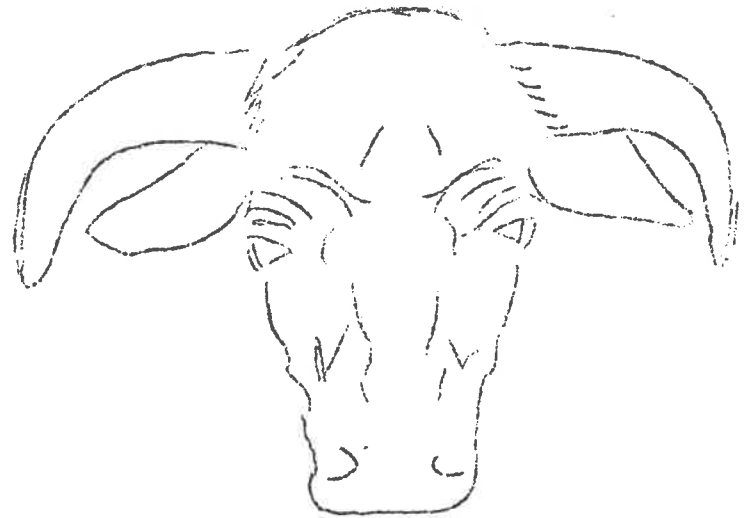
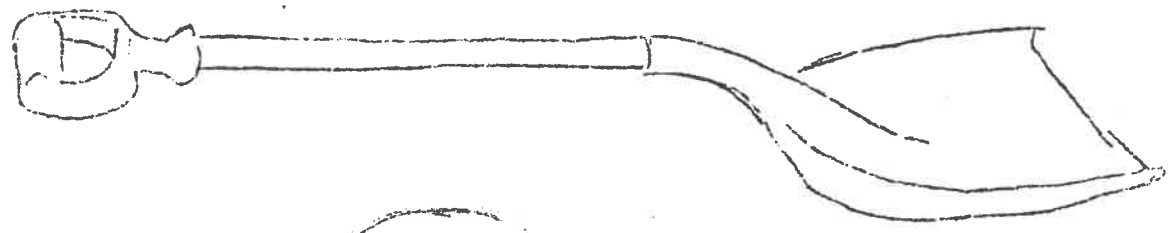


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CHIRICAHUA BULLWEET



WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED IN THE CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS WHERE
THERE ARE MORE GOOD PEOPLE, MORE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND MORE
DUN ROADS THAN IN ANY OTHER AREA OF ITS SIZE IN THE
UNITED STATES.

Mailed at Portal, Arizona, January 28, 1958

THE CHAMPION TRES CABEZA:

An Associate Professor of Biology at Texas A and M. says "All animals are in reality a type of highly modified plant life, derived a million or so years ago from common ancestry with the Brown Seaweed".

If you concede this to be true you had better think it over before you say, "pass the spuds" because you might be getting ready to eat some of your not too distant kin folks.

We are just surmising that the potato would fit into the chain of evolution as theorized by the professor, about half way between the brown seaweed and the human race. Should that be correct where would the Texans fit into the picture? In other words would the Texan eat the spud or would the spud eat the Texan?

Well we will pass that one up. We can't judge the entire population of a state as large and as smart as Texas claims to be by one empty headed professor, so we will just forget about the spud and theorize a little bit ourselves.

Scientists have been trying to create a complete vacuum for years and our theory is that the Prof. has a ready made one right between his ears.

VOX POPULI:

Now I know why the Old Cub is so bald headed. It wonders me that Leona hasn't scratched his eyes out and broken his neck. The idea of giving Ruth and Alice all the credit for the Christmas dinner he so charmingly reported in the last issue. How about that beautiful turkey Leona roasted? She also made the pies and coffee - Drinking water indeed!

The foregoing bore no signature when we received it but we have good reason to believe it was written by our next door neighbor, Wrathful Rith Rea.

ADVERTISING:

We haven't heard from any of our advertisers yet as to whether or not their various and sundry clip joints have gathered in any extra shekles on account of the good work we did for them in the last issue.

