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CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET
PORTAL ARIZONA

NO BULL THIS TIME, OUR ARTIST IS SNOWED UNDER UP IN COLORADO. WE MEAN WITH SCHOOLWORK AND PROBABLY SOME REAL SNOW TOO.

There is hereafter quoted a letter from Senator Carl Hayden. Note the Cubs new title. Each reader of the CBS and everyone who signed the petition are hereby proclaimed full fledged members of "THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE OF THE CHIRICAHUA REGION".

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Appropriations
January 30, 1959

Mr. Carson Morrow, Secretary
Citizens Committee of the
Chiricahua Region
Portal, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Morrow:

I have your letter of January 26, with which you enclosed a petition signed by 513 Cochise County residents addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, urging construction of another approach road to the Chiricahua National Monument.

I have today communicated with the Secretary, and as soon as I have his response I shall let you know.

With cordial good wishes, I am,
Yours very sincerely,

(signed) CARL HAYDEN

FEBRUARY 10, 1959

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

On July 23, 1903, a happy go lucky fellow by the name of Frank (Banty) Caldwell rode out of the mouth of Jhus Canyon which is located in the Chiricahua Mts. on the East side.

He had just finished doing some assessment work on a mining claim up the canyon and was carrying a miners pick on his shoulder and had a lot of camp gear and other tools tied on his saddle.

About three hundred yards from where the trail leaves the canyon and comes out on to White Tail Flat it passes through a clump of mezquite brush, Banty didn't get through that brush alive. Old One Armed Jim Gould was hidden in there and as Banty passed by he shot him between the shoulders in the back with a high powered gun. He probably never knew what struck him.

When the shot was fired Banty's horse jumped and broke into a run, about where he came out of the thicket he fell off, landing with his head on one point of the pick which was driven completely through his head.

From the sign on the ground and from testimony later given at Gould's trial, he had been waiting in the thicket every day for three or four days before Banty came along.

Gould went out to where Caldwell fell and turned him over on his back, then got on his horse and disappeared for several months. It was rumored that he hid out in the Mogollon Mountains in New Mexico.

At the time of this occurrence the nearest law of any kind was at Bowie. Old Cap Tevis who was Justice of the Peace there was summoned and impaneled a Coroners Jury which rendered a verdict of "Death of a gunshot wound inflicted by a person unknown" (Verdict not verified).

After the few good neighbors living in the country at that time had gathered at the scene they decided to wrap the corpse in a bed tarp and bury him where he fell, as he had no known relatives.

But Frank Noland who was present says that Stevo McComas insisted that a coffin be provided and that Caldwell be dressed in a suit of clothes which he kept at McComas's house. Lumber for the coffin was secured from Cap Burn's Mining camp and the grave was dug on a little hill about fifty yards East of where the killing took place.

The grave was unmarked until just a very few years ago. Frank Noland chiseled an inscription on a rock and set it in concrete at the head of the grave. Frank probably the only man still living who attended Caldwell's funeral or has any first hand knowledge of the affair.

It was generally understood that rivalry for the favors of a married woman who lived at the old Rock House Ranch (now Kolmar) was the cause of the murder. She must not have been very choosy about the size and looks of her suitors. Her husband was a medium sized fellow, slightly inclined to corpulency - Gould was about 6'2 and weighed about 140 pounds while Caldwell was a little husky fellow about 5'6 in height.

Tom Stafford says Caldwell was about forty six years old at the time of the murder.

During the time Gould was in hiding the Town of Paradise grew to the point that it boasted both a Justice of the Peace and a Constable. So when Gould got ready he came in and surrendered to the law there. He was given a preliminary hearing and as he was apparently the only witness he told the story that he had met Banty at Jhus Canyon by accident and that after an exchange of shots Caldwell lost his nerve and turned to run when Gould shot him in the back just as he turned.

His bond was fixed at One Thousand Dollars and he was bound over to appear for trial in superior Court in Tombstone some months later. Old Man Gabe Choate furnished his bond.

It was quite a different story when Gould came to trial. Witnesses didn't exactly sprout on bushes but a good number of people appeared to testify who had a lot of first hand knowledge of the murder they had kept quiet about what they knew simply because they had no doubt that Gould would kill them too if he got any inkling of their knowledge.

Henry Buckelew and his step sons, Will and Frank Noland had been riding after cattle while Gould was waiting for Caldwell to come along and had seen his horse tied in the thicket every day for three or four days before it happened. They had also seen Gould going to the place and heard the shot when he killed Caldwell.

They were at the scene almost as soon

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as Gould was out of sight and all being experienced cowboys and woodsmen, could and did read the sign on the ground and interpret it until they knew what happened just about as well as if they had seen it.

