

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published June 15, 1957,

at or near that City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, PORTAL, Arizona.
We impartially stick our snoot into all affairs, Governmental, Civic and personal.

ADVERTISING SECTION

Our advertising rates are the same as our subscription rates so we are going to give some of our local business establishments some unsolicited mention, honorable or otherwise from time to time.

The following establishments recommend themselves highly:

Margarets gallus, garter and grocery store, Rodeo, New Mexico

Herbs Fix it yourself garage, Rodeo, New M.

Buleahs pie dispensary, San Simon. She will appreciate your trade, you will like her grub.

Jiggs Grocery, Rodeo, N. Mex.

George's Air Conditioned Lounge and Grocery Store, Portal, Arizona

Everts, Auto repair and pick sharpening Shop, Rodeo, N. Mex.

Birt Roberdgs has pure bred Hereford bulls for sale. They are guaranteed to eat all the alfalfa and cotton seed meal you feed them.

Frank Noland also has bulls, his come in a larger assortment of sizes and colors but are fully as good at the haystack as Birts.

Toot - Toot, yep, thats us tootin our own horn, we have bulls too but they are the slingin kind and not for sale.

FINANCIAL

It seems that the C B S has finally gone

professional in spite of all our amaturish efforts.

A cross-eyed boy representing the Jehovah Witnesses called at the editorial office the other day and tried to sell six copies of their official magazine for a quarter and the Cub, being the tight wad that he is, sparred with the boy a while, professed to be somewhat religious himself and wound up by trading the poor gink a copy of the Bull Sheet for the six magazines.

Then too one of our old cronies whom we must have accidentally said something nice about, got overly enthused and gave us a check for two and a half. But we are going to frame that and keep it, no doubt this will torment the boy for a long time, lest we attempt to cash it, however Sam might have that much money in the bank.

ROMANCE

We have been told that a young Rodeo fellow had a little Pre-Mother-in-law trouble a few nights ago, it seems that some of the big boys had told Dick that when you take your girl friend home from a party you are supposed to kiss her good night. So he being anxious to make good on just about his first trip out attempted to say good night in the approved manner, but through inexperience, over eagerness or too much or toolittle co-operation from the young lady he got his head hung in the steering wheel which resulted in the car horn sounding off until the gal's mother came out and helped get him loose or maybe she made him jerk loose; pues quien sabes? Guy didn't say how he found out about it.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC INSTALLATION

It is within the realm of possibility that we will have an astronomy observatory installed on one of our higher peaks before long, the fate of this project rests largely on atmospheric condition, height of dust level and strangely enough, the scintillation or twinkling of the stars in this region.

The Forest Service has been called upon to make a preliminary survey regarding these elements and as the star twinkling is deemed the more important Operation Twinkle has been inaugurated and has been implemented by having the fire guards wander around from peak to peak at night counting the rate of twinkle in each location. After the first night or two of stumbling around through the stumps the Forest Service boys decided that they were willing to sacrifice romance of this geophysical business in the interests of physical comfort and now instead of wandering around in the dark, they lay on their bunks in the cabin and observe the twinkle of individual stars through a nail hole in the tin roof. This operation smacks strongly of Coo Counting.

TRES CABEZAS

A while ago a big sort of an ugly old boy landed up at the Research Station, via some sort of a skunk hunting expedition down in the islands of the Gulf of California. He was dressed in a red woolen parka and carried pictures of skunks in his bill fold instead of pin up girls.

The old Cub just about had him measured for his "Cabeza Tercera" when he sat down at a typewriter and dashed off a descriptive article on the scientific expedition from which he had just returned, in just about the length of time it takes the Cub to sharpen his pencil. We hope you read the story in our last issue, it made anything we have published look like fifteen cents worth of cut meat after a night in the lion's den.

Cabeza Tercera means Third Head in English.

We used the Spanish because it sounds better and we are trying to say something nice about Doctor Richard G. Van Gelder of The American Museum of Natl. History N. Y. C. Thanks a lot Doc...Come Again!

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Mr. Phelps Dodge Newman and Francis entertained a number of her relatives from Grants and Carlsbad New Mexico at the Newman Durro Ranch recently.

VAYA CON DIOS

A pot luck supper was served at Sunny Flat on June 2nd as a going away party for the Hayes family. Before the meal was finished a little shower of Rain came up and the Paradise crowd using that as an excuse began grabbing all the grub and loading it on a truck preparatory to taking off down the Canyon with it, presumably to keep it from getting wet. However their ruse was only partially successful as the other good neighbors proved themselves equal to the occasion in spite of the surprise attack and most of the good stuff was consumed before the truck could get under way.

