

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published October 16, 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.

FINANCES AND FISH

Old P.T. Barnum was undoubtedly a wise man, but when he estimated the birth rate of suckers at one a minute, he was a way low. We have more suckers right here in the Chiricahuas by taking in a little corner of the Doz Cabezas than Barnum ever saw, that is per capita, not per acre.

The fact of the matter is, it has begin to look as though the Cub Reporter is the only smart man left in the whole country as he is one of the few who hasn't donated anything more than a lot of pretty raw Bull to the Chiricahua Bull sheet. Within the last three days, people who look and act fairly rational most of the time have sent us five good American dollars in cash and Bertie DeBorde sent us a check for ten in the same mail. The five spot wasn't exactly sent to us, it was given to one of our high powered staff members by the little red headed lady that married Herman Kollmar. Just a short time before that, Reverend Woolery from Rodeo sent us a buck (imagine a preacher reading the Bull Sheet) pretty broad minded, we say. We not only appreciated the buck, but we are glad to have you with us, parson, and if we ever see any of your flock straying off the narrow trail, we'll either turn them back toward the green pastures or let you know so you can give them a little hell and get them straightened out again, (Attn; Doc Pugsloy, Birt Roberds and Jim Cox). We wouldn't mind helping old Brother Wiggins out along these lines too, if he will just cut us in on that Pecan Cream pie deal, (Attn; June Kinble).

And from down San Simon way came another five pretty little green frogskins, submitted by that good looking blond that says she ain't, Marie Franklin. She said two other blends or brunettes had donated part of it, Betty Newman and Mary Wood. We haven't met them yet, but we love them just the same and hope they don't get that hair dye habit too.

Just as we were about to wind up this little literary gem and close shop for the day, another of our favorite blondes led her son, Bob Greenmyer up to the Chopping Block at the editorial office and in spite of or because of the Cubs protests against it, he also went away a little lighter in the hip pocket. Well, we've got to get this stopped before some sharpie finds out what a paying proposition we have and starts publishing another paper in Portal.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

The old Z Bar T Ranch over on White Tail Canyon surely has a lot of green grass and fat cattle on it this year and the present owner, Herman Kollmar, is just about as happy as he should be. It seems that the biggest worry he and his little frau has, is that old Ignacio Flores is going to freeze or starve to death before he gets to be two hundred years old. As you probably know, old Nacho is an Opata indian who originated down in Sonora and drifted into the San Simon Valley along about 1910 or so, and has chopped several million fence posts and and about that many cords of wood since that time and finally got on the old age pension. However, accepting the

the pension is about the only concessin he has made to the Pale face's civilization and mode of living. Of course, he is willing to drink beer out of a can instead of Pulque out of a goat skin bag, but in about every other way he lives pretty much the same as he would if he still lived down in Opatá. He has his little leaky patched-up tent stretched up under a tree and builds a camp fire three times a day to warm up the frijoles con chili, make a few tortillas and re-boil the coffee. Of course, all these commodities are a lot more easily obtained here among the gringos than in Sonora because down there he wouldn't have a patron y patrona like el señor y la señora (Coma) (Kellmar) who have given him lots of good warm clothing, blankets, and cold Cerveza and most of his grub plus a lot of money (Pension) for which he has little use, but keeps cached away just in case these good samaritans should come to their senses soon day. To say that Nacho is living high on the hog is to state the case mildly for in addition to all that, the Kellmars have finally persuaded him to accept a brand new tent as a Christmas gift instead of the lumber house they wanted to build especially for him there on the ranch. When first approached as to whether he wanted the house or not, he stated flatly that he didn't want it because houses are unhealthy, and to the argument that he would get cold in his old tent this coming winter, he said that if he got cold he would only have to shiver a little and get warm, that all his tent needed was a few patches to make it almost as good as new and besides he didn't want a new tent because they cost a lot of money, but after it was carefully explained to him by la Señora (through an interpreter) that the new tent was to be a Christmas gift and he fully understood that he wouldn't have to pony up any of his treasured gringo pesos to pay for it, he enthusiastically accepted and selected about the highest priced tent in the Monkey Ward Catalogue. The one thing that still has Nacho bewildered is the importance all gringos attach to the passage of time. Invariably, they look at

