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THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published May 13, 1957,
at or near that City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, PORTAL, Arizona.

BIRTH & CONCEPTION

Now that our first edition has been published and distributed, Praised by a few and Damned by Many, but at least read by the Most before it found its last resting place with Mr. Chick Sales, we feel that "our public" should be further enlightened about the Conception, Birth, Editorial Staff, etc. etc. etc. of The Chiricahua Bull Sheet.

CONCEPTION OF THE C.B.S.

The Editor, before he got to be editor, fixed the Cub reporter, before he got to be Cub Reporter, up with a Bona fide Bull Slingers license so the old Cub right away began to look for bigger and better ways to do the job. A few days later as usual he was hanging around in everybodys way up at the Southwest Research Station, when he spied a new Mimeograph. He remarked "I need that in my Business, let's start a newspaper", and the Editor to be, called his Bluff Quick. Which didn't please the Cub too much, because what he was really trying to do was keep some sort of a conversation going until the dinner bell rang and hoping that he would get a Bid to eat some of Mrs. Goodner's good cooking.

BIRTH OF THE C.B.S.

The Cub scribbled a lot of more or less truthful blurbs about the Community in general and then by pre-arrangement his Chubby little Wife came and took him home before the real work started. The Editor really got took, he Edited the Scribbles, furnished the machinery, stencils, ink and paper. Ran the

Mimeograph, did all the folding and addressing, had his stenographer do all the typing and that's about all except that he did buy the stamps and give the Cub his lunch. Further we sayeth not.

EDITORIAL STAFF

At the present time our entire staff consists of only the Editor, the Cub Reporter, the Printer, typist and any other sucker who happens to be vulnerable. We know it would be more dignified if we had a lot of High Brass such as Presidents, Vice Presidents, executive committees and all that stuff, but the Portal Telephone association used up all that kind of people before we went into business.

QUALIFICATIONS OF OUR STAFF

The Editor learned to print while he was in the first grade and he is a full grown man now with whiskers nearly a foot long.

The Cub Reporter started his newspaper career in 1906 as the printers devil on the Paradise Record and his face had begun to get a little bit longer at that time.

The typist is a little Peach and knows her stuff on a typewriter. For any further information contact Jim Hand, Glenn Isaacson or any other single Buck around here.

On account of circumstances which will probably exist until about September we won't make much comment on the Printer but will say in passing that she has some very pregnant ideas.

COST TO SUBSCRIBER

The nominal sum of Nothing. Anyone who feels that to be exorbitant please let us know and we will cancel your subscription and refund your money with no questions asked.

DISTRIBUTION

We don't know whether or not LaVerne will allow us to clutter up her Post Office again. We sort of sneaked up on her the first time. If not, maybe Phil will make delivery for us by Pony Express.

PORTAL SCHOOL PICNIC

An excellent Barbecue dinner was cooked and served by those two famous old Beef Scorchers, Bill Sanders and Oscar Olney. They also served a novelty to this area, which was White Beans. Bill says they have less fire Power than the old style Frizoles and are therefore more suitable for large crowds. The usual Pie and Cake and other trimmings were also dished out in quantity by the school mothers and grandmas free of charge.

The Baseball Game between the Women and Kids was more of a study in female depravity than a sports event as the Women Brazenly cheated the Kids out of the game. One of the gals even socked her own son in the eye with a Bat to keep him from Scoring and Gretchen deliberately tripped Little Joe Richards to keep him from making first.

The Game between the Chiricahua Mountaineers and the Nesters from Apache was even worse. Right at the beginning the Apache School Marm appointed herself Referee and without saying a word, intimidated our Players until they were afraid to do their stuff. They all just took one look and began to do anything they could to keep from winning. Birt Roberds fell down between bases and couldn't or wouldn't get up until Ben Pague and Ed Epley both stumbled over him and fell down too, so we lost three

runs right there. Then Bill Sanders jumped about four feet high trying to catch a hot grounder and let three Nesters score before he could talk little Stanley Payne into going after the ball. And in addition to that and a lot more of about the same, the Nesters took every unfair advantage known to the inhabitants of the San Simon Valley.

