

# GIANT BUSHNET



ONE YEAR OLD THIS MONTH.

Portal, Arizona, May 12, 1958.

This being the Bull Sheets first Birthday and it being a dainty, sort of a semi-feminine publication, we thought that a pink Chemise might be appropriate.

SUCKER TRAPS

If you think all the lunatics in the world are in California you are sadly mistaken. Some of them have come from there over to Arizona and started engineering the construction of our new super trans-continental hiways. Up until recently when you came to a fork in the road you just turned right or left and went on your way. But that isn't so any more.

Now when you want to turn off the main stem and go in another direction you have to wait until you come to a place that has every appearance of what "Tourists Hell" must look like. There will be one or more bridges over the road, probably a tunnel under it; Roads circling under and over themselves Road signs with arrows pointing directly east with the legend reading "West Bound Traffic Only"; another one pointing directly at Tucson and reading "Douglas".

They have had those things called Clover Leaves over in California for a long time but they sneaked them over into Arizona fairly recently. The first one they built in this end of the State was a sort of a mild version and was located over at Lowell on the road leading out of Bisbee to the east. The next was at the south end of Tucson and had most of the trimmings. Then they jumped over to Road Forks, New Mexico where there was nothing in the way and really did their stuff. And now they are building several between Willcox and Tucson.

Maybe there is some excuse for those gas consuming, Tourist confusing whirligigs where several busy Hiways converge but they are constructing one over west of Willcox near Dagoon and another west of Benson at places where no visible road of any kind leads into or out of the main hiway.

At first we figured that the gas-

oline stations were fostering those things to boost up sales but now it look like the barbers are in on the deal too. A tourist is bound to run out of gas and also need a hair cut by the time he wind up and unwinds in each one of those sucker traps.

BOONDOGLING BUREAUCY AT IT'S BEST

It was announced from Washington that Congress has appropriated more than eight million dollars for roads and improvement in recreation areas in the Southwest Forest Reserves. Some time later we read in the papers that about forty High Brass Forest Officials were holding a week long conference at the Pioneer Hotel in Tucson to decide on where and how the money should be spent. (Please pass the gravy). That was when our hopes for road improvements and expansion of camp grounds in the Chiricahuas went a glimmering. A meeting of that sort didn't cost Eight Million but what it did cost would have gone a long way toward paving the road through Onion Saddle.

Those Government Moguls are all being paid salaries almost comensurate with their egos, plus not less than ten doller a day per diem together with first class transportation from Washington D. C. and about every other point of the compass. The best definition of a conference we have heard is; "When a group of people get together and decide that nothing can be done" and there is no reason to think that the Tucson Conference was any different.

FAME DEFERRED

Your Cub Reporter has missed out or two chances to make headlines recently. First he failed to contract Hydrophobia (Rabies) from Mikey Murphy's horse. Then he went to Tucson to have a suspected cancer treated and Doctor Lindburgh knocked that bid for notoriety into a cocked hat by diagnosing the case as nothing more or less than a common wart.

So it looks like the Cub might have been kissing toad frogs. The wart was on his lip.

#### ASTOUNDING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

An apparently unscivable problem in Logistics has finally been solved by a prominent employee of the Coronado National Forest. The problem being to transport two pack horse loads on one horse at the same time.

This gent was presumably directing the activities of a forest fire fighting crew up in the high points of the Chiricahuas and in the course of events became isolated from the rest of the crew with his bed roll, camp equipment and fire fighting tools. He was in a tough spot because he didn't have a pack mule with him and he, together with all his paraphernalia was patiently too heavy a load for his saddle horse. He couldn't ride away and leave his pack as it might burn up and if he loaded it on the horse he would have to walk and lead him. A man of lesser ingenuity might have stayed right there and burned up along with a lot of Uncle Sam's property. But not this lad. He just packed the mule load on his own back and carried it himself then climbed on the horse and let it carry him.

As many thousands of years as men have been using horses it's a wonder that someone hadn't figured that out before. We haven't had a chance to test this revolutionary method of conserving both horse and man power but we are confident it will work because Wayne Morrow, Scotty Anderson and others saw the man do it.

