

CHIRICAHUA BURSENEET

*Chiricahua
Burse*

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cash in from superannuation, or worse.

THAT we should change the name of our publication to something a little less susceptible to mispronunciation. The Saturday Evening Post and the Arizona Farmer-Rancher have both given us some darned nice publicity on our more or less unique sheet, but both refused to print the full name. And some of our more refined, or should we say "nasty nice" subscribers refer to it as the "news letter". So we are willing to change the name if someone will suggest something more refined but just as expressive. Please let us hear from you.

RODEO ROUNDUP

Rodeo, New Mexico, has been bouncing up and down ever since old man Parramore held the first San Simon Cattle Company roundup on the spot along about 1880. Of course it has been quite a spell between bounces, and the declines have been consistently slower than the rises.

When the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad came through the valley in about 1900, Rodeo became quite a shipping point for cattle. Old Pop Bond had filed a homestead claim on the 160 acres covering the heart of the city and immediately got into a lawsuit with the railroad company over their right-of-way through his property. Before the suit was settled, the company constructed a large water tank at quite a distance west of the track on ground which Bond considered completely off their right-of-way. So he took the law in his hands and hired another old gink to blast the tank with dynamite.

The tank is constructed of heavy sheet steel and was full of water. Apparently a pretty heavy charge of dynamite was placed against the side of the tank but the explosion did very little damage. It only dented the tank but almost knocked the rest of the town down from the concussion. Emma Maloney was in Rodeo the night of the blowup and she says practically every window pane

in town was broken and quite a few eardrums badly strained.

Soon after the turn of the century, the copper mines were quite popular in the West as a means of investment for Eastern capitalists. A good number of copper prospects in the Chiricahuas were sold to Eastern companies for fabulous prices. O. C. Davis sold his Gochise Mine (now known as the King Copper, or Aynsworth) for a reported seventy-five thousand. Old man John Sullivan sold his Sullivan Mine for about the same price. And many others were sold for lesser amounts. Development work was started on most of these properties and a good part of the supplies came to Rodeo by train and was conveyed thence by wagons and teams. Several warehouses were built along the track south of the depot by the Chiricahua Development Company, Chamberlain and Hawkins Mercantile and others.

Most of the larger business establishments were built during that time. When mining went to pot in 1907 on account of the money panic, it didn't affect Rodeo much. It dried up the traffic to the mines to a trickle, but homesteading government land started to boom, beginning in about 1908, and the nesters flocked into the San Simon Valley by the hundreds. The majority of them soon starved out, as they were depending on dry farming for a livelihood, and it just couldn't be done. But their fencing and plowing resulted in putting the big cattle outfits out of business.

The San Simon Cattle Company shipped most of their stock to market and the Diamond A, XT, Box M and Seven Twelve outfits moved their cattle back to the Animas Valley where their headquarters ranches were located.

There are quite a few of the old homesteaders still around, but the only ones we know of who still own their original homestead and live in the first house they built is the Cornforth family. There may be others.

By 1915, most of the nesters had

either acquired title to their homesteads or abandoned their claims and moved on, and it seemed like Rodeo was on the skids for its last slide. But about that time Arizona went prohibitive by popular vote which left a lot of thirsty citizens short on drinking liquors in that state. Rodeo being about a mile from the Arizona-New Mexico state line, was geographically situated, economically inclined and soon equipped to take care of the thirsty citizens.

Saloons sprang up like toadstools, gambling houses and honky tonks went into business almost overnight and soon seven wholesale liquor establishments were furnishing liquor to almost any number of bootleggers who were conveying it into Arizona by about every means of transportation known at that time. A few of the bootleggers are still around, too, but we'll let someone else name them for you, or maybe they would like to tell their own stories.

Rodeo toppled from riches to rags with the advent of the Eighteenth Amendment (national prohibition) and continued its downhill slide until very recent years when the cotton farmers moved in and took on the job where the nesters left off by installing electric and gas pumps and raising cotton and pumpkins in paying quantities. Viva Rodeo!

VVV △△ MY

These three brands were among the first cattle brands recorded with the Livestock Sanitary Board in the Territory of Arizona. They were owned by Fred Ruch, Mrs. A. E. Ruch and Miss S. Pearl Ruch respectively. Their headquarters ranch was a few miles north of San Simon and is still known as the Triangle Ranch, although it has changed hands several times and the original brands have not been used for the past muchos anos.

Fred Ruch died along about the turn of the century and shortly thereafter Mrs. Ruch married a sort of "Fancy

Dan" cowboy by the name of Oscar Roberts. Oscar didn't care much about cows for their own sake but thoroughly enjoyed splattering the dinero derived therefrom. He soon moved the wife and stepdaughter to Los Angeles and hired a wagon boss to run the outfit, which left him free as the breeze to entertain and be entertained at practically every saloon where poker was played and other similar sports were indulged in anywhere between Los Angeles and El Paso.

During the boom days of Paradise he would ride up from San Simon occasionally for a poker session, generally bringing most of the Triangle cowboys with him. It is believed that Jack Maloney is the only one of the old cowhands left that ever worked for Oscar. But there is one other old maverick snatcher over at El Paso by the name of Joe Schaefer who no doubt played a good many hands of poker with him. You might get both Jack and Joe to tell you some good stories about it if you can get a chance to talk to them when their wives are absent.