The snatching and grabbing was so fast and furious that a detailed play by play account of the mellee is impossible. Just for an example, Ted Troller and another codger snatched a couple of pies away from Joanna and Chrissy and inhaled them before the kids could counter attack and Scotty Anderson grabbed a chunk of meat off a little boys plate while George Newman sopped up the gravy off the same plate.

In view of all this it seems that "Gluttony by the Truck Load" would have been a more appropriate term than "pot Luck Supper."

TRES CABEZAS

Miss Alice Gray, Dept of Insects and Spider of the American Museum of Natural History will be at the Research Station from June 16 to Sept 15th. While here in the Canyon

she will make a collection of insects for exhibition at the Chiricahua National Monument.

It seems only fair that since we have all the worth while scenery in the mountains right here in Cave Creek that we furnish the Monument with at least a few bugs to show to their cash customers.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Let's saddle up our burros and ride up to the spring in Silver Creek and visit old Albert Fink and the Duffner brothers. Albert came from Germany in about 1875 and settled down to digging prospect holes in Silver Creek, soon after he arrived. He like most of the old boys who inhabited this part of the country in those days was a genuine "rainbow chaser" and expected to strike it rich with each stroke of his prospectors pick. Practically all of the prospect holes in Silver Creek were dug by him or the Duffner Brothers who came much later than Albert but stayed a good many years after he had gone on to fiddlers green.

Several people residing here now will remember Otto and Max Duffner.

Albert claimed to be and probably was of the German Nobility and recieved a regular allowance from the old country until World War One broke out which terminated his grub stake and probably had quite a lot to do with ending his sojourn in Silver Creek, he was taken to the county hospital where he died before the end of the war.

When anyone would ask Albert how long he had lived here he would reply in broken English "Ven I vos first here nobody vas here." This was understandable at least to the extent that he was undoubtedly one of the first permanent settlers on the east side of the Chiricahuas.

Albert's cabin was constructed of adobe mud and was equipped with port holes in each wall for Indian fighting purposes.

However if was ever beseiged by Indians he never mentioned it.

The fire place and part of the chimney still stands, it is located on the north bank of the creek near the spring and about one hundred feet south west of the sheet iron cabin which is presently claimed by Troy Jones.

In 1903 the Duffner brothers lived in an adobe house which was just around the bend in the creek above Albert's place. The walls of that house are also partially standing now. They later built the sheet iron house and lived in it most of the time until they hit the prospectors trail on which the burro tracks all point in the same direction.

They also held mining claims and had cabins near Paradise and at Nipper Peak.

They were second generation Germans and did not have a permanent grub stake like Albert so were obliged to and did, engage in numerous occupations aside from mining to keep the bean pot boiling. Otto clerked in stores, caught butterflies, sold them, sold mineral specimens, engaged in photography, and kept bees.

Max was a highly skilled mechanic, when he was able to work he excelled as a locksmith, gunsmith and in repairing typwriters and adding machines.

At one time they shipped several tons of crystals from the crystal cave in Cave Creek, and it was they who drove the tunnel into the cave which is now used as the entrance.

Their primary reason for coming to Arizona was to try to cure Max of the narcotic habit which he had acquired back east. The theory being that narcotics would be harder to obtain, and too that a change of environment would help. However the experiment was unsuccessful and although he lived to be 80 years of age, he was either hopped up or drunk most of his life. If narcotics weren't available he would use

liquor as a substitute.

Otto was an exceptionally kindly and sociable fellow and was universally liked he also lived to be nearly eighty. Both brothers died in the County Hospital at Douglas,

At the time of his death Otto had hundreds of photographs and negatives of Paradise in it's heyday including pictures of freight wagons moving the big boilers from Rodco to the Chiricahua Mine with as many as thirty four horses in one string pulling them.

Soon after his death his cabin was robbed and vandalized and all the negatives and pictures were either destroyed or carried away.-

Mouth of the Canyon

The travelling Andersons and home after spending several days at Guymas Sonora and a trip to Disney Land and Yosemite Park. They returned from California via Las Vegas, Nevada.

Winkie and Mike evidently took pretty good care of them as they all look mighty chipper.

*

Our Range Deputy is right in groove instead of looking into the crime wave reported in our last issue he acted just like a F B I Agent and suggested that the Cub console the pinched peaches and look after the chickens, that were stolen and those that would like to be. As further inducement for some capable person to do his work (Patsy won't let him pinch peaches) he sent a certificate making the Cub an honorary sheriff. But this can't be accepted because judging by the present incumbered we know that a "sheriff of Cochise" must measure at least two axe handle lengths across the stern and the Cub can't quite qualify.

*

The J. H. Dixon family are now in residence at their summer home on White tail Canyon. Mr. Dixon is employed at

the Marana Air Base and Sally attends school at Picacho during the winter months, Dixon does most of the manual labor at both places.

