

13

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

Published November 26, 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.

CALL OUT THE SHOCK TROOPS:

On sunday November 17 the weather jerky, it might be a good idea to learn man dished out a snow storm that put the and incidently it would'nt be a bad idea kibosh on deer hunting and defeated the to keep the old kerosene lamps cleaned U. S. Army or at least part of it. By up. The columbus electric have told us about four pm. on that date most of the repeatedly that the outfit is just about deer hunters had been defeated and gone strapped and recently a letter from them to lower climes. tells of a raise in rates being absolutely necessary to stay in business at all.

A group of our brave defenders from It seems that the concern has been the Signal Corps at Fort Huachuca came going from poor management to practically into the canyon at about the same time no management, all on borrowed money and headed for Barfoot Park. The convoy now electric lights and refrigeration in consisted of nine six by six trucks with these parts might soon be no more. caisson trailors, a jeep and one conventional command car. These vehicles

Some of us members who have been too lazy to attend meetings, make suggestions or offer constructive criticism are wondering if a concerted, intelligent effort was made to unload the dead-wood and thereby cut expenses before resorting to raising rates. Such a raise surely wont bring in enough revenue to save the

So as of tuesday the whole works is hung bacon if the financial difficulties are up on the side of the mountain, where as great as they appear to be. On the the road swings around into the head other hand there is a strong possibility of the South Fork of Onion Creek. The that the raise will be more detrimental command car is down below the road quite than beneficial. A few years ago the a distance laying quietly on its side minimum rate for summer residences was with the windows smashed out. The trucks raised to ten dollars, with the result and trailers are slewed around every that a good many such customers discontinued the service until it was lowered to \$5.00.

Huachuca, probably to call in the In reading the aforementioned letter one fact stands out very clearly and that is, the rural non-farm residence owners do not have a representative on the board of trustees. However, there is no mention as to whether or not the Y M C A, Salvation Army and a few Red Cross nurses to serve doughnuts etc. while the road dries out. The army vehicles have been pushed, pulled and winched around to leave a way for the civilian mud chain equipped flivvers to get by. Inter-State Commerce Commission had approved the change in rates so we wont bring it up this time either.

If that Russian sputnik carrying the sly roving pootch would be considerate enough to land up there now, the brave lads might make some good use of that hound as a sled dog.

DID YOU KNOW?

That this is the thirteenth issue of the Bull Sheet?

LIGHTS OUT!

In case you dont know how to make It is rumored the Sew What?Club is toying with the idea of starting a

rival publication called the COW SHEET.
What bird sheet!

That Dick Dixon had Betty and Sally
rebuild his fire place over two weeks
ago and it has'nt fallen down yet?

That Oscar Olney is now caretaker
of the Cave Creek recreation areas?
Wonder if he will keep the toilet seats
freshly painted like Leo Lady did so he
can keep track of the cache customers
in the sewage department?

That old Bugass Red Thompson came
by and filled our tank and took most of
our Christmas money back to Willcox
the other day?

That B. K. Riggs was born in a
covered wagon at the mouth of Immigr-
ant Canyon more than seventy five years
ago?

That Doc Cazier is the working
editor of the CBS and "wagon bosses"
the Southwestern Research Station as a
sort of side line or hobby? How true,
since the Cub toots about in his new
(dont touch) white Ford.

That we have received a lot of
mighty nice compliments on the illust-
rations in the last issue?

That Willie De Borde bought a gold
mine a while back? Wonder who salted it?

That old Oil Well Red Stoddard is
on the water wagon again, temporarily?

That the Apache or Rodeo kids hav-
ent sent us any news from those places
yet? We thought sure Billy Darnell and
Custy Miller would come through for
Apache. What about it kids? We dont mind
if you write it left handed Custy, this
is kind of a left handed publication
anyway.

That a certain lady who resides in
White Tail Canyon is reported to have
been grazing on water cress and peanut
butter sandwiches and will continue to

do so for the next few months. Her name
isnt Pague, Morrow, Dixon, Miller,
Kollmar, Noland or Nichols.

That the further up the creek you
go the better they like cake? The fur-
therest one up on White Tail paid ten
bucks for a cake at Rodeo a while back.
His wife thinks he might have taken on
a few liquid refreshments to stimulate
his apatite before the sale.

That Carols mother Mrs. Winnie
Gorden from the mosquito infested
swamps of New Jersey is visiting at the
SWRS?