#### WELCOME BROTHER

We hereby extend a hearty welcome and our best wishes for immediate and prolonged success to Cochise County's newest and second best News Paper (We have already awarded the number one spot to ourselves).

The Gateway Times of Sierra Vista, Arizona, over near the Huachuca Mountains came out with their first edition on April 24, 1958, and with the exception of our modest CBC, scooped every paper in the state by publishing an article extolling the virtues of the Chiricahuas right on the front page and quoting some of our less serious stuff on the second page.

We are going to reciprocate by saying that we think the Huachucas are a nice little range of mountains that would have been an asset to the Chiricahuas as Foot Hills if old man Billy Fourr hadn't dug the San Pedro River and used the dirt to build the Dragoon Range in between.

#### TRES CABEZAS

(SHOOTING IRONS AND WOODPECKERS)

After searching all his long life for a man that has seen two men stand face to face and draw pistols with deadly intent, the Cub Reporter has finally met a man who met another man who had been an eye witness to such an affray.

Lou Blachley from Silver City, New Mexico, who is several years older and two or three degrees uglier (debatable) than the Cub has devoted the past several years to making tape recordings of the yarns and lies and stories of the real old time pioneers. And he has only come up with the one "Quick on the Draw" incident referred to.

Ordinarily we are pretty skeptical about these second hand blood and thunder tales but Lou is a first class de-bunker in his own right, so we are inclined to believe his recording is authentic.

To demonstrate his de-bunkability, he has been staying at the Southwestern Research Station for some time past and dividing this time about equally between bird watching and washing dishes. After the kitchen is all cleaned up at night and the birds have all gone to roost he reads the text books written by the various "Tres Cabezas" concerning the habits,



Measurements, love life etc. of all the birds. Right away he got out his ruler and started measuring and darned if he didn't find out that all the woodpeckers and blue jays in the Chiricahuas are at least an inch shorter than the scientists said they were.

Loy should become famous for this discovery and if he does that should make Silver City pretty proud of him as they will have something to brag about besides that little Buck toothed rat, William H. Bonney who started his infamous career there by murdering a man when he was only twelve years old.

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### THINK

According to history slavery is just about as old as the human race and it's still going on in one form or another in practically every country in the world. The United States of America not excepted.

Back in the 1860's the Yankees kicked hell out of the Johnny Rebs because the Rebs claimed they couldn't raise cotton without slave labor. The Yanks couldn't raise cotton on account of the cold climate, so rather than have the Rebs get ahead of them by making a lot of fast easy money off of the slave's work they went into an all out Civil War and put a stop to it. Then the Constitution was amended to take care of slavery, that is abolish slavery forever afterward.

Less than twenty years later the Trans-continental Railroads started building Powerful Politicians wangled most of the Government subsidized construction contracts. Nearly all of the Politico contractors were Northerners who had recently been violent "Anti Slavery" advocates, but the lure of the fast easy Buck was considerably stronger than their rather easily forgotten scruples and also stronger than the fourteenth constitutional amendment. So they imported thousands of Chinese who would work for practically nothing and called them "Coolies" instead of slaves and then treated them about as shabby as the Rebs had ever treated the Negroes.

After the Railroads were completed all the Chinese who had not been killed or died of disease and had been packed without ceremony in the trunk beds were allowed to make their way back to China or branch out for themselves to start grocery stores, hand laundries and restaurants.

There was no more need for slave labor at the moment and most of the freed Chinks soon began to thrive and to send back to the old country for their friends and relatives. This was proving to be detrimental to the Native Gringos, but instead of having another war to end that phase of slavery, Congress enacted what is known as the Chinese Exclusion Act which served to stop practically all Asiatics from coming to this country.

About the turn of the century the Mines, Smelters and Foundries were on the boom and great quantities of cheap labor was again in demand. So the "Easy Buck" boys opened up another legal supply by inducing hordes of Bohunks from the Balkan States and Bear Dancers from Italy and Sicily to come to this Country. Those people could and would work for less wage than the natives and live in tenements or under rocks and tolerate any kind of working conditions.

