

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published September 2, 1957,

at or near that City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, PORTAL, Arizona. We impartially stick our snoot into all affairs, Governmental, Civic and personal.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Jeanne Ludwig and Eric are vacationing in Wisconsin for a couple of weeks?

That the improved Teacherage sort of resembles an old crumply horned cow with a pretty fat calf?

That Fritzie Rea came back over here from New Mexico without a passport?

That the Cave Creek Ranch was again invaded by livestock, first cattle, then mountain lions and this time burros? What next?

That Billy Miller pushed pulled or dragged his old uncle all the way to Douglas the other day to have his spark plugs cleaned?

That Bob Miller killed another mountain lion?

That fat puppies are one of the finest ingredients for tamales and enchiladas and that all of Osita's pups have disappeared? (Mrs. Goodner says she don't know anything about them.)

That Doc Caziers whiskers are getting a little bit shorter all the time?

That Mr. Mud River Newman has undergone a hernia operation recently and is reportedly getting along o.k.?

That one of our most highly distinguished residents is driving and old beat up truck around with a "press" sign on it looks like who ever printed the sign omitted the word "hay" preceding the word press.

That the little Navajo lady from Sulphur Canyon has been down with the flu for several days? These white man's diseases are hell on Indians.

That we have had as much rain during the month of August as we did during the calendar year of 1956?

That Courts have ruled that annual assessment work performed on mining claims by alien wet back laborers invalidates the claimants rights to hold the property if contested?

Senator Barry Goldwater
U. S. Senate
Washington D. C.

Dear Senator,

We thank you sincerely for the interest you have taken in our game problem. However: in our opinion your letter of inquiry to the U. S. Fish and Wild Life Service is the approximate equivalent of asking Jimmy Hoffa about the honesty of Dave Beck as the personnel in that department and the self styled Game Management boys in the Arizona Game Department were all cast in the same mold and are all feeding at the same trough. As we have previously stated they are so well entrenched behind a set of statistics and reports of their own making that we don't believe that anything short of an act of Congress can unseat them and that only, after a considerable amount of down to earth investigation.

We do not now believe that the out right repeal of the Pittman Robertson Act is warranted for as an over all proposition it has undoubtedly been largely beneficial but we feel certain that the law should be amended to exclude all of this dung counting, bone gathering research, which is being carried on by a group of childish incompetents. to the tune of millions of dollars and to the near extermination of our deer herds.

Sincerely yours,
Carson Morrow

TRES CADEZAS

In about 1904 or 05 a man by the name of Tom Artle disappeared from his camp in the Chiricahuas and hasn't been found to this day. An intensive search was made for him within a short time and leads and clues have been followed out by various people throughout the intervening years, without result and on August 31st it seemed that history had again repeated its self by ten fold.

Dr. Kenneth Christiansen, Division of Natural Sciences, of Grinnell College of Iowa and his class of nine undergraduates drove from the Research Station the north fork of Cave Creek about three miles to make some field observations and four hours or so later one of the students arrived back at the station on foot and out of breath to report that Dr. Christiansen and two of the students were unaccounted for. There was no question that something drastic had happened as it was by then time for supper and its a well known fact that even a student scientist is smart enough to be around at meal time and you can bet that he will be there unless he has been struck by lightning or murdered or lost, and it is practically impossible to get lost in that little section with a hiway running right through the middle of it so Doc Cazier and Scotty quickly organized a two man search party and set out to find the bodies. But the impossible had happened and sure enough the group of three had gotten lost Professor and all. By the time the search party arrived at the deserted automobiles 7 of the kids had been returned to the station by panting boy, all soaked through and somewhat bewildered. The search party being unable to raise any sign of life at the deserted car or of happily familiar parked couples in the vicinity decided to return to the station and muster all manpower for an all out search. About a mile from the station --- you guessed it --- one very wet professor and two wetter students looking friendless and bedraggled were standing with thumbs out in the middle of the highway. So another

mountain mystery was cleared up without any material damage to anyone except perhaps that the Professors ego suffered a little.

To avert any such thing occurring at the S. W. R. S. in the future the C. B. S. is donating a large ball of twine which if scientifically used is guaranteed to get the desired results, especially if someone can remember to tie one end to the car.

This cub reporter wonders why these three intrepid mountaineers discarded their rifle during this supreme test? Could it be that our cats are vegetarians?

WANT TO BET?

