

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published November 9, 1957

at or near the city of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, Portal, Arizona. We impartially stick our snoots into all affairs, Governmental, Civic and Personal.

TRES CABEZAS

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY



A group of students from New Mexico College of Agr. and Mech. Arts spent last week end at the S.W.R.S. and we will admit that for people from that state they seemed to be extra ordinarily intelligent. At least they didnt get lost, which is more than can be said for the last visiting group from our own University of Arizona. All of we naturally smart guys expect the visiting scientists to look freakish or act foolish and once in a great while one comes along that fills the bill. Occasionally one shows up with short pants or long whiskers or breast works almost as big as they tried to build on the Maginot line (we are still talking about males of the species) but that class is by far the exception.

We had one old fellow here from New York a couple of summers ago who used an umbrella instead of a net to catch insects and when he got caught out in a big rain he stuffed the umbrella into the front of his shirt to keep it from getting wet. We also had our DUNG HO Marine friend who when caught in a storm took off his cloths and walked from San Simons in skivies (thats underdrawers in marine language) and shoes to Newmans store.

It appears that our old garage man Evert Brown down at Rodeo and a widow lady from up Paradise way might begin filing a joint income tax return before long. We havent heard either of them say a word about it but when she shows up at the garage everybody else waits while he goes through a lot of shuffling around with his foot in his wing sort of like an old dominecker rooster, so to speak.

Again it seems that an apology is in order on account of the CUB making some erroneous allegations about a Texas lady. Now you can say anything dirty you want to about a Texas man and its more than apt to be true but the ladies are different. So what we said about John Pence still goes, however when we said that his lady love had been married several times, we were wrong and for that we are sorry. Aunt Duck says that John didnt have enough hogs to induce the lady to commit matrimony and move to Arizona so John is really looking forward to a big pig crop next year as his future love life apparently is not in the laps of the gods but on the hogs.

Mouth Of The Canyon



A lot of good friends and neighbors have visited the editorial office since we went to press last time and the old cub being the silent old boy that he is really enjoyed having them drop in and tell a few big ones.

That old rapscaillon Joe Schaefer was back again just like we hoped he would be. Mrs. Schaefer came with him this time. She is a lot younger and better looking than Joe but is quite an old timer in her own right never the less. She was born and grew up in Bonita Canyon quite a while back and remembers a lot of ancient history of the Chiricahuas.

Bertha, Gail and Dale Lee and Hazel Morrow were over from Tucson for a few hours. Dale told us some good stories about hunting tigers (Jaguars) in South and Central America. Those old kids all originated in the Chiricahuas and all expect to come back to make their homes someday. Lets hope they do it soon.

Archie and Ruth Rea have been galivanting around over the country for several days. They both went to Albuquerque first and Archie stayed there to visit his mother and probably a few blonds while Ruth drove to San Francisco with her daughter in law and grandsons who were enroute to join Chalmers Rea who is stationed there with the U.S. Army intelligence. (We were unaware they had any).

We havent cabbaged onto any presidents or vice presidents for the C.B.S. yet but

we do have some junior staff members. Miss Sally Dixon and her gang have taken over the "GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS" column and have done what we think is a first class job writing up the Portal Kid news.

Eric Hayes has illustrated this issue and if our printer can transplant his sketches to the regular stencils you will see a big improvement in the sheet.

We would sure like for the Apache and Rodeo kids to submit the kid news from their schools and neighborhoods too, and if any of the old folks around are mis-behaving or aren't doing things to suit you, write it up and we'll print it for you.

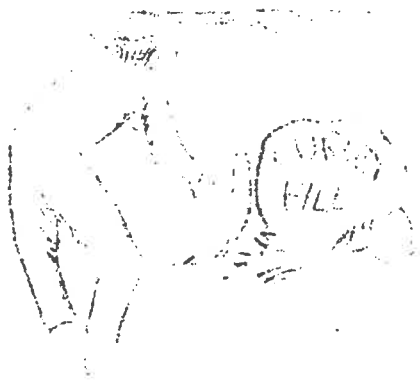
OUT OF TOWN PALOOKAS

A while back on the sports page of the Tucson paper we ran onto a nice little sports item written by Felton Clark and a glance up at the top of the page revealed a picture of the smiling mug of Jerry Clark, star tackle of the Sunnyside High School football team. Mostt of you subscribers dont know those two young jaspers and thats too bad because they are fine kids and have come a long way up the ladder since they used to be the cubs next door neighbors over on River Road near Tucson.

