

Portal, Ariz. 30  
Nov. 18, 1958

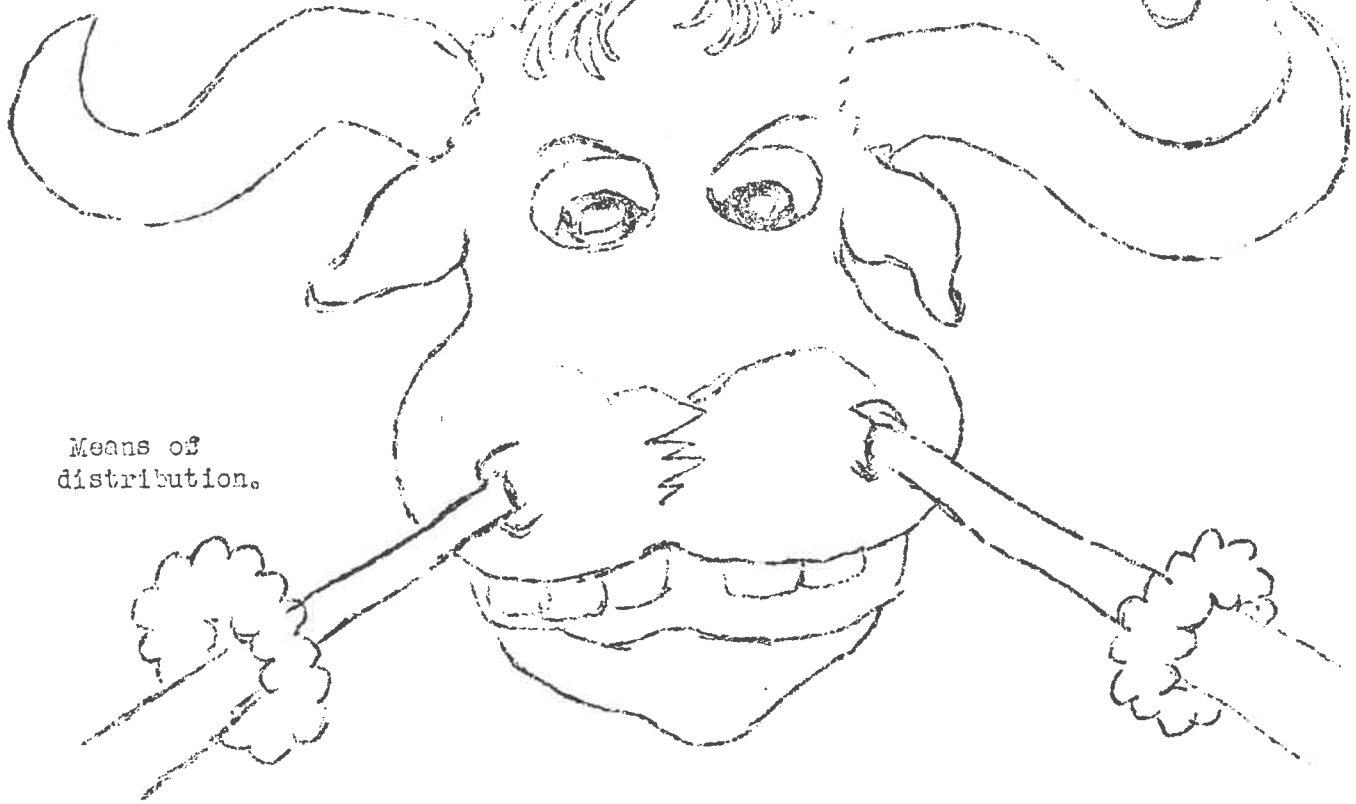
# CHURRERAMA

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DIGGING UP SKELETONS

"As plentiful as fiddlers in Hell" is an old simile that might well have been applied to Paradise, Arizona and all the surrounding country during it's balmy days and for several years thereafter.

Back in the time we are talking about there were no radios, very few phonographs and only a very few Player Pianos which were usually located in a Honky Tonk and therefore not available for general public entertainment. ( If you dont know what a Player Piano is, ask your granddaddy), In other words, there was no canned music.

But nefer the less we had music and some singing on about every occasion and the occasions were frequent. Seldom a week passed that there wasn't one or more dances somewhere within horseback distance and in between dances it was not unusual for groups ranging from two or three to a couple of dozen in number to get together justa bout any where and fiddle and sing a little.

Mark Chapman was the head fiddler around Paradise, except when Ira Scheley would drop in once in a while from up on Blue River. Mark was really good but Ira was in a class alone. He had won the title of Worlds Champion Fiddler at the Saint Louis Exposition in 1904.