We hit the jackpot in two places with our ad for correspondents at the various adjacent wide places in the road. A lady at Hilltop whom we have never met but who evidently isn't afraid of beast, man or devil (women included in the last named) came right back with a good little column which we are including in this issue entitled, "Hilltop deeds and misdeeds" and bearing her signature, Mrs. Verna Nichols.

The respondent from San Simon seems to be a little bit more than somewhat of the shy clinging vine type, she seldom ever bets more than ten dollars on a gut shot straight before the draw, entitles her column "San Simon Heifer Dust" but requests that her true name be withheld, probably because she is afraid she might be confused with Mrs. Ike. But, as San Pedro might have said to San Pablo, "So be it". We will give her the nom de Plume, Shy Ann.

SAN SIMON HEIFER DUST by Shy Ann

Woody and Mary have taken over their Eatin' Emporium, again. We never could figure why they leased it out in the first place, lessen Richard got tired doin' all the work. Or mebber Woody is just now gettin' back from the end of Dird Season. Anyhow, when you go in to put on the feed-bag, demand to see their new Menu. Don't settle for any of that stuff they have held over from the previous operations.

Mayor Bill Johnson says he is about ready to stop celebratin' Christmas, now. It's about time, too. He looks

like he had participated in the Wreck of Old '97.

Shorty and Siders Walker celebrated their 13th Wedding Anniversary on the 15th. Those who gathered around the supper table, with their napkins tucked in their collars, was Angus and Ione Boggs, Elmer and Mamie Franklin, Beulah McKee, Rod Burch and the Honorees. There was dang nigh as much good grub went to waste as was ever gobbled up at the SWRS or any of them other high-falutin' places. (Note: Angus and Shorty probably done most of their celebratin' at the Bowie Tavern or some such place).

Another good man has gone wrong! That charming Deb, Miss Donna Farris, has got an old boy roped and hogtied. A group of her School Chums gave her a Wedding Shower on the 16th, at the High School Cafeteria. We never got an exact count on the number of Fillies who attended but there was quite a herd. The commotion must have been heard at Steins.

Old Oil-Well Red Stoddard's favorite niece, Verna Nichols, who resides at Hill Top, flipped her car bottom-side-up in a gully. We're happy to report she was able to crawl out on her own steam.

We ain't a bit happy to report that we are losin' some of our long-time, well-liked and well-respected citizens. Arthur and Dorothy Gentner are packin' up their four boys and the extra mattress and migratin' to Willcox. We ain't likely to see them again, when they crash High-society in them furrin' parts, but we shore want to wish them health, wealth and happiness in their new location.

There may be other excitin' events arounds here, but somebody either forgot to tell us or we plum forgot 'em. Leastways, this ought to be enuf Dust to keep people busy wipin' their eyes for sometime to come.

HILLTOP DEEDS AND MISDEEDS

by Verna Nichols

A certain old gal from up this way made a big crash the other day! After driving the family car for the past 15 years in the usual perscribed manner: to wit, with 4 wheels on the ground. Decided very suddenly that it surely would run on its top also. Final conclusion. Big dent in top, and in the hubby's purse. She was to hard headed to be hurt. P.S. It will not work that way. I never did trust them French things anyway. Chev. Coupe.

A certain fellow that seems to have all his faculties about him was heard to tell a lady the other day to cover her strawberry plants with sycamore leaves, which she did. It was quite a sight watching her recover them with more each time the wind blew. Final out come to keep the wind from blowing the leaves? Cover them with boxes and cans. She still has not been able to get back down there and get some of the manure that she had asked for.

A note to Mr. Good!
The newest thing in washing machines up the school route these days would never get a Good House Keeping Seal! All we have to do is fill a tub with water and put in the trunk of the car and drive the entire route and refill the tub at any convenient water tank when it is empty. When you arrive home your clothes are completely washed and ready for hanging. As this road is as near like a rub board as any we have ever seen! They may not with stand many of these washes as none of our tires and springs can take it very long either. The wagon trail up the other side of Mr. Ralph Marrow's is a little narrow, but is in much better shape.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

George Newman spent several days in the Douglas Hospital with double pneumonia and is now convalescing at home.

(Alice)

That the Yankee Outlaw's Aunt Ella Vincent of New York City visited with the Anderson's at SWRS, for several days.

That Bronco Phil Olney has been down with the mumps for the past two weeks.

