

# CHIRICAHUA

# BULLRIBBET



INTIMATE VIEW OF BULL RANCH, NEW HOME OF THE CHIRICAHUA BULLRIBBET

LOVE, KISSES, GREETINGS  
AND SALUTATIONS

We received a letter from the editor of Bisbee's leading newspaper, The Brewery Gulch Gazette, the other day in which he stated that he would be glad to exchange publications with us, but he must have re-read the copy of the CBS we mailed him and changed his mind.

If that's the case, he needn't be too snooty about it. We can prove that we once traded one copy of the Bull Sheet to an evangelist for five copies of the Jehovah Witness Magazine, which sells for 10 cents each. And after all, they only get a nickel for the Gazette.

If we weren't just about ready to go to press, we would delete the above and start all over, because since writing it we have received a copy of the Brewery Gulch Gazette in which both Mr. Epler, the editor, and George Bideaux, the owner, spread our old Cub Reporter and our paper all over the front page. They did a pretty fair job of it, too. In fact, with a little more training and close supervision we could use them on our staff. That is, as office boys or junior janitors or something like that until they learned to omit the sarcasm, curb their professional jealousy and respect their superiors.

Oh well, what do you say fellers? Let's keep swapping, anyway; after all, you do sell your rag for the equivalent of a package of chewing gum, and we can't hardly give ours away, postage paid.

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS

This has been one of the most successful years the Forest Service has ever had in the suppression of fires in the Chiricahuas. This may be attributed to favorable climatic conditions to some extent but mainly

because of the efficiency of the fire fighting crew.

Assistant Ranger Archie Rea has assembled and organized a group of men, mostly locals, who are second to none in the forest fire fighting business. There have been several fires started by lightning but they have all been whipped out before they got much more than started. The largest one burned over an area of five acres or less. In fact the entire season might be considered dull and routine from the fire fighting lads' viewpoint, with only one exception.

Along during the first part of July a smoke started over in Price Canyon, and lookout Earl Noland went to it pronto. And since it had covered an area of less than one acre, he promptly ran a fire line around it and stopped it dead in its tracks. After that was done he proceeded to mop it up in the approved manner, which is to go inside the fire line and ignite all dead trees, stumps, brush, etc. which might flare up and jump the line if left unattended. The mopping job caused the smoke to boil up higher than before and a Forest Service "brass hat" who happened to be driving along the highway between Bisbee and Douglas spied it and promptly turned a one-man operation into a big production.

He contacted the supervisor's office in Tucson by radio and called out the heavy equipment in the form of two tank-equipped airplanes loaded with 4,000 gallons of fire suppression chemicals, also a "Whirly Bird" carrying a "smoke jumper".

The other lookouts on the mountain heard the message to Tucson, and thinking the fire must have gotten away from Earl, flocked to his aid forthwith and right away. Most of them arrived in time to participate in a chemical bath. It seems that after the tanker planes are loaded the only way they can be unloaded is

by dumping the contents, and although the fliers could see that the fire was about out they did their stuff anyway.

#### BEDLAM

The Chiricahua Bullsheel editorial office has been moved from the Ranger Station to the Bull Ranch, which was formerly occupied by the Alden Hayes family.

Compounded confusion multiplied by three has been going on here in the Canyon for most of the month, and apparently will continue in a lesser degree for some time to come. In addition to the Bullsheel move, the Rea family has moved into the big house at the ranger station, and Arch and Esther Steele have moved into their new home which we shall hereafter refer to as the Casa Fierro.

The Reas only had a very short distance to move, as they were formerly living in the office building at the Station. And Archie, being the wise old campaigner that he is, handled the situation as it should have been. He was very conveniently called out to a little snag fire way back on the mountain and stayed away until Ruth and Fritzie had taken a wheel barrow and did the moving and were all set up for housekeeping in the new location. The Irish women as well as the men are handy with a wheel barrow, you know.

The Bull Ranch move wasn't accomplished with so little fanfare. Grammy and Mike did their best, but it wasn't good enough. While the Old Cub did nothing but moan and groan and claim that his back was sprained in addition to all his other ailments, real and imagined, mostly imagined.

Doc Montezuma Cazier and Scotty Anderson finally got tired of listening to him bellyache and brought their gang down from the Research Station and moved about ten tons of worthless junk in less than half a day. Which comprises the Morrow family's earthly possessions. The Cub was so grateful that he furnished them all the water they could drink while they were doing it (no ice, of course).

