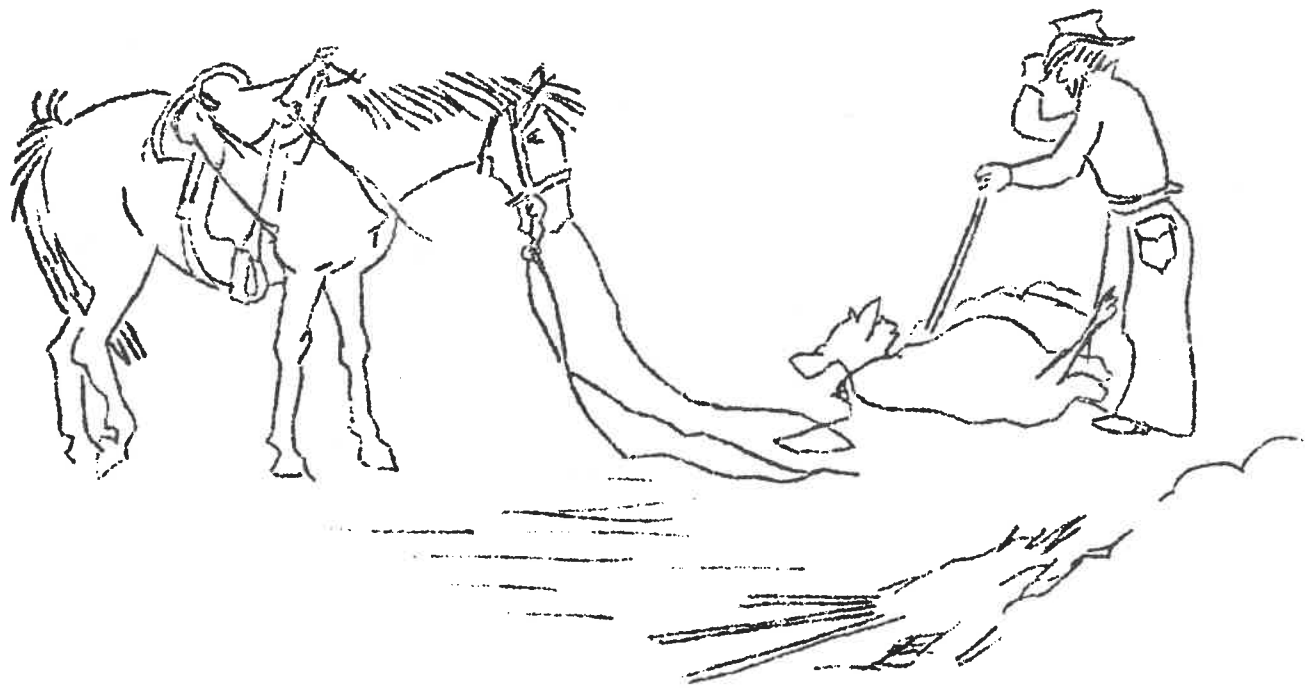


CHIRICHAUA BULSEET



Born, Resurrected, Regurgitated, June 23, 1958

THE HOWL OF A HAS BEEN.

Our western customs and traditions are falling by the wayside one by one with the passing of time and the west loses some of it's identity, pride and charm every time we drop one of them and adopt new ones from some other region.

It seemed like we had gone about far enough when we quit stealing beef from our neighbors just because some new dude ranch owner got mad about it, and started patronizing butcher shops.

But now we have gone way below that on the ladder of depravity and started charging women admission to country dances.

Looking at it from where we sit all women are and always have been several notches higher on the social and moral scale than men and by that we mean just about any man or any woman.

In the good old days of starvation and ragged overalls paying the fiddler at dances was one of the ways a western man had of showing his respect, admiration and appreciation of the fair sex but since the men in this part of the country have begin to adopt two bit ways from other parts to the extent that the women are being called upon to pay their part of the fiddlers fee, we think that the ladies should call a set down strike and let the cheap Buzzards (that isn't exactly the right word) dance with each other until they realize that its much more pleasant to put their arm around a pretty girl than to hear a few nickels rattling in their pockets.

Wake up kids, Lets dont surrender the Chiricahuas to Brooklyn or Losangeles without firing at least a few shots. Traditions and Customs have a lot to do with both the economic and social well-fare of any country. We dont have to act cheap just because we dont have much dinero and the seats of our pants are worn thin.

