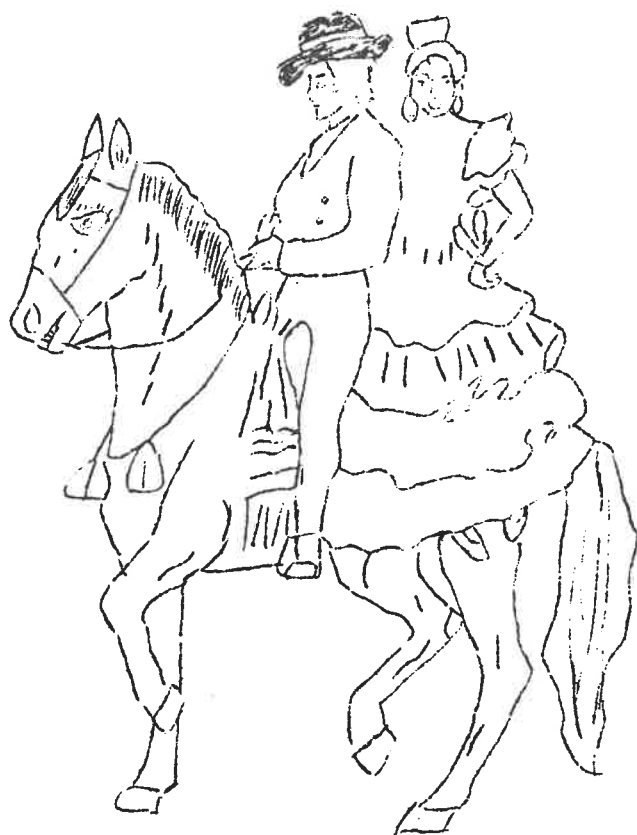


B A O O Z Y E E T
 C M U N S P K S



Black Hat Gang

In early days Paradise, Arizona had the distinction of having two residents who bore the same name, yet were not blood relations. Their names were Duncan McDonald. They were both Canadians by birth and followed mining and prospecting for a livelihood. There the resemblance ended. They were generally known as "Bull Hill" Dunc and "Narrow Face" Dunc.

Narrow Face came by his nickname honestly; he was a skinny hatchet faced guy and outside of being known as a first class hard rock miner, never did anything out of the ordinary.

Bull Hill was cast in an entirely different mold. He got his nickname from having been Mayor of Bull Hill, Colorado before he came to the Chircahuas. He was a stocky built husky fellow and always in for a good time, be it playing a joke or a drinking bout. He only worked in the mines for wages to make a grub stake and then he was off on a prospecting trip or to do the assessment work on some of the mining claims he had located.

He held several claims in Indian Creek and had done quite a lot of development work on them. In about 1907 or 08 he ran short of grub and went out to work for wages to replenish the larder. While he was away a fellow by the name of Clare or Claire who held some claims over in Wood Canyon at what is now known as the old Bob Taylor cabin, came over the divide and jumped his claims.

When Bull Hill came back and saw what had happened he loaded up his 30x30 and headed for Wood Canyon. We only have his story for what happened when he arrived there but the way he told it was undoubtedly true as there were only two eye witnesses and after the smoke cleared away there was only one...Bull Hill. He could have told any kind of story he wanted to or none at all and it would have been next to impossible to convict him of killing Clare, but he evidently made no attempt whatever to make the affair look any worse or any better for him than it was. He said that when he arrived at Clare's cabin early in the morning that he called out, "Come out here Clare you dirty son of a bitch. I'm going to kill you." and that when Clare walked to the door unarmed he shot him through the heart.

He then walked from Wood Canyon to Paradise where he surrendered to the law; saying "Old Clare is dead, I killed the old Soan--- over in his cabin this morning." When he came to trial at Tombstone he went on the witness stand; which according to law he wasn't obliged to do, and told substantially the same story which would add up to First Degree Murder in just about any Court. No doubt the jury was swayed to find him guilty of Homicide in a lesser degree by the testimony of his many friends, who flocked to Tombstone to testify as to his good moral character and integrity. His own straight forward story probably didn't leave any doubt in the jury's minds as to his integrity and little doubt as to his fool hardiness. Be that as it may Bull Hill was sentenced to five years at hard labor in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. He only served part of the sentence and was Pardoned or Paroled. He came to Bisbee and worked in the mines for several months - then mysteriously disappeared. Several months later his body was found in the hills near Bisbee. The evidence indicated that Bull Hill had ended his own life with the same gun he had used to wind up Clare's career.

It is thought that "Narrow Faced Dunc" died in the County Hospital some years later.

