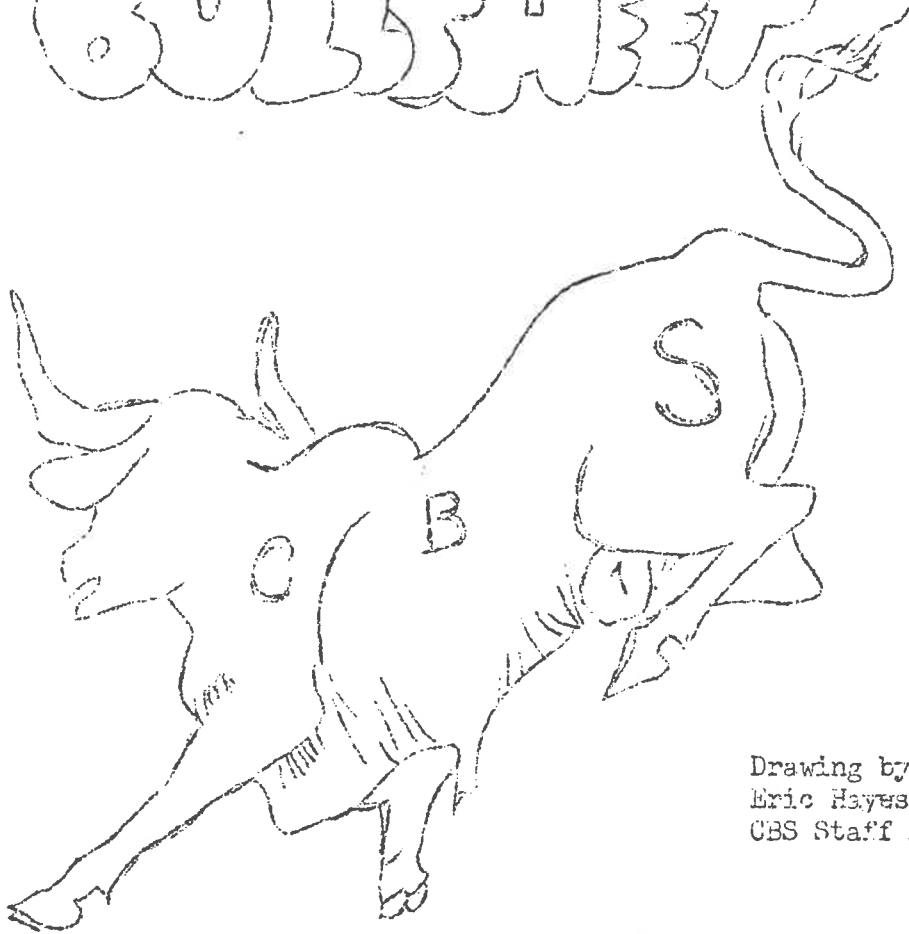


# CHIRICAHUA BULLHEEP



Drawing by;  
Eric Hayes  
CBS Staff Artist

If we have any Enemies it's their  
choice, not ours. We love every-  
body, especially the Blonds and  
Red heads.

Published at Portal, Arizona, February 27, 1958.

IT AM DE LAW:

A few days ago Mikey Murphy and Sandy Newman were making one of their usual Hoose-back Scouts up in Silver Creek.

They happened upon a cardboard carton filled with the hide, head and offal of a freshly butchered Black Tail Doe. Now Mikey has the idea that all the deer belong to Game Ranger Ralph Morrow personally - so he got busy on the phone and told him about it.

The deer slayer hadn't left his name and address on the cardboard box, but he might as well have, as he left plenty of other evidence to justify a search warrant.

The result was that Mr. E. T. Spencer of Paradise went down to Douglas and paid a one hundred dollar fine to Justice of the Peace Martin for Illegal Possessive of Deer Meat.

Which goes to prove that Crime ~~is~~ Pay, but the Judge does the collecting.

Another good neighbor had his part of the venison so well hidden that the Ranger couldn't find it.

Digging up skeletons:

We have found a fully qualified Skeleton Digger who can do a bigger and better job than we can, so instead of wearing out our pencil we are hereafter quoting a letter from an old Boy who was chief engineer at the Hill Top Mine during the good old days. His expressed liking for The Bull Sheet does not indicate much intelligence but otherwise he is an ardent disciple of the Hoot Owl.