At that time they were about five and four years of age respectively, and outside of chasing horned-toads their principal occupation was mucking off the south end of their younger brother Doug after he failed to get his pants down in time. Doug is about six feet tall now and it might sort of embarass him if this is mentioned in the presence of any of his many girl friends, so lets keep it kind of quiet.

From over Coolidge way comes news of two of our former Portal kids. Erick Hayes, our staff artist turned in a score of one hundred on geometry for the first semester and the little old senator Marc made the honor roll. This dont surprise us a bit but we were mighty glad to hear it just the same.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS



Some time ago, we mentioned Jim Artles name in connection with some scientists who got lost up near the Research Station and since then several of the old boys who were in circulation at the time Artle disappeared, (the last part of March 1905) have given us the benefit of their knowledge and surmises which we will pass on to you.

Artle and another old german fellow by the name of Chris Grauer were partners in some mining claims up in the head of White-tail canyon and had their camps just over the divide in the north fork of Pinery. The Hands brothers John and Frank owned adjoining claims and were living at the old hill top camp which is about a mile from Artle and Grauer's camp.

The Hand's brothers were hard headed Britishers from the old country and the others were still harder headed if that is possible and also from the old country so naturally they weren't getting along very well. It seems that the bickering had gone on to the point that each one of the four wanted to get rid of the other three by just about any means foul or fair, and there is little doubt that some one of the other three did put Artle away so well that he hasn't been found to this day and very likely never will be as the others are gone to the happy hunting ground too.

The day Artle vanished he came into Paradise and bought a new pair of shoes and said that he was going back to his camp, pick up a few personal effects and go on to the Z Z ranch at Apache pass for a visit. He stopped at Ulrich Rieders

place in white tail canyon enroute to hi camp that same day and started up the trail from there to oblivion.

That is about all the known facts. A big snow storm came and obliterated all tracks before Artle was missed so tracking him was out of the question. If anyone would like to make a search fo him now, the chances of finding him are just about as good as they were then. So go right ahead and solve the greatest mystery of the Chiricahuas.

Frank Moland feels certain that one o the Hands brothers did the foul deed and Joe Schaefer is just as certain that old Chris Grauer did it. Conjecture and opinions were divided in about the same proportion at the time it happened. At any rate Artle more than likely had things pretty well warmed up for all three of the suspects when they arrived at the firey furnace.

At that time white tail canyon was th livliest part of the Chiricahuas. There was old oatmeal Sam Dale, Bull Hill Duncan McDonald, Doctor Hitchins and Cal Dewey each holding and developing groups of mining claims up the Indian creek fork of white tail. Over on the south side Charley Lavery, Dick Larue, Headburg, Kessler and several others were doing likewise. Further down the canyon George Gardner, Ulrich Rieder, Perry Smith and old man John Sullivan had cabins at what is now the Dixon orchard. Steve McComas and Jim Gould were squatting on the Z bar T ranch which was then called the Rockhouse. Charlie Gallagher and Dave Doran were holding what is now known as the old Ajax mine which is just across the draw to the north of the Oliver Richardson place. Oliver and his brother, Doctor Richardson together with the Doctors family lived in the old lumber shack which is still standing on the left hand side of the road going west on white tail flat.

Each and every one of the aforementioned gents were real characters and no doubt an interesting book could have been written about any one of them but they generally revealed very little of their past lives or if they did, the ones they told ot to have either passed away or forgotten

So as time goes along we will dig up one or more of their skeletons, that is with a pencil, and try in our poor way to tell you what little is remembered of them. With the help of Frank Noland, Jack and Emma Maloney, Joe Schaefer and wife, Tom Stafford, Bill Sanders, Ralph Morrow and any of the other old boys and girls who survived the drouths and starvation through those so called good old days and are still walking around, we will tell you from time to time some short stories that might be of interest.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Johnny Morrow and family of San Manuel recently visited his brothers in the Chiricahuas?