That Fritzie Rea who is presently in Nurses Training School at St. Marys Hospital, Tucson, has been chosen to represent the school at the Four State Student Nurses convention at Albuquerque and the National Convention at Atlantic, New Jersey.

That the Navajos on the Sulphur Canyon Reservation have traded some cows for some more sheep.

That the Cub Reporter was so anxious to get the last issue of the Bull Sheet out he took care of Karen Cazier while her mom got the typing done. He even hung out the diapers, but when it came time to change one Alice Anderson suddenly found herself with Karen in her arms because the Cub was in a BIG RUSH to get the mail, Mike and Man Mountain Gordon. (C.M.C.)

That Doc Pugsley and aunt Duck are spending a month in Texas.

That our staff artist, Eric Hayes and family were over from Coolidge and spent the week end with grandpa and grandma Greenamyre. Eric also attended an important High Brass conference on CBS Editorial policies.

That Chrissy Troller and her week end guest Mariva Glenn found out that there is quite a lot of distance between the AVA ranch and Sentinel Peak.

That Alden Hayes is going to Yosemite National Park for a three months training course in modern methods of preventing the great American Public from Vandalizing Parks and Monuments.

CLAW HAMMER ENTOMOLOGY:

The new addition to the laboratory at the Southwestern Research Station is going right along on schedule. An Oldie boy by the name of Russell Clark is doing the finish work on the carpentry, Tio and Isabel Dominguez from Rodeo are laying the stone walls, while Pappy Justice from Tucson divides his time between wiring the building for electricity and trying to keep his ears warm.

The High Powered officials, Doc and R.A. Scotty are as usual doing the Bull Gang chores and putting in their spare time at sawing boards to the wrong lengths and angles with their new bench saw.

Pappy Justice is the old soldier McArthur must have had in mind when he made his famous remark about old soldiers just fading away, but the old boy is no where near as bad off as he looks. That is, he isn't very pretty but a lot stronger than he looks. When he came over from Tucson he tried to drive over the mountain through Pinery Canyon in a WILLYS car and of course when the road begin getting damp up near the snow line, "That was all she wrote".

We would like to tell you that the doughty old Doughboy took his good wife by the hand and boldly marched the remaining ten or twelve miles through the snow at the regulation one hundred and twenty steps per minute and by golly, he did make a couple of hundred yards. However, they were lucky as they only had to wait a few hours until a fellow driving a Model A, or a cadillac or something came along and gave them a lift.

MOUTH OF THE CANNON:

This is probably the last legible Bull Sheet we will publish for sometime. Doc Cazier is going back to New York for several months stay and taking our staff stypist with him. Doc intends to

leave here about February 15th, Carol wants to go February 8th, so they will very likely compromise and go February 8th. Karen doesn't seem to care when or whether they go, so long as they don't forget to take her bottles and a good supply of three cornered Levis.

Two old Spanish American war Veterans, Judge Henry Elvey of the Douglas Police Court and his side kick, Mr. Mitchell visited at the Newman Burro ranch recently. The Judge is quite well-known to a good many of our residents who have had the questionable pleasure of meeting him during business hours.

Mr. Mitchell enlisted in the U.S. Navy at the close of the war with Spain and retired from it not too long ago. He has every appearance of a gentleman, a scholar and a judge of good whiskey. It would be nice should he decide to come to Portal and make his home along with all us other people of about his class. We like you too judge, but if you decide to move out here please leave all that "Running Stop Sign" "Failed to yield right of way" business in Douglas. That kind of stuff would bankrupt the Chiricahuas, the way some of these people drive. Be calm, good neighbors, we are not naming any names or pointing any fingers-----yet.

Some wells are dug for oil, some for water while others, especially in Arizona are dug just for the exercise and dry dirt. But so far as we know our old friend George Newman has the only well in existence that produces groceries.

Some time after the deer hunting expedition from Fort Huachuca got their entire convoy stuck in the snow last November, up in the head of Onion Creek, Georges well begin sprouting K-rations which was quite a mystery as the well was dug to a depth of about 75 feet over 40 years ago and heretofore barely produced enough water. When the expedition finally got unstuck they came off the mountain and gathered around Newmans store for a bit of the

cup that cheers, manufactured by Mr. Budweiser and some of them spent the night there.

