

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

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at or near the City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, Portal, Arizona. We impartially stick our snoots into all affairs, Governmental, Civic and Personal,

A GOOD JOB WELL DONE

The good neighbors are pushing the new combination dance platform-tennis court right along and hope to have it finished in time to initiate it with a baile on the Fourth of July. It is understood they expect to pour and finish the concrete on the last week-end in June. This has been a big undertaking and has required a lot of hard work on the part of most of our able bodied citizens (minority group) all participants are deserving of the gratitude of the non-producers including the Cub Reporter and several others and in view of the outstanding job of organizing and financing Laverne has done, in addition to her share of the manual labor, we suggest that the structure be named Laverne's Pavillion.

LOOKING INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL

Some of these days a young geologist and a young archeologist and an old hard headed realist will meet at the S. W. Research Station and after examining and discussing a hunk of sandstone which is on display there, the youngsters will do some researching up on the ridge between north Fork and Main Cave Creek and find indisputable proof that this country was inhabited by human beings several million years earlier than the older scientists with inflexible minds now believe it was.

The sandstone referred to has a moccasin clad human track in it. Everyone who has seen it agree that it has every appearance of a human track but the scientists in those departments say that it can't be because their books say no.

When the right boys come along they will write another page in the book. "The Oracle Has Spoken."

LET'S ALL GET BUSY ON THIS

A few issues back we quoted a letter which had been written to our state senator A. R. Spikes and our state representative Mr. Tay Cook, you will recall that in that communication we only asked for information and advice as to the possibility and procedure to have part of our bwa roads included into the state hiway system. Those gentlemen have not so far, seen fit to favor us with a reply. So it seems that we can assume that they are not interested in us or our problems. So it is suggested and urged that everyone who is tired of busting up their tires and battering their jalopies and back ends over the boulders write them a letter and ask them to take the proper steps to have the road leading through Cave Creek and Pinery Canyon taken into the state system.

SICK CALL

Our littlest mountain boy, Eric Ludwig is recovering nicely from a hernia operation performed at Douglas. We're all for you little fella keep your chin up!

Phelps Dodge Newman has had another bout with the surgeon. This time it was for gall bladder, about a year ago it was for stomach ulcers and a few years ago the U. S. Air Corpse used several yards of cat gut to put him back together after an airplane crash. He probably isn't indestructible but he's the kind of lad that don't think you can keep a good man or a bad oyster down. And if all our good wishes will help out any, boy you've got them.

TRES CABEZAS

The U. S. Geological Survey Boys recently re-surveyed Silver Peak and found that the altitude is eight thousand feet instead of

eight thousand twenty as previously record-LOCOS ON THE LOOSE
ed on a brass disc right in front of the
lookout shack. This makes it a shorter
trip up there since it is understood they
took the 20 feet right off the top where
the climbing is the hardest.

Tom and Vicky Parr, Mr. John Gordon
Anderson and Winkie and Mike recently rode
up there and had a picnic lunch on top of
the peak. Tommy did a tumbling act on the
way down.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Our little cow girls have blossomed out in
a big way this summer:

Custie Miller is taming the livestock on a
real cow pony and Prissy is getting around
on her sturdy old Duke-Bob-Barry.

Sandra Newman is wrangling dude kids at the
Glenn Guest Ranch in Rucker Canyon and
doing all of her work on horse back except
washing the dishes.

Chrissy Troller is teaching her big Sis
and the boys some of the finer points of
horse back riding and Cheryl Lady is
practicing on a burro. She will graduate
to a horse before long and of course
our little old Rusty cowboys, Phil, Winkie
and Mike are charging around and showing
off for the tourists as usual.

TOUGH LUCK

The J. H. Dixon family have lost their
rabbits foot for sure. A few days ago a
twister tore the roof off of their house
up near Picaho and Dick phoned Betty to
come up and replace the roof, she started
out from their summer home at Hill Top in
Larry's pickup truck accompanied by her
aunt, Mrs. Maudie Ridgeway, somewhere
between Benson and Tucson a female tourist
driving a big Cadillac ran into the pickup
from behind and completely demolished it.
Betty wasn't seriously injured but Aunt
Maudie was taken to the hospital unconscious
and in a serious condition.

Somebody must have left the gate open up at
the Casa Verde at Phoenix, as the Chirica-
huas are over run with Game Management
Technicians again. They are building
deer proof fences around what they call
study plots.

They have recommended open season on does
for the past two seasons on account of
shortage of browse and now since our deer
herd has been about half killed off they
are making an effort to find out what deer
eat. No doubt they will go about it tail
end foremost as usual and first determine
what they don't eat. Then deduct that from
what they do eat, and there you are.

Well they are quite a ways behind the eight
ball as they have taken on the job of
managing game and even they must know by now
that they have no control over what they are
trying to manage except kill control and
they have exercised that to the extent that
they have just about killed themselves out
of a job. However the study plot scheme
will probably tide them over a few years
until the public kind of forgets about the
doe seasons, then they can lower the boom
on them again.

Later. . . . They didn't stop with the
study plots on eating habits they are
going to follow right on through and find
out what they do with it after they eat
it and how much. To accomplish this they
have swept several plots be careful and
don't scatter the evidence and confuse the
tally.

The only thing this crack pot operation
could possibly prove is that you and me
and the public at large are bigger damned
fools than these idiots whom our tax
money is supporting.

ROMANCE

It looks like a two to one bet that our
old neighbor Dave Cook is about to commit
matrimony, his new stone house is being
rushed to completion by the barber, Clarence

Russell from Rodeo. It should be a smooth job when the barber gets through trimming it up.

