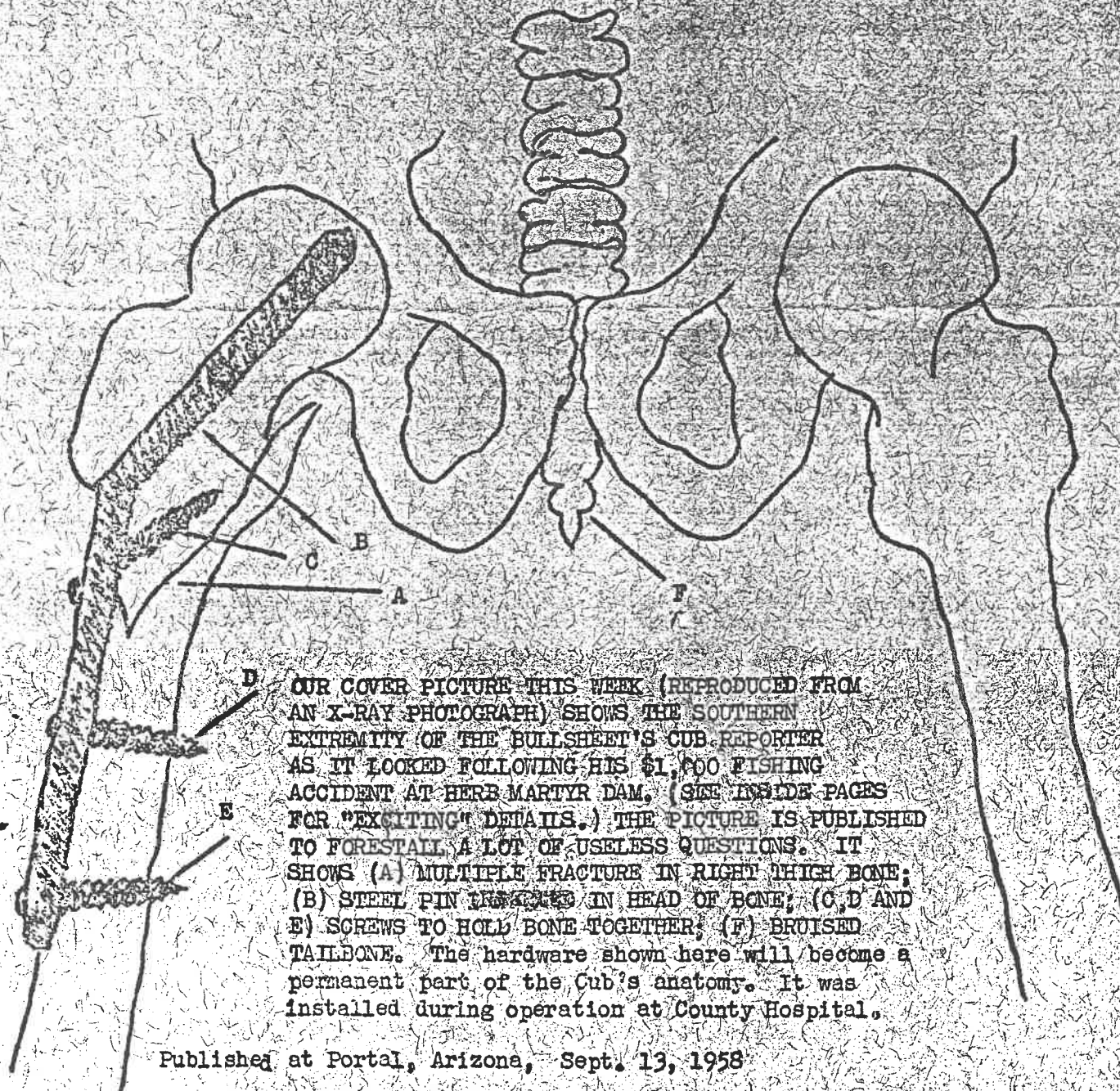


# CHAROONA

# BULLSHEET



OUR COVER PICTURE THIS WEEK (REPRODUCED FROM AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH) SHOWS THE SOUTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE BULLSHEET'S CUB REPORTER AS IT LOOKED FOLLOWING HIS \$1,000 FISHING ACCIDENT AT HERB MARTYR DAM. (SEE INSIDE PAGES FOR "EXCITING" DETAILS.) THE PICTURE IS PUBLISHED TO FORESTALL A LOT OF USELESS QUESTIONS. IT SHOWS (A) MULTIPLE FRACTURE IN RIGHT THIGH BONE; (B) STEEL PIN INSERTED IN HEAD OF BONE; (C, D AND E) SCREWS TO HOLD BONE TOGETHER; (F) BRUISED TAILBONE. The hardware shown here will become a permanent part of the Cub's anatomy. It was installed during operation at County Hospital.

## FISH

This is going to be our first, and we hope our last I-me-my story. We have to write this one in the first person because I, your Cub Reporter, am the first damned fool that ever paid a thousand dollars to catch a fish out of Cave Creek. You don't believe it? Okay, just wait and I'll show you the doctor and hospital bills to prove it. (Some of them will be marked "PAID")

On August 20th I hooked a nice trout, something less than two feet long, up at the Herb Martyr dam, pulled him out in the approved manner, put a string through his gills and leaned over to one side to fasten the end of the string, when both feet slipped out from under me. I fell smack on a rock and shattered the right hip into three nice symmetrical hunks of about equal size.

I immediately changed places with the fish and started sliding down into the deep water yelling Bloody Murder on the way. Our cantankerous old game ranger, Ralph Morrow, and three other Good Samaritans whose names I don't know but to whom I am eternally obliged pulled me out of the drink and packed me up to the road, where my legs were strapped together to avoid further injury. I was covered with miscellaneous blankets, raincoats, etc. and made as comfortable as possible until a station wagon could be secured for transportation to the hospital and medical attention.