CORN

Phil Bagwell should have some prime beef before long. He bought Tom Staffords roasting ear crop for his cattle the other day .

It was a sort of F.O.B. deal as the cows harvested and ate the corn before Phil bought it.

We hear, unofficially that the corn brought about a dollar and a half a stalk if that is true leaving the gate to the corn patch open is the best way to market the stuff. Mud River Newman says that down on Mud River in Kentucky where he came from they dont sell corn by the stalk they sell it by the gallon at about ninety cents per.

HI BROTHER

A friend of ours, Miss Marian Christian Wagon Boss of the County Hospital at Douglas gave us a copy of the BREWERY GULCH GAZETTE the other day and suggested that we exchange publications with them. She is of the opinion that we have a lot in common. After reading the Gazette from cover to cover we fail to see any comparison, but looking to the future possibility that we might some day land in Marian's grunt and groan institution we are going to comply with her suggestion.

We dont like to get off to a bad start but feel that a little friendly constructive criticism is in order.

In the first place there was'nt a word in the Gazette about the Chiricahuas and how can anyone, even our old friend George B ideaux publish a first class paper in Cochise County without telling their reading public about our beautiful mountain acenery and our crying need for some decent roads ?.

It appears taha a good part of their present staff are people recently from up in the northern Snow Banks around Riverton, Wyoming, The state of Nebraska and Flagstaff . Arizona.

Mr. Bill Epier of the Mule Mountain Moonshine column tells of moving his cat from Flag staff to Bisbee and then advertises in his own paper for a home for family and the cat. Finding a home for a family was always quite a chore in that neck of the woods but Brewery Gulch used to be full of cat houses--- we have been told.

And now George, it wont be necessary for you to reciprocate by telling us our faults. we already know. They neglected to teach us to write that day went to school. But we did learn to smear. Now didn't we ?.

A NATIVE BORN FURRINER.

We have just recieved a letter from one of the british queen's loyal subjects, in which we were mildly rebuked for referring to Her Highness as "The Bloody Queen" in a story we wrote about Sir Erbert Smith some issues back.

Strange as it may seem the bloke who wrote the letter grew up right here in the Chiricahuas. He now calls himself Mr. C. A Morrow and we will go along with that except for the Mister part of it. He was known in these parts as Bally Morrow (not Mister Bally) , Mabe he acquired that title along with his Australian Citizenship. He became a Naturalized Citizen of that Country some months ago.

Since he is a younger brother of the head man of this publication we would like to refer to his newly acquired Monarch with all the respect he feels is her due, But really old chappie we dont know how. We meant no dis-respect in the first place, Just used what we thought was a limey term of endearment.

Anyway old kid, tell her not to feel badly about it, We would be glad to trade our old lazy Dutchman Ike for her and give old "SPIT CATCHER NIXON" to boot.

OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Our friend and good neighbor Mrs. Jane Greenamyer passed away at the Douglas Hospital June 10, 1958, after an illness of several days. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1883 and moved to Portal with her family in 1941. Survivors are her husband Mr. A.G. Greenamyer, Two sons Robert and George and a daughter, Mrs. Gretchen Hayes. Eric and Marc Hayes are her grandsons. After cremation burial was at the Paradise Cemetery.

Although well beyond the allotted three score and ten, she was one of the most vigorous, keen minded persons in the country. She was intensely interested and active in all civic affairs right up to the time of her death. We extend our heart felt sympathy to her family.

SICK CALL

The Saw Bones at Tucson have been working Bob Renfrew over for the past several weeks. Mary reports that he is not as good as new yet but is improving.

NO FISH

The Game Ranger tells us that a great number of trout, recently stocked in Rucker Dam has died on account of the water being too warm. Therefore the Cave Creek Dams will not be stocked until some time after the rainy season starts.

Incidentally our fishing licenses will expire in the mean time.

VACATION

Miss Fritzie Rea who is home on Vacation from Nurses training school at St. Marys Hospital at Tucson is off to a good start for a busy summer. She was escorted to the Movies at Rodeo a few nights ago by three gentlemen of the younger set, Winkie, Mike and Eric Ludwig. Presently, she and her mother are visiting kin folks at Albuquerque. By the way, we almost forgot to tell you, she brought home a fine pedigreed Sausage Dog about three feet long.

GOOD TEXANS.

