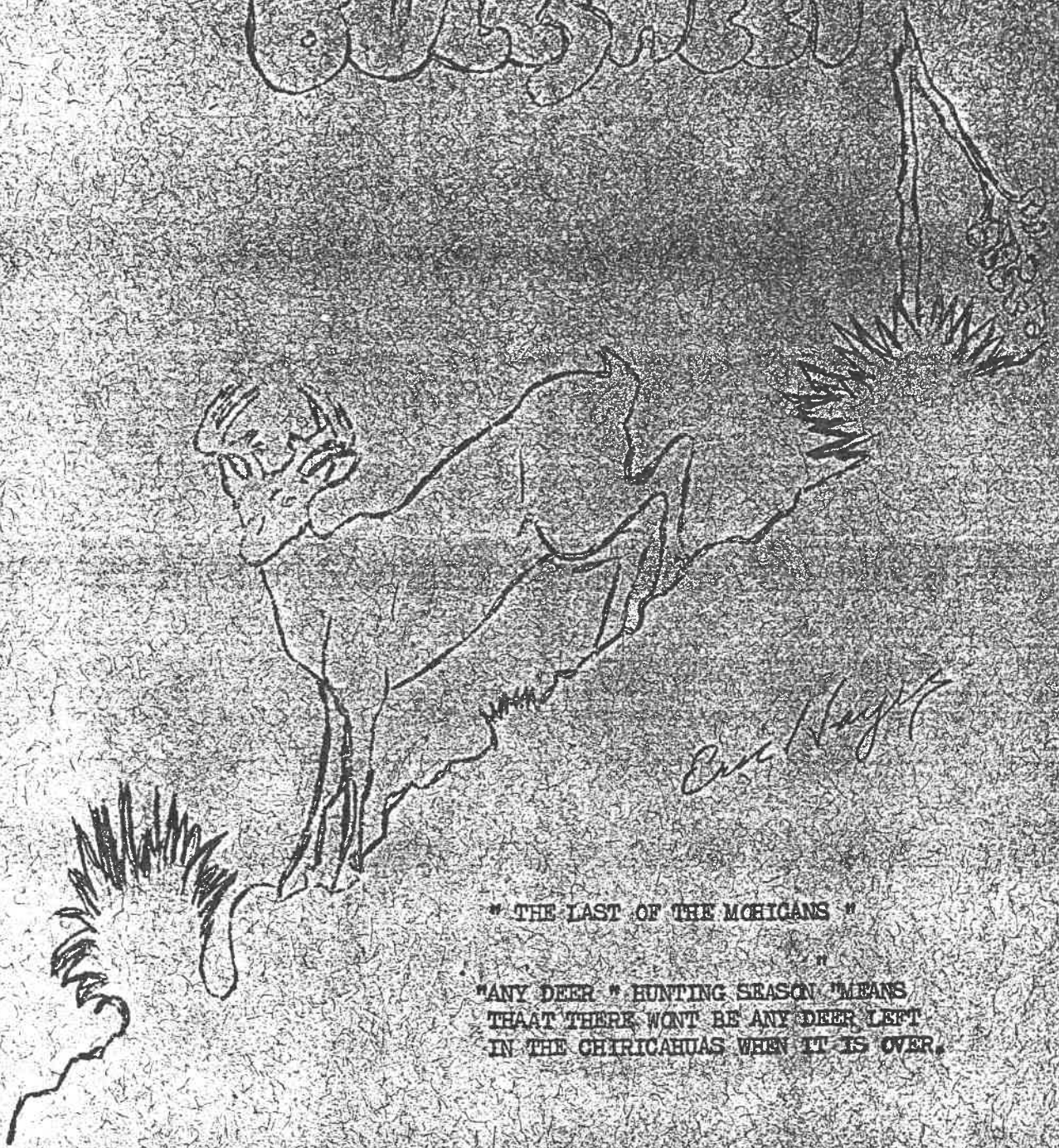


CHIRICAHUA

29

BULLHORN



Eric Knight

" THE LAST OF THE MICHIGANS "

"ANY DEER " HUNTING SEASON " MEANS
THAT THERE WON'T BE ANY DEER LEFT
IN THE CHIRICAHUAS WHEN IT IS OVER.

