

evolution)?

The Fountain Livery was located directly across the street in front of the Douglas Fire Department and Bowdens Hat checking establishment. You can still see a rock wall which was the back end of it.

The Star Stable kept a little sorrel horse in those days that ruined the careers of a lot of Broncho Busters and would Be's. Ask Bill to tell you about him some time. There were a lot of good riders that couldn't stay above that little nag.

The Ninth U.S. Cavalry (colored) was stationed there and the whole regiment went bankrupt betting that one of their troopers could ride him, and he did, about two jumps and a half, before G Avenue smacked him right in the wooly head.

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#### DID YOU KNOW ?

That a good many hunters, including Martin Sanders and Phelps Dodge Newman can't distinguish between a white tail and a mule deer even after they have shot it and packed it a couple of miles.

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That the Hayes family from Coolidge spent Thanksgiving with Grandpa and Grandma Greenamyre at Portal?

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That Harry Bliss and Bob Renfrew have been having alot of trouble with shingles not the kind that blow off the roof in a high wind.

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That the Asiatic Flu is quite a dissapointment to Doc. Pugsley? It has become known that there isn't any kind of injection that does any good, so his old dull needle rests quietly in its case while he prescribes aspirin.

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That Birt Roberds thinks Guy Miller resembles the Cub Reporter and Juanita and Betty think the Cub looks a hell of a lot worse than that.

#### HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Jack and Emma Maloney are not the first

couple who have stayed hitched to each other for half a century but so far as we know they are the first and only couple who ever made their home in Cave Creek for anything like that length of time. They celebrated their wedding about fifty years ago. Moved into the canyon soon after. Celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on the 19th of this month and are now headed into the second half of a century of wedded bliss right on the same old homestead where they started. Congratulations, and our sincerest best wishes to you, old Kids.

#### GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN

The flu bug bit again! From six to eight kids all have had to ward it off. We're lucky Mrs. Read hasn't caught it again and most of the kids are getting back. Say Cub, we hear the bug visited your house. Come on, we can't have you sick. Gary Spencer was very unfortunate; he is in the hospital suffering from kidney infection (caused from flu) and pneumonia.

Parents and friends, if you didn't enjoy our play, on Wednesday 18, 1957 as much as you expected, please stand by. So many have been sick that it may not be what you expected.

Karen Cazier our future student has a play mate (or boyfriend?) David Lloyd Stockner 8 lbs 9½ ounces as of Dec. 7, 1957.

During Thanksgiving many took vacations one, Sally Dixon, who went to Bronte, Texa where Betty Dick, Larry and Sally spent 4 days with relatives.

Stanley and David Payne journeyed to El Paso Friday 13, hope it wasn't too unlucky.

Mike Murphy's (asst helper in this column) is Mother, Pearl, and two brothers Jay and Gregory are visiting with him for a while.

#### CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR (THANK GOD) !

If it came more often think of what a mess we would all be in! We wouldn't have

twelve months in which to earn and pay back the money spent in the 24 hour spree, during which time we overeat, overtalk, oversleep and often overdrink and are miserable afterward for varying periods of time. Even though we all know that the true Spirit of Christmas does not require that we turn our money over to the merchants or middle men, we do it just the same and give presents we can't afford to those we love who already know we love em! Its a good thing Santa Claus doesn't go "modern."

Peace on earth, good will towards all men!  
With this true thought and spirit in mind we say to you, our faithful readers, have a Very Merry Christmas and we wish you a Happy and Prosperous 1958!

If you think you have it rough, just read the Christmas week menu for station personnel and visitors. Doc Cazier should learn (we hope) not to go to New York for budget talks, at least without Carol!

Monday Dec. 23

Breakfast: Weak tea  
Lunch : 1 bouillon cube in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of very hard water  
Supper : 1 pigeon thigh and 3 ounces prune juice (gargle only)

Tuesday Dec. 24

Breakfast: Scraped crumbs from burnt toast  
Lunch: 2 jellyfish skins and 1 glass dehydrated water  
Supper : 1 doughnut hole (without sugar)

Wednesday Dec. 25

Breakfast: Shredded egg shell skins  
Lunch : 1 gnat egg (sunnyside up)  
Supper : 3 eyes from an Irish Potato

Thursday Dec. 26

Breakfast: Boiled stains cut from the tablecloth  
lunch :  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen poppy seeds  
Supper : Bees' knees and mosquito knuckles sauteed with vinegar

Friday Dec. 27,

Breakfast: 2 lobster antennae  
Lunch: 1 deer ear without tag  
Supper : Jellyfish vertabre a la mode

Saturday Dec. 28

Breakfast; 4 chopped banana seeds  
Lunch : Boiled butterfly liver  
Supper : Beetle grub souffle a la Goodner

Sunday Dec. 28

Breakfast: Pickled hummingbird tongue  
Lunch : Prime ribs of tadpole, aroma of empty custard pie plate  
Supper : Tossed alfalfa and clover leaf salad

Above to be eaten under microscope to avoid extra-large portions.