RIVALRY

These Rodeo Boys and Gals are just not going to be out done by us Portal folks. When Pilar Merrill heard about the increase in the horse population of Portal he went down to Douglas and purchased a super-Nag.

Orville White who sold him the Charger said that Pilar gave him the following description of the kind of horse he wanted and that he just happened to have a horse freshly imported from Agua Prieta, Sonora that filled the bill: Good Cow Horse; Good Wagon Horse; Good Plow Horse - absolutely gentle; able to carry Pilar and his Wife and kids all at the same time; able to overtake a wild steer with the family aboard and keep up with the steer while the family builds loops and passes them

forward to Pilar until he catches the steer; requires no feed other than table scraps and cotton stalks.

Some Hoss, sez we.

LION TAMER

Yes sir; we now have a full fledged Lion Tamer right here in the Canyon and she has a real live Mountain Lion to tame.

Bill Miller's old pet Lioness that he keeps to raise Cubs for Dade hunting parties gave birth to three little ones instead of the usual two a while back so he gave one of them to the outlaw lady Alice Anderson.

This little fellow is nice and gentle now and eats out of Alice's hand. It is understood that these animals are generally nice and gentle that way until they are a year or two old, then instead of eating out of the hand they try to eat the hand and the trainers body along with it.

The lion under discussion is in for quite a sad surprise when it starts that, especially if it misses the first lick.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

As a rule we don't re-print anything that has been printed before but the following quoted (A.P.) release from Phoenix is so much in line with what we have been telling you for the past two years and so conclusively proves that we have at least two sane State Representatives we feel justified in re-printing it.

SENATE KILLS BILL TO INCREASE FEES

Phoenix--(AP)--A Senate-approved bill raising hunting and fishing license fees has been killed in the House County Affairs Committee.

The committee yesterday voted 12-4

to kill the bill with Reps. Charles Bloomquist (D-Cochise) and Merle Hays (D-Maricopa) leading the way.

Bloomquist, committee chairman, said he would not approve an increase in the fees until the department "got rid of its technicians and biologists" and left game management to men like Game Ranger Ralph Morrow of the Douglas area.

However the Bill was subsequently brought out of Committee and passed both Houses, was signed by the Governor and is now a law.

Representatives Bloomquist and Hays changed their minds when they learned that the Technicians are so firmly seated in the saddle (the Director of the Game and Fish Department being one of them) and that the old line Game Rangers would probably be booted out of the Service on account of shortage of funds instead of the Technicians unless revenues were increased.

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Miss Katie A. Noland, whose address, at the time we are talking about (prior to 1908) was San Simon, Arizona, registered this brand with the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board. Several years later she married Carl Washburn, who was just about tops as a Mountain Cowboy.

Katie had a nice little bunch of cattle when they were married and Carl soon built it into a nice big herd of cattle. The time and the place was right for a young man of Carl's ability to do his stuff.

For several years the San Simon Cattle Company who owned the majority of the cattle in the Chiricahuas had been hiring most of their cowboys out of the cotton patches in Texas and those "Lints" as they were commonly called on account of the cotton lint still clinging to their clothing when they arrived here; simply couldn't catch and brand the wild mountain calves, so within a few years

there were plenty of grown cattle without brand or earmark. In accordance with the customs of that time after a calf was weaned from it's Mother, it belonged to whoever caught and branded it. So it wasn't very long until there were more Four H Four cattle than there were San Simons.

Carl bought the old Marshall Estes Ranch on the North fork of Cave Creek and moved the biggest part of his cattle into the Cave Creek and East Turkey Creek basins. No one ever knew how many; but well up into the hundreds.

He was a big amiable fellow and was well liked and got along well with individuals but when he moved into Cave Creek he locked horns with Government Bureaucracy and came in a poor second which finally added up to bankruptcy for him. No doubt he had a permit on the National Forest for some cattle but subsequent events pretty conclusively showed that he didn't have a permit for as many as he should have had. He was of the old school and like most of the cattlemen of that time fudged the grazing capacity of his range by the amount of water and grass in sight and not by what some Rule Book Forest Ranger decided it should be. Nor had he acquired the habit that a lot of people have now-a-days of kow-towing to every pip squeak Government employee that Uncle Sam has mistakenly gotten on his payroll.

So it wasn't very long before he was hauled into Federal Court for trespassing on a National Forest. By the time he got through paying fines, penalties, lawyer fees, etc., the Four H Four outfit was just about on the rocks. The remanent of the cattle were sold to Buford Martin's Father and Carl moved to the Animas Valley, started another ranch and lived there until he passed over the great divide a few years ago.