Portal, Arizona -

29

Oct. 27 1958

SHE WAS ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

The romance of Hamburger Charley Brown and the Lady at Oil City, Pennsy. seems to have gone on the rocks, as most of these May and December romances do sooner or quicker, generally sooner.

Even though it was inevitable, it is kind of sad. He had quit chewing tobacco, traded his old tobacco stained Henry V. Car for a spobless Chevy and made several other sacrifices to Dan Cupid, but he made the one big mistake of talking when he should have been listening. That is, writing a lot of stuff he didn't mean in a letter when he had better have been taking a siesta.

When the big love affair had just about completely come apart at the seams Charley brought his troubles to us and on the impulse of the moment we agreed to try and straighten the love path out for him, but after thinking it over and carefully weighing all the evidence we decided that it is one of those cases like someone had in mind when they said "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread".

So, we being foolish only part of the time and having no resemblance to an Angel at any time, decided that the least said the better; Therefore we sayeth NOTHING and it looks like about all Charley can say is "ADISS MI AMOR".

PORTAL POLITICS.

The school election was a pretty hot contest. It brought out a bigger vote than the primary election did. And the odd thing about it was that the two candidates, Tom Stafford and Carson Morrow are two of about the saddest old sacks in the country.

Tom was running on a strict economy platform and did quite a lot of campaigning. It was alleged that he even went so far as to haul a load of water melons down to the voting place with the names of prospective voters scratched on them. Tom says it isn't so.

The old cub didn't cut much of a figure as a candidate, he had nothing to offer but his good looks. In fact he didn't know he was in the race until the day before election and wasn't able to get to the polls to vote.

The final tabulation of the votes was; Stafford 15 --- Morrow 26. So the Portal School now has a trustee with a stainless

Steel rear end.

The Bull Ranch has been honored by a lot of distinguished visitors since the election. In truth all our visitors are distinguished for one thing or another and all of them mighty welcome.

Among the first were two members of the election board, Mrs Peg Troller and Mrs. Ruth Newman. They came up right away after the polls closed to administer the oath of office to the newly elected trustee which was quite a sporting thing to do under the circumstances because the defeated candidate was talking strongly of contesting the election and at least fifteen voters were dissatisfied with the outcome. No doubt by that time some of the ones who had voted for the Cub had begin to entertain serious doubts as to the wisdom of their choice and not without reason either.

On election day Doc Pugsley and Aunt Duck dropped in to see if the Cub was physically and mentally capable of holding an executive position on the Portal Board of Education. Doc was more gullible than aunt Duck. She seemed to think that the physical condition was almost completely null and void and she was damn right skeptical on the mental score but did grudgingly concede that the Cub might be a trifle more handsome than the opposing candidate. Aunt Nora wouldn't agree with her on that score by a long shot. Anyway after the smoke cleared Tom and Nora came up for a visit and to congratulate the Cub on his dubious victory.

ROYALTY--No less.

A few weeks ago the students of the Animas High School decided to break into the Big Time and act like town kids do. To get things going they first elected a King and Queen. Guess who they selected for those exalted jobs? You are right, Nobody but our own Miss Custy Miller and Mr. Billy Darnell, who both grew up to a height of better than four feet right here on the East slope of the Chiricahuas. Neither one of them is very big but they wont have any trouble ruling whatever domains they are King and Queen of. We are sort of vague on that point, somebody said that the school is going to put on a carnival and that they are going

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to ramrod that. We like to think that their jurisdiction covers, at least, the Animas and San Simon Valleys and the Pinaloncillo and Chiricahua Ranges of mountains

so by the time he walked both ways every day he didn't have too much poop left to carry water. He was probably about sixty years of age at that time.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Fifty Years ago running hot and cold water, bath tubs and flush toilets were practically unknown quantities everywhere west of El Paso and the fair City of Paradise, Arizona was no exception.

To call his abode a shack is somewhat of a mis-statement, it was located near the old Johnny Clark place about a mile down Turkey Creek below Paradise (The Clark place now belongs to Herman Kollmar, Slim Miller lived there until a year or so ago), Dutch Arthur's home was constructed of old pieces of scrap canvas, scrap lumber, sheet iron and about every other kind of junk building material. In the beginning he had an old ragged walled tent but he rolled a wheel barrow about everywhere he went except when he was carrying water and as he would accumulate enough material he would add another room until his place resembled a King sized Wood Rats nest more than anything else.