That our teacher Mrs. Lillian Reed has had the flu and has been unable to teach for several days and that her husband Walter was in the Douglas hospital with the same ailment?

That Birt Roberts has his hay baler repaired and is ready for business next year, if it rains enough to make hay again, and it will.

That Eric Hayes illustrated this issue for us? Please let us know how you like it.

That the Maitland place has been sold to someone in oil City, Pennsylvania?

That Fritzie Rea has been elected president of her class at St. Mary's nurses training school at Tucson?

SHE IS HERE!

Miss Karen Cazier who was born at the Douglas hospital last friday came out to the Research Station with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Mont A. Cazier on October 23. She had her first press interview at the C.B.S. headquarters and expressed a decided dislike for the cub reporter and the world in general in a loud clear voice. Doc failed to get a book of directions on how to run the thing and would like to know how to shut it off!

She is a mighty sweet, lively little lady and there is every indication that she will soon be head woman around the S. W. R. S. She can already turn over in bed without any help from the old folks and Winkie and Mike are sort of giving her the old eye when they think no one is looking.

VOX POPULI

Bowie, Arizona
Oct. 28, 1957

Mr. Carson Morrow
Hilltop, Arizona

Dear Carson:

Upon receipt of your letter I contacted parties suggested. I received some favorable infarmation. They promised to have a meeting and look into tl matter.

I have to date received no report.

Please advise me if anything has or is being done toward building road.

Sincerely
A. R. Spikes
Arizona State Senate

Portal, Arizona
Nov. 9, 1957

Senator A. R. Spikes
Bowie, Arizona

Dear Senator Spikes:

Thank you kindly for your letter of Oct.28 in reply to my inquiry of May 20, 1957 regarding the possibility of getting the Cave Creek, Onion Saddle road taken into the Arizona State Highway system.

In so far as I know, nothing has been done by the U.S. Forestry Service or Cochise County to improve the road under discussion and your belated letter is the only reply received to similar inquiries directed to other influential people.

We, of this community know that a good improved highway over the proposed route is essential to the development of this area and of Cochise County. We are therefore willing to do anything within reason to get the project started.

Do you have any suggestions?

Sincerely
Carson Morrow

VOX POPULI, cont.

Elaine Kennedy Koontz
411 W. Second St.
Oil City, Pennsylvania

Oct. 16, 1957

Mr. Carson Morrow
% Chiricahua Bull Sheet
Portal, Arizona

Dear Mr. Morrow:

At the suggestion of Miss Alice Gray of the American Museum of Natural History, I am writing to ask you to send me the current issue of your monthly paper, the Chiricahua Bull Sheet, as well as some of your back issues. If you will notify me what a subscription costs, as well as the back issues, I shall send you the money when I hear from you.

The reason I am interested in your paper (not only because I am a news reporter myself) is because until recently, I had planned to buy the former Maitland property in Portal and had hoped to come out there to live. Mr. Maitland, am sorry to say, was too fast a mover for me and sold the property before he even gave me a chance to find out anything before two weeks was up. Perhaps it's just as well, only I am terribly disappointed.

When Miss Gray suggested I get in touch with you to find out about the place, I decided to do so. Also thought you might know of some available places in that area that are for rent or sale.

Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and also please send the papers as soon as possible. I will send the money as soon as you let me know the price.

Thanking you for this courtesy, I am
Very Truly Yours,
Elaine Koontz (Miss)

If anyone has a place for sale or rent, please correspond with Elaine direct. And if any of you old bachelors with a cozy little nest feel romantically inclined you may do the same with our best wishes, but for the love of Pete dont send your photograph.

