

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published September 13, 1957,

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

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Back in the days when there were no automobiles in Arizona if we had County Boards of Supervisors, State Highway Commissions and Federal Bureaus of Roads etc., no one seemed to know about them and the old boys of those times (Women couldn't vote then) had a way of getting things done without all the Political fanfare it takes to get the roads improved through the auspices of those more or less stuffed shirt governmental organizations nowadays.

When Paradise first came into existence if you were travelling from Rodeo to Paradise by wagon you either went up the canyon through Round Valley or you took the longer route around through the lower Box in Turkey Creek above the old Red Top ranch, as there was no passable road through Silver Creek. With an automobile the difference in distance would be negligible but by horse mule or burro it wasn't, so the old Paradise boys didn't appeal to any organization to build a road through Silver Creek, they elected a fellow by the name of Luke Short (not the old famous one) Constable and an old worn out miner who was fairly literate by the name of Big Foot Jim Williams, Justice of the Peace, and informed them that they wanted law enforcement well mixed with building a road through Silver Creek and those two officials proceeded to get the job done.

The old Chiricahua Development Company was going full blast and employing in the neighborhood of five hundred men who worked twelve hours a day seven days a week, except they nearly all layed off on pay day which was the first day of the month. That was the day when Luke and Big Foot Jim recruited most of their

Road workers. Luke would arrest all the miners who got too boisterous and handcuff them to a chain stretched between two trees and after they had sobered up a little the next morning he would get on his horse and walk them down to the Court which was generally held in Jim's shack located about 5 miles north of Paradise on the East Bank of Turkey Creek. Occasionally Frank Barfield or the Chamberlain and Hawkins Grocery would donate the use of a wagon to convey the prisoners and some of the thirteen Paradise Saloon Keepers might donate a bottle of rat gut to cheer the boys up on the way to the Bar of Justice.

Big Foot always dished out the Justice impartially, if the prisoner had any money he was fined whatever amount he had and if not, he got ten days on the road but after being searched at the time of arrest, ten days on the road gang was by far the most popular sentence.

The miners were supplemented occasionally by a cowboy who happened to imbibe too much red eye and tried to do a little roundup work inside a saloon on horseback and several of the old town Bums, including Old Dorsey, Jack Buford and Dutch Arthur also made their unwilling contributions to the development of the Country. The old boys who dug the Road over Silver Creek hill with pick and shovel and those who caused them to do it have all drifted on now, nearly all of them to "Fiddlers Green" but you can still see the road off to your left as you follow the newer road for a mile or so enroute to the Paradise Cemetery from Portal.

We couldn't get our present day Bum Roads improved by that method because we don't have enough population to warrant a Justice of the Peace and Constable, nor do we have the drunken miners and cowboys to supply the labor, so the C.B.S. suggests that we all drive a pretty hard bargain on the road question with our Politicos the next time they come around to kiss the babies.

Just in case you might have liked this little skit we will add a few more or less pertinent paragraphs as a sort of encore:

Judge Williams was defeated by Jim Hancock for the Office of J.P. and Luke Short resigned and left the Country sometime before his second term as Constable expired. He was somewhat of a ladies man, among a lot of other things and he was visiting at a miners home one night while the miner was supposed to be on shift but wasn't. Luke went out the back door with his boots in his hand fast enough that the miner coming in the front door in the dark couldn't positively identify him, but the next day after having a few drinks the hard rock boy dropped a few remarks around town regarding his strong belief in the sanctity of the home and the infallibility of a ten gauge shot gun to keep it that way, so Luke saddled up and drifted to a lower climate - he evidently didn't want to speed up the change of climate by dropping straight from Paradise to the firey furnace carrying a few ounces of Buck Shot to accelerate the trip.

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE

It now appears that we have told our readers about all there is to tell about the glorified Deer Dung enumerators and their activities so maybe it would only be fair to tell the enumerators and some other Public servants about Mr. John Q. Public since it appears that they never heard of him.