The only break we got during the whole game was when they put Freddie Darnell up to Bat. He is so "geed up in the get along" that he could only make first base when he hit a Home Run. His Wife told somebody that he got Bunged up by Packing Figgin strings to the Cowboys at Rodeos.

It seems like you can't have a Picnic without a little oratory. LaVerne made quite a lengthy presentation speech and then handed our little School Marm a large beribboned package as a Present of Gratitude and appreciation from all the Portal residents. We didn't see the contents but it must have been pretty good because somebody told somebody else and they told us that it was some kind of Kitchen Ware that had been handed around from one to another for the past several years as Xmas present, Wedding present, Birthday present, etc.

APACHE NESTERS SCHOOL PICNIC

We didn't have an official representative at that Soiree because we weren't invited. However somebody told us quite a lot about it, we don't remember exactly who it was but to the best of our recollection it wasn't Ralph Kimble. Whoever it was said that they didn't have much grub to begin with and that Pilar Merrill and the School Trustees elbowed everybody else out and ate nearly all of that. But luckily Gus Kimble had struck a bargain in Soda Pop and had bought a whole truck load of it for nearly nothing. So they just filled all the Kids up on Soda Pop until they quit crying for something to eat and then sent Audrey and June and Smithy up to our Picnic to try and Peddle the rest of it to our Kids at two Bits a

Bottle, but our little darlings were full of Beef and Chicken and Pic and all that kind of stuff so it didn't work. However they did sell one Bottle to Little Eric Ludwig, but after he told them what he was going to do with it they softened up and gave his money back.

We are not going to name all the persons who attended these two Gala affairs for fear that some Sheriff somewhere might get hold of it. So we'll just say in conclusion that among those who did not attend the Portal Picnic Were: Senator Hayden, John Schad, Barry Goldwater and Ike.

In view of the Soda Pop episode it is thought that Dave Beck attended the Apache affair. However looking at it from another angle, Mahatma Ghandi would have felt right at home too.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

QUONG KEE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY IN THE LATE SEVENTIES as a coolie and worked on the Southern Pacific Railroad which was building from the west coast to the East. After the R.R. was completed he ran restaurants and Boarding houses at Tombstone, Gleeson, Courtland, Pearce, Willcox, Paradise and Hilltop and other places in southern Arizona. He was a generous man and any hungry Prospector, Miner or cowboy was always sure of a meal at Quongs whether he had any money or not. Some of them payed him later on but most of them didn't as a good many of the old timers thought it no wrong to cheat a chinaman or to play a practical joke on him. Quong had quite a sense of humor and occasionally played a joke in return but was never known to resort to law to collect a board bill.

One winter when times were hard Quong was running a restaurant in Willcox and several cowboys were out of a job and laying around town, eating at Quongs on the cuff. Finally he told them that he was about broke too but that if they would go out and shoot some jack rabbits he would make jack rabbit pie and continue to feed them until they could get work.

They readily agreed and did go out and shoot a few rabbits but soon tired of it and just left it up to Quong to get his rabbits anyway he could. He kept right on feeding them Rabbit Pie for sometime although no one ever saw him go out hunting.

The day finally came when in spite of Quongs thrift and ingenuity he could no longer feed his Star Boarders so when they were all assembled at the counter and had begun banging on their plates and yelling for their usual Jack Rabbit Pie, Quong calmly picked up the meat cleaver and announced "NO MORE JACK RABBIT PIE, LITTLE PUPPY DOG HE ALL GONE".

There was a wild scramble for the back door and sure enough the gang of mangy dogs which generally hung around Quongs for a hand out wasn't there any more.

Generally the Chinese of Quongs era eventually acquired considerable wealth and returned to China before they died so their bones could rest amongst those of their ancestors or arranged for their bones to be shipped back to the old country if they died here.