When Oscar would arrive in Paradise with his retinue all the saloons would roll out the red carpet and set their best bottles of liquor on the bar and the minute he stepped through the door the drinks were on the house. Wherever the game started it was sure of running at least two days and nights and the profits to the good vendor of bad liquor would be enormous.

Oscar Roberts dropped out of the picture circa de 1910 when he sold the Triangle outfit lock, stock and barrel to the McKenzies, E. Waller, Jimmy, The General and Eugene. Eugene and The General were brothers, and Waller and Jimmy were The General's sons. It was understood that Eugene furnished most of the money. Waller ran the outfit, while The General posed (and did a good job of it for a while) as an old time fighting gunman. Jimmy didn't pretend to be much of anything--and wasn't.

The McKenzies originated in Texas and ranched in New Mexico for several

years before moving to Arizona. Eugene never did reside at the Triangle permanently but generally was present when any cattle were sold. They ran the ranch in pretty much the old cow country tradition. They, like some of the others of that time, drug a pretty long loop, and if someone else's cow got caught in it, that was just too bad for the someone else. It soon became evident that the McKenzies preferred enemies to friends, and as the years rolled by they rolled up a score which added up to no friends.

John Cameron, a pretty waspy old boy in his own right, was one of their nearest neighbors, in fact their cattle all ran on the same range. He and the McKenzies bickered and quarrelled until the McKenzies decided there was only one way to settle all their disputes and that was by taking John out of circulation permanently.

So one day when John was on his way home from San Simon with a wagon and team of mules they spotted him and circled around ahead of him to a place where the road passed over a series of low ridges with brushy draws in between. When John drove into one of these draws with a steep hill to go over on the other side, the McKenzies rode out of the brush and began shooting at him with high-powered rifles. The first volley almost tore the spring seat on which John was sitting off the wagon, but they were all shooting a little low, and he wasn't struck at that time. He grabbed his rifle off the seat and jumped down astride the wagon tongue between the mules, hoping to drive the team from that somewhat sheltered position and make an escape to some place where he might have a chance to return the fire.

But it didn't work out that way. The mules became frightened and began kicking, bucking and going more backward than forward. John soon dropped his rifle and the mules were making it so hot for him he couldn't stay there any longer. So he crawled out under the end of the wagon tongue and put his all into getting over the next ridge by hand (or should we say be foot?).

He almost made it, too. But just as he went over the skyline a rifle bullet went between his legs too low to strike his groin but at just the right height to strike his private parts, causing considerable more or less temporary damage.

If this episode resulted in any court action there were no convictions and the McKenzie-Cameron feud lapsed into a sort of armed truce, to flare up no more. Old man John Cameron sold his ranch a short time ago and now resides in Douglas. You may see him sitting on a bench in front of the Bank of Douglas almost any warm day.

The McKenzies continued to run the Triangle outfit until some time in the early 1930s when Waller finally got the wrong cow hung in his loop and was sentenced to do a stretch of time in the State Prison at Florence. The outfit was sold and the McKenzies went back to New Mexico or Texas. As before stated, the ranch has passed through several hands since that time. It is believed that little Charley Gardner, one of the subsequent owners, was the last to use the Triangle brand.

After selling the Triangle, Charley bought another ranch near Kingman, Arizona. He did right well there until he made the mistake of trying to whip one of old Lee Eaton's boys over the head with a rope the second time. He did it and got away with it once, but when he tried it the next time the Eaton boy shot him square between the eyes with a .45 calibre pistol.

IN AGAIN-OUT AGAIN-BACK AGAIN
FLANNIGAN

Well, good neighbors, the smoke has cleared up again and your Cub Reporter is feeling a lot better, although he has lost most of his claim to fame.

In other words, he doesn't have a stainless steel rear end any more. The old busted leg kept on acting up until December 30th when it hit an all time high, swelled up and became so

painful, that something had to be done. So on December 31st Dr. Adams slit it open again and removed the varicous and sundry two-inch screws, 12-inch angle-iron, etc., together with between a quart and a pint of pus, which was pocketed up down along the bone.

It looked like a bad situation and probably was, but Doc knows just about all there is to know about medicine as well as surgery. So after seven days of treatment which included enough anti-biotic pills to kill every germ in Mexico, he uncoiled about a foot of drain tube out of the incision and told the Cub to scat for home.

In fact, the Doc didn't take any chances on the Cub sticking around the hospital. He loaded him into his own Cadillac and took him to town. Patsy Morrow and Esther Mooney fell heir to the chore of feeding the Cub and listening to the story of his operation until Gr-mmy Morrow could come in from Portal and take him home. Poor kids.

The all-star crew of good-hearted geniuses at the County Hospital are still functioning one hundred percent and good neighbors you will never fully realize how many thousands of little and big kindnesses those people can and do perform until you have seen them in action.

You will note that we made no exception, this time. The old "Diabla Blanca" resigned a few days ago, which was surely a strike in favor of the Common People and the County Hospital. Much to the amusement of the hospital staff and everyone present except the Cub and "La Diabla Blanca", when he checked into the hospital, Miss Marian Christian assigned her to help him undress and get to bed. Oh, well, even a head nurse is entitled to have a little fun once in a while.