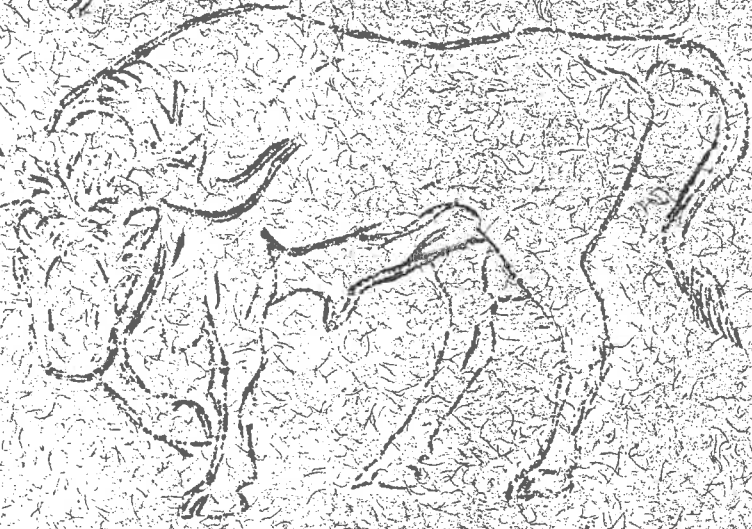


CHUPACABRA BUSHET



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Portal, Arizona, Dec. 8, 1958

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE

As you all know, we have been howling long and loud about the mis-management of our dung-counting game department. And now the public has begun to hear our howls and fully realize what we have been howling about. Bill Sanders, Walter Reed, Frank Noland and Tom Stafford are some of the oldest and most experienced deer hunters in Cochise County and they and many others say they have never seen anything so disgusting as the wholesale, wanton destruction of game that went on during the "any deer" season just past. It was a common thing to see as many as half a dozen cheap sports shooting at the same old doe or fawn at the same time. And suckling does with their baby fawns being checked at the game department stations was a common sight.

Tom is just one of the many sportsmen who is ready and willing to bundle up the entire game department organization along with their imperialistic, un-understandable rules and regulations and ship them to Mr. Krushchey over in Russia, as they would fit into his scheme of government better than his own directives, regulations and regimentation do.

To state the case a little more plainly, the dung counters are giving us something that nobody wants and in addition to that are trying to make us like it. Which they can't do. But we are paying their salaries nevertheless.

However, bear in mind that the dung-counters are not solely to blame for this disgraceful destruction of one of our natural resources. They only think up these nutty rules and regulations and recommend them to the Arizona Game Commission, consisting of five politically-appointed men who, in turn, give such rules and regulations the force of law, which they are empowered to do pursuant to Sections 57-103 and 57-126 of the Arizona game laws.

So in spite of the fact that our American constitution provides that

"no man shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law", a good many citizens have been arrested, taken to court and penalized lately for violations of orders and regulations of the Arizona Game Commission (not any specific law enacted by the legislature). Ergo, instead of constitutional game laws, we have game laws enacted by the game commission. Give that a little thought, good neighbors, and you might mention it to your senators if you don't like it.

PAINT, INJUNS AND SCIENCE

You might not believe it, but this publication is devoted almost entirely to science and scientific research. We have developed the science of shooting the bull to the nth degree. That is to our own satisfaction. And now we are trying to find out why some members of the human race have an apparently overwhelming desire to smear paint on everything including themselves.

Our findings are by no means conclusive as yet, but it is strongly indicated that most of the paint daubers are Indians, or at least part Indian (lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, etc. not being taken into consideration.) Along about the time the coyotes were beginning to learn to howl and the burros were learning to bray an old Indian squaw climbed up into the wind caves above Sunny Flat and painted a crude picture of a man on a horse and a good many other signs or hieroglyphics.

That was undoubtedly the first and only painting done in the Chiricahuas until many, many moons later. That old gal evidently was not an Apache, as they didn't seem to go in for paint-daubing. Later developments indicate that she was probably a member of some of the northern or eastern Indian tribes and had been captured and imported by the Apaches.