No doubt Quong hoped his carcass would be disposed of in the same manner but he was too busy feeding unappreciative bums and stray dogs to save any money to take care of the situation when it arose. After he had passed well beyond the three score and ten year mark and was no longer able to work he drifted back to a little shack he owned in the outskirts of Tombstone and there slowly starved to death. No one knows how long he was without food but finally someone came along and found him just before he died and he was sent to the Cochise County Hospital where he lived a short time before he cashed in.

What thoughts Quong had of the Hundreds of Hungry people he had fed, while he lay in his shack starving can only be surmised.

Ordinarily after a good horse is ridden to death and the varnents and buzzards have picked his bones he is left in peace but no such luck for Quong. His spirit escaped to whatever kind of Heaven a Chinaman goes to and his body was quietly and economically laid away in a paupers grave at Bisbee. But he hadn't gotten good and cold until he was dug up, placed in a nice coffin and taken to Tombstone and re-interred with all the pomp and fanfare usually accorded to great or near great. The City of Bisbee threatened to Sue the City of Tombstone for stealing Quong and the Newspapers ran Box car headlines on the affair for several days.

WHAT THE HELL???? had someone remembered old Quong for the good he had done while he was alive??? Of course not; The Town council of Tombstone had decided that Quong would be quite a good attraction for their "Boot Hill Cemetery" which they are using to Lure tourists. So the "Molican" people kept right on exploiting poor old Quong in death the same as they did in life.

QUIZZICAL QUIZZES AND DIZZY REPLIES

What resident at the mouth of Cave Creek Canyon is too busy writing to wave at his neighbors any more? cxc

The old Buzzard Who Prefers fallow Blonds. cm

After consulting a map of the Chiricahua's printed at about the time Ralph's Brother was in his prime it looks as if a certain old timer doesn't know the north fork of Horseshoe Canyon from the middle fork. Jim Grunig would still like to see the road up the north fork.

SHOT FROM AMBUSH by an unidentified B-----!

Sometime ago some lousy rat reported Doc Pugsley to the authorities for Practicing Medicine without a License.

The ensuing investigation disclosed that Doc Was Not Guilty as Charged:

Now if Doc had been accused of being a little too Big Hearted and Helpful to everyone for Miles around we would have all Testified that he Was guilty. He Continuously wears out his automobile and tires and burns up his gasoline and neglects helping Ann with the dishes to help everybody who is in trouble and the only pay he gets is what little pleasure he derives from Ramming just about all of us in the rear end with his old Dull Needle from time to time, or should we say from grunt to groan.

We sincerely hope that the person who reported Doc has a one way ticket to Timbuctoo and uses it right away. It is rumored that a louse collector will be in these parts soon.

GEOLOGY OR ETIMOLOGY. WHICH?

Ugh, means yes, no or maybe in about any Indian language but through an exhaustive experiment carried on over a Period of more than two years at the Southwest Research Station we have finally learned definitely that it means "Dammed of I Know" when used by an English speaking Geologist. In the beginning we were trying to find out whether or not what appeared to be a human track in a piece of Sandstone was the real McCoy or just a freak of Nature. But we have asked every good geologist and probably some not so good that has visited the Station about it and to date that is the only reply we have gotten. So maybe we should try some other kind of an ologist. What about it Jim Grunig?

ROMANCE

Larry Dixon and his cute little Bride of a few weeks are taking over the lookout job for the Forest Service at Sentinel Peak. Can you imagine spending a Honeymoon in a love nest built on top of a hundred foot Tower? "That's for the Birds".

We didn't get into Business in time to publish anything about Sam and Josie Mosley's Wedding so we will just wish them a lot of Happiness.

To any of you folks that haven't met these old Kids we'll just say as a sort of Introduction, that Josie is one of the Sweetest gals who ever grew up in this Country and old Sam is a grand guy but if you ever play Poker with him don't bet too much on two Pairs. And we might add that before Josie straightened him out he got so contankerous that his old Tom Cat refused to live with him, or it might have been Sams Biscuits killed him.