In its heyday that old mining camp boasted considerably more than one hundred habitable dwellings of various kinds, ranging from huts with bear grass roofs to walled tents, tents without walls, mine tunnels and rough lumber houses, (unpainted) until some years later not one of them had running water except what leaked thru the roof when it rained.

At times he supplemented his earnings from the water business by entertaining miners who had been on a binge and wanted to get out of town and sober up and groups of the girls and boys from "Across the Creek" (red light district) who liked to get out of town for a little outing occasionally. They would stay anywhere from a few hours to a few days and he would feed them and bed them down in his many roomed rag castle at a nominal charge.

The water supply came either from the creek or from shallow dug wells equipped in most cases with a well pulley and rope with which water was drawn by hand. Some of the better offs had a bucket on each end of the rope which sped up the process. While the full bucket was coming up the empty was going down.

The writer dont know how or where Old Dutch Arthur wound up his career but Bill Sanders, Ralph Morrow or Emma Maloney could probably tell you. Ask them some time they could probably tell you several good stories about the old podger.

That served very well for the creek bottom dwellers but a good part of the residences were back on the low mesas and ridges at some distance from the creek and shallow water. So nearly everybody living in those parts patronized one or the other of the two water services which came into being when the need arose.

Frank Barfield came to Paradise from somewhere in Texas, Via, Douglas, Arizona in the fall of 1903, as before stated his first business venture was the water business. Later on he hauled wood, ran a transfer business, hauled freight from San Simon and Rodeo by wagon and team and finally wound up in the goat business over in Round Valley.

One of the services was owned and operated by Frank K. Barfield who had a wagon and team of horses with several fifty gallon wooden barrels. He sold water at twenty five cents a barrel or five cents for a two gallon bucket full.

Frank, like most of the old time Freighters preferred hauling saloon supplies to hauling other commodities. Those old boys had a rather novel way of keeping themselves supplied with liquor. Most of the whiskey was shipped in sealed wooden barrels but the seals bothered them not at all. They would take a hammer or rock and drive one of the barrel hoops up an inch or so, then drive a spike through the barrel, drain out a quart or two of

The other water service was owned and operated by Old Dutch Arthur, (Arthur Walters) His equipment wasn't so elaborate as Barfield's. He had two five gallon oil cans, one hung on each end of a long pole which he carried across his shoulders like a Chinese Coolie. His price was ten cents per can. As he was a little bit cheaper in retail lots he would have given Barfield some pretty keen competition but for the fact that the water had to be conveyed anywhere from a quarter to three quarters of a mile, all up hill.

To make it a little tougher on Arthur

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in the hole and put the hoop back down over the peg.

When he first arrived in Paradise he had a wagon and team, a good looking wife several younger than he, a tent and an old spotted female hound dog named Queen. He later gave the hound to the Lee brothers and that was the beginning of their Pack of Lion Hunting Dogs with which they have caught well up into the hundreds of Mountain Lions and Tigres and have made themselves famous.

The Barfields had three sons, all born at Paradise, Alford, William and Carrol. Carrol died of pneumonia when he was just coming into manhood and is buried in the Paradise Cemetery. Alford died of cancer at Miami, Arizona two or three years ago and it is believed that William died somewhere in New Mexico a year or so before that.

Mr S Barfield passed away at Miami some time before Alford and we dont know but think old man Frank passed away at the Cochise County Hospital at Douglas, as most of our old timers did.

He was a tall bony old character and allways wore a mustache and chin whisker, He resembled the caricatures of "Uncle Sam" so much that at all of the Fourth of July Celebrations for several years he was dressed in a suit of red white and blue bunting, swallow tailed coath High Hat and all and after taking a few shots of Red Eye he played the part well of representing the United States of America in its most hilarious moods.

Z bar T

Like nearly everything else in this world, some cattle brands are more durable than others. In looking through our old brand book which lists all the cattle brands that were recorded with The Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board prior to July 1908, We find among about eleven thousand others, The Z bar T brand which is now owned by Herman Kollmar whose Headquarter Ranch is over on White Tail Canyon.