Evidently some dog face of the detachment was thoroughly disgusted with K-rations or had swiped several cases to use as trade goods and got scared he was going to get caught with them so just dumped them down the well.

Anyway, the matter was taken up with the Commanding Officer at the Fort and he in turn contracted with a well driller to clean out the well for the nominal sum of \$950. Aren't our little tin soldiers cute?

The sweet young things around San Simon lost one of their heart throbs a short time ago. That big old handsome Larry Dixon resigned his job at the Shady Grove Gas Station and moved to Marana, where he is employed as an Airplane mechanic.

Some more live ghosts drove in to the Editorial office the other day. You might remember that we wrote a story several issues back about the first constable of Paradise who built the first road through Silver Creek with prison labor. His two daughters Iona and Helen were the visitors. Iona attended the first school at Paradise in 1904 but Helen was too young. They both look quite grandmaish now. One of them lives in Reno, Nevada and the other in Bakersfield, California. We would like to tell you that they came back just to see if the old Cub was as handsome as he used to be but alas and alas, they just barely remembered that there was such a person

FALSE ALARM:

That item we published a while back about the Forest Service going in cahoots with the County Supervisors to pave the road from Portal to the Research Station seems to have turned out to be nothing more than wishful wishing.

The Forest Service was going to furnish the material and the County was going to do the work. The story came to us supposedly, direct from the horse's mouth but evidently the horse turned around while he was talking because later information indicates that the whole thing amounts to a gust of hot air emanating from a group of political and governmental wind bags.

Our roads and bridges are reminiscent of the old cowboy song "A ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle". As previously reported we have a number of new concrete bridges with no roads in between. The County has just completed another one across the San Simon Creek that cost a hundred thousand dollars which has a pretty good road leading up to one approach with the equivalent of a cow trail on the other side.

SKUNKISODE:

No doubt that at some time in every man's married life he has had an urge to shoot his wife but only a very few have ever had the courage to really do it. One of our good neighbors seems to have hit upon a very novel way of gratifying this urge in a bloodless but exceedingly odiferous manner.

It appears that he took his pet skunk and put it in the garbage can under the kitchen sink. The can is one of the kind with a trigger on it which opens the lid when pressed with the toe. The idea seemed to be that when the wife opened the can the skunk would do the shooting, but the little Yankee Outlaw was kind of quick on the trigger herself and managed to get the lid closed before the stinkaroo could get his pistol cocked. If she ever finds out for sure about this plot we think it would be advisable for Scotty to wear a piece of steel boiler plate on his back at about the point where his suspenders cross. No kidding; The skunk was in the garbage can in the kitchen and the lid was closed. If this story isn't true, how did he get there?

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE:

Portal, Arizona
January 28, 1958

Arizona Farmer-Ranchman
Phoenix, Arizona

Gentlemen:

We appreciate the little squib your reporter, Ernie Douglas wrote about us in your publication of January 18th, because we are like our readers and you and your readers --We like to see our name in any old paper.

Ernie did a pretty fair job at analyzing Mr. G. I. Day's dung report and says he is "going to peruse Carson Morrow's reasons why it's all damphoolishness". Now why in the world should he waste his time doing that? If he will look all those articles over carefully he will find that the longest one was originally written by Gerald I. Day, State Biologist, in person, and how-in-ell could Carson Morrow or anyone else make a bigger damphool of Gerry than he made of himself in that article?

In case Ernie is not an outdoorsman, have him take all those reports over to Ben Avery, whom he also mentions, and see what he thinks of them. Ben is an ink-be-splattered town boy now, but he lived in the Chiricahuas at one time too and heard the Owl hoot lots of times, so he certainly knows enough about game to look at a deer to see what makes it tick instead of looking at the pellets. Ben can also tell him that Carson Morrow is not, never was and don't want to be a Game Ranger, and let me tell him that I most assuredly have no ambition what-so-ever to be a Game Management Technician. Nor is the purpose of The Chiricahua Bull Sheet just to needle the Free Loaders in the Arizona Game Department. We needle all our friends and if we have any enemies it's their choice, not ours.

If Ernie is a great big bruiser I hope he doesn't take this criticism of his reporting as a personal affront, but if he is a little shrimp, "Que le asi"?

