



A Tree Full

We make no claim to literary talent or to literacy either for that matter. So if you are smart and educated dont read this. Give it to some damned fool, he might enjoy it.

Drawing by Eric Hayes,
CBS. Staff Artist.

Mailed at Portal Arizona,
February 14, 1958.

DONT WAKE UP NOW, IT MIGHT BEE PAINFUL.

You have probably heard the story of the Chinaman who was working on one off the lower floors of a tall building under construction when a carpenter working on the roof dropped his hammer and yelled "look out below ? The Chink boy popped his head out the window just in time to catch the hammer right smack between the eyes. When he came to his first words were " Whassa Malla ? Melican man say look out he mean look in.

And that could very well be what we , the great american public are doing w with regard to the Russian Sputniks. We might be looking up at them when we had damned well better be looking around and seeing what we see right down here on old mother earth.

It seems to be the consensus of all our wiser heads that the ultimate aim of the reds is to invade our country and subjugate the people along with all other free countries.

If that is correct, we may rest assured that the Satellites alone will not turn the trick. They are only window dressing and were not intended to do any physical harm . But the impact on our morale has been almost unbelievable.

There is no use to deny that when those contraptions first took to the air all of us were, shall we say, at least a bit apprehensive and some few were ready to surrender right then.

If anything even remotely resembling a Russian showed up they were and are ready to take off their hats and bow in obeisance.

Others are so naive they think that the Kremlin has no way of knowing our reactions because they think all the Russian Spies and Agents were disposed of when the Rosenbergs, Alger Hiss, Greenglass and their ilk were taken out of circulation.

The first three questions that come to the mind of the average person are ; If this country is full of Russian Spies and Agents Where are they ?; What do they look like? ; What further harm can they do now that they have already stolen all our Atomic and Military secrets ?.

The answers to the first two are very simple; They are right here among us ; They look and act like just about anyone you meet, that is they do to t

to be a good citizen, and you might say , "one of the boys" is a good part of their stock in trade.

About the only danger of them being discovered is that they might over play their hand and look and look too good to be true, in which case somebody might become suspicious and call in J. Edgar Hoover and his boys to look them over.

The answer to the third question , as to the future harm they might do would fill volumes, so we will just skim over it lightly and leave the rest to your good sense and imagination.

One thing they have undoubtedly done was to catalogue all we rural dwellers as to where we will best fit into the picture if, when and after the Ruskyies have blasted our large cities, Military Installations and manufacturing centers off the map with their long range missels and there is no longer any doubt about them having the missels.

The line up will probably something like this — The old hard headed, dyed in the wool Gringos will immediately go to the soap factory (not to work), the kids will be put through a rigid course of training to bend them to the Rusky way of not thinking for themselves; The women will be judged on their potential ability to mother little half breeds.

Of course the men and women who have re-acted favorably to the Sputnik scare will be accorded a little better treatment, they will be kept in barns and corrals like a bunch of burros and used for packing cord wood out of the mountains and other simular chores with a big Bullet Headed Russian pounding them on the rear end with a club.

Did you say that cant happen here ? , We hope you are right because if not it will be the soap factory for us. any way, lets dont forget that it has happened in a lot of other countries.

DID YOU KNOW ?

That Scotty says Mr. Quirt G. Miller, the under priveleged husband of the Navajo lady at Sulphur Canyon is rounding up her stock in preparation for shearing ?.

That we sincerely hope Doc Pugsley dont start singing alto after his operation.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Our prediction was right, Doc ,Carol and Karen left here February 8th, for New York.

That Sally Dixon, our "Grab your hats kids" reporter has been down with the mumps for several days and Allen Lee Cox , all three of the Nichols kids and others have the mumps too. Mike and Winkie have stayed home out of school several days for the same reason but so far it has been a false alarm.

That the total cost to the army of cleaning out George Newmans well was approximately two thousand dollars?, The well driller was finally paid more than Fifteen hundred, besides the cost of several trips made by the Colonels and Majors from Fort Huachuca to oversee the job.