It might be that some of our more or less gentle readers didn't grasp the full significance of our little remark in last issue to the effect that Portal is slowly moving up the creek. At that time we only meant that practically all new building that has been done lately in this part of the country has been along the canyon above Portal, but information received very recently strongly indicates that Portal might jump further up the Creek by three or six miles in the not too far distant future. We are not at liberty to mention any names at this time but there is no question that some wealthy real estate people are contemplating acquiring land or have already acquired it and are going to develop a brand new modern resort town with all the trimmings, school, post office etc. Somewhere above the ranger station in Cave Creek.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Again the poor farm has been invaded by three more or less fair damsels from Tucson a blond, a brunette and a red head.

At a little past midnight last Saturday night the brunette, Mrs. Margaret McCraven knocked gently on the Cub's bedroom door and he arose as quietly as possible to admit her, he didn't want to disturb Grammy's slumbers., considerate old cuss

that he is, but when he finally got partially dressed and opened the front door he found that this splay footed siren who originated in Alabama was accompanied by Mrs. Shirley Kemp, the red head, who claims to be a Texan but looks likeshe came from Boston or maybe she said she was a native of Dallas, Massachusetts. And the third and fourth members of the invading party were the blond, Mrs. Harriet Echord and her little son, Jess, age 5. Harriet was born in Poland and arrived in this country about ten years ago, via a German prison camp or two and an escape to France. Completing the trip as a War Bride with a G. I: she claimed to be quite a horse woman back in the old country and attempted to give us a demonstration but wasn't very successful as her pants were so tight she couldn't hardly mount and when she did, she couldn't sit all the way down in the saddle, it only had a sixteen inch tree.

The Newman Burro Ranch had as week-end visitors Mr. Phelps Dodge Newman and Francis and their aunt from Albuquerque, Mrs. Nora Newman, they were sort of snooty this week and didn't visit around much.

There is going to be another Fandango at La Vernes Pavillion on September 7th, if we go to press before that time you may consider this as an announcement, if we don't make it by that time we will just say a good time was had by all, if it didn't rain.

As we predicted, Aunt Ducks "Coming out" party for Carol was a royal success.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The Forest Service is getting a lot of timber scaled and marked for free, Teddy Carr, Ranger Ed's son got tired of staying around Douglas waiting for school to start so he has been up at Rustlers Park for a few days doing most of the work while his dad and Asst. Ranger Rea did the supervising and telling him how they used to do it when they were young.

Butch Little has returned to his home in

Willcox, it might be that he will come back here to go to school. We would be mighty glad to have you old boy.

NEW EQUIPMENT

Doc Fugsley says he has a whole pack of new needles for his old hypo gun and that he hasn't raised his prices on account of the cost of installation of new equipment, but he didn't say that he had thrown his old dull needle away and we doubt that he has, as he has had a lot of fun with that old instrument, it has been present when many a skirt was raised.

Doc is better acquainted with everybody in the country than anyone else, most of us can only identify our neighbors by their faces.

NEW NEIGHBORS

The old Jim Reay Ranch has changed hands again. This time Jiggs Bagwell has taken it over and he and his family are moving in.

Soon after the turn of the century Jim Reay homesteaded that place and developed it into one of the show places of the region, he raised fruit, vegetables, cattle and horses and just about anything else that would grow in this climate and really did well, but after he sold out it deteriorated to its present state. Intermittent drouth was the principal reason and of course poor management by several subsequent owners also played a minor role. At one time it was owned by a cantankerous old hard headed Britisher who had made quite a lot of money out of mines but who knew nothing of farming or ranching and only wanted a lot of acreage to impress his relatives back in the old Country. At another time it fell into the hands of a fellow who didn't even know which end of a horse you put the bridle on. The Biggest event that had ever happened in his life up to the time he fell heir to the ranch was the day the old Dominicker hen layed the double yolked egg, and so it went on down the line.

Here's hoping that Jiggs will cause the old ranch to bloom again, it sort of looks like now, might be the opportune time. With the Creek running and the wells all full of water again.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

That old scotchmans remarks about the best laid plans of mice and men is somewhat applicable to the old cub and his announcement in the last issue to the effect that the C. B. S. Was going Kerflawie. No doubt he thought that all he had to do, was say that someone was needed to type the stencils and pretty blond stenographers would flock in from miles around to volunteer for the job provided of course that they be allowed to sit on the Cubs lap while he dictated the Bull Sheet, of course that was just a codgers dream but by golly it might have happened if Carol hadn't put the kibash on it with her snippy remarks.

Wonder if that g's' could be jealous?

WESTERN ATTIRE

If you didn't see it you wouldn't believe it, over in Tucson there's a lot of old bean bellied ginks and old skinny ones and a few young good looking fellows walking around on the streets, right in broad daylight wearing little short legged pants and with their shirt tails out. They call the panties Bermuda shorts and droopy drawers would be a good name for the wearers.