Well, he is the guy that Votes and Pays Taxes. He's the guy they are supposed to be working for, the one who buys hunting licenses and goes hunting and likes to shoot a buck and is ashamed to admit that he ever killed a doe; that knows through observation and study of literature provided by the Department of Agriculture that if there were ten times as many deer in the Chiricahuas not one of them would starve to death or even get hungry and that a doe isn't going to give birth to twins or triplets the next year simply because she saw her sister shot down for only having one; he also knows that if our deer herd is further depleted by any more doe shooting that their natural enemies will complete the job of extermination. He is also the guy that more than anything else connected with game would like to know that his kid or grand kid will have a chance to shoot a buck.

Mr. John Q. is above all things the guy who hated to see his tax dollars wasted and there is little doubt that when he finally awakens to the fact that a good part of about twenty millions of them are being worse than wasted throughout the United States each year by the so called Game Management Technicians he will take the proper steps to utilize that money to reduce our staggering over all Tax burden. "ojala"

DID YOU KNOW?

That Fritzie typed up the last issue of the Bull Sheet in spite of all those promises and apologies Carol made in the previous issue?

That Alden Hayes is digging up another story on early day indians in the Chiricahuas for us?

That the Guy Millers have gone way past the Joneses and are now trying to keep up with themselves? Yep, they've bought another new car.

That Pearce and Ester Mooney have moved from Rodeo to Duncan, Arizona?

That Glenn Isaacson has been appointed assistant Forest Ranger at Canille, Arizona.

That Texans don't all smell bad and that nesters nearly all are members of the Human race?

That old age is the most fatal disease in the Chiricahuas with starvation coming in for second money?

That some high binder broke into the Hester Cabin in South Fork a while back?

That our Range Deputy was transferred from San Simon to Douglas quite a while ago?

That Ted Troller is irrigating his orchard from the ditch? sure enough, the creek's still running.

That Jeanne and Eric are back from Wisconsin?

That Johnny Miller is enrolled at the U. of A. again this fall?

That Sandy Newman would like to go to school at Portal?

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

It beats the devil how time and distance enhances the value of most anything. Mrs. Lillian Riggs was one of the best school teachers who ever officiated in these parts and is one of the grandest ladies who ever grew up in the Chiricahuas. She paid a short visit to the C.B.S. Editorial Office a short time ago, and as she remembers it the Cub Reporter, who was one of her scholars when she taught the Paradise School, was in the sixth or seventh grade at that time and she also remembers him as a better than average scholar. If she really remembers it that way all the Cub has to say is "gracias adios". Come and see us again Lillian we surely enjoyed the visit.

The price of meat is going up. We told you about a good neighbor who paid about ten dollars a pound for some Venison in the last issue, and now we hear of some overly enthusiastic hunter paying that same old judge down at Douglas twenty-five dollars for one dove. As usual that damned game ranger Morrow was to blame.

We now have two foreign subscribers. Ray Mooney in Germany and Pat Stoltz in Tripoli. Why don't you young sprouts write us a letter and tell us how you're doin and whether you like the Bull Sheet? On second thought, you'd better just tell us about you and let it go at that, and the same goes for all our other subscribers too, except that if they don't like us they can tell someone else and we will soon know it.

You have all heard the stories about the absent minded professor and the guy who put himself out at night instead of the cat, but you have an old gink here in the Canyon who went down to the post office last Saturday and listened to some big windy yarns and told some bigger ones and got in the "Press" truck and was well on his way home before he remembered that he hadn't asked for his mail. WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT? (The typist adds that the same "old gink" started backing out of the school yard the other day without looking behind him and almost had some pretty red paint attached to his "Press" truck. He'll get even with me yet for spoiling his chances for a pretty blond to sit on his lap.)

ONCE A BRONCO BUSTER ALWAYS A BRONCO BUSTER

We have one grandma and one great grandma in the neighborhood who are a little bit more than some stove up.

They got that way trying to tame or maybe re-tame is a better word, an old burro which isn't quite old enough to have been with Cortez when he conquered Mexico.

Since the burro is apparently as good as new after the tussle, we can only come to the conclusion that Jack asses out last women (or something like that). If you want to know how it happened we will have to tell you just what they told us, as Emma and Leona only had a small audience and the audience isn't talking. So here's what they say: Joe and Lela are over at the Maloney Ranch on a visit and decided that they would like to go for a little "pasear a caballo" so they came down to the poor farm to get some horses and as they were a little bit out of practice on this cowboy stuff Emma and grammy went out to help them catch and bridle the horses. The nags were sort of skittish so they managed to catch Mikey's old Burro first and get a bridle rein tied around her neck. But just as they got it tied she decided to go to the high weeds too with the two grandmas hanging onto the bridle. As the Burro gathered speed they did too and they were soon running faster than they could and you can surely guess what happened when they finally had to turn loose, and right in the middle of a pile of boulders. The last report is that they are both healing nicely.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, ETC.