The money Panic of 1907 threw just about everybody out of work and Congress enacted our first general Immigration Law in that year. It was a pretty feeble law and very apparently was not intended to permanently stop the Bohunk invasion but to only slow it up until our economic situation could adjust its self.

By 1917 we had elbowed our way into World War One and most of our European Immigrants had changed from the hard working class to Anarchists and Black Handers, so Congress again took a hand and enacted the Immigration Act of 1917, which, together with the German Sub-Marines - mostly the Subs - brought that influx to a screeching halt.

At about the same time all our industries began crying for quantities of unskilled labor. So the Contract Labor provisions of the 1917 act

were forgotten or re-interpreted or mis-interpreted to fit the desires of the employers in practically all industries and especially agriculture, so thousands of Mexican Peons were imported under contract at starvation wages to produce high priced commodities. Thousands of other Peons came without benefit of contracts or other proper Immigration papers fared not quite so well.

During the reconstruction period after the war the need for laborers continued and although bringing them in under contracts from Mexico was stopped the flow of peons (Wet Backs) entering the U.S. together with the Mexican Nationals who secured proper Immigration, plus the hordes of refugees from war torn Europe who were finding their way into this country by one means or another, glutted the cheap labor market to the extent that in 1924 the so called Immigration quota Law was passed to slow down the European incursion. The same year the Immigration Border Patrol came into existence by act of Congress. Its duties being to enforce all Immigration laws and guard the International boundaries and sea coasts between regular ports of entry against the unlawful entry of all classes of aliens.

The Patrol soon pretty well broke up the migration of Europeans and slowed down the flow of wet backs. In 1929 other laws were enacted which required all aliens to register as such and made unlawful entry a crime punishable by fines and imprisonment. But the thing that threw the whole labor situation into a tail spin and turned the tide back the other way was the depression of the 1930's. From 1930 to 1933, it was estimated that more than a million Mexicans returned to Mexico and a good many thousand Europeans either went home or to some other foreign country.

From that time until the war drums began beating for World War Two there was less than no demand for any Quantities of labor, cheap or otherwise. So the Slave market again practically went out of business.

However; with the advent of Pearl Harbor, on December 7, 1941, the same old Rat Race started all over, again the Contract labor laws were temporarily repealed by political pressure, Not by act of Congress and thousands upon thousands of Mexican Nationals were imported under contract, and were augmented by an even larger number of Wet Backs. Most employers preferred the wet backs to the Braceros (Contract Laborers) because the contracts provided for comparatively high wages, adequate living quarters, medical attention etc. While the Wets could be held in almost complete bondage by debts, threats and other forms of intimidation. But best of all could be paid little or no wages and stabled with the horses or bedded down under a mezquite bush.

Our present day recession, Depression or whatever you choose to call the economic slump we are now having is again swinging the pendulum toward another temporary abolishment of slavery in this country

The powers that be have announced that there will be few if any Braceros brought in from Mexico this year and the flow of wet backs has diminished to a trickle compared to the past several years. The few wets that are coming seems to be a different type to the old meek submissive "Pelados" of former times. They are some of the same individuals whose outlook on life has been changed by the abuses to which they have been subjected by former employers and from learning Gringo ways from other prisoners in the various penal institutions in which they have served time for unlawful entry.

This change of attitude has also changed some of the employers way of thinking. For many years past the majority of farmers in the Southwest have dealt the Border Patrol all the misery possible by attempting to prevent them from apprehending their wet backs by every conceivable means, from the use of firearms to petty lying. While now that the worm is beginning to turn, a good number of them wont allow a Mex. to stop on their places.

and the ones that still employ them yell for the Patrol pronto when any of their subjects become unruly.

To cite a few examples; Last winter three wet backs stole three goats from Bill Miller. They ate one and threw the other two away. Bill called the Border Patrol at Lordsburg and they came over and tracked the wets down.