This conjecture is borne out by the fact that painting of any kind, artistry, or just smearing colors on and in houses was practically unheard of after

the Indians were confined on reservations. During the time that the Chinichuas were populated with people of the more or less white race, painting hit an all-time low and did not revive until Injuns and part-Injuns began to leave the reservations and infiltrate towns and settlements. Hundreds of ranches and towns were built, occupied for generations and fell to ruins without ever having been contaminated by so much as one drop of paint. As one example, the old Stephen B. Reed ranch house which is now part of the Southwestern Research Station must have shuddered right down to its foundation logs when the Scotty Anderson family moved in a few years ago and started daubing paint inside and out. The Andersons don't look much like Indians, but their paint smearing inclinations indicate that they are probably distant relatives of old Chief Massasoit crossed up with some of those old Yankoe cod fishermen up in Connecticut.

Such towns as Paradise, Gleyville and many others which had few, if any, Injun residents are offered in evidence. No paint. Then we have the two Normans, Mud River and his son, Phelps Dodge, who are the most inveterate painters what am. You never met these two when they are not either painting, getting ready to paint or cleaning their paint brushes. They originated in Kentucky and have the appearance of over-fed Irishmen, but some of their great grandmas must have been chased by an Indian far enough to give them the paint-smearing mania.

Then we have a case which we consider to be almost a clincher. Some months ago Arch Steele bought the Casa Fierro from Mrs. Greenamyer and moved in with his part-Indian wife, Esther. She originated up in Idaho, on or near the Blackfoot Reservation, and that lady is the Number One paint-dauber of all times and localities. She not only smears paint all over the inside and outside of the house but smears it on herself from head to toe and even spatters a little on Arch occasionally. Then she applies the paint remover

CASA DEL MAS Y MAS (Moore and Moore)

In order that all the good neighbors may have some idea of what our new good neighbors are like until we all get better acquainted, we are publishing the following letter from Mrs. Jack Moore (Marge) of Sedona, Arizona. As you know they have purchased the adobe house between the Greenamyer Big House and the Bull Ranch and expect to move in within the next few months. Since their new home doesn't seem to have a name, we suggest that it be known hereafter as Casa del Mas y Mas (the House of More and More). The letter:

P.O. Box 393, Sedona.

Dear Mr. Morrow:

We received some copies of the CBS from Mr. Greenamyer. Have read every word and want MORE--so am writing this and tucking in a little of the folding green, to speed CBS on its way to us.

Guess you are going to have to put up with us, come spring, as we are really going to be your neighbors. Wish we could move down there sooner, but have too many irons in the fire right now.

Jack is going to bring along all his cameras, tripods and dark-room equipment and plans to carry on his work as a professional, free-lance photographer. He also plans on bringing the whole crew--bookkeeper, file clerk, steno, cook, maid and laundress--in other words: ME.

Enjoyed our little visit with you when we were down there. We told you then we were "born" Texans, but you mustn't hold that against us. I've lived in Arizona since 1932 and Jack since 1952. There will be just the two of us--no kiddies, although Jack does have two daughters and several grandchildren. So far, we have no dogs, cats, canaries, fish, burros, pet snakes or pet dinosaurs. Of course, I'm a bird-watcher (of the milder type), but I'll let the birds watch me some of the time.

We are looking forward to our move. Even though we are away a lot--on the byways more than the highways--we know that when we are home, the peace and

quiet of Portal, Cave Creek and the Chiricahuas is going to be a real joy.

Hasta la Vista,
Marge and Jack Moore.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

A small group of the Top Crust of Cochise and Graham counties society was invited to the Southwestern Research Station on Thanksgiving Day by Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon Anderson, where they partook of one of the finest meals ever prepared in the Chiricahua Mountains. Wild duck and presumably tame turkey headed the menu, followed by just about everything good to eat known to the human race.

