City blows smoke at state law

By Samantha Monroe
The Tombstone Epitaph

The old Tombstone High School building, which has been vacant since 2005, is back on the market and available for prospective buyers.

Tombstone Unified School District board members voted to terminate its 20-year lease agreement with Bill Smith of J&W Transformations in 2010, according to Tombstone High School Principal Susan Mitchell. Smith was not the only party to propose buying the property, but Mitchell stated, “I knew that property would take a while to sell but I did not think it would take this long.” He explained, “As you can notice, the price has been reduced significantly over the years.”

Smith approached the board two years ago about buying and turning the old Tombstone High School building into an apartment complex, which would later be called the Grand Oriental Hotel. The concept was to keep the existing school architecture and create an interior that would be reflective of Tombstone’s history.

“In the end, he couldn’t do it. He had an idea and he wanted to do for Tombstone what he would have done for his town and would have provided a lot of opportunities for people,” Mitchell said.

Instead of offering the full, listed amount, which at that point was set at $2.3 million, the J&W Transformations owners would pay $1.5 million and complete some of the school sports fields located at the new high school. But before J&W Transformations and the school district could proceed, officials discovered the new school could not accept federal funding for school properties. As a result, a Memorandum of Understanding was drawn, which allowed Smith to be on a 20-year lease. The agreement states Smith would have the option to buy out the lease after five years.
Top brass senior students pass muster to enlist

By Samantha Munsey
The Tombstone Epitaph

With graduation fast approaching at Tombstone High School, some seniors see enlisting as a way to explore their career opportunities after they receive their diplomas. Marcus Albright and Raymond Atzbach, two such students, and have decided to work in fields that pertain to their unique interests. Albright is looking into becoming a gunsmith after graduation, while Atzbach plans to be a linguist in the Army.

For Albright, his interest in firearms in sterile backdrops and the Knowledge Bowl.

Albright wants to go into the Navy as a linguist because he thinks the job will be interesting and he comes from a military family background. "I’m really happy with my choice,” Albright said. "I wanted to become a linguist because I would like to do something related to the intelligence field."

Albright has also been involved in activities in high school including football teams, track and field and Future Business Leaders of America.

"I think that it is great these students have formed very well and I am very proud of the program," Gross said. "They have shown a lot of leadership qualities that they will be able to take with them when they go into basic training.”

Since coming to high school Albright has been involved in sports and academic activities such as the basketball and cross-country teams and the Knowledge Bowl.

Albright, who plans to go into the Navy as a linguist because he thinks the job will be interesting and he comes from a military family background. "I’m really happy with my choice,” Albright said. "I wanted to become a linguist because I would like to do something related to the intelligence field."

Albright has also been involved in activities in high school including football teams, track and field and Future Business Leaders of America.

"I think that it is great these students have formed very well and I am very proud of the program,” Gross said. "They have shown a lot of leadership qualities that they will be able to take with them when they go into basic training.”

"It was kind of an unusual lease and took lawyers months to draw up," Uterhardt said. "Because there was not able to show big progress or provide money for the property since signing the agreement, board members had to look to other offers and options and for the school.

"As the local edition of The Tombstone Epitaph is published by the students of the University of Arizona School of Journalism under the direction of Professor Terry L. Wimmer, Ph.D.

The local edition of The Tombstone Epitaph is published by the students of the University of Arizona School of Journalism under the direction of Professor Terry L. Wimmer, Ph.D.

The corporation granted permission for the use of the name of the local edition of The Tombstone Epitaph for February 2, 1975.

Contact Us
School of Journalism
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona 85721-0158
E-mail: twimmer@email.arizona.edu
Phone: (520) 824-3675

Subscriptions
Annual subscriptions are available by sending a $25 check to The School address. Please make checks out to The Tombstone Epitaph.

Gunslinger takes aim at keeping sport alive

By Haley Caldwell
The Tombstone Epitaph

Watching a Cowboy Action Shooting competition is like being submerged into an old Hollywood Western film. Complete with aliens and 19th-century costumes, this 35-year-old sport attracts competitors from around the world.

Tombstone resident Charlene McMahon, 72, said she knows this sport very well and is a tailor-made for Tombstone the world’s most accurate firearms.

"There are many women who can draw and shoot faster than me, but in this competition I hit the targets the most accurately under one second,” Charlene said. "Cowboy action shooting is that, draw, aim and hit your targets in a single second."

Single Action Shooting Society officials, the governing association of Cowboy Action Shooting, require that every mother have a shooting alias. McMahon calls herself Ms. Charmaine.

She and her husband Pat McMahon, also known as Blaze Kinkaid, traveled around the West Coast for years in SASS events. "All of the time I got to spend with Pat (McMahon) was great," Charlene McMahon said. "We have won competitions held in Arizona, Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, Nevada, Utah, California and New Mexico.

"Yes, we definitely have traveled a lot," Pat McMahon said. "Being a gunslinger is a great shooter and it was always something fun for the both of us."

However, Charlene McMahon said her competitive days have come to an end. She said she now enjoys attending at competitions rather than participating in them, and is happy watching the games continue to thrive.

"I'm really happy with my choice," Atzbach said. "I wanted to become a linguist because I think the job will be interesting and I am very proud of them." Gross said. "They have shown a lot of leadership qualities that they will be able to take with them when they go into basic training.”

Alan Street experiences a low amount of visitors on Friday, April 20. The summer months are a struggle for local Tombstone businesses owners.
Parade weathers gloom, comes up roses

By Rebecca Rillos

The frigid, rainy Saturday afternoon in April brightened briefly as the town celebrated the 127th bloom of the World’s Largest Rose Tree.