That Grammy Morrow has been having
trouble with her car heating up, but
now that the emergency brake bands
have completely worn out it runs just
fine?

MOUTH OF THE CANYON!

Doc Cazier cut the stencils for
the last issue and did a first class
job, taking into consideration that he
is strictly a one finger typist. He
started typing at 11am. and completed
page ten at 2.30 the following morning.
This must be a record of some kind and
we were all set to whittle him out a
leather medal for his tenacity and dev-
otion to duty, but we found out that he
had a much greater incentive. Little
Miss Karen was holding court and taking
colic remedies between yells up at the
big house so old Pop preferred to stay
over at the laboratory and type the
Bull Sheet. No comment, MAC.

Our old college chum Bill Sanders
is constructing a new modern indoor
bath room in his residence over at Par-
adise. It is rumored that he expects to
have it finished by bathing time next
spring. That wont be Bills first bath
as it is recalled that he fell in the
creek one time in 1907.

Difference of opinion causes more
things than just horse races. As one

example, Doc Pugsley and John Pence are as busy as beavers hauling soil up the creek from down in the valley to enrich their garden and flower beds. Last year Gordon (mud river) Newman was just as busy hauling soil from up near Pugsley's to Douglas for the same purpose.

Scotty Anderson is going to help Guy Miller shoot his horse or a black tail deer or something this year and probably a little bull too.

The little Yankee outlaw and Winkie visited overnight at the Navajo camp in Sulfur Canyon recently.

The Cub reporter "almost" got a shot at a scientist just before the deer season opened and had he not been such a lousey shot the last two issues of this sheet might never have been typed. The Cub was presumably trying to shoot a yearling for beef and had it lined up so he was shooting right square toward the road, but the old Tres Cabeza, knowing the cub, stopped a few feet before he reached the line of fire. Our game warden was right on the spot to watch the fun and was grinning from ear to ear because it was the Cub's third shot at a stationary piece of meat and the yearling was still standing. We understand that the poor thing later fainted and the two intrepid mountaineers proceeded to butcher it before it could wake up. Now that we know that there is no closed season on Scientists and cotton tailed rabbits and further that it is OK to shoot at and across the roads, we wonder why the law says you can't shoot from the road. Maybe it's because the motorist would have a stationary target in the hunter whereas the hunter has the handicap of a moving target. We should be sporting in all this but wouldn't it be much safer to shoot only from the road? That way you would only hit the dope who got off the highway and was looking for trouble.

We hear that June Kimble has moved to town. It's a safe bet you'll find her at the Douglas Drug drinking soda

pop most of the time and with her hair all frizzled up trying to look like a city gal.

Betty Dixon and Juanita Morrow promised to write us a story about one of their lodge sisters who went to Willcox. It seems she came home in the dark, tailless and tootless on account of having lost the tail pipe off her car and because a short circuit in the wiring doused the glims and stilled the horn. But those gals haven't written it yet. Maybe they are going to wait until the lady gets her jalopy put back together, then there won't be anything to write about.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

Wanted: An experienced telephone switchboard operator to work half day Saturday afternoons. Contact any one of the twenty telephone association officials for particulars.

TRES CADEZAS:

We are falling down on this column this time as the fellow we are going to tell you about isn't a full fledged Tres Cabeza. He probably only rates one and one half cabezas at the present time and there is a lot of indication that he will finally wind up with but one normal head, minus a lot of kiddish dreams.

However, he started his career in this country a couple of years ago with everything it takes except a butterfly net. He showed up late one evening, on foot, headed up the creek and it would be impossible to describe him with anything less than a 3-D camera.

He had been attending college back in Indiana and no doubt had read in his history books about the death of Chief Cochise, the capture of Geronimo and the disbanding of the Apache scouts, but didn't believe a word of it. Evidently he had also read Zane Gray's books together with all the other blood and thunder literature available and taken it all in as the gospel.

So just before his draft board sent him one of those all too familiar greet-

ings he heeded the "Call of the wild" and headed for the old Apache stamping ground with visions of himself mounted on a big white charger, decked out with a silver mounted saddle and all the other glittering, jangling trappings, riding boldly into the Apache stronghold. Having his life spared by a beautiful Indian princess a-la-Pocohantas, and living happily ever after with nothing to do but shoot a buffalo once in a while and lend a hand with the rearing of the numerous half breed Papooses.

