

THE CHIRICAHUA PULL SHEET

Published August 19, 1957.

at or near that City of Wealth, Beauty and Fashion, PORTAL, Arizona
We impartially stick our snoots into all Affairs, Governmental, Civic
and Personal.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE WE GO AGAIN

Sandy Newman is wrangling dish rags and
dude kids again over at the Glenn Ranch
in Hunt Canyon.

All the boys, age six to sixteen bought
more soda pop than they could drink at
the Fiesta on August 3rd. If you
wonder Why? Chrissy was the saleslady.

Winkie let his Pop use his new saddle a
while back and the old man brought it
back with the horn pulled off.

Mike is visiting his mother over in the
Catalinas for a couple of weeks.

Alan (man mountain) Gordon is doing most
of his travelling on horseback these
days, generally accompanied by a mighty
pretty young lady by the name of Melinda.
He's also thinking about trading his
tops and marbles for a second hand safety
razor, it won't matter much if there are
a few gaps in the blade.

Butch Little's daddy came over from
Willcox and spent the night with him a
few days ago.

Chuck is doing most of the work around
the AVA Ranch while Teddy drives the
tractor and goes to town every chance
he gets.

Sally Dixon visited Custy and Prissy
while her old folks made a trip to Red
Rock.

Phil is teaching some San Simon kids how
to ride horseback and he is just the boy
that can do it.

Allen Cox attended the Fiesta at Portal,
accompanied by his Pa and Ma.

Miss Molly Morrow arrived in Douglas
via the stock express on August 4th and
expects to stay with Wayne and Fatsy
until she is about seventeen or
eighteen years old. We hope to
interview the young lady soon and find
out why she was delayed. They have been
expecting her every day for the past
three or four months.

Eric Ludwig got tangled up with the
business end of a wasp a few days ago
and Jeanne didn't have to call the
neighbors on the phone to tell them
about it. Mrs. Ruth Rea administered
first aid.

A couple of Club Women stopped at the
Editorial Office and insisted that we
publish something about what a good
dancer Winkie is. They went on to say
that he is just like Fred Astaire,
whoever that is, but if he's as good at
dancing or cowboying or anything else as
our little old Pard Winkie, he is
O.K. by us.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Wednesday seemed to be Ladies day at
the C.B.S. Editorial Office. Mamie
Franklin came up from San Simon with
Miss Gail Lee of Tucson and Miss Peggy
Kelner of San Diego. Gail is one of the
cutest little blonds that ever grew up
in the Chiricahuas. Her daddy, Ernest
Lee, is a nationally known lion hunter
but she goes in more for taming Big
British Hen. Peggy is a sister of the
Kelner Brothers who are both pitchers in
the big leagues but she doesn't need to
bask in any of their reflected glory as
she is manager of the "Jittie Theatre" in
San Diego. She originated in Tucson
and is a graduate of the U. of A.

On August 3rd the good neighbors gathered from miles around for the first Grand Baile at LaVerne's Pavilion: - Oscar had a little trouble with the cookery, the orchestra was a little late and it threatened to rain but everything finally levelled off and the Rompin and Stompin went on until well past midnight.

Mrs. Mathew Fugsley (Aunt Duck to you) of the Hidden Terrace estates is giving a Baby Shower for Mrs. Mont Ozier and it has all the promise of a Big Society event, as all the ladies from and with the Big Clubs are invited.

TRES CABEZAS

The Research Station has been over run this season with a more than capacity crop of researchers. Doc Ozier and Scotty and all the able bodied women have been building like mad all summer but have been unable to provide sufficient quarters, so the population of the Station has overflowed into Tents and Trailer Houses all over the place and since sanitary facilities were inadequate too, that department overflowed out into the brush. It appeared for a while that they were going to have to send for Mr. Chick Sales and get him to erect one of his six hole perambulators but his whereabouts being unknown at the present time and the situation being pretty acute, the problem was partially solved by the construction of a two compartment, M&F, modern bathroom out in the jack oak thicket near the main entrance. This structure was completed in three days and is as modern as day after tomorrow with electric lights, plumbing and showers.

