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WE NEVER RECARIZE, ALL OUR MATERIAL IS
ALWAYS FRESH FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCE.



CHAMPAGNE

PORTAL, ARIZONA August 10, 1958.

BUSBY

THE BATTLE OF THE BUFFALO

If you want to find some one who knows everything about everything just find the greenest green horn there is around and he will be your man. Especially if he happens to be in the newspaper business.

Some weeks ago an old Buffalo Bull showed up over at Palominas on the San Pedro River and the ranchers in that vicinity sent for Ralph Morrow, the Game Ranger to come and make some disposal of him as he was tearing down fences as fast as he came to them and raising hell in general.

The Ranger went over and shot the Bull, Butchered him and disposed of the meat in accordance with regulations.

From long experience he knew that to shoot the animal was not the only method by which it could be taken out of circulation but by far the most merciful. It could have been chased, roped, hog tied, dragged, rolled and finally loaded into a truck or trailer and taken to Northern Arizona and placed in one of the Buffalo herds there.

The Ranger had plenty of time and know how to do all that too. But he also knew that by the time that was accomplished the Bull would have been dead or so badly crippled and battered up that death would have been preferable to the Bull and everybody else concerned except the new Editor of the Brewery Gulch Gazette.

That gentleman, without taking the trouble to ascertain all the facts, went off at half-cock and dashed off an editorial in which he damned and fired the Ranger and told all about how the situation should have been handled, as though he had been a side kick of Buffalo Bill all his life. He lamented the passing of the Buffalo, extolled their well known and un-disputed virtues and generally championed their cause to the extent that it appeared as though he was trying to coax all the buffalo nickels to take up permanent residence in his hip pocket.

We have never met the Editor personally but have pretty good reason to think that he is a complete stranger to the livestock industry and therefore not qualified to handle anything as tough as a rogue Buffalo Bull or to tell anyone else how to do it. This opinion is based on one of the first articles he published after taking over the management of the Gazette,

in which he decried his inability to take care of his own old tabby cat on account of the shortage of cat houses in Brewery Gulch.

In case there is any doubt as to the Game Rangers Buffalo ability; He helped establish the Buffalo herd at Fort Huachuca consisting of approximately three hundred head; Maintained and cared for the herd for a good part of its existence; Conveyed truck loads of new herd bulls to Huachuca from Montana and Wyoming and assisted in rounding up and moving some of the young stock to House Rock Canyon and Raymond Ranch in 1955-56, when our High Handed General Emil Lenzner forced the Arizona Game Department to remove the herd from the Huachuca Military reservation; 220 head of the mature animals were slaughtered.

In addition to all that experience the Ranger has intermittently worked with the Buffalo Herds in Northern Arizona for a good many more years than the Editor of the B.G.G. has been out of the pumpkin patch.

And now while we are having so dog-goned much fun lets give him "the other barrel". The Buffalo at Palominas was shot by direct order of the Director of the Arizona Game Department at Phoenix who had been advised of the situation by telephone. So why not fire him too and wipe out the entire Game Department also, There's no point in dealing in half measures.

However; We will say this for his editorial, "It would have been a masterpiece had he have known what he was talking about."

BACKFIRE

Our Biscuit Versus Store Boughten Bread story in last issue certainly fell way short of it's intended mark. It was hoped that most of the fair ladies who read it would begin baking biscuits regularly when they found out that bakery bread was down right dangerous to the health of their ever loving husbands.

Instead of doing what we advised, at least some of them threw the Baking Powders in the Garbage can, laid in an extra large supply of Store Bread and checked to see that the life insurance premiums

A JOB FOR KING SOON.

The Editor and Publisher of the Arivaca Briefs, over at Arivaca, Arizona, with whom we exchange publications has seen fit to offer some more or less constructive criticism of our efforts and since he is much more tolerant than most of our readers we will reply by saying "THANKS" and offer the following explanation as to our derelictions:

He first takes us to task for stapling the Bull Sheet together in the upper right hand corner instead of the left. Then asks how anyone can determine that Carson Morrow is the Editor-Publisher?

We will speak to the stapling staff and see if we can get one of the dozen or so of them to place the staple right where Mr. Harvey Riggs wants it. But the question as to whether or not Carson is the "Big Wheel" is a little bit harder to correct.