Tombstone’s rose tree was in full bloom on April 14, when tourists and locals alike flocked to Allen Street to watch the annual parade. Motorcyclists and flag bearers led the parade through Tombstone’s historic downtown as hundreds of other participants followed. Marching bands from schools, including Sierra Vista High School and Tombstone High School, performed for the crowd while women dressed in 1800s-style clothing tossed candy.

The 2012 Rose Queen and her court rode in from a float featuring a large paper rose tree. Emily Addington, 15 and who attends Tombstone High School, was crowned this year’s Rose Queen on Friday night under the tree. Jodie Steinbach, 17, and Desteny Bales, 16, were also awarded places on the rose court.

The weekend’s events also included a lunchbox auction, a roundtable discussion about Tombstone’s history, a pet parade and an “Art in the Park” that featured student artwork.
IT TAKES A SET TO EAT BALLS

One ballypaper reporter refuses to drop Rocky Mountain oysters story

By Sam Grossman
The Tombstone Epitaph

Sam Grossman takes a bite of a Rocky Mountain Oyster at the second annual Beer n’ Balls Festival at the Four Deuces Saloon and Grill in Tombstone, Ariz. on April 14.

Food Network’s RMO Stew Recipe
Ingredients: 2 pounds large bull testicles, 1 cup all-purpose flour, salt and freshly ground black pepper, vegetable oil or shortening

Directions:
1) With a very sharp knife, split the tough skin-like muscle that surrounds each testicle (use a very sharp knife). You can also remove the skin easily if the meat is frozen and then peeled while thawing.
2) In a large oven-proof skillet, add canola oil and heat until it starts to smoke.
3) Toss into flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and toss thoroughly in the flour mixture.
4) In a large oven-proof skillet, add canola oil and heat until it starts to smoke.
5) A garlic and onion section and cast iron skillet. Setting quickly so as not to burn the garlic and onion section.
6) Remove from oven and let rest for approximately 10 minutes so flavors enhance.
7) Serve with chives or crispy brown.

Food Newtork’s RMO Stew Recipe
Ingredients: 2 pounds large bull testicles, 1 cup all-purpose flour, salt and freshly ground black pepper, vegetable oil or shortening

Directions:
1) Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F.
2) Remove outer membrane from the testicles and slice into 1-inch disks.
3) Toss into flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and shake of any excess.
4) In a large, oven-proof skillet, add canola oil and heat until it starts to smoke.
5) Add garlic and onion section and cast iron skillet. Setting quickly so as not to burn the garlic and onion section.
6) Remove from oven and let rest for approximately 10 minutes so flavors enhance.
7) Serve with chives or crispy brown.

By Sam Grossman
The Tombstone Epitaph

T

here’s an event in Tombstone on the 14th called “Beer n’ Balls,” said Amanda Seely, ad

it in the Tombstone Epitaph. The class

room, exchanging puzzled looks and wondering what the ball this event was.

“Beer n’ Balls is a festival at Four Deuces Saloon in which people drink beer and eat Rocky Mountain oysters,” she said after a few seconds of silence.

As soon as I heard the words “Rocky Mountain oysters,” I immediately cringed. I had seen them on the Travel Channel time and time again, and I always said to myself, “That is one thing I will never eat.”

For those of you who don’t know, a Rocky Mountain oyster is a bull testicle. Grossed out yet? Well, you will be.

My professor, who loved the story idea, was asking for a brave soul to take on this gruesome task: eating testicles, “she said after a few seconds of silence.

It felt like forever before he said, “I’m looking at you, Sam.” At that point I knew, by nightfall April 14, I would have a Rocky Mountain oyster in my stomach — also known as the grossout thing on this planet.

I grew up in Chicago, a city filled with meat, meat and more meat. You can’t go a mile without seeing at least one restaurant selling hot dogs or Italian beef, and for

good reason — they are absolutely mouthwatering and each bite is packed with flavor. As a kid, I never ate too many because I was afraid I would not be able to eat it all. Now I knew I would never try.

When I arrived at the Four Deuces Saloon and Grill on that drizzly Saturday morning — precisely at 11 a.m. — my anxiety and nerves started building. I could hear my stomach growling, but I wasn’t sure why. Was I just hungry? Or did my stomach know that soon I would be balls in it and the rumbling was a message: Don’t do it, Sam.

I truly believe it was a combination of both. There was no issue with the oysters; they would be ready until 1 p.m. Great.

I set and got to think about eating this unusual food for another two hours. To distract myself — or at least to attempt distraction — I walked down Allen Street, watching the annual Rose Parade with hands of other people.

I knew I would never taste anything this horrific again, at least I hope not. Immediately after biting down I felt everything on the interior of the ball re-fuse into my mouth. I try not to think what exactly it was that exploded in my mouth. I was so glad I was one bite was enough. They say don’t judge a book by its cover, but this time, the cover could not have been more spot on.

After a week of anticipation and anxiety, I had finally finished. And I felt somewhat accomplished. I tried something I never thought in a million years that I would. Still, I hope I never have to again.

People told me before I ate them, that bull balls taste like chicken. Maybe my taste buds were off that day, but to me, the Rocky Mountain Oyster wasn’t even close to chicken. The only way to truly know what this fare tastes like is to get out and try them for yourself.

Maybe you’ll like them so much you go out, buy a ball and make them yourself. Or maybe not.