their watch to see if its time to eat or go to bed and all such things as that and they look at the calender to see whether its winter or summer and above all they want to know how old he is, while he just goes along eating when he is hungry and sleeping when he feels like it and not knowing or caring anything about his age. But don't get the idea that he is just a dumb old indian who doesn't know the score. Mr. John Foster Dulles could learn a lot about diplomacy from him if he would just take note of how Nacho has become famous and well-off financially by using only two words at a time, "Quien Sabes" and "Si Señor", he never goes to the trouble of saying "No Señor" because if he don't want to do anything he just don't and his other two expressions are made to answer all the foolish questions the gringos care to ask and that's the way he started to become famous. A few years ago, he was camped up on Cave Creek cutting wood and some half-baked journalist came along looking for something to write about and Nacho being an odd looking, weather beaten, old Character, he proceeded to write quite a sensational story for the New York papers about an indian who was over one hundred years old fighting and whipping a bear. And, of course, from that Nachos age has ever since been over a hundred years and he is actually at the point of becoming a living myth. Simply because when the journalist asked him how old he was he probably answered "Quien Sabe" and when the journalist said you must be over a hundred he answered "Si Señor" and again in answer to the question about his arm which he had scratched on a snag while cutting wood, the inevitable "Quien Sabe" and when the writer asked if a bear did it right in his camp, the answer couldn't have been anything but "Si Señor".

In conclusion, the C.B.S. will bet a paid-up subscription against anything of equal value, such as a few old broken corset starves that by using the same line of questioning we can fix Nachos age at either one year or one thousand years and have him whip a Bengal Tiger instead of a bear. And its a cinch we will win if we happen to jingle a few

comes in our pocket while interrogating him.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Tom Stafford and another truthful man had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most unusual beauty shows which has ever been staged in the Chiricahuas. Usually such shows are participated in by comely young ladies and then only after considerable fanfare, advertising, etc., but the contestants in this case was one of our most sedate elderly ladies and a gentleman from Texas (if there is such a thing) of more than mature years who owns an apple orchard near Hill Top. We referred to this spectacle right in the beginning as a beauty show, but that is somewhat of an exaggeration with reference to the male contestant as to his underpinning was just about what you would expect to see on any underfed Cotton Picker after a days picking. However, the lady did display a pretty nice pair of yams. The limited, but select, audience are somewhat at a loss as to just what the contestants were trying to prove or what the prize was going to be. It seems to be strictly a two person contest and they apparently judging their own show as the man had his pants legs rolled up and was doing a sort of hula dance but when he realized that he had an audience, he proclaimed that he had the most sand burrs in his socks and the lady conceded without raising her skirts much. So he is now probably Mr. Universe or Mr. White Tail Canyon or maybe Sand Burr King. We have promised not to use the ladies name in connection with this story or in connection with any bubble bath or soap advertisements so if you want to know who she is, you will have to ask Tom. We might add that the Texan evidently hadn't been taking any bubble baths or used much soap recently so we promised not to use his name too.

GRAB YOUR HATS, KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN

The Cochise County Fair was a rip roaring success for the Portal kids. They won some ribbons and turned in a score of one hundred percent for effort and sportsmanship.

Lillian Reed and Peg Troller were two adults of the weaker sex who rate more than honorable mention for the parts they played in training the kids and overseeing the preparation of the exhibits. Lillian's little geniuses made a relief map of the Chiricahuas which won a blue ribbon in competition with all other Cochise County schools and Peg wagon-bossed Chrissy and Chuck in the fattening of shearing cattle which resulted in the bringing home of the bacon in the form of two red ribbons and quite a lot of dinners. Their lambs sold for a pretty fair price and probably would have done better if Peg had discarded that sign in the back of the car which says "Eat Beef and Keep Slim".