*

Game Ranger Ralph Morrow returned from a trip to the head of Skeleton Canyon recently. He brought with him a three ounce mud turtle. He reported that the turtle had just finished drinking the last drop of water on Gus Kimbles range and was headed for the Chiricahuas when captured.

The turtle was presented to the S W R S for research purposes, it is hoped Doc Cazier doesn't allow this thirsty monster to escape and get into George Newman's well.

*

The Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board representative for this section of the country which also includes the village of Douglas, Mr. Greet Lewis drove out to Portal on June 1st to mooch his lunch, bum a cigarette and inspect a few head of cattle for the Hayes boys. Incidentally or should we say, inevitably one of the calves disappeared while he was here or shortly thereafter.

*

A few days ago, near the Telephone Office Colonel Moller and Scotty Anderson were involved in a two car automobile accident which lacked a couple of feet of happening.

*

A part time resident of our fair community recently killed two rabbits with two whots at an almost unbelievable distance. It was really a good exhibition and Gordon Newman Jr. being the modest boy that he is, couldn't have been heard bragging about it for more than half a mile.

*

Another of our good citizens got his hand into Uncle Sam's pocket recently, Alden Hayes reached this goal through the acceptance of an appointment as Park Ranger at Casa Grande Monument. It is presumed that he will be engaged in the regular duties of the position which is according to our observations, to wear a pair of green breeches and insult the great

American public to the extent that they won't tear the Casa Grande Ruin completely down and carry it off for souvenirs.

Gretchen and Eric and Marc are moving up there with Alden. We sure regret losing the kids.

*

There is a fairly new painted sign on the road that branches off the Rodeo road to the old Sanford Ranch, two names appear on this sign J. A. Cox and Grace Cox, but the rest of the wording is either Arabic or hieroglyphics, probably meaning that there is some kind of a family squabble going on at the ranch, or it might possibly be a cattle brand.

*

Hermon Kollmar has been assisting Jack Maloney and Carson Morrow for the past several weeks. They are busily engaged in doing nothing. They have also received some help from Buford Martin, Ben Pague, and the U. S. Forest Service.

*

School Trustee Oscar Olney has been out trying to get some kids. He has visited all the mothers who have children of school age now and has tried to induce each of them to send their children to our school, and looking to the future he has no doubt visited a number of other ladies who might have children of school age some years hence.

It is a continuous battle to maintain our Portal school on account of a chronic shortage of pupils and it is gratifying to know that Oscar is doing everything possible to remedy the situation. Much as she would like to, Laverne hasn't been able to accompany him on account of having to attend to the post office.

*

Jack Anderson and Glenn Isaacson are paying as much or more attention to a financial problem as they are to fire fighting these days. Those two intraped smoke chasers made an over night trip to Douglas or Agua Prieta recently and it seems that they spent at least part of the night in what they think might have been a hotel anyway

they remember paying thirty dollars to somebody for either a nights lodging or something else and that they received a refund of three dollars and think the bell hop swiped part or all of that.

They have run the entire mathematical scale from short division to calculus and the nearest they can come to a solution of the disappearance of at least one dollar is that "they was robbed" Ask them to tell you about it.

BOOTS AND SADDLES

A small band of Navajos left the Sulfur Canyon Reservation on horse back a few days ago and headed out toward Horse Shoe Canyon. It didn't appear to be a war party as there were only four altogether, Three pretty squaws and one old seedy looking buck. They got back to the reservation via Cave Creek before the troops overtook them and evidently faired well on the trip as they all came in with what might have been a bundle of jerky tied on back of their saddles and they still had one fat dog which they hadn't butchered.

A TRIP TO LORDSBURG

At our last school election the campaign issue seemed to be based largely on the question of whether or not a candidate was a tax payer. On a recent trip to Lordsburg it was rather forcibly brought to our attention that a non-tax payer these days would be a rare bird indeed, of course we were aware to some extent of income tax and sales tax and too that a small percentage of our local residents pay a property tax which includes taxed on automobile etc.

The thing that started this chain of thought about taxes was a placard on a gasoline pump over in Lordsburg which read- Fire chief gasoline, total price 35.9 total tax per gal,.10! We drove away from that pump before the attendant could unscrew our gas cap and hurried back to our own bailiwick hoping we wouldn't run out of gas before we got to an Arizona gas station We barely made it and the placard on the

pump read Fire Chief Gas Total price .
".35 Federal Tax .05 state tax. 01."
Which you can readily see effected quite
a saving in taxes. So to put it all in
a nut shell we would say that a Genuine
non-tax payer is a person who has never
been to Lordsburg.