After buying a bus ticket to Tucson he found that he was a little short of dinero so he gathered up all of his old Boy Scout equipment and took it along, just in case, hat, canteen, dishes, sleeping bag, pocket knife and all such like, including what he fondly thought was a pair of almost genuine Apache high topped buckskin moccasins, sewed together by himself with twine string instead of rawhide thongs.

When he arrived in Tucson his first purchase was a brand new 30-30 Winchester Carbine with three boxes of silver tip ammunition. He preferred a musket or flintlock but neither was available. This put such a dent in his bankroll that all thoughts of the white horse went a glimmering. In the meantime he had donned his moccasins and scout hat, after reshaping it to conform with his ideas of western attire and his reflection in the plate glass windows along Congress street revealed that he faintly resembled the old time Mountain Men if he carried his Winchester at just the proper angle.

So, rather than abandon his dream entirely on account of his low financial standing he decided to become a "Mountain Man" on foot rather than a "Gay Caballero".

We will skip over the rest of his trials and disappointments around the Old Pueblo and pick him up again as he came into Cave Creek. With all his various and sundry worldly goods tied with baling wire and strings onto a large rack of sorts, constructed of small poles and strapped on his back, steadied with one hand under the bottom of the rack while he carried his trusty rifle

and tried to keep his hat in place with the other hand. His moc asins had busted several stitches which caused them to gape open in several places and leak small pebbles through the bottom.

Darkness overtook this intrepid frontiersman about the time he arrived at the first Forest Service camp ground above the Ranger Station, so he made camp in the approved manner in accordance with all his book learned procedure for survival in hostile Indian country, no fire, no light, no noise!

He opened his one can of spam as quietly as possible, ate as much as he could get out through the small hole he had gouged with his bayonet, rolled his six dollar sleeping bag out under a picnic table and crawled in without taking the trouble to even pull off his mocvasins. No Indian attack was expected before dawn but a friendly skunk trying to get at the rest of the spam kept him on the alert with his rifle cocked most of the night. He was really disappointed when daylight came without a shower of arrows being embedded in the top of the table. His only reason for getting under the table was to take care of that eventuality.

Before taking off for the tall and uncut he had spent his few remaining Pesos for rice, dried apples and the can of spam, so when the Indian attack failed to materialize he rolled out and started boiling rice, never having cooked rice or much of anything else before, he just poured the four pounds of rice into a small lard bucket full of water and built a fire under it. When he had finished the job and filled every available vessel he didn't have quite enough rice to dam up Cave Creek but nearly enough to feed the entire population of Cochise County one meal.

He subsisted on it, spiced with an occasional dried apple for about a week, trying every day to supplement it by shooting a rabbit, He did shoot at several but didn't bring in any meat, he isn't sure to this day whether he missed or blew them all to pieces because he couldn't keep from closing both eyes when he fired. By the time the rice and dried apples were finished and he

had nothing left in the way of groceries but one large roll of toilet paper "The Call Of The Canyon" had grown so faint that he could hardly hear it at all, At about the same time he began to recall and believe what the history books had told him about the indians having gone out of business back in the 1880s. It doesn't seem to matter how much of a Greenhorn you happen to be, there is always someone more greener.

Our hero was all set to throw all his Mountain Man paraphernalia in the creek and head for the nearest recruiting officer, be he a representative of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, it made no difference just so long as he wasn't recruiting for the Chinese Army and more rice. Right at that point the greener greenhorns came into the picture. Two insurance agents from way back east, via. Tucson, were out for their first deer hunt and spied the begrimed, besmoked, half starved mountaineer huddled in his camp long side the road and mistook him for the real McCoy. To them he looked and smelled just like what they thought they needed the most, a real guide to lead them to the venison.

They very subtly invited him to join them at their cabin up near the Herb Martyr dam where they fed him beef steak with all the trimmings. After the sumptuous meal was eaten and pipes lighted one of the suckers lead off with the remark "Boy we will find deer tomorrow." Our lad not yet having realized the reason for the royal treatment absently mindedly replied "Gee; that will be swell, Ive never seen a deer before". The suckers had'nt gotten wise yet either so they just passed that off with a smug glance at each other. They preferred to keep on dreaming and following him round and round the thickets near the cabin for two days and fed him about twenty dollars worth of grub before they fully awoke.