Scotty Anderson was about the only male of the species from Cave Creek who did anything more for the kids than the usual buying soda pop and paying two bits for a lot of nickel rides on the Carnival contrivances. He trained our four rusty little cow hands, Phil, Alan, Mikoy, and Winkoy along with their old willow tailed ponies to the point that they brought home a red ribbon and a white one which really took some doing on the part of the kids as they were in competition with a lot of boys and girls who were mounted on the best trained horses that money can buy.

Our little kind of red bearded, freckled faced sweetheart, Sandy Newman was the only one of our girl kids who did her stuff on horseback. She didn't win a ribbon because old Baldy zigged when he should have zagged in the stako race, but she was sitting straight up and looking like the little thorbred she is, all the way. To sum up the horse show, we will just say that they had us outhorsed but we had them out manned and after all, the horses have to do the running.

Another Portal kid did us proud too. Butch Little, who is going to school over in Wilcox this winter, made a lamp stand out of an old badly weathered pine knot that won a blue ribbon. It took a lot of imagination and skill to turn out this unique piece of work, maybe art would be a better work for it.

TRSA CABEZAS

The canyon is pretty quiet these days. The bug boys seem to be just about harvested for this season and the old and young boys and girls with the butterfly nets, mouse traps, sawed-off pants, etc., have gone back to teaching their schools or to continue their studies as the case may be. The U of A classes in Mammalogy are visiting the area frequently on weekends. Their principal interest at the present moment is bats. It seems to be a sort of mutual set-up as they go in all the caves around to make their studies and capture specimens and no doubt the bats are learning quite a bit about them and getting a kick out of their antics too. So since the Scientists kill and skin a bat occasionally for further study, don't be surprised if you see a scientist hide hung out to dry at the entrance of one of the caves. There are a few connecting passages in the little cave near Paradise which makes it possible for a person to become confused in directions and travel almost any distance underground although the cave is only a few hundred linear feet in its entirety. That very thing happened to a group of U of A bat students and Professor Cockran the other day. Each one of them got to following the one just ahead of him round and round through one of those circular passages until one of them probably stepped on his own heels or something and broke up the underground Merry-go-round.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The little Douglas paper on October 7th carried an item entitled "Portal Group Views Strange Object in Sky". That just goes to show you how backward those Douglas people are. The object referred to was not strange or unusual to us, up to the minute mountain people. It was the same old Flying Saucer that has been visiting here for the past million or so years. In fact, one of the passengers this trip was the same one who made the track in the piece of sandstone which is one display in front of the fireplace up at the Southwestern Research Station.

If you happened to be sitting around the camp fire with Jack Maloney and he told you; "One time me and old Sandy come off the side of that mountain a walkin a big old steoper's hocks and when we hit the botton, i smeared it on him and yoked him up to a jack oak", would you know what he meant? If not, you wasn't punchin cows in the Chiricahuas before 1915. But if you want to know, there are a few old fossils still around who can tell you, including the Cub Reporter, Buford Martin, and Cliff Darnell. If you good neighbors over around Doz Cabezas are curious, we refer you to Lencho and Willie the Boar, they can tell ya too.

From Belton, Texas comes a letter in fairly understandable English saying that Doc Pugsley has given permission to the Texans to move into Cave Creek. Their names are N, W, and Bonnie Story down there in Texas and if they don't change it upon arrival here, it will be safe to assume that they haven't stolen anything more valuable than a sheep or two lately. We would question Doc's authority to admit Texans to this country, but we didn't question Ike's authority to admit a few thousand of those boys from the Holy Land, so if we are going to be fair? and we are, we'll just treat all Republicans alike and let them admit each other to wherever they want to go. Mr. Story is apparently running a drug store now, but no doubt no doubt when he gets out here, he will pick cotton a little while and then either run for sheriff or go into the hog business as usual.

There was a time when everybody got busy and branded all their long eared calves nuy pronto if they heard Joe Schaefer was in the country, but that time has long past. The old rascal has changed his ways and slowed down until when he drove up to the C.B.S. Editorial office the other day the dog didn't even bark. Its too bad we didn't have the office "bugged" because Joe surely excavated a lot of choice skeletons for us and no one could write a story like he can tell it. Its really a treat to get him strung out.