That brand has been in continuous use and walking around on cattle and horses since it was first placed on record by Edward McCarty of Paradise, Arizona in about 1904. He sold the brand along with what few cattle he had (likely less than twenty five) to Mrs. R. D. Hall soon after the Hall family bought the old Rock House Ranch (now Kollmars Hdqrs) from

Steve Mc Comas in about 1906. (Check with Frank Noland, we might be mistaken as to Mc Comas ownership)

When the Hall family went broke and sold out John Underwood bought the Ranch and livestock which were branded in several different brands. Underwood was killed in an accident in the Hill Top Mine a few years later and his widow married Ben Ericson who ran the ranch for a few years and sold out to Kollmar.

All the other brands owned by the Hall family were discontinued so there are now more cattle wearing the Z bar T brand than there ever was before .

At the time that brand was first recorded it would have been a number one candidate for the brand most unlikely to last very long. There were a number of big cattle outfits in the County like The San Simon Cattle Company, The Triangles, The XT, the Box M, The 7 12, and literally hundreds of smaller outfits, any one of which were a lot more stable than Ed Mc Cartys little Maverick outfit. He did not have a ranch or much of anything else except a horse and saddle and itchy feet.

SPORTSMEN and CHEAP SPORTS.

When all you sportsmen from town and elsewhere come out to the Chiricahuas to this coming hunting season to persue the wily Buck from hither to you and back to hither you will find that all the mountain people are for you and wish you all the success that is the true sportsmans due.

But to you crawling sliny creatures who come out from town and crawl out from under rotten logs to shoot our does and fawns we hope that every one of you fall down and break both hips, right close up.

In our opinion doe hunters are in the same category as worms, st ink bugs and Arizona Game Management technicians. We refer especially to the crack pot Game Management boys who recommended the forth coming " Any deer Season " to the doddering bunch of old geezers we have here in Arizona for Game Commissioners.

In the past when these arrogant empty heads recommended such hunts we deplored and resented it of course but were a little bit inclined to be tolerant because we thought they did it through ignorance but this time it is different as no one - not even they can possibly be that ignorant. (next page)

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There are now only a comparatively few deer left in the mountains and after two successive, exceptionally rainy seasons the forage is so abundant that the range could easily sustain ten times over the number of deer that are here.

Dont take our word for it, good Neighbors, come out and see for yourselves. when you take a look you will come to the same conclusion we have, and that is; That the State of Arizona has a group of employees in the Game Department who have forgotten or never did know that they are public servants, therefore care nothing for the public welfare and have recommended the "Any deer season" purely to show their contempt for we old Moss Backs who have consistently opposed and ridiculed their childlike modus operandi in the past.

It is another case of the servant attempting to become the master and by golly; they've just about got the job done.

The game boys are having a big Ball and you and me and the rest of the Great American Public are paying the fiddler in more ways than one ; We are not only allowing one of our natural resources to be destroyed but are paying fat salaries to a bunch of less than half wits to do the job.

GOVERNMENT

This community dont rate very highly with the big guns of questionable ability who are attempting to administer the U. S. Forest Service in the Chiricahuas from their plush lined offices over in Tucson.

And by the same token they dont rate very high with us . In some way those Cock-Sure hirelings of ours found out that Assistant Ranger Archie Rea is getting along with and is well liked by everybody here at Portal and is tending to his job just like it should be tended so they are transferring him to Canille, Arizona on November 16th. We will let you know about his, as yet unknown successor when he arrives and starts strutting his stuff.

TRES CABEZAS

The Southwest Research Station has gone into a partial state of hibernation for the winter. The summer crop of stud-

ents, Doctorologists and professors and other classes of Tres Cabezas have returned to their indoor studies, teaching jobs and various other ways of making a living without sweating.

There are three or four researchers staying at the Station through the winter. One of them is chasing bats, another is a game Management student who is attempting to feed varied colored dyes and pigments to deer so their droppings will be more easily counted and also more colorful and decorative to the Forest, and the third one is a professor of Forestry who puts in some of his time chasing his horse after he falls off.