Dogie Wright, ex Sheriff of Sierra Blanca, Texas, also ex Assistant Chief of the Immigration Border Patrol in Arizona has been camping in Cave Creek for the past several days with his wife Tiny.

They are now in the livestock business (sheep) near Sierra Blanca Texas. During the time they lived at Tucson they spent several vacations in Cave Creek and liked it so well they just had to come back. They are seriously considering either buying or building a summer cabin in the canyon.

Texans though they are, they are the kind of people we need here. Come again and stay longer.

TROUBADORA.

Our little old mountain gal, Sandy Newman is wrangling dude kids at the Marvin Glenn Dude Ranch again this summer. In addition to her other duties she specializes in meeting little frilly, lacey dude girls of about her big at the bus depot and telling them all about the wild west, enroute back to the Ranch. She is also taking Guitab

PIZEN WEED

Do you have any THREAD LEAF GROUNDSEL growing on your place? You dont know?, Well you probably have as it is pretty well dispersed throughout the United States according to the Department of Agriculture year book for 1956.

It is a member of the Compositae or Aster family and is toxic to Cattle, Horses and sheep. It contains an Alkaloid poison simular to Strychnine. Animals usually feed on it for several days before death occurs. It is a grey colored perennial with long string like leaves and has yellow blossoms somewhat resembling small sunflowers.

In days gone by Indians used it for Medicinal purposes (probably to rid the villages of excess squaws or bucks, as the case might have been).

It was brought to our attention by Dogie Wright. Doc Cazier identified it and Miss Jo Troller who has just graduated from the University of Arizona with a Major in Plant Pathology is contemplating doing some research, looking to eradication, immunization or cure.

The Year book previously referred to offers the following comment, "Treatment is usually unsatisfactory and useless because most damage has been done by the time poisoning is discovered. Treatment is usually directed toward eliminating any of the toxic substance that remains in the digestive tract".

Quite a lot of this stuff grows in Cave Creek and Silver Creek. We havent looked anywhere else. When we find out any more about it we will let you know.

DONT YOU BELIEVE IT.

Anyone who has been apprehensive that we might be invaded by creatures from outer space or that the Russians might land an army over here via Sputniks can put their little fears away. Why?—Because after the Immigration Border Patrol is now equipped and ready to detect and repel any such incursion.

Some days ago a Douglas Paper published pictures of the Patrol Boys along with their new Radar gadgets and printed an accompanying story indicating that the radar was going to be used along with other sky going paraphernalia such as radios and aeroplanes in connection

with the apprehension of Wet Back mexicans. We're not buying any of that story. Those boys know as well as we do that Wet Backs travel right down on old Mother Earth, Not up in the Ionosphere or Stratosphere.

So it follows that down on the ground is where they will continue to look for and find them without spending a million or two of Uncle Sams twenty five cent dollars for gadgets.

We haven't talked to any of the Patrol Boys lately, so dont have any first hand information on the subject but we do know for certain that there isn't now, nor was there ever anyone in the Border Patrol who is or was foolish enough to think either radar or Aeroplanes has any practical use in the detection of Wet Backs travelling on foot or on horseback.

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE.

When we said that all Game Management Technicians are the biggest Idiots on earth, we were wrong. We, the Great American Public go right along buying hunting and fishing licenses to pay their salaries and furnish them quarters and subsistence. While they go arrogantly along, disregarding any and all practices that have any semblance of common sense in connection with restoration or propagation of game animals.

All we have done so far to put a stop to their mis-management is to howl to one another locally. So getting right down to brass tacks lets just admit that we have been the biggest fools of all time. But let's not stop at that. Since those lads are our HIRED HANDS, in theory at least. Let's all join a movement which is now in the planning stage, to take our troubles to some of the people we have voted for and elected to look after our interests in such matters and make our wishes known to them. After all our political servants were responsible for these brainless wonders being hired. Lets find out what they can do about firing them. We will let you know more about the plans later.

Our Chiricahua deer herd has already been depleted to a dangerous extent by two previous "Any Deer Seasons" and this fall the last four days of the season (see next page)

from page 3.

will be open again to any deer, Buck or Doe, any age. Which will just about put an end to deer hunting in these mountains for many moons. - We should say put an end to deer killing - There will be plenty of hunting.