Goleta, Calif.,  
Jan. 8, 1958

Dear Carson:- Last October we stopped over in Rodeo to fill our gasoline tank and in our conversation with the storekeeper there he told me about the Chiricahua Bull Sheet and gave me some back copies. We got a big bang out of them. That same evening we talked on the phone with Lillian Slover Reed the old school marm who we knew when she was the young

school marm, before she opened her first school in the small building along side your Dads old store building at Hilltop. We mentioned having got our hands on C.B.S. and she told me that none other than "Kit" Carson Morrow was the whole writing staff of such paper. You sign off as the Cub Reporter, but when I think back over the years - By now you must be an old Grey Muzzled Boar Bear instead of a Cub.

I enjoy reading your sheet, but by somebody it sure as hell sounds like your old Dad. When I read some of the things you write I can hear the "Old Man" needing someone. I always liked the Old Codger. We bunked together in Rodeo one time when we were prospecting out a deal over close to Steines Pass. It didnt pan out as usual. But he never quit trying. The last time I saw him he was living alone in the old store building. We had been up to the old mine and when we came down the canyon I saw smoke coming out of the chimney so we stopped. The Old Boy was there banging on his old battered up typewriter. He was making a report on some mining claims some where then.

It is over thirty years since we left that part of the country. We have been back for short visits. But do not know many of the people you write about. But do like to see the names of the ones we do know.

In one article you mentioned Bill Sanders scorching the meat for a barbecue. The Old Hard Head was a pretty good camp cook I batched with him once. He did the cooking and I did the laundry. He was a fair cake baker until he was determined that a cake could be baked with the damper on the stove open. The cakes wouldnt cooperate. The hanging wall was beautiful but the center was of the consistency of one of Dad Colvins poultices (fresh cow manure). I suspect that Willie has spoiled him for a domestic by now. In one article you gave my Uncle Jim Reay a good boost. He and Aunt Minnie are both long gone from our midst and I still

miss them both. Aunt Minnie always had one extra bed and food on the table for any chuck line rider that came along. Of all the times I bellied up to her table there was only once that I can recall that some wayfarer wasn't there to partake. Frank (Reay) and the pretty blond Brabbin girl that he married are living here in Calif. close to Riverside. The Elond is a gray haired grandma now, but she is just as sweet and pretty as ever, and "Pancho" is just as good natured as ever. Jimmie (Reay) is an old batchelor and lives at Desert Center between Indio and Blythe. Maymeda is in the Air Force, but she moves around so much that I don't know where she is. I also read in your last issue that Uncle Bill had been to see you. Kit I think you moved both your Livery Stables a block North of the original location. Uncle Bill first went to Douglas about 1904. He rode and packed from Kingston N.M. and I believe he had seven horses in his Remuda. He and Uncle Jim bought the Old Star Livery which was then on the North side of 13th between E and F. They only had it a short time and sold to Bowden. Uncle Jim went to superintend a mine just over the hill from Paradise and while there he homesteaded. Uncle Bill and Uncle Bob took a few remnants and opened up a small Livery in an old adobe on 9th between F and G. Uncle Bill ran the outfit. It was a pretty spavined layout, but he hung on and he and Harvey Johnston who had a transfer outfit went in partnership and moved into the brick stable on 9th and F. Bowden didn't stay long on 13th st. He built a new stable on 12th & G. Later Harvey and Uncle Bill bought him out and ran that place for several years. The livery business was fast washing up and they got the property and built where the present Reay Transfer and Storage is. The old building burned I believe. I think the little sorrel horse you mention was turned out to pasture with some others. They were stolen, supposedly by some raiding Villiastis. I'll bet the Mex. who got him wished that their remount had stayed in Mexico. He probably didn't last long

with that cut throat outfit.

I see that you are one of the "Old Mountain Men" who didn't get around to referring to John Hands as Uncle John. Seems to me that he became Uncle John to most everyone on the East Slope of the mountains from San Simon to the Border.

I had forgotten about the Jim Artle fued until I read your comments. One time Jim Kuykendall was prowling the East side of the mountain and found an old gun just below the old trail that went up out of White Tail and crossed over just beyond the first old Hilltop diggings. Jim brought the gun to the Hilltop Store and some Dude from Chicago bought it from Jim because he thought it had belonged to Geronimo or some of his kin in dirty cotton drawers. I stayed all night with old Chris Graner a short time after and was telling him about the old gun. And of course Chris swore that it was Jim Artles gun and that he had been ambushed coming up the trail, and the remains scattered and covered over. So Emma and Jack have endured each other for 50 years. I haven't seen the "Old Walnut Head" but once since I left there.