If you can imagine John Shad, Birt Roberds Brother Wiggins, Jack Maloney and Guy Miller in that kind of garb, then you have a pretty good idea of what we are talking about. If your imagination isn't that strong, just visualize a bob tailed road runner that's been wading in a corral full of wet manure and you will have a pretty good picture what we are trying to tell you.

IF WE SINK LET'S GO DOWN WITH OUR GUNS
SMOKING

It seems like Digging Up Skeletons is

fast becoming a popular pasttime and our Locos on the Loose column is also coming in for some favorable attention. We truly appreciate all of it and hope all of our subscribers will pitch in and help us get out a Paper that might put the Saturday Evening Post and some of those other dinky publications out of business.

The C. B. S. is doing it's very best on the bum roads and the extermination of our big game but our best isn't going to be good enough by a long shot unless a lot of you good neighbors write to our senators and tell them exactly what you think about the game situation and why. They can't represent us properly unless they know what we want and they all want to do a good job. So help them and help all of us. And while you are at it drop a post card or letter to our state senators and county supervisors and urge them to get our Onion Saddle road taken into the State Hiway system, or urge any other road improvement that you favor. If we all beat the drums long and loud enough they will be heard some day. And if they are not look at the fun we will have anyway.

WANT TO BUY SOME VENISON?

The Arizona Game Department sold some venison to Mr. George Jones a few days ago for approximately ten dollars a pound.

The sale was made on a serve yourself basis and the Justice of the Peace at Douglas served as appraiser and collector Game Ranger Ralph Morrow acted as a s agent for the party of the first part and after a short tussle over the rifle with which the deer was killed. Conveyed Mr. Jones to Douglas where the deal was consummated to the tune of a six hundred dollar fine and 180 days in jail. The jail sentence was suspended.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN

We old folks will soon have you little rascals right where we won't have to listen to you yell "What can I do now?"

and then have you decide that you didn't want to do anything when it was suggested that you pull a few weeds or sort of review some of your last years arithmetic.

We are going to let our new school marm take care of keeping you busy for at least a few hours each day and the old Cub Reporter is going to take her a bundle of nice keen willow switches to help her do the job right. So now you know what to expect.

Our new school marm isn't exactly new, strictly speaking, as there are some grandmas and mamas around who were her pupils when she taught school here and at Hill Top some time back, so you kids don't need to worry at all about whether or not she knows her business, and don't worry too much about the switches as she knows how to get the job done without them too. (You hope) All joking aside kids you are going to like Mrs. Reed, and she is going to like you, because actually you aren't a bad lot at all, there is nothing the matter with you except that you are just a bunch of junior human beings and the passing of a few, all too short years will remedy the junior part. She has taught hundreds of kids besides raising a bunch her own and although she isn't quite as pretty as your last years teacher, just take the old Cubs word for it that he can still remember when she was.

So you Pafookas go on to school now and behave yourselves just like you have been doing.

SURE ENOUGH

What do you know Joe? The County Road grader ran away with old Barney Lee the other day and came all the way up to the ranger station before he could get it stopped so he just let the blade down and smoothed the road up a little to make it appear that the trip was intentional.

Whether that's entirely true or not, it sure did a lot of good and if it happens another time or two, our county super-

visor will surely get more than one vote in this precinct next election. And further than that, the grape vine tells us that the Forest Service has the appropriation to pave the road from the Forest Boundary up to the S. W. Research Station and that the county is going to pave it from Portal to that point. It's to be hoped that the job will be done before all our old jaloppies fold up, it wouldn't be much fun to ride a burro on pavement.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Casa Grande National Monument
Coolidge, Arizona
17 August 57

Dear Carson:

Since I've been up here in a job where I'm supposed to be a fountainhead of knowledge and information on the archaeology and early history of this country I've been doing a lot of reading to try to refresh myself on the stuff I once knew and learn a few things that I never knew anything about. In going through some material on the Indian populations in Pimeria Alta at the time the Spanish came into the picture I came across a couple of references to the Chiricahuas which, so far, are the earliest references to white men in those hills that I have seen. Maybe you'd be interested in these notes for your running history of the Cherry Cows.

During the winter of 1694-95 some of the little Spanish settlements and Jesuit missions in northern Sonora suffered some raiding by Indians and lost some stock, tools, clothing and the lives of a few of the "Indios mansos". The Upper Pimas were blamed for the attacks and some punitive measures were taken against the Sobaipuris, and Pimas on the Upper San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers, in the country between modern Nogales and Fairbank. These people had considered themselves friends of the Spaniards and rightly figured that they had been bearing the brunt of Apache attacks, keeping them off the backs of the white men to the south and these

reprisals irritated them enough to cause them to rise in revolt against the Jesuits and military. Small garrisons from all over north western Mexico were called in to help quell the revolt.