It's a fact that he scribbles most of the stuff we publish in almost illegible long hand but from there on in it's pretty complicated. After he gets enough material scribbled or gathered up out of the Bull Corral to make anywhere from four to twelve pages of typewritten stencils he begins looking around for a typist-sucker to do the typing and it's really surprising and gratifying (to him) at the number of otherwise intelligent people who have volunteered for the job from time to time.

Carol Cazier was the first and most durable, and because of her good nature and weak sales resistance she was imposed upon to do the typing, mimeographing, assembling, folding and stapling until just a short time before her little baby, Karen was born. When she had to step out of the picture to prepare for the arrival of the Stork, Fritzie Rea took over the printing chores and she had to resort to almost as drastic measures to get out of the job. She signed up for a four year course in Nurses Training at St. Mary's Hospital in Tucson which involves packing bed pans and a lot of other almost as disagreeable jobs. Poor Kid.

The next victim was no other than old Doc Montezuma Cazier in person. His parents have never been accused of raising up foolish children but never-the-less, he typed several issues, using only one finger in the process. After he was called back to New York for a while last winter it was strictly a catch as catch can proposition; Bruce Elliot, Russell Clark and Morty Mortenson "got took" once each and

Professor Stephen Spurr of the University of Michigan was the "fall guy" for two issues.

A. T. Steele volunteered for the last one, and although he is tops in the writing and newspaper business it looks as though we may be able to wangle him into typing at least one more.

Carol only typed one issue after she brought the baby home and did that on condition that the Cub Reporter wash out a couple of dozen diapers, which he did, but his work in that line was pretty inferior too, as those little three cornered Levis all had a decided yellow tint when he hung them on the line to dry.

Scotty Anderson evolved (or sumpthin) into most of the mimeographing with Doc pinch hitting and calling all the visiting scientists and their wives and kids in on the assembling, folding and stapling jobs. A good many of the other good neighbors, including Archie and Ruth Rea, Grandma Morrow and Alice Anderson have taken part in those minor operations occasionally.

Now Harvey, here is what we would like for you to do; Weigh all the evidence here to fore offered and if you can decide who the Editor-Publisher of the Chiricahua Bull Sheet actually is we will be glad to pattern the heading of our sheet after yours in so far as possible, Showing Volume number, Elevation, Population etc. Of course omitting price of subscription as that is the same as the salaries paid to our numerous staff members. The nominal sum of NOTHING.

Thanks to our Gullible, Generous and easily please subscribers we get our ink paper and stamps for nothing too. So we can rightfully claim to be the only publication in the whole country which enjoys complete freedom of the press in conformity with the pertinent provisions of that famous document. The Constitution of the United States of America.

TRES CABEZAS

The Flora and Fauna of the Chiricahua, including bugs, lizards and snakes are being researched as they have never been researched before.

Doc Cazier presently has a menagerie of seventy scientists, including their wives and kids in residence at the
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Southwest Research Station. All the houses are full to more than capacity and the overflow are sleeping in tents stretched up adjacent to Scotty's "Modern one stop Powder Room".

The outlaw lady and her sister, Jackie Nuens are manning the Mulligan Gun at the moment while the regular cook is away on vacation. That job is just play for those two gals. They even have time to sleep a little bit once in a while between supper and breakfast time.

Training, care and upkeep of the junior Tres Cabezas still comes under Winkie's jurisdiction as usual and with the help of his burro, his horse, the swimming pool and all his toys he has that department functioning properly.

Carol and Man Mountain Gordon's father from the mosquito swamps of New Jersey is visiting them for a while, which keeps her busy most of the time trying, unsuccessfully to keep him from spoiling Baby Karen.

Mountain finds time to get off his horse occasionally and help Russ with the chores and assist in swabbing out the kitchen.

Doc and Scotty, in addition to their million and one other activities have gone in for collecting Dragon Flies with a shot gun instead of a net. Its the truth.

PEACE OFFICERS AND PARENTS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

The old saying that mother always knows best was proven to be true, beyond all possible doubt, up at Phoenix a few days ago.