It's damn near sundown and I have pretty near written a book, which I didn't intend to. I started out to tell you I liked your Sheet and would appreciate having it continue and also I got your personal greeting which pleased me very much.

I am asking you to put Miss Faustina Menno on your mailing list. She is at Placentia, Calif., R.R. 1 box 22A. She had visited out there a couple of times. She was with us over New Year and read the last "Sheet" and expressed her desire for it. She is a librarian in the Fullerton Library. You are doing better than you think when a trained librarian asks for your dribblings. I am also enclosing a picture of Abe Lincoln. No offense. But I don't know just how you are financing the

sheet, but the Post Master always wants the dinero before he hands out the stamps so put it in the kitty for what good it will do.

If I ever get down that way again I will look you up. Cant get around very fast and have to stay on level ground, because the old pump does funny things.

Very truly yours,

Gregg Reay.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON:

The Wagon Boss of the W D Outfit, Sir Erbert Smith will be absent most of the Summer 'E' is going to visit the Scenes (Slums) of his childhood near the Lime-house District in Lunden Hengland - Long live the Bloody Queen.

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Jim and Lucille Wilbourn, accompanied by their little Sweet Blond Daughter Anne, were among the Picnickers in the Canyon Sunday Feb. 16th.

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Juanita Morrow age 48 plus, Dick Dixon age 65 plus, Alma Pague age 61 plus, and several other neighborhood children havent caught the Mumps - yet.

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Ingwald Isaacson has been trying out an old scheme to find underground water by the process of elimination. Apparently he has already dug wells in about all the places where there isnt any water so he must be pretty close to the pay off. Sam Moseley finally got a good well by the same method down at the Red Top Ranch several years ago

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Doc Pugsley is over at El Paso again for another operation. He says his voice didn't change a bit on account of the last one and that he feels certain he will be able to sing Bass after the Saw Bones get through with him this time. We dont remember whether he said he will give an audition or an exhibition to prove that he is still a "Toro" when he comes home. Mabe old Doctor Brinkley didnt go out of business after all.

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If you wake up some morning about two AM and hear the strains of Sweet Adaline or some of those other old melodies accompanied by the patter of little feet (Sizes ten or twelve) dont get excited. LaVerne has made arrangements to have an old style Juke Box installed at her concrete Pavillion, so anyone who gets to feeling coltish, just any old time, day or night, will only have to slip a coin in the Slot and Romp and Stomp to their hearts content.

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This Case of Hamburger Charlie Versus the Lady from Oil City seems to be getting to hot for us to handle. We received a letter from Charlie dated February 15th in which he Stipulates, Elucidates, Orates and sets forth to such an extent that it's hard to tell for sure whether he is in Love or on the War Path. We know that he wasn't riled up on account of being out of chewing tobacco by looking at the seal on the envelope, so we will just check the bet for the time being and trust to the old adage that "Love will find a Way". Write to her, Charlie. Dammit, we're not the ones that want to get married.

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It seems as though there isnt much use in

saying any more nice things about Beulah McKee and her San Simon Pie Shoppe, as there is no further chance of garnering an extra cup of java by so doing. Of course Beulah is the same good scout she has always been but she has sold her restaurant to parties unknown. After this we will probably Patronize the "Wagon Wheel" every year when we go to San Simon.

#### HILL TOP DEEDS and MISDEEDS:

Our Hill Top Correspondent, Mrs Verna Nichols tells us that Mr. Rad Burch, and Oil Well Red Staddard from San Simon visited at the Nichols plantation recently and while there Mr. Burch chopped some wood while Red took an all day nap. She also tells us that Red is out of employment, so if anyone needs a good sleeping man he, no doubt, would be glad to have the job, and would make a good hand at it. Mr. Nichols has lost his lease on the Dixie Truck Stop at San Simon, and Deputy Sheriff Brown is taking over as the new manager. There is a strong probability that Mr. Nichols will open up another Business in San Simon.

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Herb and Shirley Fisher are the proud Parents of a young lady by the name of Barbara Lynn, who was born at the Lordsburg Hospital February 17th.

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Robert Pague has been home on leave from the U.S. Navy for several days. He put in most of the time trying to build a Television antenna higher than White Tail Canyon is deep.