That as of February 10th, our roads are in better condition than they have been since they were first built ?;Thanks to Supervisor Joe Good and Grader man Barney Lee. Last election Mr. Good polled only one vote in the Portal Precinct but if he keeps the good work up he will get nearly all the votes, including the Republicans next time.

LAW AND ORDER

It has begin to look like the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo under which the Gadsden Purchase was negotiated back in 1853, which established the Mexican Boundary down where it has been since that time might have been invalidated or is about to be in some secret manner. We are basing that assumption on the fact that for some time past a good part of the Douglas Border Patrol Unit have absented themselves from their regular Headquarters at the Santa Maria Restaurant in town and have been patrolling up and down Cave Creek. Which might indicate that the international boundary is going to be re-established through this part of the country or more likely is an indication that the Douglas boys have heard about a couple of Patrol Officers of the old school coming over from Willcox and apprehending some

who have probably made more than a dozen unlawful entries into the United States right through the Territory covered by the Douglas Station,

MYSTERY TREE

There is a Spruce tree growing along side the road up in the South Fork of Cave Creek that has been causing a lot of tourists and some natives to stop at the editorial office and ask how come. Since late last fall this tree has been covered with icicles from top to bottom while the neighboring trees are not. The pipe line carrying water to the Ranger Station passes near the tree and plastic air vent from the pipe line leads up the tree for thirty feet or so, the overflow from the line makes the ice.

THE LOWLY FRIJOLE

Those Tres Cabeza rocket boys down in Florida may be a little slow on the draw if left to their own devices and dependent on their own ingenuity, but unlike most other Government employees they are broad minded, or in this case mabe desperate enough to take advice from other scientific organizations, such as the Bull Sheet. We offer as proof that they did take our suggestion the fact that on December twenty third we published an article entitled "THE GREATEST POWER ON EARTH" in which we pointed cu the superior fire power of the Frijole and in about six weeks the EXPLORER was in its orbit. Ike and his West Point trained advisers did not display much originality when they named their little Republican Moon "the Explorer ", nor did they accord us or the fuel they must have used to put it on its way the recognition we feel is our just due. Why didnt they call it the "Lowly Frijole or the "Bull Shot" or something rythmical or musical like that?.

SUCKERS.

Suckers dont bite very often but when they do grab our hook we never throw them back in the water. We make no charge for our paper, neither do we make fefunds.

BIG BUSINESS

The Portal Telephone Association held their regular annual meeting on Feb. 3rd. and as usual re-perpetuated themselves by re-election to the numerous offices of President, Vice Presidencies, Executive Boards, Secretary etc. If you have never attended one of their meetings you have missed one of the best little shows on earth. Of course you only need to attend once in a lifetime as each one is a carbon copy of the last one.

The meetings are conducted with as much decorum and attention to Protocol as the ones President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill attended at Yalta, some years ago and some of their rules, regulations and by-laws are almost as stringent as the terms of the Japanese Surrender, while others are as slick as a Nesters belt right after supper.

As an example of the stringent ones, it is understood that they ruled that merely being a part owner in the concern does not entitle you to vote on the various issues unless you are also a customer whose assets are at least equal to any amount you might owe on your telephone bill. While on the slack side they elect some customers to office who are not part owners when their by-laws say that to hold office they must have both qualifications. Oh well; after all, who are we to be criticising Portals only Corporation when we dont have any officials at all and the total property owned by the Bull Sheet is one broken down paper stapling machine which cost only one dollar and thirty five cents when it was new. While they have thirteen miles of hay wire telephone line and a switch board of sorts which altogether is valued at One Hundred and Five dollars, American money.