When he showed up it was something like the Pied Piper coming to town. All the male population would follow him from saloon to saloon to hear him play and by night fall they would drift down to the town dance hall where all the female population would join the males and the grand Rompin and Stompin would go on until day break the next morning .

While Ira and Mark were conceded to be tops in the Fiddlin Business there were plenty of others who could get the job done too.

The Bass brothers, Hon and Del who had a cabin down the creek near Old Dutch Arthur's place made their living by playing in saloons and for public dances. Hon played first fiddle and Del accompanied him on second fiddle. He had the Palsy or Saint Vits dance as it was sometimes called pretty badly, so all of their music was timed de18s shakes which increased in tempo as fatigue and excitement abetted by a few shots of Red Eye began to take effect. So generally by the time the dance broke up the dancers were stepping pretty lively.

El Frank Bobote and Bud ( Big Nose) Sanders were another brother; that is half brother Fiddlin Team. Frank played the fiddle while Bud beat out the time on a Spanish Guitar which sometimes had all six strings on it and seldom had less than four.

George (Scotty) Murry, an old prospector who lived down near the Rube Hadden Spring was about the only musician around who claimed to be a Violinist that could play classical music. Mabe he was right but it was very noticeable that no one ever listened to him play a second time if it could be avoided.

Bill and Willie Clark, a Cousin Combination team from Mogollon, New Mexico beat out a good many thousand Hill Billy tunes at dances and other gatherings around Paradise in later years.

In addition to all those there were a good many other lads who could wield the Bow and make the Cat Guts scream or get some rythm out of a guitar. among them were Bill Sanders, Ralph and Roy Morrow, George Coryell and Walter Reed. In fact just about everybody fiddle a little back in those times except your Cub Reporter and Bill Reed and it seems like Bill could play a Jews Harp but he couldn't sing very good but he would try by moaning about Billy Venero and the Old Caken Bucket as long as he could get any one to listen.

The Riggs Settlement over on the West slope was another great place for fiddlers they didn't just have them in pairs over there, they had them in whole families and old fashioned sized families at that

There must have been at least half a dozen fiddlers in the Kennedy family and somewhere near the same number in the Amalongs family.

As we remember the Kennedy family there were Frank, Dave, Carmen, Ambrose, Cicero, Weely, Clarence and a sister whose name has been forgotten ( Tom Stafford would probably remember ) .

The Amalongs were Harvey, Jess, Virgil, Elmer, Walter George and two sisters, Ivy and Gerty.

Those people all did their stuff with fiddles and guitars. Generally at the El Dorado School House or at the Ash Creek School House or at the long ago defunct City of Light, Arizona.

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If you ever see a big fat muley cow or any other kind of a cow wearing this brand high up on her left ribs, head her back toward the South slope of the Dos Cabezas mountains. She will belong to Mr. William I. De Borde who has and has had a muy bueno Ranchito about three or so miles East of the City of Dos Cabezas these many years.

Will's cows havent always been big and fat, as he and his good wife Berta went through a lot of pretty lean years after they filed on their Homestead and started to build it into what it is now.

For quite a long period of time it looked like they were going to be eaten completely out of business by "Chuck line Riders "; There were Carson and Ralph Morrow, Bill Hudson, Frank Price, Tom Gillispie and Carl Hazen the Dutchman who were almost steady free loaders, to say nothing of several others like Birney Gibbons and Monroe Patterson who came by with their families to stay a day or two or mabe a week or two.

In addition to those, the ones who only stopped for a meal or two like Guy Martin, Frank and Harold Stark, Billy Dickson, Mahlon Pettit and Frank Hudson were almost as numerous as grass hoppers during a dry year.

In order to keep things going, Will not only looked after his own outfit but worked for other cow outfits and in the mines While Berta made her contribution by raising a garden and milking one old Jersey cow named Dixie Beauty to help feed the hungry horde and raising four or five dogie calves every year on another old Jersey named Bangs. Of course she did the cooking and other ranch chores too.

When the "Chuck Line Riders" had finally drifted on and become self supporting the DeBorde family begin to prosper, they built themselves a nice house, barn, corrals etc. and Berta indulged in some foreign travel and has assembled one of the finest mineral collections in Arizona.

It must have been an inherent trait with Will to feed hungry varmints, animals etc. for since the "Horseback Hoboes" have quit coming by to eat with him he has gone in for feeding his cows cotton seed cake, Yeast cakes, sorghum mollasses and stuff like that the year round.

You may not have a son or daughter but you do have an Heir.

If the human race in general and the residents of the United States of America in particular are going to continue to exist and thrive, they, like everything else in the universe must progress.