The Rain gods evidently weren't very highly pleased about me being pulled out of the pond because at that point one of the damndest rains you ever saw fell right there. It looked like, for a while, I would wash back into the pond, but one of the good neighbors took a shovel and trenched some of the water around me, while Juanita Morrow and Grammy got soaking wet trying to arrange the covers so I wouldn't drown from the water that was coming straight down.

To use a military term, just before the position became untenable, here came the station wagon that had been sent for, and if you live around

Porter you only need one guess as to who was driving it. Old Doc Montezuma Cazier in person. With Scotty Anderson acting as Swamper.

In the little more than three years those two gents have been residing in Cave Creek they have become what might well be termed Mr. Ready and Mr. Willing (in Spanish: LISTO Y DISPUESTO). If a forest fire breaks out or some one gets lost or a widow woman runs out of firewood or the Cub Reporter has to move camp and, last but not least, if he breaks his hind end, those two lads are always Johnny-on-the-spot to do the needy.

It didn't take long to get me rolled onto a mattress and poked into the back end of Doc's big old white rattle-trap station wagon--and the race was on. We pulled under the shed at the Southwest Research Station long enough to allow Doc Pugsley to take one poke at me with his old dull needle and I assure you the grass wasn't much higher by the time we arrived at the County Hospital at Douglas.

I can't give you the exact time on each phase of the entire episode but within two hours from the time of the accident Scotty and Doc had helped pack me into the hospital, X-ray pictures had been taken by that sturdy old Number One man of the County Hospital, Jack Benson, and he and Scotty had helped me get on for my first ride on a pretty blue bed pan.

(Fritzie NB--Look what a chance you missed.)

To those who don't know, it's 70 good, long miles from Herb Martyr dam to the hospital.

On September 4th I took my first ride in a wheel chair and hope to be back at the Bull Ranch within the next week.

For all the nice expressions of friendship and encouragement you have all sent me I can only say "I love each and every one of you and thank you so much".