By the way, if your little Nester Publication is for sale we might buy it. We need the printing machinery. We have thirty-one dollars and eighty-seven cents in the treasury, so are in a position to pay cash on the barrel head.

If we make the deal we would be able to use The Dendora Wrangler, Fox Tail Johnson and I. H. Parlman, those boys could do a good job on our staff where they would be given a little more free rein. We might also find a place for Jo Perrill and Ernie Douglas provided she will learn to cook in a dutch oven instead of a chrome fringed kitchen and he will brush up on his accuracy and quit mincing his cuss words. Tell them all that our salaries are comensurate with our charges for subscriptions and advertising, which is NOTHING, but just think of the glory.

Faternally yours,

Carson Morrow
Cub Reporter
Chiricahua Bull Sheet

P.S. I forgot to tell you how I came to be one of your subscribers; One day a nice old fellow, whose name I do not remember came by and asked me to subscribe, adding, "It's only a dollar and any old magazine is worth that much". He was so pleasant about it I said "OK" and handed him a Buck. He then said "By George, I forgot, it's a dollar and a half, but I'll pay for my mistake by putting the half out of my own pocket". Of course it worked. He didn't have to pony up the half.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS:

Now that Ingwold Isaacson has acquired the old Paradise jail and remodeled it into a dwelling some of our readers have requested that we tell them the history of it.

Well right at the beginning we will tell you that it is not the original Paradise jail. The first one was an open air establishment consisting of a log chain

stretched between two oak trees. The prisoners were shackled to the chain. (one of the trees is still standing). That served very well at the time as most, if not all the customers were in "durance vile" for the crime of being drunk and disturbing the peace, which meant in plain english that the culprit had spent all his money for booze and was disturbing the peace of one of the many bar tenders by trying to mooch a free drink. Women were seldom arrested but once in a while one of the girls from across the creek, as the Red Light district was called, would go on a binge and carve up her man a little or throw a few whiskey bottles and glasses through the big mirror behind some bar. Instead of shackling them to the log chain they were shackled to an old style iron bedstead in the back room of one of the Honky Tonks. Old man Hiram Fisher who owned a saloon in Paradise used to relate some pretty lively tales about that but we can't re-tell them in a pure publication like this, so remind us to tell you about it sometime when there are no ladies present.

Paradise began to boom when Cap Burns sold his mining claims, which were located at the head of the north fork of what is now called Hospital Canyon to the Chiricahua Development Company in 1905, and Busted during the Money Panic of 1907. The present jail was built at about the time of the Bust or a short time thereafter, so probably never housed more than a half dozen prisoners altogether. However, it was the scene of one of the most spectacular jail breaks, on or off any record, anywhere, which was effected by an hombre by the name of Pablo Zuniga, who ordinarily was one of the most un-spectacular "pata de ules" who ever came up from Mexico. Pablo, in his own opinion was a man of considerable consequence and by Chiricahua Standards he was quite wealthy. He had about ten burros and pack saddles, a big fat wife and seven or eight kids, from about 10 years of age down. He could cut and pack into town a cord of wood every day which he could sell, at that time, for two good round American dollars.

Flour for tortillas and Frijoles were cheap so he would frequently get enough ahead to buy a few bottles of Vino and go on a spree. At such time he invariably wore out a few doubles of pack rope on Maria and the kids or striped them up pretty good with the "Tapojo" which he used at other times to whip the burros or to blindfold them if they tried to run away while he was stacking on the wood. There was nothing wrong with that in his way of thinking, nor in the families way of thinking either. How were they to know that he was the "Macho" and that he still truly loved them if he didn't beat hell out of them once in a while?

They all lived in a small tent with not many holes, had pretty fair clothing and lead a happy life until one of the nosey gringo neighbors happened to go by while the Zuniga family was being set to rights and being assured of his undying love by their lord and master and that was the beginning of the end. The neighbor, not knowing that class of Mexicans or their way of life, rushed to town and told Mart Moore, who succeeded Luke Short as Constable, that Pablo was beating his wife. Mart couldn't see anything very wrong with that as he had a Mexican wife and three half breed kids himself. He had lived among them all his life and knew all their idiosyncracies (boy ain't that a dandy word). In fact he had shot and killed three wood cutters in a brawl in Ben Milans saloon not long before. But the complaint was so insistant that he went out and collared Pablo and threw him in the clink. Now Maria didn't understand gringos and their strange ways any better than the nosey neighbor understood Mexicans. Who ever heard of throwing the head of a family in jail for exercising his rights and attending to his duty? She took a big monkey wrench down to the jail and proceeded to twist the bars out of the window before Mart Moore hardly got the door in front locked.