BIGGER and BETTER

There is just no end to the good a good rainy season can do. Last spring the Portal school closed with seven little knot headed pupils and the prospects for a sufficient number of students for the fall term looked practically null and void. During the calendar year of 1956, we had just a fraction more than seven inches of rainfall but 1957, came through with

almost twenty inches. Most of it fell during the summer months and by the time school started in September school kids were in abundance. Some of them as much as thirteen years of age who had never been seen in these parts before. Mabe the rain was'nt entirely resopnsible as, come to think about it, it would probably take more rain than that to raise a kid to be thirteen years old in one summer.

Anyway our school board, at its last meeting decided to give Mrs. Lillian Reed some much needed assistance and when our board decides to assist they are the assistingest dog goned assisters you ever saw.

They hired Mrs. Ruth Rea as a second teacher, which was a strike in favor of the common people and a display of intelligence on the part of the board. They mucked out the old school building and set it up for a second school room, so now each teacher has only about ten kids to teach and both those ladies know how to do that very thing.

In case you have never met our board, allow us to introduce them ; Mrs. Peg Troller , Mr. Birt Roberds and Mr. John Gordon Anderson.

TRES CABEZZAS

Once upon a time the title of Doctor meant and old spade whiskered gent with a horse and buggy and a pill bag, but those days and ways have gone the way of the fifcent cigar.

Ever since the Southwestern Research Station moved into Cave Creek we have had more doctors and less pills than you can imagine. There are Doctors of Bugs, Plants, animals etc., all with an ology tacked onto the end of it.

It has gone so far that the little Douglas Paper recently referred to one of our neighbors who has a peach orchard as Doctor. So it might be right in order from now on to refer to him as Doctor peaches or Doctor of Peachology.

The first thing we know they will be calling the Cub Repo rter "Doctor Bull Sheet " which will be OK if they will please leave of the OLOGY.

VOX POPULI

We have had a lot of fan mail since the last issue. We will publish some of the more complimentary ones. Our contributors from San Simon and Hill Top sort of back fired on us. The Hill Top lady shot a blank up to date and the gal that wrote the San Simon Heifer Dust column sent us no news but a dandy editorial on the bad roads down there, which we cant agree with at all. She wrote a whole page about it when any body that has ever been to San Simon knows that the town consists of a first class trans-continental Hiway with several services stations and restaurants leaned up against it.

The hereafter quoted letter is from a gent in little old New York. We cant tell whether it is written in Yiddish, Sanskrit or Brooklynese but can understand enough of it to know he likes the Sheet;

deer whomeber yuar

Mi grammammi sed to me wunst barnee boi dont yu neber go pokin yur nose into udder peeples bisniss an she follud dat law to de letta in fak granpappi wuz ded ny on 2 weeks for she eben notosed it now heer I go brakim all de rools and regulashuns bi sayin dat las publikashun ob de cheerycowa bullshoot wuz l helliwaniski an I dont mean mabee ob cause nuttin is poifek and wasnt it fur my grammi I'd wanna no wy de editer din sine his name he aint got nuttin to be shamed ob unles hes dat long drinka proon joos fum duglas wid dat eestan edicashun wot mite feel us hay shakers apel nockers an mule skimmers is beneet him but eben so hes got sum stuf speshlee de storee bout de nu yeers parti i wisht i hadda bin dare wasnt it fur a colt in de hed i miteabin i'll bet dat buteful Alis an her fren awdree wot put on dem pantamines wowd em eben doe sum fokes got em ballid up wid foolree sailsmen libet all de injuns dat wuz dare undastood wot it wuz all a bout i'll bet de ole doc got rite off he dont miss nuttin no siree i got wot wuz sed bout him roundin up de dames in de corner dont get no idee dat wuz de las rowndup uh uh dem dames ll be beetin rown de bush plenti and as long as it tikles he aint comin out in de open. wud yu ? looks like yu gotta good artis too at

at lees wot i cud see ob wot he dun wy dont yu gib de gy sum ink ? or let him use creekwater or blackberri joos or pay him desent ebin lemmin joos dont bring out sum ob de seecret drawins wel. eneehow yur all rite yu done good an if run short ob mazuma an need a sawbuck or a fin jes drop a line to ole sorrowful sam an heel sell a heffer or a litle doge an kik in

yores trulee
sorrowful sam,

Oil City, Penn.
Feb. 3, 1958.

