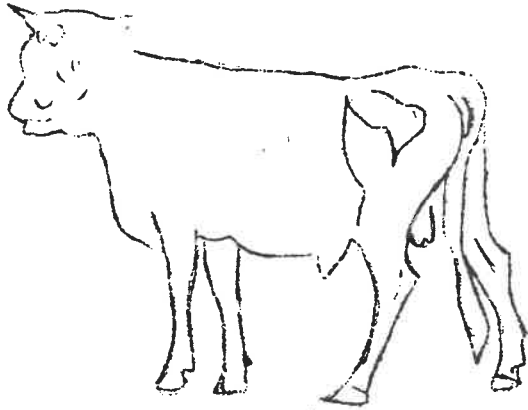


# CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

\* HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US \*



YEARLING



TWO  
YEARS  
OLD

3 YEAR OLD

The Chiricahua Bull Sheet was conceived, born and the first issue placed in the mail two years ago today (May 7th). This is the 36th one we have published, which is an average of one and one-half per month. Quite alot of Bull, sez we. We claim to have, and can prove it, the most tolerant, free hearted, fun loving subscribers of any publication in the United States and several foreign countries. They have donated enough of the well loved necessity, commonly called money, Dinero, Conque, Mazuma, and many other endearing names to pay for all the postage, paper, stencils, ink, etc. which runs about \$14. per issue, and at least some of them must have even gone so far as to read the Sheet or part of it occasionally.

The Southwest Research Station and the denizens thereof have been the "fall guys" all the way through:

It would take just about a full issue of the Sheet to name all the visiting Scientists, (Tres Cabezas) who have helped out by cutting stencils, folding, stapling etc., but the real suckers are Mont Cazier, the Director - Carol Cazier, his wife - and last but by no means least, Scotty Anderson, the foreman. They have done all the dirty work on the mimeograph machine which has been furnished by the Station (free for nothing) and the biggest part of the other thankless jobs, also free for nothing - not so much as one kind word.

Our former artist Eric Hayes, who drew the cover pictures for a long time deserves a lot more than just "Thank you, Eric". However, we will say that beside being a natural born cartoonist, he was smart enough to quit.

Your old Cub Reporter, Carson Morrow has done nearly all the scribbling (writing he calls it) and chiseled everybody else into doing everything he should have done himself.

We almost forgot: So far as we know Admiral John B. Loefer of Pasadena, California, didn't even see a cow while he was here but proved himself a gentleman nevertheless by giving the Bull Sheet a name before it was born.

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TRES CABEZAS

The Claw Hammer Brigade is on the march again up at the Southwestern Research Station of the American Museum of Natural History.

Doc. Mont Cazier, the old he entomologist and director of the Station arrived on April 25th right fresh from New York and is as full of plans for the construction of additional living quarters at the Station as most New Yorkers are of their own importance. He expects to have three family-sized units under construction pronto and is installing a water-softening apparatus that will treat the entire water supply. It's sort of hard to savvy Doc's sudden concern about any kind of water unless he thinks it will facilitate the "didy" washing.

Doc says our Tres Cabezas crop promises to be a bumper one this summer with more scientists and less science than we have ever had before. So the old bugs, lizards, snakes, toads etc. had better get set for a real working over - we mean researching.

As of July 13, 1908 the above brands (28 altogether, count them) were registered in the Territory of Arizona in the name of one man; W. H. McKittrick of Willcox, Arizona. This was by far the largest number of livestock brands owned by any individual or corporation in the territory at that time and might be an all time record in any state or territory at any time.

The ants have already had it. Doctor Theodore Schneirla (pap) dug them up, took their temperature, made tape recordings of their folk songs, spied on their intimate family lives, put their queens in cages and did everything else he could think of last Summer and it is understood that he will soon be back to start in where he left off. But he might find pretty slim pickings as Doctor Bill Creighton has been here most of the Winter giving them the works and it is said that Doctor Bill is the World's foremost authority on piss-ants.

To the uninitiated it probably seems foolish for one man to have so many brands regardless of the number of livestock he might own, so an explanation is in order:

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DIGGING UP SKELETONS

In Arizona as in many other states a registered livestock brand is negotiable property, in that it establishes ownership of the animals upon which it is placed.

