

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published September 23, 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.

TIMBERRRRRRR

An old neighbor of ours, Weldon Heald, paid a short visit to the region a few days ago, accompanied by the Forest Supervisor from Tucson. It seems that Weldon represents some more or less mythical nature lovers organization of which he is the principal, if not the sole member, and that he is not very happy about the manner in which logging operations are being conducted in Rustlers Park and vicinity under the supervision of the Forest Service.

The Bull Sheet isn't taking sides in this controversy since the majority of the big timber has already been cut and we are not going to take on any part of the job of hauling those big trees back from the Willcox sawmill and re-planting them in case Weldon convinces the supervisor that they shouldn't have been cut in the first place.

SAVED FROM A LIFE OF CRIME

It has been brought to our attention that the Bull Sheet has been illegally operating all the time. We have a perfectly valid Bull Shooters License but have been sending the sheet all over the world (as far away as San Simon anyway) and we didn't have a Bull Shippers license. It's a wonder Greet Lewis or Phil Ebsen hadn't jailed the whole staff long before this.

But just leave it to the Blonds to get you into or out of trouble. Mamie Franklin stopped our lawless career by sending us the required Shippers license and that eliminates one bad name some people might have called us, as we are now legitimate.

Mamie appended a nice little "Billet Doux" in which she said, among a lot of other nice things, that she likes us and our high class publication. We are not quoting it verbatim because someone might read it to Elmer and he might roll out his old twelve gauge and create a vacancy in the Cub Reporter's position. Thanks a lot for the new subscriber Mamie. Welcome to the fold of lovers of high class literature Mrs. Mary Wood.

"World's Champion Bullshipper
"This is to certify that the below-mentioned BULLSHIPPER (we really can spell better than that) was examined by a Board of Bullshipping Experts under the rules for free-wheeling, no-holds-barred, non-stop Bullshipping, and that:

CARSON MORROW

is hereby recognized as the WORLDS' CHAMPION BULLSHIPPER and that the volume of his product is unlimited (call for a truck, Henry), the quality is unexcelled (gettin' kinda close in here, ain't it) and it's durable (don't that guy ever quit?). All citizens are warned to roll up their pant legs and open the windows when this BIG BULLSHIPPER approaches."

K.R. App
Chief Sniffer

by M. Franklin
Big Scooper

Gettaspede N. Shovell
Wagonmaster

C. D. Piles
Corral Scraper

EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG GOLD STRIKE

If you would like to shake hands with a couple of millionaires you might have the opportunity before long.

Bill Sanders and Oscar Olney have suspended operation temporarily at the

old Leadville Mine near Paradise and have gone to the Blue River Country to hunt for the famous old "Adams Diggings".

Bill and Oscar shipped another carload of high grade lead ore from the Leadville just before they set out to look for the lost gold mine and so are taking the trip more or less as a vacation.

The story of the Lost Adams mine has been told around camp fires all the way from the Bering Straits to Cape Horn and has been re-told around electrically lighted bar rooms just as far east and west as you can go, until it has become pretty much of a myth. But in spite of all the Tales, there is no doubt that the mine exists some where within a radius of less than two hundred miles of old Fort Apache and Bill is probably the best informed man alive today on its exact location. We hope these boys have it all neatly wrapped up in a mine location notice and can tell us all about it when they get back. If they do, we will publish our first extra.

BUGLER, SOUND RETREAT

The U. S. Signal Corpse has two soldiers detailed to guard some secret Signal equipment (probably an old field telephone or two) at Barfoot Park. These men are camped about two hundred yards from the big spring near the old sawmill setting and they must be blind or have their legs amputated because a six by six truck with a driver and helper came all the way over here from Fort Huachuca to haul water to them the other day. The truck went up through Cave Creek and brought a four hundred gallon trailer tank back to the Portal Ranger Station, filled it up and took it to the brave defenders of our Country at Barfoot and then returned to the Fort - a total trip of better than three hundred miles.

The truck driver said that none of them knew about the spring and he doubted that it was there or some of them would

surely have found it in the four or five years they have been intermittently operating there. If old General Miles had had soldiers like that he would still be chasing Geronimo. If as many as twenty Indians should decide to go on the War path now we would be in a hell of a fix.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Sandy Newman and Mikey Murphy have given their Burros away and are now strictly Hoss Mounted?

That Fritzie Rea is attending nurses training school at St. Marys Hospital in Tucson?

That Sam and Josie Moseley went camping in Cave Creek this summer for several days?

That Willie and Bertie De Borde have had a lot of rain on the 7L ranch this summer? They also own the famous old Bat Roost rnach over near Dos Cabezas.