Chiricahua Bull Sheet,
Portal, Arizona.

Well; wot hopen to your friend "Hamburger Charlie" with the two houses and the great grand children ? Have been waiting for him to arrive in Penna, since you announced it in your paper. Tell him I have two widow friends - one in her forties and one in her seventies, the latter is the "Fire Ball".

Anyone who cant cook a hamburger is a dope, tell him I toss a mean one as well as report.

(signed) Elaine Kennedy Koontz,
411 West Second Street,

ATTENTION mr. Charlie Brown, Rodeo, New Mexico.

Charlie, old boy; your bluff is called. Its time for you to either head for Oil City or pull in your horns.

Elaine never has said whether she is sixteen or sixty, "pero que le asi", She said she could cook hamburgers didnt she ?

San Simon, Arizona
January 31, 1958.

Chiricahua Bull Sheet,
Portal, Arizona.

We have a new business in San Simon and thought perhaps you people would be interested in knowing about it. Woody has opened a meat market in the same building

have here,
He has a nice line of meat and frozen foods. The market will be known as the WAGON WHEEL Meat Market.
We enjoy your paper a lot and look forward to it each issue.
I am enclosing two dollars for stamps. stop in and see us when you are in San Simon.

Respectfuly

(signed) Mary Wood

Mary you are one of the many women we truly love. Your above quoted letter, and most especially the last two sentences (with enclosure mentioned) warmed our cast iron hearts. We sincerely hope that all of your and Woody's ventures, business and otherwise are successful. With the thought that it might be helpful to him in supplying his new market with beef, tell him that Van Noland and Marshall Barnes generally have some nice fat yearlings around which could be easily slaughtered during the time those two devout gentlemen are attending church on just about any Sunday.

ANY QUESTIONS ?

Dorothy Mayes of Portal wants to know how Rustlers Park and Barfoot Park got their names ?
We will publish a story in a subsequent issue covering the parks but we seem to be fresh out of most of the answers to her questions about latter day Indians and their camp sites.
So far as we know there has'nt been any wild Indians around here since about 1896, with the exception of a band of about twenty five apaches who left the San Carlos Reservation in the late summer of 1904 and travelled through the high part of the Chiricahuas enroute to the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico.
No one reported seeing them but several horse shoes made of Raw Hide were picked up along their trail by various parties and brought into Paradise.
The Apaches shod their horses by lacing wet raw hide onto their feet. When it dried, it shrunk up to a tight fit, likewise when it got wet again it expanded and a horse wading in mud would soon lose his shoes.

Mrs. Max Hastings of Ashtabula Ohio asks why we use the heading "Tres Cabezas" for our column on science and scientists?. There are freaks among scientists the same as in other groups of people and since the ordinary scientists dont wear badges they are not distinguishable as such. So the many are judged by the few freaks who wear sawed off pants in Rattle Snake country, high laced boots in town and try to make it appear that they are so smart that one head wouldnt hold all their knowledge. So we being generous, concede that they have two heads and accord them a third head (spelled T-h-i-r-d) and just as a joke refer to all Scientists as Tres Cabezas.
We dont think the regular guys should be allowed to go unnoticed just because they dress and act like human beings.
Attention, Doc Cazier, Please NB. Chin whiskers or high heeled boots for riding rocking chairs was'nt mentioned.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Most of you good neighbors wont be very interested in this story, but you should be. The characters hereafter mentioned have been swilling at the Government trough for many years so you have invested or probably wasted is a better word, a lot of hard earned tax dollars on them.
If you would like to see some relics of by gone days in semi-human form, go down to Douglas, Arizona.
There you will see old Walter West, a retired immigrant Inspector, weighing something less than a ton, waddling along down G, Avenue but he wont see you. No he is'nt blind. He just knows he is'nt going any where so he gives all his attention to trying to figure out where he came from.
Then you will meet Dewitt Kinne, a retired Officer in Charge of the Douglas Immigration Office. Time has dealt pretty kindly with him. Except for a slight bulge in the front of his double breasted coat he does not look his seventy five years.
The optimistic old rascal has evidently finally decided to settle down in Douglas for the balance of the contract. He and his wife lived in a rented apartment for over thirty five years and just a short time ago they purchased and moved into one of the better homes of the City.
Ed Ketchum, a retired Customs Agent makes