## EVENING'S TALK

We have a letter from Mr. C. (Bally) Morrow "down under" in West Australia. He asks that we not forget to write a story about old man John H. McClellan who was one of the outstanding stalwarts of Paradise. We will quote a few paragraphs from Bally's letter, which describes this old gentleman perfectly:

"Mac had a little white mustache and goatee, trimmed and twisted to the style of that time. He was always a soldier and a perfect gentleman, drunk or sober, in any company. He and I were the best of pals regardless of the age difference. I was about six or eight and he was some 60 years plus, but he was a friend to everybody."

Mac was getting well along in years when he came to this part of the country from Harqua Hala, Arizona, in about the year 1900. Having gone there from Colorado on account of quite a gold boom which was started by another prospector finding a gold nugget weighing in the neighborhood of 70 pounds. (Our memory might be at fault as to the weight, or the story might have been exaggerated before we heard it, but anyway it must have been exceptionally large.) The nugget was found right on the surface and both placer and lode mining produced a lot of gold for several years in that vicinity.

Quite a change has taken place since Mac left there. After the mines petered out, the town was practically abandoned for muchos anos and deteriorated to the point that it was almost a blank spot on the map, as it is located out in what is known as the Harqua Hala Desert, where water was just about the unknown element and fire-wood almost as scarce.

But with the advent of modern thinking, modern pumping machinery and some man, or group of men, with an overgrown imagination and the luck of the devil, it was discovered that the vast, level desert is underlaid by a fairly shallow stratum of pumpable irrigation water, so that now thousands

of acres of cotton are growing where Mac used to wander around looking for his burros and gold nuggets.

He was born in Missouri, date unknown, but evidently some years before the Civil War, as he frequently talked of events that occurred about that time but never mentioned having participated in the war.

Most of his stories were about mining and prospecting in and around Cripple Creek, Colorado, and of occurrences while he was an Indian Scout or a member of an Army pack train. He was no wind-bag or braggart, so his stories really made for good listening, especially to all we kids. The grown-ups generally listened quite attentively, too, and seldom ever tried to "trump" any of his ace stories. He was never heard to lift his voice in anger or to argue.

When the copper mining industry began to soar right after the turn of the century, he and Cap Burns were holding a group of mining claims in what is now known as Hospital Canyon. Their property was near the Chiricahua Development Company, and soon after it started big development work Mac sold his interest to Cap Burns and an easterner by the name of Hammond for a good price and lived well on the proceeds for a good many years.

Like most of the old boys of that time (and this time, too, for that matter) he liked his liquor but seldom got drunk. One of his favorite stories was about him and another mule packer being caught in a blizzard up in Colorado and snowed in for several days. They had one mule load of liquor and one load of EHE linament. He said they drank the liquor right away but that it took quite a bit longer to drink all the linament. That brand of linament had a high alcohol content and some other ingredients which would raise a blister pronto when rubbed on the skin of even a mule.

During the time old Mac was in the money, he lived pretty high on the hog by the standards of those days. He built himself a nice three-roomed house

and a good barn and corral for his horses and burro. He was proud of his animals and took excellent care of them. He would lend his burro, which he called Balaam, to some favorite kid once in a while, but the horse was never ridden by anyone else except on one occasion.

When William Noland was accidentally shot and Frank Noland foundered his horse coming to Paradise for the doctor, Mac lent him his horse to ride back home, which was then at the old Bucklew Ranch, a couple of miles north of Nipper Peak.

If he had a family or was ever married no one knew about it. The only mention he ever made of his relatives was to the effect that his grandfather or uncle was the inventor of the McClellan saddle which was used almost exclusively by the U. S. Army for many years.

Like most of the old Paradise residents who had no family, he died in the county hospital at Douglas and is buried in the Douglas Cemetery.

He passed over the great divide about 1918 or 1919.

#### MOUTh OF THE CANYON

Hudspeth County might not be unique as counties go in Texas, but it is surely unusual in comparison with counties in more enlightened and progressive states such as Arizona.