#### GOVERNMENT EFFICIENCY:

The Forest Service finally got around to removing the drift wood dam from the creek which has been diverting the flood water across the lower end of Camp Stewart picnic area since early last Summer. They might have gotten the job done sooner if the Cub Reporter would have layed off yakking about it long enough for them

to go through all the official channels to get the necessary approval: Portal to Douglas; to Tucson; to Albuquerque; to Washington D.C., with thirty day Pigeon Hole reservations at each office, coming and going.

Getting the dam out of the creek was a simple operation after the Red Tape was untangled, it took the Bull Dozer all of thirty minutes to do the job.

It would have taken Sandy, Mike, Phil, and Winkie a couple of hours without benefit of machinery, allowing plenty of time for them to spatter each other with mud balls.

What this Country needs is more kids and less government.

#### LOCOS ON THE LOOSE:

Good neighbors you haven't a thing to worry about. Jack and Emma Maloney called at the Editorial Office a few afternoons ago and all weighty matters, domestic and foreign, pertinent to the future welfare of the nation were discussed thoroly, and satisfactory conclusions reached. With only one exception. The exception beeing: What lo-coed stunt will the Arizona Game Department Technicians pull off next? Now that they have set up their Transacts, Exclusions, etc., enumerated the deer dung, killed off most of the Does, sawed into their thigh bones to see if they were fat, examined their livers for vitamin content, and looked at their reproductive organs to see whether they would have had twins or triplets had they not been killed.

This matter was discussed from every angle and Jack came up with the only answer offered.

He said "Well we know damned well they are Crazy so no doubt if you think of the Craziest Damned thing possible that will be the next thing they do".

#### PLANTING TIME:

Perhaps we are all to squeamish about discussing Deaths, Burial and Graveyards, but the time is rolling up pretty fast to the point that burying in the

Paradise Cemetery will have to come to a halt, simply because there won't be anyone around able to dig a grave in that hard ground.

So all we superannuated people with a bad cough and considerably less than a million dollars had better not only discuss the matter frankly, but not at too much length (the time might be shorter than we hope) and take some constructive action toward solving the problem.

Bill Sanders has been the Wheel Horse on the grave digging for the past several years. Not only on the actual digging but he has furnished the blasting material and tools out of his own pocket which isn't a big item once in a while but over a period of years it mounts up to more than most of us realize.

Oscar Olney and Blackie Stidham are both runners up for second place, with third place going to - you might say the population at large of which only about one out of a dozen are physically able to attend a funeral after the grave has been dug. That is unless they happen to be the customer.

Bill and Blackie are in the same age bracket as most of the rest of us but we're constructed of better leather. Oscar is a young man who brought home a number of souvenirs from the Second World War in the form of machine gun bullets well dispersed throughout his anatomy, which detract somewhat from his dig-ability, so he won't be able to carry on alone when Bill and Blackie finally become the "guests of honor".

The first two people who died at Paradise were buried in the old Galeyville Graveyard which was about two or three miles from Paradise and somewhat difficult of access in those days of Hoss or Hob-Nail shoe transportation.

So Jan. 8, 1906 when an old hard rock liner by the name of Alexander Mills took on more Panther Juice than he could carry and sat down behind Joe Melchers Honky Tonk and froze to death - the town fathers duly elected him as the first candidate in the present Paradise Cemetery. The site was selected because of its accessibility and apparent but deceptive softness of the ground. a

group of volunteers sawed and nailed together a coffin of Chiricahua Pine lumber, dug the grave, and Frank Barfield, with his wagon and team, hauled the remains of the late, but not very much lamented, Alexander to its last resting place. All at no expense to anyone. The Sweeney Lumber Company having donated the lumber for the coffin, Pat Welch panied up a gallon of whiskey, and Joe Slater furnished the candles for the wake. Living was cheap but dying was cheaper "in them thar days".

That first burial established a precedent which has been carried on in part right down to the present day. That is the volunteer grave digging part. With the passing of the years - factory made Caskets have gradually replaced the home made coffins, and motor vehicles have taken over the transportation chore. So as we said before the time has come to talk about something besides Cabbages and Kings and do something more than talk about grave digging.

Our first suggestion is that all our future Burying Business be conducted at a different site where the digging is a lot easier. We think the site where Mr. L. N. Reed has been buried since 1880 is a good one, and we request that Walter and Lillian Reed start proceedings with the U.S. Forest Service looking toward having a plot of suitable size designated as the "The Reed Cemetery" for the use of the public at large.