The Housing shortage was caused by the management assuming that scientists devote the major part of their time and effort to scientific problems, but this years crop proved the exception. As an extreme example, one old Whiskerino from upstate New York checked in with his wife and seven kids ranging in age from about twelve years down, and he also brought a

student entomologist along as his assistant, making a total of ten in the party. He had made reservations for himself, his family and one assistant, thus the miscalculation on the part of the Director. We didn't find out what kind of insects this old entomologist is most familiar with, but it could have been bed bugs. There have been several other families with from one to four kids.

Ed Epley thinks it's a shame that scientists have to get up so early in the morning that they can't see what kind of clothes they are putting on. One of them from the S.W.R.S. walked into Ed's place at Paradise the other evening wearing a pair of ladies shorts and he being the old wolf that he is offered to drive her back to the Station, before he noticed that she wasn't a woman. But Ed made good on his offer and took it home anyway.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

One of our subscribers, Mrs. Max Hastings of Ashtabula, Ohio, wants to know if some of our stuff has double meanings?, and we take that as a compliment. A good many of our readers wonder if any of it has any meaning and to be right honest about it, we sometimes wonder ourselves. She also inquired as to how to address a letter to the C.B.S. In reply we say watch your spelling and we will get it all right.

The Hayes kids, Gretchen, Eric and Marc came over from Casa Grande Monument a few days ago and are Headquartering at Grandma Greenameyers while they visit other less distinguished citizens of the neighborhood. Glad to see you fellers.

A couple of New Mexico Braceros, Clarence Russell and Erbert Smith have been legally imported to make extensive repairs and additions to the Portal Teacherage. The work is progressing nicely with Jack Maloney, Harry Bliss and John Shad "quater backing" from the sidewalk.

Herman Kollmar has the fattest cows and the skinniest cowboy in the country.

DIGGING UP SKELLETONS

In browsing through our old Brand Book which contains all the Cattle Brands registered in the Territory of Arizona prior to July 13, 1908, we find that the number one, or first Brand recorded was registered by the Cananea Cattle Company of Cananea Sonora Mexico, and a few pages over we find the Brand AFN no. 7629 registered by A.F. Noland, San Simon, Arizona. At that time there were approximately twelve thousand cattle Brands registered in Arizona and today there are mighty few of those same Brands being used by the original owners. You can probably count all of them on your fingers and toes and have a few toes left over. Frank Noland is one of that number so we believe he should be accorded the Title of Number One Cowman of the East Slope of the Chiricahuas. It would be interesting to know how many thousand times Frank has burned that Brand on his own stock: _____.

We also have a candidate for that title over in the Dos Cabezas Mountains. We find the Brand F Bar H. no. 6660 registered to Florencio (Lencho) Hurtado. Lencho is just about as old and ugly as Frank, but we won't go into that very deeply as we are not prepared to conduct a beauty contest for old cowpokes who are nearing the Century mark so we will just say that Lencho has Branded a hell of a lot of livestock of various kinds too.

There are quite a lot of old cow men around who have been in the business as long or longer than the two afore mentioned gents, but most of them have changed Brands one or more times for one reason or another, in some cases probably they worked out a new Brand that would fit over the Brand of their neighbor a little better and some of them just got the changing habit from swapping a tired horse for a fresh one when the owner of the fresh horse wasn't present.

Then there is B. K. Riggs over at the old Riggs home ranch in the mouth of Pinery Canyon who is worthy of the Title of granddaddy of all the cattle men in these parts and he has always owned so many cattle and horses that he has hardly had time to Brand his own stock and he always would give you a cow or horse a lot sooner than he would swipe one from you, but he has changed Brands a few times never the less. The old book shows that at sometime before 1908 his Registered Brand as X on both jaws, both shoulders and both hips. To the uninitiated that means six X's altogether. We never heard Kay say why he changed from that Brand but it could have been that he decided to quit roasting his cattle before he butchered them or maybe it was because he started to raise Muley White faced cattle along about that time and they just couldn't stand all that cookery and still walk to water. Anyway the last account we had, he was putting a neat little C Bar, high up on the left ribs of his Double Standard Polled Herefords and dishing out the alfalfa hay and cotton seed cake frequently and in quantity. The old cows that packed the six X's around never had it so good.