After the good but foolish samaritans departed the pseudo-guide naturally gravitated to the Southwestern Research Station and attached himself for rations. The Director, Doc. Cazier knows a greenhorn when he sees one and a lot of other things too but he is an easy touch for all "down and outers"

so he took Bruce Elliot into his ditch digging, claw hammer brigade. Bruce, after getting cleaned up and fed up, proved to be the exception to the rule and made a good hand for several weeks, then joined the United States Marines and is now a Corporal with official station at the Pentagon, Washington, D.C. (Please accept our apologies Bruce, we will publish your version at a later date). Much later!

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS HERE WE GO AGAIN!

In the previous report we mentioned that Mrs. Reed was back. Well, she took sick again and just recently returned. We're all so fond of Mrs. Reed she was sure a welcome sight. Of course we're fond of Mrs. Bliss also. They're both wonderful.

Marilynn Bagwell had a wonderful party Tue. Nov.5. It was held at her ranch home. Games were played and refreshments served. There were many from Rodeo and Apache and from Portal. There were Margaret and Gail Stoehner, Marilyn and Elizabeth Bagwell, Sally Dixon, Chuck Troller, Phil Olney, Alan Gordon, and Gary Spencer. We all had a real good time!

Our school lost two students, Robert and Richard Penales third grade. But we welcome Jerry Sutton fifth, Larry Sutton second, and Dona Sutton first. This leaves us twenty kids (poor Mrs. Reed).

We need a horse and buggy. The Portal school bus started off Friday with fewer kids. The Nichols couldn't get out for snow fourteen inches deep. The bus managed to squeeze out though. But at Turkey Creek where they couldn't make it up the other side. They backed up, turned around and started back. That was as far as they got, they skidded into the barpit and stuck. Albert Nolan came to rescue but did no better. He managed (with his horse pulling) to return to his house. Then coming back he and horse pulled the bus to safety. Many thanks Albert and Dobbin.

In the last issue we mentioned about how well Portal did in 4-H. We took another step and elected Marilyn Bagwell reporter this time. She was kind enough to give us a copy of the last meeting's

report, which is included.

Mike Murph and Gram (Leona Morrow) were welcome visitors at the Dixon's and Morrow's in Whitetail Canyon Sun. Nov. 17 while Carse was busily engaged in some sort of card game.

Mike Murphy's great-grandmother has been ill, we hope she will soon recover.

Sally Dixon, Reporter

The Cave Creek Apaches had their second meeting, November ninth, at the AVA ranch, near Portal, Arizona.

Before the meeting, the 4-H members talked about their projects for the following year.

Business was called to order by President Pete Black. Marilyn Bagwell was elected reporter. (All other officers had been elected at previous meeting). Names for Christmas gifts were drawn.

After the meeting, games were played by all and candied apples and cold drinks were served.

The next 4-H meeting will be held at the LV Bar Ranch, Saturday night, December seventh, 1957.

Marilyn Bagwell, Reporter
for 4-H.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS!

By Stanley Good

Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Around 1900, Arizona territory hadn't progressed very much beyond what it was when the Apaches ran it. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe had each managed to snake a road from east to west, across the territory, so people could go from the Atlantic to the Pacific without going around Cape Horn. Very few travelers left the train, enroute across the territory because of alleged danger from wild Indians and wilder whites. Those that stopped, did so because they were afraid of Vigilantes in California and couldn't go back to Texas until the Sheriff died.

Anyway, those early settlers in Cochise County, especially, were a hardy bunch. They took hold of some

mighty rough country and tamed it. It was so tough, it took two generations of lizards to last a season, but the country didn't scare those pioneers who paved the way for investors with outside capital.

One easterner, who awakened the world to the mineral wealth in Cochise County is probably unknown in the area today. He arrived just after the Spanish-American war. Mining was slow and the cattlemen in the South-west were "broke" due to a protracted drouth. He was known as "Doctor" Flower. He was a Canadian promoter who sold gilt edged mining stock, mostly to rich widows (he was quite a ladies' man) and anyone else who had money.

Doc acquired worked-out and "lost" Spanish mines. He developed them and managed to find ore where none existed, shipped it to the smelter and declared dividends. He provided jobs for local people, building roads and developing mines. Local citizens looked upon Doc as a genius. He had to be, to make the mines that he operated, pay off.

He even brought a Pullman car load of Easterners to Wilcox and took them in carryalls, over "their" roads to see "their" mines. He showed them certified assays and smelter returns; and even let them examine the books. They scurried back home and sold other securities to buy more stock in the Dos Cabezas Mining Co.