Theres Francin and Romancin going on in White Tail Canyon and if the grapevine isn't completely off the Beam the lady who carries the Mail is about to be captured by a Male. We don't know his name yet but he must have been travelling in High Gear as we heard about it only a short time ago.

THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Ain't Love Grand? A couple of our favorite girl friends down at Rodeo have alleged that we don't know how to spell the name of our own paper correctly: We deny the allegation and defy the alegators. The only place where they spell the word they have in mind with two T's is Oklahoma. We thrive on adversity, so come on gals, Poison your Hubbies and let's go steady.

A good Kid, Politics and Bum Roads. As Before stated the Bull Sheet is non about everything including Political but just the same we are backing Marc Hayes for the U.S. Senate in 1978 because we believe that if Marc is elected he will do something about getting our Bum Roads improved. No doubt they will still need it.

Right now we have seven Brand new Bridges in this vicinity and Mary a road between them.

Accident at Cave Creek Ranch. Colonel Moller walked into something the other day and cut his cyebrow pretty badly. We were unable to determine whether it was a right or a left he walked into as Gertrude didn't have either hand bandaged.

The second Battle of the Bulge has been fought and won by two of our fair ladies so if you know anyone who needs some dresses "styled by Omar the Tent Maker" tell them to go to either Sulpur or White Tail Canyon.

Dr. John Cooper wants us to make a correction on the article in the last issue regarding the Loss of his Pick. He says the Pick wasn't lost in Hands Pass and goes into a long Rig-a-marole about what he was doing or about to do when he layed the Pick down, but we can't put that kind of stuff in the Paper.

Scotty and Alice are going to take Winkie and Mike to California in a few days and then Winkie and Mike are going to Take them. They plan to re-visit Disneyland and spend several days at Yosemite and San Francisco. The Kids are anxious to see the Giant Sequoias and the more adult members of the Party have heard that they have some new Hobby Horses at Disneyland.

Ruth Norton and Tex O'Reilly recently appeared on TV at Tucson in some sort of a drama. We have reason to believe that they didn't play "Romeo and Juliet" so it might have been "Beauty and the Beast".

The Game Management experts of the Arizona Game and Fish Department say "Kill more Does and we will have bigger and more of them". Game Ranger Ralph Morrow says "Let me catch you shooting a Doe without a Permit and I will throw you in the clink and I would Damned well like to if you do have a Permit".

There seems to be two schools of thought in the Game Department. We will discuss this subject in a later issue. Any written comment from "our public" would be appreciated.

Jack Maloney says that building a fence around the Cemetery is a Pack of Nonsense because the ones that are in there can't get out and nobody is anxious to get in.

We would like to mention in passing that the Beef for the Portal Picnic was furnished by the Connecticut Okie, who

Butchered a Black Calf on a dark night. We won't bring up the Question of the ownership of the Calf but if Ralph Morrow had eaten any of it, he would have probably died of indigestion. c.m. (His brother didn't though! s.a.)

We will bet as much as nine cents that the Bull Sheet is the only Publication in existence that is competing with a Cemetery.

The good people of Portal are taking up a collection for us provided we go to Press again before May 15th. If we fail to make the deadline the money is to go to the Paradise Cemetery association. We can't lose on that deal. If we don't make the deadline it will just take a little longer to collect.

Jim Cox or Lightening or Blackie Stidham or something has been tampering with the Power line down on the Valley and we have been out of lights two or three times lately.

Be tolerant gentle readers. We are extremely allergic to Black eyes, finger nail scratches, etc. If we insult you it will be intentional or possibly co-incidental but certainly not accidental or with malice aforethought. If you have anything you want published about us or anybody else please write us. Just address your communication to Chiricahua Bull Sheet, Portal, Arizona.

DUE TO A CERTAIN WINDY CUB REPORTER THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET HAS DOUBLED ITS SIZE IN THE SECOND ISSUE. This probably makes it the fastest growing newspaper in the Portal area. We think our Cub Reporter is doing a wonderful job. What do you think?