The Casa Fierro is brand new and as modern as day after tomorrow. Arch and Esther Steele made a trip to Idaho and came back with enough furniture and household goods to start housekeeping. And that's when the fun began. Louis Garcia and his Columbus Co-op crew came over from Animas to wire in the meter, but the house wiring was short-circuited. No lights. Bugass Red Thompson sent his crew from Willcox to install a gas tank and connect the tank to the cooking and heating equipment but the inside connections leaked. So no cooking. The well was all drilled and cased and had 77 feet of water in it. But no pump.

After that was all squared away, the entire interior of the house, including closets, floors, cabinets, etc., came in for a two or three coat paint and varnish job, done by a paint contractor and his gang from Douglas. The Steeles moved from room to room ahead of the painting crew or waded through the mess and inhaled the fumes. That the Steeles didn't give up in despair and go back to whence they came is good proof that they are constructed of the material from which they derive their name.

#### WORTH SAVING

The Park Service is finally in the act of doing something really worth while. They are trying to make a national monument of old Fort Bowie, which, in our opinion, should have been done many moons ago.

It will take an act of congress to accomplish this, but the bill has been written and will, in all probability, be presented for Congressional action soon. ?

Let's all get behind this and write to our congressman urging the passage of the bill.

There are few if any localities west of the Mississippi which have more to offer in historical lore than Fort Bowie.

One of the old Butterfield

stage stations was located there and literally thousands of immigrants enroute to California by wagon train passed through Apache pass, in which the fort is located. At one time or another, practically every noteworthy old time character of the West, including Indians, visited the fort.

The Park Service has searched the old military archives and found maps and plans of the entire installation, from which they propose to restore at least enough of the buildings so visitors will be able to see exactly what it looked like when it was in full bloom. For further particulars contact Forrest Benson, superintendent of the Chiricahua National Monument, Dos Cabezas, Arizona.

Forrest won't dare admit it, but the proposed set-up at Fort Bowie could well be manned at no additional expense to the government by abandoning such notoriously unattractive so-called attractions as Organ Pipe Monument and Montezuma Pass in the Huachuclas and by transferring the superintendent and other superfluous personnel from the Wonderland of Rocks to Fort Bowie. However, let's not mention that in our letters to Washington.

#### PLEASE PASS THE BISCUITS

Heart attacks were something you used to read about in Eastern newspapers up to the time bakery bread made its appearance in grocery stores in Arizona.

Physicians, dieticians and commercial bakers will all give you a long song and dance about the healthful benefits of yeast and tell you all about the vitamin content, the calorie count and all that bosh, but they don't tell you (maybe they don't know) that big bellies and coronary occlusions were rare things in the Southwest back in the days when baking powder or soda biscuits were eaten by everybody three times a day. That is if you were lucky enough to eat that regular.

The old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" is true,

and the same applies to bread.

We are not going to be like the game department and quote a lot of statistics compiled by us to prove our assertions, but we, being sort of semi-scientific, will resort to using a couple of mathematical equations and cite a few cases in point to convince you doubtful ones, especially the ladies, who would rather feed their husbands slow poison in the form of store bought bread than to mix up a few biscuits. Equation: Yeast cake plus enriched flour plus fancy waxed paper equals Light Bread (wasp's nest). If eaten for any length of time by old men or young ones it inevitably adds up to acute curvature of the waist line, shortness of breath, heart attack--untimely demise.

On the other side of the picture is baking powder or soda plus flour from a sack plus water, milk or sour dough plus tallow, lard or any other shortening, all mixed up just about any old way and baked in a hot oven or Dutch oven. This equals BISCUITS. They are all good, but of course some are better than others. People of all ages (especially men) who feed on them regularly seldom cash in before they are 80 years old and never before their heart stops beating completely.

In the meantime, they have that slim, hungry appearance which is supposed to be typical of Western men--and, best of all, no heart attacks.

We offer as living examples a group of well known men who are apparently boss of the roost and therefore have stuck to a regular biscuit diet throughout their lives: Ben Pague, Blackie Stidham, Scotty Anderson, Tom Stafford, Doc Pugsley and Bob Renfrew.

In comparison, we offer the following named gents who were all once as slim and hungry looking as the group just named but from one cause or another started eating light bread (wasp nest) and subsequently developed laps full of guts, heart attacks, fallen arches, dizzy spells, acute inertia, etc.: Carson Morrow, Cliff Darnell, Mont

Cazier, Ed Eshols, Reverend Wiggins, Charley Brown, Frank Landon, Buford Martin--with Birt Roberds and Ralph Morrow as runners up.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS  
Paradise, Ariz., 1903-1910  
(Continued from last issue)

We finished telling you about the 13 original saloon keepers in our last issue. During most of that time there were two general merchandise stores, one combined hardware store and lumber yard, one dry goods and ready-made clothing establishment, one variety and notion store.