It appears that our Arizona Game Management Empty Heads are attempting to follow in the footsteps of Colorado. A few years ago Tom Kimball resigned as director of our game department and got a similar job in Colorado where he immediately put all his crack pot ideas into action.

So now we dont have to wonder what the outcome of the same procedure will be in Arizona. According to recent news in the Colorado Papers Kimball's "Card House" has begin to tumble and in all probability his services will soon terminate, but not in a blaze of glory.

It seems that his game extermination program wasn't progressing fast enough to suit him, Partly on account of a group of old line realistic wardens under his supervision. So he started out to eliminate them and designated one of his Technicians by the name of Slonaker to do the Hat chet work. That lad evidently pressed his bets a little too hard as a couple of the old boys knocked hell out of him with their fists and he had one of them arrested to forestall further damage to the Technician's empty head.

That woke old John Q. Public up to the childish antics of their Game Department and John is taking steps to put it back on an even keel.

Let us hope that our Game Commissioners awaken to the childish antics of our Game Experts and send them back to the cotton patch before the water becomes muddled to that extent.

TRES CABEZAS.

The Old Cub hasn't been able to get around fast enough to keep up with all the comings and goings up at the South West Research Station lately, but from a casual glance at the present crop of Tres Cabezas it seems safe to say that all the scientists now in residence haven't been devoting all their time and energy to scientific research as there appears to be more kids than scientists.

However; there must be some Old Maid scientists in the bunch because Doc Cazier says that he has had a request for curtains around the beds although

there are curtains and blinds on all the windows. Doc wouldnt say who called for the curtains or why, and he is generally pretty frank about such matters, so mabe it isn't old maids after all.

Pappy Eustice put up a super de luxe tent with all the comforts of home, plus a concrete floor and donated it to the station. It seems to be quite sturdy too, it has been finished about a month and hasn't fallen down yet.

WATER

Walter Niles and Jim Hoxton who are employed by J.R. Sharpe, the well drill contractor from Bisbee have just completed two new water wells at the Greenmyer sub-division. One at the home purchased by A.T. Steele and the other on the place purchased by Carson Morrow. Messers Steele and Morrow now have lots of water but not so much money.

WEDDIN

Jim Frank Cox married a pretty blonde from the Animas Valley this month. They are living in the Cox residence at Portal.

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?.

There is strength in numbers is an old adage, the truth of which is undeniable, but Archie Rea goes a step further and asserts that "in numbers there is Honesty". He bases that assertion on an incident which occurred in Rustlers Park recently. It seems that he and two other high powered government officials were together when they found a camera and light meter which had been lost by a tourist.

The equipment was returned to the owner after some difficulty was experienced in locating him, and he in turn wrote them a letter of appreciation which was highly gratifying, But Archie says he wonders if the letter would have ever been written had any one of the finders been alone when the camera was found.

Our contest to select a new name for the Cub Reporter was a complete flop. No ten dollar bills, No whiskey and no Velvet Tobacco recieved up to date. Mabe it wasn't such a good idea after all.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

This Paradise story has begin to look like an interminable job, but we will keep plugging at it and try to finish up with the saloon men this time. We have already told you about six of them which leaves only seven to go.

This time we will start the column off by quoting a couple of letters recieved from other old timers who have been good enough to lend us a helping hand by supplementing some of the previous stories;

Portal, Arizona,
5-16-58

Mr. Carson Morrow
Portal, Arizona.

Dear Carson, in BS on birthday I see you written brief history of founders of old paradise. I want to add what I know of their first years in the District George Walker and George Myers come to turkey creek in early 1900, and made camp on ground across the creek the road from where Brown and Slater store stood. First Post Office were set up and I can not remember the name they gave it before changing it to Paradise.

This was shortly after they traded some cowboy a Horse they bought for \$35.00 for the Lead Ville mine which Bill Sanders now owns. They opened up a good vein of good lead and begin shipping from San Simon, I believe were 1901 and continued on for several years, from that operation is what interested the chiricahua Developing Company to buy the Cap Burns Property which were the boom on beginning of Paradise we next met up with Walker and Myers in April 1900 when they were prospecting up near Cochise Head as they thought they might been Gold there Mrs. George Walker might remember the name of first Post Office. Yours AF Noland
we enjoy the Bull Sheet,

San Diego, California
June 8, 1958.

Mr. Carson Morrow,
Portal, Arizona.
Dear Sir.