A young squirt, seventeen years of age weighing 180 pounds and over six feet high went out to a drive in, and raised so much ruckus that the Cops were called in to arrest him. He was taken to the Police Station, but instead of being taken before a judge who could probably done nothing more than admonish him, on account of him being a juvenile— The cops sent for his mother and that lady knew what would do the most good and where to apply it.

She borrowed a leather belt from one of the Cops, Had the culprit lower his pants to about half mast, then layed on the leather. If this method of handling juvenile Delinquents were practiced by more mothers throughout the land this Delinquent business would come to a scr-

eeching halt.

Had this young, would be tough guy been kept in jail over night, he might have cried in his pillow until morning but the next day he would surely have been posing as a bad hombre to his pals and bragging about being thrown in the Clink, but you can bet your last Peso that he didnt do any swashbuckling or bragging about what Ma did to him.

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

There is only about one thing on this old planet that is filthier than malicious gossip and that is the source from which it emanates. The Gossip Monger.

The Gossip Monger is a creature of either sex which has every outward appearance of an ordinary human being, but through some omission or commission of nature at the time of it's conception; Probably a dis-proportionate mixture of Genes, Chromosomes or something like that. They have a saddistic quirk in their mind which prevents them from developing into full fledged members of the human race and causes them to have strong desires to harm every human being who is not similarly afflicted.

So they are doomed to go through life acting like humans in-so-far as they are capable, because on account of their human like appearance coupled with their sly malicious mentalities, lying tongues, and cowardiness — Toads, rats, snakes and all other such loathsome things will have nothing to do with them.

Gossip Mongers are not always out and out liars. Weavers would be a better term for them because they generally take a very small scrap of truth and weave their sordid, malicious tales around and through it so cunningly that to anyone except the most interested and astute listener it sounds logical and truthful.

Every community has one or more of these creatures. Portal not excepted. So too smug good neighbor, Such Lily Pure Citizens as your Cub Reporter and even Doc Cazier have been the subjects of some of their Skullduggery. Just because you have been behaving strictly in accordance with all the recognized rules and laws of society is no reason to believe that you might not find out that you have been accused of shooting

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all the cats and dogs that come on or near your place or that you have been chasing Blondes, Brunettes or Red heads down around Rodeo at a time when you were soundly sleeping in your own bunk. Or even something more ridiculous.

Some authorities are more charitable than we, and refer to these creatures as persons with an inferiority complex, which might be correct, but certainly does not encompass their chosen activities. On the other hand our conjecture as to their origin is far fetched and after all only a conjecture. These things might have hatched out of something that was spilled down a sewage drain or under a slimy mossy rock. Quien Saves ?

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

We have been telling you about the old time residents of Paradise, Arizona in the past several issues and will tell you more of the same next time, but in this issue we are going to let one of the four present day residents of that defunct city tell you about the wonders of Arizona in general and the Chiricahuas in particular.

She could also tell you plenty about the old residents too, as she lived right here in Portal through the period we have been writing about, 1903 to 10.

To us the most wonderful thing about the trip she describes so nicely in the following quoted letter, is that she and her good husband Ed could make it.

He is well past eighty and she was a mature married lady when they moved to Portal in 1903;

Portal, Arizona,
August 7, 1958.

Dear Carson;

If you care to read this will tell you about our trip which we taken last month. The first and only time we have ever visited the wonderful and beautiful places in Arizona.

Have lived here since 1903, and have heard so much about these wonders, one will have to see them to believe that such wonderful, beautiful places exist in our Arizona State.

We visited the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Painted Desert and Glenn Canyon Dam, which is under construction, Oak Creek Canyon, the most beautiful sight I have ever layed eyes on.

My sister from Texas came and went

with us. She said after coming back to our house here in Paradise, that she had not seen any place that was more beautiful than Portal or Paradise. Other places were larger but not any prettier. She has gone now to her home in Texas and I know she will have a lot to tell her family. She said she had always thought Cave Creek Canyon and the Chiricahua Mts. she has been here and visited me several times.

We had wanted to make a trip like this for several years, so we decided we had better make it before we get old Ha-Ha-. My sister arrived in San Simon on the Bus. We met her at 5:30 A.M., loaded her and belongings in the car and was on our way. We went by the way of Show Low, Holbrook and on to Flagstaff, arrived in Flagstaff at 4:00 P.M.