Old Doc Montezuma Gazier bundled up his women folks a few days ago and pulled his freight for New York. We hope they bring Karen back early next spring, that little mountain baby isn't going to like it up there among those Manhattan Cliff Dwellers.

The season just past has been a tough one on the regular station Personnel, our old Companero Russ Clark came out of it kind of dragging one hind leg and Scotty Anderson is still somewhat on the puny side since his bout in the County Hospital.

Bill and Blanche Reed are the only ones of the lot who seems to have retained their robust appearance, but they were only there through part of the season.

GALVANIZED PRUNE PICKERS

From Monrovia California came Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bailey. They have been on our subscription list for some time but this was the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting them face to face, although they lived around this neck of the woods before they moved to Calif. some thirty years ago. Mrs. Bailey is a Texan but certainly dont look it, Ralph is a "Manito" Native New Mexican and dont look like anything else. If you know what we mean ?, In other words he looks like he has eaten a lot of "Carne Seca Y Frijoles" but could have eaten a lot more if he had had them.

He was born and grew up at Columbus New Mexico and was present when Pancho Villa made his famous raid on that fair city . Ralph is now some scrt of a Brass
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Coliar in some branch of the Railroaders Union and says that he is going to retire from that job before long and learn to read and write and then write a book about the Villa raid.

have raised a family of five fine children and several thousand head of white faced cattle.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

FOR SALE- Apartment size Bu-Gas range and connections, A-1 condition, \$45.00. Mrs. Leona Morrow, Portal, Arizona.

WANTED TO BUY - A good young horse. Nothing fancy. Would trade Grammy's stove and give some boot. Mikey Murphy. Portal, Arizona.

The Head Squaw from the Sulphur Canyon Reservation, Audrey Miller finally took a little time out from her multitude of various and sundry duties and paid us a short visit. We were mighty proud to see that lil old gal again.

Oscar Olney is busier than either the proverbial cat or the one armed paper hanger these days. He has gotten in the winter wood for the Bull Ranch and the Maloney ranch and some for himself and has been keeping most of the horses in the neighborhood shod and doctored a few screw worms in between other jobs.

FANCY PANTS

There have been quite a few Portal residents in and out of the County Hospital within the past few months and most of them have come out in better health than when they went in.

Sir Herbert Smith, owner and operator of a large cattle ranch near Rodeo, New Mexico has returned from an extended visit to the 'hold country, Merry 'hold 'Hengland, Dont you know?, Princess Margaret didn't come ba ck with him.

We mountain boys dont show up very good in comparison with the town gents down there, we are referring to clothing. When those lads check into the Hospital for operations etc. they generally have pretty, candy striped pajamas, a robe with a fancy ppiggin string tied around it and bedroom slippers and all that fancy stuff.

The Portal telephone exchange is having its face lifted or something. Blackie Stidham is smearing green paint on the exterior wood work in gobs, gallons and other large quantities.

When the old Cub checked in he only had mddy pair of pants, which were thrown in the waste basket pronto. Grammy did manage to dig up a clean pocket handkerchief from somewhere to leave with him and that was the size of his personally owned ward robe until she brought his clothes down to wear home. It is reliably reported that Scotty Anderson wasn't very much, if agy more fashionably clad.

It is within the realm of possibility that we will have some new neighbors before too long. Don Mc Craven and his charming wife (age 25 or so) were down from phoenix recently and looked at some nearby real estate with the view of buying.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

One of the few, if not the only man left in Arizona who knows how to harness and hook up ten or more head of horses to a wagon and string them out over a mountain road lives down on the East slope of the Chiricahuas. Cliff Darnell is the man. He and his good wife visited at the Bull Ranch a few days ago and it was really a treat. Since Cliff quit the jerk line freighting business he and Mrs. Darnell

On Sunday October 17, the Cub enjoyed telling quite a group of the good neighbors about his operation. Buford and Vivian Martin came up from Rodeo, Bill and Willie Sanders from Paradise and the Guy Miller family from Sulfur. Two of our good friends from the County Hospital, Mary Davis and Cleopatra Terry came by and left a note. We were over at the Dixon Orchard in White Tail Canyon mooching a box of apples. Sorry kids, come again.