ATTENTION-Dave Cook, Evert Brown, Sir Erbert Smith, John Pence, Glenn Isaacson and Jim Strickland.
(Elaine-watch out for the last two, they are still wet behind the ears!)

Dear Bull Sheet:

First of all I want a little information. Does anyone know of someone who would give guitar lessons? I have inquired around but so far havent had any luck. Please let Billy Darnell know.

The old Riggs ranch that was for sale that you mentioned in the Bull Sheet a short time ago was bought by Clyde Allred and his cousin Pete Allred.

I quite agree with LaVerne Olney on the subject of the business concerns around the country not backing up the 4 H-ers, however that cannot be said about the Southern Arizona Auto-(Lewis Mason). He has bought Billey's calf for several years and has always given him a fair price.

Elizabeth Darnell

Thanks a lot Elizabeth. If any of you good neighbors know of a music teacher who can teach Billy to strum on his guitarre speak right up as that little cowboy is about big enough to begin singing under a balcony once in a while.

The ranch that was sold belonged to Mulkins. The one we advertised is still for sale. Our adds dont seem to click very well. Margaret says she has'nt sold any galluses or garters lately and Frank Noland still has most of his purple spotted bulls for sale. However, we hear that Birt Roberts got rid of three of his white faced cotton seed cake consumers by throwing in a ton of prairie hay with each bull.

DOWN THE LONE TRAIL

Our old timers are checking out pretty regular now.

Phil Ebsen of San Simon passed over the great divide this month and last thursday quite a bunch of the good neighbors gathered at the Paradise cemetery to pay the last respects to Ernest E. Lee. Phil came to San Simon in 1913 and Ernest came to Rodeo in 1908.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN



Our school is happy to submit our school news for the Bull Sheet. Those chosen for reporters are Sally Dixon, Mike Murphy, and Margert Stockner.

Portal school is recognized fire prevention week by practicing a series of fire drills, we want to keep up on through the year.

Flu has hit Portal school has brought down the roll. The ones out-up to date- are Phil Olney, Gary Spencer, Sally Dixon, David Payne, Vincent Anderson, Elizabeth Bagwell, Chuck Troller, and last but certainly not least Mrs. Reed. Some are back though. We want to say, "Thanks for teaching us, Mrs. Bliss."

There's another uncle in the room! The other morning Alan Gordon told us he had a baby niece. The baby's name is Karen Cazier, so, Karen let us be the first to welcome you as a future student to Portal school. Let us say also, congratulations Doc. and Mrs. Cazier and as the cub would say "Uncle Man Mountain". But we don't want our old uncle Allen Lee Cox to feel left out so, "congratulations to uncle!" By the way some of Allen Lee's nieces and nephews are older than he is, (he being the ripe old age of six).

If you hear wierd sounds soon don't be afraid, it's only us practicing on our harmonica band.

The boys and girls who wanted to belong to 4-H were taken by Mrs. Troller to a meeting Saturday night in Douglas.

Attending were Marilyn Bagwell, Chriss and Chuck Troller and Alan Gordon. They did pretty good too for Chriss is secretary, Chuck vice president and Alan recreational leader.

A bookmobile came to Portal the other day, stopping at the post office, several homes, and then at the school. Many people got books which they may keep six weeks.

We're sorry to say Mrs. Bliss took sick while substituting for Mrs. Reed, "We hope you're feeling better, Mrs. Bliss." But we're also happy to have Mrs. Reed back. "We sure hope your feeling better every day Mrs. Reed, and hope you don't get sick any more."

Sally Dixon took advantage of last week while our teachers were sick. She visited her old school teachers and classmates at Picacho. Sally Dixon reporter. (From what Sally's teachers and classmates know of her here, she was a mighty welcome visitor at her former school! L. R.)

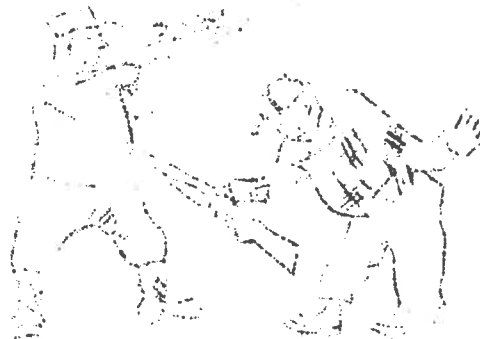
Please Page Mr. Abraham Lincoln!