Our second suggestion is that hereafter when anyone wishes to have a grave dug in the Paradise Cemetery that they insert a 'one hundred dollar bill' in the envelope along with their request to Bill Sanders to do the digging.

#### ROMANCE:

Out here in the land of Starvation and Sunshine it was a well established custom among all the various Indian Tribes to either trade ponies for brides or to steal the gals from their parents. In either case the old folks generally got the best of the deal.

Now the Yankees back along the Eastern Seaboard knew nothing of American Customs

when they first arrived from Merry Old Hengland, so they have carried on the traditions and customs of the homeland with regard to disposing of their surplus female offsprings. Which doesn't coincide with the Indians way in any respect, except that it also shifts responsibility and cuts down on the grub bill. The old Puritan Poppies were and are rated pretty high on stinginess and aptitude for gathering in the "Con Que" by just about any means, foul or fair, short of outright stealing. Likewise they were and are just as foxy at wriggling out of a bad situation. So instead of demanding Ponies in exchange for their daughters they offer or imply that they would give something to boot in the form of a dowry.

To bring this story a little closer to home and make it more understandable we will get sort of Semi - Personal and tell you about a case in point which was told to us by a feller who had heard it from another feller:

There is an old Yankee Cowboy by the name of Wild Horse Jack Nuens up in Kent, Connecticut who originated in a snow bank over in North Dakota, grew to manhood on Jack Rabbit Jerky and other forms of malnutrition. Then he followed the one horse Rodeo Circuit and the home brew joints all the way to Connecticut.

There he met and married a comely young widow with three pretty daughters, they were not too much of a problem until they became of marriageable age.

When that time arrived Jack was behind the eight ball because the eligible Yankee Boys didn't have any ponies and were to honest to steal (women at least). So he couldn't dispose of them in the injun way. Although Jack hadn't at that time become a full fledged yankee except to the extent that he had learned to hang onto the cash in hand, the dowry business didn't appeal to him either. Finally he hit onto a scheme that partially worked. He moved down to Texas and went into the sheep business temporarily, and those old Davis Mountain Boys

soon swarmed like bees around his place. Those prim little Blond Yankee Misses certainly didn't lose anything by comparison with the Snuff Dipping Sun Bonnet Native Gals.

To make a short story shorter, the two elder step daughters cabbaged onto the two most eligible Texans forth with, right away, and pronto.

The feller didn't say whether Jack used the Yankee or Injun disposal method, but did say something about him taking a truck load of horses back to Connecticut after he finally had to give up on disposing of the third step daughter even to a Texan.

She wasn't a drug on the market on account of her looks by any means, if anything she was the prettiest one of the three, but she was such a waspy little character, with a strong tendency toward outlawry, that those boys from the Long Horn state kept their distance in spite of their brags about the bravery of their forefathers who died at the Alamo.

Soon after the Nuens family arrived back at Kent with the Texas horses, and the surplus blond, a boy by the name of Scotty Anderson came along who had been fighting the Japs down in New Guinea for three or four years and wasn't afraid of anything.

If Scotty wanted to get married at that time he hadn't realized it yet. His big ambitions were to acquire a good roping saddle and own a riding stable. Right away old Yankee Jack saw a strong possibility in that unsuspecting lad. He made Scotty a partner in his riding Stable which he had started with the Texas horses and admonished Alice to curb her scrappiness as much as possible. Romance soon began to blossom but not fast enough to suit Jack.

Alice was about to graduate from high school and wanted a nice little ladies saddle with a quilted seat and all the trimmings as a graduation present. Right at that point Jack saw another strong possibility, played his big trump,

and won going away.

He bought a nice big roping saddle that was so heavy She couldn't possibly lift it on a horse, and gave it to her as a combination graduation and wedding present - as it turned out.

Mr. and Mrs. Scotty Anderson now live right here in Cave Creed, and if there is any doubt about them being happy and being regular guys, just drive up to the S.W. Research Station and get acquainted with them and their cute little old kid Winkie.

Yes - Scotty still has the saddle.

VOX POPULI:

Thursday Feb. 20, '58

Carson Morrow  
Portal, Ariz.

Col. Pug still having it plenty rugged yet. Only one more day of the first seventy two hours to go then he will be more comfortable, so the doctors say. He is very uncomfortable right now but the Drs. say he is a model patient. Trying to rain here (El Paso) today but not doing much good at it. Hope you and yours are OK.

Signed:- Aunt Duck