That is a beautiful drive through that part of the country. Ed did all the driving and was a bit tired when we arrived in Flag. We visited our daughter Bessie and husband in Flagstaff, from there on they drove us to see these wonderful places. Forgot to mention we went to the Meteor Crater which is 570 feet deep and 400 feet across. A wonderful sight to see. One cannot describe these places, just have to see them to believe.

We left Flagstaff on a Tuesday Morning, drove to Phoenix and spent the night with relatives and left for home bright and early Wednesday morning, arrived here at our house at 1:00 P.M. and found we had a wonderful rain. Which we were so thankful for. When we left it was warm and dry, but when we have a few showers here in these hills there can never be any place any cooler or nicer to live in. I do not believe there can be found any better or nicer climate than here in these mountains, take it the year around.

And I mean our friends and neighbors too. We are not many but we have an abundance of love and respect for one another.

Best wishes to you and yours.

Mrs. E. F. Epley.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Red Harris came over the mountain a while back and turned the rocks over in the canyon road with the Forest Service road grader. It improved the road for a short time and relieved the monotony of driving over the same old boulders in the same old place every day.

Among the first callers at the Bull Ranch after we moved in was Hap Adams and his family from Tucson and Joe Schaefer from Apache Pass via El Paso, Texas.

His Aunt Nora says Hap was looking for a five room modern, furnished house that he could rent for about six dollars a month and we know that Old Joe was just looking, but not for Blondes anymore. He is past eighty you know.

Shirley Kemp and Mrs. Evalyn Taylor visited at the Bull Ranch on the last day of July. Shirley told us of a Texas friend of hers and ours who recently was thrown in the Jug over at Tucson for horse stealing. However on account of extenuating circumstances, one of them being that he inherited the horse theft trait from a long line of ancestors, He only served one night in jail.

So no doubt a lot of other Long Horns will flock to Tucson as soon as they find out how light the sentence is for Practicing the Texas National pass time. They would rather ***** steal pigs.

Our Postmistress says the new regulations pertaining to the increase in postage rates are about as clear as mud.

She says a lot more than that and quotes a lot of rules and regulations but we are not printing them lest you become as confused as she seems to be and we surely are.

It all adds up to the fact that it will cost three cents to mail the Bull Sheet either after or before January 1st 1959. depending on whether it can or can not be classed as a News Paper (?????) and further provided that the mailing weight is two ounces or less, Dry Weight. So since our treasury is running a little lower than usual we will spread our stuff a little thinner to hold the weight down, In other words, we are, like some women we know, Reducing. Only five pages this time excluding of the cover. If you regular

Jack and Erna Maloney are paying an extensive visit to Harrison, Little Walnut Bend, over at Elgin Arizona?

Betty Dixon is re-building the dwelling at the Dixon Ranch in White Tail Canyon. Dick is helping her some, mostly by keeping out of the way?

The Cub Reporter did Not win the Jeep that was raffled off by the Bisbee Junior Chamber of Commerce on the Fourth of July or any other Jeep for that matter?

Mikey Murphy is visiting his mother, Mrs. Pearl Miller, at Phoenix for a few weeks. We prophesy that he will will appreciate the weather in Cave Creek when he returns

Harry Bliss and John Bangdoodle Pence cant hardly wait until the Game Department stocks the dams with trout?

That the A V A Ranch has beaucoup peaches of the finest flavor you ever flopped your lip over?

Only Arizona residents are eligible to membership in the Southwest Research Station?

Jiggs Bagwell is growing barley right out among the Mezquite bushes and boulders?

Walter and Lillian Reed are living in their new residence in Portal?

Buford Martin is trying to trade Scotty Anderson out of what might be the original "Old Grey Mare"?

Doc Fugsley has been visiting his mother in New York State for the past several weeks and is presently visiting with Aunt Duck's relatives in Texas.

Bob Greenamyer has three houses and a grocery store for sale. two of the houses are in Cave Creek and one house and the store are in Douglas.

A galvanized Prune Picker who now lives at Moorovie California wrote us some news which we will try to publish next