The IV Bar outfit near Apache has been robbed several times and in spite of the fact that they have been one of the most persistent employers of wet backs they have called the Patrol to come and try to recover their stolen goods on each occasion.

Just a few days ago two wets robbed Levy Knapes ranch near Bowie. They took, among other things two rifles and a pick up truck, but soon wrecked the truck, then stole two horses and pulled out toward Mexico. The Border Patrol stationed at Willcox and at Lordsburg responded to the call and the officers from Lordsburg took the bandits into custody about ten miles south of San Simon the next day.

A few days after that three wets burglarized the Double Mill Ranch south of Playas New Mexico. The Lordsburg Patrolmen again did their stuff in the approved manner and the culprits are now in the Jail House awaiting prosecution.

Thus it appears that another cycle of slavery ( Call it what you will ) is about to come to a close.

Senior Patrol Inspector Tom Hull is Jefe of the Lordsburg Patrol unit and in our opinion is top hand in the business and deserving of the full co-operation and respect of every peace officer and rancher in this country.

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ROMANCE\*

ROMANCE

There is every indication that the Bells will soon be ringing for Elaine and Charley. That's right. We're talking about wedding bells. For the benefit of those who haven't kept up with this blossoming romance through our columns, we will further elucidate.

Elaine Koontz is the newspaper reporting lady of Oil City, Pennsylvania and Hamburger Charley Brown of Rodeo New Mexico, is the man who says that "When bigger and Better Hamburgers are made, he will make them ". And there is a lot of indications that he makes love as well as he makes hamburgers. This couple became acquainted, or at least aware of each other through our paper. We have been urging him to go to Oil City to meet the gal but he hedged. She didn't exactly take the Bull by the horns but she did take her Flivver by the wheel and drive all the way to Rodeo. The first we knew about it was when they showed up together, right here at the C.B.S. Editorial Office. Charley was glowing like the Head Lights of a Locomotive when he introduced her to the Cub and Mrs. Cub. Elaine did seem to be at least somewhat receptive to his so apparent infatuation but as the modern kids say " Not Plum Gone ". What the final result will be, only time can tell, but time had better not delay too long in the telling as Charley has already passed his Seventy Fifth Birthday. Charley says it was love at first sight but up to the present writing Elaine sayeth nothing.

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#### MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Our little Custy Miller graduated from Grammar School at Apache at the end of the term. Those Apache kids put on a play that was second to none. Refreshments were served after the exercises and all the guests caught up on a lot of delayed visiting.

Custy is one of the prettiest and brightest little misses the East slope of the Chiricahuas has ever produced and her popularity was attested by the large number of good neighbors who attended her graduation party.

She recieved a big assortment of nice presents from her friends and well wishers , What this country needs is more kids like Custy.

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The Number one lady of this Community, Mrs. Jane Greenmyer suffered a heart attack recently and is reported to be making a satisfactory come-back in the

Douglas Hospital. This publication and practically every one in the neighborhood extends their best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery. Bueno Salud Y Buena Suerte.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Steele were recent visitors at the Greenmyer Sub-division and at the Poor Farm. They are seriously considering buying a home and settling down in the Chiricahuas. A wise move, says we.

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Sandy Newman, Winkie Anderson and Mikey Murphy recently camped out in the back yard at the Poor Farm over the week end. They did their own cooking - such as it was and even ate some of it.

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Broncho Phil Olney is breaking two mighty pretty quarter horse colts. They are firey little rascals, but so far Phil has managed to keep them from spilling the pack. Stay above them old kid, were far you.

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Professor Stephen Spurr and family who have been staying at the SWRS. for the past few months are preparing to pull their freight for Alaska soon. We have never known a family who has so well fitted themselves into the life of this or any other community in such a short time.

Steve, in addition to writing a book on forestry and several short articles for an encyclopedia has cut the stencils for two issues of the Bull Sheet, visited all the adjacent points of interest on foot or on horseback, made speeches to visiting students at the Research Station and to the 4-H Club at El Dorado School, nailed shoes on a horse and performed a myriad of lesser feats between times.