Portal is becoming more up to date all the time. To keep up with the modern trend our telephone operator has joined the telephone operators union and is now in pretty much the same position she was when Mr. A. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation became effective way back in the 1860's.

The operator has been at the beck and call of, and subject to the orders of all the numerous association officials from the president down through the vice presidents, executive committee and secretary. The only reason the office boy didn't heckle her too was because they forgot to elect anyone to that position. In addition to tolerating all the gripes, belly aches and insults from the subscribing members because she couldn't get their calls through over their old junky lines, she was required to be on the job 24 hours a day, five and a half days per week and given hell by anyone who cared to, If she wasn't on the job the other day and a half also

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE.

But as we said before, the union will change all that now. They require that the operator be paid a considerably higher wage than is being paid presently: that she be on duty only 40 hours per week: that time and a half be paid for all over time: that provision be made for at least two weeks paid vacation each year etc., etc., and last but not least, in case of failure of compliance on the part of the employers, the union can and probably will order the operator to close up the telephone office and start walking up and down in front of it carrying a sign reading "unfair to organized labor".



Dont let your bowels get in an uproar about this article "slave drivers" because the present operator has'nt joined the union and it would probably scare her half to death if she even knew this was being written, so keep right on brow beating her all you want to, it wont help in getting your calls through but it will probably help salve your consciences regarding your faulty equipment and build up you egos a little.

If the cub reporter was your operator he would pick out some of the little scrawny members and stuff about a hundred yards of telephone line in their "ears".

SQUAW PRINTS AROUND THE CAMP FIRE,
LARGE AND SMALL.

Those Pima squaws up around Coolidge are going to learn to eat guts and make tortillas in a more high class manner now. Gretchen Hayes has been employed as a social worker on the Pima Reservation and if we know her as well as we think we do she'll have Indian society in high gear in no time at all.

Cant you visualize her instructing those old heavy set dusky gals in the art of patting out corn or mesquite bean cakes way high up on their thighs while sitting flat on the ground around a camp fire?

Anyway they're going to learn a lot from Gretchen and for Aldens good it is to be hoped that she learns a lot from them too, such as building mud and stick houses, saddling horses, rolling her husbands cigarettes and providing their own grub and clothing. Watch yourself kid you know what the injuns did to Custer, he was trying to civilize them too.

At one time or another we have all seen parents give a child a dose of castor oil. In some cases the child was induced to take the oil passively if not cheerfully by sweetening it with sugar, but in others they simply pried his mouth open and poured it down with the admonition "it is good for you". But here in the Chiricahuas we have had that version reversed and have seen a bunch of big arrogant inexperienced kids ram a big dose of castor oil down the adults throats without the sugar and in spite of all their protests. Well we havent seen exactly that either but we have seen a bunch of self styled Game Technicians shove two seasons of unwarranted and unwanted doe hunting down our throats with the admonition "Kill more deer and you'll have more deer". The results of both operations have added up to about the same thing, the kid came out with his bowels empty and we came out with our forest more than half denuded of deer, and too, like the kid about all we have done about it is raise a little local stink and do a lot of belly aching.

We are going a step further now and again ask all you good neighbors to write to the governor and ask him to put the kibosh on all this game technician tom foolery.

WE TOLD YOU SO. NOW YOU TELL THE HIRED
HAND.

You can't tell how far a frog can jump by looking at him and by the same token you can't tell how much good a letter will do until you write it.

WE TOLD YOU SO. NOW YOU TELL THE HIRED HANDS, cont.

We published a copy of a letter written by Mrs. Alice Miller to the board of Supervisors a couple of issues back in which she appealed to them to fix the roads over which she carries the mail, and by golly that very thing has been done.