Just a few lines to let you know that recieved the last issue of Bull Sheet and thank you heaps for sending it along certainly look forward to receiving it, am also sending along a token for same. Would like very much to get to see you

to get there at present- Just a few lines in regards to the Boozer incident- I was very close when the shooting take place. Those Mex were playing roulette and were loaded and lost all there money, and started to get nastey Well Boozer was sitting on the end of roulette table and facing the door, and as they walked out past Boozer, one of them stabs the knife in his back. Well Boozer was packing a gun, and he put that bunch away. Well a lot of shooting was going on outside and a few gents were running out in the creek. Well Mart Moore put his head around the door and he got the bottle. If I have it right there were five that got shot that night, two outside and two more were arrested and had the trial in the morning and were sent to Tombstone. Also later I was told that two of them Mex. were buried alongside of the road back of Boozers place Also Carson, Mart Moore was not Constable at that time it was Luke Short. That same night at the turn of the road going to the mine in the Mexicans place there was some more shooting that Night. In one of the Sheets you mentioned about a miner that was buried in the Galeyville Graveyard, well he was a good friend of mine, he got killed by rock sliding in out of shaft. His name was Pat Kelly. One night in the saloon next to the dance hall, do not remember shift boss at the mines name but believe it was Boyle, do not remember his first name. He Hit the wheel one night for \$1200.00 dollars, put it in a sack and went up the street about 2 AM in the morning.

Reuben G. Nelson
4644 1/2 East Mt. View Dr.
San Diego, California.

Hiram Fisher ran a combined saloon and Chili Joint in a building located in the Southwest corner of Boyer and Sander's wagon yard and Livery Stable. Hiram was a jolly old cuss and after taking a few shots of his stock in trade, liked to get out on the street and whoop and yell. one night he outdid himself and woke up next morning attached to Constable Luke Short's log chain jail by a pair of hand cuffs. When he came too and fully realized what had happened and where he was, He really went on the war path, but Luke was wise enough to keep him fastened until he cooled off some.

He never did entirely get in a good humor about it. He would still cuss and fume when the incident was mentioned thirty years later.

He was one of the first children born to American parents in California right after the Gold Rush. He drifted from there to Arizona in his early youth and worked as a cowboy and miner, made the gold stam-pede to Alaska in the late nineties but failed to make a million. Then came back to Arizona where he finished his career some years ago.

After he went out of business in Paradise he went prospecting over in the Dos Cabezas range and discovered a gold prospect in Wood Canyon which he named the Tiger. It contained a small rich vein of gold bearing quartz but he never could make it pay, so as he was too old and stove up to make a hand at cowboying any more he got a job cooking for the Riggs Cattle Company through roundup seasons and worked at that for a good many years to provide a grub stake for his mining activities between times.

After Hiram cashed in his chips Will, De Borde filed a claim on the Tiger property and still holds it; More for sentimental reasons, we think, than with the idea that it will ever make him rich. Will and his wife Berta sort of adopted the old fellow for the last several years of his life.

Hiram often told the story of his trip to Alaska which is almost unbelievable but we think it was true and are sorry that we cant remember more of the details.

He and nine other men started from Steins Pass New Mexico with a herd of about two thousand big steers with the intention of driving them overland to the Klondyke, where they had heard that beef was selling for a dollar a pound.

They had been on the trail for almost two years and had made it to within a few hundred miles of their destination before they were snowed in and the whole herd including their saddle horses were frozen to death.

Their original plan was to break a number of the larger, stronger steers to the yoke as they went along by changing ox teams on the chuck wagon often and then when they had made their way with the herd up into the country where the timber was too dense and the snow too deep to handle the herd, they planned to slaughter all the steers except the ones which had been broken to draft

and pull the frozen beef the rest of the way on sleds which they would build at the site of the slaughter and then slaughter the draft animals too upon arrival at destination.

It all turned out to be just another good theory that wouldn't work. All they got out of it a lot of experience and two years hard work.

Some of you young sprouts who think you want to be cowboys might try to duplicate the trip. Of course beef is selling for more than a dollar a pound right here now So why take the chance unless you think a trip like that would be fun.

Scotty Cobaugh and Jim Coachman owned and operated the Cock A Too Saloon which was housed in the second lumber building constructed in Paradise.

Upon completion of the building and before the Bar and fixtures were installed a big dance was given, everybody was invited and a big crowd gathered from miles around.