His wife Patricia ( Pat ) has been even busier than Steve, although she hasn't made quite so much noise about it. She doesn't have to kick up a lot of dust to let people know she is around, and she is a lot better looking than him to Boot.

Their son, Danny age about ten has attended the Portal school during the time

they have been here. Although he has spent most of his life in town, he hasn't had a bit of trouble in keeping up with our little old mountain kids and that's quite a something as they are about tops at riding horseback, climbing trees and mountains and doing all the other things country kids like to do. We wouldn't want the other kids to know we said it but Danny is some jumps ahead of them in book larnin.

Jeannie, (Gee Gee) their little blond daughter, around two years old is the cream of the crop. She is the kind of baby you just can't keep from loving. " Vayan con Dios Y Vuelvan luego"

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### DIGGING UP SKELETONS

The story of Paradise is deserving of a much better job than we can do, but as more capable writers have shunned or neglected it we feel that our poor efforts might be appreciated by some of the younger generation who are interested in who did what, back during the times when frijoles and jerky were the principal food items and ragged assed overalls were the height of fashion.

In past issues we have mentioned a few of the people who resided in Paradise during its heyday. This time we will give you the names, occupations and as much other data as we remember regarding each person mentioned.

These thumb nail Biographies will of course be sketchy but factual, in so far as our memory serves. We will appreciate it if the few old Paradise residents who are still around will tell us about any mistakes or mis-statements we might make and supplement any of the stories with anything of interest they might remember.

As we have mentioned before, Paradise began in the early part of 1903, reached its peak in 1907 and has had several ups and downs since that time. Mostly downs. Until presently there is only one person living there who has called Paradise his home continuously since it started, that is William W. Sanders and he is living in one of the three remaining houses which were part of the original town.

Since the old burg started on the down hill slide there have been a good number of other people come and go, some some of which we have no knowledge. So for this first series we will only deal with the original inhabitants covering the period 1903 to about 1910. As is not unusual for us, we are getting the horse ahead of the cart by telling you of the life and demise before we say anything about the birth so we will here regress a little. There had been mining and prospecting activities in that area farther back than any one knows. There is some indications that the Conquistadores at least looked it over and probably did some prospecting. Parts of one of their saddles and an old flint lock pistol bearing the stamp of the Spanish Crown and the date 1513, have been found in fairly recent years over in Wood Canyon and the Millstones of Arrastas (crude Spanish of Mexican gold mills) have been found in both White Tail and Wood Canyons. From that time down through the years many old Rainbow chasers such as George Dunn for whom Dunn Spring and Dunn Mt. are named, John H. Galey of Galeyville fame and old man John Sullivan of White Tail Canyon kept up the burro hunting and prospect hole digging until old Cap Burns sold his diggings, located in the heads of Jhus and Chiricahua Canyons to the Chiricahua development Company in the latter part of 1902 or early 1903. Soon after that group of Eastern Capitalists made the purchase they began doing things in a big way toward developing the property. They started to make preparations for the installation of a gigantic (for those times) plant of mining machinery, some parts of which required more than thirty horses to pull in from the railroad on a wagon. They proceeded to sink a vertical shaft which ultimately reached a depth of more than four hundred feet with thousands of feet of drifts in every direction, also to construct offices, a boarding house and residences necessary to such an operation. There was no suitable site for a town at the embryo mine and a sizable adjacent

town was in the cards. So Paradise was conceived by two men by the names of George A. Walker and George Myers. Now don't get any funny notions, they only conceived the idea. They laid out the townsite and sold lots to a lot of other people who helped them to cause the new and once thriving town to be born.

As the two Georges were the instigations and also the first ones to open up business establishments in Paradise, we will tell you what little we know about them first. Walker had the first grocery store and Myers the first saloon. They both started business in a tent and later built and moved into buildings constructed of lumber sawed by Boyer and Sanders in Barfoot Park and hauled to Paradise by wagon and team over the old sawmill road, parts of which can still be seen from the present road. Practically every building in town was built of Chiricahua lumber and as there was no planing mill, the city presented a pretty rough exterior which of course was somewhat in keeping with the interior, fixtures, furnishings, and inhabitants alike.