To do that we must educate the younger generations as they come along. And the cost of doing that in the modern way is going to continue to amount to a lot of dollars. So the idea that some of the good neighbors seem to have that school taxes can be lowered by conservative or stingy school boards is only a Misers dream.

It is only human for people who are unfortunate and have no children of their own to resent the spending of a lot of money for the education of other peoples children. But all of should realize that whether or not we have any offspring; some where in the world there is a child growing up, who will by one means or another come into possession of all the worldly goods each of us now owns.

That is inevitable. So lest we have regrets after we have passed to the great beyond it behooves us all to see that every child has an opportunity to get a good modern education.

Who knows?, At some time after you and I have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground our spirit might be sitting on the corner of a cloud looking back toward the old Homestead and it would be mighty gratifying to see some well educated kid carrying on where we left off.

That is a pretty far fetched surmise but there is one thing we have heard said many times but some of us dont seem to believe it, and that is " You cant take your wealth with you when you ca sh in your mortal checks".

In spite of all the fuss that has been made about the raise in school taxes this past year it is very doubtful that any one of we oldsters will live long enough to see the tax rate reduced. The best we can hope for is that it wont be further increased.

Our old friend Bruce Elliot is studying to be a Bull Fighter down in Mexico City. May bueno suerte Bruce. If you find a bull that you can whip send him to us.

end

## GOVERNMENT

We should all be happy in knowing that the Big Wigs and some of the smaller fry of the U. S. Forest Service had such a good time when a number of them recently attended a reunion of the Forestry Association at Tucson at our expense.

As reported by local Newspapers various members of the group made speeches to which more than likely no one listened, about timber, water sheds etc. No doubt this detracted somewhat from the general merry making such as picnics, poker games, and other similar forms of amusement. But were considered justifiable in the public interest. That is in the interest of making Mr. John Q. Public forget that he was footing most of the bills to the tune of lots of dollars per day.

According to the Arizona Daily Star the high light of the conference seemed to be when an old Wind Bag by the name of Don P. Johnson told a lot of stuff about things that occurred in this part of Ariz. in 1916 - 17. The Star ran his picture on the front page showing, he and our Boy Wonder, Forest Supervisor Weedlin reminiscing. For once it appears that Weedlin was doing all the listening.

Johnson said that his job here in 16 was to consolidate the Chiricahua Forest with the Coronado and that he was the first supervisor of the Coronado after the consolidation. He intimated that the Forest Supervisors office was moved from Portal to Tucson on account of the danger of raids from bandits from Mexico by saying "Villa and I consolidated the Coronado by closing the office at Portal" He further said "THERE WAS NO TIME TO EVEN TALK ABOUT RECREATION PROGRAMS OR STAMPING CAMP GROUNDS IN MY DAY BECAUSE PEOPLE WERE AFRAID TO BE OUT ALONE AT NIGHT" He said "WHEN HE CAME TO TUCSON IN 1916 TO CONSOLIDATE AND SUPERVISE THE REMAINING FOREST UNITS IN SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA NO ONE DARED LEAVE LIGHTS ON AT NIGHT FOR FEAR OF RAIDS BY FOLLOWERS OF THE BANDIT GENERAL THEN ON THE RAMPAGE IN MEXICO, HARDLY A RANCH OR MINE SETTLEMENT WAS SAFE.

AROUND PORTAL IN THE CHIRICAHUAS DYNAMITE STICKS WOULD BE HUNG FROM TREES TO BE DETONATED BY RIFLE SHOT IN CASE OF A RAID AS A WARNING TO ALL WITHIN HEARING TO TAKE COVER AND PREPARE TO DEFEND THEIR RANCHES AND HOMES"

Johnson claims to be seventy five years of age, but how a man could get that windy in only three quarters of a century is beyond our understanding.

If you will look up the Newspaper files of that time you will find that the only time Mexican Bandits raided across the line into this country during Pancho Villa's career was at Columbus New Mexico, Pancho never did raid in Arizona.

All we old birds that were here at that time knew how to set off dynamite with fuse and blasting caps and we certainly knew better than to hang it up in a tree and get close enough to shoot it with a rifle.

When he said we were scared he might have been telling the truth but we certainly weren't scared of Mexican Bandits as all we knew about them was what we read in the papers. And that guff about us being afraid to be out alone at night was some more malarkey as most of our beef was butchered at night during those days.

## THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That the young man who drove Jiggs' Bagwells yellow pick up truck down Cave Creek at about eleven A.M. on Saturday November 8th., is going to attend a funeral before very long. Let's hope he smashes a tree instead of someones Car.