In the open range days it was practically impossible for any owner to gather all the livestock wearing his brand, be it many or few; so when a rancher decided to sell out all his holdings, instead of selling his stock at so much per head or pound he offered his brand for a certain price, basing his price on his estimate of the number and value of stock wearing the brand.

We have all read and heard many stories, true and otherwise about bloody battles being fought between Sheepmen and Cattlemen. This time we will digress from that theme and tell you a true story of a fatal battle between one Goatman and one Miner. The Miner coming out on the losing end.

McKittrick was a pretty big operator in the cattle business around Willcox a long time ago, so no doubt he acquired all the brands except one through buying out other outfits.

(cont.)

Along about the time Admiral Dewey was sinking the Spanish Fleet in Manila Harbor the Clarence May family moved from Colorado to Arizona and settled down in Round Valley which is located just over the big blue limestone mountain, northwest of Portal.

There were three in the family, Clarence (Cappy) J. May, the husband; Isabel, the wife; and their Son, Clarence M.H. May. The old folks were good honest people, but to put it mildly sort of anti-social and scrappy; while Clarence Jr. was a rather good natured, friendly boy and was pretty well liked by most people who knew him. They discovered a silver deposit and located several mining claims in the East side of the Valley and later on filed a homestead claim on one section (640 acres) of land a mile or so to the West of the mine.

Like so many other prospects in and around the Chiricahuas the mine just produced enough ore to keep them digging. Although several R. R. Carloads of fairly rich Silver ore was taken out and shipped to the Smelter from time to time, they were pretty hard put for a grub-stake most of the time.

A Brother-in-law by the name of Bradshaw back in Colorado helped them out some and Mrs. May in later years went to town and worked as a housekeeper for Judge Albert M. Sames while Cappy kept on digging, right up to the time he died in 1924 at the age of 64.

After Cappy's death Mrs. May leased the mine out to different parties and finally came back and kept up the annual assessment work required by law to hold title to the claims until a short time before her death which occurred September 15, 1945. She being past 80 years of age at that time. She lived alone and after the old family burro named Kid died had no transportation except to walk. However, Mrs. George Newman, Aunt Duck Pugsley, Ralph Morrow and a good many of the other good neighbors visited her often enough to see that she didn't run out of grub or want for any of the necessities of life and finally prevailed on her to move over to Portal to live out her last days.

Soon after the Mays landed in Round Valley that area began to attract goat herds like molasses attracts flies. It is impossible to estimate how many thousands of the stinking critters grazed there first and last. We don't remember all the owners but down through the years there were Earl Sands; The Reasoner family; The Sanders family; The Renner family; Cap Wright and we believe the last one was Frank K. Barfield the old freighter and water hauler of Paradise whom we have told you about in a previous story.

Among the first or probably the first of them was Earl Sands. He was a dyed in the wool goat man and evidently didn't respect the rights or desire the friendship of the Mays. He grazed his goats on their unfenced land and right up into the yard. Watered them at their springs and well. The Mays retaliated by shooting a few goats and crippling some others with rocks and chasing the herders off at gun point. This all led up to a lot of bickering and threats and quarrels which finally culminated in Sands shooting and killing Clarence M. H. May, the Son, in 1910; Clarence was 20 years of age when he was killed.

Like all controversies there are two versions of just what and how it all happened when the chips were down and the ball began to roll. Sands story was that he met Clarence and Mrs. May in a brushy draw near the May mine. They being enroute to the mine and he to see about his goats; that he was on horseback, Clarence was riding the old Burro, Kid, and Mrs. May walking along behind him; that they met face to face in the trail and after a few heated words were exchanged between all of them, Clarence jerked out a pistol and fired several shots at him, missing every shot; that while Clarence was firing that he (Sands) was getting his rifle out of the scabbard on his saddle and when he finally got it, he shot Clarence through the chest and shoulder knocking him off the Burro. He lived until about two o'clock the following morning.