Everything was kept so quiet that Gould fully expected to be acquitted in Superior Court but when Henry Buckelew, The Moland boys and a few others gave their testimony the picture changed. The Jury brought in a Verdict of "Murder in the First Degree" and he was sentenced to spend the balance of his natural life in the Territorial Prison at Yuma, Arizona. When the judge pronounced sentence he told Gould that the only reason he didn't sentence him to hang was because he only had one arm.

He served about nine years of his sentence. Arizona then came into statehood and the prisnen was moved from Yuma to Florence. Gould and several other prisoners who had been sentenced specifically to Yuma Prison were released on that technicality. (not verified).

After he was released he went to Duncan Arizona and killed another man but was exhonored by the coroners jury. After that he came over to Rodeo, New Mexico and filed a homestead claim near where Fred Darnell lives now. Y entonces, Pues quien sabes.

PORTAL TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION

The President and several vice presidents of the association held another secret meeting recently and evidently decided that each one of them should have a private wire.

Soon after the meeting Birt Ebernds brought his roundup crew and his horse over to Portal and started stringing wire up until the old phone line has begin to look like Hamburger Charley's banjo.

PROGRESS

At long last our over worked Portal women are getting a break on this wood chopping business.

Doctor Pugsley is tutoring ladies on the care and use of the Chain Saw, So it shouldn't be too long until our sweet better halves can throw away their old

dull axes. Too bad that Ruth Rea moved away before the classes started.

WHAE ? NO PAPA.

We owe George Bideaux and Bill Epler, owner and editor of the Brewery Gulch Gazette a drink or a medal or something for being the stout fellows that they are.

They are the only publishers we have encountered so far who have guts enough to call the Chiricahua Bull Sheet by name in print.

We have been treated like an illegitimate child by some of the larger publications. They have paid us some mighty nice compliments and have even stooped to reprint some of our stuff but have refused to call us by name. We appreciate being noticed and hope they all continue to do so but after all even a bastard is entitled to some sort of a name.

In view of the fact that we dont publish either a news paper or a magazine, nor dowe makeany claim what-so-ever to literary talent, we concede that our publication, from a literary standpoint is just about what what they intimate that it is, but be tolerant Big Boys, either call us by the name we have chosen or adopt us as a brother publisher and suggest any name you may deem more appropriate.

IT AM DE LAW

Our new sheriff made his debut in the Chiricahuas a few days ago. A High School kid from Douglas ditched school and ran away from home. He made his way out to Silver Creek and holed up in the old Otto Duffner Cabin for about ten days or so before he was captured, having pilfered several ranches and cabins in the mean time

The sheriff came out well manned and equipped, in case the young bandit should decide to resist arrest.

Two Jeeps, Two Deputies, Two Border Patrolmen and a dog. The Sheriff tried to find Oscar Olney so he could deputize him make the arrest but Oscar was away from home.

THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That the mens (powder) room on the main ground floor of one of the swankiest hotel

HOOD OWL.

In Douglas smells worse than any pack alley in Agua Prieta.

That our Mocking Birds are premature by quite a somewhat this year, they begin to sing and cavort on January 17th.

That Carol Cazier is wearing those Tadpole clothes again. Bet a dollar its a boy this time.

That another sizable housing project, including a modern Tourists Court will be constructed near Portal within the next few months.

That we are going to have to build a big smoke under our County Supervisors if we expect to have our roads improved.

About four years ago we submitted a petition to them bearing in the neighborhood of four hundred signatures requesting that the Road from Portal to San Simon Via. Paradise be improved and paved. To date, they have not so much as acknowledged receipt of the petition. No doubt it was thrown in the waste basket or is still gathering dust in the pigeon hole. Does anyone have a suggestion as to how we might get that group of public servants to give us a little service ?

ROMANCE

We thought the romance of Hamburger Charley and the Lily Maid of Oil City had died on the vine some months ago and for that matter we still think so.

But he says 'tisn't so. It might be that what he thinks is wedding bells ringing in the not far distance is Buford Martin's old Milk cow's bell along about milking time.

FLASH-- mabe we are wrong. a card from Elaine says that she and Mrs. Davis are coming to Rodeo in the spring, so there might be some hope for both Charley and Java Noe.



This is not an old Territorial brand and so far as we know it was never used on livestock in this part of Arizona. Our brand book only contains brands registered before July 1908, so it might have been registered since that time. The only place we have ever seen it branded on

anything is on a sign board along the road over in Texas Canyon near Dragoon, at the entrance to a Dude Ranch.

You probably wonder why we mention a modern Dude Ranch when we generally tell you a story of some old cattle brand ? Well this one is a little bit off the trail all the way. The only reason we are telling you about it is because at one time the strangest bunch of critters we have ever seen on any Arizona range were pastured there.