A roster of the Bull Ranch visitors since last edition reads like a "Whos Who of the West" slope of the Chiricahuas" The Old He of all Cochise County Cattlemen, B. K. Riggs along with his wife Mary, His Daughter Martha and her husband, Mr. Lambert and their little daughter and Mrs. Fred Price made up one group while our favorite School Marm and cow lady par excellence Lillian Riggs with her companion and a couple of dude ladys comprised another.

When people like that come that far to see you and you think of all the other good neighbors who have called or expressed their sympathy in other ways it almost compensates for a busted leg.

We have heard some news that pleases us and just about all the other good neighbors. Finley and Sally Richards are coming home to stay. Hurry it up kids we will all be glad to see you.

## THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That the bus driver, conveying kids from El Dorado to the Wilcox High School has gotten the habit of turning hand springs with the bus, Kids and all and that there is now a job open for a bus driver.

That a passable road can be built thru East White Tail Canyon to the Wonderland of rocks for less than a thousand dollars

And that the only reason why this road hasn't been constructed long ago is that our "Little Gods in Green Breeches" (Park Service Employees) don't think we should have it.

They don't want it because it would increase the flow of visitors to the Monument by at least twenty five percent which, of course would mean that they would have to check and insult that many more Tourists in accordance with what seems at times to be a good part of their operational policy

It is almost certain that if some of our public spirited citizens who have little or nothing to do like Dick Dixon, Ben Pague, Ralph Morrow, Ted Kraft, Forrest Benson and Frank Noland would secure the signatures of about five hundred good voters on a petition asking that the White Tail road be built and submit the petition to the Secretary of the Interior through Senator Carl Hayden that the job would be done forthwith and pronto.

Scratch Forrest Benson. He acts so damn human at times that we forgot for the moment that he is our bitterest opponent on this proposition.

If the gentlemen above named feel that they can't take time out from their "settin" and "whitlin", what about some of you other interested parties, who are just about as busy taking over the job?

Let us hear from you. The Bull Sheet office will be glad to wangle someone into typing up the petitions if you will drive around and secure the signatures.

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 LOOSE ON THE LOOSE

The Rancho Sierra Linda, including the Bull Ranch and the Casa de Fierro is being posted against hunters this year for the first time.

Herman Kollmar has done the same and no doubt plenty of others have, or will follow suit.

We don't object to sportsmen and hunting but this seems to be about our only means

of defeating doe hunters and our Arizona Game Management nuts in their drive to exterminate all the deer in the Chiricahuas.

To be sure that is working a hardship on the real sportsmen but they should retaliate by making a concerted effort to do away with those Loco Eating hired hands in the Game Department and put hunting back to the same way it was managed before they hatched out.

Beside advocating and managing the wholesale destruction of game it seems that they must be putting in at least eleven months out of the year at planning ways and means to confuse the hunters during the twelfth month.

Can you think of anything sillier than their hunting regulations for this year? What about the two separate open seasons for White Tail Deer within a period of two weeks here in the Chiricahuas? (Area 29).

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 THANK YOU, NEIGHBORS,

Thank you, not only for the Picnic Sunday, but also for your friendship during the time we were a part of your community. We extend a hearty invitation to all of you, separately or collectively to visit us at Canelo.

Sincerely,

Archie and Ruth Rea

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It is hard to tell whether some of our public hired hands are contemplating improving the road in Cave Creek as they have promised to do so many times in the past or are trying to find out whether we lied when we have said that we need the road improved.

Anyway, for whatever purpose, they have gotten around to placing a traffic counting machine at the cattle guard just above the Ranger Station.

The adobe house on the Ranch Sierra Linda has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moore of Sedona, Arizona, they expect to move in before spring.

Bob Greenmyer has only the Big House left for sale. That would be a dandy place for some wealthy person to raise about ten or twelve kids.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN. By Sally Dixon.

After some time and a lot of writing I'm getting this section started again; Cub, honest I'm sorry and I won't do it anymore, that's a promise too.

Well we've got a home room started (club) and the officers goes as follows; Roger Hill President, Sally Dixon secretary and reporter for the C. B. S., Phil Olney Vice President. Those two lazy eighth graders wouldn't even come into an office.

Friday October 31st, there was a swell Halloween party at the Portal School, that is we thought it was swell and hope every body else thought so too. There were all kinds of costumes from a "Hunter of Doe Hunters to a "Modern Witch". After the unmasking and the prizes had been given out there was bobbing for apples on a string.

Then an autopsy was held, with yours truly as operating doctor. Afterwards refreshments of candied apples, cookies, donuts, popcorn, cocoa and coffee were furnished by the mothers of the community.