That we hope some of the good neighbors will write us a story for the next issue?

That you can cancel your subscription to the C.B.S. for a two cent Postal Card if you don't like it?

That the Cub Reporter wants to buy a used red Cadillac Pickup truck about 40 feet long for official use. Ford owners need not apply.

That Buford Martin and Jack Maloney aren't fat? they just look that way.

That both the Gordon Newman's have just about fully recovered from their operations? and that so far as we know, neither of them has been discussing their operation or comparing notes with a steer.

"DO YOU KNOW WHY, the CUB REPORTER paid \$1.50 for dance tickets at the August 3rd dance, when the admission was only \$1.00 per person?????????"

MAYBE THE CUB REPORTER NEEDS HIS GLASSES CHANGED!" (L. M.)

ADVERTISING

Wanted: A member of the "Sew What" Club to write us a column on the activities and membership of that organization. No application for the job is required. Just write it, we will print it over the writers signature, provided we feel that she is physically capable of protecting us as well as herself in case she happens to be too truthful.

Archie Rea wants a man to work part time for the Forest Service in the Recreation areas in the Chiricalguas.

Frank Noland wants to sell some horses.

The old T.J. Riggs Ranch over near Apache Pass is for sale. The present owner says it will run about four hundred Mother Cows. Old man T.J. used to run more cows than that, plus several million bees on the same range.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Old Bugass Red Thompson showed up last Wednesday with a chauffer driving the gas truck for him. His excuse for being a few days late was that he had been in the hospital with a strained back and that was probably what was the matter. Our guess is that he did it while swiping watermelons as he looked like he was still carrying a large one hidden in the front of his shirt.

Unless we want to ride a good horse to death by re-electing Oscar Olney school Trustee, the Cub Reporter suggests that we elect Scotty Anderson to the position. No doubt Alice would be as good or better than Scotty but that would leave poor old Birt on the Board with two blond women and that might develop into one of those infernal triangles that we hear so much about.

We have finally found out what old oil Well Red's name was before he left Arkansas. He says it was Earl H. Stoddard and he must still use that name at times,

as he sent the Bull Sheet a check for five smackers the other day with that signature on it. No doubt some young widow was looking over his shoulder when he wrote it and he was just showing off for her, but we will fool that son of a gun and try to cash it. We thank you Red, even if it does bounce.

A large group of the good neighbors motored to Nogales, Sonora last Sunday and enjoyed the pastime of throwing soda pop bottles or of suppressing the desire to throw them at the Toreros at the Nogales Bull Ring.

Among those who attended were the Millers, both the Guy's and the Bill's; Miss Anne Wilbourn and Jim and Lucille; Winkie Anderson and his Pa and Ma; Sir Erbert Smith and Darlene and Bill Hoge; none of the party were jailed or seriously injured although Darlene reportedly lost her supper.

Johnny Johnston, Dick De Shazo and Billy Miller were inadvertently separated from the rest of the crowd for a while but were finally rescued by Sir Erbert who accidentally ran into them while on a sightseeing tour down in La Callejon de la luz Roja.

Our old companero George Maloney barely escaped deportation to Mexico a few days ago. The Border Patrol were chasing a Wet Mexican and lost track of him over near Elgin and while looking for him they ran onto George who had probably had some sort of a fuss with his wife and was bushed up in a thicket near the spot where the Mexican disappeared, so they latched on to him and probably would have taken him to the Clink but his wife finally relented and admitted that she was married to him.

We are kind of rushing the season with this issue as Carol has promised to type it, only if the Cub gets it written up

before that old Stork arrives. The Cub hasn't had any races with the Stork in a good many years but the old boy is doing his best and if you receive this issue before October 1st you'll know that he won. You'll also know that Doc Cazier hasn't yet added Didy Washing to his other entomology duties.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

A few issues back our old companero Alden Hayes excavated a few ancient Apaches for this column so we will dig up some more modern Yaquis this time.

In about 1927 the Yaquis were at war with the Mexicans. One battle was fought in Bear Valley, west of Nogales. There were only a few shots fired and no one on either side was injured but the Yaquis decided that they had lost the battle and over a hundred of them crossed the line into the United States where they ran into three Immigration Border Patrolmen.

For some time it was difficult to decide whom was whose prisoners. The Border Patrolmen were quickly and completely surrounded by Armed Indians, and while they were not disarmed or molested in any way they simply couldn't go any place or do anything but stand there. The Yaquis did not offer to surrender their arms but told the Patrol boys that they were the Border Patrols Prisoners. The Yaquis were armed with every known make and calibre of gun plus knives and clubs.