Mrs. Mays version only agreed with Sands as to the location and persons present. She said that Sands was hidden in the brushy draw near the mine and shot Clarence from ambush and that Clarence emptied his pistol at Sands after he was

lying on the ground and cited that as the reason for him missing Sands at such close range. This was refuted to some extent by the proven fact that Clarence's pistol was a .45 caliber Colts and that he was firing an old style 38 x 40 ammunition; which of course made for just about a maximum of in-accuracy.

As to which version was true can't make much difference at this late day as Sands was tried in the Superior Court at Tombstone for first degree murder and acquitted, and just about everyone concerned are taking the long sleep. Sands died some years ago in California and the May family are all three buried side by side near their old homesite in Round Valley.

Before Mrs. May passed on she had become so embittered toward all stockmen that she took steps to make certain that none of them would ever utilize the May homestead. She provisionally deeded it to the Arizona Game and Fish Department; some of the proviso being, that it should be retained by the State forever as a Wildlife refuge and as a Memorial to her Husband and Son and that no livestock of any kind except the Game Warden's horses be allowed to graze on it.

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Boy, oh, Boy, oh, Boy - a few more new Subscribers like this one and we'll be able to buy that new printing outfit we have been dreaming about.....

"Mr. Chas. Brown  
Rodeo, N. M.

Friend Charlie:

You may be surprised in getting another letter from me in such a short space of time. However, there is a reason.

Yesterday I recieved another issue of "Bull Sheet" from your friend and while I enjoy getting these papers very much, I feel that just a mere "Thank You" is an insufficient token of my appreciation for the expense and trouble getting these papers to me.

dollars I am sticking in the envelope. I would feel that this small amount is deserved for the thoughtfulness on the part of the author of "Bull Sheet", in his unselfish mailing of the paper. I hope he continues sending more copies.

Being a wholehearted addict to anything that transpired, or can be unfolded, regarding that part of the West in which you live, his paper is read with fervid interest.

Thanking you both for your interest and courtesy, I am;

Sincerely;

Joseph B. Taylor

P.S. Carson mailing you this letter and \$5.00 am looking strong for my P.A. girls today; this furniture arrived yesterday.

Hamburger Charlie

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MOSS BACK?

The Arm Chair conservationists are at it again. They are all in an uproar wanting to set aside a few million more acres of Arizona as a Wilderness Area so that the coming generations can see what their country looked like before the great destroyer, "White Man" took it away from the Indians and started chopping down trees just to see them fall and throwing beer cans in the creeks.

We think the Wilderness Area is a wonderful idea and would go all out for it if it could be arranged so that these modern day conservationist who know that they look like God and think they are a lot smarter, could be made to keep their lilywhite hands out of the pie completely.

We don't have to theorize about how any additional Wilderness Area would be administered or what the result would be if it is set aside, as we have, and have had such an area right here in the Chiricahuas for a good many years and the only discription that fits it is to say

Before the Benevolent Destroyers took over, Flys Park, Flys Peak and most of the other country covered by the Area was beautiful Pine Forest covered with big timber; with just enough young timber coming along to replace the old timber as it matured and died off and grass, flowers and wild oats covered the ground underneath. Now a good part of it is covered with brush and small scrub timber. Most of the older trees have died and fallen crosswise and every other direction into the mass of undergrowth until it is impossible to get through it on foot or on horseback except on the trails that have been kept brushed out. Travelling along what few trails there are is more like going through a tunnel than being in a forest.

Most of you younger neighbors will have to take our word for how that country used to be but you can easily go up there and see the condition it is in now. So the question naturally follows: What caused it if what you say is true? The answer is simple and easily understood if you are a true nature lover and can believe what you see with your own eyes:

When the Great Creator of all things put this old earth of ours together he only made one mistake and that was when he created humans. The rest of it all harmonized, balances up and makes for something that runs perfectly but humans just don't fit into the picture. Since they have become civilized they either try to improve everything even though they destroy it in the process or destroy natural things including forests just for the hell of it. The ones with good intentions are sometimes more destructive than the wanton ones; and that is the case with most of the advocates and administrators of forests and wilderness areas.

Now if you listen you will hear the screams from the Arm Chair Conservationists and Theorists. "What the Hell? don't we spend millions of dollars every year to suppress forest fires, regulate grazing, combat insect pests, kill off surplus game animals, and what have you?