There is hereafter quoted a communication we received recently and for which we are grateful. It is hoped that some of our other subscribers will follow suit.

"Here is a true story of long ago. You may feel free to edit it and make it as funny as you can. We are enjoying your publication greatly.

Most Sincerely,
Lillie Darnell

"Someone told me that you would welcome stories of yore to add to your Bull Sheet. So I am sending this one on my darling sister Mrs. Wardie Edington Hale. She lived on her homestead which is between Fred Darnells and the R.R. track in 1910. One day she dressed up in her Texas best - 1st harnessed her two old trusty (locoed) mares to her

Studebaker wagon and set off for Rodeo. She was a very important rancher with a high purpose - for she was going to buy a plow. She was trotting merrily along when behold, coming down the Osuna road she spied an automobile. Knowing the trusty (loosed) steeds had never seen, much less met, such a monster she quickly leaped from the wagon seat and took said mares loose from the precious wagon, unharassed everything except collar and bridle expecting great rearing and bucking. She took a darveita around the well braked wagon, making much haste to get all this done whilst the auto sped toward her. But when it sped past the old (loosed) mares just stood there with their eyes closed and didn't even appear to realize what was going on and when the motorist was a few yards past he stopped, thinking she was having trouble and as was the custom in those days.

"She laughed and told him she was like the old man who told a passing motorist to just hold his wife he was sure the team would stand. But the beautiful black dress looked just like an old black hen who has wallowed in the ashes and no amount of brushing would remove the evidence of white dust -- not even dry cleaning of that day could ever restore its former beauty so it had to be put away and join the ranks of the has beens. Not so the plow. She returned home with a big sharp turning plow which saw much service on many nesters dry farms and put her in the higher brackets as a rancher with machinery!"

A CLOSE CALL

Down in Rodeo the other day an old gray headed fellow came charing down the street on his sons motor bike and made a U turn without looking in either direction and just as old Saint Peter was about to hand him a harp, a pickup truck coming from the other direction missed him by about three inches. Billy Miller Jr. would have surely hated to get his pretty red bike all smashed up.

ENCOURANCE PLUS

It's really surprising how long a woman can subsist on short rations and still be more than fairly plump. Grammy Morrow completed thirty-two years of semi-starvation with the Old Cub Reporter on July 22nd and Alice Anderson finished ten years of the same with Scotty on the same date. Scotty and Alice celebrated their wedding anniversary in Tucson and the Cub allowed Grammy to paint the kitchen.

ROMANCE IN WHOLESALING LOTS

If you have a Diamond engagement ring that you want to swap for two or three old chicken feed horses, see Scotty's cousin Jack Anderson right away as it is strongly rumored that Jack is in Big love and might step into double harness with a gal from up Phoenix way muy Pronto. In fact he might be to the point that he would swap an old three legged nag or a pair of spurs that fit pretty good up side down for a wedding ring, just on the chance that the fair lady won't change her mind.

Old Dan Cupid must be spending the summer at the Far Away Ranch this year as the grapevine tells us that a couple of fire fighters, other than Jack, have also been kicking up and cavorting around there lately apparently with matrimonial intent.

It seems that Jim Strickland has a weakness for both fried chicken and for the kind that fries them too. Now that he has apparently found the chicken that can fry the chickens he has gone back to his ranch at Rodeo, kicked the dogs and cats out from under the bed and wants to trade some of his old riding gear for either some setting hens or preferably some baby chicks. He is sort of a cautious chap so he probably won't be in the market for any rings until he knows more about his prospective chicken crop.

The third candidate might be cut of the running for a while as he got his arm broken the other day in some mysterious manner and we can only surmise that some Amazon twisted his arm as a preliminary step toward the altar or it might have been that he accidentally went to Church and got caught taking a dollar in change for the two hits he put into the contribution box.

DID YOU KNOW

That it takes a lot of meat and bread and Calico to feed and clothe a woman for thirty-two years?