We haven't gotten out a financial statement in some time and our files don't show that we ever did publish a statement of ownership, Editorial Staff, Executive Committee, Board of Directors, President, Vice Presidents and all that high falutin stuff, and the reason we haven't is because we have been fresh out of practically all those things right from the start.

As to the finances, that little old jar down in the Post Office has furnished the "con que" to pay all the postage, with the exception that last issue it fell short by thirty-five cents and in addition to that, the friendly Suckers have plunked down a total of thirty-two good American dollars in cash and checks.

By the way, we sent old Sam Hooseley's check to the Bank and darned if they didn't cash it. That's about the story on income except that we did put the Bee on Doc Cazier for postage to mail out the first issue, but since we have chiseled him for nearly everything else he won't worry too much about that.

Anyway, we spent sixteen dollars and forty eight cents out of the thirty-two for Mimeograph Paper the other day and gave that to him, which leaves us exactly \$15.17 in the treasury. We did have another dollar but it was mailed to us by a poor Sucker over in Tucson by the name of Ernest Rassman and believe it or not we don't like to gyp people who don't know us, so we sent it back. In case you haven't been able to keep up with us, this all adds up to the fact that we are solvent, have had a lot of fun and the sheet won't owe Uncle Sam any income taxes come next April.

Like we told you before we don't have any Big Brass because the Portal Telephone Association used up all that Kind of People before we went into business and if anyone owns the Bull Sheet he will have a hell of a time trying to locate his property. We suggest that he don't look in the parlor for it. The editorial staff consists of the Cub Reporter who is really a nice old curly headed gink by the name of Carson Morrow. He does all the writing except what he can Bull the neighbors into doing and the working editor is Mont A. Cazier, whom we have mentioned and described in previous issues. His wife Carol does the typing at times when Fritzie isn't around. It seems that we might have mentioned those two ladies in previous issues so we will just add that they are both sweet kids and wind up the Personnel report.

Our charge for subscriptions and advertising are the same as always - nothing - and if you have a story or gripe you would like to see in print, Write it, sign it, and send it to us. We will do the rest. Now you know all about us and

we already knew just about everything about you (don't worry we won't print it) and so that makes this statement balance.

TRES CABEZAS

You might wonder what part insects play in our economic set up but if you will take note of the goings and comings here in the Canyon you can readily see that Bugs and bug catching is Big Business. We not only have professionals from all over the world chasing them, practically all the natives are at it too. If you see someone headed toward the Research Station it's a two to one bet they are taking some kind of a bug up to Doc Cazier, and he always lays his claw hammer or pick and shovel down and takes a few minutes off from his regular entomology work to tell them all about it, including scientific name, genus, bedroom manners etc. He even gets to believing his own stories and sneaks off down in the flat country himself once in a great while.

We have been told that the indians used wampum (whatever that was), beads, sea shells and a lot of other odds and ends for money and we have seen the old trade rat swap horse manure and pine cones for silver spoons, but in keeping with the times Bugs are being used as legal tender in some instances. As an example, Alan (Ilan Mountain) Gordon, got in debt to Miss Alice Gray to the tune of six June Bugs and wore out a new pair of boots before he got out of debt, so don't be surprised if someone offers you a check for ten stink bugs and fifteen grass-hoppers. *****

Doctor Theodore Dobzhansky, Department of Zoology, Columbia University, of New York City, who is collecting material on the genetics of Drosiphila psuedo-obscura got lost down near Slaughters ranch a few days ago and as is usual was found right square in the middle of the road after considerable chasing around and horn honking was indulged in by the search party.

We think getting lost was a pretty wise move on Dobies part as we don't believe that what he is collecting could be found in this country by any other method.