He is one of the few people alive today who was in Fort Bowie before Geronimo surrendered and knew and talked to a lot of people who chased him and was chased by him long before he surrendered. Joe lives over near El Paso and he says he thinks this is his last trip to the Chiricahuas. We offered to bet him a new hat that it wasn't and after thinking it over, we wish we had bet him that he couldn't make it again as a visit from Joe is worth a new hat anytime.

That the Arizona Game Management experts have managed the Arizona Elk heads so well that they now have to close the season for three years to let them try to make a comeback? ^{let} *****

That Will DeBerde and Lencho Hurtado are so old and stone up they can't even steal a beef, so Will has gone into the garbage business (Bert says)

ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted:

Our printing facilities are about to be snowed under by our enlarging subscription list, so if anyone knows of a news paper in Bisbee, Douglas or Wilcox that isn't worth over thirty dollars, lock, stock, and barrel, please let us know and we will buy it and have the machinery to Portal.

That Scotty Anderson was elected School Trustee?

Lost:

Oil Well Red's niece reports that she has lost her tail gate. So if you find a red board with two reflectors about hor width, please notify Mrs. Verna Nichols at Hilltop. She says she is all shook up from losing the Board and she surely must be considering the amount of spendulix she enclosed to pay for this ad.

That when the C.B.S. slings the Bull its guaranteed to stick, wet or dry?

That little Eric Ludwig says his name is not WINDY BILL?

That the present Commissioner of Immigration was Ike's room mate at West Point? He must have been a hell of a lot better room mate than he is a commissioner?

STATEMENT OF FACTS

We have had more trouble getting this issue out then we had with all the others put together.

As you probably know, our printer, Carol is down in Douglas trying to have a baby and the Editor, Doc Cazier, is down there, ostensibly trying to help her, but actually all he is doing is rotarding progress and cluttering up the whole procedure. When she feels a little bit nauseated in the morning he does the vomiting and if she has a pain he immediately starts to having labor pains, so it looks like some of our experienced women are going to have to go down there and either give birth to that little machacho or throw Doc out and let Carol have a chance to do it herself. If we ever get this issue printed, you can expect something special in the next. A young artist has joined our staff and has drawn some illustrations that are pretty good.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Harry Payne says he needs the services of a hog inspector?

That the ex high sheriff from Tucson, Mr. Ben F. McKinney was looking over some Portal real estate a few days ago?

That we haven't had a good poker game in this vacinity for a long time?

That Guy Miller hasn't decided yet?

VON POPULI

We have been told by someone who can't read that the constitution of the United States guarantees us all the right of free speech, Freedom of the Press, etc., but no free riles on the merry-go-round. And we are saying right here and now that the C.B.S. is right slap dab back of the Constitution, the Magna Charter, E Pluribus Unam and Colorado river water for Arizona together with any other document or treaty with the indians that might make Portal and the rest of the United States a better country to live in. And now that we have made ourselves lear on that point, we are going to quote a letter from one of our wessy little subscribers which although some what inaccurate and surely strong enough but quite a strain on all the afore mentioned documents, we think it can be classed as americanism. So we will go along with that other wise old bird who said "We dont concur entirely with what she says, but she sure as hell has a right to say it".

"IF THE SHOE FITS...."

What's wrong with our 'fair' minded Business Concerns in Douglas and other Cochise County towns? The junior Chamber of Commerce and 4H officials all over the country have done their part to further the interest of 4 H-ers and cut down the squall of "Juvenile Delinquency" by giving these boys and girls something to work for and plan for. When these hard working kids bring their loved and petted stock into the ring to be sold for slaughter at a mere 30¢ and don't as much as break even on the expense for these projects, it's enough to discourage the whole group. It's a fact that most business concerns spend thousands of dollars each year for advertisement. What, mau I ask is better advertisement than having your name called over the loud speaker for buying a fat steer, lamb, or pig for some conscientious young 4 H-er at the stock Sale at the fair, or having an interesting Float in the Parade? These boys and

girls bring their stock from long distances and miss out on half the fun at the Fair by having to take care of their stock so it will be groomed it's best for the sale. We are all there, from all over the county bag and baggage, and spendin our money in your town for about 3 days and night.