That Ted Troller has tons of good peaches for sale and two mighty cute ones that he is going to have to give away sometime in the not too distant future?

That the town of Portal is gradually moving up the Creek?

That this Community lost three darned nice people when Leo and Betty Lady and their sweet little blond kid moved away?

That Gordon Newman Sr. was born at Mud River, Kentucky instead of at Paducah? Just call him "Mud River" for short.

That at least one of the prettier young matrons of the congregation of the Rodeo Christian Church bakes Pecan Cream Pies for the Preacher?

That the C.B.S. was one day late last time because Grammy Morrow wouldn't let us mail it until after the "Sew What" meeting. Wonder Why?

That Glenn Isaacson broke his arm the other day but that he wasn't trying to pat himself on the back when he did it?

That Juanita Morrow and Esther Mooney are trying to out-grandma each other?

That Ruth Rea and Fritzie have been "Chuck Line Riding" among their relatives over around Albuquerque lately?

That George Cornforth is jealous because Scotty has a pretty picture painted on the door of his pick-up?

MUCHAS GRACIAS

Assistant Ranger Archie Rea says he don't think much of what we have had to say about the fire season, (We admit that we might have exaggerated a little) and that he sincerely thanks each and every person who co-operated with his service in the suppression of forest fires.

LOCOS ON THE LOOSE (How True, How True)

"quote letter"

"Chiricahua Bull Sheet
Portal, Arizona

Dear Bull Sheet:

"I have read your articles on the game situation in the Chiricahua and agree with you to some extent, but in my opinion you are "chasing the wrong coon". There is no question that the deer herd is well on its way to extermination and you point out the reason for it very well and also the methods, or should I say lack of methods, by which the organized state bureaucrats expect to keep their hand in Uncle Sugar's pocket just so long as the Restoration Act will provide the dollars. But--where you missed the boat entirely was when you assumed that all of the game technicians are loosely educated dolts. After all-- some one in that outfit had brains and education enough to size up the situation and create a real restoration need and to draw down some nice fat salaries for doing it with an excellent chance of continuing to do so for many moons, unless you and all we other Belly Archers wake up and do something constructive about it.

"Just belittling the antics of the poor misguided underlings who count the deer droppings, etc. will never get the job done.

"Sincerely,
Gordon Newman

"P.S. You may publish this letter if you wish."

(digging up skeletons)

Casa Grande National Monument
Coolidge, Arizona

17 August 57

Dear Carson:

Since I've been up here in a job where I'm supposed to be a fountainhead of knowlege and information on the archaeology and early history of this country I've been doing a lot of reading to try to refresh myself on the stuff I once knew and learn a few things that I never knew anything about. In going through some material on the Indian pppulations in Pimeria Alta at the time the Spanish came into the picture I came across a couple of references to the Chiricahuas which, so far, are the earliest references to white men in those hills that I have seen. Maybe you'd be interested in these notes for your running history of the Cherry Cows.

During the winter of 1694-95 some of the little Spanish settlements and Jesuit missions in northern Sonora suffered some raiding by Indians and lost some stock, tools, clothing and the lives of a few of the "Indios mansos". The Upper Pimas were blamed for the attacks and some punitive measures were taken against the Sobaipuris, and Pimas on the Upper San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers, in the country between modern Nogales and Fairbank. These people had considered themselves friends of the Spaniards and rightly figured that they had been bearing the brunt of Apache attacks, keeping off the backs of the white men to the south and these reprisals irritated them enough to cause them to rise in revolt against the Jesuits and military. Small garrisons from all over ~~the northwestern~~ northwestern Mexico were called in to help quell the revolt.

One of these garrisons was the troop at Janos in northwestern Chihuahua. They struck straight across country toward the San Pedro and crossed the Chiricahuas where they ran into a village of Jacome Indians which they destroyed. In this village they found much of the plunder taken from the settlements in Sonora. This was in the spring of 1695.

The Jacome was the name ~~the~~ the Spaniards gave to the Indians who at that time occupied the country roughly from the Hatchet mountains west to the Sulphur springs valley. They are believed to ~~be~~ have been originally sedentary folks like the Pimas and probably related to them but by this time they were mixed with Apaches (Lipan and Mescalero) who were just beginning to move west from the Plains. That mixture is probably what formed the group we know as the Chiricahua Apaches.