Joe Slater and Dick Brown bought the first store that started business in Paradise from George A. Walker and ran it for several years. Slater finally bought Brown's interest. Brown left the country and so far as we know hasn't been heard of since. Slater stayed in business until he went broke on account of extending credit to just about every dead beat who came along; although he was of the Jewish race he was a sucker for hard luck stories. When he finally left Paradise he moved to Douglas and started a second hand store on the corner of Tenth street just west of the police station. It was called "Uncle Jim's Place". After a good many years there, he died in the county hospital and is probably buried in the Douglas Cemetery.

Henry S. Chamberlain and Tom Hawkins came to Paradise right fresh from San Saba, Texas, and erected the largest building this town ever had. They stocked it with groceries, hay, grain and general ranch and mining supplies. They prospered until the mines shut down on account of the panic of 1907 then gradually lost money until 1910, when they sold the building and the remaining stock to George A. Walker, then all moved to San Simon where Mrs. Chamberlain started a restaurant and Tom Hawkins went into the poultry business and farming. Artesian water was developed in that part of the valley at that time, so they, like hundreds of

others, filed on government homesteads. Tom developed his and made a good living from it for the balance of his life. Chamberlain patented his homestead but never developed it. He was elected justice of the peace, dabbled in real estate and his wife ran the restaurant and was postmistress until San Simon petered out to considerably less than it is now. Then they sold out their holdings and moved to Phoenix, where they presently reside. The Chamberlains had four children: three boys, Cliff, Teddy and Billy Bryan, and one daughter, Dorothy, nicknamed Bumpsy.

Mrs. Chamberlain was a sister to Tom Hawkins, and several others of the family accompanied them when they moved to Paradise, two brothers, Frank and Alex, one sister, Daisy, and their father, Judge Hawkins. Later on, Frank married Miss Jessie Cornforth of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, after Frank's death, moved back there and now resides with her brothers George and Percy.

Alex got a job as Wells Fargo Express messenger running between Nogales and Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico. The lure of the easy fast buck got him and he absconded with several thousand dollars and didn't show up in this part of the country again until long after the statute of limitation for prosecution had tolled--and then under another name.

As we told you in a previous issue, Miss Daisy married a saloon keeper by the name of Frank Witte.

Old Judge Hawkins only stayed here a short time and went back to San Saba. He had the appearance of a typical "Southern Gentleman" or a "Kentucky Colonel" and evidently was about as well off financially as that type generally is. While he was here he heard of an elderly maiden lady who owned a big cattle ranch over on the Sulphur Spring side of the mountain. So he borrowed a horse and went to see her, with avowed matrimonial intent. The lady was away from home when he arrived, so he picked up a clean chip or small slab of wood out of the wood pile and wrote an introduction together with a proposal of marriage on

it, placed it in a conspicuous place and returned to Paradise to await results. The lady took it as a good joke and the judge was soon the laughing stock of the country, which no doubt had some bearing on his hasty return to Texas.

Old man Kidder (full name not remembered) was the proprietor and operator of the Variety Store. He dealt in grab bags, vegetables and a little bit of just about anything else you can think of. Nothing is known of his origin or destiny.

Frank H. Christy and John Rock had the only dry goods and ready-to-wear clothing store, although the other merchants all stocked Buckingham and Hecht hob-nailed shoes, Levi Strauss and Company overalls, jumpers, etc. Christy was married but had no children. When Paradise folded up he bought Rock's interest and moved the stock of goods to Globe.

John Rock was a full blooded Indian (probably Apache) who had been captured by U. S. troops when he was a small child and raised up by a white family. Nothing was known of his parentage, so they gave him that name. He was well educated and apparently never thought of himself as an Indian. He was quite a politician and was elected to various county offices in Cochise county. It is believed he finally moved to California. His life story would be a good one for the Brewery Gulch Gazette to dig up and publish, as there are, no doubt, several people in Bisbee who still remember him.

The Sweeney family came to Paradise from Duluth, Minnesota, and started a hardware store and lumber yard. Soon after they bought the sawmill in Barfoot Park from Curly Bill Sanders and Ed Boyer. The family consisted of John Sweeney and wife and three children, Jack, Edward and Irene. The old folks and Irene went back to Duluth. Ed drifted around over the country and visited Paradise occasionally for several years but finally faded out of the picture. Jack married Henry Chamberlain's sister Hollice and stayed in Paradise until practically everyone else moved to San Simon and then followed along. He stayed there until

the time of his death, only a few years ago.