That occurred in the middle of the afternoon. Anyone but Pablo would have waited until night to escape but he was still full of Vino and feeling "muy Bravo" so he crawled through the twisted bars and started climbing straight up the mountainside east of the jail. Evidently the further up the mountain he climbed the more bravo he felt. When he got about half way to the top he stopped and started yelling and cursing all the gringos at large and Mart Moore in particular, inviting Mart to come and get him if he was man enough and not a damned coward. He was in plain view of practically everybody in town and his yelling soon afforded him a large audience. In the annals of jail breaking it is doubted that an escapee ever had that many eye witnesses. Although he was in a position to see everything that moved in town he failed to see Mart saddling his horse and riding across the creek toward him and when he finally did, it was much too late. He climbed as he had never climbed before but the belly full of Vino slowed him up and Mart overtook him just before he tumbled out so he layed down on his back and defied anything or anybody in the world to take him back to jail. At first Mart whipped out his pistol, apparently with the full intention of putting Pablo out of business for keeps, but before he "lowered the Boom" he realized that he was in plain view of practically the entire population. Although Pablo was still "playing to the Grandstand", shouting and daring Mart to shoot him, it wasn't the right thing to do under the circumstances. Like we said before, Mart knew his Mexicans, so instead of shooting he put his pistol back in the holster, pitched the loop of his rope around Pablos feet and started dragging him down the mountain toward the Calaboose, a distance of two hundred yards or so.

Just like Mart knew he would, Pablo soon changed his tune and began begging, "Please shoot me like a man, don't drag me like a dog", the physical punishment of being dragged through the boulders

on the seat of his pants wasn't what did it. He would have actually preferred being killed to the humiliation of being treated like anything less than the "Hombre Valiente" he felt himself to be at the moment. So Mart let him get up and walk back to the jail where he was shackled to the "bull ring" embedded in the floor until he sobered up and promised to leave town. Prosecuting him for wife beating was out of the question as Maria absolutely refused to testify against him.

Foot note - A fellow by the name of Henry Paulhemus laid the stone walls of the jail. Later a man of the same name was Chief of Police of Yuma. It might have been the same man.

A way back yonder when the Cub was a Cub and not a grizzly old Boar Bear as one of our readers recently referred to him, there was a hard rock miner at Paradise who became famous for his eating ability. His name was Lewis Bradshaw but everybody called him Billy Bow Legs, and that was no misnomer, his legs almost formed a complete circle.

One night in Dad Hayes' Restaurant someone remarked on the enormous supper Billy had just eaten, to which he replied that he was still hungry enough to eat fifty fried eggs. The other fellow offered to bet fifty dollars that he couldn't and the bet was called.

The fifty eggs were stowed away pronto and the other guy being a little bit peeved about losing the bet, said "I suppose you are still hungry" to which Billy replied "Well I could eat a couple more eggs if I had some ham to go with them". Dad Hayes furnished the ham and two eggs on the house. Needless to say, Billy had no trouble in downing them too.

FROM THE TYPIST:

Since our Cub Reporter failed to fill this half of the stencil (how did that happen) I'd like to use the space to say So Long for awhile. We are going to miss you but hope it will only be a little while before we are saying Hello again. We wish you all good health and the strength to continue putting up with our Cub Reporter.

Our daughter Karen would like me to warn all the girls to stay away from Winkie Anderson, Hilte Murphy and Eric Ludwig. She considers them her personal property. I tried to explain to her that she was being a little bit unreasonable, but instead of listening to me, she instructed her Uncle Ian Mountain to look after her interests while she is gone. She also considers our Cubs' lap her personal territory but doesn't seem worried about losing it to anyone - said she left her mark on his trousers.

Till We Meet Again,
Doc, Carol and Karen