I didn't have a 4 H-er this year, but I will have next car and darned if I won't keep the money in the family and buy my son's steer and take it home and put it in my own deep freeze before I'll see you buy it in the ring for 30¢ and sell it back to me over your counters for 90¢ a pound. I call that good business, what do you call it?

I pr bably couldn't got this published in the Douglas Dispatch (They diin't buy any 4 H stock either) but our Sub Reporter is just frank enough and "Fair" minded enough to print it in our Bull Sheet. But this ain't no Bull!

LaVerne Olney
Portal, Arizona

The hereafter quoted communication is one of the most treasured bits of encouragement we have received. And never let it be said that we, the Editorial Staff of the C.B.S. ever let the opportunity pass by without at least taking a grab at its tail. George approver or has a lot to do with the approval of governmental monetary grants for scientific research. We consider this publication one of the greatest experiments ever conducted in the exploitation of suckers (Genus Homo) so we are going to make application for a large grant in order that we can hire a couple of three blond stenographers, Put all the staff on a nice fat salary, provide cadillac pick-up trucks for each staff member and buy Doc Cazier a combination claw hammer and paint brush so he can get his entimology chores done faster and devote a little more time to catching bugs, and maybe washing dishes. In view of the nice compliments and the expressed desire to contribute to the

cause we feel sure that our application is practically approved. We will probably publish a copy of our application together with certificate of approval in the next edition.

NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

October 9, 1957

Dr. Mont Cazier
S.W.R.S.
Portal, Arizona

Dear Mont:

Thank you, indeed for sending the September 23, issue of the Chiricahua Bull Sheet. As you know I enjoy the publication immensely and of course it helps me to keep up with what is going on in your part of the country. Surely there must be a subscription cost involved and if you will give me the word on it I would like to contribute so that I can continue to receive the publication.

With warmest regards to you and Carol,

Sincerely yours,

George Sprugel, Jr.
Program Director for
Environmental Biology

P.S. I am pleased to learn that you folks have finally obtained the necessary shipper's license.

REGULATION

It looked like this issue of the sheet was going to die on the vine for sure, as we have told you before, Carol is temporarily out of the publishing business on account of something that happened up in New York last winter, so the Cub has been trying to put the bee on about everybody else to cut the stencils and you'd be surprised at the numerous and unique ways these gals who can type have of saying No. As a couple of examples, Laverne claimed to have paralyzed three fingers when she slapped at Oscar and missed and hit a nail in the wall right back of where he was before he dodged and Alice sort of took her cue from old "C" and said "Oh, I'm sorry."

as a Texan would say "didn't do nothin". Finally Bruce Elliott, a sort of student stenographer who is a Corporal in the U. S. Marine Corps over in San Diego went AWOL and drifted back over this way, and had the misfortune of falling in a gully down near the Nassau Burre Ranch Saturday night. He in lieu of turning him back to the Marines for the regular twenty-five dollar reward we are allowing him to type this for us. (Thanks a lot Bruce)

(I'm really not AWOL but if these people here at the "bug Ranch" keep being so top ace to the Remington Raider from S.D, I will be!)

As you probably know, Jim Willburn had a little more hard luck than usual the other day when his pick-up truck burned up which leaves him not only afcet but a little bit broke than he was, so a group of the good neighbors have decided to get together and do something more than talk about it.

As a beginning, Herbert Smith of Rodeo, N.M. was appointed as a committee of one to receive any donations anyone may care to make and to use it help make a down payment on a new vehicle. The Bull Sheet approves of this and is heading the list with a nice new five dollar bill and you may be assured that when the sheet parts with any mezama, the cause is certainly worth it.