his home at Ajo, but was seen wandering around Douglas a few days ago.

He says he still likes to play around with the Senoritas but judging from his looks, he would probably settle for a Viuda Vieja or a Comadre and that, not too often.

There are a number of other old Government subsidized Fossils around theretoo. Some on retirement and others still on the regular pay rolls, part of the latter being Leonard Mansfield, Johnny Darling and Dave Hopkins.

Incidentally that situation is not peculiar to Douglas. Over at the Immigration Regional Office at San Pedro California they also have a number of old Codgers drawing enormous salaries who arrived at the top of the heap by having been Kicked up Stairs during their more youthful years on account of their extreme inability to perform satisfactory service.

We wont mention any names in this connection but if you drop into the Terminal Island Office Mr. Merrill Toole, Mr. Ozzy Oshwalt or John Swanson can easily point them out to you.

By the way, if you happen to be short of change when you arrive there, those three gents are pushovers in a poker game.

The latest recruit to the ranks at Douglas is the oldest but not quite the ugliest of the lot. Mr. Clark C. Hickox Deputy Collector of Customs who went into a completely inactive status January 31, 1958. (no he didnt die, He's still breathing).

The Customs Service finally woke up to the fact that he had reached the Statutory, compulsive age of retirement about twenty years ago. So they had a couple of the younger boys lift him up out of his swivel chair and send him for his wife to wait on.

The Douglas paper ran a picture of the new Deputy Collector, who by the way doesnt look much younger than Clark, holding his hand and helping him out of the office door for the last time.

Old Clark has had a long sedentary but lucrative career with the Customs Service. He started life in Wisconsin where he milked cows for a living and had plenty of ice water to drink during the winter. Some time after the turn of the century he came down to Elgin Arizona where he was soon elected or proclaimed himself Mayor of the City (Population 9), his next step was to join the famous 340th, Field Artillery, Battery E.

Field Artillery, Battery E.

In that organization he helped Carson Morrow, The YMCA, The Red Cross and a few real soldiers like Russel Meadows Tom Farrell and Jess Burk win World War one.

Soon after that job was finished he climbed onto the U.S. Customs service Gravy Train and rode on the front seat for thirty seven years. "Que Suave".

THE STAFF

The Cub Reporter has finally gotten to be the whole cheese. The Editor, who wouldnt edit anyway and the typist who was a dandy but just a shade on the tempramental side have gone back among the Cliff Dwellers in New York for a temporary stay. We hope. Our Artists parents yanked him off over to the Casa Grande Monument some time back without asking us or him either, so he has been doing his stuff sort of by remote control.

Most of you subscribers have'nt met that young man personally and thats your loss. He is a big good looking, good natured mountain boy about sixteen years old and looks like anything but a conventional Artist. But give him a piece of paper and a pencil -- since a good many of you have been telling us how good you think he is, we dont need to tell you. We'll just say that if he keeps on with his drawing, before too long we will be bragging about knowing him when he worked for the Bull Sheet for nothing.

As one of our correspondents stated the case, we dont even furnish enough ink to print his pictures clearly.

H THIS SPACE LEFT BLANK IN
APPRECIATION OF OUR PATIENT,
KINDLY READERS.