Jack developed into quite a poker player, and between what he made out of running the store at one time and a saloon at another and what he won in poker games from railroaders and ranchers he amassed quite a several thousands of dollars. He and his wife had one son, John, who was killed in an automobile-train collision near Bowie when he was about 16 or 17 years of age. Mrs. Sweeney died at San Simon several years before John was killed.

#### MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The rainy season got off to a good start with better than one inch rain here in the Canyon on July 15th, and most of it either leaked through the roof of the front porch at the Bull Ranch or blew in under the door at the telephone office. Jeanne had to set Eric up on the switchboard to keep him from floating and the Cub had to go in the house to keep from taking a shower bath.

The mystery has been solved. Some months ago it was reported that someone from New York had bought the Ralph Maitland place, but no one knew who the purchaser was or anything about them.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Louise Krueger showed up with a New York license on her car and moved right in and set up house-keeping (we hope with a lot less confusion than experienced by other movers, as reported elsewhere in this issue). We hear that she is a writer and if that is true we hope she can read, too, so she can see that we need some help along that line and maybe join our staff and take over the "High Mountain Society" column which we have been neglecting lately. However that may be, the CBS bids you welcome to our more than fair country.

Phelps Dodge Newman and his wife, Frances, are just back from spending a week's vacation at Las Vegas, Nevada. They say that their winnings were considerably less than a million; on the other hand they must not have made a very big

losing, as their family jewels all seemed to be intact when they got back and they didn't say anything about the price of hamburgers but did say that small steak dinners for two sell for the nominal (?) sum of eighteen bucks in that city. And they were apparently giving us first-hand information.

Texas Joe Flanery and Hamburger Charley Brown of Rodeo, New Mexico, are now at Artesia, New Mexico. It is thought that they may be enroute to Oil City, Penna.

Our good neighbor, George Newman, has won another round within the County Hospital and came home on the 19th able to take in quite a lot of nourishment. The old boy doesn't look quite as good as new but is recovering nicely from his recent illness. We extend our best wishes for a quick and complete recovery.

A pair of mighty winsome little Connecticut Yankees are visiting the Anderson family at the SWRS, Miss Jackie Nuens and Miss Fuzzy Gillingham. Jackie is a sister to the outlaw lady, and although she presently resides way back East, she is a native born Texan. But she certainly doesn't look or act like it.

The Baile at the Concrete Pavilion on July 12th was a "rip snortin" success as usual. Everybody between the ages of seven and 75 danced until about 4 a. m. except Carson Morrow, Walter Reed, Buford Martin and a few other old relics of about their caliber; and even they patted their feet occasionally, when they could get up enough steam.

Our school kids and Bob Renfrew were way out in front on miles danced per man. Phil Olney, Winkie Anderson, Mike Murphy and Chuck Troller, ranging in age from eight to 13, seldom missed a set, and Bob, who is well beyond the three score and ten mark, was right there among them.

Note: We have been criticised by at least one of our subscribers for referring to the dance platform as "La Verns Pavillion". Therefore, we will desist, here and hereafter.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Our school dances have been much more successful than we had even dreamed of. Let's not let it die down for it is an excellent way to make money for our school and community. Bill Betts tells us that our dances are creating a sensation over the country, and I can believe it, if he will offer to turn down some real fancy engagements for us. We could have one more dance before the summer is over but I'm tooting my whistle for a new engineer. I'm "done in". The last two years have been a lot of work, and I wish to thank everyone who was instrumental in making our project a success. Many put in a good many hours of hard work, donated equipment, food, materials, money and plenty of time. And it was all appreciated very much. Anyone who feels that they would like to take over the responsibility and the bank account please speak up, as we will have to let Mr. Bill Betts know some time this month that we want another dance.

Our new coffee urn is in the Post Office for everyone to see. There will be no more juggling coffee pots and hot water for school activities or Sew What parties. Also, our money has paid for the platform, a basketball stop, the steel chairs at the school and for all the incidentals for the past two years for our school parties and refreshments. We have enough money left to buy a vacuum cleaner for the school which we badly need, if we want to keep our kids and teachers free from Silicosis. We also have money to install an outside drinking fountain for the kids and a hydrant to fasten the water hose to. I think it is time we do something about having to drag the hose in the house and run it out through the window to water the shrubs. We need high net wire back stops at each end of the platform and the playground equipment is practically nil. What is left on the school ground is not safe. I could probably go on for days about what we need, and there is no better way to make the money than the way we have been. Oscar and I are willing to help anyone who will take over the responsibility. Won't someone step forward? We need a leader.