The other reference was very brief-merely stated that in the winter of 1748 Jose Rafael Rodriguez Gallardo led an expedition into the Chiricahua mountains from Fronteras to punish the Apaches.

These hills of ours have been causing trouble for ~~at least~~ ^{almost} 300 years.

all the Hayes send regards
—
Ode Hayes

One of our elder Beau Drumels got plum lyrical over the Fiesta and dashed off a few lines of Poetry about it. Here she goes.

"Saturday Night - Aug. 3 - 9 P.M.

The weather is rough and
The meat is tough.
The beaus were winded and came in late,
The bread was fresh but the butter had left.
The coffee was strong - gave you a shot in the arm.
The floor was fine,
The music was bum, but those who danced had lots of fun.
The mistakes were made,
We will all keep mum.
So come again soon and we will all have fun.

Mr. Charles Renfrew

BIG BRASS or HISTORY IN THE MAKING

No doubt you have all received literature describing the Southwestern Research Station of the American Museum of Natural History and the surrounding country and its suitability for research in the numerous and varied natural history subjects. Also telling of the many scientists from all over the world who have done research work at the Station. So we will skip that and try to tell you something about the hired hands of the organization and some of their regular, as well as their extra curricular activities.

The number one boy is of course the Director, who also has the titles of Doctor of Entomology, Curator of Insects and Spiders and several other lesser titles including Editor of the C.B.S., plus a rather unusual name, Mont A. Cazier. With all that appendage, you would naturally expect to see a pompous ass with a lap full of guts seated behind an over-sized mahogany desk, issuing long directives in writing, over a flowing unreadable signature or else dishing out the powders in a loud stentorian voice with appropriate gestures, snorts, grunts, etc.

But none of that is descriptive of Doc or Mont, which ever you wish to call him, in fact you could go to nearly any nester farm around Rodeo and find a man that would qualify for the job of Director as well as he does, in so far as looks and appearance are concerned and that's not tossing any bouquets at the nesters either.

To a casual bystander his methods of directing are no more impressive than his appearance as he doesn't shout or gesticulate and if he writes any orders he must do it way long in the middle of the night and throw them in the waste basket before morning.

So we will discard those two yard sticks and just say that he is a regular guy with plenty on the ball and let you judge his ability by his accomplishments.

When he took over the old Reed Ranch by purchase from Weldon Heald a little over two years ago, the buildings looked pretty good but the entire setup had begun to sort of frazzle out like the heel of a sheepherders sock. There was a large dwelling house and an old log house, both in a fairly good state of dis-repair and two lumber cabins in a little better shape.

The water supply and sewage systems were practically null and void and the whole shebang was wired in on one electric circuit. The Butane gas system, consisting of several hundred feet of pipe leading from the tank to the various heating and cooking devices didn't leak at every joint, but it didn't miss very many.

When Doc landed here his business practically came with him, as the Scientists and their families began to arrive very shortly to be housed and fed, advised, instructed and entertained.

Everything soon began to go haywire. The oven door blew off the big gas range in the kitchen and the water system broke down and the sewer lines plugged up among the many other lesser mishaps.

Doc got right out on the mound and started pitching. You would find him mending the oven door or patching a leaky roof and at the same time telling some researcher the sex of a spider or where he would most likely find a sceloporus or a Diabrotica undecimpunctata. He had brought two assistants with him from New York but they didn't like to get up very early in the morning and seemed to keep fairly busy at meeting and greeting visitors. He was barely breaking even on the patch work or maybe losing a little ground when a sort of hungry looking fellow from Connecticut came along looking for work and found it.

Mr. John Gordon (Scotty) Anderson had been in Arizona several years and knew nearly everything there is to know about hard work and hard times. He could, and what was more important would, do anything from pinning diapers on the babies to repairing and installing anything on the place that needed it and borrowing the tools from the neighbors to do it with, and to make it still better, he had a pretty little blond wife who could and would juggle the skillet to perfection. Alice took over the kitchen and dining room temporarily and their cute little old kid, Winkie, started entertaining the Tres Cabezas kids with the help of his Burro and an old pinto horse.