We don't expect any of the wise guys to

to ask old "dumb us" for a solution even though they might admit they are wrong; but since we have the floor we will tell you anyway.

By all means set aside as much Wilderness Area as the economy of the Country will stand but for the love of Pete, keep your fire-fighters, technicians, etc. away from it and let old Mother Nature rule the roost just exactly as she did before the white man arrived in the Chiricahuas. Nature doesn't use parlor matches, tailor made cigarettes, barbed wire fences, technicians or any of their equipment in her forest administration program. She neither fences animals in or out. Without the fences animals naturally drift in when there is feed for them and out when there isn't and when the brush, pine needles and dead logs begin to get too thick she pops a streak of lightning down into it, sets it on fire and gets rid of it along with surplus insects, rodents and reptiles, and if she thinks her fire is getting out of hand she keeps a little rain in reserve to squirt on it.

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Explanation but no Apology.

No doubt you good readers are wondering how come the title on the front page of the last issue was upside down and backward.

The explanation is very simple; it was stenciled by a PHD (Puddin Headed Dolt) right fresh from New York. He claims to be a botanist and probably is. But evidently he has devoted most of his time to grazing on the green weed with the purple blossoms (Loco Weed), there must be quite a patch of that stuff growing somewhere in the big City - probably in Central Park West, along about 79th Street. If you have not met this gink, ask Jack McCormick to introduce him to you. You will find Jack up at the Southwest Research Station for the next few months.

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THE HOOT OWL SAYS

If you know what all the following articles are in plain English you have probably been in the West quite a while: Pack jack: Cousin Jack: Single Jack: Flap Jack: Double Jack and Jack Maloney.

Ranger Ed Carr didn't say when he was going to have the Cat Claw Brush removed from the Baseball Field at Sunny Flat.

You can educate a damned fool to some extent but it only intensifies his foolishness.

Now that Jack and Marge Moore have gotten moved in permanently if those gad abouts, Arch and Esther Steele would quit playing hide and seek with those Cannibals over in Africa and come on home, our little elite Community would be complete.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The Sweetheart of the Chiricahuas, Miss Karen Cazier (age 18 months) came home from New York a few days ago. She is cuter and sweeter than ever if that is possible. She brought her old folks with her; Ma appears to be sort of puffed up about something and Pa seems to have contracted a slight case of progressive corpulency or maybe we should say that he seems to be a little bit more robust? - Yeah that sounds better.

You would think that the landlords in Pennsylvania would be glad to have kids like George and Helen Greenmyer live in their houses rent free, but such must not be the case. In a letter George tells us that they have moved over to a town called Ardmore, Pa. (not Okla). Why the devil George lives back in that soot begrimed state and either pays rent or moves and has to buy his groceries is hard to understand when they have one of the finest homes in Arizona setting vacant right here in Cave Creek and a Brother with a first class Grocery Store in Douglas.

Dorothy Bliss weilded the Sycamore switches at the Portal School for a couple of days recently while the regular teacher, Lillian Reed, was vacationing with the Flu.

Jack and Emma Maloney are just about the proudest grand-pappies in the Canyon. Their little Grand-daughter, Patty who lives over at Elgin raised and sold one of the finest Beeves that has ever been produced in Arizona. Patt is a member of the 41 Club and her project was to raise, fatten and market a Calf. The Sale of her yearling which was sold at auction at Sonoita a few days ago, tells the story as to whether or not she did a good job. Her one yearling sold for almost as much as her Grnadpas used to get for a hundred head. It weighed almost a thousand pounds and sold for one dollar per pound. Her other Grandpa, Jim Parker was a Cowman too.

Silver Peak is being manned as a fire lookout station for the first time in several years. Russel Clark is the man. Russ isn't a very talkative cuss but we'll bet as much as eight cents that he is talking to himself before the fire season is over. If there is a more lonesome spot in Arizona than Silver Peak - we don't know where it is.

We were only kidding in last issue when we intimated that the baby lion might grow up and eat his mistress and trainer, but she must have believed it as she gave the lion to the Game Warden a few days later. So now we will make another prediction: If the lion grows up and eats the Warden it will take more than a package of Baking Soda to cure his bellyache.