IAS TRES CABEZAS

A He-School Larm from Sapori Arizona and Mrs. George Bradt are housed together in the stud barn at the S. W. Research Station for the summer.

Before he was married George tutored senoritas down at Datil, Sonora but his wife has stopped that tutoring business and has taught him to use his talents at something more lucrative if not quite so pleasurable, such as photography.

PAGE KAISER WILHELM

"Verboten" was a familiar sign over in the American occupation Zone in Germany right after the First World War and we have some new signs here in Cave Creek which are very reminescent of that time. The German ones forbade everything from mopery at the cross roads to whistling at the Franleins. The signs here read "Breaking twigs or limbs or defacing trees Forbidden" The old Kaiser also had some other imperilistic signs which read "me und gott born to rule." Well at least we have a start in that direction, he was supposed to have been public servant too.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Most writers of western tales write of strapping big six-footers with steely blue eyes as being representative of the men of the West. But actually a good share of the old boys that could get the job done, whatever it might be were little wiry fellows with just about any colored eyes.

Cochise countys two top sheriffs were John Slaughter and Harry Wheeler, both of them half pints in stature but ten feet tall as officers in comparison to all the other sheriffs we have had since their time and among the best cowboys of the era just preceding the barbed wire fences was Oscar Cochran, wagon boss of the San

Cattle Co. He would weigh abouta hundred pounds right after a big meal but was plenty capable of handling any kind of livestock singly or in bunches and of bossing a round up crew as well as if he had weighed a ton.

There were plenty of other good cowhands among the runts such as Lawrence Houser and John and Ed Lemons. We used Oscar as an example because he was about the runtiest and the saltiest of the lot.

Amongst the hard rock miners and prospectors the little drouthy ones seemed to hold their own as well as they did in other walks of life. You would find Jimmie Crawford 5'1" keeping up his side of the tunnel with Ed Scott wt. 225 they owned part of the claims that Ed Epley now has near Paradise.

Speaking of Ed brings up the fact that there are only two of the real old time mine owners left of the hundreds that were here once and both of them failed to make the heavyweight division by several inches and pounds. Ed is one of them and although he is well past eighty years of age and has dug miles of holes through hard rock. He seems to be just about as optimistic as he was fifty years ago and keeps up the annual assessment work on his claims.

The other is several years younger than Ed but is going stronger in proportion to age. He is the only miner in the entire Chiricahua range who is making a living out of mining and continuously developing his property and in addition to that Bill Sanders devotes more time and energy to all civic undertakings than any other individual in the country. If there is a community picnic you will find him barbecuing the beef and if a neighbor dies you'll find him digging the grave. In comparison to all the big fellows of about his age with their bad pumps, bent chassises and other mal functioning vital organs, Bill is the number one citizen of the Chiricahuas. Even though he didn't win any beauty prize at the

Sew What Style Show , he was right in there trying.

RANCHES AND RAILROADS

A railroad is always a railroad wherever you find it but ranches are different some of our new western place names fool even the cattle. A few days ago a cow and a bull saw a sign at the forks of a road reading "Cave Creek Ranch" and the gate being open they just walked in, in fact they had to be chased out twice and confined in another enclosure before they could be convinced that a ranch isn't a place where cattle graze.

ADVERTISING

Our advertising section seems to be paying off in reverse the Fix it yourself Garage folded up and went out of business in less than a week after we ran their ad. This came as a surprise, we thought Herb was doing right well, as he repaired a flat tire for us a while back and charged ten cents extra for a valve core which he took out of our own tube.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

Leo Lady relieved Johnny Miller as fire guard at Monte Vista for several days while Johnny was taking an oral examination for a job in the Immigration Border Patrol and Jim Strickland relieved Larry Dixon at Sentinel so he could take the little bride home to see Mama for a couple of days.

That old Judge of the traffic court down at the Smelter Smoky City must think all the Portal residents are rich, the way he has been handing out fines to our citizens for speeding and running stop lights.

We are thinking of retaliating by kangarooing a few of those Douglas Jaspers when they come up here charging around in their second hand jaloppies of course before we do that it would probably be wise to discuss the matter with Peg Troller and Mont Cazier.

A fellow dressed sort of like a bull fighter and Little Lord Fauntleroy squired one of our prettiest young ladies to the show at Douglas last Saturday Night.

Three grandsons are visiting Ben and Alma Pague at Hilltop. J. L. and Roger Hill are from Tucson, and Phil Olney of our own fair city.

Ben probably won't try to repair the house and furniture until after they have all gone home.

The Road Forks Road Gagn littered up the South Fork Picnic ground Sunday June 16th and the Douglas Rotary Club did the same at the Newman Burro Ranch. The Bowie High School scattered their paper plates, napkins etc. on Saturday the 15th at Camp Stewart.

Alice has been feeding the wild animals at the Research Station for a few days while Mrs. Goodner was vacationing with her family over on the Gila River.

Jack Maloney has the right hand front fender of his truck caved in, and Carson Morrow has a dent in his left hand rear fender. Guess what Happened?

Our Board of supervisors are quite a group of practical jokers. We have been begging them to build a road between our nice new bridges but instead of doing that they have erected "Slow" and "Stop" signs down in the metropolitan part of the city. However it appears they did write a letter to the Forest Service asking them to fix the road.

The C. B. S. is getting around we have our first foreign subscriber, Sgt. Ray Mooney of the U. S. Air Force, stationed in Germany had sent us word (and 2 frog skins for postage) that his mother has been sending him the SHEET and he considers it first class reading matter. (Sucker)