The meal was prepared by Mrs. Blanche Reed, ably assisted by her more or less corpulent husband, Mr. William Jennings Bryan Reed. Mr. Charley and Mrs. Helen Prude, who have a cattle ranch with cattle on it over in the Galuro Mountains, represented Graham county, and since they are not too well known in these parts a few words of introduction seems to be in order: Helen is a right good looking blonde lady who is easily identified as a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, with a few drops of Injun blood, at any distance up to three hundred yards, although she says she is a registered Democrat and talks a little like a down-east Texan at times. Charley looks, acts and talks like a real cow-hand from any distance or any angle. He admits being a Texan, but he isn't one of those I-Me-My kind of Texans. The other hungry guests were all Cave Creekers: Mr. Archibald T. and Mrs. Esther Steele of the Casa Fierro and Mr. Cub Reporter, Mrs. Grammy Morrow and Mikey Murphy of the Bull Ranch, where there are no bulls except the slingin' kind.

THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That if winter keeps speeding along like it did in November it will soon be over.

That the "old timer" writing a

series of stories about old Paradise in the Brewery Gulch Gazette isn't doing a very good job. What is, if his stuff is supposed to be factual. He does a better job of writing than we do, but we do know what we are trying to write about.

That we are going to have a road through Whitetail Canyon to the Chiricahua National Monument some of these years. Petitions are being circulated now requesting that this road be re-opened. Be sure and get your John Hancock on one of those petitions.

That metropolitan Portal has a sanitation problem. So many wells and cesspools of about the same depth being so close together is dangerous. Typhoid, malaria, yellow fever and just plain old geek. Drain tile is expensive but hospital rooms are \$14.00 a day. And caskets cost like hell, too.

That there is going to be quite a barullo over the two small forest grazing permits or allotments which lie along the east side of lower Cave Creek. The two present permittees have made no use of them so far this calendar year, and since they are use permits, some of the other good neighbors are pretty apt to make application for them.

That Larry Dixon and Ann Wright could probably tell us when the next wedding is going to take place in these parts. Give, kids. Wedding announcements are always accorded special treatment, and Larry seems to be one of our best customers in that line.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Newman's Burro Ranch turned in a nice score on the "any deer" hunt. Of the four hunters camped there, three of them brought in nice bucks, and the fourth hunter, Martin Sanders, scored only a blistered heel. George Swanson, Bobby Sanders and Phelps Dodge Newman were the buck getters. Phelps Dodge got his buck early the first morning and spent most of his time during the balance of the season at razzing doe hunters and trying to get a shot at a game management technician (biologist?). The biologists (?) were conspicuous by their absence, espec-

Monday, November 25 seemed to have been proclaimed Pump Day in Cave Creek. The mayor of Lordsburg, Mr. Allen Koff, came over from Lordsburg and installed an electric pressure pump for the Steeles at the Casa Fierro, and Mr. Sharp brought his pump crew over from Bisbee to clean out the spring and re-install the electric pump at the adobe house recently purchased by the Jack Moores of Sedona. Meanwhile the Bull Ranch is slowly proceeding toward the installation of an electric pressure pump for domestic use. The main part of the pump--motor, pressure tank, etc.--was received almost two months ago from Sears Roebuck, and the missing parts are being procured one at a time by correspondence. One letter to Los Angeles--one part procured.

The Ark is evidently still tied up somewhere near Belton, Texas, as Noah (in person) Story and his wife, Bonny, came from there recently and visited with Doc Punsley and Aunt Duck. We didn't get a chance to interview Noah, so we don't know whether or not he still has intentions of finally landing the Ark in Cave Creek.



The above brand was recorded with the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board by an ambitious young Swede from Minnesota by the name of John ("Billy") Dickson, along about 1906-07.

At the time the brand was recorded, Billy had but very few, if any, livestock to put it on. However he soon remedied that situation by building a gate across the mouth of the old mining tunnel in lieu of a regular corral and swiping enough unbranded calves from the Riggs Cattle Company to fill it up. He thought it was a foolproof scheme to put the calves back in the tunnel where neither their mother nor their rightful owners could hear them bawl. But he soon found out that that only took care of half the situation, as the old cows were free to roam around lamenting the loss of

their offspring with bawls that a cow-man needed only to hear once to know the score.

To make a short story shorter, Billy was soon in the toils of the law and behind the bars over in Tombstone. It looked like he was headed for the Big House down at Yuma for sure, but some time before he came to trial a friend made bond for him in the amount of five hundred dollars and at the same time told him that nearly any climate would be healthier than Arizona. Billy believed him and was seen no more in these parts for several years.