When he first arrived here at the Station he was discussing the Genes of a horse with the foreman and mentioned the fact that he was looking for material for further study along genetic lines and probably used a few of those un-pronouncable scientific names at the same time. Scotty being always the helpful cuss, rushed around gathering up all the old overalls and jumpers he could find. To him Genes of a horse and jeans by Levi Strauss were one and the same and if the good Doctor wanted to study them he, as always, was the boy who could furnish the material.

SICK CALL

The firing squad of the mulligan gun at the S.W.R.S. has managed to keep all the Tres Cabezas fed and in fairly good condition but Addie and Alice have both been somewhat on the puny side for the past several days. They have apparently contracted the Flu or whatever malady the Injun lady of Sulfar Canyon was afflicted with a couple of weeks ago. Juanita Morrow has had some of the same and Mrs. Phil Bagwell was taken to the hospital at Douglas on account of something else.

BIG DEAL

Now comes Joe Staltz from Los Angeles, California and buys the Chiricahua Bull Sheet, lock, stock and barrel, but he wouldn't assume ownership and insisted that the Ten Bucks he gave us was for his subscription only.

Joe is a fairly intelligent looking Irishman with a pure blooded German name but he has just got to be mixed up more than his name and appearance implies to think that anything about the Sheet, including the Cub Reporter, is worth that much money. Anyway, Tanks Joe.

The next morning Joe came along and gave us two and a half for a subscription for George Maloney who now resides over at Elgin, Arizona. As we all know, George is a walnut headed Irishman with a pure Irish name but he should be a lot smarter than that having grown up right here in Cave Creek amongst us smart people. Come and see us kid, we'll tell you a big one.

NEW STYLE HITCH HIKING

One of our itinerant Citizens recently made a round trip to Colorado in an old car that hasn't run ten consecutive miles without pooping out for years and all of us who know him wondered how he did it.

When he came back from the trip George Cornforth was pushing him with his old beat up truck, he stopped here in front of the Poor Farm and when he was ready to go it was necessary to wheel the old Press truck out and give him a push and it was then that the mystery as to how he made the trip was solved - the rear bumper of his old jalopy was almost completely worn off. He had evidently thumbed pushes instead of rides all the way to Colorado and back. Pushmobile would be a very appropriate name for that old Clunker. However, when this one man cavalcade made it's final exit from these parts it might have been travelling on its own steam as the battery out of Birt Roberds pickup decamped on the same day.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

The Big Stomp at La Verne's Pavillion on Sept. 7 was tops in entertainment for everybody from the cradle to the grave. The good neighbors gathered from miles around and everybody danced or tried to with only three exceptions: The Cub Reporter, Phil Ebsen and Buford Martin were the exceptions. They all thought they were good dancers forty or fifty years ago and probably still do, but with the years they have assumed responsibilities and several pounds of

surplus lard, so they just sat around and envied some of the other old boys and tried to make it appear that they were puffing and wheezing on account of just having finished dancing.

The other old grandpapys didn't really do much dancing but they did display a lot of determination and good sportsmanship, although there is some reason to believe that some of them might have been stimulated to some extent by something stronger than Creek Water. Jack Maloney only managed to make it about half way round the floor to the tune of "Put your little foot", and Ben Pague made a couple of laps to a slow Waltz. We're not sure about Ed Epley but he is a sly old cuss and pretty handy with the ladies, so it's safe to say that if he didn't dance, he at least attempted a little necking when his wife wasn't looking.

Bill Sanders kicked up and cavorted like a three year old as usual and Colonel Koller and Tom Stafford managed to keep the soles of their shoes from getting too hot by putting in most of the time on a bench entertaining their own wives. Walter Reed outdistanced all the others by miles but it did seem that he took unfair advantage of some fair women because it was noticed that for a good part of the time he had himself draped over the shoulders of some pretty husky gals and if he wasn't coasting he was sure sliding both feet at the same time.

The grandmas, as always, came through with flying colors and most of them were tripping the light fantastic long after their old track mates had given up all pretense and retired to the coffee pot.

And that brings us down to the ones we should have told you about first. There doesn't seem to be any middle aged people any more and especially women. There were any number of young matrons there who are the mothers of anywhere from one to a half dozen kids but you could never tell it unless you happened to see some ten year old wipe his nose on their dress when she wasn't looking.