The first meeting of the 4-H Club at Portal this year at Phil Olneys home, as Oscar and LaVerne are leaders this time. (the meeting was held November 1, 1958)

Many of the kids who are going to join weren't there so the election of officers was postponed until next meeting.

One of the last year Portal kids, Marilyn Bagwell, who came out with the rest of the Douglas kids on Monday Nov. 10th (for being good on Halloween) visited our school and spent the night with Sally Dixon.

Betty Dixon and Mrs. Reed took the seventh and eighth grades and Brigitte to Douglas to visit school Wednesday Nov. 12. We went to school Armistice day so we could visit the Douglas School. Everyone enjoyed it very much. Mr. Spencer Superintendent of School showed us all the rooms and we stayed a little while at each.

The day would have been perfect if when we broke up to do a little shopping three of the Douglas FFA boys hadn't started picking on our three seventh and eighth grade boys. But as they were stomping on our boys heels, kicking them and telling them how crumby Portal is, Man

up with his brand new pigain string by using it on the ringleader. after that we had peace and quiet for the rest of the day.

By the way did you that Marilyn has a very high grade with a 1.6 average? and old Chuck isn't doing so bad himself.

#### HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

One of those grabfests, commonly called a pot luck picnic was held at Sunny Flat last Sunday as a going away party for Archie and Ruth Rea.

There was plenty of first class eating grub right from the start but some of the good neighbors seemed to think that there might not be.

The Ted Trollers, The Harry Blisses and Lillian Reed came in a way late, evidently having watched from across the creek until the main crowd was full up on vittles before they brought their own well filled baskets over.

We cant say for sure but we think LaVerne Olney and Jeanne Ludwig and Sir Erbert Smith pulled the same stunt.

A game of Brush Baseball was played by the youngsters and some of the younger oldsters who are still able to strike a lope. The reason we call it Brush Baseball is because the Diamond is overgrown with cat claw brush so thick that it takes a good brush hand to make first on a three bag hit.

Ruth was the only Grandma who participated. No doubt she did her best but appeared to be a bit heavy on her feet as compared to some of the younger and more racy built gals like Francis Newmar Betty Dixon, Alice Anderson and Audrey Miller (Injun) who did the umpiring.

The Star players of the female contingent were, of course, our two young Misses, Custy Miller and Jackie Neuens. Custy did some first class left handed pitching. Jackie doesn't bat very well but when that little Texas Yankee does get a hit you should see her seat. She would make some Nester Boy a good wife. she could catch the cotton tails without wasting time throwing rocks at them.

Phelps Dodge Newman did a mediocre job of catching for both teams.

Prissy Miller put an excellent one gal show cith her Hula Hoops. She could teach the people that invented those things some tricks.

CHIRICAHUA ANTI GAME EXTERMINATION DEPARTMENT  
GUB REPORTER DIRECTOR.  
1958-1959  
HUNTING REGULATIONS.

It has been determined by scientific methods (not pellet count) that this range is badly overstocked with Arizona Game and Fish Department , Game Management Technicians (Biologists)?, and Doe Hunters.

It is therefore ordered that effective this date and continuing to infinity there shall be a year round, no bag limit open season on both species.

IDENTIFICATION OF GAME

The Game Management Technicians (Biologists)?, resemble a human being from the shoulders down. But instead of a head they have what appears to be a large malignant wart on the end of the neck. If in doubt, talk to him a short time and if he is one, he will invariably say in plain english "IF YOU WILL KILL MORE DEER YOU WILL HAVE MORE DEER", when he says that, Lower the boom.

The doe Hunter is a little more difficult to identify. Unless he admits it, which he probably wont, or is caught in the act. The only positive identification is the color of the blood, which in a doe hunter is clear like water.

So if you see a sneaky looking character in the woods with a rifle and you're in doubt, gouge a hole in him with your hunting knife until he bleeds before you kill him.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

Any firearm or other weapon is legal for the taking of either species. If you are short of ammunition, go ahead and beat him to death with rocks. They dont have much sense therefore not much feeling.

DISPOSAL OF CARCASS

The creature should be field dressed and dragged or other wise conveyed to the Bull Ranch where the hunter will be awarded a leather medal for performing an act of good citizenship . The meat is not fit for human consumption nor will cogs or varments eat it , so it should be burned or stuffed down an outside toilet (Chick Sales) immediately

No License or Game Tag required ; Doe Hunters are of no importance, as the eradication of the Game Managers will automatically wipe them out. But names of Game Managers should be obtained when possible in order that they may be checked against the Game and Fish Department payroll. In that way we can tell pretty well when the job is completed.