It was late in the evening and the Yaquis quickly set up camp, such as it was, and posted sentrys in the brush surrounding the camp. They then asked one of the Patrol to go to Nogales and bring back the American army as they were afraid that the Mexicans would cross the line and attack them if they started to Nogales. But they told the Patrolman to also notify the Army that they would not be admitted into the Yaqui Camp before day break the following morning.

The commanding Officer of the Post at Nogales was sort of an eager Beaver and immediately started for Bear Valley with a detachment of Colored troops, arriving at about midnight. There he received about the same treatment the Border Patrol had earlier in the evening. The Yaquis surrounded his whole outfit and held them at gun point until daylight when the Indians layed down their arms and surrendered to the troops.

They were taken to Nogales and held in the stockade at the army camp for a short time and then taken to Tucson, where they camped on an Irrigation ditch bank to the North of Town. This camp became what is now known as Pascua Village.

These Yaquis were never admitted to the United States for permanent residence under the Immigration laws but were considered admissable as political refugees and allowed to come and go at will.

Many of them sneaked back to Mexico from time to time and no doubt a good many guns and ammunition went with them as they have never given up the hope that some day they will whip the Mexicans. The Mexican Government has made several attempts to exterminate the Yaquis. In about 1910 they rounded up all of them that they could catch and sent them to Yucatan but most of them quickly found their way back to the Yaqui River in Sonora where they resumed their age old custom of sniping Mexicans when the opportunity presented.

In about 1930 a self appointed War Chief by the name of Guadalupe Flores, a resident of Pascua Village, decided to start an all out war on Mexico. He accumulated a lot of rifles and ammunition and hired a barnstorming aviator by the name of Charlie Mays to fly them to the Yaqui Country in Mexico, having first arranged with other Yaquis to clear a landing field near Bacatete.

Guadalupe flew down with Charlie and the guns but when they arrived they couldn't land because when the field was cleared of Mezquites the stumps were left sticking up three feet or more.

They flew around awhile and decided that they would drop their cargo and hope for the best. So Charlie skimmed the top of the stumps and Guadalupe threw the guns out by the arm full. The result was a few busted Mesquite stumps and complete ruination of the cargo. Charlie later said that some of the gun barrels were bent until they rolled away looking like barrel hoops and that some of the wood from the gun stocks actually bounced back into the plane.

ROMANCE AND PORK CHOPS

We are told that about forty years ago our old neighbor John Pence was in Big Love with a gal by the name of Mattie, way down in the cotton fields of Texas, but like a lot of other Texans John came to Arizona to either run for sheriff or go in the hog business before he went in for Holy Matrimony. In the mean time Mattie successively married several other less ambitious but more matrimonially inclined Cotton Pickers.

John never did make the grade as an Arizona sheriff but after working hard at painting, mining and a lot of the other less glamorous occupations finally got into the hog business by buying a pair of pigs. Then in an attempt to take on with Mattie right where he had left off so many years before, he contacted her by telephone through a third party and found out that she had recently planted husband number three, four or five and still retained at least some of her girlish figure and was definitely in the market again. So John left his pigs to the tender mercies of Doc Pugsley and took off for his old stamping ground. If we get any later dope on how the romance is progressing we will let you know.

TRES CABEZAS

So many of our readers have wondered and commented on our title for this column that an explanation seems to be in order.

As you know this is where we report the comings, goings and doings of the numerous and varied scientists of the Southwest Research Station and as most of us more or less envious but friendly natives like to refer to them by some derisive but not too offensive name because by far the majority of them are just regular fellers, there are a few who on account of their idiosyncracies such as wearing short panties, getting lost in the middle of the road and referring to Bushes and Cows as Flora and Fauna, etc., make themselves seem a little bit ridiculous, at times to the extent that we country bumpkins feel that they must have been endowed with at least two heads, one to contain their education and one for common sense but empty, and we the publishers of the C.B.S., being the generous broad minded girls and boys that we are just added another head for good measure and call them "Tres Cabezas". (The typist ask everyone to please note that the above sentence, starting at the top of the page, is the longest one she has ever seen.)

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE

The antics of the U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service and the Arizona Game Management Technicians reminds us of an old cow man by the name of John C. Riggs and a cowboy he hired one time. John at that time was manager of the Riggs Cattle Company and their range covered the north end of the Chiricahuas and extended well over into the San Simon Valley. Up in the mountains the company had a lot of wild cattle that could only be handled by roping the calves and branding them wherever found and the steers were gathered by roping and leading them out to pastures. One autumn after the regular roundups were over a fellow by the name of Jack Voss came along looking for a cowboy job and his talk and garb indicated that he knew the cow business. He probably didn't fool old John much with his little too flashy outfit and hot air but he needed a man to hold down the old KL Bar ranch that winter so he hired the gent,

gave him a mount of grain fed horses and told him to brand up the mountain calves and lead out all the steers he could catch.