One of these garrisons was the troop at Janos in northwestern Chihuahua. They struck straight across country toward the San Pedro and crossed the Chiricahuas where they ran into a village of Jacome Indians which they destroyed. In this village they found much of the plunder taken from the settlements in Sonora. This was in the spring of 1695.

The Jacome was the name the Spaniards gave to the Indians who at that time occupied the country roughly from the Hatchet mountains west to the Sulphur Springs valley. They are believed to have been originally sedentary folks like the Pimas and probably related to them but by this time they were mixed with Apaches (Lipan and Mescalero) who were just beginning to move west from the Plains. That mixture is probably what formed the group we know as the Chiricahua Apaches.

The other reference was very brief merely stated that in the winter of 1748 Jose Rafael Rodrigues Gallardo led an expedition into the Chiricahua mountains from Fronteras to punish the Apaches.

These hills of ours have been causing trouble for almost 300 years.

All the Hays' send regards

Alden Hays

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE

August 14, 1957

Mr. Carson Morrow
Portal, Arizona

Dear Carson:

Please pardon the delay in answering the note which you pinned to the Chiricahua Bull Sheet of July 24, 1957 but I have been puzzled over the question which you raised and have been trying to determine just what procedure to follow.

Frankly, the Pittman-Robertson Act has, I think, done a great deal of good throughout this country, however, I am inclined to agree with you that some of the experts that are hired with this money seem to go far afield in their efforts to preserve the fish and wildlife of the country.

I am going to ask the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington to give me a report in this matter and as soon as I have some more information, I will contact you again.

Sincerely,
Barry Goldwater

GIVE EM HELL PANCHO

"Portal Ariz.
8 - 24- 57

"Chiricahua Bull Sheet
Portal Ariz

Dear Editor

"I see in your letter of 19th instant under heading Diging up Skeletons where I am given as No 1 for owning oldest brand being kept up. Thanks but you did not dig quite deep enough to find who once owned the oldest brand in existance.

"My Father & Mother brought and moved from Kansas in Early 80's best short horn Durham cows to the Territory of Ariz. and used the Brand K on left Ribs. On ariving up in near Luna, N. M. there were other brands conflict with the K Brand so Mother & Father aded a V on hip, and when we moved here in 1899. Mother recorded the brand in spring 1900 at some time my A F N brand were recorded, also a brand for each member of family being 11 brands which were (can not make signs of brands on typewriter) & the A F N & K Lazy V are owned by me & only ones being kept up, so it easily to say the K Lazy V Brand are 75 years old.

"I were 13 years old when my A F N Brand were Recorded, and about number of live stock were branded in this brand

likely be up in Thousand. This I likely have the Taley lists of. Well I see note of my old Friend Gorden Numan in the last Issue of Bull Sheet,

to the barn door. But you can make the DRY STUFF stick. So, keep IT up but NOT FOR FREE.

Sincerely yours,
Ernest F. Rassman"

"Gorden I am with you and no doubt many other Residenters, we sure don't approve of seeing good sportman on Deer Game destroyed by opening the season on the Does & fawns. Its a Good sportsman who use to go out in season & bag his nice buck with out hunting most of season, but since the Bucks are scarce & hard for a sportman to bag his buck, the non-sportsman hef to be encouraged to keep them buying their hunting licens, as these non-sportsmen hef to have something to shoot besides Ranchers windmills woter tanks & Troughs, Gates & Kicking fences down and leaving Gotes open, so to come home waging suckling Doe or Fawn they fecl like they quite sports man. But if our Game Department opens the Gate they sloughter any thing moves, Cow-horse, & even a hunter but if they Department doset know what the Game situation are all they can do is send out young students to see if they can find any game. Some of them will pick up Robit Droping & swear its a big fat Buck & count each Droping for one Buck. Gorden its like this the Game Dept are after the Doe to keep on with & to get & keep the hunters encouraged is why they take to the does & fawns.

We have a Game Worden who has been on the job say 30 years but is unable to tell the Department any thing, so we are out on a lost trail with the Game Worden who knows the Game situation and would like to see the Reins pulled up & something done before its too late. Bull Sheet Editor you can publis this if you can read it.

A. F. Noland

P. S. This is no B. S. its for B. Sheet.

LETTERS TO THE CUB

CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET:

Having much enjoyed your style of slinging IT, i would be grieved to see IT discontinued.

No trick in making the moist stuff stick