As we would all like to forget, Pearl Harbor was blasted just about off the map on December 7, 1941. Soon after that the Japanese Consul General from Honolulu, Hawaii and his staff, consisting of twenty three other Diplomats, servants etc. were secretly conveyed to the mainland of the USA. and turned over to the Immigration Border Patrol for safe keeping until such time as they could be otherwise disposed of. Safe keeping meant just that and was a pretty big chore right at that particular time as feeling was running high against all Japs and this chap was reportedly the one who had messaged Japan that Pearl Harbir was ripe for the Bombs.

There were plenty of people around who would have taken great pleasure in putting him and his whole herd out of business permanently with a 30 X 30, but we couldnt afford that at all, at all, as the Japs were holding hundreds of our Americans and could have and certainly would have retaliated and collected some interest to boot. So Top Drawer Secrecy was the word.

The Japs arrived at a station outside Tucson at Night by train and were rushed to the Triangle T by Border Patrol motor vehicles, guarded by most of the Arizona Border Patrol Force. Arrangements had been previously made to house and feed them there for an indefinite period of time.

A guard of ten Patrol Inspectors, armed with Thompson Sub-Machine guns were kept on duty there at all times and no outsiders were admitted for any reason.

The then Sheriff of Cochise decided that Uncle Sam had no business keeping secrets from right in his own Bailawick so one day he took seven or eight of his Plug Ugly deputies with him and drove over to Triangle T and demanded admission so he could see what was going on ; He apparently had some notion of entering forcibly if refused admission but after he had been firmly but politely refused by Ivan Willams, a Patrol Officer of the

Old School, who was in charge and after seeing Uniformed Officers with Tommy guns standing behind most of the big granite boulders, of which there is quite a number on the ranch, he decided to let Uncle Sam fry his own fish.

The Group of Japs were taken to New York by train, guarded by Border Patrol men in June 1942, and they together with about six hundred other Japanese Diplomats were loaded on the neutral Swedish Ship Grippsholm and conveyed to Lourenco Marquez, East Africa where they met another ship from Japan carrying a like number of American Diplomats. There the groups were exchanged one for one.

We consider that a darned good trade although our poor old VIP's were beat up and ragged and the Japs were well fed and well clad.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Lookout fellers ; Its contageous. Arch Steele has several buckets of pain and He is smearing it on the outside walls of the Casa de Fierro almost like a professional. He is also splattering quite a lot of it on his face and clothing. We suggest that he take a few lessons from Old Mud River Newman, he is the only splatter proof painter we know of.

Jack and Marge Moore are having some changes made in El Casa de Mas Alegre before they move down from Sedona. They are replacing the little dinkey fire place with a large Heatalator, one of those fancy patented affairs that are not guaranteed to fill the house with smoke but generally do. IT DID.

Everybody has been wondering why Doc Cazier wears those whiskers ? and now we know he was getting ready f or the Cuban Revolution.

The Brewery Gulch Gazette has finally gotten ahead of us. They are running a cross word puzzle in their paper. More power to them, we will soon be publishing some stuff from our foreign correspondent A. T. Steele, who is or soon will be gathering the news in Africa and the Orient for the CBS and the New York Herald Tribune. Arch promised to give us some special stories on African Cowboys and girls.

The Cub Reporter seems to have developed a case of winter screw worms in his broken hind leg. It may be some other sort of infection, but whatever it is, it evidently dont like cold weather as its main field of operations is down in and around the bone. Dr. Adamson is squirting all kinds and colors of medacine into it daily, so it probably wont be long until the Cub is as good as new, plus a few tiresome stories about his operation.

Animas High School has deve loped a Basket Ball team that beats such teams as the one from Fort Huachuca as easy as a Nester Boy can go to town on Saturday night.

We shouldn't have to tell you but two of the top hands on the Animas team. Dick DeShazo and Bill Darnell live on the East Slope of the Chiricahyas. Us old folks dont amount to much but we sure have some fine kids around here.

A short time ago Ben and Alma Pague replaced their old box heater with a modern circulating wood burner. While they were moving the old stove out one of their neighbors came along and offered to buy it. Ben being the big hearted old ex-cow hand that he is, made him a present of it but forgot to include any wood with the gift.

He should have known that the stove wouldn't function without wood but the neighbor took that matter in hand along with the stove. Ben had a large pile of good oak wood piled along side the road a little further up the creek and the neighbor just took it for granted that Ben wanted him to have a fire or he wouldn't have given him the stove, so he loaded up the wood and took it along too.

The Neighbor turned out to be honest after all. When Be n caught him with the stolen wood he brought it back.