Some days ago practically all the road machinery and all the road crews in Cochise county moved into white tail canyon for the first time in years, if ever before, and improved the road from Hill Top to Paradise until its a pleasure instead of a major operation to drive over it.

Come on, good neighbors, lets all follow Alices example and write to some more of our public hired hands and tell them what we want done.

Lets tell the Governor we want him to fire these dung counting game "technicians" and tell the Arizona highway department that we want a state highway over the mountain through Onion Saddle. Tell the Forest ranger that we want the water system in cave creek recreation area in operation. Also tell the Secretary of the Interior that we want an access road to the Wonderland of Rocks through white tail canyon and incidently you might tell Ike that if Sputnik lands in Cave Creek and disturbs the peace and quiet that we'll all vote the democratic ticket next time. You dont need to mention the fact that we are going to vote that way anyway as the result of the foul mess he has made of things. Full time for golf and joy riding after 1960 so he wont continue to be a national hazard.

By the way, it may be that our Supervisor Joe Good would like to have the votes from this precinct after all, as he also had the grader go over the road all the way up to the Research Station making Doc Cazier very happy, muy bueno,,no?

COOS, HOOS AND BULLS.

We have been informed by a more or less reliable party that the Forestry Service will soon take steps to find out the number of cattle on each grazing allotment on the forest.

We didnt say they are going to count

the cattle because our informant says that is not the way they are going to do it. The Forest boys have learned a lot from the game "technicians" so they are going about it in the true scientific way and instead of chasing the cattle around and counting them, they will ride around quietly counting moos and cow chips. No doubt they will get a pretty good tally on the cows and calves by that methed but they might get a little bit confused on the bulls especially down here around the C.B.S. editorial office where we are licensed to sling and ship that stuff to all parts of the world. However, we will keep our stock in trade concentrated as much as possible and hope the other less talented bull slingers in the canyon will do the same or some of our goat herders who have gone into the cattle business might have to pay grazing fees on a lot more bulls than they own.

IT AM DE,LAW.

When you see our modern immigration border patrol driving around in their monogram be-splattered jeeps and flitting from hither to yon in their cozy little air coups its a little bit difficult to realize that they are engaged in one of the oldest occupations known to the human race and certainly one that is of more importance to the future welfare of our country than any other or all the other various branches of law enforcement put together.

From the time humans begin to develop to the point that they realized the advisability of forming themselves into clans or tribes for protection against their natural enemies they also begin to devise ways and means of repulsing raiders and the infiltration of individuals from other like groups. They did not have any barbed wire or territorial boundaries, but depended on natural barriers such as streams, mountains etc. and patrolled or watched the weak points. The old boys and girls who did the job didnt think of themselves as a border patrol and certainly never took time out to go to a resturant for a coffee break, but never the less they were doing

exactly the same thing our boys in the forestry green uniform with the black stripe down the legs are supposed to be going.

Another difference is that the ancients were down to the earth realists who knew for sure that their enemies were right down on the ground the same as they are now, so that's where they looked for them, of course they didn't have an aeroplane to chase around up in the clouds nor did they have any very elaborate dress or weapons, but neither did they have to fool around making arrests and appearing in courts, they simply clobbered the invaders with a stone axe or club and went on about their patrolling without even taking time out to call a coroner's jury. Furthermore, their danger from invaders was so imminent that they fully understood that one slip up on their part would not only cause them to lose all their worldly goods but their lives and families' lives as well.

While now if a few aliens or a few hundred undesirable aliens sneak into our country over the back fence it doesn't seem to make much difference until they and their offspring begin to fill up our jails, bread lines, mental institutions, etc. and by that time the overall damage to the nation is practically untraceable back to the source.

Our earlier immigration laws were set up to screen out and exclude undesirables and to deport such aliens who effected unlawful entry. Later other laws were enacted which placed a limit on the number of aliens who could come to our shores legally and provided penalties for failure to comply. All these laws were timely and adequate, if enforced as they were meant to be, barring the usual legal loop holes, but the enforcement of them has been and is an entirely different story.