Dogie Wright, rancher and ex-sheriff of Hudspeth County, with county seat at Sierra Blanca, tells us that they have no doctor or hospital, that the judge of the Superior Court is not a lawyer and that until very recently they have not had a county attorney. Their county attorney was not elected to office. Since there was no attorney of any kind within the bounds of that political subdivision when the present incumbent moved in from Chicago, it was "Tag, you're it", and he was appointed to the job.

Dogie and his wife, Tiny, have been on a two weeks camping trip in

Colorado. They say it is nice up there but Dove Creek is better, so they came by and camped at the John Hands Dam for three days before pulling out back to Sierra Blanca on August 16th.

Grammy and the Cub went over to Tucson and after visiting three doctors came out with prescriptions for two small bottles of pills and a tube of salve. They took them to a drug store where the pharmacist handed the Cub a sales slip for \$19.20 and the medicine. The Cub paid off with a twenty but was so bewildered that he forgot to pick up the 80 cents in change. That's just about an all-time high in bewilderment.

Hamburger Charley is back from Texas and New Mexico. His partner, Java Joe Flannery, didn't come with him. Joe stayed in Artesia, New Mexico, and went into the baby sitting business, according to Charley.

They tell me that Mud River and Phelps Dodge Newman have put a new roof on the leaky porch at the Bull Ranch and that Esther Steele has decorated the editorial office, so maybe I better stay here in the hospital until some of the other good neighbors plant me a crop of corn.

#### THE APACHES JUST DRAGGED THEM OUT OF CAMP

The high cost of living is and has been a topic of conversation for as many years as we can remember, but you seldom ever heard anyone mention the high cost of dying. Yet funeral expenses have advanced from nothing, 50 years ago, to a minimum of around a thousand dollars now. A friend of ours of very moderate financial means passed away in Douglas a short time ago and it cost twelve hundred dollars to take care of the last remains. And that was just as cheap as the job could be decently done in conformity with present day funeral styles.

While the various Congressional committees are investigating racketeers, it seems to us that they might well look into this funeral parlor business or even lay off of Jimmy Hoffa for a while.

and get after these undertaking establishments which are getting sacks full of coconuts where he isn't getting small bags of peanuts in comparison. At least he is gypping live people and ones who are not beside themselves with grief on account of having just lost a loved one.

It is all too true that when the grim reaper sees fit to deprive us of one of our dear ones, we all feel that we must give them the most elaborate funeral possible. That feeling is engendered mostly by a desire to "keep up with the Joneses" and partly as a last gesture of atonement for the things we should have done for the deceased while they were still living, but didn't. Well, when death comes that squares all accounts insofar as the deceased is concerned, and it's high time we all recognized that as a fact and began shopping for bargains in funerals--the same as we do for spuds and frijoles.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS (Supplemented)

On December 23, 1957, we published a story in the Bullsheet in which we told all we knew or could find out at the moment about Galeyville, Arizona. We have recently received some additional data which might be of interest.

Mr. Thomas M. Galey of Owensboro, Kentucky, read an article in the Saturday Evening Post under date of March 14, 1958, about Mrs. Lillian Riggs of Faraway Ranch, which is located here in the Chiricahuas. So he, in turn, wrote her a letter and submitted photographs of John H. Galey, the founder of Galeyville. She kindly sent it to us.

If you are interested in knowing what that illustrious old gent looked like, drop in at the Bull Ranch and we will show you the pictures.

The caption on the photographs reads as follows: "John H. Galey, San Francisco, Cal., in the gold mining days soon after the Civil War. John H. Galey was born in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania, February 4, 1840; and died in Joplin, Missouri, April 12, 1918. He entered the oil business at its inception.

The Oil and Gas Journal referred to him as one of the boldest of the early prospectors. His name is known and honored in every field where oil is produced throughout America. He was a persistent worker, fearless, original, the initiator of many ventures. After 1880, his operations were in association with Col. James M. Guffey, under the firm name of Guffey and Galey."

One paragraph of Mr. Thomas Galey's letter to Lillian reads as follows: "It was in 1889 (evidently an error in typing, as JHG founded Galeyville in 1879) that Uncle John went to Arizona to pioneer in the mining of silver. I have traveled with him in a number of oil ventures in later years; I was born in Bradford oil field in 1884. In 1911, I was with him in an oil venture in Tampico area of old Mexico. And in 1912 I helped him to drill three wells at Seven Lakes, New Mexico, near Grants".