Voss went to the KL Bar and didn't show up around Hqrs. for about a month and when he came in he had a lot of wonderful stories to tell. He had done a lot of riding, had visited all the neighbors for miles around, he had been to San Simon and Bowie several times and had kept his horses well fed and himself well supplied with grub and smoking tobacco. He had always remembered to tighten his saddle cinches when going up or down hill and loosen them on level ground and hadn't forgotten even one time to put baking powder in his biscuits or to hang his dish rag on the proper nail and now he had come in after his first months pay.

John listened patiently to all this and just asked two questions, then gave him his first and last pay check all in one. The questions were How Many Calves did you brand? and How Many Steers did you gather? The answer was none.

And, good neighbors, if we should ask the Arizona Game and Fish Department just one question - How much have you increased the Game Population in Arizona in the past five years? - their answer, if honest, would be the same, none. However, like the cowboy they have compiled a lot of beautiful statistics showing how much deer dung they have counted, how many doves we have, by Coo count, how they have acquired land and provided salaries, subsistence, quarters and transportation for themselves and have accounted for every penny of their part of the twenty million good Tax dollars that was allotted for game restoration throughout the United States during the year 1956 (26% of that went for dung counting research). Their instructions evidently weren't specifically to restore game but the name of the act under which they operate and from which they get their

money doesn't leave much to the imagination as to what Congress intended when they made it a Law. The correct name of the act is "Federal Aid Wild life restoration act".

We, the great American Public can't get rid of the dung counters as easily as old John sent his phony cowboy over the ridge but we can make our wishes known to our legislators in Washington and they in turn can take the proper steps to rid us of the phony operations and operators who are fattening on the dollars we pay for hunting licenses and in Taxes on sporting goods, ammunition, guns, etc. by amending the law to divert the money that is being worse than wasted to some good purpose such as reducing Taxes and the price of hunting licenses.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN

When the Portal School closed last Spring there were only seven scholars, six knot headed boys and one little blond girl. During the summer Marc Hayes and Cheryl Lady moved away so it appeared that our school had gone the way of the horse and buggy as that only left Chuck, Stanley, Phil, Winkie and Mike, all potential presidents but numerically a little on the weak side to warrant hiring a teacher. However, with the passing of summer and an extra-ordinarily good rainy season school kids began to crop up from every direction and when Mrs. Lillian Reed rang the bell at 9 A.M., Sept. 3rd, 17 as fine looking boys and girls as you could find in a two day ride on a good Burro filed into the school room.

There was Miss Sally Dixon, age 11 from Hilltop; Allen Lee Cox, age 6 from down at the Anderson seeps; Alan Gordon, just past 13, from the Southwest Research Station; Gary Spencer, age 13 from Paradise and Miss Marilyn Bagwell, age 13 and her little sister Elizabeth, 6, from the old Reay Ranch; from Rodeo and vicinity there is one of the old regulars Stanley Payne, age 8 and his little brother David, 6, also the Pinales

brothers Ricardo, 10, and Roberto, 9.
From the AVA ranch come the Misses
Stochner, Margaret 10 and Gail age 8, and
of course old Chuck, age 13.

Congratulations, we didn't even suspect
it. But how in the devil do you know
its going to be Twins?

These together with those three wild cow
hands, Winkie, Phil and Mike, complete the
list. The three of them put together
are almost 28 years old. The 17th kid
moved away during the first week of school.

VOX POPULI

"Sept. 16, 1957
Douglas, Arizona

Mr. Carson Morrow
Portal, Arizona

Dear Carson: -

"We rec'd another issue of the C.E.S. today.
Let me take this opportunity to say we
certainly do enjoy same.

"In the issue before this last one we
noticed a writeup about Phil (Jiggs) *(Rheas)?*
Bagwell obtaining the Hayes Ranch at
Portal. Apparently you hadn't heard but
we are partners with the Bagwells in that
deal as we are on this place west of
Douglas.

Kindest personal regards to you and Leona
and Mike.

Sincerely,
Lucille & Jim Wilbourn
Douglas, Box 84"

We now stand corrected, sorry for the
omission kids. We'll try to do better
next time.

"Douglas, Arizona, Sept. 11, 1957

Carson;

"Please change mailing address for Bull
Sheet (Mexican pronunciation?) to 945,
8th Street, Douglas, Arizona. Mrs.
Swinford in Los Angeles for the coming of
the "twins". I shall go later.

Otis (Swinford)"