John C. Riggs who was general manager of the Riggs Cattle Company at the time of this occurrence had a very unique method of ridding the country of cattle thieves. He believed that if a thief went to prison he would serve his sentence in a short time and be right back at his old trade and foxier than ever, but that if he was arrested, bonded out of jail and encouraged to jump the bond he would be out of circulation for a long time.

John's theory proved to be sound in Billy's case and in several others. Billy pulled his freight for Montana and Wyoming and stayed out of Arizona until he heard that he wouldn't be prosecuted if he came back and behaved himself. He didn't know until after he came back that the Riggs Cattle Company had furnished the money for his bond through a close-mouthed mutual friend. Billy was a very versatile guy and could do any and every thing to be done on a ranch better than he could steal calves, so John Riggs gave him a job cooking on the roundup wagon, building fences, corrals, etc., between roundup seasons and trusted and treated him just as well as he did all the other hired hands.

Miss Rhoda Riggs, the old maid sister of the elder Riggs family was quite wealthy in her own right and outstandingly patriotic, so when the local boys came back from the army after World War I she gave each of them ten head of yearling heifers to start them off in the cattle business. During the time of Billy's exile, he had served a

hitch in Uncle Sam's army. She made no distinction in his case and treated him the same as the others. Those heifers were the nucleus of the present outfit.

Billy was the only one who benefited to any extent by Miss Rhoda's generosity. The others, including your Cub Reporter, soon disposed of their windfalls and today have nothing to show for it. But Billy started right in to build him up a herd of cattle by honest methods and was successful. It wasn't easy. He worked hard and lived hard, saved every penny he could get his hands on and invested in cattle and land. When he died of gas asphyxiation a few years ago, Billy Dickson left an estate valued at something like one hundred thousand dollars.

There is only one known case of Billy stepping off the "straight and narrow" path after he began to prosper, but that is another story which we won't write but might tell you some day after you have furnished a couple of drinks of Old Crow. His widow sold the ranch which he had acquired down near Rodeo to a staid hold Henglish gentleman by the name of Sir Erbert Smith who uses the same brand but has changed the looks of the cattle by cross-breeding with black Angus until they more nearly resemble skunks than they do cattle, in color at least. Although the brand got off to a stormy start and was in disuse, and to some extent in disgrace, during Billy's exile, it has settled down into a sedate old age and no doubt will carry on for muchas anos, as it is likely that Sir Erbert will leave it and the ranch to some worthy cause like the Chiricahua Bullsheet when he passes on to whatever heaven or hell limeys go to.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Does anyone, anywhere, have a copy of a newspaper called The Paradise Record? The Record was a weekly published at Paradise, Arizona, from 1904 to 1910, by Mr. Renwick White. Renwick was a postoffice employee at Douglas before he started his paper at Paradise, but as to his place of origin, Pues Quien sabes?

at San Simon in 1910, he like many other Paradise residents moved down there. He took his old Franklin press and other paraphernalia with him and started a paper called the San Simon Artesian Belt. The duration of that paper is not remembered but it ran over a period of several years.

The artesian boom slowly petered out as the wells dried up and San Simon regressed from a little city with a bank, hotel, restaurant, stores, churches etc. to a tumbled-down village a lot smaller than it is now. So Renwick packed up and eventually landed in Ajo, Arizona, where he began publishing the Ajo Copper Belt, which is still in business, altho Renwick has been dead for several years. Your Cub Reporter and ex-printer's devil of the Paradise Record visited the Ajo Copper Belt and its owner-publisher several times. Renwick had really prospered at Ajo. He had a modern printing outfit, rotary press and all, and had two or three hired hands to help him.

At Paradise he was the "whole cheese" editor, printer, typesetter, reporter and circulation manager, except for the printer's devil, who was paid the handsome salary of two dollars for one day's work each week. Monroe Dunagan, who now lives over in the Animas Valley, was the first devil employed and when he and his folks moved away a kid from Portal by the name of Noble Justice got the job. He commuted from Portal to Paradise on press days by burro.

After Noble and his family went back to Texas or some other foreign country, the Cub took over and held down the job until the Record went out of business.

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