At the time we have been telling you about, just about everything in Cave Creek wore the Four H Four brand, but now the only thing we know of that wears it is a big brass cow bell hanging on Jack Maloney's front gate. Jack keeps it there to warn him when the Game Warden is coming.

The United States may be getting about a thousand years ahead of its horses by thinking the Russians will use Atomic Age devices to wipe us off the map, if and when they get ready to do the job. It is pretty generally known that those weapons would not only kill just about every living thing but would demolish manufacturing plants, homes and everything else. And how much better for those Bullet Heads it would be to just wipe out practically all the people and have everything else intact so they could come over unmolested to take over.

Impossible; you are crazy! etc.etc. - OK - OK - Maybe we are crazy and maybe it is impossible (we hope so too) but before you become too sure and complacent about it. Read up on a little - not too ancient History concerning the Bubonic Plague (Bacillus-Pestis) and a few other similar disease epidemics that have just about exterminated the human race in the past.

There are doubtless other diseases which are as much or more contagious and malignant than the Bubonic Plague but since it was first recorded in the year AD 52 and as yet there is no known cure for it, and it is almost always fatal, lets use it as an example.

As this is only a dream anyway (we hope) let us suppose that the Russians now have (and they damned well might) several hundred or thousand agents scattered throughout every city and community in this country fully equipped to start a Bubonic Plague epidemic on a predetermined, fixed date.

The Encyclopedia says "The disease is spread by Rats, Fleas, Contaminated food, water, air, or insects such as Flies, Bugs, Ants, etc. So it follows that about all the equipment the agents would need to do a first class job would be a culture of the disease and some rat traps. The disease is known to still prevail in Africa and China.

As the germs of this disease take from three to eight days to incubate, the Agents would have time to decamp out of the country before the fun starts; so it wouldn't be a Kamikaze

TRES CABEZAS

We hope you laymen or local Yokels (as we are commonly thought of and referred to by some of our visiting Scientists at the South West Research Station) don't get any wrong impressions of the so called Researchers; 99 percent of them are the real McCoy and darned nice people to boot. The other 1% are a bunch of half-baked egg heads who have been exposed to a College education but missed the boat.

It is not any more difficult to sort the Sheep from the Goats than it is people in other walks of life. The honest-to-God scientists are just ordinary people who generally don't break more than seven or eight of the Ten Commandments in any one day, have a real mission in life and are going about accomplishing it in a sound, methodical way. Treating everyone with whom they come in contact about like we all treat one another.

It is impossible to name all the ways in which the minority group demonstrate their egg-headedness because, much as we dislike admitting it, they are people too. However, they do seem to have a few traits in common aside from a Myriad of individual idiosyncrasies. They generally assume a "greater than thou" attitude toward we yokels and if there is a sort of un-American individual or group of people anywhere in the country they prefer associating with them rather than with the run-of-the-mill natives.

So, good neighbors, let's just assume that all Scientists are good fellows and help them in any way we can until the odd-ball begins showing his "Buckskin" color.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Italy has their leaning "Tower of Pisa" but they're not too far ahead of Portal. One of our good neighbors has a house that is leaning a lot further in proportion than that Dago Tower.

The house is just across the crook back of the store and belongs to...

structure nearby, which, to say the least is unusual. It is constructed of little pine poles with wire strung around amongst them and somewhat resembles a bird trap but he says it's a horse corral. It will probably be alright if his horse don't snooze too loud and knock it down.

Mayor Allen Koff of Lordsburg accompanied by what appeared to be a couple of Eastern Capitalists, visited the Southwestern Research Station and the Bull Ranch, recently. The Mayor predicts a bright future for Cave Creek, Smart Boy.

California had some distinguished visitors a few days ago. Doctor Bill Creighton and his good Wife toured the southern part of that state and visited George and Sir Bradt at Sopori, enroute. Doctor Bill says George has changed a lot and now acts almost human most of the time.

The high mucky-do-muck of the Border Patrol from El Paso, Mr. Gordon Pettin-gill visited the Bull Ranch recently but rushed back to his arduous duty of keeping his foot on the desk before the Cub got back from taking Mikey to school. So didn't have a chance to interview him. Oh, well, most of these Government men don't know anything worth printing anyway.

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THE HOOT OWL SAYS

It's time to bethe again. The mesquites are in full leaf so there is no further danger of frost. Some folks say they have soon the mesquites got frost bitten but darned if we ever did.

That a dog opens his eyes when he is nine days old and a Government employeo opens his at 9 a.m.

That Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neuens of Kent, Connecticut will move to Arizona this summer.

That Hamburger Charlie has the nest all newly feathered and is awaiting the arrival of the ladybird from Oil City. That is he has the house cleaned up and painted.