Doc and this crew soon got everything propped or patched up and levelled off to the extent that he had time to remember that he was in love with a good looking gal back in New York. He might have also remembered that she was an excellent stenographer and bookkeeper and maybe a good housekeeper too, as he had neglected his office work to the point that the correspondence stacked on the desk in his bedroom had begun to overflow into the dirty socks and underwear under the bed.

Be that as it may, he took a little time off and he and Miss Carol Gordon were united in holy matrimony. She acted like the traditional blushing bride for a day or two and then pitched into the paper work and house cleaning and has been

doing all right, along with Alice, in those two departments until she recently began slacking off on the office work so she could get a little knitting and sewing done. (sure it is gonna be a boy)

Scotty had quite a rough go of it while Doc was away. He used up a lot of rawhide and baling wire but managed to hold the outfit together until Doc came out of the fog and gave him the title of Foreman and a lot of nice new tools to go with the title as sort of insignias of rank.

Then those two officials started a building and renovating program that has resulted in a complete overhaul and modernization of all the old buildings from roofs to foundations including wiring plumbing and paint. They have converted an old two car garage and a barn into modern sleeping quarters and have built and furnished a new three unit apartment house and a laboratory that is as up to date in structure and equipment as any such installation anywhere East of Chiricahua Peak. The instruments and gadgets they have in that lab would put Buck Rodgers and Rube Goldberg both to shame. In addition to all the usual laboratory paraphernalia such as test tubes, microscopes, etc., they have numerous special machines, including one with which artificial respiration can be administered to just about any creature from piss ants to cottontail rabbits.

In their spare time, usually before breakfast and after sunset, they have built corrals, hog pens, storage rooms for feed and saddles and a gasoline service station with an electric gas pump, and have butchered all the beef and pork (sometimes their own) to feed the staff and up to better than fifty guests, or should we say cash customers.

These two high rankers have been short handed on subordinates most of the time so they have done a good share of the manual labor themselves, in fact most of it. They had a slip shod okie construction crew from Lordsburg working on the laboratory for most of one winter and have had several itinerant laborers who have

lasted any where from a few days to a few months, some of the visiting scientists have nailed on a few shingles or have done some other small job occasionally and some of the female visitors from the main office in New York have been inveigled into helping out too. (Doc and Scotty both seem to have a way with women).

As we have pointed out before, Doc's methods of Directing are, to say the least, unorthodox and there is no way of knowing what his plans are for the future of the S.W.R.S. but judging by what has gone before, we prophesy that Dr. Parr had better see to it that the Museum in New York is well fastened down or Doc will have Scotty start moving it out to Cave Creek with his old beat up truck with the pretty picture on the door.

HASTA LA VISTA

Well, ladies and those who chase after them, it looks like the Bull Sheet is about to fold up like an accordion after it has played its last tune.

Fritzie has resigned and gone off over to New Mexico gallivanting around and Carol's arms aren't long enough to reach the keys on the typewriter any more, so it seems like we are just fresh out of typists and unless someone will cut the stencils for the same price we charge for subscriptions this will be the last issue. (don't all speak at once)

It has been nice ribbin ya.

FOOT NOTE

Some of our subscribers are getting a break this time. We have lost our mailing list so about all we can do is tell anyone who don't receive their Bull Sheet to write and let us know that they have been overlooked.

COMMENT FROM TYPIST

Our Cub Reporter is getting all riled up over nothing - as usual. Just because it has taken me two weeks to type up the Bull Sheet (for which I hang my head in shame) doesn't mean that my arms can't reach the keys. I told our Cub that if he would clean the cabins and make the beds I would get the Bull Sheet out. He preferred to wait until I had time to get it done without his help since he was afraid that if word got out that he had done some work his reputation would be ruined forever. At any rate, there will be more Bull Sheets if he gets busy with his pencil and sharp tongue. I think he is looking for an excuse to retire and is using me for a scapegoat.

C.W. Cazier