History shows that all of the old hairy boys with the stone axes right down to our own American Indians failed to enforce their immigration laws and that was the reason they went out of business, nationally or tribally as the case may be. It also shows that in most cases their downfall did not come through armed mass invasion but from enemy infiltration from without and political manipulation from within, and believe it or not good neighbors that is exactly what is happening to us right now.

Our immigration set up at ports of entry such as Douglas, Nogales and New York are adequate if allowed to function without political interference, but we have hundreds of miles of both water and land boundaries on either side of ports which are woefully lacking in surveillance of any kind. In fact the coverage is so scanty that it is a ten to one bet that a herd of elephants could be driven over the Mexican border in many places, any day or night without detection by any law enforcement agency.

The reason for this condition is politics. Of course there are many lesser contributing factors but basically that is the reason. You might wonder how an organization such as the immigration service whose personnel is strictly under civil service could be interfered with by politics and politicians. That is very simple since the political office holders have a death grip on the national purse strings and the head man of the service who is the commissioner of immigration is a political appointee and his boss, the attorney general is too. Every immigration employee is subject to the direct and indirect orders of these men and their operational policies.

So if a politically powerful individual or minority group decide that they want to bring in a few hundred thousand cotton pickers, or refugees from the holy land or a few housemaids, all they have to do is put on the political pressure in the right place and either the purse strings are tightened until the law which prevents their desires from being fulfilled cannot be enforced or in some cases the law has simply been ignored or made flexible through mis-interpretation to obtain the desired results.

That applies to the border patrol as well as the rest of the service and in addition it is so woefully undermanned that it is ridiculous to think of it even half way covering the thousands of routes over which aliens can and do effect illegal entry into the United States.

Border patrolmen are undoubtedly the best trained and capable law enforcement officers in the country but their organization, as before mentioned, is simply

too small numerically to get the job done and they are further harpered by untrained top eschelon administrators who have had no experiences in that field, and are generally inclined to use the patrol as a play thing or a political football to curry favor with organized big monied interests engaged in farming, mining, railroads, etc. or to gratify their own whims and fancies.

This condition has existed throughout the life of the service regardless of whatever political party is in power and the present set up is certainly no exception. The present commissioner is a retired general who was not only Ikes class mate but was also his room mate at West Point, he might have been an excellent soldier as soldiers go, but as a wagon boss for the immigration service he has been and is a complete flop. He had only been in office a very short time when he purchased an expensive lot of motor and camping equipment, took a group of patrol officers with him for flunkies and made an extensive hunting trip into Canada and Mexico, all at government expense.

A congressional investigation of this matter was threatened for a while but died on the vine, evidently from wire pulling further up the political ladder. His over all administration has been no better and no worse than that of his predecessors except that he has probably spent more money for gadgets such as airplanes, house trailers and radar which have little if any practical use to the patrol. He has attempted to personally supervise all phases of the operation, which he knows little or nothing about, to the extent that the old wet-back never had it so good, he has found out that a jeep cant follow him through rough country, an airplane cant hinder him much as long as he stays on the ground and radar screens bother him not at all. Unquestionably some undesirable European and Asiatic aliens have also learned all that and more.

Here near the Mexican border we are prone to think of aliens as being wet-back Mexicans but that is erroneous because people of every nationality on earth are known to land in Mexico and slip into this country over the Mexican border and with that class comes the dangerous ones.

This writer does not believe that the Mexican immigrant whether he enters lawfully or unlawfully is or ever has been a menace to the welfare of this country because by far the majority of them do not want to be gringos, they have a rich undeveloped country of their own. They are just as proud of their race and nationality as we are of ours and while they like some parts of our ways of living, such as regular meals, automobiles, phonographs and moving pictures they dont have a very strong desire to make their homes anywhere but in "Mejico mi tierra". They had been coming up here and working through harvests, in the mines, etc. for plenty of decades and taking the money or american commodities home with them before our immigration laws were made to apply to them and have, and probably will continue to do so in spite of the law unless it is much more stringently enforced or until their own country reaches a point of development which will provide the desired manufactured articles and the dinero to buy them with.

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