George A. Walker originated in Missouri, made the gold rush to the Kondike, wandered around over a good part of the north American Continent, and finally finished his career in Paradise and is buried in the Paradise Cemetery. When he first came to this part of the country he married Lulu Reed, eldest daughter of Stephen B. Reed. They had three children A daughter Georgia who married Barney Lee and they live in Tucson. Reed and Elmore the two sons. Reed presently lives at Douglas and Elmore at Canyon Cit Col. Mrs. Walker resides at Douglas. At one time George's brother Jay Walker and the father Grandpa Walker lived at Paradise. They have been long dead and it is thought that one or both might be buried in the Paradise Cemetery. We will appreciate it very much if one of the family will write us a more complete story of George for publication in a later issue.

Nothing is known of the origin or life of George Myers before he came to the Chiricahuas except that he was also a Klondiker. He was a runty little guy



and his wife Marie was a strapping big six footer. They had two children. A daughter named Jessie and younger son, George Jr.

They left Paradise soon after the boom and settled somewhere up around Ray Arizona. There George ran amok over a love affair, real or imagined., Between Marie and a fellow by the name of Earl Riggs and shot and killed her then committed suicide. No one seems to know what became of the children.

In as much as saloons were the biggest and most lucrative business we will tell you about the Saloon keepers next. And as we know of one of them who is still very much alive we will lead off with him.

Mr. John A. Bendle, who now resides in Phoenix, Arizona. During the good old days he was popularly known as John the Swede, although he is actually full blood German. The old boy was quite a sportsman in his younger days and still goes hunting once in a while. He plays a first class game of poker ever chance he gets and buys at least a two dollar ticket on some horse in about every race.

He was born and grew up down around Beeville Texas and married Maggie Chapman of Del Rio, Texas when they were both just big kids. They moved to Douglas, Arizona in 1902 then out to Paradise in 1903. When they arrived in Paradise they had only two children, Bertha and Frances. Bertha has been Mrs. Ernest E. Lee of Tuxson for a lot of years and has two fine kids of her own, a cute little blond daughter named Gail and a son, Ernest Jr. who is well over six feet high. Frances married a fellow by the name of Johnny Kelly and they have six or seven grown children.

The Bendles had five other children born after they came to Paradise, three boys, Fred, Robert and Johnnie and two daughters Barbara and Kathryn. Fred and Johnnie are both dead. Robert is married and has a family at Phoenix. The two

John moved his saloon to San Simon about 1910 when that village literally spurted to boom proportions on account of artesian water being struck there. Later on he homesteaded in Wood Canyon for a good many years. He then sold out and put in a service station about eight miles west of Bowie where the Safford road turns off the main hiway.

Ben Milam, nicknamed Boozer, at one time had two saloons. That is one saloon in the main part of town and one dive "across the creek", as the red light district was called. He was living with and later on married a prostitute by the name of Madge. She managed the dive while he hobnobbed with the upper crust of Society in the saloon over on the main drag.

A bunch of Mexican wood cutters started a free for all fight in his place one night and when the smoke cleared Boozer was carved up with a knife to the extent that it looked like he was going to cash in his chips and there were three dead Mexicans on the floor all well ventilated with bullet holes. The story generally accepted around town was that, constable Mart Moore who was in the Saloon when the ruckus started had done the ventilating but since it looked like curtains for Boozer, it would simplify the matter by letting him claim the glory or accept the blame as the case might have been. Anyway that procedure would and did dispense of a lot of red tape, court procedure etc., which could have at least discomfited Mart to some extent possibly even to the extent of being tried for murder, since the "Muertos" were not armed. Mart did get hit in the eye with a beer bottle. Years later Boozer and Madge were running a saloon in Hachita, New Mexico and from there on "pues quien saves".

A continuation of this will be in next issue.