My father hadn't been doing very well since he got back from the war. He was mighty glad when a friend got him a hoisting job at the mine, but it didn't last very long after the visiting easterners had made their trip. There was a "temporary" shut down because of falling silver and lead prices. Doctor Flower assured the investing public that things would pick up again, as soon as Teddy Roosevelt got things in hand. He assured them that gold was pegged and always in demand. He let a few of them know that he had acquired a gold mine, close by Dos Cabezas that would take care of them until lead and silver came back.

The Old Terrible mine had been worked out years before, but Doctor

Flower's experts had determined that by following a fault plane, there was a bonanza in sight. The mine was in the Dragoons, about six miles from Cochise City. The Old Terrible mining company was organized and people started clamoring for the stock. My father landed the hoisting job, and although he was hoisting nothing but waste; he took part of his wages in stock. Father didn't know anything about mining but he learned quickly.

Doctor Flower did things up right when he started. His Superintendent had a well dug out in the flat; good water at 350 feet. He started building a twenty stamp mill and a lot of little frame houses to make the place look like a mining camp. The population consisted of about forty Mexicans, two Texans, A Mormon, A New Yorker, a Chinaman and a few white men. A fellow named Johnson who had a store at Johnsonville north of Texas Canyon, put in a branch store and divided his time between both places.

The Mormon was the millwright, the Chinaman ran the "Mulligan" and the New Yorker had been brought all the way from New York to keep the books. The "Super" also doubled as mine foreman. He and the Mexicans were the only persons that worked in the mine.

One day, the General Manager showed up in camp, with his wife and son. I had lots of fun with that boy, but that's another story. The Gen. Mgr. and the "Super" went underground for an inspection. When they exhibited a few flakes of gold, mixed with talc, that they said they had scraped off the "slick and slide" of the fault. The next few days resulted in a second shift being put to work. Excitement was at fever pitch. It wasn't long before they hoisted the first skip load of ore. The bosses asked everybody to keep it quiet until there was a pay day so that those that wanted to buy stock could get it before it got higher. But the news leaked out and stock skyrocketed and sold like popcorn.

The next thing that happened was a strike. The Mexicans struck for higher wages. The big boss sent his family

to Tucson by way of the Dragoon Summit station. I went along in the hack to tell the boy "good bye". I heard his mother whisper "El Paso" when she bought her ticket. That puzzled me but I kept my mouth shut and my eyes open. When the agent put the tags on her baggage they also said "El Paso". The hack driver got the mail and we returned to camp. I hunted up my father and gave him the news. He looked puzzled and told me not to tell anyone else.

Soon the strikers tried to negotiate but the Boss wouldn't deal with them; so they demanded their pay. The Boss told them that he would have to go to Wilcox to get the money to pay them. In those days pay day came once a month. He explained that they never kept such large amounts of money in camp. So, the Gen Mgr. and the "Super" saddled up and left camp.

I don't know who started the suspicion that things looked bad, but the Mexicans got together with the rest and they all went over the ridge. There they saw a road and a ventilation raise that had been used recently to pour ore into the mine. They took one look and left for the horse corral on the run. Dad and another fellow rode to Dragoon Summit, so they could check the west bound train which arrived there first. Then if they hadn't found their quarry they could ride the east bound through Cochise in case the Bosses boarded the train there.

The bosses boarded the east bound train at Cochise, but they didn't see Dad. When the train reached Wilcox, the bosses made no move to get off the train, but they got off anyway. There was no money at the store that doubled as a bank, so the bosses decided to go back to camp, (voluntarily, of course). Mr. Johnson, the store owner, had an unpaid bill for groceries delivered to the cook house, in addition to all the wages owed. It was arranged to draw a draft on Dr. Flower's New York Bank. The bosses were real cooperative; they stayed right there until the money showed up. They paid everybody and even redeemed all the Old Terrible Stock in camp.

Men like these, who contributed so

much to the early development of Cochise County should not be forgotten. CBS should start a campaign to build a suitable monument or shrine in their memory, lest they be forever forgotten.

ROLLANCE?

We have learned that Everett isnt the only great lover in the Brown family. His old uncle, "Hamburger" Charlie is in love with two widows from Las Cruces and is trying to find out if the lady back in Oil City, Pennsylvania can fry hamburgers. He says that if she can do that and hold down a newspaper reporting job at the same time he is half in the notion of checking the bet on the Las Cruces gals and taking a trip to Penn. with matrimonial intent.