In another paragraph: "He was pretty handy with the ladies and admired beautiful women. A very prominent lawyer in New York owes his mysterious origin to that admiration".

VOX POPULI

Monrovia, Calif.,  
July 28, 1958

Mr. Carson Morrow,  
Portal, Arizona.

Estimado Jefe:

Having decided to join your famous reporting staff, let me hasten to assure you that it is not because of the fabulous salary you pay your reporters, but my decision is solely based on the enviable prestige enjoyed by your illustrious correspondents, therefore, you may donate the full amount of my princely stipend to a most noble cause, the preservation of horned toads.

I must confess that, although I reside in the "Golden State" I am not really a "Prune Picker", but a transplanted "Manito" from the "Land of Enchantment", known in my youth as the Columbus Kid, in my middle age as the Tequila Screw Ball and have now acquired

the title of Coronary Parombasia. Since reading your July 21, 1958, issue of the Bullsheet, Page 3, I know what done it. Why couldn't you have told me about "wasp's nest" 40 years ago before I quit eating biscuits and tortillas?

Then on Page 6, I note that Chili (Chick Charmin) Charley and Java (Jane Joshin) Joe were in Artesia, supposedly headed for Oil City, Penna., and this is really what I am writing you about because I am reliably informed that they went to Texas to console the widows, who are grieving over Alaska becoming the whale and Texas just a shrimp.

It is my understanding that when a group is being escorted through the Carlsbad Caverns, the lights are turned off at one point on the trail because Texas is in mourning. Well, Texas has some fine neighbors and I am sure that New Mexico, Oklahoma, Missouri and Arkansas will comfort her in her hour of grief, if she don't try to grab some of their land to get bigger than Alaska and maybe Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas will extend them a hand, across the Rio Grande, if they don't try to rustle Mexican cattle.

So, nuff sed about los pobres Tejanos, we are primarily interested in the land between the Colorado River and the Rio Grande and we are positive that people not fortunate enough to live there surely wish they did. Me too. Now I gotta go eat my pan blanco (you can see who rules the roost at my house) so I better say, sin-mas por ahora, and put a period right here.

El Manito

(Note from the Cub: Thanks for your subsequent communication. Sorry we can't publish it.)

MORE VOX POP

Dear Carson,

Littleton, Mass.

It's about time a displaced Westerner up here in Yankee Land expressed his appreciation for the pleasures derived from reading the Bullsheet. Your

periodic plus into little known facets of the early history of that part of the West is always refreshing. Also the bits of free-wheeling Americana which creep into the editorial comments help to keep one reminded that we, the people, once walked on our hind legs. We regularly receive no less than six nationally known magazines and other publications. The Bullsheet is the only one which is read from cover to cover immediately after it reaches the mail box.

Your recent comments on biscuits and sour dough bread and what they did to keep the Western waist line slender is responsible for my writing this letter. While your comments were still fresh in my mind I ran across the following verse which seemed to have special significance:

Grandpa took no vitamins;  
His bread was not enriched.  
He started out on starches,  
And simply never switched.  
Grandpa ate the things he liked,  
His daily diet was wrong.  
The old man died at 89.  
I hope I live that long.

I can easily imagine that you receive occasionally a scolding, abusive or outright insulting letter from some modern conformist, berating you for not displaying a properly "integrated world outlook". I hope you aren't knocking yourself out trying to comply with their suggestions. To hell with them.

We may use extravagant language and think in exaggerated terms but we've never felt it to be necessary to have our views examined before deciding what we thought. We'll have a hell of a time if we ever decide to keep our thoughts and expressions in modest agreement with current trends.

With sincerest personal regards,

E.E. Adcock

P.S.—The enclosure is something the tax collector overlooked when I was last shaken down. With increased postage rates it might help in keeping the Bullsheet moving. EEA