A character by the name of Tod Katy who was breaking broncs for Stephen B. Reed at the time got full of panther juice and shot out the lights with his pistol which broke up the baile and sent all the women and kids and most of the men scurrying for home.

Cobaugh was a prospector from Colorado and in addition to the saloon business he worked a mining claim which was located about a mile South of town and about a half mile East of Soldiers Flat. His claim covered a little round, isolated hill which is still called Coubaugh Hill by the few old timers who were here at that time. He camped in a tunnel which was dug into the hill from the north side

He had a little Mexican mule that he used to pack water and grub to his camp. The mule had bucked him off every time he tried to ride it, so he claimed it couldn't be rode and bragged about it's Buckability until Alvin Dunnagan rode it bare backed with only a rope around its neck for a purse of two dollars and a half at a Fourth of July Celebration.

When Paradise begin to fold up, Scotty faded out of the picture mule and all. We told you about Jim Coachman winding up in the "Casa Verde" at Phoenix in a previous issue.

continued to next page.

Joe Larrieu ran a combination Saloon and billiard hall in one of the larger buildings in the main street. Joe was born and grew up over around Fairbank and Tombstone Arizona. His father John Larrieu was justice of the peace at Tombstone for several terms and only went out of office a very few years ago. The last we heard of Joe, he was somewhere in California.

He was a quiet sort of fellow, but was married to a gal who was lively enough to keep the family in the limelight most of the time. She engaged in a few hair pullings and fisticuffs with some of the other ladies around town occassionally.

There were three other original "Cantineros" at Paradise but we knew so little and remember so much less about them that are only mentioning them to complete the record.

Charlie Collins was a partner of Charlie Randolph for a while. We dont know where he came from or where he went.

Jack Cross stayed at Paradise for several years and prospected and mined after he quit the saloon business, but about all we know about him is that his wife went insane and was comitted to the asylum at Phoenix. he married again after she died.

Another one, a red headed gink by the name of Cochrahan was owner and operator of one of the dives "across the Creek".

We will tell you about the Merchants etc. next time.

DOUBLE BARRELED APPRECIATION

Little fellers appreciate kind treatment just as much as big people do.

Within the last year our little palomino Apache, Winkie Anderson has more hard luck than any boy weighing less than fifty pounds is entitled to. First it was Her-nia, then Tonsilitis, finally winding up with Doctor Montgomery removing the Tonsils down at the County Hospital at Douglas.

Before and in between operations Old Doc Pugsley was constantly keeping down infections and getting Winky ready for the big ordeals by feeding him bitter pills and ramming him in the rear end with his old dull Hypo. Needle. Doc Pug never charges anything for his services but in Winkies book he was being overpaid at that. However; along toward the last of the seige Doc changed the treatments to Sugar Coated Pills and sharpened the old needle.

When it was all over and Wink was again about as good as new, he had about forgotten the bad part but remembered and appreciated the sweetened pills and sharpened needle to the extent that he put all his pennies and nickels along with several of Dad and Mom's dollars and bought Doc a brand new automobile tire which Doc needed pretty badly and appreciated too.

DONT BE AA SUCKER ALL YOUR LIFE.

There are some blank forms being circulated in the neighborhood which are self explanatory to some extent. They are headed "TURKEY OBSERVATION--CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS. June 15 to July 15, 1958." This is followed by spaces to insert name and address of observer and spaces to show number of turkeys observed, date, location etc. At the bottom of the sheet there is a notation (Please return to Jerry Day after July 15. Southwestern Research Station, Portal);

Good neighbors; DONT get took in on that kind of a deal. Those phony game management lads have already decided to recommend an open season on our few old beat up gentle (wild) turkeys and they are trying to inveigle you to furnish some meaningless statistics to justify it. We all know that the wild turkeys in the Chiricahuas aren't wild and that if I drive along by the Research Station and see sixteen turkeys feeding in Scotty's corral and report them on one of those forms and then you and ten others come along and see and report the same turks it will add up to a hell of a lot of turkeys. That is for statistical purposes, and that is just exactly what those nit wits want.

Our turkeys have taken an awful beating through the past several dry years and very likely haven't increased at all, but with the ones we have for seed, Given a few good seasons which are bound to come eventually, they will populate the Mountain to capacity. But if they are killed off now its "Katy Bar the Door " for ever after.

Again I say lets give them a chance by not helping exterminate them.