What about it Elaine? Why spend your dough for a house when Charlie has two or three houses plus the Rodeo Hamburger Grill.

His daughter, Grandma Lucille Abel, who resides over at Artesia, New Mexico might object to his romancing, but probably wont. If our memory hasn't failed us, she used to be quite a little heart breaker in her own right, some thirty or so years ago.

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE!

Well good neighbors. We have told you about all there is to tell about the dung counting game "Technicians" up to the present writing and we have told them nearly all there is to tell about Mr. John Q. Public. But just in case you have overlooked him lets mention the unsportsmanlike buzzards who shot the DOES.

They are the guys that cant be found. You couldnt find a man in a days ride who will admit that he was one of them and incidently the technicians are conspicuous by their absence while the deer season is open and the sportsmen are out vainly looking for the Buck that would have been here had his mother not been shot three years ago.

We are not going to say we told you so, but Mr. John Q. Public we will say, "It serves you damned well right for sitting on your indolent fannies and letting it happen".

BIG GAIN.

Four bucks killed by eleven hunters was the score for the Nimrods headquarters at the Newman BURRO ranch the first three days of the White Tail season.

As usual Phelps Dodge Newman was the first to score, with Bobby Sanders coming in for second place, Kenneth (somebody) third and Ronny Sanders brought in the fourth, but by far the largest buck.

The senior members of the party, Martin Sanders, George Swanson and Tom Sanders did most of their hunting with a deck of playing cards, ably assisted by the cub reporter. They all found two pairs or better several times but failed to make a killing. George came near scoring on several occasions but generally found that he had raised when he should have checked the bet.

LONG HORNS AND MOHAIR.

All Texans dont run true to form! We know of one who came out to Arizona for several years and didnt either go into the hog business or run for sheriff, but when he went back to Texas he went into the sheep business and ran for sheriff and was elected. Hows that for something unusual? Well Dogie Wright, the fellow we are talking about, is an all around unusual Texan. He isnt big and he isnt windy (much). While he was in Arizona for several years he did most of the work the Cub reporter was supposed to do while they were both attached to the Immigration Border Patrol, for rations and other valuable considerations.

Jack Maloney says " its hard to help a man that isnt doing a damned thing" and Dogie was pretty much in that position, trying to be assistant Chief Patrol Inspector , so he just went ahead and got the job done anyway.

In a letter Dogie says he has acquired some cows one way or another in order that he can call himself a cow man, which entitles him to hang around the lobby of the Paso Del Norte Hotel with his breeches stuffed down in his boots, when he goes to El Paso.

After all, whats so wrong with that? We have a lot of goat people right around here who have gone so far as to buy a few cows and have a brand recorded just so their wives could join the COW BELLS.

If any of you good neighbors ever go down through Sierra Blanca stop and meet this little guy. He isnt sherriffing anymore so he wont throw you in the jug for being an Arizonan.

On his way to the Paso Del Norte, Dogie should stop at 320 Stewart Lane and visit old Joe Schaefer. He is an old misplaced cow-hand, just laying around his winter camp with nothing to do until bronc breaking time next spring.

BOREGADOR?

We know that Bull fighters are called Torreadors, Picadors, etc., but to save our lives we cant find out the proper name for a Sheep fighter, unless it would be Sheepador or maybe a Ramador but certainly not a Eweador.

The reason we brought that up is that one of our most prominent cowboy ranchers, Ralph Kimbæ has taken up sheep fighting as a hobby since the Cholla Club folded up.

It seems that the Navajo lady over in Sulfur Canyon who runs a few sheep just to keep from losing her tribal rights, raised a young ram, that for some unknown reason took to butting her down every time she turned her back. This became more and more painful as time went on and the reducing pills she was taking became more and more effective. Not so much cushion, Huh?

So, Ralph came along and took the ram over to his place, presumably to gentle him down a little, but actually with the idea that he would take up sheep fighting as a pastime and maybe commercialize it later like Bull fighting or getting in the movies. His ambitions were short lived. As soon as the battling ram was released he came out fighting, not even paying any attention or caring whether Ralph was coming or going. As it turned out he was soon going down for the first time. After another fall or two he just staid down until the ram got tired of waiting for him to get up again and went elsewhere. Ralph had given his all but that wasnt enough.

????????????????????